

# Royal Secret: I'm A Princess!

## Chapter 25 - IN SAINT MACARONI WE TRUST

[I FORGOT that I'm quite dumb sometimes.]

Neoma already ransacked her brain but she still couldn't come up with a new plan.

Nero already fell asleep after they spent an hour in "brainstorming" that resulted to nothing.

So right now, she was lying down on her side ala Cleopatra. Watching Nero sleep was making her feel sleepy as well.

"I'm glad that you seem comfortable here, Your Royal Highness."

[Who the hell...]

Neoma immediately got up and turned to the direction where the voice came from.

And wow, a handsome young man greeted her.

He had long black-hair and blue eyes. The cloak he wore had the crest of Yule— the god that the empire worshipped.

"Your Holiness?"

"Greetings to the Second Star of our Great Moonasterion Empire," the saint greeted her with a smile. "My name is Dominic Zavaroni, the current saint of the church."

"You called me 'Second Star,'" she said, then she sat properly. "But of course. You accepted Nero in your home because you know exactly why he's here in the first place."

"You're wrong, Your Royal Highness."

She blinked several times because of confusion. "What part did I get wrong?"

"I know that you've switched places with His Royal Highness," he clarified. "But I didn't accept the royal prince in my home because of my loyalty to the royal family. There's only one de Moonasterio that I respect."

Her ears perked up in interest. "Oh, spill the tea. Who's the only de Moonchester that you respect, Your Holiness? I sure hope it's not the emperor."

Saint Zavaroni looked surprised by what she said, then he let out a soft laugh. "Would you like to have some tea with me, Princess Neoma?"

Neoma smiled and nodded. "I'm not sure why but I feel like we can be friends, Your Holiness."

\*\*\*

NIKOLAI needed a drink so after the saint excused himself, he stayed in the tea room.

But instead of tea, he asked for the strongest alcoholic drink that the temple had. Unfortunately, they only had white wine. He didn't have any choice but to take it.

So now, he stood by the window while having a glass of white wine.

["Brother, I want to live."]

He shut his eyes tight when he heard Princess Nichole's voice in his head. Still, the voice continued ringing in his mind.

["Brother, why do I have to sacrifice my life for you?"]

["Father said I am more important because I'm a prince."]

["Don't you feel anything now that you're about to absorb my life force?"]

He remembered that at that moment, the Princess Royal smiled sadly at him.

["I'm cursing you, Brother,"] Princess Nichole said with a faint smile. ["One day, you're going to love a person more than your own life. But that person is going to die for the throne. I hope that when you experience that, you'll realize how f\*cked up the royal system is."]

Nikolai opened his eyes and smiled bitterly. "Ah, now I know where Princess Neoma inherited her dirty mouth."

\*\*\*

NEOMA went to a different tea room with Saint Macaroni— uhm, Zavaroni.

The saint said that they shouldn't disturb Nero while he was having a much needed rest.

She was usually doubtful of the a.d.u.l.ts around him. But for some reason, she didn't feel that way with the saint.

[Is it because I love macaroni?]

"Your Royal Highness, do you know that His Majesty had a twin sister?"

Okay, that shocked Neoma. "'Had?'"

Saint Zavaroni smiled and nodded before he answered. "Princess Nichole, the Princess Royal, was the older twin sister of His Majesty. The previous emperor sacrificed her life to extend your father's life when he almost died in an ambush."

"That was terrible," she said in a soft and sad voice. "Does the royal

family really see princesses as mere tools? If not to extend a prince's life, it seems like our only role is to be married off for allegiance or wealth." Her heart started to feel heavier when anger replaced the sadness she felt a while ago. "Those f\*ckers..." She bit her lower lip when she realized that she cursed in front of the saint. "I'm sorry."

Gosh, she should seriously watch her mouth in front of other people.

Nobody knew that she had the memories of her first life so she should do a better job at acting like a proper five year old child.

Much to her relief, the saint just laughed it off.

"You inherited Princess Nichole's foul mouth," His Holiness said in a delighted voice. "She cursed like a sailor, too." He sipped his tea before he continued. "I don't mind it, but you should be careful, Your Royal Highness. You're acting like Prince Nero now. You can't make mistakes that the enemies could use against your family. Even though you hate your father, you need to be a good proxy if you want to survive until you're old enough to leave the palace."

She blinked in surprise. "Your Holiness, you know that I want to leave the palace?"

"No sane princess would want to stay in that hellhole, Your Royal Highness," he said with a faint and bitter smile. "Princess Nichole wanted to escape the palace, too."

She smiled in agreement. Also, she noticed something. Whenever the saint talked about the Princess Royal, his face would soften up. She knew that look— and it was more than a look of respect. "Your Holiness, did you love the Princess Royal romantically?"

He looked surprised, then he laughed it off again. But when he spoke, his voice was filled with longing and sadness. "Perhaps the love that I have for the god I serve is greater than the love that I had for the Princess Royal."

Her heart ached for the saint.

She didn't know what to say so she just sipped her tea.

[I like reading a good BL angst in my second life. But hearing a "live-action" angst moment is quite painful.]

"Look at what I'm saying to a child," Saint Zavaroni said while shaking his head, then he gave her a meaningful look. "Your Royal Highness, why do I feel like I'm talking to an a.d.u.l.t when I'm talking to you?"

"My father said that the royal children mature faster than average kids," she lied smoothly.

[Sorry, Saint Macaroni. I like you, but I don't want to trust anyone 100% yet. I'll keep the secret of my rebirth with me unless I find the need to expose it.]

"That's true," the saint said, then he changed to topic. "Anyway, I saw that the tea I prepared wasn't touched. Why didn't you drink it, Your Royal Highness?"

"It's stupid," she said. "I know that Nero just wants to protect me. But if tying our life forces together wouldn't save him, then it's useless."

"You care about the royal prince, don't you?"

"I'm just being practical," she insisted. There was no way that she would show her vulnerability to the person that she just met. Then, she changed the subject. "Your Holiness, is there something that I can do for Nero without losing my life?"

The saint looked at her carefully, his eyes glowing for some reason. "Your Royal Highness, I can tell that your Mana is very enormous. In fact, it's overflowing."

"Okay. But what about it?"

"If you transfer some of your Mana to Prince Nero monthly, it can help slow down the spread of the curse in his body. After all, as a de

Moonasterio, your Mana is something akin to my divine powers— but your aura is purer than mine since you're a descendant of a god. Thus, your Mana would act like an "antidote" to the black magic in your brother's body," he explained. "It isn't a permanent solution but that's the best thing you can do for the royal prince without sacrificing your life for him."

"Alright," she said. "Let's do that."

He laughed softly. "Aren't you going to ask me first if there's going to be a bad side-effect on you?"

She shrugged. "I just have a feeling that you won't suggest it if it's going to harm me, Your Holiness."

"Don't trust anyone too much, Your Royal Highness," he reminded her lightly. "Well, giving some of your Mana to the royal prince monthly wouldn't harm you. But you'll get weaker the more you give your Mana to him. After all, your power isn't unlimited. Are you still going to do it for Prince Nero?"

"Of course," she said immediately. "It's better than dying."

Saint Zavaroni laughed heartily as if he found her amusing. "I wasn't there when you were born, Princess Neoma. But it's not too late to give you a blessing." He raised his hand as if he was showing her his five fingers. "Power, intelligence, charm, wealth, and luck. Choose one, Your Holiness."

She tilted her head to one side. "I already have all of that, Your Holiness."

"I know, Princess Neoma," he said with a smile. "But whatever you choose, I'll bless you so that you'll have more of it than normal people. For example, if you choose intelligence, I can make you more intelligent than any scholar that the empire ever had."

"Sweet," she said. "But why only one, Your Holiness? Why not just bless me to be an overpowered princess?"

"As much as I like you because your personality is like Princess Nichole's, your face still bothers me," the saint confessed. "I can barely look at you without getting annoyed, Your Royal Highness."

"Excuse me?"

Saint Zavaroni let out a deep sigh before he explained. "You look like His Majesty, Princess Neoma."

"Gosh, I'm offended," Neoma complained. Though she wasn't offended because even though she hated Emperor Nikolai's trashy personality, she was still grateful for his "pretty genes." "My beauty is god-tier, you know?"

\*\*\*

NOTE: Sorry for the lack of update. I'm currently writing a stockpile for Royal Secret: I'm a Princess. That means we'll have mass release soon. Please wait patiently~

\*\*\*

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

\*\*\*