

Royal Secret: I'm A Princess!

Volume 3: ROYAL PAIN IN THE NECK

Chapter 284 – KILL THEM WITH KINDNESS (2)

[OHO. The idiots are all falling for it.]

Trevor was amused.

Right now, he was in the next room while on the sofa. He was lying on his side and eating grapes while watching the things happening in the Callisto de Luca Hall on the wall in front of him. The wall had turned into a screen thanks to the shining Spirit Stone attached to it like an ornament.

That Spirit Stone was connected to one of the communication devices floating discreetly in the Hall. Those communication devices came in the form of black orbs the size of a child's head. And those orbs were being hidden in the mist created by Count Sean Dankworth.

[I heard that Sean Dankworth is my second son's older brother.]

His second 'son' was Jenno Dankworth.

All the children that Princess Neoma adopted were his children, too. His Moon Princess just hadn't realized her feelings yet but he knew that someday, she'd eventually reciprocate his feelings.

'Impressive,' Trevor said while reaching for another piece of grape in the bowl on the table in front of him. 'Sean Dankworth's cloud of mist is doing its job properly.'

The higher and strong nobles in the Hall hadn't noticed the mist that hid the communication devices yet. It was only a testament of how strong Sean Dankworth was to fool the nobles that were probably just as strong as the count.

[I'm different, of course. Even if I didn't know about the plan, I would have still noticed the mist. Sean Dankworth is a high-grade Mana user but I'm Trevor so I will always be better.]

But he understood why the nobles hadn't noticed the mist yet.

There was a strong magic spell in the Hall that would prevent any use of power. Therefore, even if the nobles in there had felt the mist, they would have just brushed it off as the spell or the shield around the Hall.

Moreover, the mist was naturally a weak element that was mostly known for its stealthy use. Most arrogant nobles also thought that using mist as a main weapon was embarrassing.

[Sean Dankworth was probably bullied by his fellow nobles for using mist.]

After all, mist had a stigma because it was a power that the most vicious and the most infamous assassins in the continent had been using for many centuries now. So if a noble like Sean Dankworth openly used it, his fellow nobles would probably sneer at him.

[Speaking of assassins, there's a guild that has a really, really bad reputation that I'd look like a saint next to them. If I remember it correctly, that guild is owned by an assassin clan that apparently serves a god. It's called the 'God of Mist' or something.]

'Heh,' he said with a smirk for that passing thought. 'How lame.'

Anyway, things got more interesting when Princess Neoma finally summoned the 'Bookworm.'

It wasn't a fake.

He and Neoma weren't that arrogant to believe that they could fool the High Priest and the higher nobles if they presented a fake

Bookworm. Therefore, they decided to bring over the real thing. But of course, they already took some precautionary measures since he would die if the Bookworm left his body.

His hand automatically reached for the smooth head of the Bookworm that was still wrapped around his body.

[I would have gotten rid of this grotesque creature if I could.]

He suddenly remembered the plan that he made with Princess Neoma...

['Trevor, I need a scapegoat that could take the blame for what happened at the camp. My Papa Boss managed to erase my trace but he didn't have the time to erase yours. I heard that the High Priest has conducted an investigation at the camp regarding the disappearance of the saint. They found out that a demon had opened the Hellgate. Papa Boss said that the temple is very angry at me because they believe that I summoned a demon to aide me. I mean, they're not really wrong...']

[He smirked at the worried royal princess. 'The High Priest and his people went at the camp but instead of worrying about the hundreds of children abused in there, the first thing they did was to look for the saint? And instead of getting angry at the bastards who abused the children for god knows how long, they got mad at you for using a demon to get rid of those trash?']

['Oh... you're right. Their priority is messed up.']

['Princess Neoma, I can't show myself in front of the greedy nobles of the empire,' he said seriously. 'But I know how to help you.']

[After saying that, he grabbed the Bookworm by the neck and threw it on the floor. Then, without saying anything, he summoned the Sword of Doom (yeah, it sounded lame but in his defense, he wasn't

the one who named the weapon). It was the first time that he showed Princess Neoma the sword with a completely black blade. The sword didn't have a guard so if an amateur carelessly used it, they may end up hurting themselves.]

[He grabbed the sword by the hilt, he emotionlessly cut the Bookworm into two. Princess Neoma gasped but it wasn't only because of his cold action. His Moon Princess was probably surprised when the Bookworm cloned itself after being split into two.]

[His Moon Princess looked at him with sparkling eyes. 'A clone?'

[He smirked again and nodded. 'Yes, Princess Neoma— a clone. It's different than creating a fake because the Bookworm's clone serves like its twin. It still has the knowledge that the original Bookworm contains.']

['What's the catch?']

['The clone will only last for a week at most. After that, it will disappear. Will that be alright?'

[Princess Neoma fell silent for a while before nodding. 'Yeah, that will work,' she said. Then, a mischievous smile appeared on her pretty face. 'Trevor, I'll borrow the clone and make a shit show.']

Trevor smiled after remembering the 'shit show' that Princess Neoma shared with him. 'I'm looking forward to it, my brilliant Moon Princess.'

NEOMA jfl zuiausut ovfo lvu jfl fgju om plu ovu qfeah hazhiu nzmnuziw.

She wasn't a mage so learning magic was quite hard for her. According to Jeanne Audley, the Paladin that turned out to be a mage as well, she was able to successfully create a magic circle because of her overflowing Mana. The female Paladin was brutally honest with her when she said that her Mana wasn't built for using magic spells. Surprisingly, she wasn't offended.

Even though 'Mana' in their world practically meant 'magic,' the Mana that the de Moonasterios possessed was close to divine powers. The magic in the empire was created by humans and therefore, their divine powers 'refused' to replicate it.

Yes, the Mana of the Royal Family was 'alive' and it was very arrogant.

[It can't be helped since our divine power came from a god.]

'Ah,' her Papa Boss, now seated on his majestic throne with a bored look on his face, said. Everyone in the Hall naturally turned to him. 'The Devil's Grimoire is a being that could only be seen by strong individuals. If your Mana is weak, you won't even have the chance to peek at it.' He raised his eyebrow. 'Everyone in here could see the Devil's Grimoire, could you? If the mighty nobles of our empire couldn't see it, then we're doomed.'

A cold tension lingered in the room after her father talked in a sarcastic manner.

Everyone immediately claimed that they could see the Devil's Grimoire.

To be honest, she was surprised that even High Priest Wellington and his people correctly described the monster to prove that they could see it.

[I'm sorry, High Priest Wellington. It seems like I've underestimated you.]

And her father's remark earlier made her realize how much of a weakling she had been all this time. After all, it was only recently that she was able to see the monster in Trevor's back.

'Prince Nero, please excuse my impudence but...' Duke Arman Winchester, the old nobleman that bullied her before, said in a firm voice. Ah, right. The old geezer was the head of the Noble Faction. And therefore, he probably hated her. 'How can you prove that the grotesque monster that you brought is the Devil's Grimoire?'

'Hah.' It was Duke Rufus Quinzel who spoke. The duke looked cold while looking at the older duke. 'Duke Winchester, did you just really question Prince Nero's credibility? You're crossing the line.'

She held back a smile.

[Aww... Duke Quinzel always has my back.]

'I have to,' Duke Winchester said firmly at Duke Quinzel, then the old man turned to her with a cold look on his face. 'The Devil's Grimoire is the most sought-after grimoire in the continent. But no one has succeeded in capturing the elusive grimoire before. Of course, I know that the future sun of the empire has a huge potential. But I find it hard to believe that the young Crown Prince was able to do such feat at his tender age.'

'That's correct,' High Priest Wellington said firmly. 'We need proof, Prince Nero.'

Her Papa Boss scoffed, making the nobles flinch in fear.

But her father didn't speak. As promised, he let her take charge.

‘I understand your concern, Duke Winchester and High Priest Wellington,’ Neoma said, then she smiled brightly at the nobles. ‘Then, shall I ask the Bookworm to reveal the secret of everyone in this Hall right now?’

Yes, she was bluffing.

But a good bluffing could become a powerful weapon--- especially if a good actress like her used it for the ‘greater good.’

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