

# Royal Secret: I'm A Princess!

## Volume 3: ROYAL PAIN IN THE NECK

### Chapter 240 - GOD OF WRATH

NEOMA closed her eyes and clutched her head when she felt like her skull was breaking into two.

That damned Tteokbokki was laughing like a lunatic inside her mind. Plus, she felt like her Spirit form was starting to fade. It seemed like her soul was being pulled back by her physical body because of her noisy Soul Beast.

‘Your Royal Highness?’ Soju, Juri Wisteria, and Jeno Dankworth asked worriedly at the same time.

‘It seems like it’s time for me to return to my physical body,’ Neoma said, then she opened her eyes to look at her children one by one. ‘Juri, Jeno, Soju, and Greko. You’re going to be a team temporarily.’

Her children looked surprised by what she said but no one complained.

‘Juri, since you’re the oldest in the team, you’ll be the temporary captain,’ she said seriously. Juri Wisteria had a nasty temper but once other people’s lives were in her hands, she knew that her daughter would become responsible and dependable— just like how Juri calmed her down when she was about to lose it. ‘I don’t want to pressure you but I need to remind you that you’re now responsible for the lives of your ‘siblings.’“

‘I’m good at working under pressure, Your Royal Highness,’ Juri said seriously. ‘I will lead and protect this team in your place, Rara.’

She gave her daughter a thumbs up. Then, she turned to Greko. ‘My little pork bun, can you guide Juri and Jeno to the Death Camp after you heal

Alistair Madgwick? Since you've been to Death Camp, can I assume that you know where it is located?'

Greko nodded with a determined look on his face. 'I know where the Death Camp is hidden. But I don't know how to enter the camp since I've only been there when my master brought me with him.'

'Don't worry about that,' she said with a smile. 'Your big sister Juri can break through any walls and barriers. I believe in her, so please put your faith on your sister.'

Juri blushed, and it seemed like her daughter was happy with her praise.

Greko, seeing the amount of trust that I have in Juri, smiled and nodded. 'I trust you so I will put my faith in Sister Juri.'

'Very good,' she said to the child, then she turned to Jenno who looked excited while waiting for her order. The cloud dude's face was shining. Was he that desperate to be useful to her? Well, whatever. 'Jenno, follow Juri and Greko but stay hidden. And don't follow them inside the camp. You'll serve as their backup. If Juri and Greko get into a dangerous situation, go and save them.'

Jenno bowed politely. 'I received your order, Your Royal Highness.'

She nodded, then she looked at her children one by one again as she gave her final instructions. 'I have a feeling that my physical body has already been brought to the camp. After all, I know that Curtis Smit wouldn't be able to move my Dome somewhere far. I bet he's trying to break my Dome as we speak.'

Plus, Mochi told her that her Spirit form couldn't and wouldn't be able to go far away from her physical body.

Thus, she could tell that the Dome was in the camp.

‘Leave a secret message for the Paladins that are probably on their way here,’ Neoma said, hoping that her hunch was correct and Papa Boss really did send his Paladins as a backup. After all, she sent Mochi to fetch Geoffrey and make the Paladin report to her father. ‘And lastly, don’t die. Come back to me alive, okay?’

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‘LET’S burn everything— everything!’

Neoma crossed her arms over her chest while looking at a strange child with red hair, green eyes, and tanned skin dancing like a lunatic. The boy was probably around her age, but he was wearing a strange white and gold robe that seemed to have come from ancient times.

[Is that Tteokbokki?]

After her Spirit form vanished, she found herself inside the same ‘room’ where she first met Tteokbokki as a child. It was the empty room that seemed to be floating in space. She was pretty sure that she was in the dimension of her Soul Beast.

But instead of her tsundere red dragon, she found a weird boy dancing and laughing.

[His voice is different from Tteokbokki’s ‘mature’ voice since this one talks like a child. Plus, Tteokbokki isn’t this cheerful. And yet, their ‘vibes’ are the same.]

Yep, this was Tteokbokki in his human form.

[Probably.]

She was a little surprised to see that her Soul Beast had a human form because her Papa Boss didn’t tell her about it. And during her first life, she

didn't get the chance to summon her Soul Beast. To simply say, this was new to her.

But she got over her shock pretty quickly.

[I mean, the fact that a red dragon lives in my soul is already strange enough. I've already accepted the reality that I can't have a normal life as long as I'm this awesome.]

Plus, Tteokbokki's face wasn't bad.

She didn't want to admit this but her Soul Beast looked pretty good as a human, huh?

Neoma cleared her throat, making the strange child stop laughing and dancing. 'Are you done with your little victory dance, Tteokbokki?'

Tteokbokki looked at her as if he couldn't recognize her. Then, he gasped and snapped his fingers. 'Ah, you're the de Moonasterio that I own!'

She raised a brow at that. 'Who owns whom?'

'You finally did it!' Tteokbokki, who obviously didn't listen to her, ran towards her. Then, much to her shock, he grabbed her hands and squeezed them. 'Your soul finally resonated with mine! I, the God of Wrath, have finally returned to my original form!' He paused, then he scowled. 'Well, I'm in a child form since you're still a child. But humans like you grow fast anyway so I bet—'

'Tteokbokki, you can stop talking now.'

He looked shocked by what she said, then her face turned red.

[It seems like not only his appearance has turned into a child. He's been acting like one since I've arrived. For some reason, I don't like this Tteokbokki.]

‘How dare you talk to me that way?’ Tteokbokki said in an angry voice.

‘Don’t you know who I am?’

‘I know you,’ she said bluntly. ‘You’re my red unicorn, my ketchup-colored donkey, my Tteokbokki.’

Again, her weird Soul Beast looked shocked.

This time, it was her who squeezed his hands while glaring at him with glowing red eyes. ‘How about you?’ she asked in a threatening voice.

‘Have you forgotten who I am?’

‘You’re Neoma de Moonasterio,’ he said bluntly. ‘My new puppet.’

‘I’m not your puppet.’

All of a sudden, the air around her Soul Beast changed.

Tteokbokki also suddenly turned serious and calm. It was as if the ‘child’ that she met a while ago was completely taken over by a salty, jaded grown man. Then, his bright green eyes turned glowing red.

She gasped softly.

[Papa Boss said that gods have red eyes. When this weird Tteokbokki said he’s the ‘God of Wrath’ or something, did he mean it literally?]

‘You’re my puppet, Neoma de Moonasterio,’ Tteokbokki said in a deep, manly voice that didn’t suit his child appearance. ‘You will do as I say.’

She was shocked when all of a sudden, the two of them were engulfed in red flame.

But she wasn’t burned. She couldn’t even feel its heat. After all, Tteokbokki’s flame was warm and gentle to her skin.

Well, except when they were training.

‘Now, succumb to me,’ Tteokbokki said, the glow of his red eyes turned brighter as the flame embracing them grew bigger. ‘Call me by my real name, Neoma de Moonasterio.’

Av, zaevo.

Papa Boss once told her and Nero that in order to completely tame their Soul Beasts, they had to resonate their souls with them. If they succeeded, they would learn the real name of their Soul Beasts— the name that Yule apparently gave to the Soul Beasts.

And at the moment, she could see floating red letters above Tteokbokki’s head.

‘C-R-I-M-S-O-N.’

Was that Tteokbokki’s ‘real name’?

She scowled at that. ‘Gosh, Lord Yule has a terrible naming sense.’

But what could she expect from the god who named her father’s Soul Beasts North, East, West, and South?

She should have expected that Lord Yule would give her Soul Beast an ugly name as well.

‘What are you doing?’ Tteokbokki asked in an impatient voice. ‘Call my real name now, Neoma de Moonasterio.’

She hated that a strong force seemed to have manipulated her to turn to her Soul Beast.

[Il vu plare qart qfranpifoamr mr qu?]

‘Fine, I will call you by your real name now,’ she said in an irritated voice.

All of a sudden, her arrogant Soul Beast looked smug and satisfied.

[Heh.]

‘Your real name is...’ Neoma smirked before she spoke again. ‘Tteokbokki–  
T-t-e-o-k-b-o-k-ki.’

Tteokbokki looked shocked by her ‘betrayal.’ ‘You little traitor– ah!’

The Soul Beast wasn’t able to finish his complaint because she gave him a little ‘wake-up call’ in the form of a hard headbutt– and she hoped that it would bring him back to reality somehow.

For someone who claimed to be a god, it was quite funny to see him yell while scratching his injured forehead with his palm as if doing so would take the pain away. But it seemed like her headbutt was strong enough to ‘exorcise’ whoever it was that ‘possessed’ her Soul Beast.

[God of Wrath, my face. Tteokbokki is Tteokbokki. He’s a unicorn, not a god.]

Technically, her Soul Beast was a red dragon.

[But whatever.]

‘Are you awake now, Tteokbokki?’ Neoma asked, all the flame that Tteokbokki summoned earlier gathering in her body. ‘Who am I again?’

Tteokbokki, who seemed to have come back to his senses and on the verge of crying, glared at her. But it wasn’t convincing since he looked like a crybaby at the moment. ‘You’re my thug princess.’

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NEOMA, now sitting on a plain white box that god knows where Tteokbokki got from, raised her head while looking at her Soul Beast who was currently kneeling down before her. ‘Why are you still in your chibi form?’ she asked. ‘Can’t you return in your original unicorn form?’

Tteokbokki raised his head to glare at her. ‘Thug princess, I’m a Red Dragon.’

‘Ah, right. My bad,’ she said while nodding her head. ‘So, what’s happening to us? Why did you transform into a child?’

‘Because you were angry.’

‘Huh?’

‘Your anger awakened the real me,’ he explained seriously. ‘I told you— I’m the God of Wrath.’

He looked too serious to be spouting nonsense.

She clicked her tongue when she realized something. [Is that the reason why I have a nasty temper?]

‘Thug princess, why don’t you seize this moment?’ her Soul Beast asked seriously. ‘You already saw my real name. If you call me by my name, you will be able to borrow my strength as a god.’

‘No, I refuse.’

‘Thug princess, this isn’t the time to be prideful—’

‘This isn’t about my pride,’ she denied gently. ‘Even if I’m like this, I genuinely care for you, Tteokbokki. I saw how unstable you were earlier. I don’t think our souls have resonated properly. If I call you by your real name, there’s a huge possibility that we’d both lose our minds. I don’t want that to happen.’

Her Soul Beast looked shocked by what she said.

Then, much to her surprise, he covered his face with his arm when his cheeks turned red.

[What’s wrong with this dude?]

‘Stop it, thug princess!’ Tteokbokki complained. Then, much to her shock, she heard a ‘pop’ before her Soul Beast was engulfed in a white, thick



smoke that looked like clouds. When it vanished, she was greeted by Tteokbokki in his baby red dragon form. ‘Being sappy doesn’t suit us— let’s wreck havoc without losing our mind, shall we?’

Neoma smiled, glad that her Tteokbokki finally returned to normal. ‘Let’s burn some crows to ashes, my little ketchup-colored donkey.’

‘I’m a unicorn— no, I’m a Red Dragon, dammit!’

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

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