

Royal Secret: I'm A Princess!

Volume 3: ROYAL PAIN IN THE NECK

Chapter 267 – MISERY LOVES COMPANY

‘I WILL TAKE responsibility,’ Neoma declared firmly. ‘If no one marries you because of that huge àss burn mark, I will take responsibility, Ruto Stroganoff.’

[Oh, shit.]

Why did it sound like a marriage proposal?

[No, it’s not like that! There are other ways of ‘taking responsibility’ without marrying Ruto! Plus, I think he’s dense enough to not realize that it sounded like I proposed to him—’

‘Is that a proposal?’ Ruto asked bluntly, with a smidge of playfulness in his voice. ‘I’m sorry but I won’t accept a proposal from a nine-year-old girl.’

That was the worst humiliation that she had received in her third life.

[Why was I rejected when I didn’t confess in the first place?!]

‘I didn’t propose to you,’ Neoma said, pouting. ‘When I said I’d take responsibility, I mean I will help you find a suitable partner if ever you wanted to get married but can’t date because of your burn mark.’

‘Marriage isn’t on my mind yet so you don’t have to worry about that.’

‘I’m not worried,’ she insisted. ‘I just feel guilty.’

‘You don’t have to.’

‘That can’t stop me from feeling guilty,’ she said stubbornly. ‘Ruto, our empire has an impossible beauty standard because of our family’s beauty

genes. What if you get discriminated in the cooking industry because of your burn mark ?‘

‘That won’t happen,’ he said casually. ‘I’m a Stroganoff.’

Right.

She heard that Marquis Morton Stroganoff, Ruto’s father (that she hadn’t met personally yet) was like the Gordon Ramsay of this world.

‘And even if my potential customers reject my food because they’re disgusted with my face, I’ll be fine,’ he said with a frown. ‘I don’t think you should worry about me since our society favors a wealthy nobleman like me anyway— regardless of how I look.’

Ruto may sound arrogant to some because of what he just said.

But truth be told, he was only spitting facts.

Just like in the modern world, the society in this one held women to impossible standards. On the other hand, men (especially those with looks, power, and wealth) were glorified no matter how mediocre they were.

Since Ruto was the son of a celebrated and rich marquis, he’d easily find a marriage partner if he wanted to...

[Huh ?]

‘I’m annoyed,’ she declared. ‘I don’t know why but I’m annoyed.’

‘Are you hungry ?‘ Ruto asked in a slightly livelier voice than usual. ‘Do you want me to cook something for you ?‘

Neoma didn’t have to answer because her stomach growled loudly for her. ‘I want meat.’

TREVOR jfl talfnmarout om dart Lujal Czusfr ar ovu Rut Scw Tmjuz fimru.

Well, not really 'alone' since he was with other children. But the point was the young fox wasn't with Princess Neoma at the moment.

[I thought I'd find my Moon Princess if I followed Lewis Crevan's Mana.]

The Holy Barrier around the Royal Palace had become stupidly stronger and more aggressive than the previous one. He couldn't even use the portal that Emperor Nikolai lent him a while ago. To be precise, the current barrier that the emperor created was specifically made to ward off demons like him.

Moreover, he didn't feel Princess Neoma's presence in the Royal Palace.

Thus, he followed Lewis Crevan's traces instead, thinking that he was with the Moon Princess. But alas, he was wrong.

'Boring,' Trevor said, currently in his child form because his Mana was exhausted after creating a new Hellgate with Princess Neoma, while suspended in the air in a lotus position in front of an indifferent Lewis Crevan. 'Where's my Moon Princess?'

Lewis Crevan, seated on the railing of the balcony, just looked at him with a blank look on his face. Then, he turned to the night sky and stared at the moon.

'Completely ignoring me, huh?' he said, offended by the young fox's snobbish attitude. This was childish but he suddenly felt the urge to tease his 'son.' And he was one to indulge to his whims. 'Lewis, my boy. Did you meet the young man with purple hair?'

The young fox flinched but he still didn't give him a response.

[Ah, let's egg on him more.]

‘You know who that young man is, don’t you?’ he asked in a cheerful voice. ‘He’s pretty useful, Lewis. Moreover, he has an Elemental Guardian.’

Still no reaction from Lewis.

[Just a little bit more.]

‘Hey, son,’ he said while inching closer to the young fox who was still acting like he couldn’t see him. ‘Do you know that Princess Neoma formed a contract with the Devil? The Devil asked for her beauty in exchange. Thus, Princess Neoma had to burn half of her face.’

‘Lies,’ Lewis Crevan said, finally breaking his silence. ‘And I’m not your son.’

[Finally, a reaction from my dear son.]

‘I understand why you think I’m lying. After all, Princess Neoma’s face is back to normal,’ he said, then he wiggled his eyebrows just to annoy Lewis. ‘But do you know how Princess Neoma was able to retrieve her beauty?’

Of course, he was met with silence.

[This child is really good at ignoring people he doesn’t like, huh?]

Well, that wouldn’t stop him from being annoying.

‘It was the young chef,’ he said with a smirk. ‘Lewis, I’m saying that Ruto Stroga-whatever saved Princess Neoma’s face by sacrificing himself. If you meet the chef bastard again, you’d see a huge ass burn mark on his face. Not that it makes a difference since he has a plain face anyway...’

He trailed off when he saw the different emotions playing on Lewis Crevan’s face.

First, it was disbelief. Then, anger at himself for not knowing. After that, guilt for probably not being able to be with Princess Neoma the moment she needed someone. And now...

‘Jealous?’ he asked while laughing. ‘Yeah, I felt jealous, too. I told you about the chef bastard’s grand gesture because I wanted you to feel the same thing that I did.’ He patted the young fox’s shoulder. ‘They say misery loves company after all.’

Lewis Crevan glared at him.

He laughed, enjoying his son’s suffering. That was what he wanted from young fox. After all, he could use Lewis Crevan’s feelings to his advantage. ‘I’m not your enemy this time, my dear son,’ he said. ‘If you want to receive Neoma’s full love and attention, why don’t you get rid of Ruston Stroganoff before the two develop deep feelings for each other?’

He would get rid of Ruston Stroganoff if he could.

But Princess Neoma was obviously fond of the chef bastard. It would be nice if Lewis Crevan would do the job for him. If his plan worked, then he wouldn’t have to sully his hand and gain Princess Neoma’s anger.

[You have to work smart, not work hard.]

‘I can hear you thinking all this way,’ Lewis Crevan said in a calmer voice than he expected. ‘I’m not dumb. Why would I kill someone who’s useful to Princess Neoma?’

His smirk disappeared.

[What a smart bastard.]

‘You demon!’

Annoyed, he turned to the person who opened the balcony doors and slammed it shut. It was a young lady. The Bookworm whispered to him that the woman was called Juri Wisteria.

[Ah, the child of House Wisteria.]

And also Madam Hammock's granddaughter.

He raised an eyebrow at the young lady who was approaching him in an aggressive manner. 'You know that I'm a demon and yet, you're behaving that way—'

He wasn't able to finish his sentence when the young lady grabbed him by the collar.

It pissed him off.

[Svmpit I caii oval hvait ?]

'I heard from Lord Hawthorne that you're the Devil's Grimoire and apparently, Princess Nichole is the Devil's substitute or something,' Juri Wisteria said angrily. 'Bring me to Princess Nichole now!'

He could understand why this young lady was acting like this.

The Bookworm whispered to him that Princess Nichole killed Madam Hammock. Of course, Juri Wisteria would want to avenge her grandmother. But...

'Is Princess Nichole wrong for killing your grandmother?'

The young lady looked shocked by his question.

Even Lewis Crevan looked at him as if he was the most despicable man in the world.

[Well, if you're not Princess Neoma, then I don't give a fućk about your opinion.]

‘Do you even know what Madam Hammock did to Princess Nichole?’ he asked the young lady in a taunting manner. ‘If I were Princess Nichole, I wouldn’t merely destroy your grandmother’s Core. I would cut her limbs off and feed her to the monsters of Grimwoods.’

‘Grimwoods’ was an infamous forest known as a huge lair for monsters.

Juri Wisteria’s face turned red from anger. Then, she raised and opened her other hand. A few seconds after, an iron sledgehammer materialized. She grabbed it and tried to hit his head with the hammer.

He yawned and used one finger to stop the sledgehammer from attempting to crush his skull.

The young lady was surprised that he only had to use one finger to stop her attack. She also looked like her ego was crushed.

[Serves you right.]

‘Don’t be mean to Lady Wisteria,’ Lewis Crevan scolded him. ‘Princess Neoma ‘adopted’ her as a daughter.’

Trevor almost choked on his saliva when he heard that. ‘You should have said that earlier, my dear son!’ he complained, then he turned to Juri Wisteria with a bright smile on his face. ‘Would you like to know about Madam Hammock’s obsession with the Hisa Tree that caused her to be cruel to Princess Nichole?’

‘Hisa Tree?’ Juri Wisteria asked, confused. ‘Tell me more about it, demon.’

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