

# Royal Secret: I'm A Princess!

## Volume 3: ROYAL PAIN IN THE NECK

### Chapter 239 - COUNTDOWN TO BREAKING DOWN

FROM THE corner of Nikolai's eye, he saw Nichole and the strange humanoid cat approach him. 'Nichole, don't interfere,' he warned his twin sister. 'Don't make me kill you again and again.'

Nichole gave him a cold look. 'Who said I'd let you kill me this time?'

While he was talking to his twin sister, the sneaky humanoid cat tried to attack him.

But of course, now that his divine energy was literally overflowing from his body, the cat didn't even get the chance to get to his personal space. As soon as the foolish demon cat touched the unseen divine barrier made out of his pure energy, his body literally melted.

Of course, the cat screamed in pain as his body began to disintegrate.

[Fool. Do you think a demon like you could touch the most divine body in the whole continent?]

'Gin!' his twin sister yelled, then she ran towards the cat.

Then, Nichole grabbed the body of the humanoid cat. Then, she used her Mana to create a Dome. But it was different from Neoma's Dome that was made with divine energy.

He almost didn't recognize his twin sister's Mana. After all, it had barely divine energy in it. But it wasn't like he didn't know that. He hasn't forgotten that he had absorbed Nichole's divine energy in the past.

That was supposed to have killed his twin sister.

But looking at her dark Mana now, he could tell that the Devil gave Nichole a strange Mana that might have been the source of his twin sister's new life force.

Orhu fefar, val vufzo jfl vufsw jaov epaio dmz jvfo vfnnurut om ovu Pzarhull Rmwfiu.

[Nichole, our bodies as a de Moonasterio are only supposed to receive and accept divine energy. How did you force your body to accept the Devil's Mana? It must have hurt a lot.]

He wasn't the only one who noticed that.

Saint Dominic Zavaroni, who was standing a few meters away from his twin sister, had a pained look on his face. Then, His Holiness tried to approach Nichole.

'Your Holiness,' he said sternly, his tone reminding the saint of his position. At the end of the day, Nichole was on the side of the Devil now. And the Devil was an enemy to both the empire and the temple. 'I'll deal with Gavin and Nichole,' he said. 'Go and protect Neoma. I will follow you soon.'

[I'm really sorry, Neoma. I know that you're in danger. But I want to know what happened to Mona first...]

Maybe his lover was right all along.

[Perhaps, I really love you more than I love our children, Mona.]

He knew that Neoma and Nero would hate him for that admission.

It wasn't like he didn't care about his children. After the 'curse' that Mona put on her was broken by Neoma and Nero, he began to genuinely love his kids.

Bpo ao bplo vfnnurut ovfo Mmrf loaii mhhpnaut ovu gaeulo nmzoamr md val vufzo.

[Forgive me for these feelings of mine, Mona.]

‘Your Holiness,’ he said, his voice a little louder this time. ‘Have you not received my order?’

Valmento, also known as the Holy Land, was an independent state on the surface.

But the saint, which was the head of that small country, still heeded to the emperor’s call. After all, the de Moonasterios had the blood of Yule. And Yule was the god that the Astello Church and its devotees worshipped.

Thus, Saint Zavaroni must follow his order.

But then again, he knew how the saint felt about his twin sister.

[If my love for Mona borders obsession, then Saint Zavaroni’s love for Nichole is like his love for his religion.]

Saint Zavaroni, who seemed to have come back to his senses, nodded. ‘As you wish, Your Majesty,’ he said, but his eyes still lingered on Nichole. ‘I will protect Princess Neoma so please leave quietly, Princess Nichole.’

When his twin sister ignored the saint, His Holiness got the message.

Sfaro Zfsfzmra gmjut val vuft om Nahvmiu, ovur vu talfnnufzut ar f gfz md laisuz frt gipu-alv nauhul md iaevol ovfo urepidut val gmtw.

‘Princess Nichole, please protect Neoma,’ Gavin said to Nichole in a desperate voice. ‘Don’t forget our goal.’

‘I know, Lord Quinzel,’ Nichole said firmly, then she carried the unconscious and heavily injured black cat in her arms as she stood up. This time, when he said ‘cat,’ he meant it literally. The humanoid cat now had the appearance of an ordinary black cat. ‘I’ll leave Nikolai to you.’

‘Don’t go to Neoma,’ he said to his twin sister. ‘Curtis Smit is there.’

Gavin looked shocked at what he heard.

But of course, it was Nichole who looked shocked the most.

After all, it was Curtis Smit who abducted his twin sister in the past.

He thought it was enough to stop Nichole from going to where Neoma was. But much to his surprise, the shock on his twin sister's face was suddenly replaced with determination.

'All the more reason for me to go and save Neoma myself,' Nichole said firmly, her ash-gray eyes turned glowing red. 'Do you think I would grab the Devil's hand if I wanted to die without getting my revenge on those bastards, Brother?'

He didn't miss the sarcasm in his twin sister's voice when she called him 'Brother.'

Moreover, he also didn't miss the anger and the bitterness in her voice.

'You barely cared for me in the past after you became the Crown Prince, so don't act as if you care about me now,' his twin sister said bitterly.

He clenched his hands tight. 'Fine, I won't stop you from helping His Holiness save Neoma. But you won't be taking my daughter away from me.'

'That's not for you to decide, Nikolai,' Nichole said, then her gaze went past him and smiled. 'See you later, Lord Quinzel.'

After saying that, his twin sister was engulfed in a black light that swallowed her until she disappeared with the black cat.

[Be safe, Nichole.]

He pulled Calypso, his Holy Sword, out of the sheathe attached to his hip when he felt Gavin's bloodlust.

Yes, the traitor managed to break free while he was speaking with Nichole earlier.

As soon as he raised his sword to protect himself, Calypso's blade clashed with the blade of the sword that Gavin used to attack him.

He pushed the bastard away using the burst of his Mana that sent the traitor flying.

Of course, Gavin managed to get his balance in the air and land gracefully on the ground. 'Your swordsmanship improved a lot, Your Majesty,' he said with a smile that looked genuinely. 'As your sword instructor in the past, I'm proud of myself for turning a novice like you into a decent swordsman.'

He hated the former commander's arrogance but it wasn't like he could refute his claim.

'A weapon is only secondary to a de Moonasterio,' he said, trying to soothe his hurt ego. 'We fight using our Soul Beasts.'

Gavin laughed, then he threw his sword away. Then, he stomped his right foot on the ground. 'Come out, Blackwell.'

His jaw clenched when a roaring Shadow Dragon came out of Gavin's shadow.

[Ah, it's really Gavin. Only he could summon the Shadow Beasts. Hanna Quinzel has the right to summon those beasts, but what could the young lady do against her uncle— the genius of House Quinzel ?]

But still...

'Your Shadow Dragon looks pathetic,' he said while looking up at Blackwell— Gavin's main Shadow Beast. But it wasn't as big and as strong as he remembered it. 'This is what a real dragon looks like, Gavin.' He opened his hands while gathering his divine energy. 'Come out, East.'

East was the name of his Azure Dragon.

The divine beast, glowing in bright blue light, emerged from the portal that opened above his head. Just like Blackwell, East came out roaring and ready to fight.

Od hmpzlu, val gipu tzfemr jfl gaeuz frt lozmreuz ovfr ovu Svftmj Dzfemr.

It didn't stop Gavin's Shadow Beast to attack his Soul Beast though. In just a few seconds, the two dragons were already killing each other in the sky by breathing Mana waves at each other.

'You're just like your Shadow Beast, Gavin,' he said while shaking his head. 'It doesn't know its place.'

'You're the one who doesn't know his place, Your Majesty,' Gavin said, more seriously this time. 'I can't tell you if Lady Roseheart is still alive or not because I also don't know what exactly happened to her.'

'Do you think I will believe you?'

'I'm not trying to convince you to believe me,' the former commander said nonchalantly. 'My priority right now is to save Neoma. So let's finish this fight as soon as possible, Your Majesty.'

'Why are you so obsessed with my daughter?'

The traitor fell silent for a while that he thought he would refuse to answer his question again. But much to his shock, he opened his mouth to speak.

But he didn't like what he heard.

'Your Majesty, I'll tell you something that you ought to know,' Gavin said seriously. 'I'm Neoma's 'appa.'

Of course, he was angry to hear that kind of bullshit from Gavin.

But the word that Gavin uttered was familiar to him. It was the word that Neoma would often mumble in her sleep. He thought his daughter was just speaking gibberish.

But how come the traitor seemed to know that strange word?

‘I heard that word before,’ he said carefully. He hated to ask Gavin of all people, but he had to. ‘What does ‘appa’ mean?’

‘It means ‘father,’ Gavin said with a smug look on his face. ‘Did you, perhaps, hear that word from Neoma, Your Majesty?’

Nikolai’s body froze.

For the first time since he lost Mona, he felt the fear of losing someone precious again.

[Is Neoma referring to Gavin every time she says ‘appa’ in her sleep?]

But how did that happen...?

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NEOMA was impressed when she returned to Jenó Dankworth’s side.

The cloud dude defeated Alistair Madgwick, as expected. And Greko, who was now awake, was sitting on a bed made of clouds. The child, and even Aurora (the pink mantis seated on the kid’s palm), looked relieved upon seeing her and Juri Wisteria safe.

[He succeeded in the two tasks that I assigned to him.]

But...

‘Is he still alive?’ Neoma asked while looking at the literally bloody Alistair Madgwick. The bastard was unconscious on the ground. His arms and legs were tied by ropes made of clouds. ‘I see so many holes in his body, Jenó Dankworth.’

‘Alistair Madgwick is still alive, Your Royal Highness,’ Jeno Dankworth said, then he paused before speaking awkwardly. ‘Uhm, I just don’t know how long he’ll still live because he already lost too much blood...’

Juri Wisteria clicked her tongue at the young lord. ‘Are you stupid or what?’

The young lord glared at her daughter.

‘Stop fighting,’ she scolded Juri and Jeno who both quickly bowed to her. After the two calmed down, she turned to Juri. ‘Can you heal Alistair Madgwick, Juri? He can’t die yet since we still need to interrogate him.’

‘We need to find the right pieces of equipment for blood transfusion, Your Royal Highness,’ Juri said. ‘I don’t have the ability to do it using magic alone.’

‘You were probably asleep when it was taught in your class,’ Jeno, who obviously knew that Juri was kicked out of the Royal Tower, ‘whispered’ to himself. ‘Barbarian.’

Juri ‘smiled’ and ‘whispered’ back to Jeno with clenched teeth. ‘I’ll smash your face later, brat.’

‘Let’s see if your sledgehammer can smash clouds.’

‘Don’t provoke me.’

She could only sigh and shake her head while listening to Juri and Jeno bicker.

[I’m probably the only nine-year-old baby girl in the world who raises hot-headed teenagers as her ‘children.’]

Ah, yes.

Jeno Dankworth was starting to grow on her.

‘Y-Your Royal Highness...’



She immediately turned to Greko.

[Ah, Auro must have told him that I'm 'Prince Nero,' just like how I introduced myself to her earlier.]

She smiled at the poor child. 'What is it, Greko?'

'C-Can I heal Master Alistair?'

That surprised her. 'You're a Healer?'

The child nodded shyly. 'I can give my b-blood to Master Alistair without any equipment. And my blood is compatible to any type.'

'I need Alistair Madgwick alive so I won't refuse your offer,' she said gently. 'But Greko, I want you to be honest with me. Can you heal that basta- I mean, that bad guy in your current condition? You were heavily injured earlier. I don't want you to push yourself too hard.'

Greko's face turned red as if he was touched by her concern. But suddenly, he gasped and turned serious. 'Your Royal Highness, you're here to save Sir Crevan and Lord Hawthorne, aren't you? If that's the case, you must hurry. Once Madam Giselle Averno gets a hold of them...'

Okay, the way the child stopped talking and sobbed made her worry.

She could also see the fear in Greko's face. To be honest, she didn't want the child to say anything else if it triggered his trauma.

But she had to know what kind of person that 'madam' was.

'Who is Madam Giselle Averno, Greko?' she asked carefully. [I haven't heard that name in my first life...]

'Madam Giselle Averno is one of the VIPs of Death Camp who often buys young and pretty children from Master Alistair,' Greko said in a cracked

voice, then he covered his face with his hands when he began crying harder.  
'She s-sexually àssaults children that she buys...'

Juri and Jen0 both gasped softly.

Neoma, on the other hand, felt her whole body burn literally. She was shocked, angry, and scared that she didn't know how to handle her raging emotions all at once.

Something snapped inside her once again.

And this time, she wasn't the only one who lost it.

[Summon me by my real name, thug princess,] Tteokbokki, who sounded different and more 'mature' than usual, urged her in her mind. She could tell that something was wrong with her Soul Beast. But she couldn't point it out because something was definitely wrong with her as well. [Let's burn down this tower to ashes!]

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

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