

Royal Secret: I'm A Princess!

Volume 3: ROYAL PAIN IN THE NECK

Chapter 250 - I'LL GIVE YOU HELL

‘RUFUS, let’s stop now.’

Rufus, lying on the ground while bleeding, could only glare at Gavin Quinzel— his supposed to be dead older brother. ‘You’re saying that after you broke my legs and created a hole in my stomach?’

His older brother also ‘folded’ his shadow so he couldn’t use it to fight anymore. Worst of all, he no longer had the energy and the Mana to summon his Shadow Beasts. This may sound like an excuse but he lost because he let his guard down at the beginning of the fight.

As foolish as it was, he didn’t use his full power when the fight started because he hesitated to fight Gavin. And that was his biggest mistake. Although his older brother wasn’t as strong as he used to be, he was still the former commander of the White Lion Knights.

[That means Brother Gavin overwhelmed me with his battle experience.]

‘I didn’t hit your vital organs and I’m sure you can stop the bleeding using the technique of our family. You won’t die, Rufus,’ Gavin, squatting down beside him while looking at him with a worried look on his face, assured him. ‘But I admit that I feel bad for breaking your legs. Still, I needed to do that to stop you from chasing me.’ His older brother gently patted his head. ‘I’m sorry for hurting you, baby brother.’

‘I’m no longer a ‘baby,’‘ he complained. ‘And you’re just a few years older than me.’

‘It doesn’t matter. Even if you turn a century old, you’d still be my baby brother.’

Hu bplo zmiut val uwul fo jvfo val mituz gzmovuz lfat.

[No, I can’t be swayed.]

‘Brother Gavin, have you lost your mind?’ he asked in frustration. ‘Why are you fighting His Majesty? I didn’t believe the rumors about you and Lady Roseheart in the past. But now, I’m starting to believe it. Did you really fall for Lady Roseheart?’

‘What if I did?’

‘Then I pity you.’

‘Why would you pity me?’

‘Because I know for a fact that Lady Roseheart didn’t love you romantically,’ he said bluntly. ‘And even if she did, I’m sure she wasn’t able to love you as much as she loved His Majesty.’

‘Rufus, don’t make me break your arms,’ his older brother warned lightly. ‘Even though I’m fond of you, I wouldn’t let you insult me. I didn’t raise you to be a rude bastard.’

‘Even if you break all the bones in my body, my words still stand true,’ he insisted. ‘Brother, what happened to you? Why are you fighting His Majesty for Princess Neoma?’

‘Neoma is my daughter, Rufus.’

‘Her Royal Highness isn’t your daughter, Brother,’ he said sternly. Now he couldn’t help but wonder if his older brother lost his mind in exchange of coming back to life. Was Gavin being manipulated? ‘Princess Neoma has all the physical traits unique to the de Moonasterios. Moreover, her divine energy alone is already an irrefutable proof of her identity.’

‘Rufus, you already have a wife and a daughter and yet, you remain naïve,’ his older brother said while shaking his head. ‘But I understand. You don’t understand my point because I’m not telling you anything. Maybe that’s for the best.’

‘Brother—’

He stopped talking when all of a sudden, a powerful yet out of control Black Phoenix soared in the sky angrily.

[Ah, that’s Princess Nichole’s Soul Beast.]

The sky was once disturbed when the emergence of the Black Phoenix was followed by the appearance of the Red Dragon. All of a sudden, the night sky was lit up when the dragon breathed fire. Just like the Black Phoenix, the Red Dragon was also out of control.

[That Red Dragon is Princess Neoma’s Soul Beast...]

Now he was very worried about Her Royal Highness.

‘I need to go now, Rufus.’

‘Brother—’

‘I will not ruin your daughter’s future,’ his older brother said. ‘You’re now the head of the family, and your daughter is the current successor of House Quinzal. My niece deserves to inherit the Unholy Shadow Beasts. Thus, I won’t summon them anymore.’

‘How can you fight His Majesty without the Four Unholy Beasts, Brother?’

‘You don’t have to worry about that, Rufus,’ he said while gently patting his head. ‘I’m a Swordmaster first before a Shadow Master.’

‘Why don’t you just return to our family, Brother?’ he begged. ‘I’ll beg His Majesty if I have to. Just don’t do this.’

‘Rufus, are you going to side with His Majesty even if you already know that I’m alive?’

‘Brother, I almost lost my daughter,’ he said softly, his chest heavy because of the things that he was about to say to his older brother. ‘I don’t want to experience that again. So even if it breaks my heart to turn my back on you, I will do it if it means protecting Amber and Hanna.’ He paused before he continued. ‘Moreover, I believe that you do not have the right to steal Princess Neoma from His Majesty.’

‘You’re really the righteous one, Rufus,’ his older brother said with a genuine smile on his face. ‘I’m proud of you. House Quinzel is in good hands.’

‘Stop this madness, Brother,’ Rufus begged his older brother again in a cracked voice while clutching at his collar in an attempt to physically restrain him. He knew that it was useless. Still, he wanted to cling to Gavin as much as he could. ‘I don’t want to lose you again.’

‘I will always be here for you and our family, Rufus,’ Gavin said, hugging him as his hand reached for the back of his neck. ‘But for now, you have to sleep and let me go.’

‘A MERE woman like you does not have the right to enter the Throne Room!’

‘But even if you’re a mere woman, you should at least know that wielding the Death Scythe is an unforgivable act of blasphemy!’

‘As if having Roseheart Blood isn’t enough, you just have to join hands with the Devil!’

‘What a disgrace!’

‘The bloodline of the Royal Family is now destined to be doomed because of an insolent child like you!’

‘Will you fućking stop your blabbering?’ Neoma snapped at the thirteen white shadows standing in front of the Throne Room, obviously stopping her from entering the said room. ‘I feel like my skull is about to split into two. If I become as dumb as y’all, I’m going to lock up your Spirits in hell.’

The Spirits seemed to be shocked by her threat.

At least, those noisy ancient beings finally shut up.

[Let’s count... yeah, there are thirteen Spirits here. Since they still have divine energy despite being dead, I guess it’s safe to assume that they are the previous emperors.]

Argh.

Well, at least only half of the group was noisy. The remaining half was quiet. She could feel that the ‘quiet team’ was observing her though.

Anyway...

[It looks like I’m in a place that resembles Papa Boss’s Palace.]

Yes, the place that she was currently in looked exactly like Yule Palace. The only difference was the whole place was currently burning. But seeing that there was no one else there aside from her and the noisy Spirits, she could say that she was in the Spirit World.

[Gosh. My ancestors are probably obsessed with the palace that they created a replica for their resting place. Good thing ‘Dark Tteokbokki’ is burning this whole place down.]

‘Dark Tteokbokki’ would be Crimson, the so-called God of Wrath. She didn’t want to call him by his ugly name given by Yule. Thus, she decided

to call him 'Dark Tteokbokki' instead. Whatever anyone says, she still believed that her naming sense was better than Yule's.

'If you have nothing more to say, I'm leaving,' she said, shocking her annoying ancestors once again. 'I already told you that I have no interest in the throne. Why do y'all look like a shocked P*kachu meme now?'

Of course, her ancestors didn't get her reference.

She was about to leave when one of the quiet ones literally blocked her way.

'Where are you going, child?' the Spirit asked in a calm and gentle voice.

'For someone who's going through Lunacy, you're quite calm.'

'Really?' she asked with a bitter smirk. 'Do I look calm to you right now, sir?'

The white shadow in front of her was nothing but a silhouette of a tall and well-built man. And yet, she could sense his eyes linger on her face.

'No, you don't look calm. I apologize,' her ancestor said after a few seconds of silence. 'Now that I've taken a second look at your face, I can tell that you've really lost your mind.'

'Yes, that seems to be the case, sir,' she said while nodding her head. She was being polite to this particular Spirit because it was treating her with respect as well. It didn't sprout nonsense at her unlike what the others did earlier. 'The fact that I've decided to commit mass murder could only be caused by insanity, right?'

Yeah, she must have really lost her mind.

She knew that she was abusing her power. But to be honest, after everything that she had learned from the camp and the tragedy of her Aunt Nichole, she didn't give a fact anymore. She'd place the justice in her hands this time even if it meant turning into a monster.

‘I’ve always believed that I’m the main character of the world,’ she said, her bitter smile turning into a sad one this time. ‘And I still do. But I guess the plotline has changed. Maybe I returned to this world not to fix anything.’ Her grip around the scythe’s holder tightened. ‘Perhaps, I’ve been brought back to this timeline to destroy everything.’

She wasn’t a fool to think that the de Moonasterios were good people.

But she also didn’t think that the Royal Family could be this bad.

She thought the only enemies that she had were the crows. But now, she finally realized that her real enemies were the ones that allowed women like her Aunt Nichole to go through something so horrible.

Her heart was currently filled with pain because of the thought that her Papa Boss was one of the people that ignored her Aunt Nichole’s sufferings. It was a shame because she thought she was getting closer to her father. She thought the cold and cruel emperor had finally become a decent person.

[But now, I only feel hatred and disgust whenever I think of Papa Boss.]

‘Child, do you know what happens when a de Moonasterio goes through the Trial called Lunacy?’

‘I’m not sure but judging by its name, it’s probably a process that will make a de Moonasterio lose their life if they failed?’

‘Allow me to explain what Lunacy is,’ the polite Spirit said. ‘The blood that the de Moonasterios inherited from Lord Yule is laced with Madness.’

She clicked her tongue in annoyance. ‘I knew the problem of our damned family began with that dude’s blood.’

Her ancestor was probably shocked by what she said, then he laughed softly. ‘You remind me of my adorable twin sister, child.’

‘If I remind you of your twin sister, then she must have been really adorable,’ she said while nodding. [But it’s rare for a male de Moonasterio to care about his twin sister. This polite sir reminds me of Nero.]

‘Indeed, that is true,’ the polite Spirit said, then he went back to what he was saying earlier. ‘Child, this disease called ‘Madness’ runs in our blood. If you don’t control it, you’re really going to lose your mind and die. But if you overcome the Madness, then you’ll gain stronger divine power.’ He paused before he continued. ‘If you succeed, you’d be the youngest de Moonasterio in history to pass Lunacy.’

She fell silent for a while. ‘Sir, I’m only asking this because I want my hunch to be confirmed. But did Papa Boss really pass Lunacy? He acts like a mad man most of the time, you know?’

‘Nikolai de Moonasterio had overcome Lunacy successfully,’ her ancestor said. ‘He used the power that he gained back then to kill his enemies. It was also the same power that he used to kill his father and ascend the throne by force.’

‘Do you have to do something big after overcoming Lunacy?’

‘A Lunacy occurs to a de Moonasterio when that person needs more power to do something that will change the world that they live in,’ her ancestor explained. ‘Child, you’re experiencing Lunacy right now because you need power to do what you have decided to do.’

Ah, so that was how it was.

No wonder she wasn’t acting like her usual self these days. She thought Crimson was messing with her emotions to make her angry. But now, she understood everything.

‘Thank you for explaining everything to me, sir,’ she said, then she bowed. ‘My mind is clearer now.’

‘I know that you’ve already noticed but this place is the replica of the Royal Palace,’ the kind Spirit said. ‘Your Mana is currently burning the whole palace down. But I can at least bring you in a place that you’ll be safe from your own power. It seems like you don’t need the Throne Room. Is there another place where you’d feel comfortable? I will protect it for you.’

She could only think of one place in the palace that could serve as her safe haven.

‘The Royal Kitchen,’ she said softly. She knew that Ruto couldn’t be there. But for some reason, she knew she’d be safe in his kitchen even though this place was nothing but a replica of the palace where the Spirits of her ancestors were currently resting. ‘Please bring me to the Royal Kitchen, sir.’

‘As you wish, child.’

‘Ah, may I know your name, sir?’

As she said earlier, the white shadow of her ancestor didn’t have a face. But for some reason, she could tell that it was smiling warmly at her.

‘Arche,’ the polite Spirit said gently. ‘My name is Arche de Moonasterio.’

Neoma’s eyes widened in shock. The name ‘Arche de Moonasterio’ was still fresh in her mind. Was he supposed to be the so-called most incompetent emperor in history?

[But the Emperor Arche I just talked to didn’t sound stupid...]

NEOMA didn’t have the time to confirm if the polite Spirit that she talked to just now was really the incompetent Arche de Moonasterio.

After all, when she blinked, she was instantly transported into the Royal Kitchen.

It seemed like that the former emperor kept his promise. The kitchen was warm but it wasn't burning unlike the place that she came from.

[This kitchen is really the exact replica of Ruto's kitchen...]

For some reason, she felt calm and safe in there.

[Ruto...]

'Princess Neoma?'

She flinched and turned around when she heard the deep male voice behind her. This was embarrassing to admit but her stupid heart expected Ruto to be there. But much to her disappointment, it wasn't the royal chef.

'Ah, it's just you,' Neoma said gloomily. 'What are you doing here, Trevor?'

Trevor, who was in the middle of taking off the piercings in his bleeding left ear, acted like he was hurt. 'It hurts to see the disappointment in your face, Princess Neoma. I thought my face would cheer you up.'

Well, Trevor wasn't wrong.

He was in his adult form. Thus, he looked very handsome and very sexy at the moment. He was probably the only man in the empire who still looked good despite the ridiculous amount of piercing in his ears.

[Stupid handsome male privilege.]

But come to think of it, Trevor might just be the right person that she needed.

'Trevor.'

'Yeah?'

'Can you help me commit mass murder?'

‘Sure.’

Sure ?

Trevor answered her as if she just asked him to join her for snacks. Did she not sound or look serious enough for this talking book to brush her off? Or was he being sarcastic?

[Sometimes, I can't read this dude's mind. He's so carefree that I'm not sure if I can depend on him or what.]

She scowled at how easy he responded to her ridiculous request. ‘I'm serious.’

‘I'm serious, too,’ Trevor said when he was finally done taking off all the piercing in his ear. ‘Princess Neoma, I know what you need.’

It seemed like the demon boy wasn't lying.

[Well, he's the Devil's Grimoire. He knows a lot of stuff, and his network seems to be pretty vast. I can trust him, right?]

‘What do I need?’ she asked, just to be sure.

‘The method to kill everyone that's involved in the camp,’ he said with a smirk. ‘You want to kill them all, don't you? I can read the darkness in your heart, Princess Neoma.’

‘Stop with the cringey words,’ she scolded him, then she crossed her arms over his chest. ‘Can you do it?’

‘Of course,’ he said with confidence that mimicked hers. ‘Because I'm Trevor, remember?’

Gosh.

This talking book was really as arrogant as her. But Trevor wouldn't be Trevor if he wasn't this annoying and conceited. She was used to handling someone with the same attitude as her anyway.

'You're right. I want to give them hell,' she said while nodding her head, ignoring the fact that Trevor was getting on her nerves. This demon boy was still useful to her after all. 'What would you ask in return if I asked for your help?'

'Since I'm a demon, I will ask for a contract,' Trevor said, then he smiled charmingly at her. 'I'm going to ask you to sign our marriage contract, Princess Neoma.'

Hah.

Neoma cracked her knuckles. 'Clench your teeth, bitch.'

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