

# Royal Secret: I'm A Princess!

## Volume 2: NEOMA SUPREMACY

### Chapter 199 - OLDIES BUT BADDIES

‘PRINCESS NEOMA, is everything alright?’

Neoma blinked several times because of Saint Macaroni’s question, then she nodded. ‘Yes, Saint Macaroni.’

She realized that she called the saint by a different name when she saw the surprised look on his face.

Plus, Lewis who stood behind her, suddenly stifled a laugh.

Shit.

Right now, she was in her private library in her palace with Saint Zavaroni.

Since she was dressed as herself and the saint’s presence in the Royal Palace must be kept a secret, only Lewis stayed in the library to guard her.

Moreover, only Stephanie and Alphen were allowed to come in to serve them. The other servants were refrained from entering the premises of the library. Additionally, Mochi and Soju volunteered to patrol the area to make sure that they weren’t being spied on.

‘Am I... a macaroni to you, Princess Neoma?’

‘I love macaroni, Your Holiness,’ she said defensively, then she bowed gracefully. ‘I apologize for giving you a rude pet name, Your Holiness.’

‘It’s alright, Princess Neoma,’ he said kindly. ‘You didn’t give it to me to make fun of me anyway. So please raise your head.’

She did. ‘Are you not upset, Your Holiness?’

He smiled and shook his head. 'It's refreshing to hear you call me by a pet name you chose for me instead of being addressed by my title. You're free to call me that if you want.'

She shook her head eagerly. 'I can't do that, Your Holiness. But if I had another slip of the tongue like now, please find it in your kind heart to forgive me again.'

The saint chuckled. 'I understand, Princess Neoma.'

She just smiled, then she answered the saint's question a while ago. 'I'm alright, Your Holiness. I'm just a little upset because Papa Boss rejected the awesome crest that I designed. He even hated the motto that I created.'

'Oh, you created a motto?' the saint asked curiously. 'May I know what it is?'

'Sure,' she said. 'It's 'eat, sleep, play, and rule.'

His Holiness blinked several times, then he laughed softly. 'That motto suits you well, Princess Neoma.'

'I know, right?' she agreed enthusiastically. 'I will convince Papa Boss to approve it again.'

'Well, as far as I know, your group of knights won't be recognized as an official Order anyway,' the saint said, then he smiled brightly at her.

'Princess Neoma, just do what you want. You don't need His Majesty's permission for your own symbol and motto.'

She blinked, then she laughed softly.

Ah, she almost forgot that Saint Zavaroni was an anti-fan of her father. Plus, the saint could throw shades at her Papa Boss while still sounding eloquent.

‘You’re right, Your Holiness. But I’m trying to win some brownie points from Papa Boss,’ she said, then she turned serious. ‘I broke my promise to him so I’m trying to act obediently these days to avoid my death flags.’

Of course, the saint looked confused by her vague words.

‘Your Holiness, I met Lord Yule a while ago and we made a contract,’ she said seriously. ‘That contract will fulfill your vision soon.’

His Holiness fell silent for a while, then his eyes widened in shock. ‘Princess Neoma, are you saying that you plan to become the empress?’

She nodded. ‘Yes, and Papa Boss already agreed to support me.’

‘His Majesty did?’

She nodded again. ‘Your Holiness, the contract I signed with Lord Yule states that I will only rule the empire for a maximum of three years. Aside from that, he also wants me to get rid of the cult and retrieve his eyes for him.’

‘Lord Yule asked too much from you, didn’t he?’ he asked sympathetically.

‘Don’t worry, Your Holiness,’ she assured him. ‘I made sure I’m well-compensated.’

The saint smiled proudly at her.

‘I assured Papa Boss that I will step down as soon as the contract is over, and let Nero ascend the throne,’ she continued. ‘Luckily, my father understands that I needed to agree with Lord Yule’s terms before he returned me to normal.’

The saint nodded thoughtfully. ‘I’m glad that His Majesty has finally begun to calm down. If he was the same illogical beast a few years ago, he would have thrown you out of the palace for accepting Lord Yule’s terms without listening to your explanation.’

‘Your Holiness, did you just call my Papa Boss an ‘illogical beast?’

His Holiness smiled innocently at her. ‘Am I wrong, Princess Neoma?’

She smiled sweetly at him. ‘Not at all, Your Holiness.’

‘Princess Neoma, as I said before, I am on your side,’ the saint said seriously. ‘I hope and pray that the techniques I’m passing down to you would become useful to you in the future.’

‘I’m certain of it, Your Holiness,’ she said cheerfully. ‘I will study hard under your guidance and become the strongest shield for my protection.’

The saint seemed taken aback by her declaration. ‘Not for the empire...?’

‘Why would I learn an awesome defense technique just to protect the empire that treats a royal princess like me like shi— I mean, like garbage?’ she said with a soft laugh. ‘Plus, it’s Papa Boss’s job to keep the empire safe.’

‘Oh, I guess you’re right,’ he said softly. ‘You were so different from Princess Nichole who mastered the Dome to literally protect the Royal Palace...’

‘I have no intention of doing that,’ she said firmly. ‘Your Holiness, I intend to master the Coat.’

The Coat was the first layer of the saint’s technique, and it was the kind of defense that would cover her physical body with a shield.

‘I’m self-centered, that’s a given,’ she continued. ‘But I also believe that as a leader with followers, it’s my job to keep myself safe. Plus, as long as I’m alive, I can always save and protect the people around me.’

Saint Zavaroni’s smile told her that he was satisfied with her resolve.

‘Excellent, Princess Neoma,’ he said proudly. ‘I know that I was right to choose you as the successor of my technique.’

Neoma smiled and winked at the saint. 'I won't disappoint you, Your Holiness Macaroni.'

Oops.

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WELCOME BACK to reality, Neoma.

Ah, maybe Neoma should remind herself that as of this moment, she was back as 'Prince Nero.'

Gosh, her week-long vacation passed by so quickly, as if it was only a sweet dream.

She spent her 'vacation' learning from Saint Zavaroni and visiting Hanna secretly. Then, just before she knew it, Stephanie and Alphen reminded her that it was time for the 'Crown Prince' to make an appearance.

After all, today was the day that the leaders of the Twelve Golden Families would greet her officially.

'Your Royal Highness, you received a letter from House Quinzel,' Lewis, walking closely behind her, whispered to her as they walked in the garden leading to her father's palace. 'As you instructed, I read the content.'

'Very good,' Neoma said lazily because she was still asleep. Thus, she asked Lewis to read the letters that she received that morning. And like she instructed him, he read the letter from the House Quinzel first. 'What did the letter say?'

'Duchess Quinzel said that Regina Crowell sent them a letter asking if she could visit Lady Hanna Quinzel.'

That girlie...

Svu dzmXu dmz f qmquro jvur lvu duio f vmloaiU fpzf tazuhout fo vuz.

Lewis felt it too because in just the blink of an eye, her son was already standing protectively in front of her.

She knew that she would be safe even if she turned her back on him so she turned to Stephanie, Alphen, and the other maids and royal knights walking behind them. She was supposed to use the Dome even though she had only gotten the basics of it.

But unfortunately, it was too late.

Her servants were already on the ground, unconscious.

‘Calm down, Princess Neoma,’ Mochi, who suddenly appeared on her right shoulder, said. ‘They’re still alive.’

‘Yeah, they’re just sleeping,’ Soju, who appeared on her left shoulder, assured her. ‘To be precise, they were knocked down by the oozing bloodlust directed at you.’

Dammit.

‘Mochi, Soju, protect the servants,’ she ordered the Spirits.

‘As you wish, Your Royal Highness,’ Mochi and Soju said politely, then they disappeared.

Then, she suddenly realized that she was taken away from Lewis who also looked taken aback by what happened.

By that, she meant the fact that all of a sudden, she was standing in the middle of four men eyeing her as if she was some sort of an endangered species. Judging by the men’s expensive clothes and posh crests that decorated their suits, it was obvious that each of them came from an affluent family.

Moreover, the four men were ridiculously strong.

Ah, they must be some of the leaders of the Twelve Golden Families.

‘Lewis, don’t move,’ Neoma ordered firmly, her voice now eerily similar to Nero’s since she was wearing the magical choker that changes her voice.

‘Mind your manners with our esteemed guests.’

Lewis’s face turned cold, then he bowed politely to her and didn’t move an inch from his spot.

‘At least, the Crown Prince knows some manners,’ the old man (probably in his early fifties) with gray hair and cold blue eyes said. He was looking at her as if she was some disgusting bug that he couldn’t stand. ‘It’s quite unexpected, considering the fact that His Royal Highness came from that lowly woman.’

‘Well, the Crown Prince is still half de Moonasterio,’ the man who looked the youngest (moss green, curly hair and amber eyes) said while looking at her in interest. The way this dude looked at her was creepy, but she would admit that the rude stranger looked handsome. It also looked like he was only in his early thirties. ‘Moreover, the fact that His Royal Highness is half-Roseheart isn’t so bad. After all, he got Mona’s good looks.’

She raised a brow at that.

How dare he call my mother’s name casually?

‘Ah, I almost forgot that you were once obsessed with Lady Mona Roseheart,’ the man who looked just a few years older than the ‘youngest,’ said. This dude had light green long hair and pretty orange eyes. He also wore a pair of specs that made him look intelligent even though he was sprouting garbage. ‘As your older cousin, I’m glad that you didn’t end up with Lady Roseheart. That would have been a huge stain to our family’s name.’

Okay, she was done listening.

She waited for the last man in the group— the one who seemed to be the oldest (white hair, violet eyes) and the one with a black cane— to say something. But he just looked at her with a blank look on his face.

Neoma laughed, causing the four gentlemen to turn to her. ‘Have y’all gone senile?’

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

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