

# Royal Secret: I'm A Princess!

## Volume 2: NEOMA SUPREMACY

### Chapter 152 - DANCE WITH MY FATHER

‘AH, winter is approaching, isn't it?’

Neoma's brows furrowed in confusion when Yule, the Moon God himself, suddenly brought up winter after she and her Papa Boss declined his request to see them dance.

‘You see, our little princess, I'm the kind of person who acts on a whim,’ Yule said brightly even though his words sounded ominous. ‘If you make me upset, I might end up creating snowstorms here and there.’

And the god followed that threat with a ‘gentle’ laugh.

Neoma, in disbelief, whispered the word that she hadn't uttered for so long. ‘Scumbag.’

But Yule obviously heard her because they suddenly stopped laughing.

On the other hand, her Papa Boss stifled a laugh. Then, the emperor coughed in an attempt to cover it up.

‘Ah, pardon my vulgar vocabulary,’ she said, then she gave the god her infamous arrogant smirk. ‘I should have said ‘may your hairline decline each time your divine mouth sprouts garbage’ instead.’

‘You little rogue,’ Emperor Nikolai called her. When she raised her head to look up at her father, she saw a weird expression on his face. It looked like he was impressed and annoyed at the same time. ‘Have you read your mother's journal?’

Her mother's journal?

More like 'Lady Mona Roseheart's Guide to Eloquent Cursing 101.' After all, the 'journal' was filled with her mother's unique way of cursing.

'Mama's journal is very interesting. I see that I inherited my big brains from her,' she said. 'I'll give it five out of five stars.'

Her father smirked, then he put her down.

Ah, that was when she only realized that she was being carried like a sack of potatoes by the emperor. When will Papa Boss learn to carry her properly?

Tlc.

'It's quite refreshing to hear someone curse at me again,' Yule, the god that she and her Papa Boss almost forgot, said in an amused tone. 'The first and only person to do so before you was Mon-Mon.'

She literally had goosebumps when she heard that. 'Please don't tell me you're referring to my mother.'

'Mon-Mon was my pet name for my dearest Mona,' the Moon God confirmed cheerfully. 'Doesn't it sound adorable?'

She just scowled as a response, then she looked up at her father. 'Papa Boss, why did you let them call my mother that way?'

The emperor let out a deep sigh. 'Your mother liked it.'

Oh, Mama.

She could only sigh while shaking her head. Then, she faced the Moon God. 'Lord Yule, may I know your pronoun? I don't want to misgender you.'

'I have lived long enough that I already stopped caring about my gender,' the god said casually. 'But my devoted followers would probably cry if they heard me say that. So let's just say that I'm a man so feel free to use the pronouns he and him when referring to me.'

‘Thank you, Lord Yule.’

‘You’re really strange,’ the god said, then he squatted down to meet her eye level while hugging his knees close to his chest. ‘I adore half of you because of Mon-Mon, but I detest the other half because of Nikolai.’

‘Huh?’ she asked, confused. ‘But my Papa Boss is your descendant, Lord Yule. Shouldn’t you favor him over my Mama?’

‘Exactly,’ he said. ‘Nikolai is my descendant so I know very well how despicable he is.’

‘Well, you’re not that different from my Papa Boss,’ she said warily. ‘I know that you were serious when you said you’ll punish the empire with snowstorms if we don’t dance for you.’

The Moon God just smiled ‘brightly’ at her.

It was the kind of smile that looked innocent to ignorant people. But since she wasn’t that naïve, she recognized the cruelty behind that smile.

And now that I’m looking closely at Lord Yule, I can see that his eyes are unique.

Yule’s eyes were a deep shade of blue, and they looked like they held the galaxy in them. After all, the orbs were literally sparkling just like how stars light up the night sky. Boy, Yule won the ‘prettiest eyes category’ in her heart.

The god’s hair color and complexion didn’t impress or shock her anymore. After all, it was obvious the de Moonasterios got their white hair and pale skin from Yule.

Oh, I just realized that Lord Yule’s hair is as long as Saint Macaroni’s.

‘But I understand,’ she said while nodding her head. ‘Anyone who has lived as long as Lord Yule is bound to lose their sanity at some point.’

The god laughed softly. 'That's an eloquent way of saying that I'm a lunatic, little princess.'

'The word 'lunatic' suits you, Lord Yule,' she said while clapping her hands. 'In another language, 'luna' means moon.'

The Moon God laughed again and this time, it was louder. 'I can see that you're really a de Moonasterio, little princess.'

She let out a deep sigh. 'I know, right?'

Yule just smiled, then he turned serious. 'Dance for me,' he said in a commanding voice this time. 'It is the duty of the current emperor to dance with either his wife or daughter during the Moon Festival to entertain me. If you fail to do so, I will bring bad luck to the empire for the whole year. But if you please me...' There goes the Moon God's fake bright smile again. 'I will bless the Great Moonasterion Empire and its people for the whole year.'

'If you put it that way, then I guess we have no choice but to comply,' Neoma said seriously. To be honest, she wanted to go ape on the Moon God. But she had a feeling that only the poor citizens of their empire would get punished if she offended Yule. 'And it's not like dancing with my father will kill me,' she added, then she looked up at the emperor and extended her little hand to him. 'Shall we dance, Papa Boss?'

Emperor Nikolai looked at her, then he let out a deep sigh. 'Fine.'

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'NERO, are you sure that it's okay for you to stay here?' Hanna asked worriedly. 'You're not going to chase after Neoma?'

'Uh-huh,' Nero said. 'At first, I thought of meddling with them to make sure that no one will catch Neoma. But doing so might make it look like I'm looking down on my twin sister.'

She smiled when she heard those words. ‘You have mātured, Nero.’

‘Well, someone scolded me before.’

Her smile grew wider because she knew that Nero was talking about her and the time that she scolded him for looking down on Neoma unintentionally.

He listened to me.

What a wonderful night it truly was.

Right now, she could talk freely to Nero because they were slow-dancing. She had her hands on his shoulders, and his hands were placed lightly on her waist while they were swaying with the slow beat of the music playing around them.

Thanks to the slow and soft beat of the music, they could talk just fine.

They also didn’t have to worry about being heard by the people around them. After all, her father and His Majesty assured them a while ago that there was a powerful spell around the area. It would prevent strangers from eavesdropping or even reading their lips when talking.

It’s one of the basic spells that royals always carry with them to protect their privacy.

Arwjfw, mru md ovu ovarel ovfo qftu ovfo raevo qmzu nuzduho jfl ovu dfho ovfo vuz qmovuz frt dfovuz juzu film urbmware ovu Mmmr Fuloasfi. SvU lfj vuz nfzurol tfrhare ljuuoiw rufz ovu gmr dazu f jvaiu fem.

‘I will be going back to hell with Trevor tomorrow morning.’

Her heart sank when she heard that although she had already been informed by Neoma a while ago.

‘Don’t give me that look,’ he scolded her lightly. ‘I want you to send me off with a smile, Hanna.’

She was surprised to hear that. 'Will I be allowed to send you off, Nero?'

'Of course,' Nero said in a voice that seemed to ask her why she would even ask that in the first place. 'I also have something to give you later, Hanna.'

Hanna's face definitely turned red at that moment. 'I-I'm looking forward to it, Nero.'

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NEOMA was trying not to laugh while watching her father's awkward movements.

Right now, she was standing on Emperor Nikolai's boots while holding his hands. Of course, since their height difference was too big, her father had to lean down and bend his knees. Needless to say, it was really an awkward position for him.

And she was enjoying her father's misery.

'Let's spin around, Papa Boss,' Neoma said in a cheerful voice. Gosh, who knew that 'dancing' with her father would be this fun? 'Come on!'

Her Papa Boss gave her a scowl as a response.

Yule, seated on an invisible chair (in short, he was floating in the air in a sitting position), laughed merrily. It seemed like the Moon God was truly enjoying the moment. 'Nikolai, shall I help you?'

Before either her or her Papa Boss could respond, the Moon God snapped his fingers.

Then, poof!

She instantly turned into her grown-up form.

As soon as she realized that, she let go of her Papa Boss's hands and stepped down from his boots. She wanted to run to a mirror to admire her pretty face when she caught her father's reaction.

Right, this is the first time that he saw me in my grown-up form.

Granted that it was the first time, why did her father have to look at her with such a painful look on his face?

Why does Papa Boss look like I just stabbed him?

'Mona,' her Papa Boss said under his breath. 'Mona...'

Ah, it seemed like her father saw her mother in her grown-up look.

Do I really look like my mother?

Because at that moment, she could clearly see that her father was looking at her as if he was seeing another person in her.

'I believe that's how Neoma de Moonasterio would look like in ten years' time,' Yule told her father in a serious voice. 'In other words, when she reached eighteen years of age.'

Upon hearing that, Emperor Nikolai suddenly shut his eye tight while grabbing his head as if he was in so much pain. He was screaming, but the agony in his low groan was enough for her to know that he was miserable. Then, a few moments later, he was now on his knees with his head hanged low.

She didn't want to but the sight of her father in that state made her worry.

'Lord Yule, what did you do to my Papa Boss?' she confronted the Moon God. She didn't expect to sound worried about her father but she was. 'I don't care if you're a god but hurting the emperor is a sin!'

The Moon God smiled at her. 'Are you worried about your father?'

She clenched her hands. ‘Just... a little... bit.’

‘You really entertain me, Neoma Roseheart de Moonasterio. I’d love to talk to you more but the truth is, I have a business with Nikolai and not with you. But thank you for showing me a side of your ‘Papa Boss’ that I haven’t seen yet,’ Yule said in an apologetic voice, then he waved his hand. ‘See you later, Ne-Ne.’

Neoma gasped at the horrible pet name that she received from the Moon God. ‘Nooo!’

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‘NIKOLAI, you look so pathetic.’

Nikolai, clutching his chest tight while catching his breath, raised his head to glare at Yule. It was a good thing that the Moon God already sent Neoma back to the palace. He didn’t want his daughter to see him in this state. ‘That appearance of my daughter... I barely recalled Mona telling me that something will happen once our daughter turns eighteen,’ he said in an agonizing voice. ‘She told me about it when she was still pregnant with the twins. But... but...’

‘But you can’t remember it,’ Yule finished for him. ‘You haven’t retrieved the memories that Mon-Mon stole from you yet?’

He could only glare at the Moon God.

‘Have you told your daughter yet about your own royal secret?’ the god asked him. Then, he squatted down in front of him while hugging his legs. ‘Have you told Ne-Ne that her mother cruelly stole all your happy and warm memories with her?’ He reached for his face to put a finger on his forehead. ‘Have you told your daughter that her mother implanted memories in your head to make you hate her?’



He pushed the god's hand away from his face. 'Why does my daughter have to know that?'

Everything the Moon God said was true.

He lost a major part of his memories that had something to do with her relationship with Mona. Not all fond memories that he had with her had been stolen. There were some happy memories left, and he had shared most of them with Neoma for the past three years.

But still, a huge portion of his memories had been wiped away.

It became his royal secret because if his enemies found out that his mind had been messed up by his ex-lover, then it was going to be a huge problem.

That was also why he couldn't tell Neoma what she wanted to know about her mother.

After all, he can't remember it himself.

'Nikolai, how can you tell your daughter the truth about your past with her mother when you can't remember it?' the god asked while shaking his head. 'And although Nero is reserved, I'm sure he's also interested to know more about his mother.'

'My children don't have to know a person who's long gone.'

The Moon God fell silent for a while. 'Nikolai, Mon-Mon failed to complete the contract that she made with me,' he said seriously. 'I summoned you here to let you know that I will make your children fulfill what their mother failed to do.'

'Don't drag the children into whatever contract Mona made with you!' he snarled at the god. 'Leave them alone!'

He smiled apologetically at him. 'I need your children, Nikolai. Especially the feisty little princess.'

‘Yule—‘

‘I will make Neoma de Moonasterio the first empress of the Great Moonasterion Empire.’

He wasn’t as astonished as he thought he would be.

After all, Saint Dominic Zavaroni already saw Neoma taking the throne in his vision. And the visions that the saint received could only come from Yule himself.

‘I won’t let Neoma take the throne,’ he said firmly. ‘She doesn’t want it. I will give her the leisure life that she dreams of...’ He clutched his chest even tighter. ‘I will give Neoma the quiet and peaceful life that Mona wished for her.’

‘Ah, poor child,’ Yule said, then he pointed a finger on his chest, on the part where his heart was beating erratically. ‘Mon-Mon stole your ability to love along with your fond memories with her. Thus, you became apathetic and cruel to your own children in the past. But it seems like it’s still your children, especially Ne-Ne, who managed to break the cruel spell that their mother instilled in your heart.’ The Moon God looked at him with a playful smile on his face. ‘Have you learned to love your children now, Nikolai?’

‘Shut up,’ Nikolai snarled at Yule. He didn’t have any intention to answer the Moon God because he would definitely use it against him someday. Yule was that kind of being. ‘I’m warning you, Yule— don’t get my children involved in your cruel schemes.’

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

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