

Royal Secret: I'm A Princess!

Chapter 80 - 'GAVIN' WHO?

"YUMMY," Neoma said after finished the crispy chicken poppers and French fries that she made the royal chef cook for her. Of course, the recipe came from her. Thankfully, the ingredients for frying and seasoning were easy to find in the empire. She just had to teach the royal chef how to use them properly to get the "modern" taste that she wanted. "I want this dish to be included in my birthday party, Papa Boss."

"Banquet," Emperor Nikolai said. "It's a dinner banquet and not a "birthday party.""

Of course, they could only talk to each other that way because they were alone in the pavilion in the pond.

She chose that place because it was surrounded by the beautiful "autumn trees."

Anyway, she shrugged at her father's last remark. "Same difference."

He rolled his eyes at her. "You're still not serving chicken to your guests at the banquet."

"What a party pooper."

"Excuse me?"

"I mean, stop being a wet blanket, Papa Boss," she said. "I'm the child here. I know what children would love to eat in a party."

"You never acted like a child ever since I met you," he said while looking at her suspiciously. "Sometimes, I wonder if you're really a child."

She almost dropped her teacup in shock.

"You look old," her father added. "Not cute at all."

That made her sigh in relief. But after realizing what he just said, she immediately got offended. "Excuse me? I look old?" she asked, then she fanned her hands near her face to calm herself. "Papa Boss, I don't look old, okay? My face is under the category of "mature beauty" and not "cutesy girl.""

Her father just ignored her. "Mount Kimbro is now legally owned by Lewis Crevan."

"Oh, nice," she said. How could she still be annoyed after hearing that? "You move fast when you want to, Papa Boss. Good job. And thanks for the advance birthday gift even though I only forced you to get me one."

"I got you presents for the past years."

"Those were for Nero and not for me," she said with a shrug. "What am I supposed to do with the treasury room and the armory that you gave to "me" once I leave the palace? I'm not that delusional to think that they are for me."

He just looked at her hard, then he changed the topic. "I heard you weren't paying a visit to Rubin Drayton. Duke Drayton hasn't returned after the day you got him arrested so your friend must be lonely. Do you want people to think that you're a bad host?"

"Visiting Rubin is in my agenda today," Neoma assured him. "I'm going to let him have a taste of these chicken poppers and fries." She snapped her fingers when she came up with something good. "Papa Boss, if Rubin approves of the dish, will you have it added to the menu for my birthday party?"

Emperor Nikolai let out a deep sigh as if he was already stressed because of her. "Do what you want, Neoma."

"WHY ARE you pouting?" Neoma asked Lewis while laughing. "Do you hate Rubin that much?"

Lewis, who walked half a step behind her while holding a picnic basket, shrugged. "Don't feed him."

She laughed loudly. "Rubin is still an esteemed guest. I have to be a good host or else, people will talk about how unwelcoming the future crown prince is."

Her son didn't respond but she could clearly see that he was pissed.

"I had a great second life," she said to lift up his mood. Plus, Stephanie and Alphen were walking a few meters behind them. They were out of ear-shot so she was free to talk about her secret with Lewis. "My mother was a famous reporter, and my dad was a veteran actor. Since both of my parents were celebrities, I grew up in the spotlight. I was a loved child back then."

His eyes sparkled as if he was happy for her.

"I used to be a child actress," she continued. "I took a break from acting to finish my school. When I was in university, I started my career as a social media celebrity until I became a very famous content creator. Almost ten million people followed me on social media, you know?" Yes, she continued telling him her life story even though he already confused by the unfamiliar words that she was using. "Gosh, I still get stressed whenever I remember that I died just when I only need one follower to reach my 10M followers goal."

"You died young again?"

She blinked at Lewis's question. "Unfortunately, you are correct. I died back then when I was twenty three years old. But my international age was twenty two." She clicked her tongue. "I don't want to die that young again."

"I won't let that happen."

She smiled at how determined her son sounded. "Thanks, Lewis."

To be honest, she wanted to tell Lewis about the complicated identities of her parents in her first life and second life. But it wasn't the right place to do so. Plus, they just arrived at Rubin's chamber.

Lewis knocked on the door for her.

That was when she started to notice how the black gloves suited her son. Well, he had been wearing gloves ever since she met him just like any other men in the palace. But for some reason, it stood out even more now that he was wearing a knight's uniform.

Gosh, my son is growing up too fast.

She was distracted when the door opened but Rubin wasn't there to welcome her.

Something is wrong here.

She entered the room with Lewis and asked the other servants to wait outside.

"We met again, Prince Nero."

She raised a brow when she saw Rubin sitting on the sofa with his legs crossed. He didn't even stand to greet her. Lewis looked like he was about to literally knock some sense into the young lord but she stopped her son.

"I guess you're not Rubin," she said, then she sat on the sofa from across Rubin. Lewis put the picnic basket on the table before he stood behind her. Only then did she continue speaking. "What do you call yourself again?"

Rubin smirked at her. "Ah, so you're willing to acknowledge me now?"

No, not really.

But she thought that Gavin was also a part of Rubin. He may know things that Rubin didn't remember. Especially about his name. After all, the young lord mentioned that it was Regina Crowell who gave his alter ego the name 'Gavin.'

"You call yourself 'Gavin,' if I remember it correctly," she said. "Is your name inspired by a famous gentleman or something?"

To be honest, it didn't instantly sink in that Rubin's alter ego had the same name as her father in this lifetime. She only realized it after she woke up. She couldn't blame herself because she only found out about Commander Gavin Quinzel a few years ago.

Plus, 'Gavin' is a common name, isn't it?

"Regina gave me the name Gavin," Rubin said casually. "If I remember it right, it was the name of the former commander of the White Lion Knights."

She froze on her seat when she heard that. "How did Regina Crowell know the former Commander Gavin Quinzel?"

If the commander and her mother Mona Roseheart disappeared when she and Nero were born, then did it mean that Regina Rowell met the commander before that?

"How old is Regina Crowell again?" she asked with furrowed brows. "I remember that she's a few years older than you."

She couldn't remember that b*tch's age in her first life.

Come to think of it, she didn't find out much about Regina Crowell back then because she just believed what Rubin told her about that b*tch.

"Regina is three years older than us," Rubin said. By 'us,' he probably meant he and Gavin. "But why are suddenly interested in her?"

If Regina was three years older than Rubin, then it meant she was five years older than her. There was a possibility that the b*tch met Commander Gavin Quinzel before he disappeared...

Wait, how did the former Commander Quinzel disappear?

Was the commander killed? Did her mother die because of treason too? Argh, she told herself that she shouldn't be too curious. But now, she couldn't help it.

"Rubin, can you ask Regina Crowell how she met the former Commander Quinzel?"

Rubin was about to answer but all of a sudden, he clutched his head tight while whining in agony.

She realized that the real Rubin might be fighting to get his body back so she just let him.

Behind her, she heard a snicker. But when she turned to Lewis, his face was blank as usual. Still, she knew what she heard.

Neoma raised a brow at Lewis. "Did you just laugh at Rubin's misery?"

Lewis "innocently" tilted his head at one side. "No."

Liar. My son is getting good at lying. Gosh, I'm such a bad influence.

"P-Prince Nero?"

She immediately turned to face Rubin again. Judging by the meek loon on his face now, it seemed like he had returned to normal. Still, she wanted to test her luck. Now that her curiosity about the former commander had been ignited for real, she wasn't sure if she could still put it out. "Rubin, what were you saying about Commander Quinzel a while ago?"

Rubin scratched his cheek, confusion evident in his eyes. "My

apologies, Your Royal Highness. But every time Gavin takes over, I don't remember the things that he said or did while he had control over my body." He fell silent, then his cheeks turned red as if he was flustered. "Prince Nero, did Gavin say something weird to you?"

Ah, Rubin doesn't know what Gavin does.

It looked like she would be forced to acknowledge Gavin as a separate person from Rubin before she convinced them to be one again, huh?

Gosh, this is the curse of being a busybody.

"Oh, it's nothing," Neoma said with a perfect business smile. Then, she gestured at the picnic basket on the table. "Rubin, I brought some snacks for us. Tell me if you think I should serve it at my birthday party," she said, then she turned to Lewis who now had a frown on his face. Gosh, he was so moody these days. "Lewis, please ask the maids to bring tea for us."

"WHAT DID you say?" Nikolai asked with a raised brow. "Lord Jasper Hawthorne sent a letter to my palace?"

It was a huge surprise.

Jasper Hawthorne was one of the youngest dukes in the empire. Despite his young age, he magnificently defended his title and wealth from his greedy relatives. But after he secured his position as the head of House Hawthorne, he isolated himself in Norfolk— his dukedom.

This was the first time that the young duke reached out to him first.

"Yes, Your Majesty," Kyle, the one who received the letter sent to his palace, confirmed. He stood before his desk with the letter on the tray in his hands. As his personal aide, he gave Kyle the permission to read the letters sent to him first. The count also had the authority to discard those that didn't deserve his time or attention. "Lord

Hawthorne is asking if it's possible for you to reconsider giving Mount Kimbro to Lewis Crevan. The young duke also said that he's willing to buy the land three times the market price, or more."

Now that was interesting.

The land where Mount Kimbro stood was considered an unholy land.

At first, he thought that Neoma asked him for the mountain out of whim. But now that Lord Hawthorne appeared to be interested in Mount Kimbro as well, he could no longer brush it as a co-incidence.

There must be something important hidden in the unholy land that both Neoma and the young duke discovered.

But how did Neoma find it out when she's stuck in the palace all this time?

"Kyle."

"Yes, Your Majesty?"

"Install some spying device in Neoma's palace, particularly in her room and study hall," he told the count who looked surprised by his order. "I want to know why she had taken a sudden interest in Mount Kimbro. It must also be the reason why Lord Hawthorne wants the unholy land. This is the first major movement that the young duke has made ever since he isolated himself in Norfolk."

"Your Majesty, please pardon my insolence," Glenn, who stood beside him, protested. "But won't you please consider talking to Princess Neoma about it instead of breaching her privacy for information? Please don't treat the royal princess like a criminal."

"But His Majesty's decision is correct," Kyle insisted while giving Glenn an irritated look. "If Princess Neoma really knows something about Mount Kimbro that she doesn't wish to share with His Majesty, then the only way to get the information from her is by investigating her in secret."

Glenn glared back at the count. "Kyle, haven't you learned your lesson from a few years ago? Are you still looking down on our royal princess?"

Before the two's fight escalated, he shut them up by releasing his bloodl.u.s.t.

Glenn and Kyle immediately got down on one knee and bowed to him. "We apologize for our discourtesy, Your Majesty."

"I don't want to hear another word from any of you," Nikolai snapped at his two aides. "I want you to put several pieces of spying cameras in the royal princess's palace and that's final."

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