

Royal Secret: I'm A Princess!

Volume 3: ROYAL PAIN IN THE NECK

Chapter 255 - FALL FROM GRACE

‘AW! AW! AW!’ Trevor hissed and barked like a damned dog because Princess Neoma pulled his hair mercilessly just when he was about to hug her. He thought his Moon Princess would allow him to embrace her when she let him lean down and press his forehead against her shoulder. But of course, he should have expected that his precious princess was like an iron wall. ‘I’m sorry for pushing my luck, Princess Neoma!’

‘Tsk.’ Princess Neoma clicked her tongue before letting go of his poor hair. ‘How dare you abuse my generosity? Just because I consoled you as a friend doesn’t mean I’d let you make your move on me.’ She ‘gently’ punched him in the arm. ‘Get back to work before I demote you as my servant.’

He grinned while combing his fingers through his hair. Of course, he needed to look good in front of Princess Neoma. ‘I’m good at multi-tasking, Moon Princess,’ he said. ‘I can be your friend, your servant, and your future husband all at the same time.’

‘Fuck off while I’m still being nice.’

‘Yes, Ma’am,’ he said with a soft laugh, then he turned serious. ‘Shall I gather the souls of the sinners now?’

‘Have you rested enough?’ she asked worriedly. ‘You’ve spent so much Mana earlier.’

He grinned, thrilled with the fact that Princess Neoma seemed to genuinely care about his well-being. Was his Moon Princess starting to open up her

heart to him? If that was the case, then, for the first time in his life, he was glad that he was born as the second son of House Kesser and not the firstborn one.

‘Being close to you gives me energy, my Moon Princess,’ he said, then he did the hand gesture that Princess Neoma calls as ‘thumbs up.’ ‘I can summon all the souls in the continent if you asked me to.’

That was a bit of an exaggeration but he wanted to impress his Moon Princess.

‘No need to go that far, Mr. Show-off,’ Princess Neoma said while shaking her head, then she took a deep breath. ‘Anyway, I’m glad that you have recovered easily. Let’s finish the job while my adrenaline rush is still here. Plus, the earlier we get the job done, the sooner you’d get to rest.’

Aww, he was genuinely touched by how Princess Neoma was looking after him now.

Although he didn’t know what the hell was an adrenaline rush was, he would still obey his Moon Princess.

‘I might need to use my full power this time,’ Trevor said, a little bit hesitant because he was worried about something. ‘I hope my appearance when I use my full power doesn’t turn you off, Princess Neoma.’

NEOMA looked at Trevor long and hard.

When the demon boy said that his transformation might disgust her, she was expecting him to change into something like what the bookworm looked like. But to be honest, he didn’t have anything to be worried about his appearance.

[If anything, he looks sèxier now.]

Goddammit.

Trevor grew different-colored horns on his forehead. The left one was red, while the other was black. He also grew wings that looked a little creepy because those things were made of spines. Plus, his wings didn't even have a feather on them.

'Okay, you look like a legit demon now,' Neoma said while nodding carefully. 'But why don't you have a tail?'

'I'm not a full demon, that's why,' Trevor said while scratching his cheek as if he was embarrassed. 'Don't I look creepy or disgusting, Princess Neoma?'

'Your face pulled it off,' she said bluntly. 'You still look attractive even with horns because you're a face genius.'

This was what 'good-looking people privilege' looked like.

'Thank you, Princess Neoma,' he said, obviously pleased. 'Now, I feel even more powerful.'

'Good,' she said. 'I want this done and over with as soon as possible.'

He just grinned, then he stood in front of her and began to exude a cloud of thick and black smoke that was mixed with his Mana. After that, he gathered all the aura in both of his hands while muttering that she couldn't hear clearly because his voice was too low. And it seemed like he was using an unfamiliar language that even she had a hard time understanding.

So in the end, she gave up on deciphering the incantation and just let Trevor do his thing.

[Tsk. Trevor is also OP. He acts goofy most of the time that I often forget that he wouldn't be the Devil's Grimoire if he was weak.]

For some reason, she suddenly felt competitive.

[I can't lose to him.]

Her thoughts were cut off when Trevor stopped with his incantation.

All of a sudden, everything fell silent and the air turned humid.

She also noticed that a thin barrier that resembled her Dome covered the entire Death Camp.

Then, the sky shook hard just like how an earthquake would shake the ground. It was followed by a deafening sound that made her cover her ears with her hands. The noise that was killing her eardrums sounded like pieces of metal bumping against each other.

[What the hell...]

Her train of thoughts was once again cut off when something unexpected appeared in front of Trevor.

[Is that a giant weighing scale?!]

'Princess Neoma, this giant scale will weigh the sins of the souls of everyone involved in the Death Camp,' the demon explained, then he turned around to face her with a serious look on his face. 'The scale that would end up being the heavier one would be the scale that contains the souls of the sinners that committed the most horrendous crimes. On the other hand, the lighter scale would contain the souls of the sinners that could still be forgiven and simply punished by the human laws.' He put his hand on his chest and bowed to her. 'Should we proceed to the next step, Princess Neoma?'

'Yes,' she said, then she turned to the giant scale. She didn't want to admit this but she was starting to feel nervous. And of course, the guilt in her heart began to feel heavier than ever. Still, she knew that she was already at the point of return. She couldn't stop, and she didn't want to. 'Let's begin the purge.'

He grinned, then he raised his head and opened his hand. The bookworm suddenly appeared and wrapped itself around the demon boy's arm. After that, a thick red book magically materialized in his hand. 'This book contains all the names of the people involved in the camp. The Bookworm compiled it for me while we were busy pulling out the Hellgate earlier.'

'That's like Death N*te,' she said, amused. 'But do you need to first get the names of the souls that you'll summon?'

'Usually, I don't need to do that,' he said while opening the red book. 'But since we need to separate the criminals from the innocent people in this camp, we have to do this process.'

'Ah, that makes sense.'

'Now, Princess Neoma,' the demon boy said, then he threw the red book up in the air. 'The souls of the sinners are all yours!'

The red book suddenly burst into a blinding light.

Then, the blank pages ripped themselves off the book while being suspended in the air. Now, they were surrounded by hundreds of blank pages just casually hanging in there as if they were tied to invisible strings attached to the sky.

She noticed that each page had now a name written on it, and each name was glowing red.

Neoma didn't want to admit this but it was pretty cool. [I'm starting to see Trevor in a new light, huh?]

'THAT PUNK pulled it off, huh?' the Devil said while looking up at the sky where hundreds of glowing book pages suspended in the air. 'He even managed to create a perfect Screen.'

The whole camp was now covered with Screen.

'Screen' was the kind of barrier that allows the user to temporarily open a hellhole in the space where the Screen was put on. And since a hellhole was literally a part of the Underworld, the Screen would prevent putting real damage on the real world.

[Since when did Trevor grow up this much to be able to copy my techniques perfectly ?]

Come to think of it, that little demon wouldn't shut up about Princess Neoma ever since the royal princess freed him.

[Hmm... did Trevor get stronger because of power of love ?]

That thought gave him goosebumps. But it wasn't entirely impossible since Trevor had the kind of face that could charm most ladies.

[And I heard Princess Neoma likes good-looking men.]

'Nikolai de Moonasterio, what do you think of a demon for a son-in-law?' he said, then he turned to his descendant that was still sleeping on the ground peacefully. To be honest, he didn't expect that knocking the current emperor out by using Mona Roseheart's image would be effective. But it seemed like the fool was still crazy about his former lover that he didn't want to wake up anymore. 'Should I just kill him while he's unconscious?'

'Who's going to kill whom?'

He wasn't surprised when two men materialized in front of him while hiding Nikolai de Moonasterio behind them in a protective manner.

The two looked like father-and-son duo.

[Of course, they'd come out.]

By 'they,' he meant two of the current emperor's Soul Beasts.

Technically, only one of them was the official Soul Beast of the emperor– the Black Tortoise. But since the black serpent, the other beast, was always with the Black Tortoise, people had begun accepting it as an ‘unofficial’ Soul Beast of Nikolai de Moonasterio.

Even in the two’s human form, they remained inseparable.

The tall and bulky man wearing a black robe was the Black Tortoise. On the other hand, the young man who looked like a child wearing suspenders was the black serpent that had never left the Black Tortoise’s side. The ‘child’ was sitting on the Black Tortoise’s shoulders.

The two had opposite appearances but they still had one thing in common: pink hair. The strands of their hair were more on the red shade though.

Those were the unique hair colors of the male Rosehearts.

‘Mister Devil, please go easy on us,’ the black serpent ‘child’ pleaded in a cheerful voice. ‘Our main fighters aren’t present at the moment. The Vermillion Bird is currently treating the Azure Dragon that got injured from his fight with Gavin Quinzel’s Shadow Beast. On the other hand, our White Tiger is busy knocking sense into Princess Neoma’s dummy Soul Beast.’

‘Center, you’re talking too much,’ North, the Black Tortoise, scolded the black serpent called ‘Center.’ ‘Why do you have to tell all of that to the Devil?’

‘I’m appealing for his mercy,’ Center said, still talking like an annoying bright child. ‘It’s scary that it’s only the two of us, you know?’

‘Just tell that Devil bastard that we’ll kill him if he moves.’

He scoffed while listening to the two’s conversation.

[What a load of bullshit.]

It was true that Nikolai de Moonasterio's main weapons were the Vermillion Bird and the Azure Dragon.

But the Black Tortoise was the current emperor's strongest shield. If he was going to compare North's barrier technique to Princess Neoma's Dome, then he'd say that the Black Tortoise's shield was as durable as hard steel while the young princess's would be as soft as pudding.

Having said that, even though the Black Tortoise was known for its durable shield, it didn't mean that all he could do was to defend. There was a reason why North was accompanied by the black serpent all the time.

To test if his theory was still correct, he began to approach Nikolai de Moonasterio.

He had only taken three steps when Center disappeared. The next thing he knew, the 'child' was already attached to his back while biting his neck. The burning sensation in the spot where he was bitten already told him that the beast's fangs were venomous.

Ah, right.

[This beast is the black serpent.]

'Let's see if you could still take one more step,' North said, a Dome-like barrier that looked like a transparent tortoise's shell emerging from the ground. 'If you want to die, come at me.'

As expected, the current emperor's Soul Beasts were the strongest.

The Devil smirked despite the numbness that crippling his body. [Nikolai de Moonasterio, hurry up and die so Princess Neoma could take over your Soul Beasts.]

NEOMA didn't expect it to be this easy.

By that, she meant killing people.

She watched as the pages of the red book suck the souls of the people whose names were written on them. The souls that she saw weren't anything like C*sper. They were merely silhouettes of human figures. The colors of the souls varied though.

All the black and dark-colored souls were suĉkèd by the right scale. While the gray and lighter-colored souls were suĉkèd by the left one.

After that, she slashed the souls of the heavy sinners the way she slashed the gods earlier.

But this time, she didn't expect to hear the cries of help and the agonizing screams of the souls that she just 'harvested.'

Although she knew that those bastards deserved to die, she still felt guilty.

In fact, her heart was beating fast and loud against her ĉhest. A lump also formed in her throat, making her feel like she wanted to puke.

'Princess Neoma, you have to open the Hellgate by making a key from your soul,' Trevor, who was standing behind her, said. Then, he gently covered her ears with his hands. 'I will help you do that.'

Neoma took a deep breath, then she closed her eyes and tried to ignore the voices coming from the souls. 'Alright.'

'SHE DID it,' Nichole whispered to herself while looking up at the sky. 'Our Neoma successfully opened a new Hellgate with Trevor.'

As expected, Neoma and Trevor had a good rapport.

If she was the young princess's mother, she wouldn't mind having Trevor as a son-in-law. It was true that the young man was now a demon. But before

he was sacrificed by his family, he was the brilliant second son of House Kesser.

[He was better than the firstborn son, in fact. Too bad House Kesser was too adamant about their tradition regarding the first and second sons of their family.]

But maybe it was a good thing that Trevor had been turned into a demon. Because if it didn't happen to him, he wouldn't have met Neoma. Right now, her prideful niece might have not realized it yet.

The truth was Neoma wouldn't go this far without Trevor's help.

[The best thing about it is the fact that Trevor isn't tricking Neoma. An elite Contractor is just a fancy term for a slave. Because of the old promise between the de Moonasterios and the Kessers, the second son of Kesser would die and live for the female de Moonasterio who'd gain the right to be called the 'Moon Princess.']

'Princess Nichole?'

She turned to Dominic Zavaroni who was standing beside her.

Ah, she was surprised to see the former saint's white clothes had been soaked with blood. She wasn't worried though. After all, it wasn't Dominic's blood anyway.

'Look at you, Dominic,' Nichole said with pity in her voice. Then, she gently c ar essed Dominic's face with her bloody hand. Of course, doing so smeared the blood on his cheek. 'This is the face of a holy man that fell from grace.'

Dominic smiled, then he tilted his head to lean onto her touch even more. 'I didn't fall from grace,' he said with a peaceful look on his face. 'Everything just fell into the right place this time.'

She just smiled and looked up at the sky again. 'It seems like the one who really fell from grace is my poor niece.'

The 9th Hellgate made a heavy, creaking noise when Neoma opened it and guided the souls that she harvested. The giant scale remained suspended in the air. And Trevor was busy performing a spell to guide the souls that Neoma decided to let go back to their physical bodies.

[Those two are really busy, huh?]

'Princess Nichole, the bastard has been revived again.'

'Finally,' she said, then she turned to Curtis Smit lying on the ground. She and Dominic cut his limbs off one by one earlier. Because of that, it took Raven (her Black Phoenix) quite some time to revive the bastard. 'I need to help my niece so let's wrap it up.'

'P-Please... n-no more...' Curtis Smit, who couldn't move an inch, begged her while tears fell from the corner of his eyes. He could talk properly again because his tongue was fixed when the Black Phoenix revived him. 'J-Just k-kill m-me...'

She smirked and squatted down beside the crow bastard. 'It seems like the tables have been turned, huh? Do you remember how much I begged you to stop and let me go in the past?'

The crow bastard could only flinch.

She opened her right hand and a transparent crystal ball with a leech inside. 'I have a gift for you, Curtis Smit. I almost died hunting this down in the deepest part of the Underworld. But I know that it's going to be worth it.'

Fear crossed Curtis Smit's eyes.

'This isn't an ordinary leech,' she said cheerfully. 'This is a demon parasite that would hatch eggs as soon as it entered a human body. Do you know

what the best part is? It doesn't discriminate. This little bastard doesn't care whether its host is a male or female body. It will still get you 'pregnant.'

'N-No,' the crow bastard begged in a cracked voice, then he gathered his energy and tried to stand up.

But Dominic stepped on Curtis Smit's chest and put him in place. Then, the former saint stabbed the crow bastard in the shoulder using the pointed end of his scepter. It was funny that Curtis Smit could only cry out loud, probably feeling hopeless now that his body was pinned to the ground with no way of getting out of being skewered.

[Ah, my Dominic is really useful.]

'When the eggs of this demon parasite hatched, it will find a way out,' she said while forcing Curtis Smit's mouth open. 'Men don't have vāḡīnās, but the hole between your bu~~tt~~ cheeks will do.'

She crushed the crystal ball in her hand. Then, she put the demon parasite in the crow bastard's mouth and pushed it until he was forced to swallow the leech. It only took a few minutes before Curtis Smit's stomach swelled.

Nichole laughed while clapping her hands. 'Congratulations on your pregnancy, Curtis Smit!'

NEOMA felt dumb.

But she still had a job to do so after sending the souls of the sinners to the 9th Hellgate, she returned to where she left Giselle Averon and her equally perverted partner.

She decided to end the lives of the p*dophiles by killing their physical bodies.

This time, she used her very own hands.

‘You’re here.’

Neoma was surprised when she heard the voice that she didn’t expect to hear. When she turned around, she was even more shocked to see Ruto in his adult form.

Yes, the Royal Chef, for some reason, had the appearance of an adult just like she did. She had so many questions for him but the first thing she did was to cover her face with her bloody hands.

‘Don’t look at me,’ Neoma said in a cracked voice. ‘I don’t want you to see me right now.’

‘I can’t see your face.’

She smiled sadly. ‘You really don’t say the things that I want to hear from you, silly Ruto.’

‘Neoma.’

Okay, she almost fainted from shock when the royal chef called her by her name.

Neoma raised her head to look at him properly. Only then did she realize that his hair color wasn’t black anymore. It was actually purple. ‘Ruto... you know?’

Ruto gave her a half-smile that looked pained for some reason. ‘How could I not?’

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