

# Royal Secret: I'm A Princess!

## Volume 2: NEOMA SUPREMACY

### Chapter 125 - MY DREAM TEAM

‘I THINK I’m forgetting something important that I have to do,’ Trevor wondered to himself while staring at the ceiling. He was lying on the bed in the room lent to him by Princess Neoma. A room in Luna Palace, yes. He was hiding her because he wanted to avoid the Holy Saint. ‘Why is he even here? I thought the Holy Saint can’t leave Astello Temple unless it’s very urgent? Saint Zavaroni must be a defiant one.’

No thanks to that rebellious saint, he couldn’t get near his Moon Princess.

Wait, I think I’m seriously forgetting something...

He gasped when he remembered it, then he got up right away. ‘I haven’t asked my Moon Princess yet to dance with me during the Moon Festival.’

‘As if I will let a sneaky demon boy dance with my master’s precious daughter.’

He raised a brow when a fluffy white bunny appeared in thin air, then comfortably laid on his lap.

‘You’re one hundred years too early to make a move on our little princess,’ the bunny said. If his judgment was correct, then this bunny must be a Wind Spirit. ‘Who do you think you are?’

‘Trevor, the Devil’s Grimoire,’ he said confidently. ‘Princess Neoma is obsessed with my face, Wind Spirit.’

‘Princess Neoma likes good-looking people,’ Saint Zavaroni, who just appeared out of thin air like the Wind Spirit, said. Then, he leaned against one of the posts of the bed. ‘You’re not that special, Mr. Trevor.’

To be honest, if he could, he would have run away already.

When he met the Holy Saint a while ago, he already felt that the saint had many questions for him. He knew that His Holiness was only waiting for a chance to get him alone. It seemed like Saint Zavaroni had already run out of patience for him to infiltrate his room.

‘Mr. Holy Saint, this isn’t like you,’ he said. ‘It’s rude to enter one’s room without permission.’ He gently poked the white bunny’s fluffy forehead. ‘You even brought a pet.’

The white bunny bit his finger.

Ouch.

‘Kids these days are so rude,’ the white bunny said.

‘I don’t want to hear that from someone who broke into my room.’

‘I apologize for breaking into your room, Mr. Trevor,’ the Holy Saint said. ‘But if I didn’t do this, you would have avoided me until it’s time for you to return to your territory.’

Well, the Holy Saint wasn’t wrong.

‘I wanted to avoid you because I don’t have the answer to your questions,’ he said bluntly. ‘You’re here to ask things about the former Princess Royal, aren’t you?’

‘So, you know about my relationship with Princess Nichole?’

‘Nah, I’m not interested in other people’s lives,’ he said. ‘But I heard from the former Princess Royal once that she was turned down by the current

Holy Saint a total of thirty nine times.’ The Holy Saint flinched but he continued assaulting him with hurtful words. That would be his little retaliation for having his room invaded. ‘She also said that she began extending her hand to you since she was sixteen. But you never once took her hand. Poor princess.’ He smirked before he dropped the last bomb. ‘Ah, I also heard that you didn’t take her hand even in her death bed.’

He expected the Holy Saint to get angry or walk out on him.

But he didn’t expect to see the great Saint Zavaroni on the verge of crying.

He knew that he went overboard with his teasing. But when he was just about to apologize to the Holy Saint, the white bunny suddenly began slapping both of his cheeks alternatively. He didn’t try to avoid it because he knew he made a big mistake.

‘You heartless kid!’ the white bunny said after she slapped him at least fifty times. ‘That’s low even for a demon!’

‘I apologize,’ he said, then he looked at the Holy Saint that seemed to have calmed down now. ‘Mr. Holy Saint, I really don’t know what happened to the former Princess Royal. The real Devil, the one who brought her back to life, was the ‘owner’ who turned me into his Grimoire.’

Yul, ovu zufi Dusai jfl f qfr.

But since most humans haven’t seen him yet, they began referring to him as they/them. He kept the Devil’s gender to Princess Neoma because he didn’t want her to know that her aunt had become a part of the Devil. It wasn’t like he was protecting the former Princess Royal.

He just didn’t want the Moon Princess to know things that might put her in more danger.

‘I was locked up in my territory ever since my life as a human ended,’ he said. He didn’t want to be this open to the Holy Saint but he felt guilty for

hurting him. Who would have thought that His Holiness would show him that kind of expression? 'The Devil would 'feed' me information, and that's how I come to know a lot of things in the world even if I was just a mere prisoner in my own territory.'

'Did he tell you about Princess Nichole?' Saint Zavaroni asked. 'I want to hear everything you know about her. Even if they are just trivial things. Please, Mr. Trevor.'

'Like I said, I don't know much. Only trivial stuff like the former Princess Royal's love life. The Devil is interested in other people's personal matters after all,' he insisted because that was the truth. 'The Devil doesn't tell me things that he knows I will use against him. He only told me that he succeeded in taking in the former Princess Royal to our side. But he didn't tell me his purpose for doing so.' He paused. To be honest, he didn't want to say this. But he thought this piece of information that he knew might help Princess Neoma in the future. 'But I heard from the Devil that it was Princess Nichole's idea to steal the late Empress Juliet's lifeless body.'

The Holy Saint and the white bunny looked shocked by that.

'But why would Princess Nichole do that?' the white bunny asked. 'I heard from my master that the Princess Royal and the late empress were good friends.'

'I don't know,' Trevor said. Just because he was the Devil's Grimoire didn't mean that he had the answers to every mystery in life. After all, he was just a prisoner fed with knowledge. 'I think it's your job to find out what Princess Nichole's goal is for stealing the lifeless body of the late empress.'

'I think I know why,' Saint Zavaroni said seriously. 'It must have something to do with the late empress's unique ability.'

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‘NEOMA, you’re not dumb so I know you’re aware of how big our height difference is,’ Emperor Nikolai said bluntly without even missing a beat. ‘How can I dance with a small human like you? Do you want me to break my back?’

The audacity of this grumpy Papa Boss to call me a ‘small human!’

‘You’re only in your late twenties so you won’t break your back, Papa Boss. Stop talking like an old man,’ Neoma complained to her father. ‘And I can just stand on your feet while you lead the dance.’ When he glared at her, she took it back. ‘I can ask my Mochi to make me float or something to solve the problem with our huge height difference.’

The emperor let out a deep sigh. ‘What do you plan to do to Glenn during the Moon Festival?’

She flinched when she realized that her father had seen through her.

Ah, he’s really quick to catch on stuff like this.

She pouted while explaining. It was a bummer that the emperor realized her plan anyway. Well, she couldn’t outsmart him every time. ‘I just want Sir Glenn to enjoy the Moon Festival with a lovely lady. This is just my hunch but I think Sir Glenn has a crush on someone whose name starts with B and ends with E.’

‘Did you ask Glenn and Princess Brigitte if they want to spend time together?’

She gasped in surprise. ‘Papa Boss, how did you know that I was referring to Princess Brigitte? The letters are supposed to be clues for the word ‘bestie’ and not her name!’

Huz Pfnf Bmll efsu vuz f tazu lofzu.

She acted like she was zipping her lips. 'I just want to help them get closer, Papa Boss.'

'It's none of our business,' he said bluntly. 'Let Glenn handle his own private affairs. If he wants to spend time with the first princess, he can just ask me to change his shift. He's not the only one qualified to stay as my personal knight.'

Ah, she didn't think of that because she was being a busybody.

'Wouldn't the first princess appreciate it more if Glenn asked her out on his own and not because a nosy little princess set them up?'

Tsk, her Papa Boss was right.

This is why I can't be bored.

'Fine. Operation: Play Cupid Because I'm Bored is now Officially Suspended,' she declared, then she turned to Lewis. 'Let's just play again, Lewis.'

By 'playing,' she meant 'training,' of course.

'Stay,' Emperor Nikolai said, then he stood up. 'We have something to discuss.'

Neoma turned to her father with furrowed brows. 'About what, Papa Boss?'

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'MY OWN private army?' Neoma asked in surprise. 'As in mine and not Nero's?'

'I'll give Nero his own army once he comes back,' Emperor Nikolai said. 'Since your life is at risk while posing as your twin brother, I decided to give you your own army.'

Lewis, upon hearing that, scowled.

‘It’s not because you’re not adequate as a knight, Lewis,’ Sir Glenn said to Lewis kindly. Ah, the knight was really sharp to notice her son’s sudden mood change. ‘We just need more protection for Princess Neoma.’

Lewis just nodded, his face calmer now.

Ah, my son really respects Sir Glenn.

Anyway, right now, the four of them were having tea in the lounging area of Papa Boss’s office. This time, Sir Glenn and Lewis sat down with them because they were included in the conversation.

To be honest, she was glad to have her own private army. Of course, she doesn’t have plans to take them with her once she leaves the Royal Palace. But if she wanted to survive until Nero returns, she needed more protection.

She wasn’t dumb not to accept that offer.

‘Papa Boss, I only need five more people because I already have Lewis,’ Neoma declared, causing all the gentlemen in the room to turn to her. Gosh, just the thought of assembling her own private army was enough to make her smile. After all, she was also a very good gamer back in her second life. ‘Lewis is already a Fighter so I only need a Tank, a Marksman, a Mage, an Assassin, and a Support.’

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

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