

Royal Secret: I'm A Princess!

Chapter 82 - I'M NOT ME WHEN I'M HUNGRY

"YOUR MAJESTY, Princess Neoma already found the spying devices installed in her room. To be precise, Lewis Crevan found them all," Glenn reported to him. "We didn't get any information because the fox boy immediately noticed the spirit stones even though each one was carefully laced with magic."

"I guess I have underestimated the foxy boy's power," Nikolai admitted, then he looked up at Glenn who looked really pleased at the moment. To be honest, he kind of expected that he'd fail since Neoma was smart, and Lewis Crevan was one of the best knights in the empire. But he didn't want to see his own knight celebrate his failure. "Are you happy that my plan failed?"

The knight shook his head in denial but the smile on his face grew bigger. "Of course not, Your Majesty. I am saddened that your plan with Kyle has failed."

"You should ask Neoma to teach you how to lie perfectly."

Glenn chuckled and he didn't even try to hide his delight. "Should I, Your Majesty?"

Nikolai had to roll his eyes at that. "Get ready," he said while getting up from the chair. Since Neoma's schedule today was pretty lax, he was already expecting him to march to his office to complain. "I'm pretty sure that Neoma will pick up a fight with me later."

SACRIFICES have to be made.

That was Neoma's mantra in her head as she bravely entered her Papa Boss's office. She was going to a war but she'd admit that she only brought three "weapons" with her.

1. Her very reliable acting prowess.
2. Her big brain with the ability to create the most creative lies.
3. Her overpowered and super loyal son Lewis.

If all else fails, I have Lewis to literally bail me out of this sh*tty spot.

"Greetings, Papa Boss," Neoma greeted her father who sat behind his desk as if he was already expecting her. Of course, the ever friendly Sir Glenn was standing beside the emperor. Thank goodness the annoying Count Sprouse wasn't there to ruin her day. "Do you have anything that you should apologize to me for? I'm all ears."

Emperor Nikolai raised a brow at her. "If you're expecting me to apologize for the spying devices, you may leave my office now."

She ignored him and turned to Sir Glenn instead. "Sir Glenn, would you kindly ask the maids to bring us tea and some snacks? I'm not me when I'm hungry."

Sir Glenn chuckled even though he probably didn't get her reference. "Certainly, Princess Neoma."

To be honest, if Sir Glenn wasn't a close childhood friend of her father, he would have been punished for obeying her order without consulting the emperor. That was why she had to credit Emperor Nikolai for being lenient to his friends despite his trashy personality.

If only Papa Boss could be half nice to me as he is to his aides...

Anyway, after a while, Emperor Nikolai finally ushered her to the tea table of his office.

She sat on the sofa across from her father while Lewis stood behind her. Of course, Sir Glenn stood behind the emperor. After the

servants served the tea and the snacks that she requested, her Papa Boss dismissed them right away.

"So, my dear Papa Boss," Neoma said with a wide smile. "Why did you install spying devices in my room?"

"Because I want to know what you're hiding," Emperor Nikolai said bluntly, then he sipped his tea before he continued. "Why do you want Mount Kimbro? Duke Hawthorne sent a letter to my palace asking me to reconsider giving the mountain to House Crevan. I can't help but think that the two of you want the same thing from that land."

She clenched her fists tight.

As expected, her father immediately realized that there was something in Mount Kimbro that caught her and Jasper Hawthorne's interest.

"Why didn't you just ask me normally?" she lightly complained.

Her father raised a brow at her. "Would you have answered me honestly had I asked directly?"

Definitely not, duh.

But now that he had gone as far as installing spying devices in her palace, she knew that she had no choice but to convince him with a lie. She considered telling the emperor the truth, but she thought it would ruin Jasper Hawthorne's plan.

She knew her father well enough to know that once he discovered that there was a Death Camp near his territory, he would kill the people behind it. While those cruel human beings deserved death, she knew that the emperor would use that incident as a warning to his enemies and not as an opportunity to create a law that would protect the children from abuse.

It has to be Lord Hawthorne.

She would admit that asking for the emperor's help would be more logical. But she didn't want her Papa Boss to make it about him. Plus, she wasn't sure about the state of the Death Camp yet. It would be better to talk to Jasper Hawthorne first.

"Neoma, I'm waiting," Emperor Nikolai said in a warning tone as he placed the teacup down on the table, his now red eyes glowing menacingly. "Tell me why what you know about Mount Kimbro."

"It was an advance gift from Trevor before he went back to his hellhole with Nero," she lied with a straight face. "He told me that if I'd be crowned as the official heir to the throne in Nero's place, I should take Mount Kimbro at all cost. It seems like Trevor knows that other nobles are interested in the land."

I'm sorry for using your name, Trevor.

She thought Trevor would be the perfect excuse because he wasn't there to confirm or deny her story.

"Ah, the talking demon book," her father said, his eyes returning to its natural color. He didn't look that quite convinced yet. "What did the demon boy say about the mountain? Why are there nobles such as Jasper Hawthorne who are interested in it?"

"Trevor didn't specify but he said that if I want Nero to be accepted by the society despite his blood, I should work hard to purify the land."

He raised a brow at her. "Are you telling me that the demon boy thinks you can do what the saint himself couldn't?"

"Papa Boss, I've been working for you since I was five," she reminded him. "Have I ever disappointed you yet?"

As usual, her father didn't give her the validation that she wanted to hear sometimes.

Well, it wasn't like she was dying to get her Papa Boss's approval. But as an "employee," she wanted to hear that she was doing a good

job.

"I'm an ace, Papa Boss. You should be thankful that you have an awesome daughter like me," she declared, then she turned to Sir Glenn with big, tantalizing eyes. "Isn't that right, Sir Glenn?"

"Certainly, Princess Neoma," Sir Glenn said right away with a smile. "The empire is very fortunate that our Second Star is someone as wonderful as you—"

"Shut up, Glenn," the grumpy emperor scolded the knight. "You're making my ears rot with your gibberish talk."

She just rolled her eyes and sipped her tea.

"Anyway, I will accept your story for now since the demon boy isn't here to confirm what you just said," her Papa Boss said, making her flinch. "I still don't get why you believed the demon, and why you followed his "advice.""

"It's for Nero and my dream," she said. "It's my job to solidify his position as the crown prince, Papa Boss. And once he becomes a powerful crown prince, then my dream to become a lady of leisure will come true earlier since I know that he'll repay my hard work."

"That sounds like something that you will really do," the emperor admitted. "But why didn't you tell me right away?"

"Because I don't want you to get me killed," she said firmly. "I know that you and stuck up nobles like Count Kyle Sprouse hate it when I exceed your expectations. If you know that Trevor gave me a piece of information that would help me achieve something great, you'd definitely think that I'm trying to surpass Nero even though I'm not interested in the throne."

The emperor sipped his tea before he spoke. "Next time, tell me," he said in a voice that sounded a little softer than his usual coldness. "I know that you're not interested in the throne. But if you hide things like that from me, I'd be more suspicious of you."

"Papa Boss?"

"What?"

"Don't act nice," she said in a disgusted voice while hugging herself. "You're giving me goosebumps, Papa Boss."

He rolled his eyes at her, then he changed the topic. "Anyway, it's a good thing that you come clean already. Saint Zavaroni will arrive in the palace tomorrow. I'll ask him about Mount Kimbro since Lord Hawthorne hasn't replied to my letter yet."

She froze on her seat. "Saint Zavaroni will come here? I thought saints like him couldn't leave the temple easily..."

"He has to," her father said. "I sent the Death's Scythe to him a while ago."

Her eyes widened. "Oh, right. I almost forgot about Skewer! Why did you send my pretty weapon to the saint, Papa Boss?"

"I had the saint seal the corrupted power of the Death's Scythe so the Devil wouldn't be able to control it," Emperor Nikolai said. "Prepare to greet His Holiness tomorrow, Neoma."

Neoma gave her father a salute. "Roger, Papa Boss."

"IT'S A good thing that Papa Boss sent me to greet the saint," Neoma said while cracking her knuckles. She was back in her room because she had to write a letter first before she met up with Hanna for their afternoon tea. Of course, Lewis was standing beside her. "His Holiness will definitely back me up if I ask him to. The problem lies with Lord Hawthorne. Papa Boss already sent a letter to the young duke. We should write a letter to him as well and convince him to meet with us before he faced the emperor."

"Princess Neoma."

She looked up at her son. "Hmm?"

"Isn't Lord Hawthorne invited to your birthday party?" Lewis asked, his face and voice as blank as usual. "He's the one who needs something from you. I'm sure he'll come to you even if you don't send him a letter."

"Oh," she said when she realized that Lewis had a point. "Is it a bad idea to send Lord Hawthorne a letter discreetly?"

He just gave her a nod as a response.

Come to think of it, Lewis was right. Lord Hawthorne needed her more than she needed him, so he should be the one to seek her.

"But Lord Hawthorne sent a letter to your palace," she said. "He doesn't have an idea that I'm the one who wants the mountain."

"He probably knows," he said in quite a serious tone. "In the last part of his letter, His Grace told me to give his regards to "my master.""

She blinked, and then she smiled. "It seems like Lord Hawthorne is going to be an excellent "playmate," huh?"

While looking at Lewis, she suddenly fell silent.

She remembered her son's reaction when he heard the word "slave" a while ago. If Lewis accompanied her with her plan to expose the Death Camp with Jasper Hawthorne, then it would be inevitable for him to see the terrible condition of the young slaves there.

It might trigger his trauma again.

"Lewis?"

Lewis tilted his head at one side when he noticed that she was serious. "Hmm?"

"I need to work with Lord Hawthorne," Neoma said seriously. "But I think you shouldn't be involved in this mission this time."

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