

Royal Secret: I'm A Princess!

Chapter 109 - GET YOUR HEAD IN THE GAME

AFTER DOMINIC Zavaroni excused himself to his audience, he immediately went to the royal parlor where he felt a strange burst of holy power.

I'm certain that His Majesty just unsealed Calypso.

And if the emperor used his sword, it only meant that the situation in there was now out of control. He didn't want to leave Count Kyle Sprouse alone to deal with the now anxious crowd. It seemed like the majority hadn't noticed the fight yet. But he was pretty sure that some of the higher nobles already had an idea on what was going on.

I'm sorry, Count Sprouse, he thought to himself. But please deal with the guests again.

To make it up to Count Kyle Sprouse, he left his Holy Knights in his care. So in case the enemies decided to attack the guests, the temple's Holy Knights would protect them. That was the least that he could do for the poor count.

I hope His Majesty raises your salary, Count Sprouse.

When he reached the royal parlor, he was surprised to see Miss Gale attached on the double door. He could tell that the Wind Spirit was doing her best to contain the Mana leaking out of the room. Miss Gale was doing that to make sure that the guests wouldn't notice the fight going on there, but he could also see that it was taking a toll on her energy.

The Wind Spirit looked very exhausted now. She was absorbing both His Majesty's divine power and the Devil's corrupted energy after all.

"Go away," Miss Gale told him in a weak voice. "You shouldn't be here, Dominic."

"I will help you absorb the leaking Mana, Miss Gale," Dominic said in a firm voice. "And I can help His Majesty fight the Devil, too."

"No," the Wind Spirit said. "You can't be there."

"I'm sorry but I can't listen to you right now, Miss Gale," he said. "I have a duty as the saint to protect the royal family."

"I thought that duty of yours ended when the former Princess Nichole died?"

"It changed when Princess Neoma was born."

For some reason, Miss Gale smiled sadly at him. "Don't say I didn't warn you, Dominic."

To be honest, that statement made him nervous.

But he still went ahead and entered the royal parlor. As soon as he stepped foot inside, he immediately realized why Miss Gale tried to stop him from entering the room a while ago.

Nichole...? He was confused.

The woman standing in front of Emperor Nikolai had the Mana and aura of the Devil. But she had the face that he wouldn't mistake for someone else.

His thoughts were only cut-off when he heard the door behind him close.

"No," he said in a cracked voice. Before he knew it, he was already

walking fast towards the Princess Royal. He hated to admit this but he already had an idea on what happened to her. The real Devil was a known Necromancer in the past. It wouldn't be impossible for a being like that to bring a dead back to life. The only thing he couldn't understand was how the Devil was able to steal Princess Nichole's body. After all, he was the one who buried her in the royal family's Shrine. "Nichole, please tell me this is just a bad dream."

The Princess Royal turned to him with a surprised look on her face.

He was glad that she instantly recognized him. Well, he didn't change that much. But sometimes, when a Necromancer brings a dead back to life, that person would lose their memories when they were still alive.

Maybe it didn't apply to Princess Nichole because of her royal blood.

"Goodbye, my pitiful Dominic," Nichole said with a sad smile on her face. Then, her body began to vanish fast. "May our paths never cross again."

Those words hurt like hell.

But that only made him rush to her. He tried to hug Princess Nichole and stop her from leaving. But he just went past her now translucent body. His knees buckled from the shock of losing the Princess Royal again, making him fall on the ground with his hands planted flatly on the floor, and his head hanged low.

He didn't have to turn around to know that Princess Nichole was already gone. After all, her Mana had already completely disappeared.

I lost her again...

He felt anger rise in his chest the same time his divine power began to get out of control. At this rate, he wouldn't be surprised if he "accidentally" blow up the whole Castillo Hall—

His thoughts were cut-off when he heard a loud slapping sound...

... followed by the painful sting on his cheeks.

"Saint Zavaroni," Princess Neoma, who now had his face between her small hands, said while looking straight in his eye. "Get your head in the game."

He blinked several times. "Princess Neoma, did you just... slap me?"

"Does it hurt?"

He nodded. "Yes, it does," he admitted. Then, he realized that because of the royal princess's slap, he calmed down. The storm in his head disappeared, and so was the rage in his chest. "Thank you, Princess Neoma."

The royal princess gave him her famous arrogant smirk, then she pulled her hands away from his face. "Have you come to your senses, Your Holiness?"

"Yes," he said while nodding.

"Listen, Your Holiness," she said in a quite impatient tone. "I don't know what exactly is the deal between you and my aunt. I just know that you're hurting real bad right now. But still, I need to ask for your help. I'm sorry but can you set aside your personal feelings for the meantime and fulfill your duty as the saint?" She gestured around the room. "Hanna and Nero need medical assistance."

He felt ashamed of himself.

It was true that he was devastated right now. But if Princess Neoma who was just only eight years old could get up and put her "mind in the game" despite everything that happened to her tonight, so could he.

"Thank you, Princess Neoma," Dominic said, then he stood up and offered her hand to her. "Shall we work now?"

Princess Neoma smiled and nodded as she stood up with his help.
"Welcome back, Your Holiness."

"HANNA..." Neoma said, worried about her cousin's condition. Hanna was lying on the floor while her whole body was engulfed in a glowing golden light coming from Madam Hammock's palms.
"Please be okay..."

Hanna's skin was red from being literally roasted by the black flame, according to what Madam Hammock said to her a while ago.

Apparently, her crazy aunt tried to burn Hanna alive.

Thankfully, Madam Hammock managed to create a last-minute barrier around her cousin. It didn't completely protect her because the black flame was said to be a really strong type of fire. But fortunately, the Healing Sage's barrier was enough to minimize the damage.

"Don't worry, Princess Neoma," Madam Hammock, who was healing her cousin, assured her. "Lady Quinzel will be alright. Once we get to my infirmary, I will use the ointment on her to burn her burnt marks. But I have to heal her internal injury first. Her heart in particular was damaged when she used her Mana a while ago."

She bit her lower lip. So, Hanna still ended up using her Mana...

"Thank you, Madam Hammock," Duchess Amber Quinzel, who was kneeling beside Hanna while holding her daughter's hand, said sincerely. "Thank you for healing our Hanna even though you're injured as well."

That was true.

Madam Hammock was also caught in the fire, and so was Princess Brigitte. The first princess was unconscious on the floor. Sir Glenn was the one attending to her. The knight gently and carefully draped his jacket over Princess Brigitte's body.

She was a little surprised to know that Sir Glenn had the ability to heal wounds. But apparently, he could only heal physical wounds. It made sense, actually.

Sir Glenn is the Vice-commander of the White Lion Knights. He's also the closest person to Papa Boss. It makes sense if he's required to know some stuff about healing for emergency purposes. I think House Exton, Sir Glenn's family, is kind of involved in the medicine field.

"Princess Neoma, are you sure that you feel better now?" Duke Rufus Quinzel, who was beside the duchess while holding his wife's shoulders, asked her worriedly. "Your chest wound..."

"Oh, the wound is closed now," she said. It was true that the wound had closed and it also stopped bleeding now. But it still hurt. In fact, her whole body felt like she was run over by a truck. But she didn't have the time to rest. "Thank you for worrying about me, Your Grace."

Duchess Amber Quinzel turned to her with a worried look on her face. "Princess Neoma, I'm grateful that you let Hanna get treated first. But is it really okay to do so?"

The royal protocol dictated that she, as the royal princess, should have gotten medical assistance first. Especially since Madam Hammock was the Royal Healing Sage.

But Hanna's conditioned seemed worse than hers.

Plus, her cousin sacrificed her life to protect Nero. The least thing she could do for Hanna was to make sure that she'd be saved.

"It's okay, Duchess Quinzel," Neoma assured the duchess with a smile. "Hanna is very precious to me so I won't let anything bad happen to her."

Duke and Duchess Quinzel both looked touched by her warm words.

NIKOLAI couldn't help but keep an eye on Neoma who couldn't stay put in one place.

After checking on Hanna Quinzel, she was now checking on Princess Brigitte of Hazelden Kingdom. Even though the first princess was already being taken care of Glenn, his daughter still wanted to personally check the first princess's condition.

"Your Majesty, I was able to make Prince Nero's body numb from pain," Saint Dominic Zavaroni reported to him. He had his hand lightly pressed against the royal prince's chest. The saint put Nero to sleep so he wouldn't feel the pain that was killing him inside. "But like what I always say before, this is only temporary. Once Prince Nero wakes up, he'll feel the pain caused by the curse again."

"If the Devil managed to take Nero away from the talking demon book, then it must mean that Trevor is dead," Nikolai said. Although they now knew that the Devil was Nichole, he still didn't want to talk about it. Especially not in front of Saint Zavaroni. "We must find a new way to treat Nero's curse."

"Trevor is still alive."

He turned to see Neoma standing behind him.

His busybody daughter finally returned to his side.

"Stop moving like a worm," he scolded the royal princess. "Why don't you just stay put and let the saint treat you next? Nero's condition is stable for now."

"I'm too anxious to stay put in one place," she said, then she squatted down in front of Nero. She held her twin brother's hand and let out a sigh of relief. "Nero's hand is warm. I'm relieved."

He was also relieved to see that both his children survived the danger of that night.

"Why do you think that the demon called Trevor is still alive, Your Royal Highness?" Saint Zavaroni asked. "Did you meet him when you were taken in hell?"

Right, his daughter was yet to tell him what happened to her a while ago.

"I didn't see Trevor there," his daughter said, then she turned to the saint. "I just feel that he's still alive. After all, if he dies, he'll regret not being able to see me again."

He rolled his eyes at his daughter's ridiculous conclusion. "Neoma."

"I know, Papa Boss," Neoma said when she turned to him. "I need to attend the coronation ceremony, right?"

Neoma was really too smart for her own good.

She seems to know everything.

The saint looked surprised by his daughter's declaration. "But you're not in condition to push through the ceremony, Princess Neoma."

The royal princess turned to the saint. "I'm Neoma, I'm okay," she said, confusing Saint Zavaroni even more. "Plus, if the ceremony gets cancelled tonight, the greedy old farts— I mean, old noblemen from the Noble Faction would make a big deal out of this. They will just have more reason to oppose the royal family. I have to protect Nero's position as the crown prince so I can't let that happen." She turned to him again. "Right, Papa Boss?"

"That's not the only reason why I want the ceremony to push through," he said seriously. It was the thing that he was trying to explain to Nero a while ago. But he would admit that he wasn't good at expressing himself, and so he only made his son angry. "During the coronation ceremony, I will hand you over the vial called Yule's Tears. I haven't done it but apparently, if you take one sip from the vial, the corrupted energy in your body will be purified."

He didn't want to use that method but it seemed like it was their last

resort.

Saint Zavaroni's divine power was working on Nero, and Trevor seemed to be out of commission now. They had to try the limited options they had.

"Ah, that's right," Saint Zavaroni agreed with him. "The reason why our temple usually refuses to send the High Priest or the saint to the coronation ceremony of a crown prince is because of that vial. It seemed like the first head of the temple was upset that the royal family took a hold of the Yule' Tears instead of us."

That was why the appearance of the saint tonight might have shocked the guests.

"Gosh, Papa Boss," his daughter complained. "Why didn't you suggest that when Nero was cursed a few years ago?"

"Because I don't want to risk my son's life even more by making him drink a liquid that has been stored in the Royal Treasury Room for god knows how long," Nikolai deadpanned. Moreover, it wasn't easy to convince the people around him to accept Nero as the crown prince because of his Roseheart blood. It took him three years to convince them. "Why do you think I didn't take a sip of that vial when I was a crown prince?"

"Point taken," Neoma said while nodding her head. "I wouldn't also do that. But desperate times call for desperate measures." She turned to her twin brother with a sympathetic look on her face. "I'm sorry, Nero," she said in a sad voice. "I hope you don't get constipation from it."

"WHY ARE you so mad at me, Lewis Crevan?" Gin asked the fox boy with a laugh. To be honest, he was just stalling because he didn't want to fight him. Moreover, he needed to go now that the Devil had already retreated. He couldn't do that while Lewis Crevan was breathing at his neck. "Princess Neoma is already safe, isn't she?"

"Princess Neoma's face," Lewis Crevan said in a low growl.
"Mauled."

He blinked several times while deciphering the boy's broken speech. Then, he nodded. "I didn't maul Princess Neoma's face," he denied. "It was you, Lewis Crevan."

The fox boy looked confused.

"I summoned the a.d.u.l.t version of you from Princess Neoma's first life," he explained. He didn't care whether the young Lewis Crevan understood it or not. After all, he didn't know if Princess Neoma told other people about his first life. "I made that version of you fight the royal princess. And the old version of you mauled her face mercilessly."

The shocked look on Lewis Crevan's face made him realize that he knew about Princess Neoma's first life.

He was about to taunt the young fox even more when suddenly, he felt a strong negative force that made his skin crawl. When he looked above him, he saw the person he didn't want to see at that moment. "Trevor," he said in disbelief. "How did you get here?"

"Because I'm Trevor," Trevor snarled arrogantly at him, both of his ears were bleeding heavily. His purple eyes were glowing menacingly, and his bloodl.u.s.t was directed at him. "I'm going to f.u.c.k you up so good so you better not die easily on me, Gin."

Gin laughed but to be honest, he was quite nervous. Both of Trevor's ears were bleeding because his many piercings were roughly pulled out. And his piercings served as his seal. The fact that Trevor unsealed his great demonic power only meant that he was serious about killing him. "If I grovel, will you spare my life, my old master?"

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