

Royal Secret: I'm A Princess!

Volume 3: ROYAL PAIN IN THE NECK

Chapter 277 - DIVINE INTERVENTION

‘I WON’T lie, Princess Neoma– the thought of leaving your crew has crossed my mind.’

Neoma sipped her tea quietly while listening to Juri’s small and hesitant voice.

She could tell just by the tone of her ‘adopted daughter’s’ voice that she had complicated feelings inside. She knew because that was exactly what she was feeling right now. In short, they were in the same boat.

‘I have a confession to make,’ Juri Wisteria, who has been fiddling with her fingers, said. Then, she raised her head to meet her gaze. ‘I met a demon who claims to be your future fiancé, Princess Neoma.’

She gripped the handle of her teacup so tight that she almost broke it.

[That damned Trevor...!]

‘He told me how my grandma had wronged Princess Nichole in the past,’ her poor daughter said in a cracked voice, her eyes now teary.

‘As a woman, I felt horrible for the former Princess Royal. I understand why the former Princess Royal killed my grandmother. But...’ She clenched her hands tight as her expression hardened.

‘Madam Hammock is still my grandma. She was good to me, and I loved her dearly. I can’t bring myself to hate her despite knowing the awful things that she did to Princess Nichole.’ She closed her eyes when she began sobbing hard. ‘I can’t bring myself to forgive Princess Nichole even though I know that she’s the real victim.’

She lifted her teacup and sipped her tea quietly once again while letting Juri cry her heart out.

[Jplo iuo ao fii mpo, qw nmmz tfpevouz.]

Plus, she understood what Juri was feeling very well.

She also couldn't bring herself to hate her Aunt Nichole. As if it wasn't complicated enough, she also couldn't bring herself to totally hate Madam Hammock. Because before learning what the madam did to her aunt, Madam Hammock was a very kind person to her.

In line with that thought, she suddenly remembered what Greko told her earlier: ['I don't really care even if you're a bad person. All I care about is that you're good to me, Sister Neoma.]

Perhaps, her youngest son was correct.

[It doesn't really matter whether a person is good or not. We tend to judge people on the basis of whether they're good or bad to us. It's the most honest way to display humans' selfishness.]

'I'm sorry, Princess Neoma,' Juri said between sobs, distracting her from her thoughts. 'I'm sorry for showing this shameful and weak side of mine to you. I'm an adult and yet, here I am— crying in front of a child.'

[You're the child here, Juri Wisteria.]

But she couldn't say that.

'Juri, crying isn't only for children,' she said gently. 'Adults are allowed to cry as well.' To lighten up the mood, she said a lame joke in a light tone. 'This is a secret but I've seen Sir Glenn cry several times every time he fights with his lover.'

Mmzu iacu usuzw oaqu Pzarhu Bzaeaouu lhmitut Saz Giurr ovzmpbev ovu nmhcuo jfohv (fcf ovu lqfzonvmru md oval jmzit).

Her 'daughter' turned to her, then she laughed softly. 'You're right, Princess Neoma,' she said in a calm tone while wiping the tears off of her face with her hands. She probably noticed that she cracked a (lame) joke to soothe her. 'Crying won't make me less of an adult.'

[Juri, you don't know this because you're still young but 'timing' is the only thing that differentiates a child's cry from an adult's. Children cry on the spot whenever they want to. However, adults like me sometimes have to 'schedule' when to cry because we're too busy to do so. Back in my second life, filing taxes is one of the things that never fail to make me cry.]

Anyway, this wasn't about her.

Now that Juri had calmed down, she thought it was the perfect time to continue where they left off earlier.

'Juri, do you resent me because I'm related to Princess Nichole?'

'Not at all, Princess Neoma,' Juri said while shaking her head. 'Being related to Princess Nichole by blood isn't your fault.'

She smiled sadly at her daughter. 'I have to be honest with you,' she said, then she confessed her honest thoughts. 'Just like how you can't Madam Hammock, I also can't hate Princess Nichole,' she said.

'That's why I'm asking you if you still want to serve me.'

'As I said earlier, it crossed my mind,' her daughter said carefully. 'I've also considered the fact that you might feel sympathetic toward Princess Nichole. Because honestly, everyone with a heart could understand why Princess Nichole ended up that way. But...'

She didn't want to admit this but she felt nervous.

[Jpza al lphv fr àlluo frt ao jaii gu f lvfqu om imlu vuz fl f hzuj quqguz.]

‘But I trust you, Princess Neoma,’ Juri said, the sadness and bitterness on her face now replaced by determination. Her eyes that couldn’t see colors looked bright at the moment. ‘I know that despite your connection to Princess Nichole, you will put your duty over your personal feelings. Thus, I believe that even if we encounter Princess Nichole in the future again, you will still do the right thing and not get swayed by your feelings.’ She put a hand on her chest, right above her heart. ‘Therefore, I decided to stay with your crew, Princess Neoma.’

Neoma smiled, relieved about how much faith Juri had for her. ‘Thank you, Juri,’ she said. ‘I will not disappoint you.’

‘ARE YOU trying to trick me?’

‘Oh, please,’ Trevor said while waving his hand dismissively. ‘Why would I trick my dear future brother-in-law?’

Prince Nero still gave him a look filled with disbelief. ‘You want me to believe your condition? That the only thing you’re going to ask me in exchange for the dragon horns is that I put in good words for you once I meet my mother?’

‘It’s not a small matter, Prince Nero,’ he insisted. ‘Lady Mona Roseheart is my future mother-in-law. Since I can’t personally greet her yet, I want you to tell her how handsome and dependable I am. I need to make a good impression on my future mother-in-law before my rivals.’

‘Rivals?’ the royal prince asked in an annoyed tone. ‘Who else aside from you bothers my precious twin sister?’

‘I’m no snitch, my prince,’ he said firmly. ‘I won’t tell you that Lewis Crevan and Ruston Stroganoff have gotten closer to Princess Neoma lately.’

He laughed manically inside when he saw Prince Nero’s mouth twitch.

‘I’ll kill them as soon as I return,’ his future brother-in-law mumbled to himself.

He smiled and nodded in agreement with Prince Nero’s vicious thoughts. [Yes, please. Help me get rid of my rivals so I wouldn’t have to do it myself.]

After all, he didn’t want to earn Princess Neoma’s wrath.

‘Don’t smile as if you succeeded in manipulating me,’ Prince Nero said sternly. ‘I’ll also kill you once you’ve become useless.’

‘That won’t happen,’ he said confidently. ‘Don’t you know that I’m the most sought-after Grimoire in the world? It would be a waste to lose me, Prince Nero.’

‘I would sell you for a good price if I could.’

He gasped, aghast by the royal prince’s declaration. What was scarier was the fact that he knew Prince Nero would and could do it. ‘Hey, you can’t do that,’ he said. ‘Don’t you know that Princess Neoma promoted me as her friend?’

Dammit.

He didn't want to accept Princess Neoma's friendship because he wanted to marry her in the future. But he needed that title at the moment.

'Ah, I see,' Prince Nero said with a bright smile on his face. 'Neoma has already turned you down. You weren't 'promoted,' Trevor— you were demoted from a potential suitor to a mere 'friend,' idiot.'

Did he just hear his heart crack?

[Prince Nero inherited His Majesty's insensitive way of talking!]

'I'll accept your deal so give me the dragon horns later,' Prince Nero said, then he walked past him. 'I need to talk to William first.'

The royal prince said 'talk,' but his murderous aura said otherwise.

[Is he going to kill the Grand Spirit?]

He told Prince Nero earlier about the things that William tried to do on the surface. And that included the fact that the Grand Spirit tried to kill Princess Neoma. Ah, that was definitely the reason why his future brother-in-law was very angry at the moment.

[Tsk. William is dumb. But that's what I expect from the 'Executioner' of the de Moonasterios.]

His thoughts were interrupted when all of a sudden, he felt gutted.

To be precise, he felt like his organs were being squeezed at the moment. This was a technique that only one person could do to him.

[Tvu Dusai!]

That damned Devil was summoning him.

Normally, he would ignore it until the pain disappeared. But this time, he couldn't disregard the Devil's call because of his location.

Trevor clicked his tongue. ‘They infiltrated my hellhole.’

AS SOON as Trevor arrived at his place, he understood how the Devil managed to infiltrate his hellhole.

Saint Dominic Zavaroni was with him.

[The saint and His Majesty created a portal that they could use to enter my hellhole and check on Prince Nero.]

His Holiness had betrayed the Moon God.

And it seemed like His Majesty had forgotten to close the portal with the saint’s access.

[Good thing I sent a signal to both the Spirit Queen and His Majesty before I went here.]

‘What are you doing here?’ Trevor asked even though it sounded stupid because he knew why the group was here. [I should have brought Prince Nero’s body with me earlier!]

‘We’re not here for Prince Nero,’ Dominic Zavaroni said with a smile on his face as if he could tell what he was thinking. ‘I’m here to deliver a divine blessing--- the thing that will save Princess Neoma from the temple’s scrutiny.’

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