

Royal Secret: I'm A Princess!

Chapter 60 - SEASON 1 FINALE

"WELCOME back, Princess Neoma."

Neoma raised a brow at Saint Macaroni— uhm, Saint Zavaroni who greeted her after she got out of Trevor's "hellhole."

Trevor created a portal in her private library, and the exit he made for her led her back to the library. She was expecting her Papa Boss and his elite team to be there, but thankfully, only the saint was there to welcome her.

"Hello, Your Holiness," Neoma greeted the saint in a tired voice. It wasn't like she was being rude on purpose. Her little body just felt heavy at the moment. "Are you here to talk to me in private?"

"I like how sharp you are, Your Royal Highness," the saint said with a smile, then he gestured to the tea table of the library's second floor. "Would you like to have some tea with me, Princess Neoma?"

She just nodded because honestly, her body must have been hitting its limit.

It's so hard to be awesome 24/7.

Anyway...

A few moments later, she already sat across from the saint while having tea. And oh, the tea somehow rejuvenated her.

"His Majesty had to return to his palace because his condition isn't stable right now," Saint Zavaroni said, breaking the silence between them. "The binding vow took a toll on his health. To simply say, His Majesty is experiencing something akin to having a fever. It will for a few days."

"For real?" she asked in surprise. "Do people like him get sick?"

The saint laughed while shaking his head. "What do you mean by "people like him," Princess Neoma?"

"There's a saying that "wicked people don't catch cold.""

Well, it was supposed to be "idiots don't catch cold" but her Papa Boss was far from idiot.

"I said he's experiencing something akin to having a fever, Princess Neoma," the saint reminded her. "So technically speaking, His Majesty isn't really sick. And if you ask me, I'd say that it's more like His Majesty is feeling very drunk right now."

"That makes sense," she said. "Being drunk and having fever both make you feel vulnerable anyway."

She was a hard drinker back in her second life. Whenever she'd get really drunk, she would often pass out and wake up with hazy memories.

Gosh, I died of coconut wine poisoning because of that.

And of course, everyone who had experienced having a nasty fever would agree that it made them very vulnerable.

"Princess Neoma, why do you talk like you know how it's like to be drunk?" Saint Zavaroni asked with a curious smile. "I'm sure that no matter how mature a de Moonasterio child is, the royal family won't let them have alcoholic drinks as such a tender age."

She sipped her tea before she responded. "I'm not obliged to answer that, Your Holiness."

Well, she could have just came up with a lame excuse like having read a book that talked about getting drunk or something. But she wanted to sound mysterious. A lady must always appear mysterious

around men.

Saint Zavaroni just smiled, then he changed the topic. "How are you feeling, Princess Neoma?"

"I'm a little tired," she admitted. "But other than that, I'm okay. I'm still in control of my body, if that's what you're worried about."

Even though she almost ended Count Sprouse's career, she understood where he was coming from.

All the anime/manga/webcomics series that she had seen/read taught her that getting entangled with a devil would always bring trouble to the protagonist. But those series also taught her that if the protagonist managed to control the devil's power, then they'd be OP.

Problem solved.

Thank you, god of anime/webcomics/manga, for the vast knowledge you bestowed upon a lowly weeb like me.

She shall use that knowledge to become a lady of leisure after eight years.

"Princess Neoma, I have a question for you," the saint said. "Please don't answer sarcastically."

"I won't if you won't ask a stupid question."

"Fair enough," the saint said before he continued. "Princess Neoma, if you were given a chance to be the empress by your own right, would you take it?"

"No," she said bluntly. The question wasn't stupid and it was direct so she gave a no-nonsense answer. That was how she vibes. "My goal is to survive in the next eight years, and then become a lady of leisure once I'm done with this shi—" She cleared her throat when the saint's eyes widened. "I mean, mission." Before the saint could even comment on how she almost cussed, she smartly changed the topic. "Your Holiness, may I ask you a question?"

"Of course, Your Royal Highness."

"Did you see me in your prophecy as the future empress of our empire?" she asked with a raised brow. "You mentioned before that you saw a prophecy about me. Is that it?"

She didn't ask before because she didn't care.

But the saint's question was a dead giveaway about what that prophecy was.

"That is correct, Princess Neoma," Saint Zavaroni confirmed. "The future that I saw before you had changed. Instead of Prince Nero, the one I saw sitting on the throne was you."

"I will change that prophecy soon, Your Holiness," Neoma said with her trademark "business smile." She was tired of men, saint or not, telling her what she was supposed to do. "My destiny is to sit on the most comfortable sofa ever— not to sit on a bloody, ugly throne. And Your Holiness, you better pray to your gods to not force me to become an empress because if they do..." Her façade slipped off and now, she was looking at the saint with glowing red eyes. "I will destroy this patriarchal society with my own hands."

NIKOLAI didn't want to admit this but his body was close to its limit.

Saint Zavaroni already warned him that he'd get physically weak for a few days. But it wasn't like his job as the emperor would stop just because he was feeling a little under the weather. And he really had a lot of things he had to do after sending Nero to the hellhole for his hopefully fast recovery.

After that, he had to deal with his advisors and answer their questions about the disappearance of Juliet's body. In the end, they decided to keep that from the public to avoid chaos. Then, he sent his elite team to look for the body of the late empress.

The members of the royal family would never rot in their death because their bodies would be preserved by a special, ancient spell.

On the other hand, he punished House Sloane, House Thompson, and House Alberts for endangering the life of the royal prince. Duke Sloane was already gone but his family members were still imprisoned. Count Thompson and Marquis Alberts were also imprisoned along their immediate family.

But the fact about the Devil's Grimoire was kept secret. He just made it look like House Sloane, Count Thompson, and Marquis Alberts connived to kill the royal prince.

The only left to do is to find Juliet's body before the Noble Faction gets a whiff of this.

"Your Majesty, His Royal Highness is here," Glenn informed him formally. He also used Nero's title to refer to Neoma because they weren't alone in his office. "Should I tell the royal prince to come back later?"

Nikolai shook his head, then he turned to three of his advisors. "You're dismissed."

The advisors vowed to him before they left his office.

Glenn escorted the three and when he returned, Neoma was already with him. As usual, the sly royal princess had a bright smile on her face. She often used that kind of smile whenever she needed something from him.

"What do you want this time?" Nikolai asked the royal princess. His headache was killing him so he didn't really have the time to beat around the bush. He wanted to finish his tasks for today so he could drink early tonight. "I'm sure you're not here to just see my face."

"Of course, Papa Boss. Who would want to see your grumpy face so early in the morning? Definitely not me," Neoma said brightly when she sat on the sofa of his office's lounge area. Then, she motioned

him to join him in the tea table. "Come here, Papa Boss. I'll brighten up your gloomy day with my beautiful mind."

Glenn stifled his laughter.

He glared at the knight before he stood up and sat on the sofa across from the royal princess. Then, he asked the maids to bring tea and snacks. After that, only then did Neoma state her business.

"Papa Boss, I'm finally done writing our contract," Neoma said cheerfully, then she put two pieces of paper on the table. "This is the written version of our deal, Papa Boss. The contract states that after I've successfully filled-in for Nero for the next eight years, you'd grant with my awesome wishes. And in case my cover was busted before the contract expires, you will not kill me. But you won't be obligated to grant my wishes anymore. Instead, you'll just have to pay me the amount of money that's equivalent of the years that I've worked as Nero's proxy."

Wow, the contract was so concise.

Well, we're talking about Neoma here.

"Fine," Nikolai agreed. Then, he opened his palm and summoned the Royal Stamp. Since it was the most important stamp in the whole empire, he couldn't afford to leave it just anywhere. "I agree with your terms, Princess Neoma."

Neoma looked aghast. "Papa Boss, why are you being so passive today? I prepared a power point presentation to convince you to sign the contract."

There she goes with her strange, fancy words again.

He didn't understand what the royal princess meant by "power point presentation" but his head was already killing him.

"Do you want me to sign the contract or not?" he asked as he glared at her.

The royal princess smiled and pointed at the contract with her two hands politely. "Please sign the contract now, Papa Boss."

He just let out a deep sigh, then he used the Royal Stamp to sign the contracts.

The Royal Stamp passed down from generation to generation had the symbol of the emperor: the white lion with golden mane.

After that, Neoma signed the contracts with her Sword Lily stamp.

Sword Lily...

"Now that I've signed the contract, you may leave," he said coldly, then he stood up and returned to his table. "Glenn, escort the royal princess out."

Glenn bowed to him. "As you wish, Your Majesty."

"Gosh," Neoma "whispered" to herself. "Grumpy old man."

Nikolai stopped to turn around Neoma. He was about to scold her when all of a sudden, he felt a sharp stab in his head. The next thing he knew, everything just turned black.

"Your Majesty!"

"LEWIS, wait for me here," Neoma said to Lewis. Since her son wasn't allowed inside Yule Palace, she had no choice but to make him wait for her at the entrance. "I'll be quick, son."

"Me not princess son," Lewis said bluntly.

"Sure, Jan," she said, copying a viral meme back in her second life. After saying bye-bye to her son, she turned to Sir Glenn. "Let's go."

Sir Glenn smiled and opened his arms to her. "Do you want a lift, Princess Neoma?"

She nodded. "Okay, Sir Glenn."

The knight smiled and carried her in his arms like the princess that she was.

Since it was already late at night and her Papa Boss apparently ordered his servants to leave Yule Palace at a certain time, the hallway looked gloomier and colder.

Anyway...

She went to visit her "sick" father because she wanted to take advantage of his vulnerability. Fine, she'd admit that it was low of her. But when would she have an opportunity like this again?

From the movies I've seen, sick or drunk people tend to be very honest and vulnerable.

Ah, the fact that her Papa Boss collapsed as while ago was kept a secret so she had to visit his palace late at night. She spent a long time convincing Sir Glenn to let her look after her sick father. Her excuse was that she wanted to get close to the emperor.

Her acting skills and charisma worked and Sir Glenn gave in.

The knight knew that he'd get in trouble because he didn't get the emperor's permission to let her in his chamber. But it seemed like Sir Glenn was rooting for her to mend her relationship with her father.

I'm sorry in advance, Sir Glenn.

She knew that the knight would get scolded but she really had to do that.

"We're here, Princess Neoma," Sir Glenn said as he carefully put her down. "Good luck."

She smiled and nodded. "Thank you, Sir Glenn."

The knight smiled and quietly opened the double doors for her.

She sneaked in as quietly and as smoothly as possible.

Of course, even if it was dark (the only source of light was the moonlight coming through the glass windows), she could already tell how bland the emperor's chamber was. But in the modern world, it was something akin to a minimalist but elegant room.

And yes, all the pieces of furniture in there were obviously luxurious.

There you are, Papa Boss.

She tip-toed until she reached her father's huge bed that fitted an emperor like him. Even though it was dark in the room, she could clearly see her Papa Boss's face because it was glowing. Gosh, his beauty was really blinding.

She was about to poke his cheek when all of a sudden, he opened his glowing red eyes.

Gosh, that almost gave her a heart attack.

"If I didn't recognize your Mana right away, you would have been shredded to pieces by my Soul Beasts as soon as you stepped in my room, Neoma," her Papa Boss said strictly. But even though he was scolding her, she could tell that he was having difficulty in breathing. This was the first time she saw him breathe heavily. "I'll have to punish Glenn for allowing you to enter my chamber without my permission."

"Don't be so harsh, Papa Boss," Neoma complained, then she laid down beside him ala-Cleopatra that obviously shocked him. "Do you want me to make some tea for us?"

He glared at her. "Get off my bed, Neoma."

There was no conviction in his voice— a clear sign that he wasn't really feeling well.

"I'll sleep here," she declared, then she laid down on her back and tuck herself in the thick and luxurious blanket. Then, she closed her eyes. "Good night, Papa Boss."

She half-expected him to literally push her down the bed.

Thankfully, it didn't happen.

When she opened her eyes and turned to him, she found her father sleeping again. But he didn't look at ease. He was obviously in pain.

Gosh, he's really sick.

"Papa Boss," she said as she lied down on her sides. "What was the late empress to you when she was still alive?"

She didn't hear a respond from him for a few minutes.

Just when she was about to give up, he finally spoke.

"Juliet was a dear friend," Emperor Nikolai, with his eyes still shut tight, said softly. "She was a great partner."

Okay, that hurt a little.

She felt the respect and admiration in her father's voice. To be honest, her Papa Boss was a huge s.e.xist. But it didn't feel that way when he talked about the late empress.

He really respected her.

Though she had to say that it didn't sound like her father loved the late empress romantically. He talked and sounded like he really treasured her as a friend.

"Then, how about my mother?" she asked in a slightly cracked voice. "Did you love her?"

To be honest, she wasn't really expecting him to answer her question.

But he did.

"Mona didn't spend the night with me just because of my face and body, you little brat."

She almost choked on her saliva because of his response. Gosh, he holds grudges!

"You and Nero were born out of love, Neoma," her Papa Boss continued in a soft tone. "Mona owned all of me."

She didn't know why but hearing that made her so emotional.

He loved my mother.

"But why do you hate her now, Papa Boss?" she asked with a hint of fear in her voice. "Did she really betray you?"

She wasn't sure if she really wanted to hear the answer to that question.

"I hate her," her Papa Boss said. She wasn't sure if it was just her imagination or her father really sounded somber now. "But there's a thin line between love and hate, Neoma."

Her heart ached at how sad and lonely her father sounded at that moment.

That was when she decided to stop asking questions. She knew how to stop being rude because she knew how hard it was to open up to someone else.

"Thank you for being honest, Papa Boss," Neoma said, then she carefully got up and got off the bed. Then, she pulled the cover up to his neck carefully. "I'll try to be a little kinder to you so please stop hating me for whatever my mother did, hmm?"

NIKOLAI got up a little later after Neoma left his room. "Glenn."

Glenn appeared in front of his bed. It looked like he already knew what he did wrong because he was already kneeling and bowing before him. "I'm ready to accept the punishment you'll bestow upon me, Your Majesty."

"I'm not in the mood for that," he said. "Bring me the strongest alcoholic drinks in my collection."

The knight looked up at him with a shocked look on his face.

"Move before I change my mind," he snarled at him.

Glenn smiled and nodded before he stood up and bowed to him. "I'll be quick, Your Majesty."

And after that, the knight disappeared in the dark.

When he was alone in his room again, he leaned against the headboard and let out a deep sigh. "Have I gone insane?"

It was true that the side-effect of the binding vow made him vulnerable.

But he didn't expect that he'd open up to Neoma of all people. He didn't know why he pitied the child when she asked about her mother. To be honest, if he was sober, he would have told her about how awful Mona Roseheart was.

In his vulnerability, it seemed like he let his emotions take over.

"I'll try to be a little kinder to you so please stop hating me for whatever my mother did, hmm?"

The royal princess's request was logical.

After all, they would need to work together for the next eight years anyway.

"I have really gone insane," Nikolai whispered to himself, then he

closed his eyes. "Why does that child have to inherit your fearlessness of all things, Mona?"

NEOMA was in a good mood.

Her heart-to-heart talk with her Papa Boss helped her see him in a new light. But that didn't mean she had already forgiven him for being a sc*mbag. That only meant that she would stop being hostile to him when not needed.

But it doesn't mean I'm going soft on him, okay? If he treats me like sh*t, I'll make him eat sh*t again.

"How was it, Papa Boss?" Neoma asked excitedly after Emperor Nikolai took his first bite of the beef wellington. The royal chef finally perfected it and he served it to them for their lunch. She already had a bite and it tasted divine. "Don't you think it's good enough to be called 'Beef Moonasterio?'"

"The dish is excellent," Emperor Nikolai said in his usual cold voice, the trace of vulnerability now completely gone in him. "But the royal family's name cannot be simply used to name a dish. Instead of calling 'Beef Moonasterio,' it would be better to call it Royal Fillet Steak. From now on, this is going to be a staple dish in the menu."

"Kay," she said cheerfully. "Thank you, Papa Boss."

"Just finish your meal," he said dismissively. "I haven't seen you train your Soul Beast for a while. We're going to have a sparring later."

Her shoulders fell in disappointment. "Okay."

#RIP, Tteokbokki.

To be honest, she liked this kind of "peace."

She knew that she and her Papa Boss were acting like their

conversation last night didn't happen. But she was fine with it. She felt like that it somehow made them understand each other a little better. That didn't fix their relationship, but that was enough for them to start respecting one another a little more.

This is good for my mental health.

"By the way, have you say goodbye to your foxy boy?" Emperor Nikolai asked, then he sipped his red wine before he explained. "I sent a recommendation to the White Lion Knights for your butler to be accepted as a squire. He'll need to train with them from now on."

And the training of the White Lion Knights was done outside the Royal Capital.

"Why did you decide for my son when I'm his mother?" Neoma complained while gripping his steak knife hard. "Gosh, you're still a sc*mbag, Papa Boss!"

After 3 years...

"H1, H2!" Neoma told her helldog as she ran to the entrance of her palace. "Faster!"

Yep, H1 and H2 was the helldog with two heads.

Trevor named it 'Kuro' but she didn't like it so she changed it into 'H1' and 'H2.' Those names were short of 'Homie 1' and 'Homie 2.' She contemplated whether to call them Byron and Harry again but she only got sad whenever she would remember her old homies.

Anyway, her helldog was free to roam her residence because they didn't look scary now. Trevor changed their appearance to make them look like a Shibu Inu with two heads. In short, they were very cute now.

"Your Royal Highness, please stop running!" Stephanie and Alphen said while running after her.

She just giggled and ran even faster.

How could she not be that excited when it was her first time to see Lewis again after a full year?

Her smile grew wider when she saw her son as soon as she stepped outside Blanco Palace.

A tall boy wearing the knight uniform of the White Lion Knights stood in front of her palace. Even though he had his back on her, she wouldn't mistake that back for anyone else.

Gosh, he's so tall now.

"Lewis!" Neoma called him loudly. When he turned around, she almost burst out crying. Her son grew up a handsome boy. She was proud. "Welcome back, my son!"

Lewis let out a sigh, then he held her by the shoulders as soon as she stood in front of him while she was catching her breath. "I am not your son, Princess Neoma," he said in a complete sentence. Then, he got down on one knee, held her hand, and pressed his forehead against her knuckles. "I, Lewis Crevan of the Silver Fox Clan, have returned to serve you, Your Royal Highness."

---VOLUME 1 END---

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