

Royal Secret: I'm A Princess!

Volume 3: ROYAL PAIN IN THE NECK

Chapter 249 - BETRAYING GOD

NIKOLAI clicked his tongue when he saw Raven soaring in the night sky.

It was a Black Phoenix, and it was Nichole's Soul Beast. The fact that his twin sister summoned Raven wasn't unusual. But the fact that the Soul Beast was out of control made him worry.

[If Raven is acting that way, then that means Nichole is currently unstable.]

And it wasn't only his twin sister that was unstable.

After Raven soared in the sky, another explosion lit up the sky. This time, Neoma's Red Dragon emerged while breathing fire at something or someone below. By the looks of it, he could tell that his daughter was also out of control.

[Neoma...]

'Your Majesty, I'm sorry but I need to go ahead,' Trevor said and when he turned to him, the demon boy's body had already turned translucent.

'Princess Neoma needs me right now.'

'Don't be too arrogant, demon boy,' Nikolai warned Trevor. 'Neoma doesn't need a demon like you.'

Trevor just smirked, then he disappeared completely.

[Tsk.]

He glared at the former Emperor Arche de Moonasterio who finally landed on his feet. It was a good thing since he didn't like looking up at his ancestor. He was used to looking down at other people and not the other way around.

‘Even if you glare at me, I still won’t let you pass through the barrier I created,’ Arche de Moonasterio said, then he crossed his arms over his chest. ‘Your presence isn’t needed here, Nikolai de Moonasterio. Trevor is more than enough to protect Princess Neoma.’

‘And who are you to decide that?’ he asked, annoyed that his ancestor deemed Trevor to be worthy of his daughter. ‘I’m Neoma’s father.’

‘Just because a man’s sperm helped conceive a child doesn’t make him a father,’ his ancestor reminded him sternly. ‘Your part as one of the children’s parents doesn’t end in donating your sperm to conceive them, Nikolai de Moonasterio.’

He clenched his hands tight until his nails dug deep into his skin.

‘Of course, I’ve heard that your relationship with Princess Neoma and Prince Nero has improved recently,’ the previous emperor said. ‘But do you really think that you finally earned the right to be called their father? Especially by Princess Neoma that you’ve neglected for long.’

‘I don’t think you have the right to lecture me about being a father,’ he scoffed at his ancestor. ‘Didn’t your ten-year-old son lead the coup that ousted you?’

Yeah, the previous emperor was that incompetent to be overthrown by a child.

His ancestor just ignored his taunting. ‘You’re still not going through me, my poor descendant.’

‘I don’t need your permission,’ Nikolai snapped while pulling his sword, Calypso, out of the sheath. ‘I’ll break the barrier and get through, Arche de Moonasterio.’

Arche de Moonasterio confidently opened his arms. ‘Be my guest, Nikolai de Moonasterio.’

IT WAS one beast per month.

Nichole, no matter how much she tried to forget, could still remember the ten long months of suffering in the hands of the Crow. Specifically, in the hands of Curtis Smit. That bastard was the one in charge of breeding her with different 'rare' beasts.

Apparently, the wòmb of a female de Moonasterio was the only wòmb in the world that could give life to the children of ancient beasts. She found out back then that the cult had been collecting beasts, both old and new, for the purpose of creating half beast-half human experiments.

Curtis Smit would forcefully insert frozen spèrms of various beasts inside her body.

Instead of nine months like a normal pregnant woman, she would carry the 'child' in her wòmb for only nineteen days. Of course, every time she would get pregnant, she would do everything in her remaining power to kill the beast that she was carrying. She even tried killing herself every chance that she would get.

Unfortunately, Curtis Smit and his despicable team would always revive her and save the 'children' in her wòmb.

She went through that horror for ten awful months before getting rescued by the former Commander Gavin Quinzel and the other Paladins. But to be honest, during that time, she just wished she'd die.

Why would she want to live after giving birth to abominations every month that she was held captive by the cult?

But maybe she had one reason to live even if it meant grabbing the Devil's hand...

'Nichole...'

Nichole turned to her side, the fury in her chest lessened as soon as she saw Dominic Zavaroni crying silently. She didn't have to ask. It was obvious that those tears were for her. In the whole empire, the only thing that she wouldn't doubt was Dominic's feelings. 'It's not that I didn't want you to know what really happened to me, Dominic,' she said softly, a lump forming in her throat. 'They forbid me from telling you. Every single day after I was rescued, they never failed to remind me that I was filthy for giving birth to abominations created by the cult.' Her voice cracked as her tears silently fall. 'They made me feel like it was my fault that it happened to me, Dominic. I didn't want to believe them because I know that it wasn't my fault. But I was alone during that time. Eventually, hearing the same words over and over again was enough to break my spirit. I believed them until I didn't have the courage to face you anymore.'

Dominic closed his eyes, his tears falling like silent waterfalls on his face. 'I'm sorry I wasn't there for you back then, Nichole.'

She shook her head. 'If there's one person that I wouldn't blame for anything that happened to me, it would only be you, Dominic.'

The saint wasn't present from the time that she was abducted by the cult.

Unfortunately, it happened when Dominic entered a deep slumber to receive Yule's Divine Power. The saint woke up three months after she was rescued. During that time, the people in the palace who knew what happened to her were already bribed and ordered to keep their mouths shut. Moreover, nobody spoke of her abuse.

And worst of all, her spirit was too broken back then to speak of what happened to her.

Thus, Dominic only found out the truth tonight.

To be honest, she didn't want him to know not because she was afraid of what he might think of her. She didn't want him to know because she didn't want him to blame himself like what he was doing now.

'Nichole,' he said her name as soft and as gentle as ever, then he opened his eyes to look at her straight in the eye. Ah, his light blue eyes were currently ablaze with fury. 'Who are they? Who are those people who hurt you with such cruel words?'

'The Royal Family,' she said with a bitter smile on her face. She had kept her pain hidden from Dominic for far too long. Now that he knew the truth, she wanted him to hear everything straight from her mouth this time. 'The Royal Family and the doctor that I used to trust.'

She wasn't sure if Nikolai knew.

Maybe her twin brother knew but didn't care enough to comfort her during that time. At this point, it didn't matter anymore whether Nikolai knew or not.

Because in the end, her twin brother didn't do anything for her.

'I have done nothing for you in the past, Nichole,' Dominic said in a voice filled with anger. 'If I had known the truth earlier, if I had found out that you were alive all this time...'

'What?' she challenged, her heart beating fast and hard against her chest. 'What could the only saint of the continent do for the woman who's now used by the Devil as his extension, Dominic?'

He smiled sadly at her, then he began to walk towards her slowly and carefully. 'I would have turned my back on my religion earlier.'

She gasped when she heard that. 'Dominic!'

He stood in front of her, his glowing light blue eyes fixed on her face. 'I could no longer serve the god that allowed the only woman I loved to go through that pain—'

She covered his mouth with her hands. 'Stop. You're speaking blasphemy, Dominic,' she reminded him sternly. 'Don't ruin your life for me. Even if you betray Yule now, my past wouldn't change.'

He gently peeled her hand off of his mouth, then he gently held it in his warm and big hands. 'I don't care about your past, Nichole,' he said softly. 'And this time, I won't let you go.'

'What do you mean by that, Dominic?'

'Please take me with you,' he pleaded, then he put her hand on his cheek while looking at her with begging eyes. 'I'll follow you even to hell, Nichole.'

To say that she was shocked to hear that would be an understatement.

After all, Dominic had turned her down in the past because he chose his religion over her. He chose to serve Yule instead of being her man. Thus, she had never expected this development.

'Dominic, are you saying that you're going to betray your god for me?' she asked in a cracked voice. This time, she couldn't help but sob hard. 'If you betray Yule, you'd become the worst enemy of the empire as well.'

'I should have betrayed the empire as soon as I lost you,' he said in a cracked voice. 'All my life, I've served my god and the empire the best way I could. But what did they do for me?' He gently caressed her face with his other hand. 'They ruined you.'

She almost choked on her tears.

Should she really allow Dominic to ruin his life just for her?

The reason why she didn't let him know that she was alive was because she wanted to protect his peace. When she allowed the darkness to swallow her, she knew that she no longer had the right to stand beside Dominic. After all, a saint like him belonged to the light.

[I can't be selfish...]

She tried to pull her hand away from Dominic's face, but he didn't let her shake him off.

Then, without breaking their eye contact, he raised his free hand and created a divine ball of energy. It was big and strong enough to instantly kill the two winged creatures that claimed to be her 'children.'

As soon as those abominations turned into nothing but dust, Dominic coughed blood.

She could only cry harder because the fact that he killed 'innocent' beings could no longer be undone. Worst of all, killing beings without a 'valid' reason was considered a betrayal of his vow as a saint.

In short, by doing that, Dominic already betrayed Yule.

Since he was the saint, betraying the Moon God would surely come with a great price. The fact that Dominic coughed blood just now was enough to let her know that his life was now in danger after his betrayal.

But there wasn't an ounce of regret on his face.

[This fool...]

'Now I have nowhere to go,' Dominic said in an obviously fake sad voice. Despite what he said, he was still smiling. And he looked so happy with the freedom that he created himself. 'Nichole, let me be damned with you.'

Ah, she thought she was already strong enough to be alone.

[But maybe being strong doesn't mean I won't get lonely anymore. Maybe craving for someone else's touch isn't a sign of weakness. Maybe, just maybe, I'm allowed to be happy despite the things that I have done to survive.]

Nichole laughed softly while crying, then she buried her face against his chest. Ah, why was she hesitating in the first place? She needed Dominic, and she didn't want to be alone anymore. 'To hell with everyone.'

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