

Royal Secret: I'm A Princess!

Chapter 14 - A MILLION-DOLLAR SMILE

NEOMA was kind of nervous.

After Louisa helped her change into training clothes (linen shirt, pants, boots), she asked the head maid and the head butler to leave the room. The only one she allowed to stay with her was Lewis. And that was because she had another "mission" for him.

"Lewis, my life might be put at risk later," Neoma said to her young butler. "You have to save me."

Lewis, standing in front of her with his hands behind him, nodded. "Me. Save. Princess."

"Very good," she said. "But Lewis, tell me. Who do you like more? Me or His Majesty?"

"Princess," he answered without missing a beat.

"Very good," she said with a smile. "Then, will you save me from His Majesty if you have to? Will you fight him even if it means being a traitor?" She gave him her best puppy dog eyes. "Will you do that for me, Lewis?"

Lewis nodded. "Anything. Princess."

She squealed in delight and was about to hold his hands when she realized that he wasn't used to sudden physical contact. So instead, she just hugged herself. "Thank you, Lewis. You're the best boy ever!"

As soon as she said that, Nero's "smiling" face suddenly crossed her

mind.

[Nero will probably get mad if he heard me say that.]

Well, whatever. Her twin brother wasn't here anyway.

"Let's go, Lewis," Neoma said cheerfully. "Let's kick some royal ass today."

[GOSH, does His Majesty have to be that handsome?]

Neoma was now on the training ground with Emperor Nikolai.

Her father was wearing the same outfit as her but of course, the emperor was one hundred times better-looking.

She hated that her father had a face that could be considered a national treasure. Plus, he had a good built. In short, even though he was a jerk, his physical appearance was a big reason why other people would find it hard to hate him.

[He's a god's gift to women.]

Was that the reason why her mother gave her everything to this sc*mbag?

"Prince Nero, are you spacing out?" Emperor Nikolai asked while he was rolling the sleeve of his linen shirt up to his elbow. "Spacing out during training could get you killed, you know?"

[I know— especially if the instructor is you.]

"I'm not spacing out, Papa," Neoma said with a charming smile. "I'm just wondering about what kind of training we are doing today."

"I want to see your Soul Beast."

Her smile suddenly froze.

"Didn't you hear me?" the emperor asked. "I want you to summon your Soul Beast and try to attack me using it."

"Papa, aren't we supposed to start with the basics?" she asked, hoping that her charm would somehow effect on him. "I thought we would begin by learning the basics of swordsmanship."

"Swordsmanship is only secondary to a de Moonasterio. We are naturally strong so we don't necessarily need weapons," her father said. "We must hone our magical ability first by training with our Soul Beast."

"Uhm—"

"What's wrong?" the emperor asked with a knotted forehead. "Don't tell me you can't summon your Soul Beast?"

"I can," she said abruptly. "There's just a super itsy bitsy problem, Papa."

"What is it?"

"I asked my Soul Beast to transform," she said, tearing her gaze away from him. "My Soul Beast is originally a dragon. But it's so common."

"You consider a dragon "common?""

Neoma finally got the courage to face her father properly. "Papa, I want a unicorn so I asked the dragon to turn into one."

She fully prepared herself for the insults that her father would definitely throw at her.

Knowing him, she knew he would find her "childish" even though she was literally a child now. Worse, the emperor might even compare her to the real Nero. Or maybe he would attack her for being "feminine" even though she was a girl.

But none of that happened.

Instead, Emperor Nikolai graced her with a rare smile.

She didn't have a heart problem but she felt like she just had a heart attack.

[He smiled.]

In her previous life, the emperor only smiled at her once in her whole life. And that smile happened when she also talked about a unicorn. Was he fond of that mythical creature for him to smile again when she mentioned it in this lifetime?

Whatever the reason was, she couldn't deny that Emperor Nikolai's genuine smile was seriously pretty.

[Talk about a million dollar smile.]

If the emperor lived in the modern world and he decided to become a vlogger, she was sure he would gain millions of followers in just a few days.

"When I was your age, I also wanted a unicorn," Emperor Nikolai said. "I can't believe you inherited that naiveté from me."

She didn't know how to react.

This was the first time that he talked to her about his childhood. She was happy, but she also didn't want to get swayed easily.

[But damn, I definitely got my pretty genes from him.]

"Did you get a unicorn, Papa?" she asked with a smile. To be honest, she wasn't in the mood to smile but whatever. She needed to suck up to him even if he only saw her as Nero's proxy. "Do you think I'd get the chance to own a unicorn as well?"

The emperor's facial expression suddenly turned grim. "If your Soul Beast really turned into a unicorn, I will kill it."

Her smile froze at that.

"You're the crown prince of the empire, Nero," Emperor Nikolai said coldly. Looking at him now, she wondered if she really saw him smile a while ago or it was just all in her head. "You don't need childish things like a useless unicorn."

Neoma smiled even though deep inside, she was screaming in annoyance. Gosh, the emperor's mood was so unpredictable. She almost softened up when he smiled. But now that she witnessed his awful mood swing, she put her guard up again. "I will not ask my Soul Beast to turn into a unicorn, Papa."

[Hmph!]

CONCENTRATING to get to the place where her Soul Beast was a piece of cake for Neoma.

Ever since she was three years old, she had already mastered the art of concentrating. That was probably why she awakened first before Nero. Sometimes, she thinks that she was born a genius and her talent was only repressed by her tyrannical father in her first life.

But in this current lifetime, she had no reason to hold back.

"Hey, Mr. Dragon," Neoma called out to her Soul Beast. Right now, she was back in the strange "dark room" where she met her Soul Beast for the first time before. The room was small and right now, she couldn't see anything with her. "Come out while I'm still asking nicely."

"You really talk like an a.d.u.l.t thug!"

She turned around to face her Soul Beast with an expectation that it was still in the form of a dragon. After all, the Soul Beast told her that changing its form to a unicorn wouldn't be easy. That was the reason why she couldn't summon it when her life was in danger.

But much to her shock, a white unicorn that was the size of a pony was standing in front of her now. It looked so adorable! And the unicorn even had tiny wings.

"No," she said, then she covered her mouth when she gasped. That was because she remembered that her father said he'd kill her Soul Beast if it turned into a unicorn. Now she felt guilty for being childish. But that anxiousness only lasted for a few seconds. She wouldn't let her father kill her Soul Beast! "Get ready, my dude," she told the Soul Beast, then she punched her fist against her other hand. "We're going to kick my father's royal ass."

"Uhm, how about no?" the Soul Beast said while slowly walking backwards— away from her. "I don't want to die yet, you stupid thug princess!"

"I'm not asking for your opinion, my dude," Neoma said with a sweet smile while walking towards the Soul Beast like a predator. "It's an order from your master, you one-horned donkey."

"Hey, I'm a unicorn!"
