

Royal Secret: I'm A Princess!

Volume 2: NEOMA SUPREMACY

Chapter 146 – MALE LEAD ENTRANCE

‘I CAN DO it but can you handle it?’

Nero was insulted by Trevor’s question. How dare a mere demon like him question his abilities? He might be cursed, but he was still the real Crown Prince of the empire.

Having said that, when he turned to Trevor and saw him floating in the air while lying on his side as if there was a mattress under him, he instantly lost the energy to get mad. He just felt like the angrier he gets, the more annoying Trevor becomes.

‘I can handle it,’ Nero said. Since only he and Trevor were in his room (aside from the White Tiger and the Black Tortoise sleeping on either of his sides while he was seated on the sofa), they could talk freely like that. ‘I don’t want to completely stay asleep as I did three years ago. Since only my physical body needs to be cured, my soul is free to wander in your territory, right?’

He planned to master resonating his soul with Zev, his Soul Beast.

His father, the emperor, told him that he could only truly rule his Soul Beast once he finally heard its real name. And to know Zev’s real name, his soul must establish a solid connection to his Soul Beast.

‘I don’t usually let anyone else wander in my territory but I will make an exception for you, Prince Nero,’ Trevor said with a smug smile on his face. ‘After all, you are my future brother-in-law.’

That claim was so ridiculous that it didn’t deserve a response from him.

And so, he just sipped his tea.

‘Come on, are you just going to ignore me?’

‘It would be unbecoming of a Crown Prince to stoop down on your level, Trevor.’

‘Ouch! Why are you and Princess Neoma so savage?’ the demon asked, then he laughed by himself. ‘Anyway, this is the last day of the Moon Festival, Prince Nero. May the best man win.’

‘What in the world are you talking about?’ he asked. ‘Are we competing for something I’m not aware of?’

‘Of course,’ the talking book said. ‘You’re also aiming to be Princess Neoma’s last dance, aren’t you?’

‘Are you dumb?’ he asked, instantly regretting the fact that he entertained Trevor’s stupid attempt at having a conversation with him. ‘The last dance during the Moon Festival is exclusive to couples. Why would I want a romantic dance with my own twin sister?’

‘Ah, is that so?’ the demon asked casually, then he grinned. ‘Then, it’s less competition for me. I only need to get rid of the clingy fox boy later.’ He got up (still floating in the air) and stretched his arms. ‘I’m so glad that I recovered right in time. I can’t wait to dance with my Moon Princess.’

‘Who told you that I will allow you to have Neoma’s last dance?’

The demon looked confused. ‘You just said that you’re not vying for Princess Neoma’s last dance, Prince Nero!’

‘That and letting my precious little sister dance with someone like you are two entirely different matters,’ he said firmly. ‘I won’t let you or any other boys steal her last dance. My Neoma is still too young to have a romantic dance.’

‘Hey, aren’t you being a little too overprotective of your sister, Prince Nero?’ Trevor complained, then he finally landed on his feet. ‘What if she wants to dance tonight?’

‘She doesn’t want to dance— especially not with you, Trevor,’ Nero said confidently, then he sipped his tea and gave the demon a smug smile. ‘I know because I’m Neoma’s twin brother.’

I SHOULD blame it on nostalgia.

Neoma wanted to kick herself for losing her mind for a moment.

Did she really think that Emperor Nikolai resembled her dad/appa just because he changed his hair and eye color? Now that came back to her senses, she realized that, of course, her dad/appa didn’t look exactly like her Papa Boss.

How could it be when my dad/appa in my second life has the same face as Commander Gavin Quinzel?

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Now that her Papa Boss changed his hair and eye color into something dark as opposed to his white hair and ash-gray eyes, he could pass as a Quinzel. After all, he resembled his cousins (Commander Gavin and Duke Rufus Quinzel) quite a bit.

Yeah, they’re all handsome.

Still, Emperor Nikolai and Commander Gavin Quinzel didn’t look alike.

So, why did she think that her Papa Boss looked like her dad/appa?

She gasped when an unbelievable explanation popped up in her mind suddenly.

Could it be because I already see Papa Boss as a real father just like my dad/appa in my second life ?!

‘No,’ Neoma said, letting out a sharp gasp. Then, she grabbed and pulled her hair. It was a good thing that she wasn’t wearing a wig or else, it would have fallen off by now. ‘I can’t accept this!’

Emperor Nikolai, seated on the couch opposite to hers, let out a sigh while shaking his head. ‘What is it now, Neoma?’

Ah, right.

She was in the carriage with Papa Boss and they were on their way to Illumina Plaza. Of course, they took the longer route so people wouldn’t know that they came from the Royal Palace.

‘I’m just hungry, Papa Boss,’ she lied. Well, it wasn’t really completely a lie. She used her big brain a while ago and it made her hungry. ‘I can’t wait to have a food trip.’

‘Food, huh?’ he said, then he turned outside the window. ‘You’re just like your mother. Mona would always go straight to the food stalls whenever we’re in a festival.’

Ah.

She noticed this a while ago but her father would openly talk about her mother whenever he felt nostalgic, maybe.

And he doesn’t call Mama a ‘lowly woman’ anymore.

‘Papa Boss, what was Mama’s favorite food?’

‘Meat,’ he said without missing a beat. ‘She didn’t enjoy pastries and bread. The only thing that she truly loved eating was meat. She liked steak in particular.’

She bit her lower lip when she was overwhelmed with nostalgia.

My mommy/eomma also loved meat in my second life. Aside from steak, she also loved samgyeopsal so much that we had it every weekend.

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‘I hope we find lots of tasty food, Papa Boss,’ she said cheerfully. ‘You brought lots of gold, right?’

He turned to her with an offended look on his face. ‘You did not just ask me that, Neoma.’

She just laughed it off. ‘I know that you’re filthy rich, Papa Boss. You’re so rich that I want to steal your wealth and distribute it to the poor. No one in this world should be that rich.’

In the modern world, her Papa Boss and most of the higher nobles would be called billionaires.

‘I will pretend that I didn’t hear that you wanted to steal from me because I don’t want to escalate this into a fight,’ her Papa Boss said sternly.

‘Why, thank you for the generosity, Papa Boss.’

He just rolled her eyes at her.

She rolled her eyes back and when her father glared at her, she laughed. Then, she gave him a ‘peace sign.’ ‘Sorry, Papa Boss.’

He didn’t have the time to retort because the carriage stopped and the coachman announced that they arrived at the entrance of the plaza.

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To be honest, she expected him to ignore her. So she was quite surprised when all of a sudden, he grabbed her by the waist and lifted her up. Then, he carefully put her down.

‘Papa Boss, are you secretly taking a class called ‘How To be a Father 101?’“

‘If you’re uncomfortable, just say so,’ he said coldly. But she knew that he was just being shy. Her father was a big tsundere after all. ‘No need to be sarcastic about it.’

She just laughed it off again, then she grabbed him by the hand.

Her father wore a pair of black gloves but despite that, she still felt the warmth of his hand that was much bigger than hers.

When she looked up at her father, she was surprised to see a horrified look on his face.

Huh?

‘What’s wrong, Papa Boss?’

‘Your hand is so small and soft that I’m afraid to accidentally crush it if I squeeze too hard,’ her Papa Boss said. ‘After all, I don’t know how to control my strength since this is the first time that I held a child’s hand.’

Suzampliwh?

He didn’t hold her hand or Nero’s when they were still babies?

Tsk.

‘You’re doing fine, Papa Boss,’ she encouraged him. ‘Plus, it’s too crowded here and I’m small so you might lose me if I don’t hold your hand.’

‘I think a magical and invisible leash would be better—’

‘Oh, come on. I know that I’m as cute as a puppy but don’t treat me like one,’ she complained, then she pulled her father by the hand and led him to the crowd. ‘I’ll call you ‘scumbag’ again if you do that, Papa Boss.’

Come to think of it, she rarely calls her father 'scumbag' these days.

She didn't want to ruin that day so she distracted herself by looking around her. It was easy to distract herself anyway because there were a lot of interesting things to see.

Lucky, the food stalls were lined on either side of the walking road. She instantly spotted the food that the commoners could afford like potatoes, rye bread, hot pie, pastries, fruit kebabs, and corndogs on a stick.

She stopped walking to shamelessly star at a young boy holding a corndog on a stick in his tiny hand.

'That's my corndog,' she said in disbelief.

She was pretty sure that although sausages existed in this world, corndog was something that she brought here from the modern world that she came from.

'Stop staring at someone else's food,' her Papa Boss said sternly. 'That's rude.'

She looked up at her father. 'But that's my corndog, Papa Boss. I'm 100% certain that no one else in this content can make that except for me and the Royal Chef.'

That was an exaggeration but she was pretty sure that corndogs weren't a thing during this time back in her first life.

She was distracted when she realized that she and her Papa Boss already caught the attention of the people around them. Since she could hear them talking, she was sure that they didn't recognize them. The people only crowded around them because she and her father were beautiful.

Well, a disguise couldn't hide their beauty.

They even wore a hooded cloak to partly cover their faces. But it seemed like their faces really attracted people.

Gosh, this is the price that we have to pay for being pretty.

But thank goodness her Papa Boss gave her a spirit stone a while ago that could create a sound-blocking spell whenever she and her father would talk. That meant nobody could eavesdrop on them.

They just had to be careful so that lip readers wouldn't catch what they were saying though.

'Papa Boss, go have fun on your own for now,' Neoma said with urgency in her voice, then she let go of her father's hand. 'I need to hunt down the person who stole my corndog recipe!'

Emperor Nikolai let out a deep sigh. 'I won't find you if you get lost.'

Sure, Jan.

NEOMA asked several kids that she saw holding a corndog on a stick as to where they brought their snack.

She was now walking towards the stall, and she just gained two 'stalkers.'

By 'stalkers,' she meant the two balls of powerful divine energy on either side of her head. She was pretty sure that they were the Soul Beasts of her Papa Boss. Since the White Tiger and the Black Tortoise were guarding Nero, it could only mean one thing.

The Vermillion Bird and the Azure Dragon are guarding me!

Daebak.

Anyway, she was soon distracted when she finally saw the food stall that stole her corndog recipe. The food stalls there were similar to the food kiosk

in the modern world. But of course, the kiosks here were made of woods and weren't fancy.

'Oh, god,' she said while looking at three corndogs on a stick placed on the counter. It looked and smelled like the corndogs that she would ask the Royal Chef to make for her. Now she was curious if it also tasted like the ones she made. 'They look tasty.'

'One corndog is worth one gold coin, child.'

'That's too expensive,' she complained, then gasped when all of a sudden, someone emerged from under the stall's counter or table.

It was a young boy who was probably just a bit older than her.

That person was holding a bag of bread in his arms, so he was probably getting it under the table when she arrived. Thus, she thought the kiosk was empty. Seeing that she didn't feel his Mana, it seemed like he was a Non-Mana User.

Is he not a noble?

Looking up close, the young boy had black messy hair and black eyes— and the color of his hair and eyes complemented his fair complexion. He was probably as tall as Jasper Oppa, so he must be closer to the young duke's age.

Anyway, he wore a simple linen shirt and trousers under his white apron.

The boy looked neat but he wasn't that good-looking compared to the boys around her. Well, she was used to seeing god-tier handsome young men like Lewis, Trevor, and Jasper Oppa so her standard for a man's physical appearance got impossibly high.

Plus, I'm a beauty myself.

‘I sell my corndogs to nobles at a high price just because,’ the boy said bluntly and shamelessly, successfully cutting off her narcissistic thoughts. ‘They’re free for commoners though.’

There were a lot of things to unpack from his remarks.

First, this young boy knew that the snack was called ‘corndog.’

Second, she instantly liked his ‘eat the rich’ mindset.

Third, he could tell that she was a noble.

‘I’m not a noble,’ she lied.

‘Oh, I apologize then,’ the young boy said, then he picked up a corndog on a stick, the one covered in potatoes. Then, he handed it to her. She noticed that his face had softened up now compared to his stiff expression a while ago. ‘You can have it for free then, child.’

She took the corndog on a stick with a guilty heart.

Omo! Why are you so gullible? Now you’re making me feel bad about myself.

But since she was really curious about the taste, she took a bite on the corndog while making a promise to herself that she would pay for the overpriced snack later.

Because yeah, let’s eat the rich.

‘Omo,’ she said when the flavors finally hit her taste buds. ‘This tastes divine.’

Wow.

It really tasted like her corndogs!

Upon seeing her reaction, the young boy laughed softly. ‘I’ll take that as a compliment, child.’

Omo, omo.

While looking at the boy's face, she noticed that he was getting prettier and prettier in her eyes as seconds passed by.

For some unknown reason, she suddenly felt like she was in a Korean drama.

After all, the 'scene' happening right now between them was like a 'scene' pulled out from a Kdrama where the male lead entered the story for the first time.

'No, I can't be distracted,' she said to herself. 'I need to know how he managed to recreate the snack that Chef Stroganoff makes for...'

She caught herself immediately when she realized that she said her thoughts out loud.

'That's me.'

Her brows furrowed in confusion. 'Huh?'

'Unless there's another 'Chef Stroganoff' in the Royal Capital, then you must be talking about me,' the young boy said in the most honest voice that she heard in her life. 'I'm Chef Stroganoff of the Royal Kitchen.'

Neoma gasped loudly.

But Lewis said that Chef Stroganoff is blonde and green-eyed!

NOTE: Hi! I might post around this time (6AM-11AM GMT+8) next month. I usually write in my free time during the day so I could post before midnight (GMT+8). But I write during nighttime instead of daytime these days, right after my day job, because of my new work-related project. Thus, I tend to post my updates in an awkward time recently. Sorry for the sudden change of schedule. T-T

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