

Royal Secret: I'm A Princess!

Chapter 73 - BLOOD OF A ROSE HEART

"YOUR MAJESTY, the reason that Her Royal Highness collapsed has nothing to do with her short trip to hell," Madam Hammock, the Royal Healing Sage, informed him after she checked on the royal princess. He summoned her in his office so right now, the Healing Sage was standing in front of his desk. "It seems like the blood of Roseheart in Princess Neoma's veins is starting to awaken."

Nikolai suspected that much. He put his teacup down on the table before he raised his head to meet the Healing Sage's gaze. The relief on her face already told him that Neoma's life wasn't in danger. Well, he knew that the royal princess's life wasn't in danger. That was why he stayed in his office even though he heard of what happened to her. "If that's the case, then we should just let her rest. We can't stop the awakening of her blood anyway."

The Healing Sage nodded in agreement. "Her Royal Highness might need a week's worth of bed rest, Your Majesty. Even if she wakes up, please don't let her leave her room."

He just nodded. "You're dismissed, Madam Hammock."

Madam Hammock politely bowed to him before she left his office.

When he was finally alone again (he asked Glenn to guard outside when he received Madam Hammock in his office a while ago), he leaned back in his seat and shut his eyes tight.

The Roseheart Blood is indeed alive in Neoma's veins.

To be honest, House Roseheart used to be a high-ranking household in the empire. In fact, it was an old family. But the higher nobles during his great grandfather's time weren't happy with the special ability that the Rosehearts were "cursed" with.

And also, House Roseheart was the only matriarchal family in the empire back then.

The men were the ones who would marry into the Rosehearts and take their wife's last name instead of the other way around. House Roseheart was given that privilege because their blood didn't allow them to give birth to a son.

Yes, the children born into the Roseheart family were all girls.

The real reason why the higher nobles chose Juliet over Mona as his consort wasn't simply because of her "filthy blood." They thought Mona couldn't give him an heir, and so they did everything to separate her from him. Then, they pushed Juliet to be the next empress instead of a Roseheart.

But lo and behold, Mona gave me twins— a princess and a prince.

Since people knew that the Rosehearts couldn't give birth to a son, a lot of nobles were skeptical about Nero's "true" origin. But too bad for his detractors because the royal prince looked like his carbon copy.

They couldn't deny that Nero was his son because he had the physical traits that proved he was a de Moonasterio. Of course, his Mana, aura, and the life of the Soul Beast inside his soul were the most solid pieces of evidence that the royal prince was really his son.

But the blood of a Roseheart was dormant in Nero's veins.

"Your Majesty?"

"Come in," he told his knight.

Glenn greeted him when he entered his office, then he stood formally in front of his desk. "Aren't you going to visit Her Royal Highness, Your Majesty?"

"Do I have to?" he asked. "It's not like her life is in danger. The awakening of her mother's blood in her is a natural process for a female Roseheart."

House Roseheart had produced beautiful, strong, smart, powerful, and talented women in the empire during their household's peak.

And that was the reason for their downfall.

The men in the empire hated the Rosehearts for standing out in every male dominated field. Soon, the nobles started to work together to bring House Roseheart down.

That was the reason why during his father's time as an emperor, their family had been reduced to a status of a lowly baron. Yes, baron and not baroness. During his grandfather's reign, he forced the Rosehearts to stop being a matriarchal family.

"Your Majesty, Her Royal Highness took care of you when you were sick a few years ago."

"I didn't tell her to look after me back then."

Glenn let out a frustrated sigh. "Then, I guess I have no choice but to call Duke Quinzel instead since Princess Neoma was calling his name anyway. Luckily, Duke and Duchess Quinzel just arrived at the palace to visit their sick daughter."

"What?" he asked with furrowed brows. "Repeat what you just said, Glenn."

"Luckily, Duke and Duchess Quinzel just arrived—"

"Not that," he snarled at the knight. Sometimes, Glenn could really be slow and dense. Good thing he was good at the battlefield. "The one that you said before that."

"Ah," he said with a nod. "I visited Her Royal Highness a while ago. The royal princess said that she wanted to see Duke Quinzel."

What was with her daughter and her obsession with Rufus?

He didn't cut off his good relationship with his cousin even after Commander Gavin Quinzel, Rufus's older brother, betrayed him for Mona.

But now, that Rufus was starting to get on his nerves for some reason.

"Please excuse me, Your Majesty," Glenn said, then he bowed to him. "I'll just go and fetch Duke Quinzel—"

"Let's go," Nikolai said in an annoyed voice, then he stood up and glared at Glenn whom he caught smiling in secret. "I want to see how the Great and Feisty Neoma has fallen now that she's sick."

"I THOUGHT foul-mouthed children don't catch cold."

Neoma, still feeling like sh*t, glared at her Papa Boss. Too bad she was still bed-ridden. If she could move freely, she would have sucker punched him already. It was a golden opportunity because there was only the two of them in her room right now. "Lewis, you forgot to take the trash when you went out."

"Your little butler can't come and save you," Emperor Nikolai said, then he sat down on the chair that Lewis occupied a while ago. "I instructed Glenn not to let anyone in unless I call for them. I know that you trust the foxy child with all your heart. But even if he's strong, he's still no match for Glenn when he gets serious."

"Tsk," she complained but she couldn't refute that.

She knew that despite Sir Glenn's carefree personality, he was a beast in the battlefield. He was even dubbed as the 'Emperor's Human Soul Beast.'

Lewis needs to eat more rice before he beats Sir Glenn.

"Why are you here?" she complained. "If you're here to see if I'm dying or not, well I have bad news for you: I'll live. This fever won't kill me."

Madam Hammock said that she had fever.

The Healing Sage also said something about her blood or something. She wasn't listening because she had a stubborn headache a while ago.

"You don't have fever," her father denied. "The blood of Roseheart in your veins is awakening."

"My mother's blood?"

"Yes," he said in a cold voice. "The females born in the Roseheart clan are blessed with strong abilities. Let's see what kind of ability you inherited from that lowly woman. It will manifest once your "fever" is gone."

"Really now?"

She didn't believe it because she didn't experience that in her first life.

If her mother's blood really had the ability to bless her with a special ability, then why didn't it manifest back then?

Yeah, this sc*mbag must be sprouting b*llshit.

Well, she knew that the emperor had no reason to lie to her. But her headache was a b*tch so she couldn't really think straight right now.

My big brain is probably overworked.

"I heard you were looking for Rufus."

Her ears perked up at that. "Yes, Papa Boss," she answered with an eager nod. "I heard from Sir Glenn that Duke and Duchess Quinzel would visit Hanna. Can you ask the duke to visit me?"

To be honest, she wasn't ready to meet Duchess Quinzel again.

She had too many bad memories with her adoptive mother in her second life. But she knew that meeting her was inevitable. Plus, just like she always reminded herself, she shouldn't hurt the people who hurt her in the past if they hadn't done anything to hurt her this time.

Her goal was to become a lady of leisure, not a lady of vengeance.

"Why do you like Rufus so much?" her Papa Boss asked her in a somewhat irritated voice. "You also act disgustingly polite and nice around him."

If she didn't know better, she'd think her Papa Boss was jealous of Duke Quinzel.

But, nah. It's the sc*mbag we're talking about here. He's a heartless dude.

"Duke Quinzel is nice to me. I like him," Neoma said with a genuine smile. "If I could choose a father in this lifetime, I would choose Duke Quinzel over you in a heartbeat, Papa Boss."

But of course, the number one father in her heart was still Won-shik Kim— her dad in her second life. Also, he seemed to be 'Commander Gavin Quinzel' in this lifetime. But she didn't want to investigate yet because she was afraid of what she might discover.

She couldn't put her life in danger when her position in the palace wasn't secured yet.

"What an ungrateful daughter," Emperor Nikolai said to her, then he covered her eyes with his hand before she could even say that she had nothing to be thankful to him. "Sleep for now."

NIKOLAI stood up and was about to leave when all of a sudden, Neoma grabbed the hem of his mantle. He turned to her and saw that

she was still asleep.

Still feisty even in her sleep, huh?

He carefully reached for her little hand to make her let go of his clothes. But suddenly, the royal princess grabbed him by the wrist and forced him to sit down on the bed.

Ah, she's really strong even for a de Moonasterio child.

Also, Neoma's skin was warmer than usual. She really had a fever, huh? But despite that, she remained physically strong.

"Appa," Neoma said in a trembling, cracked voice.
"Bogoshipoyo..."

Nikolai's brows furrowed in confusion because he didn't understand what his daughter just said. "What language is that, Neoma?"

Hi. You may now send GIFTs to our Neoma. Thank you~
