

# Royal Secret: I'm A Princess!

## Chapter 87 - A DISTANT MEMORY

"WHAT kind of design is that?"

Neoma avoided her father's gaze after he "interrogated" her. But deep inside, she was seething. "I didn't know that Chef Ramsay is a snitch."

It was tea time with her father dearest (eww).

Right now, since the weather was good, they decided to have tea in the garden. As usual, only Glenn and Lewis were allowed to stay within the premise. The two knights were guarding them a few meters away from them.

"The Royal Chef is called 'Chef Stroganoff' and not 'Ramsay,'" Emperor Nikolai corrected her. "You've been bossing around the Royal Chef since you were five. How come you don't remember his name correctly?"

"It's a compliment. Chef Ramsay is the best chef in my imagination," she lied, then she sipped her tea before she spoke again. "Papa Boss, how much did Chef Stroganoff tell you?"  
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"Everything," the emperor said, then he put the teacup down on the table. "He even sent the stupid design that you asked him to make. What kind of cursed drawing is that, Neoma? Do you want the nobles to think that the future emperor has weird taste?"

"I didn't say that it was the cake that I want for Nero's birthday party."

"Banquet," he corrected her. "It's called dinner banquet."

She rolled her eyes at that. "Same difference."

As usual, he ignored her comeback. "What do you need that ridiculous cake for?"

"It's not ridiculous," she insisted. "I want to celebrate my birthday so I'm planning to have a mini birthday party during midnight of my birthday. By that, I mean my birthday party and not Nero's. Which reminds me, Papa Boss." She sipped her tea before she continued. "May I use the pond for my birthday party? I want to have a party with Lewis, Tteokbokki, Skewer, Hanna, Stephanie, Alphen, and Sir Glenn." She paused, then she snapped her fingers. "I also invited Saint Zavaroni but he said he needs to return to the temple."

"Are you not going to invite Rubin Drayton?"

She nodded. "Rubin doesn't know my secret so I don't want to invite him."

"Then, how about Kyle?"

"Count Sprouse is mean to me," she said with a scowl. "I'm shitty to people who treat me like shit." She was about to sip her tea again when a creepy thought entered her mind. "Papa Boss, you're not waiting for me to invite you to my private birthday party, are you?"

Her father stopped drinking tea mid-way.

No way!

"Don't be ridiculous," her Papa Boss said after pausing for a few seconds. Then, he sipped his tea. "You may use the pond but you should tell Kyle about it. He's the one in-charge of taking care of things like that. If you tell him that you plan to celebrate your birthday, he'll make sure that the servants wouldn't come at that area during your "party.""

"Thanks, Papa Boss," she said, then she gave him a thumbs up. "I've already prepared everything except for the cake." She clicked her tongue. "Gosh, I can't believe my charm isn't working on the Royal Chef. Maybe I should just bake my own cake."

"Chef Stroganoff would rather kill himself than let the crown prince do his work," her father said bluntly. "He's that serious as a chef."

"Then, I'll never step foot in the royal kitchen," she said. "I like Chef Stroganoff so I don't want him to die."

He didn't comment on that. "I will allow you to celebrate your birthday as Neoma but make sure that you won't mess up during the official banquet for your coronation."

She fell silent when she remembered something. "Papa Boss, are you going to enter the hall with me?"

"Do I have to?"

In the past, she remembered that her father entered the hall with Nero. It was one of the reasons why her twin brother was easily accepted by the higher nobles. She didn't want to but to solidify Nero's position, maybe she should do that for him.

"Yeah, you have to, Papa Boss," she said while nodding. "It's good PR... I mean, it's stated in our contract that we have to pretend that we have a good relationship as father and son."

"Well, entering the hall with you wouldn't be hard," he said casually. "Just make sure that you won't embarrass me."

She raised her brow at that.

To be honest, she was starting to get scared at how agreeable His Majesty was these days. She hadn't even cursed at him for days now. Gosh, what was with the sudden change of nature?

Is he going to die?

She gulped when she remembered the saint's recent prophecy.

Gosh, am I really going to kill Papa Boss?

"What?" her father complained when he caught her looking at him with a horrified look on his face. "If you changed your mind and you don't want to enter the hall with me, just say so. You don't have to look at me like you want to strangle me."

Oh, was that how she looked?

"Papa Boss, good people die early," she said with furrowed brows. "The empire still needs you so don't change, okay?"

He obviously got her implications because all of a sudden, he looked pissed. "You really have your way with words, Neoma," he said while shaking his head. "I wonder where you got that from."

"Well, I obviously got all my bad traits from you, Papa Boss," she said. "Even if you hate me, I'm still your daughter. Half of me still came from you."

"Your mother had an interesting way of cursing people when she was still alive."

Okay, that made her freeze. This was the first time that her Papa Boss freely talked about her mother without insulting her. She wanted to poke fun at her father but for some reason, she didn't want to ruin that moment.

"Mona didn't have to use vulgar words to cuss," he said, then he looked at his tea as if he was avoiding her gaze. "She had a book where she put all the phrases that she used for cursing other people."

She clenched her fists, her heart beating fast and loud against her chest. "Papa Boss, do you still have my Mama's "book of curses?""

In her second life, she used to call her mother 'mommy' or eomma (when they were in Korea).

Until she had proof that her mommy and Lady Mona Roseheart were the same person, she decided to refer to the latter as 'Mama' to differentiate her from her mommy. She didn't want to confuse herself.

"I can restore it and give it to you later," Emperor Nikolai said, then he sipped his tea and whispered. "I don't need it anymore."

Then, that meant he had been keeping that "book of curses" all this time.

Papa Boss, you really loved Lady Roseheart huh? Neoma thought to herself. I wonder why she ended up betraying you.

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"GLENN, did you throw it?" Nikolai asked his knight who just arrived at his office. "My gift for Neoma, I mean."

"I didn't, Your Majesty," Glenn said cheerfully. Right now, instead of his usual knights' uniform, he wore formal clothes that reminded him that Glenn was still a noble. And he took off uniform to attend Neoma's "birthday party." "In fact, I planned to secretly hand it to Princess Neoma tonight."

He rolled his eyes at him. "Sometimes I wonder if you still respect me as the emperor."

"Of course, I do, Your Majesty," he insisted with a pout that made him wonder where the 'Mad Dog' in him had gone to. "Please don't doubt my loyalty to you."

He ignored the knight's sappy remark. "Hand the gift to Neoma for me."

"None can do, Your Majesty."

He glared at his knight. "Didn't you just tell me not to doubt your loyalty to me? Now you're making me want to punish you for being

disrespectful."

"Well, let's just say that I'm speaking right now as your childhood friend instead of the vice-commander of the White Lion Knights," he said, carefree as ever. "Tonight, we will celebrate Princess Neoma's birthday. For the past three years, we celebrated her birthday as 'Prince Nero.' But this time, we will be there for Her Royal Highness. She'd appreciate it more if you hand the gift to her personally, Your Majesty."

"The gift is nothing special," he said coldly. "It's just her reward for doing a good job."

The knight smiled sadly. "Your Majesty, it's okay."

"What?"

"It's okay even if you get attached to Princess Neoma," he said carefully. "I have a feeling that Her Royal Highness can change how the empire treats our princesses. Please believe in your daughter."

"You're talking too much," he snarled at the knight. "Leave."

Glenn really had the guts to laugh softly before he bowed to her. "Have a good night, Your Majesty," he said. "I will return quickly."

When he didn't comment, the knight left his room quietly.

Nikolai let out a deep sigh, then he looked at the moon outside his window. "Mona, your daughter reminds me of you every time I see her," he whispered to himself. "You shouldn't have let me catch you then."

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

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