

# Royal Secret: I'm A Princess!

## Volume 3: ROYAL PAIN IN THE NECK

### Chapter 252 – DIVINE PUNISHMENT

CURTIS Smit wasn't supposed to summon the half humans-half eagles that Princess Nichole gave birth to a few years ago.

After all, the children of the Princess Royal were the result of an important experiment conducted by the cult. But for some reason, something powerful had manipulated him to summon the test subjects. The most frustrating part was he couldn't remember who ordered him to do so. He just knew that he had to or else, he'd be burnt to death.

But to be honest, in his current situation, it didn't matter anymore.

By his 'situation,' he meant kneeling in front of Princess Nichole and Saint Dominic Zavaroni.

[Shit. Why is the saint here? Nobody told me that His Holiness would make an appearance!]

If he could move, he would have already escaped. But none of the borrowed powers that he had could save him. The divine power coming out from His Holiness was literally crushing him down. It was greater than the ability to control gravity.

[I should buy time!]

'Your Holiness, I thought the temple is on the neutral side?' Curtis said in a mocking tone. If he couldn't move, he'd try to stall by opening his mouth. He was good at provoking enemies. 'You just killed the 'children' that didn't attack you in any way. Are you sure you'll be fine after committing

such blasphemous act against Lord Yule— the god to whom you vowed to never take innocent lives away?’

Technically, the ‘children’ were innocent since those test subjects had never left the hide-out until now.

And as far as he knew, the saint took a vow to never kill anyone based on his personal feelings. He saw His Holiness cough blood earlier before he literally pulled him down to the ground. The saint must have been punished for killing the ‘children’ a while ago.

‘Don’t tell me you’re discriminating against the children born between a human and a beast, Your Holiness?’ he asked sarcastically, still trying to provoke the saint. ‘Doesn’t the temple teach its people to love all living beings? As the saint, you’re supposed to be the favored ‘son’ of Lord Yule. Shouldn’t you set a good example to your followers by being merciful?’

‘I killed them out of mercy,’ Saint Zavaroni said with a smile that matched the coldness in his glowing pale blue eyes. ‘Children born out of a cruel human experiment and not out of love are destined to be treated as nothing but mere test subjects. By taking their lives, I sent them to the arms of Lord Yule earlier so they wouldn’t have to suffer any longer.’

His jaw clenched in annoyance.

[I didn’t know that His Holiness could twist my words this way!]

‘You’re talking too much, Curtis Smit,’ the saint said. ‘If you think you could get away by buying time, then you’re wrong. Moreover, I’m not the one who’s going to end your life anyway.’ He turned to Princess Nichole standing quietly beside him. ‘Princess Nichole, shall I release the blasted man?’

‘Yes, please. Raven wouldn’t enjoy the chase if the target cannot move,’ Princess Nichole said with a cold smile on her face. Then, she looked at him

with a grim expression on her face. 'There will be hell to pay for everything you did to me, Curtis Smit.'

He felt shivers down his spine.

This wasn't the same royal princess that would tremble in fear whenever he would come to the facility to continue his experiment on her. The woman standing in front of him right now was the devil herself.

He didn't want to be overwhelmed by a mere princess and thus, he stood up and ran away as soon as he was able to move.

But he had only taken a few steps when all of a sudden, the Black Phoenix descended to the ground. The angry Soul Beast blocked his way and opened its mouth as if it was about to breathe fire. He didn't wait for it to happen though.

He turned his back on the Black Phoenix to try and summon a teleportation spell. But as soon as he did, he realized that he was surrounded by black flame. He instantly recognized the technique that the Soul Beast used against him.

[It's Princess Nichole's 'Circle of Fire!']

When he abducted Princess Nichole in the past, the first thing he did was to seal her Soul Beast in order to prevent the Princess Royal from using that very technique. But right now, it was very obvious to him that he could no longer seal the Black Phoenix.

[When did Princess Nichole become this strong?]

'Curtis Smit, you do know what happens once you're trapped in the Circle of Fire, don't you?' Princess Nichole asked with a smirk. 'As long as you're inside the ring, you won't die. I can kill you and revive you just to kill you again.' The Royal Princess's eyes turned glowing red while pulling out a dagger in the sheath tied around her leg. 'Let's have fun, bastard.'

Curtis Smit, for the first time in quite a while, felt real fear again. ‘Stay away from me, you filthy princess— ahh!’

He wasn’t able to finish his sentence because the next thing he knew, his tongue already fell off on the floor. The only thing he could do was to cover his bleeding mouth with his hands. When he raised his head, he realized that it wasn’t Princess Nichole who attacked him.

‘I won’t allow a lowly human like you to insult Princess Nichole,’ Saint Zavaroni, now holding the Holy Scepter that he rarely brings out, warned him. The other end of the scepter was actually a sword. And the blade of that sword was red with his blood. Obviously, it was His Holiness that cut his tongue off with inhuman speed. ‘The only thing allowed to come out of your mouth from now on is screams of agony.’

Curtis Smit was shocked by how quickly the benevolent saint changed. [How will I be able to escape from these two monsters ?]

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NEOMA wouldn’t lie: the burn on half of her face hurt like a bitch.

It was smoldering and her nose could smell the burning flesh. God, she really did it. She really burned her own face with Tteokbokki’s flame. As if that wasn’t bad enough, she also burned her hair to cut it short.

She didn’t do that because she thought people with burn marks and short hair were ugly. But she chose that way to destroy her beauty because she knew that in this world, a woman with obvious imperfection such as a burn mark on the face was considered ugly. Because in this world, a royal and a noble like her should be physically flawless.

‘Princess Neoma, did you really have to burn half of your face?’ Trevor asked worriedly. ‘Couldn’t have you just cut your cheek or something to leave a scar?’

‘A cut on my face, no matter how deep it is, would faint eventually because of the magical skin products that I use,’ Neoma explained why she didn’t choose to simply cut her face. ‘Plus, I don’t think a mere scar is enough to make me ugly.’

‘Ah, that’s right,’ he agreed with her. ‘A scar would only make you look cooler.’

She wanted to smile at that but her face still hurt like hell. So, she just changed the topic. ‘Do I need to sign the contract with my blood or something?’

‘No, you don’t,’ Trevor said while opening the scroll. ‘I’m your Contractor. It’s my job to protect you when forming a contract with the Devil.’

‘What’s a Contractor?’

‘Someone that makes a contract with the Devil or a demon for their master,’ he explained. ‘You know that you can’t really trust the Devil or the Demon Clan, don’t you? Those sly bastards would often trick humans by changing the content of the contract. Since most humans can’t understand demon language, they easily fall victim to that kind of trick. Thus, Contractors like me exist.’

‘I don’t think that’s the only job of a Contractor.’

‘That’s usually the job of a Contractor,’ he said with a shrug. ‘But I’m an elite Contractor so my job goes beyond making sure that the content of the contract is correct.’

‘So, what else do you do that makes you elite?’

‘I serve as collateral,’ he said proudly. ‘If something goes wrong with the contract, I’ll be the one to receive the damage and the consequences of a failed deal instead of you.’

She tilted her head at one side. 'And what do you get in return?'

'Your love and affection.'

'I'm serious, Trevor.'

'That's what I hope to gain by doing this,' he said and he seemed serious as well. 'Princess Neoma, I won't gain anything but a threat to my life by being your Contractor.'

'Then, why are you doing this?' she asked, confused. 'I didn't ask you to become my Contractor, Trevor.'

'I was born to be your Contractor, Princess Neoma,' Trevor said and he looked dead serious this time. 'The second son of House Kesser is born to be sacrificed to the Devil because it's the only way to become an elite Contractor. Aside from that, the second son of House Kesser is also trained to be a Contractor to serve the Moon Princess. According to the prophecy that our family has been holding onto for so long, the 'Moon Princess' is the first woman who'd succeed the throne.' He pointed at her with his two hands politely. 'I believe that it's you, Princess Neoma.'

She had so many questions but her brain cells were already dying out of exhaustion. Plus, as long as Trevor was useful to her, she couldn't really complain. 'Why are you only telling me all of this, Trevor?'

'Well, you never asked.'

'Tell me more about it later,' she said because she was finally interested in Trevor's life story. 'For now, I want to check the contract.'

'It's written in demon language,' he said while handing her the scroll. 'But I guess you were blessed with the Divine Tongue since you're a de Moonasterio.'

If she remembered it correctly from her first life, the 'Divine Tongue' was the Royal Family's ability to speak and understand the language of other races. And if she also remembered it right, the only language that the de Moonasterios had difficulties in understanding was the language used by the Spirit World.

[The Divine Tongue only works on the languages spoken by living people.]

It was supposed to be that way.

Thus, she didn't have any expectations when she began to read the contract. But much to her surprise, she read the content just fine despite the strange letters written on the scroll.

'I can read it,' she said, surprised. Then, she raised her head to look at Trevor who was looking at her with adoration in his eyes. 'The contract says that the Devil has given me the permission to open a new Hellgate in exchange of 'fixing' my major flaw.'

Her major flaw was definitely her extreme vanity. Thus, the Devil asked her to destroy her beautiful face.

'The contract also states that the Devil does not have the authority to help us open the Hellgate,' she said seriously. 'And if the gods decide to interfere...'

'The contract will be void if the gods succeeded in stopping you from opening a new Hellgate,' Trevor said, finishing the content of the contract for her. 'And once the contract gets void, the Devil will take my soul as a payment fee for the breach of contract.'

'Because you're my Contractor?'

'You're elite Contractor, Princess Neoma.'

'You're crazy, Trevor.'

‘I have to be at least this crazy if I want to stay beside you, my Moon Princess.’

Well, that was true.

‘I won’t fail, Trevor. I won’t let the Devil take your soul away,’ Neoma said determinedly. Then, she offered her hand to Trevor for a fist bump. ‘I will protect the people that serve me.’

‘I trust you, Princess Neoma,’ Trevor said with a grin, then he gently bumped his fist with hers. ‘Now, please close your eyes for me.’

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WHEN NEOMA opened her eyes, she found herself in the middle of an old mansion with a garden of sword lilies— her favorite flower.

Oddly enough, she suddenly felt nostalgic.

It was her first time to arrive in that place and she was pretty sure that she was somewhere in hell. But for some reason, the mansion felt familiar.

Rather, the smell of the sword lilies was.

[Those flowers remind me of Mama...]

‘Princess Neoma, please protect me.’

Neoma turned to Trevor.

The demon boy’s hands were facing what seemed to be the top of a steel and giant gate buried in the dry soil. The black aura coming out of Trevor’s palms was literally pulling the Hellgate from the ground. The veins popping out of his forehead was an indication that doing so wasn’t easy.

[Trevor seems to be using his full power.]

God, the talking book was crazy powerful, huh ?



‘I’m sorry but I can’t protect you and defend myself while I’m pulling out the Hellgate, Princess Neoma,’ Trevor said, then he turned to her with an apologetic smile on his face. ‘Please protect us from them.’

As soon as the demon boy said that, she felt an enormous amount of divine power burst around them.

[Ah, the hostility mixed in with the divine energy is directed at me.]

The next thing she knew, they were already surrounded by giant silhouettes. All of those things were made of white light that was surrounded by a golden aura. The sky rumbled and the ground shook as soon as the silhouettes appeared.

It didn’t take her a minute to realize what those things were.

[Gods...]

‘Neoma de Moonasterio, the Divine Clan that protects the human race since time immemorial will never forgive you for this act of blasphemy against the gods that you serve!’ the deep and angry voices of several entities yelled at her at the same time. ‘We’re here to bestow our divine punishment upon you!’

‘Divine punishment my foot,’ Neoma said with a bitter smirk, then she gripped the holder of the Death Scythe tightly. ‘I, Neoma Roseheart de Moonasterio, the future empress of the Damned Moonasterion Empire, swears on my life that I will banish all gods in the human world!’

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

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