

Royal Secret: I'm A Princess!

Volume 2: NEOMA SUPREMACY

Chapter 202 – THE BIRTH OF AN OVERPROTECTIVE FATHER

NEOMA rolled on her bed until her face was buried in her pillow, then she screamed while hoping that the pillow was enough to muffle her embarrassed scream.

She couldn't sleep because she couldn't forget the cheesy conversation that she had with her Papa Boss a while ago. Aside from the fact that they practically confessed that they loved each other as father-and-daughter, she even hugged him!

'It's so embarrassing!' Neoma screamed into her pillow while kicking her feet in the air. 'Why did I embrace Papa Boss?'

'What's wrong with embracing your father, Princess Neoma?'

She flinched when she heard the familiar voice, then, she rolled on the bed again and stopped when her back hit the mattress. After that, she got up and turned to her bedside table. As expected, Mochi and Soju were there.

'Did you see it?' she asked, horrified.

'We did, Princess Neoma,' Mochi and Soju answered at the same time.

She bit her lower lip to stop herself from screaming again.

It wasn't that she hated it. She also didn't regret hugging her father. She was just embarrassed because she wasn't used to that kind of bonding moment with Papa Boss.

After all, they had a rough start.

I even used to call Papa Boss 'scumbag.'

But now, that title belonged to William.

‘Isn’t it good that you and little Nikolai have a good relationship now?’ Mochi asked, confused at how she was acting right now. ‘Princess Neoma, the fact that your father has finally learned to accept and love you now only means that he’s not going to kill you anymore.’

Ah, the Wind Spirit had a point.

At first, she couldn’t trust her father because she knew that they had a give-and-take relationship only. She was also aware that just because her Papa Boss needed her as Nero’s replacement didn’t mean that he wasn’t capable of killing her. After all, she believed that her father only saw her as a means to extend her twin brother’s life.

But after working hard to gain her father’s favor, she could finally breathe a little. The fact that her Papa Boss admitted that he loved her as a daughter meant that he would no longer kill her on a whim.

Still, she was afraid that she couldn’t trust him completely yet.

‘Yes, it’s a relief to know that Papa Boss won’t try to kill me anymore,’ she said, then she took a deep breath. ‘But everything still feels surreal to me. Mochi, Soju, am I a bad daughter for not being able to trust my father completely yet?’

She actually felt bad that her guard was still up even though she knew that her Papa Boss was trying his best to get close to her.

It wasn’t like she couldn’t appreciate his effort. She only knew very well that the fact that her father expressed his feelings genuinely was already a huge feat. But despite everything, she still couldn’t break the wall that she built between her and Papa Boss.

‘Of course not, Princess Neoma,’ Mochi said firmly. ‘Little Nikolai neglected you in the past, and he even tried to kill you and force you to

sacrifice yourself for your twin brother. It's normal not to trust your father right away. Just because he's good to you now doesn't mean you're obliged to forgive him easily. It's okay to take your time and guard your heart.'

Soju nodded in agreement with the Wind Spirit. 'Getting over your trauma doesn't happen overnight, Princess Neoma. And having good memories with the person who hurt you in the past doesn't automatically erase the bad ones that you have with them. In short, make your father suffer first before he gains your full love and trust.'

She couldn't help but laugh softly at Soju's advice.

Hearing both Mochi and the merman's advice lessened the heaviness in her chest. Just because she was an adult mentally didn't mean that she no longer needed advice from other people. In times like this, she was glad that she was surrounded by adults that cared for her.

She was lucky that she didn't have to keep everything to herself.

'Thank you, Mochi and Soju,' Neoma said with a smile, then she plopped on her bed. 'Let's sleep now.'

'YOUR MAJESTY, are you sure that I don't need to call Marcus?'

'Yes, you're just overreacting, Glenn,' Nikolai scolded his knight while he was seated on his bed and leaning against the headboard. Glenn was standing in front of his bed with a worried look on his face. 'I'm just tired.'

It wasn't like he was lying to Glenn.

He was simply keeping the fact that the cause of his exhaustion was Neoma a secret.

A while ago, when Neoma hugged him again, he felt his strength escape him. Fortunately, he was aware of it now so he didn't faint. Moreover, his

daughter didn't absorb a lot of his Moonglow this time. It seemed like Neoma only absorbed enough of his divine energy to get rid of her fatigue.

The more hurt or exhausted Neoma was, the more Moonglow she'd need from him.

In short, he had become his daughter's personal 'bank' of divine energy.

'Your Majesty, could the reason of your exhaustion these days be...'

He didn't want to admit this but he got nervous while waiting for Glenn to finish his sentence. Despite being a happy-go-lucky fool most of the time, Glenn was still the vice-commander of the White Lion Knights and the leaders of the Paladins. Surely, he might have already figured out the reason behind his unusual low energy recently.

'Is it a sign of aging?' Glenn asked worriedly, making Nikolai shut his eyes tight while pinching the bridge of his nose. 'You're at that age, Your Majesty.'

'We're the same age, Glenn. We both haven't reached our thirties yet for you to say that this is a sign of aging,' he snarled at him, then he opened his eyes to glare at him. 'Get out of my room before I kill you for real.'

The foolish knight grinned sheepishly while scratching his cheek. 'I apologize, Your Majesty. I'm just worried about you.'

He let out a frustrated sigh. 'I'm fine. Why don't you leave and hang out with your fellow Paladins? Speaking of which, where are they?'

He was aware that his Paladins had a small gathering with the other royal knights a while ago to celebrate their return. But he was also aware that it ended early because his Paladins didn't like getting drunk too much. So he wondered why the palace was so quiet right now.

‘Ah, they’re hanging out at Chef Ruto’s kitchen, Your Majesty,’ Glenn said cheerfully. ‘They must have missed eating our young chef’s cooked meals.’

Hu bplo rmttut ovmpevodpiiw.

The Paladins were really fond of Ruston Stroganoff. That was why the Paladins had already accepted the young chef a long time ago as their future commander.

‘They invited Lewis Crevan to join them but the fox boy refused. And I’m relieved that he didn’t show up at the party,’ his personal knight continued. ‘It’s not like I have anything against Lewis Crevan. I’m just afraid that he and Ruto might fight again. And if they fight, I’m sure that my colleagues would make a big deal out of it.’

His brows furrowed in confusion. ‘Why would the fox boy and Ruston Stroganoff fight?’

‘Ah, I’m not sure if I should tell you, Your Majesty...’

‘Do you want to die before you get the chance to propose to Princess Bridgette Griffiths?’

Glenn shook his head firmly before he spilled the beans. ‘Your Majesty, to be honest, I’ve consulted Princess Bridgette about my observation regarding Lewis Crevan and Ruto’s somewhat strained relationship. And we both came up with the same conclusion.’

‘Just get straight to the point, Glenn.’

‘I think Lewis Crevan and Ruto both like Princess Neoma, Your Majesty.’

‘What? Did you really say that those two ruffians like my daughter? When did that even happen?’

His knight nodded nervously. 'Ruto and Princess Neoma seem to have been good friends while Princess Neoma was in her disguise as 'Miss Ramsay,' Your Majesty.'

Ah, right.

He remembered that Ruston Stroganoff and Neoma met at the plaza during the Moon Festival. But he didn't know that the two had other encounters.

That fox boy and the young chef liked his daughter?

'Lewis Crevan and Ruto met while we were hunting down the crows in the palace, Your Majesty,' Glenn continued with his 'report.' 'During that time, I personally witnessed the two boys size each other up, and I'm pretty sure that the cause of their fight was because of each other's relationship with Princess Neoma.'

'Are they crazy?' Nikolai snarled, an ungodly amount of hate rising in his chest. 'My daughter is only eight years old!'

HIS MAJESTY has finally learned to love Princess Neoma.

Glenn was happy with that development.

To be honest, he wasn't that stupid to not realize the real cause of His Majesty's unusual tiredness these days. The emperor had strong stamina and he could even work efficiently even with lack of sleep. Moreover, he wasn't that old yet to get sick without a reason.

Tvpl, vu mriw vft mru hmrhiplamr.

After all, in the past, he witnessed how the previous emperor deteriorated as soon as His Majesty, the then-Crown Prince, began to get greedy for the throne.

It seems like Princess Neoma has begun to *désiré* the throne, huh?

The fact that His Majesty wasn't telling him the truth could only mean one thing, and that reason made him smile.

His Majesty is trying to protect Princess Neoma from me.

Well, it wasn't like he would blame or hate the royal princess for unconsciously 'stealing' His Majesty's Moonglow. It was simply the bitter fate of a de Moonasterion ruler and their successor.

Moreover, he was too fond of Princess Neoma for him to hate her. Although he swore to protect His Majesty, it wasn't like he could hurt or kill the child that His Majesty had finally learned to treasure.

His Majesty is being very protective of Princess Neoma.

Glenn's smile grew wider. 'I'm happy for you, Your Royal Highness.'

'Why are you talking to yourself, Sir Glenn?'

He flinched when he heard the familiar voice, then he turned around to find Ruto standing behind him.

Ah, he didn't even hear or feel the young chef's presence until he spoke.

'I'm just thinking out loud,' he said to the young boy. 'I'm surprised that you recognized me right away, Ruto.'

'I heard your voice,' Ruto said. 'I won't mistake your unique cheerful voice for someone else, Sir Glenn. Well, at least when you're not in the battlefield.'

He just laughed it off, then he changed the topic. 'I'm on my way to your kitchen. My colleagues are there, right? So, why are you here?'

'I escaped,' the young chef said bluntly. 'Your friends are drunk. Now, they're trying to convince me to begin my training as the future Commander

of the White Lion Knights even though I already told them that I don't want it.'

'Ah, now I know why you ran away,' he said with a soft laugh.

'I know they didn't mean to, but I feel like they're trying to guilt trip me.'

'How so?'

Ruto looked up at him before he spoke. 'They're reminding me that Lady Roseheart 'entrusted' her child to me in the past.'

'Ah, I still remember that,' Glenn softly, the memory of Ruto and Lady Roseheart spending time together in the past still fresh in his mind. 'Lady Roseheart really did ask you to take care of her child when she was still pregnant.'

He wondered which child was Lady Roseheart referring to back then— was it Prince Nero or Princess Neoma?'

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