

Royal Secret: I'm A Princess!

Volume 3: ROYAL PAIN IN THE NECK

Chapter 251 – CONTRACT WITH THE DEVIL

NEOMA was serious about punching the living daylights out of Trevor for proposing marriage to her in that situation.

But she froze in her tracks when all of a sudden, she saw a very disturbing being wrapped around the demon boy's shoulders. As much as possible, she didn't want to judge beings based on their appearance. But this time, she really felt revolted.

[Just... what is that thing?]

That 'thing' had a face of an old and bald man but the body of a centipede. But the centipede's little legs were actually little human legs. In fact, those things looked like baby legs. It was creepy because it had the face of an old man, and yet, the legs belonged to toddlers.

And that centipede body...

[I want to puke.]

'Can you see it now, Princess Neoma?' Trevor asked with shining eyes.

'Can you finally see the monster behind me?'

Neoma nodded while trying to maintain her facial expression. 'Yeah, I can see it now. What is that, Trevor?'

'A Bookworm.'

'A what?'

'A literal Bookworm,' he explained casually, then he pointed a thumb at the 'bookworm' wrapped around him. 'This little one is my source of

knowledge. Technically speaking, this Bookworm is the real Devil's Grimoire. It needs a human host to protect the vast knowledge that it contains and thus, my family sacrificed me for that reason.'

She already had a feeling that Trevor was sacrificed by his family because of his slip of the tongue before. But this was the first time that he confirmed it himself. 'But why you? If you tell me it's because you're Trevor, I will seriously punch you in the throat.'

Of course, the demon boy just laughed at her threat. 'House Kesser is a family of contractors. The firstborn son is meant to inherit the head's title, while the second son is meant to be sacrificed to the Devil.'

Obviously, Trevor was the second son.

In a way, she could relate to the demon boy. After all, she was the Second Star. Nero, as the First Star, was born to inherit the throne. She, on the other hand, was supposed to support her twin brother.

'I guess the firstborn son of your family was incompetent,' she said in an attempt to console Trevor. 'After all, House Kesser doesn't exist in the empire anymore. While you, on the other hand, remain fresh, handsome, and sexy.' She gave him a thumbs up. 'You won, Trevor.'

Once again, he laughed to his heart's content. 'Are you seducing me now, Princess Neoma?'

'As a fellow second child, I'm merely comforting you. But it's not my fault if my face is unintentionally seducing you. This is the fate of the conventionally beautiful ones.'

He smiled warmly at her. 'Thank you, Princess Neoma.'

'Just to be clear, I know that being sacrificed by your family sucks,' she said carefully. 'I'm not trying to invalidate the misery and sufferings that you

went through. I just want to throw shade at your family as my own of avenging you a little.'

The demon boy clutched his chest tight. 'I think I just fell in love with you all over again, my Moon Princess.'

'I already told you to stop calling me Moon Princess,' she complained. 'I will only officially allow you to call me by that cheesy pet name after you helped me.'

'Sounds good to me,' he said casually. 'What's exactly your plan, Princess Neoma?'

'I met a Grim Reaper called Mr. Eight a while ago.'

'Mr. Eight?' he asked, then he snapped his fingers. 'Ah, the one guarding the 8th Hellgate?'

She nodded thoughtfully. 'Actually, he asked me to bring him the souls of the red foxes that already died a long time ago. But Curtis Smit somehow found a way to turn those poor red foxes into something akin to zombies. I forgot to ask him how to do that though. Thus, I was supposed to beat up Curtis Smit to find a way to summon the souls of the red foxes in one place.'

'Guiding the souls of those red foxes to the 8th Hellgate is easy because you have the replica of Death Scythe,' the demon boy explained. 'Even though the Death Scythe in your hand has only a portion of the real one, it still works as any scythe used by the Grim Reapers. After all, I was the one who made that replica.'

She rolled her eyes at Trevor's arrogant voice. 'So, how am I supposed to use the Death Scythe to guide the souls of the red foxes to the 8th Hellgate? I made a deal with Mr. Eight to borrow Lisica and Rustin Crevan from his Hellgate so I have to do this job, too.'

‘You just have to behead the souls of the red foxes using the Death Scythe,’ he said. ‘The sinners like them are guided quite harshly compared to the souls of the innocents.’

‘Oh.’

‘If you gather the souls in one place, you can behead them all at the same time,’ he continued with his explanation. ‘Most veteran Grim Reapers could do that in one slash of their scythes. But since you’re a novice, you can begin by beheading the souls one by one.’

‘I want to try doing it one slash.’

‘By all means, Princess Neoma.’

‘Okay,’ she said, then she went straight to what she wanted to say for bringing that up. Of course, there was a reason why she talked about her deal Mr. Eight first before discussing her plan with Trevor. ‘Can I also do that to living people?’

‘What?’ Trevor asked with a raised brow. ‘Sending them to the Hellgate using the Death Scythe?’

She nodded, glad that the demon boy was this sharp. ‘Yes.’

‘That technique is called ‘Banishing,’ he said. ‘That’s one of the Devil’s infamous techniques. He can send the souls of living people to hell with the Death Scythe.’

‘That’s so OP,’ she said, surprised at how powerful the Devil must be. ‘No wonder the Devil still exists even now.’

‘I think if it’s you, you can easily copy his technique since you have an affinity with the Demon Race,’ he explained. ‘But Princess Neoma, where do you plan to bring the souls of the people you will kill in the camp?’

Banishing only works if you have a specific place where you'd lock up the souls that you sent away.'

She tilted her head at one side. 'Can't I send them to Mr. Eight's Hellgate?'

'Of course, you can't,' he said while shaking his head. 'The 8th Hellgate is specifically created for the sinners with fox blood. Only the races like the Silver Fox and Red Fox clan could be sent to the 8th Hellgate. That applies to the other Hellgates existing.'

'So, only a specific race is allowed in each Hellgate?'

'That's correct.'

'Then, is it possible for me to create my own Hellgate?'

It seemed like Trevor wasn't surprised by what she said. Instead, he just smirked and shook his head. 'Princess Neoma, you never disappoint me.'

'Well, you're kinda easy to please.'

He just laughed merrily again. Then, he suddenly turned serious. 'Do you know why the Devil and the Demon Race have been hated by the gods, Princess Neoma?'

'Isn't it because the gods are supposed to be the good people while the demons the bad guys?'

'The reason the Devil and the Demon Race are deemed as the 'bad guys' is because of their purpose,' Trevor said seriously. 'The Devil has the ability to create Hellgates where he could punish and torture the souls of the sinners. Do you know what race has the biggest numbers of sinners sent to hell?'

'Definitely the human race.'

She was born human in both of her past two lives. But she wasn't delusional to think that the human race was better than the others. Heck, the humans in her second life were killing the earth.

'That's correct— it's the human race,' the demon boy said while clapping his head. 'You won't believe this but most gods are fond of humans. And because of their love for your race, the Devil and the Demon Race earned the wrath of these gods for torturing the 'poor' souls of humans in the afterlife.'

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'Do you understand what I'm trying to say, Princess Neoma?' Trevor asked seriously. 'You will gain the wrath of the gods if you open a new Hellgate. The Divine Clan sealed the power of the Devil to create Hellgates a long time ago. But if you, a de Moonasterio who inherited Yule's blood and divine power, opened a Hellgate, the gods would definitely be fuming at you.'

'I don't give a fučk,' she said with clenched hands. 'Trevor, don't worry about the gods' wrath. You should worry more about my anger.'

He smiled, amused. 'Princess Neoma, opening a Hellgate will require a contract with the Devil since he's the one who oversees the gates in hell.'

'Would that be difficult?' she asked warily. 'You're afraid of the Devil, aren't you?'

'I'm not afraid of him.'

'Really now?'

'Well, I'm not necessarily afraid of the Devil,' he confessed while scratching his cheek. 'I'm just afraid that he might lock me up again.'

'I don't think he'll lock you up if you're going to help me.'

‘You have a point,’ he said while nodding. ‘I will contact the Devil as soon as you’re ready.’

‘Are you not going to stop me?’

‘Stop you from committing mass murder?’

‘Yes, it’s wrong,’ she said. ‘Killing people without due process.’

‘I would stop if you’re going to kill innocent people,’ he said without missing a beat. ‘But the people that you want to kill in this camp can no longer be considered humans. Murder, r*pe, child abuse, and human experiment. Those are only four of the horrendous crimes that they have committed. You’ll be doing the world a huge favor if you get rid of those bastards.’

‘That’s what I’m worried about, Trevor,’ she said. ‘I know that the camp is filled with bastards. But I’m pretty sure that not all of them are that bad. Some may have only been forced to work here and might be secretly kind and helpful to the victims here. Of course, they still deserve to be punished. But I don’t want to kill them if possible.’

‘You’re too soft, Princess Neoma.’

‘I just don’t want to lose to the voice in my head that keeps on telling me to kill everyone.’

‘I want to hug you right now.’

‘Fuck off.’

He laughed again, but he turned serious right away. ‘I can separate the souls of the sinners based on the gravity of the crimes that they committed.’

Her eyes widened in shock. ‘Really? You can do that?’

‘I’ve worked with the Devil for almost four decades,’ he reminded her. ‘I learned a thing or two from him. I haven’t really tried it yet but I’m confident that I can copy his techniques.’

‘Where’s your confidence coming from, Trevor?’

‘From this guy,’ he said while pointing at the creepy ‘bookworm’ that she almost successfully ignored. ‘He has records of the Devil’s techniques. I’ve read it countless times already. I know myself so I’m pretty sure that I can imitate it easily.’

She didn’t doubt that.

After all, Trevor and she were pretty much the same. Their abilities could back up their arrogance. Thus, she knew she could trust this dude.

‘Alright,’ she said. ‘I will entrust it to you then.’

He just smiled at her. But that smile seemed worried. It was the first time that she saw that kind of facial expression from him.

‘What?’ she complained, suddenly feeling awkward. ‘Don’t look at me like that.’

‘Princess Neoma, even though the Devil is quite fond of you, he still has to abide by the rules of the Underworld,’ Trevor said carefully. ‘That means he won’t allow you to open a Hellgate without asking something in return.

You’re smart so I’m sure you know that the price you have to pay for forming a contract with the Devil would be big.’ He put a hand on his chest. ‘As your Contractor, I will do my best to deal with the Devil so he wouldn’t ask for anything ridiculous from you. But since we’re talking about a Hellgate here, I’m pretty sure that the price would still be hefty.’

‘Don’t worry. I’m prepared for that,’ she said, then she smiled quite sadly at Trevor. ‘I have chosen to become a monster to punish evil humans and therefore, I know that I deserve to be punished as well.’

‘Princess Neoma, I know that I often joke around but I’m serious,’ the demon said with a gentle smile on his face. Then, he ran his hand through the strands of her long hair. After that, without breaking their eye contact, he leaned down to kiss the strands in his hand. ‘I’m serious every time I say that I like you.’

‘I’m also serious every time I turn you down,’ she said bluntly. ‘And stop kissing the strands of my hair. It’s unhygienic.’

He just smirked before letting go of the strands and standing up straight.

Since she was already used to Trevor’s clinginess and she didn’t feel offended by his actions, she simply let it go and changed the topic. She had something else she needed to ask him anyway.

‘Trevor, you know everything, don’t you?’

‘Everything that is written in the Devil’s Grimoire, yes.’

‘Then, do you know what happened to my Aunt Nichole when she was abducted by the cult?’

‘I know because it’s in the records,’ Trevor said seriously. ‘But do you really want to know what happened to the Princess Royal back then, Princess Neoma?’

‘I don’t need to know the full details,’ Neoma said in a sad voice. ‘I just want to confirm if I heard my Aunt Nichole right earlier.’

[PRINCESS Neoma looks calm but she’s definitely losing her mind.]

Trevor knew that if his Moon Princess was in her right mind, she wouldn’t even come up with the decision to commit mass murder. But it wasn’t like he opposed her idea. He just couldn’t believe that Princess Neoma would end up that crazy.

[To open a new Hellgate despite the consequences is not something a sane person would even think of doing.]

‘Ah, you’ve returned.’

He got surprised at what greeted him when he arrived at where he left the Devil and His Majesty earlier. The two were still at the foot of Mount Kimbro. But this time, the emperor was knocked out on the ground.

‘What did you do to His Majesty?’ Trevor confronted the Devil. ‘You can’t do that to my future father-in-law.’

‘Nikolai de Moonasterio isn’t your father-in-law.’

‘Yet.’

The Devil ignored him. ‘Nikolai de Moonasterio isn’t hurt. He’s asleep, and he’s currently having a good dream.’

He frowned at that.

Since he worked with the Devil for quite some time, he had an idea of how he worked. The dream that the Devil probably ‘gave’ the emperor was related to Lady Mona Roseheart. Thus, His Majesty didn’t look like he wanted to wake up.

[The Devil is still as sly as ever.]

‘How’s Princess Neoma?’ the Devil asked. ‘You wouldn’t approach me on your own accord if it wasn’t for your ‘Moon Princess.’’

‘That’s right,’ he said. ‘I’m here as Princess Neoma’s Contractor.’

‘What does the little princess want with me?’

‘Don’t be surprised,’ he warned the Devil in advance. ‘My lovely Moon Princess wants to open a new Hellgate.’

‘Why do you think am I going to get surprised?’ the Devil asked. ‘If Princess Neoma is aiming to be the first empress of the Great Moonasterion Empire, then she should at least do that much to create a change.’

‘Uh-huh,’ he agreed while nodding his head. ‘Then, is it safe to assume that you’re going to form a contract with Princess Neoma?’

‘I’ve already lost my ability to create Hellgates because of the Divine Clan’s Holy Seal,’ the Devil said. ‘But if it’s you and Princess Neoma, I’m sure that you can do it.’

‘Me?’

‘Trevor, I know that you’ve read and studied the records of my techniques,’ the Devil said with a smirk. ‘You’re going to teach Princess Neoma how to open a Hellgate, aren’t you?’

‘Well, that’s the plan.’

‘Very well,’ the Devil said while nodding his head. ‘Since opening a new Hellgate will surely shake the Upper World, I will approve it.’

‘Of course you will,’ he said. He knew that the Devil would support Princess Neoma’s decision anyway. But it wasn’t what he was worried about. ‘What will you ask my Moon Princess in return? If you asked for years of her life, I won’t allow it.’

‘Why would I ask for her life when I intend to put her on the throne?’

‘Then, will you ask for the most important person in her life?’

‘Princess Neoma won’t form a contract with me if she’s going to lose a loved one,’ the Devil said. ‘I won’t ask for anything heavy from your Moon Princess. If she succeeded to open a new Hellgate, that would be enough for me.’

‘Really?’

‘You don’t understand what will happen once Princess Neoma succeeds,’ the Devil said with a satisfied smile on his face. ‘Once a new Hellgate opens, the Upper World will be shaken. The Divine Clan will be very angry.’ He laughed softly, his red eyes glowing menacingly. ‘I bet the sleeping ancient gods who sealed my power will also wake up from their deep slumber.’

‘Ah, so you aiming for a pandemonium,’ he said with a smirk. ‘Since my Moon Princess will provide you entertainment, I’m hoping you wouldn’t ask for something ridiculous in exchange for approving the Hellgate that we plan to open.’

‘I wish I didn’t have to ask Princess Neoma for anything. But I wasn’t the one who made the rules about forming a contract with the Devil,’ the Devil said, then he turned serious. ‘In return for providing space for Princess Neoma’s Hellgate, I need her to give up her most prized possession.’

Trevor tilted his head at one side. ‘And what would that be...?’

NEOMA was broken.

Before Trevor left to meet the Devil, he gave her a piece of old paper. It was the report of what her Aunt Nichole had gone through during the time she was held captive by the cult.

By the time she was done reading, she found herself kneeling on the floor while crying.

No woman deserved what happened to her Aunt Nichole. If there was an ounce of doubt in her heart earlier about her decision to kill everyone in the camp, it was gone now. She wasn’t trying to justify her decision because she knew that it was still wrong.

But maybe sometimes, wrong decisions were a must.

‘Princess Neoma, I’m back.’

She wiped the tears off her face before she raised her head to see Trevor standing in front of her with a scroll in his hand. He looked worried about her.

‘Don’t say anything,’ Neoma warned the demon boy, then she slowly stood up while using the Death Scythe as a crane. ‘How did your meeting with the Devil go?’

‘He approved the opening of a new Hellgate,’ Trevor said. She was glad that he understood that she wanted him to ignore her tears. ‘And he has already decided about the payment for forming a contract with him.’

‘What did he ask in return?’

‘Your most prized possession,’ the demon boy said seriously. ‘Apparently, it’s something that you always take good care of. And it’s allegedly the source of your pride.’

She was confused at first.

But then, she realized that the Devil wasn’t asking for a material thing. There were a lot of things that could be considered as a source of her pride. Yet, there was only one thing that she could serve as both her payment and punishment for forming a contract with the Devil.

She raised her hand and borrowed Tteokbokki’s flame.

Then, she placed her literally burning hand on the right side of her face. Usually, her Soul Beast’s flame wouldn’t burn her to the point that it would leave burn marks. But since Bad Tteokbokki didn’t care about her and the bastard was currently out of control, the flame that was usually gentle to her was harsh at the moment.

It only took the red flame a few seconds to burn half of her face.

Of course, it hurt like hell. She wasn't used to getting hurt by her own flame. But she bit her lower lip and swallowed her screams. She chose to endure the pain quietly. It was her choice anyway.

This was embarrassing to admit but the thought of losing her beauty also scared her. But her fear only lasted for a moment.

She was willing to give up anything for her goal.

'Is this enough?' Neoma asked the shocked Trevor while removing her hand from her now burnt face. Then, she touched the strands of her hair and burnt it until the length only reached her ears. 'Is this enough payment for the Devil's contract?'

Trevor, with a grim expression on his face, nodded and raised the now glowing scroll in his hand. 'The Devil has accepted your payment, my lovely Princess Neoma.'

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