

Royal Secret: I'm A Princess!

Chapter 62 - Y'ALL, I'M GETTING A HAREM

NEOMA was emotional as she looked at Lewis from head to toe. She literally had to look up at him now because she he was already a whole feet taller than her. As an eight year old girl, being four feet tall was considered average in the empire. Her Papa was tall so she wouldn't be surprised if she grew taller once she had her period. "You're a big boy now, my son."

She was free to talk that way because right now, only she and Lewis were in the grand tea room of her palace. Stephanie and Alphen were standing outside his door. And since her son was back now as her butler-slash-knight, her temporary knights were relieved of their positions.

Well, I don't really need a knight since I can protect myself.

Anyway, back to her son.

Lewis's growth spurt is no joke.

He was only eleven years old but he was already five feet tall. Boys his age in the empire had an average height of 4'7". But Lewis was her son so of course, it was just natural for him to stand out.

I'm a proud momma.

"Lewis, congratulations on becoming a full-fledged knight," Neoma said sincerely, then she sipped her tea before she continued. "I can't decide what gift to give you so I'll just grant you a wish. As long as it's not ridiculous, I'll give it to you."

Lewis's golden eyes sparkled. "Then, I'd like you to stop calling me "son," Princess Neoma."

"I'm taking it back," she said with a bright smile. Yes, she could be

that shameless sometimes. "I'll just get you a sword or something as a gift, my precious son."

Lewis, who seemed to be tired of correcting her, just ignored her this time.

Gosh, is he going through a rebellious phase right now?

But she couldn't really get mad at her son, you know?

He looked so good in his White Lion Knights uniform. As his mother, she was proud to say that Lewis was one of the youngest knights in history. Some of the boys his age were still squire. But her child was already a full-fledged knight.

Lewis took a special test to be a knight despite his age, and that test took her son away from her for a full year.

But to be honest, Lewis was barely beside her for the past three years. Before he took the test, her Papa Boss recommended him in the White Lion Knights squad as an apprentice. Since the elite squad's training took place outside the Royal Capital, her son had to stay in a dorm away from her. She could only spend time with him during weekends back then.

"Lewis, why do you feel so distant to me now?" Neoma asked with a pout. Her actress mode was now activated so welcome to her petty show. "Is it because we spent a full year apart? Did you meet someone more important to you now?" She let out an exaggerated gasp. "Lewis, have you fallen in love with a girl while you were away? Am I going to have a daughter-in-law soon? No, I'm not yet ready to be a grandma. I'll probably cry at your wedding!"

Okay, at this point, she'd admit that she was already trolling Lewis.

That's what you get for giving me silent treatment, son.

"Princess Neoma, are you upset?"

"I don't like it when you give me silent treatment."

Her butler-slash-knight let out a deep sigh. "I'm sorry, Princess Neoma," he said. "Don't be upset."

"Okay," she said with a bright smile. To be honest, even though Lewis could now speak in complete sentences, his tone and manner of speaking to her could still be considered rude. She didn't mind though. "But in all seriousness, I'm really proud of you, Lewis Crevan."

Emperor Nikolai fulfilled his promise and restored the Silver Fox Clan's status as an old, noble family.

Her Papa Boss gave Lewis his clan's old family name. So her son was now a full-fledged noble and the current head of House Crevan. Well, he was the only family member as of now but at least, he had servants to take care of him and his properties now. Plus, the mansion in the Royal Capital that her father gave Lewis was really huge and posh.

My son's full title is Lord Lewis Crevan, Count of Warrington.

Yes, her Papa Boss went overboard and even gave Lewis a small county. But even though the territory was small, it was a fertile land.

Gosh, Lewis might be richer than me by now.

"Princess?"

"Hmm?"

"The fact that I was able to return by your side is already the best gift that I could receive in this lifetime," her son said in a soft tone. He didn't smile, but his face softened up. "I will never leave you again, Princess Neoma."

Neoma smiled but deep inside, she was already bawling. "Gosh, don't grow up too fast, my precious son."

Lewis rolled his eyes. "I'm not your son, Princess Neoma."

"YOU NEED a fiancée, Neoma."

"Yep," Neoma said casually while reading a paper work that she needed to sign later. "And you need a psychiatrist, Papa Boss." When she felt her father's glare, she looked up at him with an innocent face. "What?"

Right now, her office table was just right beside her Papa Boss's desk.

Yep, they were sharing his office now. And yep again, at her tender age of eight, she was already doing some royal duties that she started on her own.

Because she was very lonely last year (after Lewis left for his special test), she decided to hold a children's story writing contest that was only open for the commoners.

The theme was open and free, while the criteria were simple. First, the story must be original. Second, it must be within the comprehension of children ages five to twelve. Third, it must have a significant moral lesson and strong narrative voice.

She chose three winners and as a reward, they were accepted as the first batch of scholars under the Sword Lily Foundation. Then, she had their stories published in an anthology book.

In return, she asked the winners to visit the poorest communities in the empire and share their winning stories with the children living there. Of course, the scholars visited the communities with food, medicine, and basic clothing for all.

The budget came from her palace, but the scholars and the organizers of the event didn't know that she (the royal prince proxy) was the benefactor. Since she used the alias 'Sword Lily,'

most people assumed that the benefactor was a woman. It didn't help that her representative was Lady Belmont, her favorite teacher that had somehow become her friend now.

They think Lady Belmont is the benefactor.

Oh, well. She wasn't doing that for publicity. And she was far from being kind or generous. She was just bored so she wanted to read some interesting stories, okay?

It didn't matter that her savings were almost gone now.

"You're serious, Papa Boss?" Neoma asked with furrowed brows. "I'm so busy right now. I don't have time to date."

She knew that it was part of her job to choose the future crown princess in Nero's place.

But she was really busy these days. She was currently preparing for another children's story writing contest. Its official name now was Sword Lily Books Children's Story Writing Contest, and she aimed to have a new batch of scholars.

I also have to add that Sword Lily Books is now a publishing house.

Her own company.

I'm a CEO now.

Unlike in the modern world where children her age couldn't legally own a business yet, the empire's law dictates that any member of the royal family— regardless of age— could have any land, property, or business under their name.

Although Sword Lily Books was registered under her name, only a few knew that she owned the publishing house. Since her representative was Lady Belmont, most people think that the countess was the owner. And she wanted to keep it that way.

House Belmont is a part of the Royal Faction so Papa Boss doesn't

mind, too.

"Let Lady Belmont handle your business for now," Emperor Nikolai said strictly. "During your eight birthday, I will officially declare you as the crown prince."

Okay, she almost choked on her saliva. "What?"

"Ever since I express my intention to restore House Kesser, my critics have voiced their dismay louder than usual," the emperor continued. "They aren't happy that I'm restoring another forgotten old family just right after I restored House Crevan for your butler."

"Why do you need to restore House Kesser right away?" she asked curiously. "I know that Trevor asked that in return of curing Nero. But isn't it too early to work on it? You were able to bring back House Crevan in its former glory in just two years."

"House Crevan was easy to restore because they were already well-known. Their only "sin" was they were born more powerful than ordinary humans," he explained. "However, House Kesser is a different case. Even the oldest families in the empire barely remember them. And their memories of the Kessers aren't even good."

"What did House Kesser do in the past?"

"It's none of your business," he said bluntly, then changed the topic. "I will declare you as the official crown prince on your birthday to shut the critics. Since your upcoming birthday is already creating noise because it will be your first public appearance, might as well use it to my advantage. While everyone's attention is on you, I will do the necessary steps needed for the restoration of House Kesser."

"Gosh, everything is politics to you, isn't it?"

"That's the case for every person in power," he deadpanned as if that was the most natural thing to say in the world. Well, he was right. "Anyway, once I declare you as my heir apparent, you will definitely receive marriage proposals from different households and countries

and kingdoms under our territory. We can't turn them down easily since they will definitely send high-ranking ladies and princesses to our empire. Offending one of them might cause war."

Oh, so that was probably why the previous emperors had their harems.

As far as I know, Papa Boss doesn't have harem.

Or maybe it was already dissolved or something.

Nero, I'm sorry but it seems like you'll have your own harem even though you're still in a deep slumber.

"I'm only eight, Papa Boss," she deadpanned. "As far as I know, a crown princess of the empire should choose a crown prince once he turns eighteen."

"Officially," her father corrected her. "Before a crown princess is chosen, she has to fight other ladies for the position first. The "war" for the spot next to you begins as soon as you're officially declared as the crown prince."

"And you said I need a fiancée," she reminded him. "Are you going to rig the process or what?"

"I will put someone by your side as early as now," he explained. "Your spending time with a lady that I chose will express my intention of making her the crown princess in the future. In short, that lady is going to be my "candidate.""

She raised a brow at that. "Do you already have someone in mind, Papa Boss?"

"We need a lady that can keep your secret," Emperor Nikolai said. "That's why I'm choosing Lady Hanna Quinzel to be your "fiancée." She already knows that you're not Nero."

"Eww!" she complained with disgust in her voice. She even had to embrace herself because she got goosebumps. "Hanna is our cousin."

"Hanna Quinzel is the daughter of my cousin," he insisted. "That makes her your second cousin. And the empire allows the royal family members to marry their cousins anyway."

"That's still gross," she said. "Poor Nero."

She wouldn't be affected that much even if her Papa Boss chose Hanna to be the crown prince's official fiancée.

First, Hanna knew her secret so she could act comfortable around her. Second, she wasn't going to be the one to marry her anyway. Even if they got officially engaged now, in the end, Hanna would still be married to Nero in the future and not to her. But lastly...

I don't know if Hanna is going to live long this time.

In her first life, Hanna died when she was eleven years old because of heart failure.

Her cause of death was natural so I don't know if I can stop it.

Or if she had to.

"I didn't say that you'd have to marry Hanna Quinzel right away. For now, we just have to put her beside you so the old nobles around us won't have a chance to force their candidates on you," her Papa Boss said. "I've already talked to Rufus about this. He agreed to send Hanna here as soon as possible."

She blinked in surprise. "That fast?"

"We always have to be one step ahead of our enemies," he said firmly. "Aside from a high-ranking lady to be your acting fiancée, you also need a male friend from a strong and influential family once you make your first public appearance. If you have Hanna Quinzel and a young lord as your close friends, no one will dare to look down on you regardless of who your mother was."

She rolled her eyes at him. He never fails to take a jab at my

mommy each chance he gets.

"I've already chosen the most suited young lord to be your closest friend."

"Wow," she said sarcastically while clapping her hands slowly. "Papa Boss, why don't you choose what pajama should I wear tonight?"

He just gave her a dire stare. Obviously, he wasn't impressed by her sarcasm. "I already sent an invitation to your new friend," he said. "Rubin Drayton will be here in a few days."

Okay, hearing that name made her whole body freeze.

Rubin Drayton...?

God, her heart thumped against her chest painfully.

"Don't you know who Rubin Drayton is?" Emperor Nikolai asked with a raised brow. "He's the heir apparent of Duke Drayton. You were supposed to be engaged to him in the past." He paused for a while as if he remembered something, then he continued. "House Drayton knows that Nero has a twin sister. But they didn't know that you're pretending as the royal prince now. When I cancelled your engagement to Rubin Drayton a few years ago due to our deal, I told them that I sent the royal princess to a temple outside the empire."

"Papa Boss, I know who Rubin Drayton is," Neoma said in an emotionless voice. But if she was going to be honest, she'd say that she sounded sad. No wonder her Papa Boss looked at her weirdly. "I know him well enough to say with certainty that we'll never get along well."

"I'M HANDSOME," Neoma said in a gloomy voice as she stared at her reflection in the mirror. Since she was pretending as the royal prince, her hair was always cut short and her everyday outfit only consisted of expensive suits. "I'm so f*cking handsome."

Normally, it didn't bother her since she was a professional "actress."

But ever since her Papa Boss said that Rubin Drayton would be coming to the palace to be her best friend, she couldn't help but feel down at the thought of meeting her first love as a "boy." Even though Rubin Drayton didn't know her yet, she wanted to make him regret cheating on her during her first life.

She knew how petty it was, okay? Rubin Drayton was only ten years old in this lifetime and he definitely didn't remember his previous life like she did.

Why do I want to have my revenge on him if he hasn't done anything to hurt me in this lifetime?

She was able to forgive Nero for killing her in the past, so why not forgive Rubin Drayton for betraying her back then?

"I'm crazy," she whispered to herself. "The Great Neoma has gone insane."

"Princess?"

She turned around to face Lewis who stood behind her with a worried look on his face. He probably got concerned because she had been talking to herself instead of dancing. Since her birthday was coming up, she had to prepare a dance that would blow away the high society. Thus, she had been spending time in the dance studio (a ballroom with mirrors on the walls, as per her request) a lot these days.

But during her class a while ago, she kept on messing up the steps because she was distracted. So her dance teacher gave her time to practice on her own. But all she did was to stare at her reflection.

"My precious son, your mom has gone crazy," Neoma said while clutching her chest tight. "I want to share my troubles to you but you won't understand. Unless you have experienced falling in love, of course."

Lewis tilted his head at one side. "I have."

Wait– what?! Who?! When?! Why?! Where?! How?!

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