

# Royal Secret: I'm A Princess!

## Volume 3: ROYAL PAIN IN THE NECK

### Chapter 256 - THE LAST STRAW

[Before Neoma and Ruto's encounter...]

JASPER had prepared himself for a fight when he reached the camp's Underground Arena.

But much to his shocked, the battle was over when he arrived.

[Just what happened here ?]

The Underground Arena was a replica of a fighting coliseum in the Royal Capital. The camp owners would choose the strongest and most talented children and young adults that they 'owned.' Then, they would those children fight beasts that the camp also illegally collect.

When he arrived at the camp, Alistair Madgwick gave him a test that would prove that he wasn't there was a spy. That bastard asked him to surrender Tate, his cousin and closest aide, to be one of the fighters in the Underground Arena. Since he needed to gain the trust of Alistair Madgwick back then, he had to sacrifice Tate.

That bastard Prism had fun 'training' Tate since Prism was the one in charge of the fighters. But Prism would torture Tate before a fight to make his cousin suffer. Fortunately, despite all the tortures and fights that Tate went through, he remained strong mentally.

He didn't want to say this but Tate being a fighter helped him a lot in discovering who their enemies were among the nobility.

Most of the patrons of those horrible fights were nobles. And those damned nobles loved to bet to add excitement to the fights. He had been with the

camp for a year and he didn't waste a single day gathering pieces of evidence. Of course, he wouldn't have been able to achieve that without Tate's sacrifice.

[I have the names of those nobles along with the evidence that they're involved with the camp.]

To make it up to Tate, he swore that he would personally avenge his cousin.

But Prism was dealt with by Princess Neoma's Spirit foxes.

And now, the beasts in the Underground Arena and all the servants of the camp were dead. There was a young man with purple hair standing in front of the beasts' mountain of corpses. He couldn't see the stranger's face clearly because of the mask he was wearing.

It was amazing how he couldn't feel the purple head's Mana or even aura despite him using his ability to lift the corpses by simply waving his hand.

By the looks of it, that young fellow was the one who took care of the beasts.

[I didn't get to do anything for Tate...]

'My lord...'

He turned to Tate.

His heart broke when he once again saw his cousin's awful state. As usual, Tate's whole body was filled with cuts and bruises. But the most crucial injury that his cousin got was the loss of his left eye. It happened when Tate fought with a corrupted dragon.

'What happened here, Tate?' Jasper asked, setting aside his personal feelings first. 'And who is that purple head?'

‘I don’t know who that person is, Your Grace,’ Tate said while scratching his cheek. ‘As soon as he got here, he made the other kids sleep and asked me to protect them. Then, he killed all the camp’s servants and the beasts used for fighting.’

‘How did he kill them?’

‘He has the lightning attribute.’

His eyes widened in shock because he only knew one person in the whole empire who had that attribute.

Ah, come to think of it, an Elemental Guardian appeared a while ago.

[Cmpit ao gu...]

He immediately turned around to face the purple head that was now looking at him.

‘It’s been a while, Lord Stroganoff,’ he greeted his fellow nobleman. ‘May I know what brought you here?’

To be honest, he wasn’t sure if it was Ruston Stroganoff because of his purple hair. He had only seen the Royal Chef a few times but as far as he remembered, he was supposed to have black hair. But maybe he changed his hair color through a spell or a potion for his disguise.

‘Take care of the survivors and bring them out, Lord Hawthorne. This place will soon collapse,’ Ruston Stroganoff, the young Royal Chef and the genius of their generation, said when he pulled his mask down. ‘I need to go—’

‘You purple bastard!’

He was surprised when a powerful Spirit suddenly appeared in the arena. He was pretty sure that the very tall man that materialized in front of the Royal Chef was a Spirit. He barely understood what the Spirit said but he could tell that it was angry at Ruston Stroganoff.

Ruston Stroganoff, on the other hand, just sighed as if he was tired before he bolted out of the room at an insane speed.

[I didn't see him leave...]

And the Royal Chef didn't even leave a trace.

But that wasn't one of his main concerns regarding Ruston Stroganoff.

[Did he just talk informally to me? I'm older than that punk!]

'Goddammit!' the Spirit yelled angrily, then it disappeared to probably chase Ruston Stroganoff.

[Good luck with that.]

'Your Grace, what just happened?' Tate asked, confused. 'Who are those people?'

'Just some monsters that are out of our league,' Jasper said while shaking his head. Then, he turned to the sleeping children on the floor. 'Let's get them out of here first, Tate.'

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'STOP right there, purple bastard!' William yelled while chasing the purple bastard that runs at the speed of light. He could barely catch up to him. 'If I catch you, you're dead!'

He saw it when the purple bastard descended from the sky in the form of lightning.

Then, that lightning bolt suddenly turned into a young man with purple hair. To have the form of a lightning bolt was one of the many transportation spells in the world. But to turn one's physical body into its attribute was something that only the most talented people could do.

Ir lvmzo, ovu npzniu gflofzt jfl f eurapl tulnaou guare wmpre.

[I'm pretty sure that it's the purple bastard that Nero is looking for.]

He remembered that Tara, the Spirit World Queen, told him to look for a man with purple hair while he was in the living world before the queen kicked him out of the Spirit World earlier. Who would have thought that he would find the purple bastard easily?

[Thank goodness he made a flashy entrance or else, I wouldn't have noticed him.]

After all, the purple bastard had no traceable aura or Mana.

He didn't want to admit this but he should be grateful to Neoma de Moonasterio for sending him away. The place where the stupid flame lizard sent him to was where the purple bastard landed. He has been chasing the child ever since that moment.

[Ah, shit. That punk is getting faster!]

He thought he was going to lose the purple bastard. But all of a sudden, the child stopped running and raised his head to stare at the sky.

Ah, right.

The filthy bug opened a new Hellgate. He wasn't interested in that so he ignored the huge gate suspended in the air. It was too late to stop it anyway.

'You.'

He turned to the purple bastard with a glare. 'My name is William Roseheart. Don't call me 'you.'

'What do you want from me?'

'I'm not the one who needs something from you,' he said, then he crossed his arms over his chest. 'It's Nero, the real Crown Prince.'

‘I haven’t personally met the real Crown Prince yet,’ the purple bastard said.  
‘How come he’s looking for me?’

‘He said he wanted to find a man with purple hair.’

The purple bastard let out a frustrated sigh. ‘Am I the only person in the world with this hair color?’

‘Well, you’re right. You’re not the only person with that hair color,’ he said while tilting his head to one side. ‘But my gut is telling me that you’re the right purple bastard. You have an Elemental Guardian and not just anyone can use the attribute you have. You have at least to be that special to be involved with the filthy bug.’

‘Filthy bug?’

‘I’m talking about Neoma de Moonasterio—’ He wasn’t able to finish his sentence when he was suddenly struck by lightning. It wasn’t enough to kill him, but it was enough to bring him to his knees. The temporary physical body that he was using was burned in an instant. The fućkínġ lightning the struck him was also enough to kill a strong Mana user. It was that deadly.  
‘Fuck you, purple bastard.’

‘I don’t care if you call me a bastard but if you disrespect Neoma again, I will make sure that my next attack will kill you.’

He smirked while his temporary physical body was starting to melt. Ah, fućk. Tara would kill his àss once he returned to the Spirit World without having accomplished anything good here. Well, except for one thing. ‘Now I’m confirmed that you’re really the right purple bastard that Nero is looking for,’ he said. ‘I’ll come back for you later.’

‘I have nothing to say to Prince Nero,’ the child said bluntly. ‘But I have something to say to you.’

‘What is it?’ he asked curiously. ‘Hurry up before I disappear, purple bastard.’

‘If you try to harm Neoma in any way, I will kill Prince Nero.’

To say that he was shocked by the purple bastard’s threat would be an understatement. In fact, it gave him goosebumps. After all, he knew that those weren’t empty words. The purple bastard had the ability to do so.

‘Even if you hide Prince Nero in the Underworld or the Spirit World, I can still find and kill him anytime I want,’ the purple bastard continued, his eyes glowing menacingly now. ‘So you better leave Neoma alone.’

William laughed, thrilled that he found a new worthy opponent. ‘The next I come for you, I will use my real body,’ he warned the child. ‘Let’s see who’s going to kill whom by then, purple bastard.’

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‘TREVOR, can you guide the souls to the Hellgate for a moment?’ Neoma asked the demon boy while watching the black souls enter her Hellgate. ‘I have two more souls that I need to harvest.’

Trevor tilted his head at one side as if he was confused. ‘Two more souls? But I’m pretty sure that I have gathered all the souls of the people involved with the camp...’

‘The people I’m talking about aren’t dead yet,’ she explained. ‘I punished them by using the Hellflame that Tteokbokki lent me. It’s the kind of flame that would burn them down and revive them again and again.’

‘Ah, I get it now,’ he said while nodding his head. ‘Since they’re being burned by the Hellflame, their physical bodies and their souls are locked up in a different dimension. Thus, Bookworm failed to put them in the list.’

‘I’ll send them to the Hellgate in a while,’ she said, then she turned to the replica of the Death Scythe in her hand. ‘Mini Skewer, you may return to your original size now.’

The replica glowed before it returned to her neck as the pendant of her choker.

But of course, since the Lynx Ring was still activated, Mini Skewer turned into a doodle on her neck just like how her other weapons were turned into doodles on her skin.

‘Trevor, do you have a dagger?’

He raised an eyebrow at her. ‘Are you going to kill those bastards with your own hands?’

‘I have to,’ she said, feeling numb. ‘I realized that taking the souls of the sinners using the technique you called ‘Banishing’ is way too easy.’ She looked at her hands and felt regretful. ‘I should have killed them first before I harvested their souls.’

To be honest, she didn’t know what she was saying.

But the bloodthirst that she didn’t know she had was starting to get stronger deep within her. She wanted blood, and she wanted the blood of the bastards who hurt her precious people.

[Is this the Lunacy that Arche de Moonasterio mentioned?]

‘I don’t have a dagger with me at the moment but...’ Trevor, much to her shock, suddenly pulled out his red horn effortlessly. ‘You can borrow this. It’s sharper than any ordinary dagger anyway. Moreover, I can assure you that it can inflict more pain than your average blade. You’ll know what I’m talking about once you use it.’



She gulped while looking at his bleeding forehead, then she looked at him in the eye. ‘Your forehead is bleeding, dummy.’

‘It doesn’t hurt though.’

She sighed and shook her head, then she accepted the red horn that Trevor handed to her. ‘I’ll give this back later.’

‘Nah, it will disappear once it’s covered with blood,’ he said. ‘Don’t worry about it. My horns grow all the time.’

‘Thanks.’

‘Uh-huh.’

She was about to say something when she suddenly remembered something important. She gasped, suddenly feeling guilty. ‘Where’s Tteokbokki?’

‘I thought you’ve already forgotten about your Soul Beast, Princess Neoma.’

She and Trevor both turned to the stranger that suddenly materialized in front of them.

[So fucking handsome...]

She could tell that the young man was way, way older than her and Trevor. But his appearance made him look like a teenager. A very handsome teenager, at that. He was on the lanky side, but his height and his built were surprisingly proportional.

Anyway, the handsome stranger wore a white robe and a white turtleneck shirt inside that covered not only his neck but also half of his face.

But the most striking feature that the stranger had was his hair color.

[His hair is pink and the strands are red.]

Plus, the stranger’s eyes were a pretty shade of dark blue. It reminded her of the deep sea— beautiful but dangerous.

‘Look who’s here,’ Trevor said in his usual taunting voice. ‘If it isn’t His Majesty’s White Tiger.’

‘You’re the White Tiger?’ she asked, surprised and amused. ‘Holy moly. You have a human form, too?’

‘All Soul Beasts do, Princess Neoma,’ the White Tiger, named ‘West’ if she remembered it correctly, said. Then, he opened his hand. A red ball of fire materialized above his palm. ‘I apologize but I had to knock the Red Dragon out before he burned the whole place down.’

Ah, right.

When she snapped earlier, Tteokbokki went out of control.

She almost forgot about her Soul Beast because when she and Trevor returned, Tteokbokki was already out of the picture.

[Thank goodness the White Tiger knocked him out.]

‘Thank you, West,’ she said, then she opened her hand.

The red ball of fire immediately floated towards her. When it touched her hand, it entered her body. The warmth that she felt all over her system was proof that Tteokbokki had safely returned inside her soul.

‘Ah,’ she said when she realized something important again. That thought made him frown. ‘If you’re here, then it means Papa Boss is here as well. Where’s my father?’

‘Didn’t the demon boy tell you, Princess Neoma?’ the White Tiger asked while giving Trevor a side-eye. ‘His Majesty arrived with that young demon over there. He knows that His Majesty is currently facing the Devil.’

She turned to Trevor. ‘Why didn’t you tell me that Papa Boss is here and he’s fighting the Devil now?’

Trevor shrugged with an annoying lazy expression on his face. 'It's not like His Majesty is relevant at this moment. But I intend to inform you if he was killed by the Devil.'

Of course, that kind of comment earned a growl from the White Tiger.

[Sometimes I wonder if Trevor is confident or just plain stupid.]

'I don't think Papa Boss will get killed by the Devil,' she said. It wasn't like she was faith in her father. She just knew for a fact that Papa Boss was the strongest man in the whole continent. 'Anyway...' She turned to the White Tiger that seemed to have calmed down immediately. 'Can you tell my father that I need to talk to him after he's done dealing with the Devil?'

'Of course, Princess Neoma,' West said, then he turned to the giant Hellgate behind. 'You and His Majesty really need to talk later.'

After saying that, the White Tiger disappeared without so much as a goodbye.

'He has Papa Boss's personality,' she said while shaking her head. 'But I'll forgive him this time because I like his hair color.'

'Of course you'd like it,' the demon boy said casually. 'That's the signature hair color of the male Rosehearts. If Prince Nero's Roseheart Blood overpowers his divine energy as a de Moonasterio, his hair color would look like that as well.'

'Why would a Soul Beast have the trait unique to a male Roseheart...' She trailed off when she realized that her own question was also the answer to her curiosity. 'That handsome man is a male Roseheart? But how did he become a Soul Beast?'

'Ah, your 'Papa Boss' didn't tell you?' Trevor asked while smirking, then his eyes glowed menacingly. 'Princess Neoma, didn't anyone tell you yet

that the de Moonasterios of the past used to abduct male Rosehearts to turn them into the Royal Family's Soul Beasts ?'

And just like that, Neoma once again felt her sanity slipping away.

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[AH, THERE she is.]

Ruto gently placed a hand on the door in front of him. Since he mustered all the strength in his body to 'exorcise' the rude Grand Spirit earlier, his body had turned into an adult's. That was the side-effect of using his full power.

After all, the age of his soul didn't match the young physical body that he had at the present.

[It reeks of blood and malice...]

Behind that door, he knew that Neoma was there. He could also tell by the smell of the blood in the air that she was killing people inside. The aura coming out from her at the moment was violent and cruel.

[The Lunacy hasn't ended yet.]

He knew that exposing his identity to Neoma would be dangerous. But it wasn't like he could leave her alone. Not when she was in this state. So even if it would cost him a lot, he still decided to help the royal princess.

Ruto opened the door. The bloody scene didn't surprise him anymore. But the dark aura coming from Neoma made his chest tighten in pain. He couldn't see her face, but he could imagine how heartbroken she must have looked at the moment. 'You're here.'

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

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