

Royal Secret: I'm A Princess!

Volume 3: ROYAL PAIN IN THE NECK

Chapter 283 - KILL THEM WITH KINDNESS (1)

MARQUIS LAWFORD Gibson was nervous.

Right now, he was in the fancy Callisto de Luca Hall in the Royal Palace along with his fellow high nobles. Moreover, the empty table closest to the platform of the royal thrones (the majestic one for His Majesty, and the other grand seat for the Crown Prince) was reserved for the High Priest and the other members of the temple. He heard that the bishop of Steora Church would be coming over as well.

[Why am I getting an ominous feeling?]

He discreetly glanced at the table closest to the table for the High Priest. It was the table for the members of the Noble Faction: Duke Arman Winchester, Marquis Frank Balasco, Count Emerson Zachary, and Marquis Russell Spencer.

The members of the Noble Faction looked like they were in a good mood while happily chatting among themselves. They even dressed up a bit more fancy than usual. Of course, nobles were expected to always look like nobles— posh and elegant. But it didn't suit the atmosphere.

Anyone who didn't know the four esteemed noblemen would probably mistake them as members of the royal family. The expensive accessories that decorated them made them stand out and shine brighter especially since the others were wearing dark clothes.

Of course, the others had to dress dark clothes today for two reasons: First, to sympathize with House Hammock who lost an elder recently.

Second, they knew that the Crown Prince would wear black clothes because based on the Royal Family's tradition, wearing black clothes in such a time was an expression of regret and repentant.

The nobles were expected to wear dark clothes so they wouldn't stand out and accidentally overshadow the Royal Family.

Dressing appropriately for such an occasion was the proper etiquette.

The members of the Noble Faction that chose to wear colorful outfits and shining accessories today were obviously trying to mock the Royal Family. Especially the Crown Prince who was summoned by the High Priest for interrogation regarding the disappearance of the saint, and the appearance of a Hellgate at the camp.

Remembering the reason why the representatives of the Twelve Golden Families were there gave him a stomachache.

[The Noble Faction will definitely use the temple to attack the Crown Prince!]

Vultures.

That was the moniker that the Noble Faction gained all these years. It was because every time the Royal Family would mess up, the members would use that weakness to try and weaken the power of the crown.

Hu iuo mpo f imre laev.

[I hate politics. I hate politics. I hate politics.]

Why was he born an only child?! He just wanted to bake pastry food and become a peace-loving bakery owner. Ah, he should have just run away when he was at the academy.

'Shut up, Lawford— I can tell that you're thinking about stupid things again.'

Lawford glared at Sean Dankworth, his damned childhood friend, seated beside him.

The lazy bastard's cheek was pressed against the table. He had his eyes closed and drool was dripping at the corner of his mouth.

[Is he really a noble?]

He closed his eyes and pinched the bridge of his nose.

'Sean Dankworth, I'm giving you a minute to fix yourself,' he warned the lazy bastard. 'If I opened my eyes and saw you looking like an uncultured pig, I will never cook anything for you again.'

The lazy bastard gròàned in complaint, but he heard the count move.

[I'm glad that Duke Quinzal and Marquis Lennox aren't here yet and didn't see the lazy bastard's shameful appearance.]

He had to wake up very early in order to wake up the lazy bastard and drag him in the hall. As a result, they arrived at the Hall the earliest. The Noble Faction arrived a few minutes after the two of them did.

'I'm done,' Sean said in a sleepy voice. 'Lawford, you can be so petty sometimes.'

He opened his eyes and was relieved to see that Sean now looked like a proper noble he was. 'I'm glad that at least, you're calm.'

'Mm.'

He let out another sigh. 'I can't believe you went along with Jenò's reckless request.'

Their table was quite far from the other occupied table, and the Noble Faction wouldn't eavesdrop on them. But to be safe, he and Sean were talking vaguely in low voices.

'What can I do?' his childhood friend asked while rubbing his left eye with his hand. 'My adorable little brother and his new friend begged me.'

By new friend, he meant Lady Juri Wisteria.

Apparently, Jenö and the young lady were by the Crown Prince.

[I can't believe that His Royal Highness would use House Dankworth for his plan.]

And he couldn't believe that Sean would go along with it.

The lazy bastard wasn't interested in politics. He only remained as a member of the Royal Faction because his household had always been one. But Sean wasn't the type of person who'd sacrifice himself or his people for the throne.

Moreover, Sean really treasured his younger brother. The fact that he let Jenö stick to the Crown Prince despite the danger was something he didn't expect from his friend.

'Lawford, thank you.'

He gave his friend a look of disgust. 'Stop. You're giving me goosebumps.'

But he understood why Sean was being emotional right now.

After all, he was an accomplice.

The Crown Prince was about to commit a crime that would definitely anger the nobles— both allies and not.

Worse, House Dankworth and House Gibson would be the scapegoat.

[Opz sflfi dfqaiul jaii tudaraouiw caii pl dmz oval.]

Ah, his stomach suddenly hurt again while thinking of those THINGS around the hall that were being concealed by Sean's mist.

[I hate politics. I hate politics. I hate politics.]

He didn't have to ask Sean why he suddenly decided to follow the Crown Prince's will when he had ignored His Majesty's previous orders.

[It's because His Royal Highness is Lady Roseheart's son.]

And the lazy bastard was one of the hardcore followers of Lady Mona Roseheart.

[I wonder if he's still looking for Lady Roseheart's soul.]

His thoughts were interrupted when the announcement of the arrival of the so-called 'Neutral Faction' came: Count Benjamin Russo, Count Larry Dawkins, Count Tyler Lucchesi, and Viscount Austin Morrisley.

As expected, the group looked calm as always except for the viscount.

Well, it was a bizarre thing that a lower noble household like House Morrisley would be a part of the Twelve Golden Families for this long. He could understand why Viscount Morrisley always looked nervous around the other families.

[Wuii, Hmplu Mmzzaliuw al fr mit dfqaiw lm ovuw loaii tuluzsu ovu lfqu fqmpro md zulnuho.]

But how come such a family didn't gain more power and influence? They had remained stagnant all these years.

[Ah, whatever. It's none of my business.]

His thoughts were once again interrupted when the High Priest and the other members of the temple, along with the bishop of Steora Church, arrived at the Hall.

Everyone in the room fell silent.

He was certain that everyone could feel the divine aura coming from the High Priest and the others. It wasn't as strong as the saint's. But still, it was enough to make everyone stand and greet His Excellency politely.

[They're shining.]

The High Priest and the rest of his members were all wearing white (with blue accents) robes. They looked... uh, well, holy.

Just thinking about the Crown Prince who'd be wearing black today...

[Wouldn't that make His Royal Highness look like the villain?]

Azev.

He clutched his stomach tight.

[I hate politics. I hate politics. I hate politics.]

'Lawford,' the lazy bastard said in a nagging tone. 'Don't overthink.'

He glared at his childhood friend that he wanted to strangle at the moment for being so calm despite the storm that was about to hit them.

'Just trust me,' Sean said calmly, his eyes wide awake for once. 'This will be fun.'

He didn't want to admit this but Sean's words calmed him down.

Lawford just let a looong sigh again.

[I hate politics but I can't leave this lazy bastard alone.]

DUKE ARMAN Winchester, the head of the Noble Faction, couldn't contain his excitement.

[Finally.]

The Twelve Golde Families had been complete with the arrival of Duke Rufus Quinzel and Marquis Vincent Lennox.

The High Priest and the rest of his group had also arrived— and they looked upset.

And now, they were just waiting for His Majesty and the arrogant Crown Prince to arrive to start the 'meeting.'

[Prince Nero, I won't go easy on you this time.]

A child with Roseheart Blood must never ascend the throne.

His thoughts were interrupted by Marquis Russell Spencer's snicker.

'I wonder if His Royal Highness can maintain the arrogance that he showed us in front of His Excellency,' Marquis Spencer said. 'Even though he's the Crown Prince, he must be aware that the temple is more powerful than him at the moment.'

Everyone at their table nodded in agreement.

A Crown Prince without a solid backing was an easy prey.

Although His Majesty was able to threaten them when he insisted to declare Prince Nero as the Crown Prince, the emperor couldn't always support his son.

Especially if the 'enemy' was the temple.

After all, the majority of their citizens follow Astello Temple. To be precise, most of them were followers of Saint Dominic Zavaroni.

[The missing saint.]

‘It’s about time for the arrogant Crown Prince to learn his lesson,’ Count Emerson Zachary said while adjusting his eyeglasses. ‘I still can’t forget how he treated us the first time we met him at the palace.’

‘His Royal Highness was able to act that way because he was within the palace walls back then,’ Marquis Frank Balasco said while shaking his head. ‘I believe that His Majesty has prepared something to defend the Crown Prince today from the temple.’

‘We won’t let His Majesty do that, of course,’ Marquis Spencer said while shaking his head firmly. Then, he smirked. ‘The Crown Prince looks like Mona. I hope he cries later since Mona’s crying face was beautiful, too.’

He and the others ignored Marquis Spencer comment.

Why was this bastard still obsessed with that woman?

However, their faction needed to be united today. And therefore, he simply changed the topic instead of scolding the marquis.

‘His Royal Highness’s arrogance will be his downfall today,’ Arman said firmly. ‘We’ll be there to devour him once he’s done for.’

They weren’t called the ‘vultures’ for nothing.

‘His Imperial Majesty Emperor Nikolai has arrived with His Imperial Highness Prince Nero!’

He and the rest of his faction exchanged triumphant smiles before turning to the door.

Their smiles disappeared as soon as they saw the emperor and the Crown Prince followed by the royal prince's single knight and three of His Majesty's Paladins.

His Majesty was wearing his fancy yet formal red and gold attire along with its elegant cape.

The knight and the Paladins were all wearing their black uniforms instead of the usual white ones.

But the Crown Prince was wearing a white and gold outfit. The accessories and the gems that adorned the young prince were also brighter and obviously more expensive than what the Noble Faction members were wearing. Even His Royal Highness's shoes were white.

And of course, the proof of his de Moonasterio blood– the white hair, the pale skin, and the pair of ash-gray eyes.

Prince Nero looked holier than the High Priest himself.

[How dare he...!]

And that was the moment that he noticed something strange.

He couldn't feel Prince Nero's presence and yet he could. Yes, it was confusing. He was suddenly drawn to the Crown Prince that he hated. But at the same time, he felt like he couldn't grasp him even if he tried.

And he noticed that everyone had noticed the same thing.

[The Crown Prince's aura has changed.]

That strange aura was strangely forcing him to keep his eyes on Prince Nero. And much to his despair, that aura was also forcing him to succumb to the Crown Prince.

[Succumb ? Me ? To that child ?!]

He was gritting his teeth when all of a sudden, his gaze met Prince Nero's just when he stood on the platform beside His Majesty.

All of a sudden, his body moved on its own.

Arman Winchester, along with the everyone in the Hall who felt Prince Nero's dominating aura, stood up and bowed their heads to greet the Crown Prince.

NEOMA blinked several times when all of a sudden, everyone in the room stood up and bowed their heads.

The High Priest and his group, as well as the nobles, were greeting him and his father.

It was pretty much normal.

Except for the fact that everyone's gaze seemed to be focused on her instead.

[What's wrong with them ?]

In the end, she just brushed it off. Maybe everyone was just curious because the Crown Prince of the empire was going on a 'trial.'

It was a 'meeting' but he knew that the temple people were here to persecute her.

'I'd like to thank everyone for making the time to come here on such a short notice,' her Papa Boss said in calm and formal tone. 'I won't hold you up anymore so I'm letting Prince Nero take charge from this moment on.'

Everyone was shocked when the emperor dropped the protocol and abruptly gave the floor to her.

Of course, that was the plan.

[A good defense is the best offense.]

She knew that she would be accused with exaggerated crimes if she let the High Priest talk first. Thus, she decided to ‘attack’ first.

Drop the formalities.

Because she was about to drop a ‘bomb.’

‘I’d like everyone to know that yes, it’s true that I have the power of the Devil,’ Neoma declared in a calm and confident voice– shocking the High Priest and everyone in the Hall except for her group, of course. She wasn’t done yet and the thought almost made her smirk. ‘I have the Devil’s power because I caught the Devil’s Grimoire at the Death Camp.’

And with just the snap of Neoma’s fingers, a magic circle appeared in front of her.

In the middle of the magic circle laid a grotesque creature that had the head of an old bald man and the body of a centipede– a centipede that had human toddler legs on it.

[Let the hunting begin.]

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

Please ADD my story to your LIBRARY to be notified when an update is posted. Thank you! :)

NOTE: Yeah, both scenes are a flashback.. Hehe.

