

Royal Secret: I'm A Princess!

Volume 3: ROYAL PAIN IN THE NECK

Chapter 232 – FATHER KNOWS BEST

‘HAVE you lost your mind?’ Nikolai asked the demon boy who said Neoma was currently on the verge of Lunacy. ‘Neoma is only nine years old. Lunacy usually begins when a de Moonasterio turns thirteen years old.’

Their disease called ‘Lunacy’ was also known as the de Moonasterio’s personal ‘coming-of-age ceremony.’

[Most people call it the ‘Succession Trial’ though.]

When he experienced the full effect of Lunacy when he was the Crown Prince, his ancestors and all the sins committed by their Royal Family flooded his head until he felt like losing his mind. Fortunately, he was able to overcome it.

And during that time, Mona was beside him. He felt like he could overcome anything and everything in the world as long as she was with him back then.

[Maybe it didn’t change even now.]

Anyway...

There were cases where a de Moonasterio couldn’t suppress their Lunacy immediately and brought it with them until their adulthood. Just like what happened to his father.

The former emperor lost his mind because of their family’s disease.

[Or curse, as some may call it.]

‘I know that Princess Neoma is still too young to experience Lunacy, Your Majesty,’ Trevor, still kneeling in front of him, said. ‘But come to think of it,

isn't Princess Neoma also the vainest and the most arrogant royal princess born in the history of the Royal Family? She already acts like she has a loose screw, you know?'

He glared at the demon boy but he couldn't refute his statement.

[It's true that Neoma is vain, arrogant, and acts like she's crazy most of the time.]

But on second thought, maybe he should be relieved by that.

'Neoma's vanity and arrogance are her strong points, not her flaws,' he said positively. 'Moreover, my daughter already acts like a crazy girl. What would a little more madness do to her?'

'Well, aren't you optimistic, Your Majesty?'

Hu bplo eifzut fo ovu tuqmr gmw.

'Your Majesty, as much as I wanted to brush it off as a mere possibility, I couldn't,' Trevor said seriously. 'The warning about Princess Neoma's Lunacy didn't come from my amazing prediction skills. It was actually delivered to me by the Devil.'

'By Nichole?'

'No, the real one.'

He clenched his jaw when he heard that piece of bad news. 'That bastard is still alive?'

'Well, it's not like the Devil died,' the demon boy said. 'He's just traveling the whole continent looking for potential allies that could help him demolish the monarchy.'

'Is he traveling the whole continent or digging up the graves of remarkable people in history?'

‘What do you mean by that, Your Majesty?’

‘Don’t act dumb with me,’ he said while giving the demon boy a cold look. ‘You were the one who hinted that Juliet’s body was stolen. It was the Devil, wasn’t it? He was probably assisted by Nichole. Only my twin sister could break in through the barrier without me noticing.’

‘As I said before, I don’t know who stole the late Empress Juliet’s body from the Shrine,’ Trevor said. He didn’t want to admit this but it looked like the demon boy was telling the truth. ‘All I know is it’s not in the Shrine anymore.’

‘Jplo zuhuroiw, Numqf jfl fgiu om hmqqprahfou jaov ovu Snazao md f nmjuzdpi raru-ofaiut dmK; vu uknifarut. ‘Rploar Czusfr, ovu iflo tmhpqurout raru-ofaiut dmK ar ovu hmroaruro gudmzu qw hzfxw dfovuz npzeut ovu Saisuz Fmk Cifr, hifaqut ovfo val Fmk’l Mfzgiu jfl lomiur gw ovu Czmj frt rmo gw qw dfovuz.’

‘Why would the Crow steal the Fox’s Marble?’ the demon boy asked, confused. ‘The cult’s only purpose is to kill the royal princesses born in your family, isn’t it?’

‘Neoma believes that the Crow plans to revive Callisto de Luca.’

‘The Crow’s founder? No way. The Fox’s Marble wouldn’t be enough to revive a half-god like Callisto de Luca.’

He nodded in agreement. ‘Thus, I came up with the conclusion that the Crow has someone else that they wanted to revive.’

The demon boy fell silent for a while, then his eyes bulged. ‘The late Empress Juliet? But I thought you believe that the Devil stole Her Majesty’s body.’

‘I said the Devil and Nichole might have worked together to steal Juliet’s body under my nose. But I didn’t say that it’s still under the Devil’s care,’ he

corrected the demon. 'If my theory is correct, then I believe Juliet's body was also stolen by the Crow from the Devil. That could also be the reason why the Devil has suddenly gone missing.'

Trevor fell silent for a while. 'That's plausible. But I still don't see why the Crow would bother stealing the late empress's body.'

'The Crow wanted to revive Juliet and put her back on the throne as my empress,' he explained. 'I have a feeling that they're not satisfied with my children as my successors. After all, the Crow hates the Rosehearts the most.'

The demon boy nodded thoughtfully. 'Ah, I get it. If His Majesty's theory is correct, then the Crow is planning to revive the late Empress Juliet and force the two of you to conceive a new successor.' He fell silent for a while. 'If it's truly the Crow's plan, then it's safe to assume that the cult still has devoted supporters in the nobility.'

Tvu dfho ovfo ovu Czmj jfl loaii guare lpnmzout gw lmqu rmgju
vmluvmitl jflr'o ruj om vaq. Hu bplo hmpitr'o hfohv ovuq zut-vfrtut
guhflu ovu dfqiaul lpnmzoare ovu hpio juzu emmt fo vatare frt uzflare
ovuaz ozfhul.

'Well, I don't have any proof for now to support my theories,' he said, then he stood up. 'Thus, I need to meet the real Devil and confront him. Since you said Neoma is in danger, I'm sure the Devil will appear where my daughter is.'

To be honest, he didn't want to trust the Devil when it comes to Neoma's safety. But between the Devil and the Crow, he would rather choose the former than the latter.

'Your Majesty, please bring me with you,' the demon boy said. 'I want to make sure that Princess Neoma is safe.'

'No,' he said bluntly. 'You have to stay here and take my place.'

‘What do you mean by that, Your Majesty?’

‘You can change your form, can’t you?’ he asked the demon boy with one brow raised. ‘I’m sure you can copy my physical form and pretend to be me for a few hours.’

‘But that’s a crime enough for anyone to get beheaded, Your Majesty.’

‘Who’s going to punish you if I, the ruler of the whole empire and practically the whole continent, ordered you to do so?’ He scoffed at the demon boy.

‘Or are you trying to say that your trick only works on weak people?’

‘Your Majesty, I’m confident with my skill and I know that I can fool anyone,’ Trevor said as if he was offended when he questioned his ability.

‘But I want to see my Moon Princess.’

‘Tvfo’l ’Pzarhull Numqf’ om wmp, wmp iaooiu zpddafr,’ vu lfat louzriw.

‘Dmr’o easu qw tfpevouz f rahcrfqu fl ad wmp’zu himlu.’

‘We’re close, Your Majesty.’

He glared at the cheeky brat. ‘I’m the closest to my daughter.’

‘You’re wrong, Your Majesty,’ the annoying demon said. ‘We all know it’s Lewis Crevan.’

‘Shut up and just do what I ordered you to do,’ he said, annoyed. ‘How dare you defy the emperor’s words?’

‘With all due respect, I don’t serve you, Your Majesty,’ the demon boy said cheekily. ‘The only person I will allow to boss me around is Princess Neoma.’

‘I will allow you to call Neoma by that stupid nickname you came up with if you quietly follow my order.’

Trevor fell silent for a while, then he copied Neoma's 'infamous hand gesture' that his daughter calls 'thumbs up.' 'We have a deal, Your Majesty.' 'Very well,' Nikolai said, then he grabbed the suit draped over his chest. 'I will leave the White Tiger here to keep an eye on you.'

JASPER HAWTHORNE ozaut rmo om lvmj ao gpo vu jfl zufiw zuiausut jvur Lujal Czusfr zuopzrut gfhc om rmzqfi fdouz Pzalq nmpzut f gphcuo md jfzq jfouz mr ovu dmkgmw. Al lmmr fl ovuw zuopzrut om ovu hfqn, vu frt Pzalq juro lozfaevo om ovu gfzzfhcl om dak Lujal Czusfr.

The red fox dropped a strange green Bead in the bucket before he poured the water on the fox boy. After that, the rock that covered Lewis Crevan's body melted fast and turned into a pile of mud.

[Princess Neoma would have killed me if Lewis Crevan turned into a statue for real.]

But he was pretty sure that the royal princess would still get mad at him for the fox boy's current condition.

Lewis Crevan was still unconscious and his complexion was paler than normal. His face and his torso were also bleeding after Prism mauled him a while ago. He probably already lost too much blood.

'We should patch him up,' Jasper said, then he turned to Prism. 'I'll call the doctor.'

'Nah, I'll do it,' Prism said while moving his shoulders. Then, he turned to her. 'Master told me to send you to his office once we successfully bring Lewis Crevan to the camp.'

Ah, finally.

He had been working his butt off for a year for that moment. For the past year, he met several executives of the Death Camp. But never the so-called

'Master.' The orders that he had received from the Master so far all came in the form of a letter that would burn right away after being read.

In short, this was the first time that he would meet the Master in person.

Bpo vu tat val gulo rmo om lvmj val ukhaouquro mr val dfhu.

'Alright,' he said nonchalantly. 'Then, I'll leave Lewis Crevan to you.'

'How calm,' Prism said with a smirk, then he threw a silver key at him. 'Use that to enter the Villa.'

The 'Villa' was the Master's personal residence located near the Death Camp.

Needless to say, this would be his first time to enter the Villa.

'Thanks,' Jasper Hawthorne said, then he gripped the silver key in his hand tight. 'I'm looking forward to meeting the Master.'

Prism smirked at him. 'You won't be disappointed, Jasper Hawthorne.'

THE VILLA looked grand on the outside but it was literally empty inside. Although he had to say that the house was well-secured. It was surrounded by a pretty strong barrier. If he didn't have the silver key, the barrier might have turned into an offensive shield and attacked him.

Jasper Hawthorne went straight to the second floor where the Master's office was located. As instructed, he knocked three times before the door finally opened.

[Finally.]

'Come in,' said a deep, baritone voice from inside the office.

He calmly entered the office and quietly closed the door behind him. To be honest, he didn't expect that the room would be well-lit but it was. Thus, he easily recognized the man known as the 'Master.'

[As expected...]

'It seems like you recognize me, Jasper Hawthorne,' the 'Master' said. 'But I guess I shouldn't be surprised by the fact that you know me.'

Moss green curly hair that covered his forehead and ears, sharp olive eyes, lips that looked too reddish than normal.

The Master was covered from the neck down. He wore a turtle-neck shirt under a black suit. He also had a pair of black gloves on. The only exposed part of his skin was his face. And his cheeks were covered with blemishes.

'You're Lord Alistair Madgwick,' Jasper said carefully. 'The illegitimate son of Count David Madgwick.'

'Of course, you know me,' Alistair Madgwick said with a smile on his face. 'Your parents and my father used to be 'business partners,' after all.'

He clenched his fists when he heard that.

It was true though.

His parents were a part of the Black Market. It was embarrassing to admit but to be honest, House Hawthorne thrived because of his family's illegal activities. Worst of all, his mother and father were directly involved with slave trading.

Count David Madgwick, despite being involved in the Black Market as well, managed to get away from getting arrested by making his parents the scapegoat.

And it just didn't end there.

[Calm down,] he told himself. [You have to control your emotions.]

‘That’s true,’ he said when he calmed down. ‘But I didn’t come here to reminisce about our parents’ past. I’m here to work.’

‘Ah, that’s right,’ the Master said. ‘I’d like to express my gratitude for bringing Lewis Crevan to me, Lord Hawthorne. He is the most sought merchandise by the clients. It wasn’t easy trying to recapture him since he became the Crown Prince’s knight. But thanks to your help, we finally succeeded in capturing the wild fox.’

‘I’m just doing my job.’

‘And I ought to reward you,’ Alistair Madgwick said, then he smiled at him. ‘I know what you want, Jasper Hawthorne.’

Jasper raised a brow at the Master. ‘And what is it that I want?’

AS SOON as Neoma stepped foot in the forest where she, Juri, and Mochi landed, she already knew that something was wrong.

She could feel several eyes surrounding them.

But none of them belonged to Jasper Hawthorne. She didn’t know how she could tell. All she knew was right now, her senses had been heightened for some reason.

[Plus, my eyes are still red and glowing.]

‘Your Royal Highness, I thought we were meeting up with a ‘friend,’‘ Juri Wisteria, who obviously noticed that they were surrounded just like she did, whispered in a playful voice. ‘Did he multiply or something?’

‘I bet he did,’ Mochi, draped over her shoulder lazily, chirped in. ‘You’re really famous, Your Royal Highness.’

She smirked as a response.

‘Come out,’ Neoma said cheerfully. She was vain, arrogant, and wild. But she was never violent. However, at that moment, she felt murderous for the first time in her life. And instead of getting scared of the nature that she didn’t know she had, it actually thrilled her. ‘Come out while I’m still asking nicely, fućkers.’

And oh, it seemed like her mouth had become dirtier.

[Just what is wrong with me ?!]

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