

Royal Secret: I'm A Princess!

Chapter 93 - THE CHILL BEFORE THE LIT

NEOMA was relieved to see Hanna at the end of the staircase while she was going down the stairs behind her Papa Boss.

It wasn't only her cousin waiting for her.

There you are, Rubin Drayton.

The young lord wore a dark green jacquard frock coat with baroque coat over a white floral jacquard shirt with silver lace. He wore black gloves, black trousers, and dark leather shoes.

I don't want to admit this but Rubin looks really good.

"Have a dance with Hanna Quinzal and don't make a mistake," Emperor Nikolai said when he was about to reach the final step of the staircase. "Then, return to my side."

"Sure, Papa," Neoma said. "Don't worry— I'll protect you from your sasaeng fans."

'Sasaeng fans' was a Korean term for obsessive fans.

"Don't talk like that when you greet the guests later," Emperor Nikolai scolded her. "Not everyone will understand that you have a strange way of speaking."

She wanted to make face but she knew that they were being watched by everyone.

So she just smiled brightly.

Plus, they already reached the final step of the grand staircase.

Her father stood majestically in front of the audience. Of course, the audience fell silent and it was obvious that every single person in the hall had their attention focused on the emperor.

"Thank you for coming to this banquet to celebrate the birthday and the coronation of Moonasterion Empire's First Star," Emperor Nikolai said formally. It was so obvious that his words were nothing but a mere speech written by somebody else for him. "Everyone, I'd like you to meet my one and only heir." His father faced her and politely gestured his hand towards her. "This is the pride of the de royal family: His Royal Highness Prince Nero de Moonasterio."

And Her Royal Highness Princess Neoma de Moonasterio.

Neoma smiled at her "fans" anyway. To have a bright smile on her pretty face, she just pretended that she was filming a Yo*tube video for her fans. "Good evening, everyone. I am Nero de Moonasterio, the First Star of the Great Moonasterion Empire," she said politely. "Thank you for coming tonight." She bowed like how her etiquette teacher taught her. "I hope everyone gets to have a good time."

NEOMA was relieved that she didn't have a mistake while dancing with Hanna.

Her cousin was an excellent dancer. Thanks to their magnificent dance number, the mood in the hall was good. So far, she heard nothing but praises. Everyone who approached her smiled at her. But of course, she still had her guard up.

Most of them are smiling at me but I can clearly see the disdain in their eyes.

"Prince Nero, happy birthday," Duke Quinzel, who looked so handsome and so posh in his obviously expensive tailored crisp three-piece black suit, greeted her brightly. Just like her Papa Boss, the duke was sporting a slicked back hairstyle. "Thank for taking care of our Hanna."

"It's the other way around, Your Grace," Neoma said with a smile. "Hanna is a good dance partner. I didn't make a huge mistake because she guided me accordingly."

"That's not true," Hanna said with a shy smile. Her cousin was probably feeling that way because currently, all eyes were on them. "You're the one who guided me, Prince Nero."

She just smiled at that.

"You two look so lovely together," Duchess Quinzel, Hanna's mother, said with a satisfied smile on her beautiful face. "Prince Nero, would it be alright if I ask the royal family's official photographer for a copy of your pictures with Hanna?"

She smiled and nodded. "Of course, Your Grace."

After agreeing to the duchess's request, she fell silent while admiring her beauty.

Duchess Amber Quinzel, even before she married Duke Rufus Quinzel, was already famous among the higher nobles for her beauty and grace.

The duchess was the youngest daughter of a rich count. When she was still single, she was known for being a fashion icon. Everything she wore became a trend even now. And she could clearly see why.

Almost every noble woman in this hall is wearing the same dress as the duchess. Well, it's the current trend in fashion. But I can tell that they are inspired by Her Grace.

For tonight, Duchess Amber Quinzel wore a champagne gold dress that featured a beaded embroidered bodice with a scalloped off-the-shoulder neckline. The tulle ballgown skirt was sparkly, and it was jazzed up with a ruffle overlay and lace appliqués. The cherry on top was the corset cutout back.

Her Grace managed to look elegant and s.e.xy. Even her makeup and

the pretty crown bun on her head matched her dress.

In this house, we stan women.

"Is there something on my face, Prince Nero?" Duchess Quinzel asked with a worried smile on her lovely face. "You've been staring at me for quite a while."

"I'm just captivated by your beauty, Duchess Quinzel."

The duchess blushed, perhaps pleasantly surprised by her praise. "Thank you for the sweet compliment, Your Royal Highness."

She just smiled and nodded. Gosh, I'm so smooth.

Well, she had a bad history with Duchess Quinzel because she turned her into a doll in her first life. But it wouldn't happen in this lifetime because she already changed her fate. And for that reason, she was looking forward to have a better relationship with the duchess this time.

After all, she's still like a mother to me.

"Prince Nero, you have good eyes," Duke Quinzel said with a proud of smile on his face, then he turned to his wife with sparkling eyes. Ah, it was obvious that he was so in love with the duchess. "Amber is indeed lovely."

The glow in Duchess Quinzel's face made her look more beautiful.

In fact, if they were in a webcomics, she could imagine the frame of Duke and Duchess Quinzel filled with hearts and roses.

She had to avert her gaze from the two or else, she might go blind.

When she turned to Hanna, she saw her cousin looking at her parents with shining eyes. Hanna was probably praying for her to have a married life in the future just like the duke and the duchess.

Hanna, if you want that kind of marriage, you have to work hard to

capture Nero's heart.

After all, in her first life, Nero fell in love with a Black Witch called Dahlia.

"What's wrong, Prince Nero?" Hanna asked when she turned to her. "You look serious."

She was about to speak when she saw Rubin approaching her.

Neoma let out a deep sigh. Ah, it's time to mingle with the noble boys aka the next generation leaders of the empire.

IT TOOK Neoma all she got to stop herself from yawning.

Right now, she was with Rubin who introduced her to his closest friends: Pierre Adamson (second son of a viscount), Hank Easton (heir of a marquis), and Colin Jenkins (youngest son of a count). All boys were the same age as Rubin Drayton.

They were in the balcony while having "boy talk." The children had the sense to bring out plates filled with snacks. Plus, each of them was holding a glass of juice.

Thankfully, Rubin's friends weren't bullying her. She half-expected that more than half of the people in the banquet would talk behind her back. But so far, so good.

Is it because Papa Boss hasn't left the hall yet?

Her father was sitting on the throne in the stage-like area of the hall. Of course, poor Sir Glenn had to guard the emperor instead of joining the party.

And Lewis is guarding me in the shadows.

"Hanna Quinzel is the most beautiful girl below fifteen in the whole empire," Pierre said. "Most of all, she's the classic example of a

refined young lady."

"Irene of House Burton is also pretty, but she lacks elegance since her family is a family of knights," Colin said as if his opinion about a girl mattered. "So I agree that Hanna Quinzel is the prettiest girl in the empire."

"I strongly disagree," Rubin said with conviction. "Regina Crowell is the most beautiful girl in the empire."

"Sure," Pierre, Hank, and Colin said at the same time.

She almost laughed at the three's rapport. It was quite obvious that they were already so done with Rubin's obsession with Regina Crowell.

"Your Royal Highness, you danced with Lady Hanna Quinzel a while ago," Hank, the most polite among the boys, said carefully. "Do you think she's the most beautiful girl in the empire?"

"Hanna is really beautiful and elegant," Neoma said, then she sipped her juice. "Hanna is second only to Lady Neoma Ramsay."

Rubin, who knew 'Neoma' as his almost-fiancée, choked on his juice.

Well, she was aware that mentioning her name was dangerous. But she couldn't help it. She was getting tired of people calling her 'Prince Nero' ever since the banquet began. Of course, she'd want to hear her name too. She would just regret it later if doing so was a mistake.

I'm Neoma, I'll be okay.

"Gross, Rubin, gross," Pierre said while shaking his head. Then, he handed a handkerchief to Rubin. "Mind your manners in front of His Royal Highness, will you?"

Rubin just glared at Pierre.

"Who is Lady Neoma Ramsay, Prince Nero?" Colin asked seriously.

"Is there a House Ramsay in the empire?"

"Nah, she's from a faraway land," she lied smoothly. "She's like a fairy, you know? Very beautiful yet elusive. Only special people like me can meet her."

"She sounds mythical, Your Royal Highness," Hank said. "May we hear more about this Lady Neoma Ramsay that you're talking about?"

"Nah," she said, then she put one finger on her nose. "The more we talk about her, the more we'll never get to see her. So if you really want to meet her someday, don't speak of her name carelessly."

The three boys nodded eagerly.

Neoma couldn't help but laugh softly. Gosh, they're so gullible.

"DON'T you dare yawn."

Neoma had to bite her lower lip to stop herself from yawning. "I won't, Your Majesty."

After mingling with the guests, she finally sat on the throne next to Emperor Nikolai. Of course, her throne was smaller than her Papa Boss's. But at least, Nero had a throne. The chair was soft, elegant, and it was made of pure gold.

But in my humble opinion, a lazyboy chair is still much comfortable than a throne.

Anyway, she was only taking a break. Aside from watching out for the enemies, she also had another goal tonight: to find Lord Jasper Hawthorne. She was certain that the young duke was invited to the banquet.

But apparently, nobody from House Hawthorne had arrived yet.

"You don't have to be so formal, Neoma," her Papa Boss, surprising her when he called her by her name. "There's an invisible barrier around us right now. People can't eavesdrop on us, and their vision of us would be blurry. That means they wouldn't be able to read our lips."

"Nice," she said. "But can't I really yawn? I'm so bored, Papa Boss."

"Endure it," her father said. "After the group dance later, your coronation will begin."

She was about to complain when all of a sudden, she heard a loud commotion.

When she turned around, she let out a gasp when she saw a very beautiful and hot woman dressed in a s.e.xy gown.

The woman in question wore a charcoal gray formal gown that featured an A-line silhouette with colorful floral appliqués around the notched bodice and sheer overskirt. The dress had a plunging neckline supported by spaghetti straps. Over the tulle overlay was a beaded waistband top, and the outfit was completed by a short underskirt and sweep train.

Gosh, the dress also had an open V-back!

She's showing too much skin and I love that for her. You do you, kween.

In that society, the woman's dress was considered "scandalous" though.

After all, the hot girl's cleavage and creamy legs were exposed.

No wonder everyone is ogling her.

"Who is that beautiful lady, Papa Boss?" she asked, mesmerized by the beautiful stranger with strawberry blonde wavy hair and ocean blue eyes. "She's so pretty."

"That woman is Princess Brigitte Griffiths, the first princess of Hazelden Kingdom."

She gasped and turned to her father. "The 'Seductress Princess' who wants to marry you?"

Her Papa Boss just nodded as a response.

"Papa Boss, she's too good for you," she said while clicking her tongue. "Gosh, that unnie has a terrible taste in men."

'Unnie' meant 'older sister' in Korean language.

Her Papa Boss just raised a brow at her.

"I'll check on Princess Brigitte Griffiths," Neoma declared, then she stood up. "Papa Boss, allow me to fix the commotion out there."

"Do what you want," Emperor Nikolai said. "Just don't be too smitten with the first princess."

"I DIDN'T expect that entering the hall would be this hard," Gin, in his human form, said while standing on the roof of the Castillo Hall. He couldn't enter the hall because of the powerful barrier around it. The security was very tight since the emperor himself was there. But he knew he could break it eventually. He just had to deal with one more thing. "I thought I've hidden my presence pretty well."

He turned around to find a boy with silver hair and golden eyes.

Also, the boy smelled like a fox.

His name is Lewis Crevan, isn't it?

"You're Princess Neoma's pet, aren't you?" he asked with a smile. "How did you find me when I completely hid my presence and bloodl.u.s.t?"

"You're a cat and you stink," the fox boy, Lewis Crevan, deadpanned. "The royal princess told me to watch out for a sly black cat."

He laughed softly. "And I even used a huge amount of Mana to create a human body for this occasion."

His human form had black hair and black eyes, and bronze skin.

To look presentable in that form, he even had to, uh, "borrow" a maroon formal suit. But he was already busted before he could even crash the party.

"Princess Neoma is too smart for her own good," Gin said while shaking his head. "And you're too useful for a pet. But I guess it's my fault for underestimating you. I should have known that even if I hide my presence, a fox like you will still be able to sniff my scent."

The fox boy remained pokerfaced and it was obvious that he didn't have any intention to talk to him more than necessary.

But he could also feel that Lewis Crevan was ready to attack him.

"I don't want Princess Neoma to hate me but I have a job to do," Gin said while the nails in his hands were starting to turn harder and sharper. "Lewis Crevan, please die for me."

Lewis Crevan drew his sword and tilted his head at one side. "You die."

TREVOR, while clutching his bleeding stomach, finally reached the room where he kept Nero's body for years.

But like he expected, the royal prince was no longer there.

He failed to protect him in his very own territory.

F*ck, the Devil took Nero away.

Trevor leaned against the door frame while catching his breath. He knew he had to chase the Devil and rescue the royal prince. But before he could even take a step, he found himself falling on the ground as his consciousness began to leave him.

I'm sorry, Neoma...

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