

# Royal Secret: I'm A Princess!

## Chapter 75 - MY SHINING INHERITANCE

NIKOLAI put a hand on Neoma's head, and used his magic to check if she was really sleeping or not.

She was indeed asleep.

So, his child was only talking in her sleep, it seemed.

Is it because of her fever?

When he was a child, he would also talk in his sleep when he was sick.

Juliet would always "elegantly" use that opportunity in the past for her benefit. Whenever he was sick, she would often ask him for permission that she knew he wouldn't give her if he was sober. That was how "cunning" the late empress was. But she never used those chances to do disgraceful things.

If she would "exploit" his weakness, it was always for the good of other people.

That was the kind of lady she was.

Let me borrow your "trick," Juliet.

He didn't want to do this but in the end, he was tempted to ask questions to Neoma that he would never ask her if she was awake.

"Neoma, why are you craving for mushroom soup?" he asked his daughter. "I banned the dish from the royal menu a long time ago."

She just mumbled something incoherent again.

This child is really... feral.

"Appa..." Neoma whispered a little later. "Dad..."

His brows furrowed in confusion. "Who is this "appa" and "dad" that you keep calling, huh? I'm the only father that you have, brat."

She frowned in her sleep. "Sc\*mbag Papa..."

He shut his eyes tight and pinched the bridge of his nose while trying to calm himself down. Patience— he needed a lot of patience when dealing with Neoma.

"Duke Quinzel..."

He opened his eyes and glared at his daughter. "What about Rufus?"

She smiled— and it was a genuine, innocent smile that she had never given him yet. "Best dad in this world..."

That annoyed him.

He knew that every time Rufus would visit the palace, he would allot time to have tea with Neoma or watch her train. But he didn't know that his daughter would be this attached to the duke to the point that she already considered him as her "dad."

"Ungrateful little princess," he said, then he gently flicked her forehead with his fingers. "I'm your only father in this world."

Commander Gavin Quinzel already stole Mona from him.

He wouldn't let another Quinzel steal someone from him again. If that happened, he would destroy House Quinzel with his own hands. Laws be damned.

But it wasn't like he didn't understand why Neoma would think that Rufus was a better father than him. He knew that he wasn't good to the royal princess. Still, he couldn't help it. Rather, he didn't know

how to raise a girl.

He lost something important to him a few years ago, and that thing was exactly the reason why he was acting this way towards Neoma.

"I know that I can never be the best father to you," Nikolai said, then he put his hand on top of her head. He used a small amount of magic to put Neoma into a deep sleep. She needed to rest for the entire week for her to recover fully. "But I will be the kind of employer that will see through our contract until the end, Neoma."

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"AM I already in hell?" Neoma asked in a groggy voice because when she opened her eyes, she was greeted by Emperor Nikolai and Count Sprouse. "Why am I surrounded by demons?"

Count Sprouse remained pokerfaced but she could see in his eyes that he was humiliated.

On the other hand, her Papa Boss who was already used to her foul mouth, didn't even bat an eye. "Glenn, bring Madam Hammock here. The royal princess is already awake," he said with his head slightly tilted to the direction of the door. Ah, Sir Glenn must be guarding outside her room. "Tell the head maid to come too and bring tools to cut Neoma's hair."

"As you wish, Your Majesty," Sir Glenn responded from outside the room.

That made her brows furrowed in confusion. "Are you going to shave my head, Papa Boss?" She shook her head hard even though that action made her dizzy a bit. "I firmly object!"

"Get up," the emperor ordered her. "Get up and look at yourself."

Thankfully, she already felt well enough to not feel any pain when she got up.

She was a little confused when she noticed that Count Sprouse

brought a mirror to her. But she easily understood what was happening when she saw her reflection.

"OMG!" she said when she realized that her hair was as now as long as Rapunzel's. She also noticed that the strands of her hair were now pink. When she got angry before, the strands turned red. But it seemed permanent this time. But the most important thing was... "I got prettier!"

Count Sprouse was rendered speechless.

On the other hand, her father let out a frustrated sigh.

"It's true though," she insisted while admiring herself in the mirror. "But gosh, my skin feels so dry. I should take a bath first. Then, I'll take a lot of pictures to immortalize the moment that I got this pretty at age eight." She carefully touched her face with her small hands. "I'm scared of how more beautiful I would become in the near future. How can I live a quiet life if I have a face like this? Eottoke..."

She bit her lower lip when she realized that she spoke Korean in front of other people. 'Eottoke' meant 'how/what to do?' but sometimes, she would translate the phrase in her head as simply "oops."

Thankfully, both the emperor and the count didn't seem to care that much about the foreign language that she used. It was probably because they were used to her "nonsense."

"Your Majesty, Her Royal Highness inherited the royal family's vanity," Count Sprouse said to her father. "But I believe only Princess Neoma has this level of confidence in your family."

The emperor just pinched the bridge of his nose.

"I have the face to back-up my arrogance," she insisted. She was just really hyped that her long hair grew back. Wait, what? "Huh? How did my hair grow this long so fast? How long was I asleep, Papa Boss?"

"One week," her Papa Boss said. "The fast growth of her hair was because of your awakening."

"But didn't I already awaken a few years ago?"

"The one that awakened back then was your Soul Beast," her father explained. "This time, the blood of the Roseheart flowing through your veins has awakened."

She blinked in surprised. "My mother's blood...?"

He nodded. "The fact that the strands of your hair have changed is proof that the Roseheart in you has awakened."

"Ah... yes."

She remembered that in the picture that Sir Glenn showed her a few years ago, her mother had pinkish hair.

Is my mommy the reason why I love pink?

Come to think of it, she had naturally come to like the color pink because she grew up surrounded by pink stuff from her clothes to her school stuff. In her second life, her mother didn't have pink hair.

"Papa Boss, if I cut my hair short, am I going to lose the pink strands?" she asked, then she looked up at him. "I want to keep my two-toned hair. It suits me."

Well, that was just her vanity talking.

But in reality, she just wanted to keep the color of hair because she wanted a physical reminder of her mother in her. She already looked like her father a lot. It wouldn't be that bad to inherit a physical trait from her mommy.

"Kyle, leave us alone," her Papa Boss told the count. "I need to talk to the royal princess in private."

"As you wish, Your Majesty," Count Sprouse said to her father, then

he bowed to her and the emperor before he left the room.

She wanted to ask her Papa Boss where Lewis was. But when she saw how serious he looked, she realized that he was about to say something important. So instead of complaining, she got into a formal kneeling position on the bed.

After all, she got manners and sh\*t if needed.

"Neoma, your mother's family used to be a threat to the royal family," her Papa Boss said seriously. "They have an ability that my predecessors feared. Do you have any idea what it is?"

She shook her head. "Nobody talks about my mother and her family in the palace."

"Your mother has the ability to borrow power from spirits, and sometimes she could also summon gods and ask them to lend her their strength."

She gasped in surprise. "That is so lit, Papa Boss," she said while clapping her hands. "My mother was so badass— I mean awesome."

Her father remained serious. "Your mother kept her ability because she knew that the higher nobles who detested their clan would kill her. She survived by pretending that she didn't inherit that ability from her predecessors," he continued. "But alas, that great of a power couldn't be hidden for so long. When the higher nobles found out that Mona had the ability to borrow power from the gods, she was hunted down."

"But how did they found out that my mother has that ability?" she asked curiously. "Did she accidentally use her power in front of people who shouldn't know?"

"The color of her hair changed," his father said. "From light gold, her hair turned into the color of camellias."

Camellia flowers, in the empire, were known for their pretty shade of pink. So even though camellias ranged from white to red, she

knew that her Papa Boss was telling her that her mother's hair changed into pink when he mentioned that flower.

She automatically touched her now long hair. "Does it mean I've inherited my mother's ability, Papa Boss?"

"We'll know if you manage to use it."

"Can I use it then?"

"If you are Nero, yes," her Papa Boss said. "The higher nobles won't mind a powerful crown prince. But they are afraid of a capable female descendant of House Roseheart."

"Ah."

"Are you not going to ask why they're afraid of a female Roseheart?"

"I don't ask stupid questions, Papa Boss," she said. "It's obvious, isn't it? The bigots in the empire are afraid of strong independent women." She smirked and shook her head. Of course, there was also the thing about Saint Zavaroni's prophecy. "You're afraid to be ruled by a woman, aren't you?"

"Neoma—"

"Considering my abilities, cunningness, and arrogance, I know that I can be an empress if I want to," she said, cutting-off her father.

"Lucky for you, Papa Boss. I don't have any intention to lead this empire— I'm too good for all of you."

Her father looked at her straight in the eye as if he was trying to gauge if she was lying or not. "What's your goal, Neoma?"

"To become a true lady of leisure after Nero returns to his rightful place," she said with a business smile. "Just because I'm pretty, smart, talented, and powerful doesn't mean I have to take an important role. Plus, although I'm thankful for my luxurious life, I don't feel like sacrificing my life for the empire that only values men." She paused for a while before she shrugged. "I'm too lazy to

change the system, too."

She felt a protest in her chest from the remaining pureness in her heart.

But of course, she ignored that. In a dog-eat-dog world, caring for other people was a luxury she didn't have...

... or she was trying to get rid of, at least.

"I see," the emperor deadpanned. It was obvious that he already expected to hear that answer from her. After that, he fell silent for a while. When he spoke again, she got shivers down her spine. "Appa, bogoshipoyo..."

Neoma swallowed hard. It meant 'Dad, I miss you' in Hangul/Korean language. Did I say those words while I was asleep?

"Those are words that I haven't heard before," Emperor Nikolai said while giving her a questioning look. "What language is that, Neoma?"

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

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