

Royal Secret: I'm A Princess!

Chapter 34 - TEMPER OVER FLOWERS

["YOU ARE as beautiful as a rose but your tongue is as sharp as a thorn, Lady Roseheart."]

["If you're going to compare me to a flower, then compare me to a Sword Lily instead of a rose"], Mona said with her signature arrogant smirk. ["Sword Lilies stand for strength of character, faithfulness, and honor"]. She walked towards him, then caressed his cheek gently. ["I want it to be your reminder that women are strong—that we have unlimited potential even though we don't have the thing between your legs."] She laughed when she saw his face turn red because of the vulgar things that she said. ["Why are you blushing, Your Ma-jes-ty?"]

"Stop!" Nikolai yelled in hopes of making the bitter memory disappear. When he opened his eyes, he was greeted by the royal princess whose eyes reminded him of Mona. Neoma had the color of his eyes but the way she looked at him reminded him of the lowly noblewoman. That irked him. And so, he stood angrily, then he smacked down his hands on the table. "Get out of my sight!"

Anger flashed the royal princess's eyes.

Much to his shock, Neoma stood up (on the chair because she was small) and smacked down her tiny hands on the table just like what he did. Then, she glared back at him— her eyes as fearless as Mona's. "Why the hell are you shouting at me, you prick?!"

NEOMA hated being yelled at— especially not when she didn't deserve it.

She spent her first life being treated like sh*t by everyone around her. Thankfully, she gained back her confidence during her second life.

Thanks to her parents back then, she learned to value herself.

And now that she knew her worth, she wouldn't let a chauvinistic sc*mbag treat her like this. She didn't care if people would see her as a weird "child."

People would always tell children like her to never talk back to their parents. In her second life, she couldn't remember an instance where she talked back to her mommy and daddy. And that was because even though she was their child and she was supposed to be "inferior" to them, they still treated her with respect.

[If a.d.u.l.ts want to be treated with respect by the younger generation, then they should act like proper a.d.u.l.ts.]

Emperor Nikolai was far from "proper."

"Listen, Your Majesty," Neoma said in an annoyed tone. She wanted to call him by his first name but she was afraid that Glenn might suddenly draw his sword and point it at her. After all, calling the emperor by his name was still a grave sin. "If I said or did something wrong, then tell me. I'm not a mind reader and I don't have the time to figure out why you're suddenly throwing tantrums. You're an a.d.u.l.t, aren't you? Act like one. Communicate with me, dammit!"

She literally wheezed after letting out her pent-up frustration.

When she calmed down, she noticed that Glenn looked pale as if he was suddenly afraid of her. Well, the knight might be scared for her safety after shouting at the emperor.

But when she looked at her father, he knew that he wouldn't ask her to be killed.

Emperor Nikolai looked quite surprised by his outburst. But at least, he seemed to have calmed down now. Also, she noticed the glint of amus.e.m.e.nt in his ash gray eyes.

"Now, let's talk," she said in a calm tone. "Did I do or say something wrong, Papa Boss?"

"Yes," the emperor said without missing a beat. "I hate that flower the most."

She didn't know why but when he said that, it sounded like he was referring to a person and not the Sword Lily.

Plus, she noticed that he was looking at her as if he was seeing another person.

Someone that he seemed to hate with a passion.

She could only think of one "detestable" person that the emperor could remember because of her.

"Did the flower I choose remind you of my mother?" she asked carefully.

The emperor remained silent but it was the kind of silence that screamed "yes."

[Gosh.]

"Papa Boss, if you need someone to listen to your woes about my mother or your tragic relationship with her..." she said while tapping her chest. "Then, that person is not me. I don't care about your emotional baggage." She let out a frustrated sigh, then put her hands on her h.i.p.s. "Don't treat me like sh*t just because of a trauma that you haven't overcome yet. I think you need to see a therapist, Papa Boss."

An awkward silence ensued.

"Tea time is over," Emperor Nikolai said, finally breaking the silence in the room. "Go back to your room, Princess Neoma."

"Thank god it's over," she said, then she gave the emperor a business smile. "Good night, Papa Boss."

When she turned to her side to see if she could jump from the chair, she was surprised to see Lewis. Her butler suddenly held her by the waist and wordlessly lifted her up. Then, he carefully put her down.

"Thank you," she said to Lewis.

"Your Royal Highness, let me walk you back to your palace," Sir Glenn offered.

"Thank you, but you don't have to. I'm safe with Lewis," she said to the knight. "Please stay with His Majesty instead, Sir Glenn. It seems like you're the only person who can stand him for this long."

The knight stifled his laughter by pretending to "cough."

Emperor Nikolai, on the other hand, glared at her. "Good night, Princess Neoma."

That was a polite way of saying "leave now."

She smiled at her father and bowed before she left the tea room with Lewis.

"Gosh," she said while fanning her face with her tiny hands. "I always lose my cool whenever I'm around my father."

"Princess."

She turned to Lewis. "What?"

Much to her shock, Lewis initiated a physical contact when he gently patted her head. "You good burrito."

"I'm not a good burrito," Neoma complained with a pout. "I'm a pretty burrito, okay?"

GLENN was amazed at the scene that he witnessed a while ago.

Now he understood what His Majesty meant when he said the royal princess has a "colorful" choice of words.

To be honest, he was shocked at how Princess Neoma talked back to the emperor. But he was even more shocked when he realized that His Majesty didn't get angry at the princess. In fact, despite his annoyance, he looked quite amused.

"Your Majesty, are you alright?" Glenn asked the emperor worriedly. "Aren't you going to discipline Her Royal Highness for talking back to you rudely?"

"If I punish her, I'll just prove her right about my "tantrum,"" His Majesty said, then he let out a frustrated sigh. "I'm going back to my room," he said, then he stood up. "Bring me a bottle of whiskey, Glenn."

He bowed to the emperor. "As you wish, Your Majesty."

To be honest, he was relieved that the emperor didn't punish Her Royal Highness. After all, he had a soft spot for the royal princes who had the late Lady Roseheart's spirit, and the late Princess Nichole's "interesting" way of speaking.

[His Majesty can tolerate Princess Neoma despite that.]

And that gave Glenn hope.

[Princess Neoma can bring back the old Emperor Nikolai that I know.]

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