

Royal Secret: I'm A Princess!

Volume 2: NEOMA SUPREMACY

Chapter 189 – FIRST HUG~

GLENN cleared his throat, then he announced the thing that would definitely stop Ruto and Lewis Crevan from their silly fight. ‘His Royal Highness Prince Nero has awakened.’

Lewis Crevan instantly turned to him, then he bowed and left the scene fast.

Now he was alone with the young chef.

Lewis almost flew, huh ?

‘Sir Glenn.’

He immediately faced the young chef. ‘Yes, Ruto ?’

‘The weird birds are all gone now,’ Ruto reported to him. ‘You can take care of the rest, can’t you ?’

‘Leave it to me,’ he said confidently. ‘Thank you for helping us save the Crown Prince, Ruto. We owe you big time.’

The young boy just looked at him, clearly spacing out again.

He couldn’t help but smile at the young chef.

This is why His Majesty is fond of Ruto. The child is strong but he’s not interested in other things outside his kitchen. Most of all, he doesn’t ask questions.

Just like now.

Ruto didn't ask about William or why 'Prince Nero' was attacked. He just did his noble duty and saved the Crown Prince without prying into the royal affairs.

'Sir Glenn, does the Crown Prince's palace lack funds?'

He almost choked when he heard the young chef's question. 'What do you mean by that, Ruto? As far as I know, the Crown Prince's budget is abundant.'

If His Majesty heard Ruto's question, he'd be offended.

To be honest, Princess Neoma's budget for her palace kept on increasing every year. It was probably because of His Majesty's growing fondness for his daughter. But he would bet his entire fortune that the emperor wouldn't admit it.

'Then, why are the employees staying in the same quarter?' the young chef asked. 'Shouldn't be they separated by gender?'

He was confused.

As far as he knew, there were separate quarters for the male and female servants in every palace.

'I have a friend working in the Crown Prince's palace,' Ruto said. 'Her name is Miss Ramsay. While we were talking using a communicator device, I heard Lewis Crevan's voice in the background. When I asked Miss Ramsay about it, she said he is her friend and the other employees in the palace are sharing the same quarter as her.'

Okay, that gave him a headache.

He already figured out that Princess Neoma was 'Miss Ramsay.' But he still didn't fully understand what upsets Ruto.

I should consult Princess Bridgette about this.

Ah, yes.

He and the first princess of the Hazelden Kingdom were constantly talking to each other via letters and sometimes, they would use a communicator device to see and hear each other.

‘Sir Glenn, can I give my personal funds to Prince Nero so he’d built a separate quarter for the ladies serving his palace?’

‘Ruto, calm down,’ he told the child, then he laughed awkwardly. ‘I think you should talk to Miss Ramsay and clear the misunderstanding. I’m pretty sure that the male and female employees of the Crown Prince’s palace have separate quarters.’

‘Ah, yes. It must be a misunderstanding,’ Ruto said, his face lighting up for some reason. ‘Then, I guess I have no choice but to meet Miss Ramsay, right?’

Glenn tilted his head to one side, confused. ‘How did the conversation go that way, Ruto?’

‘YOUR MAJESTY, I have returned...’ Glenn trailed off, then his personal knight’s eyes widened in shock when he turned around. ‘Your Majesty, what happened?!’

Nikolai just calmly pulled a handkerchief from his pocket, then wiped the blood off his mouth and hand. ‘Don’t raise your voice, Glenn,’ he scolded the knight. ‘Neoma fell asleep again after Madam Hammock and the head maid changed her clothes.’

‘May I know what happened, Your Majesty?’ Glenn asked worriedly, his voice lower and softer now. ‘This is the first time that I’ve seen you bleed like that.’

To be honest, he also didn't know what happened.

All he knew was staying near Neoma drained his Moonglow, aka divine energy. While doing so, his daughter's recovery went faster than normal.

It seems like Neoma unconsciously absorbed my divine energy to recuperate.

But he couldn't say that to Glenn. He knew that his personal knight was fond of Neoma. But if Glenn would choose between him and his daughter, he would bet his life that Glenn would choose him over the royal princess.

'Don't make a big deal out of this,' he scolded Glenn. 'Go and ask my butler to bring me a set of new clothes.'

'Your Majesty, are you sure that I don't need to call Lord Marcus?'

Marcus was his personal Healing Sage.

'No, I'm fine. I just used too much Mana when I used Calypso against William earlier,' he lied with a straight face. 'Glenn, your loyalty is annoying.'

The knight just laughed it off. 'If His Majesty can still be this grumpy, then I have nothing to worry about that.'

He didn't know whether to glare or roll his eyes at Glenn's remark.

In the end, he just stared at the knight dreadfully.

Glenn cleared his throat when he probably realized that he was on the verge of getting fired, then he bowed politely to him. 'I'll return quickly with your new set of clothes, Your Majesty.'

He just nodded.

Tvur, darfiw, ovu zmmq jfl ypauo fefar...

'Little Nikolai, are you going to kill Princess Neoma?'

... or so he thought.

He turned around to find Gale seated on the bedside table. 'No,' he said. 'I have no reason to kill Neoma.'

'You have,' Gale insisted. 'You already realized that the royal princess is stealing your Moonglow, didn't you?'

'I was surprised but it's pretty normal for the Crown Prince to steal the Moonglow of the current emperor,' he said. 'It's like a countdown to ascending the throne.'

He also stole his father's Moonglow before he ousted the previous emperor.

'Princess Neoma isn't your heir, little Nikolai,' the Wind Spirit reminded him.

'I know that,' he said, then he sighed. 'But it seems like Yule forced my daughter to take the path of an empress.'

'An empress like Juliet?'

'Juliet became an empress because she was married to me,' he said while shaking his head. 'But Neoma, for some reason, 'needs' to be an empress in her own right.'

'Will you allow that to happen?'

He fell silent before he gave the Wind Spirit a response. 'I have done everything I could to dim Neoma's glow. To be honest, even now, I still don't want her to become an empress. I saw how that position made Juliet wither and less kind. What more if Neoma becomes the empress regnant?' He let out another deep sigh. 'But Neoma already made that choice. I have a feeling that I don't have the power to change it.'

'This is a pleasant surprise,' Gale commented brightly. 'I really thought you're going to oppose it.'

‘Neoma wouldn’t change her mind on a whim,’ Nikolai said, then he turned to his sleeping daughter. ‘She wouldn’t take the throne without a proper reason so I want to listen to her first.’

‘I FEEL refreshed!’ Neoma said brightly while twirling around in front of a full-length mirror. ‘I’m really the best version of myself when I’m wearing a dress!’ After she was full from admiring her ‘true form’ (aka her beautiful version as a princess with long hair and a pretty dress), she turned around and faced her Papa Boss who had a bored look on his face while watching her. ‘Papa Boss, I think I’ll become a bad child soon.’

Emperor Nikolai raised a brow at her. ‘You were never a good child, Neoma.’

‘I’m good to everyone except you and Count Kyle Sprouse, Papa Boss,’ she said, then she sat on the sofa across from her father. Only she and her father were in the room. Lewis and Sir Glenn weren’t also guarding the door because apparently, the two had to clean some mess outside. ‘Anyway, how’s Hanna?’

‘Hanna Quinzel is in good condition now,’ her father said. ‘But Rufus requested to keep it a secret from the public. So as of right now, everyone believes that the Quinzel heiress is on the verge of death.’

Her brows furrowed in confusion. She didn’t understand why Duke Quinzel made such a request.

I’ll just ask Hanna later.

‘Let’s talk about what you said when you woke up a while ago because Kyle will fetch me later,’ the emperor said. ‘I need to address the public regarding the bombing incident. Since a lot of nobles were hurt in the incident, the Royal Family is being heavily criticized right now.’

‘Don’t I need to come with you, Papa Boss?’

‘You need to rest,’ he said, then he sipped his tea again. ‘I’m giving you a week off, Neoma. And during your short vacation, you don’t have to pretend as Nero. I’m allowing you to be disguise yourself as ‘Miss Ramsay’ as long as you don’t get caught.’

She was delighted to hear that, but she was also quite scared.

Papa Boss acting nice to her would always seem suspicious to her. After all, despite getting close to him for the past few years, she still couldn’t trust her father completely.

‘Papa Boss, this is not a trap, isn’t it?’ she asked worriedly. ‘You’re not going to kill me after I declare that I need to be the empress, are you?’

He let out a deep breath before he responded. ‘I’m not dumb and I know Yule very well. He won’t bring you back in perfect condition without asking something big in return. So be honest with me, Neoma. He asked you to be the empress in exchange for fixing your body, didn’t he?’

Thank goodness her father was being rational today.

‘You’re right, Papa Boss,’ she said. ‘Lord Yule also asked me to retrieve his eyes and destroy the cult.’

Her father frowned. ‘Yule is asking too much from a child.’

‘‘Grandfather,’’ she said while trying to act innocent. ‘Papa Boss, Lord Yule asked me to remind you to call you ‘grandfather’ again.’

The emperor looked surprised and confused, then his face turned red.

Oh my gosh! Mama Boss, now I understand why you chose Papa Boss. His embarrassed look is so adorable!

Papa Boss cleared his throat, then he turned his gaze away from him.
'Grandfather may have gone senile due to old age.'

Her jaw dropped when her father called Yule 'grandfather!'

She heard from Yule that her Papa Boss used Yule's Tears to heal her. Apparently, her father also prayed and promised to call the Moon God 'grandfather' if she woke up in a good condition.

To be honest, she didn't expect that her father would fulfill his promise.

Papa Boss did that for me?

She didn't want to say this but she was genuinely touched. She wasn't really craving for Papa Boss's love but still, it felt nice to feel that he cared for her. Did her charm finally work on her father?

Well, it's about time.

'Papa Boss, can I hug you?'

She only realized what she said when she heard her own voice.

Damn.

Her Papa Boss looked shocked by her request.

At first, she thought he was either going to scold her or make fun of her so she braced herself. But none of that happened.

Instead, his father just stirred his tea with a soft look on his face.

'Do what you want,' her Papa Boss said in a gentle yet firm voice. 'It's not like I can stop you anyway.'

She grinned at her father's attitude.

What a tsundere!

Well, since Papa Boss didn't hate her request and she also didn't want the opportunity to go to waste, she stood up and sat beside her father. But the emperor didn't seem like he wanted to move to make it easier for her to hug him. So of course, she had to do it herself.

She wrapped her arms around her father's slim waist.

At first, she felt him stiffen in his seat. Poor Papa Boss might have been deprived of physical intimacy for too long. Fortunately, he eventually relaxed.

Gosh. For someone who has a cold heart, Papa Boss's body is warm.

Her father also smelled good.

She didn't expect that she'd be comfortable hugging her father to the point that she closed her eyes and almost fell asleep.

But she was suddenly awakened when she heard something crashing on the floor. When she opened her eyes, she gasped aloud when she realized that her father dropped the teacup. And worst of all, her Papa Boss fell unconscious on the sofa!

'Papa Boss!' she yelled while shaking her father's shoulders. She gulped and got really nervous when he saw the emperor's pale face. There were also beads of sweat on his forehead. 'Papa Boss, please wake up!'

When she heard the door open, she felt relieved because she thought it was either Lewis or Sir Glenn.

But it was neither.

'Princess Neoma, what did you do to His Majesty?'

She didn't like the accusation that she heard in that voice.

When Neoma turned in the direction of the door, she scowled when she realized that it was Count Kyle Sprouse– her number one 'anti-fan.'

Shit.

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