

Royal Secret: I'm A Princess!

Volume 3: ROYAL PAIN IN THE NECK

Chapter 274 - SHREWD LITTLE MINDS

‘OUR FIRST and biggest problem is the arrival of His Excellency, High Priest Dave Wellington.’

Neoma sipped her (sweetened) tea while listening to her Papa Boss.

Right now, she and her father were still in his office. Only this time, the two of them were in the lounge area. She was seated on the sofa across from her Papa Boss. It was Geoffrey Kinsley who brought refreshments for them earlier. But the Paladin already left after serving them.

‘His Excellency would definitely demand to know what exactly happened to Saint Zavaroni,’ her Papa Boss said. ‘After all, their followers would also look for His Holiness.’

‘What’s going to happen if we tell His Excellency the truth?’ Neoma asked, then she gently put the tea cup down on the table. ‘Must we tell the temple that His Holiness turned his back on Yule to be with my Aunt Nichole?’

‘Don’t address Nichole casually in front of other people– especially not in front of the nobles,’ her father said. When she didn’t comment on that, her Papa Boss continued. ‘We have no choice but to tell the High Priest the truth. Once we do, the temple will probably convey it to their followers. And since the Devil is the temple’s nemesis, they will definitely paint Nichole as the evil one that dragged Saint Zavaroni to hell. They would never romanticize the saint’s relationship with your aunt.’

She wasn't surprised with what she heard.

Moreover, she also agreed that Saint Zavaroni's relationship with her Aunt Nichole shouldn't be romanticized. But although she knew that her aunt was the temple's nemesis, she still didn't want the High Priest to put the blame on her Aunt Nichole.

[It's unfair.]

'Aunt Nichole didn't force Saint Zavaroni to choose her over Lord Yule,' she said with a scowl. 'If they're going to reveal the truth to the public, then we might as well let everyone know about the existence of the cult and the horrible things they do to the empire's princesses.'

'Do you think the High Priest would get threatened by that?'

'The Astello Temple worships Lord Yule,' she said. 'And Lord Yule is the founder of the cult. Well, technically, it was his descendants who created the cult that we know today. Nevertheless, Lord Yule was the one who enabled Callisto de Luca to play with the lives of the female de Moonasterios.' She sipped her tea before she continued. 'If I put it that way, I don't think the temple would have the audacity to blame Aunt Nichole for Saint Zavaroni's betrayal.'

Her father looked at her long and hard as if he was trying to see what was on her mind. In the end, he took a deep sigh while shaking his head. 'If it's you, then I'm sure you can 'convince' the High Priest to go along with the narrative you want.'

'Uh-huh.'

'Then, can I leave this matter to you?'

'Of course, Papa Boss,' she said. 'Don't worry about it, Papa Boss. Even though I won't allow the temple to blame the saint's betrayal on Princess Nichole, I won't side with the Devil.'

‘I know that you’re not stupid to do that.’

‘Thank you,’ she said. ‘What about the nobles? What are they crying about this time?’

‘First of all, they found out that the people who run the camp were all murdered,’ her father said. ‘The ones who survived are just mere servants who don’t know any important information regarding the Death Camp.’

Ah, right.

She didn’t kill everyone. Only those who committed heinous crimes were killed. The others were left alive to be punished by human laws.

‘Second, the fact that Madam Hammock was killed by Nichole, who turned out to be the Devil’s proxy, has already spread among the nobles.’

Her heart sank once again.

But she remembered that she and her Papa Boss decided to put their duties as royals over their personal feelings in the meantime.

[We’ll talk about the important stuff after we settled the urgent matters at hand.]

‘Finally, majority of the nobles are accusing you of being too reckless for putting the lives of the children of House Wisteria, House Dankworth, and House Hawthorne at risk,’ her Papa Boss concluded. ‘They also think that you’re too arrogant for thinking that you can handle this on your own.’

She smirked and sipped her tea.

[This sounds familiar.]

After all, in her first life, the young Duke Jasper Hawthorne was also criticized for dealing with the Death Camp on his own. It was such a huge spectacle back then since the nobles, especially the older ones, were adamant about taking Jasper Oppa's title during that time.

Fortunately, her oppa thought of a brilliant way to shut them up. Not only that. Jasper Oppa also used that opportunity to pass the law that would protect the children of the empire.

[Jasper Oppa, I'm sorry but I have to steal your idea.]

'Your smirk tells me that you already know how to handle the nobles' criticism,' her Papa Boss said. 'Is there anything I can do to help?'

'I just need you to support the 'Crown Prince' during the meeting with the nobles, Papa Boss,' she said. 'I can handle the rest.'

'Are you sure?'

'Yes, Papa Boss,' she said while nodding. 'Have some faith in me.'

'I have faith in you,' her father said, quite surprising her. 'I just want to make sure if you really don't need my help at all.'

Actually, she already had everything figured out.

But it wouldn't hurt to ask her father for 'that' thing.

'Money, Papa Boss,' Neoma said with a big smile on her face. Of course, she has money since she has been saving up ever since she was five. But she wanted to save her money for her life as a lady of leisure in the future. 'I need at least twice the amount of my monthly allowance.'

'Okay,' her Papa Boss agreed easily. 'Money will never be an issue.'

[Ah, perhaps Papa Boss's only saving grace, aside from his face, is his wealth.]

'YOU WANT us to work with the Devil's Grimoire?'

'Yes,' William, leaning against the wall with his arms over his chest, said to Tara. 'That demon boy said that he'd like to continue with his treatment of Nero's physical body here in the Spirit World.'

'Do you think we can trust him?' Tara asked worriedly. 'He's still the Devil's servant.'

'The boy is a Kesser,' he reasoned. 'That means he was only forced to become a demon. It doesn't seem like he's attached to the Devil, too. In fact, that stupid demon chose to devote his loyalty to the filthy bug.'

'Filthy bug?'

'Neoma de Moonasterio.'

'Don't disrespect Princess Neoma, William. Nero wouldn't like that,' the queen scolded him. 'Do you think it was Princess Neoma who asked the demon boy to continue with Nero's treatment here instead of his hellhole?'

'No, it wasn't the filthy bug,' he said. 'It was the advice of the person that Nero is looking for?'

The queen fell silent for a while before she gasped softly. 'You found the man with purple hair?'

'That's right,' he said while nodding. 'He was the one who destroyed the temporary human body that I used when I went to the surface.'

‘He’s that strong?’

‘Yeah,’ he said firmly. ‘And he also seems like a trustworthy person. He just said a few words to me but I already believed him.’

‘It’s rare for you to easily trust someone you just met.’

‘That purple bastard is annoying but he reminds me of Mona.’

‘How so?’

‘They’re both likable,’ he said bluntly. ‘In my standards, at least.’

Tara laughed softly. ‘Then, I guess I have no choice but to trust your decision,’ she said, then she turned serious. ‘But I’d like to talk to the demon boy first to set some conditions.’

‘Sure,’ William said, then he stood straight. ‘Let me pick up the demon boy.’

‘WHY do you have to dress up like a girl, Prince Nero?’ Trevor, still suspended in the air, asked him curiously. ‘Is that a hobby of yours?’

‘It’s not,’ Nero denied firmly. ‘I need to dress up as a girl to fool the water snake into thinking that I’m Neoma.’

‘Water snake?’

‘The giant serpent guarding my mother under the ocean.’

The demon boy tilted his head at one side. ‘It’s not an ordinary water snake,’ he said. ‘If I’m not mistaken, it’s the Imoogi called Nathaira.’

‘What’s an Imoogi?’

‘It’s a lesser dragon,’ the demon explained. ‘An Imoogi is a creature that resembles a gigantic serpent. Apparently, Imoogis were cursed

and therefore, they failed to become full-fledged dragons. But according to the records in the Devil's Grimoire, an Imoogi can turn into a real dragon if it succeeded in securing horns from a dead dragon.'

'Why are you telling me to find Nathaira a pair of horns for her to be a full-fledged dragon?'

'You need to gain the Imoogi's favor if you want to have safe access to your mother's 'lair,' the demon said casually. 'It seems like Lady Roseheart only gave access to Neoma. Thus, anyone who isn't your twin sister will have to break Nathaira's tight defense. Since the Black Ocean is the Imoogi's lair and the water in there is made of her very own energy, Nathaira is invincible underwater. Gaining her favor instead of trying to fool the Imoogi the second time around is better.'

Ah, that made sense.

He hated to admit this but Trevor was really knowledgeable. But he wondered how long had the demon boy known that her mother was trapped under the Black Ocean.

[Did he already tell Neoma about our mother's situation?]

'That's easier said than done,' he said when the talkative demon finally shut his mouth. 'But where do you think would I find a pair of dragon horns while I'm stuck here?'

'I have them.'

'Huh?'

'I have a pair of dragon horns with me,' the demon said casually. 'I can lend them to you if you want.'

Unbelievable.

But then again, this annoying demon was the Devil's Grimoire. Aside from a vast stock of knowledge, he probably had a collection of rare items that he needed to protect himself from getting stolen by greedy people.

'You're not going to give it for free, are you?'

'Of course not. Demons don't work for free,' Trevor said with a smirk.

'Would you like to form a contract with me, future brother-in-law?'

'Alright, let's do that,' Nero said, ignoring the fact that Trevor called him 'brother-in-law' again. 'But if you ask for Neoma's hand in marriage, I will kill you.'

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