

Royal Secret: I'm A Princess!

Volume 2: NEOMA SUPREMACY

Chapter 201 - CONFESSION FROM PAPA BOSS

KNOWING that the old geezers wouldn't be able to openly attack her now with their bloodlust, Neoma lowered her guard— successfully 'collapsing' the Dome around her and Lewis.

She didn't want to admit this but she suddenly felt exhausted. If it wasn't for her pride, she would have already succumbed to drowsiness. But of course, she wouldn't let that happen in front of people who were waiting for her to make a mistake.

'I see that His Majesty's Paladins are back,' the gray-haired old man, the one behind her a while ago, said with a big smile on your face. 'Now I understand why His Royal Highness is so brave while facing the Twelve Golden Families. I don't think you'd have the courage to talk to us that way had you been alone.'

Ah, so they weren't done with trash talk, huh?

She noticed that the three White Lion Knights were insulted in her place.

'You may all rise now,' Neoma said to the three White Lion Knights. Then, she turned to the four old geezers, her father's Paladins now standing behind her. 'If that's all you can come up with after I crushed your egos a while ago, then I think we've finished here. Your words don't bother me.'

'It should, Your Royal Highness,' the white-haired man with a cane said sternly. 'The Twelve Golden Families are the foundation of the Great Moonasterion Empire.'

'No, you're not,' she said seriously. This time, she wasn't being arrogant or hostile. She was merely stating facts. And it was coming from someone who

had lived in the empire for eighteen years during her first life. She didn't have to read the history books to tell the state of the empire compared to the other empires in other continents. 'The Twelve Golden Families are nothing but shackles that prevent the empire from heading towards progression.'

It didn't help that Emperor Nikolai, in her first life, wasn't that different from these archaic and narrow-minded geezers with toxic masculinity.

Of course, she wasn't expecting the people of this empire to be as 'woke' as someone like her who came from the modern world. Yes, the modern world wasn't exactly a paradise in but the silver lining was a lot of progressive people were working hard to make it a better place to live in.

And she wanted to find people with the same mindset as her.

If the Twelve Golden Families would choose to stick to their repressive ways of ruling the empire, then she wouldn't need them anymore.

Just because something is the 'norm' here doesn't make it right.

'Is that a threat, Your Royal Highness?' the white-haired old man asked angrily. 'Are you threatening to dismantle the Twelve Golden Families?!'

'I'm not threatening you, nor am I implying that I will crush you,' she said with a bright smile on her face. 'All I'm saying is I'm going to create a world where it would be easier for everyone, especially those in the lower part of the hierarchy, to live in. Whether you keep up with me and become progressive, or disappear because your harmful beliefs aren't needed in this world anymore, is entirely up to you.'

Finally, the old geezers were rendered speechless by her wonderful declaration.

Gosh, maybe I have a way with words.

‘I’d like to be a part of the world that you’re going to build in the future, Your Royal Highness.’

She turned to the owner of the voice and smiled when she realized who it was.

Duke Quinzel!

The duke wasn’t alone.

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Nice hair color, wild grandpa.

Anyway, aside from Duke Quinzel and the old man with wild hair color, there were six other noblemen walking with them. It looked like the men behind Duke Quinzel’s age range were from the late twenties to early forties.

But boy, all these noblemen looked fine as hell.

Well, it’s easy to look good if you have the money and the means for self-care. Especially since the nobles of the Moonasterion Empire care a lot about physical appearance.

Anyway, before he knew it, the twelve leaders of the Golden Families were now standing in front of her. But she noticed that two of them were standing two steps ahead of the other ten. And those two were the white-haired old man with a cane, and the grandpa with a wild red hair.

‘It’s the first that we have met, Your Royal Highness,’ the red-haired grandpa said in a calm yet firm matter. Ah, this old man was obviously a high-ranked nobleman. ‘I am Marquis Vincent Lennox, the current master of House Lennox.’

That gave her goosebumps.

House Lennox was the maternal family of the late Empress Juliet. And House Lennox was also the family that leads the Royal Faction.

Papa Boss told me to suck up to this wild grandpa if I want more power as the Crown Prince.

‘It’s an honor to meet you, Lord Lennox,’ she said politely.

The white-haired old man with a cane cleared his throat before he spoke to her politely. ‘Your Royal Highness, I am Duke Arman Winchester,’ he said with a bow.

‘I am Marquis Frank Balasco, Your Royal Highness,’ the gray-haired man with a huge built said in a polite voice.

Then, the bastard with the specs bowed next to her. ‘I am Count Emerson Zachary, Your Royal Highness.’

‘I’m Marquis Russell Spencer, Your Royal Highness,’ the seaweed, that was apparently obsessed with her mother in the past, said politely.

She almost raised a brow at the sudden change in the four’s demeanor.

Arman Winchester, Frank Balasco, Emerson Zachary, and Russell Spencer only treated her with respect when the others arrived.

Maybe the four were trying to be cautious because they feared someone from the group that just got there.

‘I’m Duke Rufus Quinzel,’ the duke said as part of the protocol, perhaps.

Then, the man with messy dirty blonde hair and sleepy dark brown eyes bowed to her. But it looked like he hung his head low because he suddenly fell asleep. It also took him a couple of seconds before he spoke. ‘I’m... Sean... Dank... worth... Your... Royal... High...’

‘His name is Count Sean Dankworth, Your Royal Highness,’ the man with pretty strawberry blonde hair and yellow eyes said. Then, he smoothly caught Count Sean Dankworth who seriously fell asleep. ‘I’m Marquis Lawford Gibson. And I apologize on behalf of Count Dankworth. He didn’t mean to be rude, Your Royal Highness. It’s just his sickness...’

Ah, she remembered back in her first life, there was indeed a count that would often fall asleep in the banquets.

So it was Count Dankworth, huh ?

She smiled at Marquis Gibson, amused by Count Dankworth’s character. ‘It’s alright, Lord Gibson. It’s not Count Dankworth’s fault that he was born with that kind of sickness.’

The marquis smiled and bowed to her.

‘Greetings, Your Royal Highness,’ the man with dark brown hair and light brown eyes said, then he bowed. ‘I am Count Benjamin Russo.’

‘I am Count Tyler Lucchesi, Your Royal Highness,’ the brunette man with amber eyes said in an indifferent yet polite voice while bowing.

Then, the man with an intimidating huge built bowed to her. Despite his built, his pretty pale blonde hair and bright blue eyes looked gentle. And when he spoke, his voice was soft and he sounded almost shy. ‘It’s an honor to meet you, Your Royal Highness. I am Count Larry Dawkins.’

Ah, even his name sounded gentle to me.

Finally, the last one bowed to her. The man had plain black hair and dark brown eyes. He looked like he was the youngest out of all the leaders there. Plus, he looked so meek that he couldn’t even look at her in the eye. ‘G-Greetings, Your Royal Highness,’ he said in a very low voice that if it wasn’t quiet, she wouldn’t have heard him. ‘I’m V-Viscount Austin Morrisey.’

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The names that she had heard were already familiar to her, so all she had to do now was attached those names to the faces in front of her now.

‘It’s nice to meet all of you, esteemed leaders of the Twelve Golden Families,’ she said brightly. ‘I am Nero Roseheart de Moonasterio, His Majesty’s one and only son.’

The leaders, even Duke Quinzel, were surprised by how she introduced herself.

Well, she was sure that everyone here already knew that she was the Crown Prince. So she thought introducing herself as her father’s one and only ‘son’ was a simple yet effective way of letting everyone know that she had the emperor’s support.

‘Now that the introductions are over, allow me to guide you to our destination,’ Neoma said, still all smiles while speaking politely. As long as no one would trigger her, she could face and treat anyone with kindness. ‘Let’s not make His Majesty wait.’

NIKOLAI smirked after the ‘show’ was over.

Right now, he was on the balcony of the luxurious tea room on the second floor of his palace. He was with Glenn, Dion, and Geoffrey. They arrived at the balcony the moment the arrogant Duke Arman Winchester asked Neoma if she was threatening the Twelve Golden Families.

But of course, Neoma gave out a brilliant retort.

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‘That’s Princess Neoma de Moonasterio,’ Nikolai said proudly to Dion and Geoffrey who hadn’t met Neoma yet. ‘My daughter.’

It was safe to speak carelessly because no one in his palace could eavesdrop on him.

Moreover, all his active Paladins were aware of Neoma’s royal secret.

And yes, they heard everything from up there. Like him, his Paladins had sharp senses. Most of all, it wasn’t like Neoma and the others were speaking quietly.

That insufferable Arman Winchester even yelled at his daughter several times.

‘Her Royal Highness is lively, isn’t she?’ Geoffrey asked while looking at Neoma with amusement. ‘I think we’ll get along well, Your Majesty.’

He just smirked. ‘Just don’t make a mistake or else, she’d curse at you from head to toe.’

‘The royal princess curses?’ Geoffrey asked nervously. ‘Is that something that we should be proud of, Your Majesty?’

‘Neoma only curses at bad people,’ he said defensively. ‘She’s kind and polite to people who aren’t hostile to her so it’s fine.’

He would admit that it was inappropriate for a child like Neoma to curse.

But as he said, it wasn’t like his daughter cursed at everyone. It still didn’t justify that ‘bad’ part of Neoma, but he didn’t care anymore.

‘Don’t worry too much, Geoffrey,’ Glenn said cheerfully. ‘Princess Neoma still performs her job splendidly. And she’s starting to mâturè anyway. I rarely hear her curse these days.’

He nodded firmly in agreement with Glenn’s observation.

‘Your Majesty, you seem to be fond of Princess Neoma more than what I expected,’ Dion said bluntly, making everyone turn to him at the same time. Of course, the ever calm and collected Dion didn’t even bat an eye. ‘Did I say something wrong?’

This time, Glenn and Geoffrey turned to Nikolai with a curious look in their eyes.

Nikolai glared at his Paladins. ‘Get back to work, everyone.’

NEOMA was used to smiling even at people that she didn’t get along with in her second life.

It wasn’t because she was protecting her image as a celebrity. But when she reached her early twenties back then, she realized that fighting people that didn’t like her was pointless. After all, she couldn’t please everyone. There were still people who would dislike her whatever she did. And that was none of her business.

Thus, she decided to treat everyone with respect and kindness regardless of what they felt for her.

But the atmosphere during her official meeting with the leaders of the Twelve Golden Families took out most of her energy. She could feel everyone (except Duke Rufus Quinzel) watch her every move. Some of them didn’t even bother to hide their hostility towards her.

‘Duke Arman Winchester, Marquis Frank Balasco, Count Emerson Zachary, and Marquis Russell ‘Seaweed’ Spencer all hate me,’ Neoma said while lying on the sofa and staring at the beautiful painting in the ceiling. She didn’t understand what the images in the painting meant, but the colors were vibrant and pretty. ‘Although I hate that Duke Winchester raises his voice at me most of the time, Marquis Seaweed creeps me out the most.’

‘And who is Marquis Seaweed?’ Emperor Nikolai, seated on the sofa across from her, asked. ‘What is seaweed anyway?’

‘A large algae, but that’s not important,’ she said, then she turned to her father. ‘I’m talking about Marquis Spencer, Papa Boss.’

Right now, they were alone in the tea room. They went there after the meeting with the Twelve Golden Families was adjourned. Her Papa Boss declined the request for an audience by Duke Winchester because apparently, her father had a prior commitment with the Crown Prince.

Yes, her father used her as a shield from people he didn’t want to talk to.

Anyway, Lewis and Sir Glenn were guarding outside.

The Paladins, on the other hand, were ordered by his father to greet the other royal knights.

‘What did Marquis Spencer do that made you uncomfortable?’ her Papa Boss asked.

‘I don’t like the way he looks at me,’ she said bluntly. ‘He said several times that I look like Mama Boss despite being a boy. I don’t want to say this but I think the way that he looks at me is quite perverted, Papa Boss.’

She told her father about it because things like that were supposed to be reported to the parents.

But to be honest, she didn’t expect that Papa Boss would be so angry.

Yes, the emperor was very angry after hearing what she said. The poor teacup in his hand shattered, and his bloodlust burst in the room. It was too extreme that Lewis and Sir Glenn opened the door to check on them.

To be honest, her father’s bloodlust was really scary. But she was fine since it wasn’t directed at her. Although she could understand why Lewis and Sir Glenn would worry.

But that wasn't what was on her mind right now.

Actually, she was quite surprised by her Papa Boss's reaction.

'Leave,' her Papa Boss snarled at Lewis and Sir Glenn without turning in their direction. 'I'm having a private talk with my daughter.'

She got up and turned to Lewis and Sir Glenn when she didn't hear them leave right away. They must have been worried about her. 'I'm fine. Papa Boss is angry at Marquis Spencer and not at me,' she assured the two. 'I'll handle this.'

Only then did Lewis and Sir Glenn bow, then they quietly closed the door.

'Papa Boss, calm down,' she said when she turned to her father whose face was still red from anger. 'The next time Marquis Seaweed looks at me—'

'Tell me right away,' her father interrupted her. 'I would gouge that bastard's eyes out.'

Ah, she was touched by his words so she'd forgive him for cutting her off while she was speaking. But only this time. Next time, she'd call him out.

But was her father this angry anyway?

Was it because Marquis Spencer used to bother her mother as well? After all, Count Zachary said that his cousin was obsessed with her mother in the past.

But her Papa Boss got angry after she reported how Marquis Spencer looked at her.

Could it be...

'Papa Boss, do you finally love me as your daughter?'

Her father looked shocked by her question.

She, on the other hand, was having the worst goosebumps of her life. She was very aware of how cheesy and cringey her question was, okay?

But she wanted to know her father's true feelings for her right now. After all, she wanted to be assured that her Papa Boss wouldn't try to kill her again for Nero. If the emperor had finally learned to love her as his daughter, then all her worries regarding their relationship would disappear.

If her Papa Boss said that yes, he loved her as his child, only then would she completely trust him.

'Do I really have to answer that sentimental question of yours?' her Papa Boss asked, then he sipped his tea slowly as if he was trying to hide the redness of his face from her.

Of course, he failed miserably.

His ears were also very red at the moment, you know?

'I don't hate you, Papa Boss. Not anymore,' she said honestly to encourage her father to be honest as well. Yes, she wanted to die from embarrassment. But she needed to do that to increase her chances of survival in the palace. 'But I don't really love you as a father yet.'

She didn't know if it was just her imagination or did her father look disappointed when she said that. After all, his face turned blank right away.

'But I have learned to like and respect you now, Papa Boss,' she said brightly. 'On a scale of one to ten and ten being the highest, I'd say my love for you is at 5.5 as of now.' She gave her father a thumbs up. 'Not bad, huh? We've come a long way, father dearest.'

Her father just looked at her as if he was so done with her.

Tsk.

'Seven.'

She froze when she heard what her father said. 'Huh?'

‘Fine. It’s actually 7.9,’ her Papa Boss said while stirring his tea with a tablespoon. But he was just obviously avoiding her gaze. Moreover, his whole face and neck turned red this time. ‘But it could drop anytime, understood?’

She was too shocked to react.

7.9 was quite a high score for her because she was expecting her Papa Boss, a big tsundere, to give her a number lower than what she gave him.

But he actually said 7.9!

That only meant one thing...

‘Papa Boss, you love me,’ she said in disbelief. ‘Oh my gosh. Daebak! But why?’

He raised his (red) face to glare at her. ‘I refuse to elaborate.’

She couldn’t help but laugh at her father’s tsundere answer.

Then, she stood up and sat beside him to give him a tight hug. When she raised her head to see her father’s reaction, she caught him looking at her with a gentle look on his face. Wow, he was being genuine, huh?

She giggled, then she ‘bopped’ her Papa Boss on the nose the way her Mama Boss would give her a ‘nose boop’ in the past.

Her Papa Boss’s face softened up even more, and his eyes even turned misty. ‘Mona would often do that to me, Neoma.’

Neoma just smiled, then she buried her face on her father’s shoulder.

I know, Papa Boss, I know.

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