

Royal Secret: I'm A Princess!

Chapter 86 - UNIQUE GLOW OF THE FIRST STAR

"YOUR MAJESTY, I don't understand," Dominic Zavaroni said. Yes, he heard the emperor's warning. But the glow of the First Star was an important matter that he was willing to put his life on the line for answers. "When I first saw Prince Nero, I also saw the glow of the First Star in him. But a pair of twins can't both have that glow."

Emperor Nikolai seemed to have calmed down when he realized that he wasn't backing away from the subject. "It's possible because they have the Roseheart blood," he said, his eyes returning to their natural color. "Nero is the first son born in House Roseheart. The glow that we see him in may have come from his blood as a Roseheart and not because he's my first born."

His Majesty practically admitted that Prince Nero wasn't the firstborn.

But he also noticed the hesitation in his voice, which was quite rare. After all, the emperor would only open his mouth when speaking facts.

"Why do you sound hesitant, Your Majesty?" he asked carefully. "Are you not sure whether Prince Nero was the firstborn or not?"

"I wasn't there when the twins were born," His Majesty admitted in a bitter voice. "It seems like Mona deliberately didn't tell me who the firstborn was because she knew that it wouldn't matter. After all, the empire values a royal prince more. That's probably the reason why she tried to take Neoma away from the royal family."

Ah, yes.

How could anyone involved in the tragic event dubbed as the 'Bloody Chase' forget how His Majesty hunted down Lady Mona Roseheart and Commander Gavin Quinzel? Of course, it ended up

tragically. The traitors were killed and Emperor Nikolai successfully "retrieved" the royal princess as if Her Royal Highness was just a tool to the royal family.

His Majesty didn't take back Princess Neoma because he cares for her. He only did that because he didn't want Lady Roseheart and Commander Quinzel to be happy.

He let out a deep sigh. "Your Majesty, your family is so complicated. I'm glad High Priest Wellington handles most of the stuff involving the royal family and not me."

After all, he only began getting involved with the royal family again after Prince Nero was cursed. Then, recently, he was summoned by His Majesty to deal with Princess Neoma's Death's Scythe.

But other matters that needed to be discussed between the royal family and the temple were handled by High Priest Wellington.

"I didn't ask you to be involved in my family matter," the emperor said. "But now that you know the secret between Nero and Neoma, I want you to keep your mouth shut. It doesn't matter even if Neoma is the firstborn or not. After all, the empire only recognizes a male heir."

That was true.

Even though the late Princess Nichole was the firstborn, it was still Emperor Nikolai who was chosen as the heir back then. The Princess Royal's title didn't even save her from the cruelty of the empire towards princesses.

"Your Majesty, this is presumptuous of me but please be good to Princess Neoma," he said even though he knew he could get killed. He couldn't help it though. Princess Neoma reminded him too much of Princess Nichole. So even if he told himself to never get attached to another princess again, he still broke his promise to himself. "The heavens seem to be fond of Princess Neoma. Who knows what the

gods will do if you hurt the royal princess, Your Majesty."

The emperor let out a deep sigh. "Why does everyone think I'm going to kill Neoma on a whim? I won't kill her unless I have a reason to."

He had to hold back from biting his lower lip.

His Majesty should never be made aware of the recent prophecy that I saw.

"Neoma is currently a valuable member of the royal family," the emperor said. "Losing Neoma while Nero is still asleep would only bring trouble to me." He paused for a while as if he hesitated before he continued. "Most of all, I don't need to be gentle to Neoma. She's probably the only person in the empire who's not afraid to face me head-on. Why should you worry about a little girl who curses at the emperor, her very own father?"

"Oh, that's true."

And looking at the emperor's face now, he could tell that he really had no intention to kill Princess Neoma.

He should be happy for the young princess but...

"It seems like you're fond of Princess Neoma, Your Majesty," Dominic Zavaroni said, his smile as bitter as his voice. "If only you felt that way towards Princess Nichole..."

"I am not fond of Neoma. We simply have a good business relationship," Nikolai said, then he gave him a look of disapproval. "You really ought to move on from Princess Nichole's death, Dominic Zavaroni."

"MY CHARM isn't working on the royal chef," Neoma said in disbelief after she received the letter from the Royal Chef. She sent a letter to the royal kitchen a while ago to request them to make her

dream cake. When Alphen told her that the royal kitchen sent her a letter, she immediately halted her training with Madam Hammock and ran straight to her study room that now served as her "office."
"Chef Ramsay denied my request to design my own cake."

"The family name of the Royal Chef is Stroganoff and not Ramsay, Princess Neoma," Lewis said bluntly.

She laughed when she heard that. "Seriously? The Royal Chef is called Chef Stroganoff?"

He tilted his head at one side. "You exchange letters with the Royal Chef often. His signature is always on the bottom part of the letter."

"His handwriting is awful," she said. And she'd admit that she didn't really bother to check. In her head, the Royal Chef was called 'Chef Ramsay.' "I guess it's rude of me to call him by another name, huh?"

Her son just nodded in agreement. "I don't like it when you call me 'son,' too."

She completely ignored her son's complaint. "Anyway, have you seen the Royal Chef? How does he look?"

"White, blonde, green eyes."

She laughed softly at Lewis's awful way of describing the Royal Chef. It wasn't hard to imagine an old man with those qualities. That was how most of the nobles look like after all.

To be honest, she'd love to visit the royal kitchen and personally meet the Royal Chef. Her father didn't particularly ban her from meeting people working for the royal family. But she chose not to get too attached to them.

After all, I'm just Nero's replacement. I'm not even registered as a family member.

"I should use another surname after my job here," she declared with clenched hands. "I will be 'Neoma Ramsay' once I become a free

woman."

"Why do you like that name so much?"

She looked at Lewis and laughed. "Why are you pouting?"

Of course, he ignored her because he didn't want to answer her question. Gosh, what a rebellious child. "Why do you like the name 'Ramsay?'"

"He's my favorite chef back in my second life," she said with a thumbs up. "He's also good at throwing insults."

"Your taste is weird, Princess Neoma."

She just laughed it off.

"You have an interesting bonding with the Royal Chef," her son commented. "Princess Neoma, sometimes I think he's more suited to be your father."

"The bar is too low, Lewis. Even Alphen could be a better father than my Papa Boss," she said bluntly. "And yes, I do feel like I have better chemistry with the Royal Chef than I have with my own father. Even if we always "fight" because I have a lot of "strange" dishes that I make him cook for me, he's still patient with me."

The fox boy nodded in agreement.

"Although this time, my Chef Ramsay is being stubborn," she said while crumpling the letter in her hands. "Gosh, what's so hard with the cake that I want? I even chose the easiest meme to draw to not give him a hard time."

"May I know what kind of cake did you ask the Royal Chef to make, Princess Neoma?" Lewis asked, his face blank as usual even though his voice sounded a little interested than usual. "I want to know what kind of cake you want."

"I drew the design. Let me show you," Neoma said, then she showed

him the paper where she drew the design that she wanted for her dream cake. It was just a simple square-shaped cake with white icing... with a meme on it. "It's called 'derp face,'" she explained when she saw the confusion on Lewis's face. "That's the birthday cake that befits a swag princess like, don't you think?"

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