

# Royal Secret: I'm A Princess!

## Chapter 39 - HEART-TO-HEART WITH PAPA BOSS

"HOW WILL you atone for your mother's grave sin, Princess Neoma?"

[This sc\*mbag is really making me angry.]

Neoma smiled brightly, then she turned to Sir Glenn. The knight was good to her so she didn't want him to hear her curse. "Sir Glenn, can you give us some privacy?"

Sir Glenn smiled nervously at her before he turned to the emperor. "Your Majesty?"

[Right, the emperor is still his big boss.]

"Leave," Emperor Nikolai said.

Sir Glenn bowed to them and politely excused himself before he left the room.

Now that she was left alone with the sc\*mbag, she prepared her heart for another blood-boiling confrontation with him. She took a deep breath, then she turned to her father with a dead serious look on her face.

"Are you high, Papa Boss?" Neoma asked in the most sarcastic tone she could muster. "I heard that the previous emperor, my grandfather, was a crazy ruler who almost drove the empire to ruins. Would you atone for your father's sins? Would you apologize to the families of every single person that he had killed during his time? Would you beg the forgiveness of the kingdoms and nations that he invaded before? If you would, then I'd atone for my mother's "grave sin." But if you wouldn't, then let's just drop this nonsense."

The emperor looked shocked by her long rant.

"If you still don't get it, then I'll be straightforward: I have nothing to do with my mother's sin," she deadpanned. "Whatever happened between you and her in the past, it's none of my business. In short, you can't punish me for my mother's sin." She let out a frustrated sigh when she remembered something. "And why are you venting out your anger only on me? Nero is also my mother's son. But I never saw you treat my brother the way you treat me."

"Nero and you are different," he deadpanned. "Nero is the crown prince."

She rolled her eyes at his lame excuse. "I look my mother, right? You hate me because you see my mother in me."

This time, he didn't have a comeback.

"I see it now," she said while nodding her head. "You haven't moved on from my mother yet."

He looked offended by that. "Excuse me?"

"If you have truly moved on from my mother, then you wouldn't punish me for her alleged sins," she insisted. "Papa Boss, there's a thin line between love and hate. Make up your mind."

He glared at her.

She opened her eyes wider in return. "Will you please stop being mean to me now? I'm not even asking you to like me. If you want to prove to me and to yourself that you're really over my mother, then let's at least be civil to each other."

To be honest, she understood if Emperor Nikolai became a sc\*mbag because he was hurt badly by her mother's betrayal. Even though she loved Mommy Areum of her second life, she couldn't say the same

for Lady Mona Roseheart.

[Well, I'd like to think that they are two different people for now.]

She hated cheating and she would never tolerate cheaters even if it was her mother.

[Cheating means you don't respect or love your significant other. It's not a simple mistake— it's a choice. And there's no other way around it.]

However, she had only heard Emperor Nikolai's side of the story. She wouldn't judge her mother until she discovered the truth behind the past. Usually, she'd easily side with the person who was left behind by a cheating partner.

[But my Papa Boss isn't exactly someone you can trust.]

Argh. She was being biased against her father. But she couldn't help it.

[Gosh, if he isn't so mean to me, I would be more generous to him.]

"This is the last time you're bringing up your mother in a conversation," Emperor Nikolai said sternly. "The next time you do, I won't let it slide."

She didn't clap back this time.

[Papa Boss couldn't come up with a proper response so this is my win.]

"I'll lend you the Royal Grimoire but only for a few hours," the emperor continued. "You have to return the book before tomorrow midnight."

"Okay, Papa Boss," she said brightly. She was relieved that he didn't throw a tantrum this time. Even though she could handle his bad temper, it was tiring on her part. "Where's the book?"

"Give me your hand."

She extended her hand to him.

Then, he dropped a small and round mirror on her palm. She was about to complain when all of a sudden, the plain mirror turned into a huge and heavy book. Because of its unexpected weight, she almost dropped it.

[Wow, it's so pretty.]

The Royal Grimoire had a golden hardcover. Also, the title 'Moonasterion Book of Spells' was written in Solanian Language.

"The Royal Grimoire would only show its true appearance when touched by a de Moonasterio," the emperor explained. "It can recognize our blood and so, only the members of the royal family can use the Royal Grimoire."

"That's cool," she said, impressed. [And that proves that he's really my father.]

It was a pity.

"Remember to return it to me before midnight," Emperor Nikolai said, then he stood up. "Now, rest."

"Thank you, Papa Boss," she said. Then, she put the Royal Grimoire on the night table before she covered her mouth with her hand when she yawned. The emperor was about to leave when she remembered something. "Wait, Papa Boss."

"What is it?"

"Once my stamp is done, I'm going to write a formal contract of our deal," she reminded him. "I will put a clause that says you can't bully me."

"I'm not bullying you," he insisted as if he was offended by her accusation. "What am I, a child?"

She nodded eagerly. "Lewis is more mature than you, Papa Boss," she said. "Don't worry. I will raise you as my second child."

"You're speaking nonsense again," Emperor Nikolai said, then he turned his back on her and walked out of the room.

"Tsk. My life would have been easier if he was just a tsundere," Neoma mumbled to herself. A tsundere was someone who was cold on the surface but would eventually show their soft side. She was 100% certain that the emperor wasn't like that. "He's just an outdated mean dude."

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NIKOLAI drank alone in his room while looking at the full moon outside his window.

He couldn't sleep because Neoma's words kept ringing in his ears.

["If you still don't get it, then I'll be straightforward: I have nothing to do with my mother's sin.]

He knew that, of course.

But he also couldn't help it. Every time he looked at Neoma, her eyes bothered him. The royal princess inherited his eye color, but the life in them was definitely from that lowly woman.

["You haven't moved on from my mother yet."]

He almost crushed the glass in his hand when he heard what Neoma said a while ago.

"You're wrong, Princess Neoma," Nikolai whispered to himself. "I will prove to you that I've moved on from your mother a long time ago."

Would it make a difference if he made an effort to look at Princess Neoma as herself and not the replica of that lowly woman?

[I can't believe a child could control me like this.]

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

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