

Royal Secret: I'm A Princess!

Volume 3: ROYAL PAIN IN THE NECK

Chapter 291 - LONG OVERDUE CONFESSION

NICHOLAI was shocked.

To be honest, 'shocked' was an understatement. He couldn't believe the things that Neoma just told him. How could he believe that this wasn't his daughter's first life? That this was already the third?

[Nero killed Neoma in her first life?]

And he allowed it to happen?

Hah.

He was being a hypocrite.

Just a few years ago, he tried to sacrifice Neoma to extend Nero's lifespan when his son was cursed. Knowing himself, he knew that it was possible for him to allow his heir to kill his daughter who might be a threat to his position. Although their empire's law didn't allow female royals to take the throne, their ancestors had always been wary about the women in the Royal Family..

[Allowing my heir apparent to kill his twin sister is something that I would have done if I was still the same person as I was a few years ago.]

'Why did Nero kill you?' Nikolai asked carefully. He was still in denial, but he was curious about the life that Neoma just shared with him. 'Did you two fight for the throne?'

Neoma shook her head. 'I didn't grow up as a princess since I was raised as a Quinzal. How can I fight Nero for the throne?'

‘You were raised as a Quinzel because I forced them to adopt you and ‘replace‘ Hanna Quinzel who died early in that ‘first life‘ you’re talking about?’

He didn’t want to admit this but he could believe that without questions.

After all, when Neoma was still a baby, he had planned to send her to House Drayton. Thankfully, Glenn had stopped him during that time.

‘Yes, Papa Boss. Hanna died early because of her weak heart,’ she said bleakly. ‘When I was living as Neoma Quinzel, Duchess Amber forced me to talk, act, eat, and think like the real Hanna.’

He clenched his hands tight until his nails dug deep into his palms.

‘Then, when I turned eighteen years old, I was engaged with Rubin Drayton.’

Hfv.

He took a deep sigh to calm himself down.

[Even in this lifetime, I chose Rubin Drayton as Neoma’s fiancé.]

‘But Rubin Drayton is in love with another girl,’ his daughter continued. There wasn’t an ounce of emotion in her voice this time.

‘That girl is Regina Crowell. She’s the daughter of a baron. Because of her low status, Duke Drayton didn’t allow them to be together. Thus, Rubin Drayton made a deal with Duchess Amber.’

‘What kind of deal?’

He was patiently waiting for Neoma to reach the part that explained how that girl called Regina Crowell was related to the crows.

But he was worried about the fact that his daughter was reliving painful memories.

[Neoma...]

‘Rubin Drayton told Duchess Amber that he would only marry me if Her Grace agreed to adopt Regina Crowell after our wedding.’

His brows furrowed in confusion. ‘Did he want to raise his lover’s status?’

His daughter nodded solemnly. ‘Rubin– that son of a bitch– planned to kill me after our wedding.’

Ah, he finally understood that bastard’s plan.

‘He wanted to kill you to marry his lover who, by the time you married him, would have already become the second daughter of House Quinzel,’ he said, then his jaw clenched. ‘So that Duke Drayton would finally approve of his lover who received a higher status after she was adopted by the Quinzels.’

‘That’s correct, Papa Boss,’ she said with a bitter smirk. ‘But I was foolishly in love with Rubin Drayton back then. Instead of breaking off my engagement with him after I found out about his infidelity, I sought out a powerful Black Witch and forced her to help me by performing a forbidden spell– a spell that would tie my soul with Nero’s. During that time, he was already the Crown Prince.’

‘You wanted to tie your soul with your brother’s soul to ensure your safety,’ he said carefully. ‘Because that spell would make it so he’d die if you die. Am I correct?’

She slowly nodded her head. ‘Yes, Papa Boss. I wanted to tie my soul with Nero so he’d be forced to protect me. But the Nero in my first life was a crazy bastard who didn’t give a fućk about me. Plus, I belatedly

found out that the Black Witch that I commissioned to do the binding spell was the woman he was obsessed with.’

‘A Black Witch,’ he mumbled to himself. [The race ‘disowned’ by the gods, allegedly.]

Nero fell in love with a Black Witch ?

[It would have been impossible for Nero to make a Black Witch into his empress if he wanted to be the emperor...]

Just like how he failed to make Mona his empress because of her Roseheart blood.

‘Nero went batshit crazy when he figured out my plan and how I forced the Black Witch to do my bidding. Thus, he killed me mercilessly,’ Neoma continued, then her eyes turned cold. ‘During my dying moment, Regina Crowell suddenly appeared. She told me that it was easy for her to manipulate the people around me because I was unloved.’

[I will find and kill that girl no matter what.]

‘She’s the one who’s related with the crows isn’t she?’

His daughter nodded. ‘I didn’t know anything about the crows or the cult during my first life, Papa Boss. I lived and died as an ignorant young lady back then.’

‘How did you find out that the girl called Regina Crowell is related to the crows in this lifetime?’

‘Regina Crowell targeted Hanna,’ she said seriously. ‘I told Hanna the truth for her to avoid Regina Crowell’s dangerous ploy to take her place.’ His daughter fell silent before speaking again. ‘Papa Boss, Duke Rufus and Duchess Amber Quinzel already know the truth.’

His eyes widened in shock. ‘What?’

‘Hanna told them,’ Neoma explained immediately. ‘But Hanna didn’t tell them the whole truth. Just the things related to Regina Crowell. Plus, Hanna told her parents that I saw all of it through a vision. So technically, the duke and the duchess didn’t know that this isn’t my first life. They just think that I inherited my mother’s ability to see the future.’

Right, Mona had that kind of ability.

‘The explosion at the Plaza was actually a part of Hanna’s plan. Well, she didn’t expect it to happen that way, but it was when we confirmed that Regina Crowell might really belong to the cult,’ his daughter explained. ‘Hanna risked her life to make the crows believe that she was unable to become a Crown Princess candidate anymore. We believe that the cult is aiming to put one of their own to be the Crown Princess.’

He closed his eyes and pinched the bridge of his nose. ‘House Drayton...’

How could he trust that damned household with Neoma’s secret? He wanted to punch his old self for making all the bad decisions regarding his daughter’s wellbeing.

‘Papa Boss, I don’t think House Drayton is working with the crows,’ his daughter said, making him open his eyes. ‘If they were working together, then the crows should have found me already since the Draytons know my secret. Although they don’t know that I’m currently pretending as Nero, they would have plenty of chances to kill me when I was younger.’

That was true. But...

‘We can’t be certain that the crows haven’t found out that the current Crown Prince is actually a princess,’ he said carefully. ‘The crows

don't kill royal princesses right away. They tend to wait and kill the female royals after their coming-of-age ceremonies.'

Ah.

His daughter's face suddenly turned crestfallen.

[She probably remembered her Aunt Nichole.]

'From now on, we will keep an eye on that Regina Crowell and House Drayton,' he said firmly, changing the topic so Neoma wouldn't get sad thinking about Nichole. 'Neoma, why didn't you tell me about that crow girl as soon as you found out about her connection to the cult? You told the Quinzels first...'

'Papa Boss, I'll be blunt,' his daughter said. 'I trust Duke Quinzel more than I trust you.'

Fmz ovu dazlo oaqu fdouz f imre jvaiu, vu jfl vpzo.

He was hurt not only because of his daughter's cold words, but because he could see why she felt that way.

'Papa Boss, we only got close recently,' Neoma said with an apologetic smile on her face. 'To be honest with you, ever since I retrieved my past memories when I was three years old, I've always been afraid of you. I was afraid of my father in my first life who kicked me out of the palace and let my twin brother kill me. I was of my Papa Boss who didn't hesitate to try and sacrifice me in the past when Nero was cursed. I was always anxious that you'd throw me away once you find me useless.' She smiled sadly at him. 'I curse and act tough in front of you because I wanted to show you that I'm not a pushover. I have to put on that act because I'm afraid to be thrown away. I don't want to live as Neoma Quinzel again. So I made a resolution this time.' His daughter became teary-eyed and when she

spoke again, her voice cracked. 'If I can't live as Neoma de Moonasterio, at least I'll live as Neoma Ramsay– a free person.'

This was the first time that he saw Neoma this emotional.

He felt gutted.

His daughter lived a miserable life once, and her present life was just as bad because of how he treated her all this time.

A hidden royal princess that wasn't even registered as a member of the Royal Family.

A powerless princess hunted by the vicious crows.

A neglected daughter who just wanted to have an easy life this time after being thrown away by her father and twin brother in the past.

He couldn't do anything for her.

Heck, he couldn't even give his surname to Neoma.

Worst of all, he made her live as Nero just to protect his heir apparent.

All because of his selfishness, Neoma lived her current life filled with anxiety. She lived a life where she wondered every day when he'd throw her away. But despite all of that, his daughter still began to open up to him little by little.

Only now did he realize how Neoma suffered because of him– in all her lifetimes.

'I'm sorry, Neoma,' Nikolai said in a cracked voice, then he stood up and kneeled beside his daughter. He raised his head and held her hands tightly. This wasn't the first time that he said sorry to Neoma. Of course, he was very sincere during those times. Still, this time was

different. He poured his heart and soul into his apology now that he realized how he had hurt his daughter in both lifetimes. ‘I’m really, really sorry for being an awful father. I’m sorry for making your life miserable. I’m sorry for throwing you away in the past. I’m sorry for almost sacrificing you just to save Nero. I’m sorry for neglecting you while thinking that you’re nothing but Mona’s painful gift. I’m sorry for not giving you your rightful surname. I’m sorry...’ His tears began to silently roll down his cheeks as his hands moved to wipe the tears off of Neoma’s face. Just like him, his daughter was also crying in silence. ‘I’m sorry for loving you a little too late, my precious daughter.’

Neoma sobbed loudly like the child that she was.

No matter how old his daughter’s soul was, she would always be his child.

‘You should have loved me as soon as I was born, Papa Boss! That’s how normal parents feel when they get a child!’ Neoma complained between sobs. Then, much to his surprise, she moved to hug him tight. She wrapped her frail arms around his neck and buried her face against his neck. ‘Why did you make it hard for your own daughter to love and trust you, Papa Boss?’

He closed his eyes and gently wrapped his arms around his little rogue.

‘I’ll be a better father to you, Neoma,’ Nikolai promised softly while gently patting Neoma’s back. ‘I will raise you and Nero properly this time.’

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