

Royal Secret: I'm A Princess!

Volume 3: ROYAL PAIN IN THE NECK

Chapter 287 - KILL THEM WITH KINDNESS (5)

‘HIS HOLINESS is going to be excommunicated?’

‘This isn’t good...’

‘Our empire follows the Astello Temple because it worships Lord Yule...’

‘If the citizens heard the saint’s betrayal...’

‘No, we can’t let them know about the real reason why His Holiness disappeared!’

Neoma clenched her hands.

Of course, she already expected things to turn out this way. If the citizens found out about the saint’s betrayal, then it would bring chaos to the empire. Thus, she hadn’t activated the video-recording devices floating in the air yet.

‘T-The temple will discuss it within ourselves later,’ High Priest Wellington, who looked like strength had left him, said in a weak tone. He also turned pale, and bullets of sweat on his forehead were visible. ‘For now, it would be wise to keep this a secret to the citizens of the empire— especially from the followers of Astello Temple.’

Neoma nodded in agreement. ‘I will respect your decision, Your Excellency.’

The very pale High Priest nodded before sitting down.

‘Your Royal Highness, we already found out that the source of the demonic power we found at the camp was caused by the appearance of the Devil’s Grimoire,’ the bishop said carefully. ‘We also learned the reason why His Holiness betrayed the temple. But you haven’t mentioned yet who opened the Hellgate. Is it the Devil?’

‘The bishop is correct, Your Royal Highness,’ Count Emerson Zachary, the pervert seaweed’s cousin, said while adjusting his eyeglasses.

‘The only witnesses at the camp are you and your people.

Unfortunately, there is no video-recording devices at the camp when the Hellgate was opened. All we managed to find were traces of demonic power.’

‘It was the Devil’s Grimoire who opened the Hellgate,’ she said without hesitation. ‘If you compare the traces of the demonic power at the camp and the Devil Grimoire’s demonic power, you’ll realize that the two are the same power.’

She was confident with that claim because it was true.

Trevor was the one who technically summoned the Hellgate. Now that Princess Nichole and her Papa Boss erased her trace at the camp, only Trevor’s was left.

‘Your Royal Highness, you managed to catch the elusive Devil’s Grimoire. I won’t question how you did it as I believe that you have the power to do so,’ Marquis Vincent Lennox, the maternal family of the late Empress Juliet Sloane, said carefully. ‘But I’d like to know how the Hellgate managed to take the souls of the sinners while you were there. If you have the power to catch the Devil’s Grimoire, then I don’t have a reason to doubt your capability to close the Hellgate on your own.’

For the first time since she began defending herself in that Hall, she felt her heart thump hard and fast against her chest.

She was anxious.

Although she already expected to receive that kind of backlash, Marquis Lennox's piercing gaze still made her nervous.

[Papa Boss already warned me about Marquis Lennox though. He said that the marquis wouldn't side with me just because House Lennox is a part of the Royal Faction. Does the marquis hate me because I'm Mama Boss's daughter?]

But technically speaking, Marquis Lennox's question wasn't hostile.

'I saw the Hellgate and the way it absorbed the souls of the sinners,' she said carefully. 'I'm not certain if I had the ability to stop it. But I will admit that I didn't give it my all when I was trying to close the Hellgate.'

'And what do you mean by that, Your Royal Highness?' Duke Arman Winchester asked immediately, earning a cold gaze from Marquis Lennox who looked like he was about to say something. But the old duke ignored the marquis and pressed her for more questions. 'Are you saying that instead of closing the Hellgate, you just watched the souls get absorbed by it?'

The old duke's tone was mocking.

But as she said earlier, she already expected that kind of backlash. Thus, she had already 'practiced' how she would react.

[It's time for the final act to commence!]

‘That’s true, Lord Winchester,’ Neoma said in a cracked voice, her eyes now teary. ‘I could only watch the Hellgate harvest the souls of the sinners...’

‘AH, my Moon Princess is crying,’ Trevor said, then he immediately got up. ‘That’s the signal.’

He grabbed the red orb sitting on the table.

It was the main device that controlled all the devices in the Hall. Since he was the only one in the group that had the ability to completely hide his presence along with his Mana, Princess Neoma put him in charge of the devices.

Trevor licked his lips as he activated the hundreds of ‘eyes’ in the Hall. ‘It’s showtime, Princess Neoma.’

JASPER HAWTHORNE’s pocket watch began to vibrate in his pocket.

[It’s the signal from the demon.]

He put on the black butterfly mask that covered half of his face. Then, he let his cousin Tate help him put on his black robe.

Right now, they were standing on the roof of a shabby ‘antique store’ in the slums of the Royal Capital. It was the shop where he got the hundreds of illegal video-recording devices that Princess Neoma asked him to buy. The total price for everything was very expensive even for a rich nobleman like him.

Thus, he offered to pay half of the total balance. But Princess Neoma gently refused his offer and paid in cash. So he just bought the silence

of the people in the slums. To be honest, he knew that he didn't have to do that because he practically grew up in that area.

Although he was born a noble, he still had a pretty impressive connection to the people in the slums. After all, his parents had been involved with the 'underworld' before.

'Is it time, my lord?' Tate asked seriously. 'Should I ask them to move?'

His cousin was talking about the people of the slums.

Since the video-recording communication devices that were left with them were limited, he decided to invite the people that he could reach through word of mouth. They needed the commoners in that area to gather at the Plaza. And for those people that wouldn't be able to make it because of the distance, Juri Wisteria and Jeno Dankworth were already working on it.

'Yes, it's time,' Jasper said, then he opened his hands. 'It's time to bring the people at the Plaza to witness Princess Neoma's performance.'

And then, hundreds of yellow butterflies came out of his hands.

'I TOLD you that you didn't have to help me.'

Juri Wisteria ignored Jeno Dankworth's complaint while opening the lid of the magic pouch in her hands. It looked like a small bag on the outside but it was spacious inside. In fact, it was big enough to store hundreds of video-recording devices. 'I'm not helping you,' she said with a huff. 'I just want to be useful to Princess Neoma.'

She was free to mention the little princess's name because no one would hear her up in the air except for the young lord.

Ah, yes.

Right now, she was standing on Jenó's cloud cube while the punk was sitting on the edge. He also covered them with his mist so they were currently invisible.

[He's quite convenient to be around with.]

'Duke Hawthorne already sent the signal,' Jenó said seriously. 'Drop them, monkey girl.'

'Why am I a monkey girl, huh?' Juri complained, then she held the magic pouch upside down and shook it until the video-recording devices fell to the village below them. 'You're really a disrespectful sloth boy, Jenó Dankworth.'

'I COULD ONLY watch the Hellgate harvest the souls of the sinners...' Neoma said, then a hiccup came out of her mouth. 'Maybe deep in my heart, I didn't really want to help them.'

'What do you mean by that, Your Royal Highness?' Count Larry Dawkins asked carefully. 'I understand that the people who were killed at the camp were criminals. But as the Crown Prince of the empire, shouldn't you be the first person to follow the law? Even criminals have human rights, Your Royal Highness.'

'I know that as well, Lord Dawkins,' she said in a cracked voice. 'But maybe due to my young age and inexperience in a real battlefield, I unconsciously let my feelings take over.'

The count remained silent, but the others didn't.

Especially the hostile old duke.

‘Of course, the Crown Prince is still very young,’ Duke Winchester scoffed. ‘That’s why you need to listen to us, Your Royal Highness. The nobles are the proud pillar of the empire. Some families have been here since the empire was built. If you want to lead the empire in the future, then learn from us.’

‘With all due respect, I don’t want to.’

Mmlo rmgjul juzu lvmhcut gw vuz gmit lofouquro.

Some remained indifferent.

And there was Duke Rufus Quinzel who was smiling proudly at him.

Even Papa Boss had to stifle his laughter.

She proudly raised her head and said two words that made everyone in the Hall freeze. ‘Count Madgwick.’

It was the signal for the Paladins to move.

Geoffrey Kinsley, Dion Skelton, and Jeanne Audley walked towards the nobles– each with a document in their hands. Then, the three Paladins handed each of the representatives of the Twelve Golden Families a document.

After that, the three Paladins returned to their station.

‘Esteemed gentlemen, the documents in your hands contain the names of the nobles involved with the Death Camp,’ she said firmly. Her face still showed signs that she cried. But the fire in her eyes and the determination in her voice changed the way she presented herself to the nobles. She was no longer the nine-year-old vulnerable child who admitted her mistakes earlier. At this moment, she was now acting properly as the ‘Crown Prince’– the future moon of the Great

Moonasterion Empire. ‘The pieces of evidence that will prove them guilty are also attached.’

Duke Jasper Hawthorne didn’t spend a year in the camp sucking up to the ‘Master.’

The young duke successfully collected all the pieces of evidence against the nobles who were in cahoot with Alistair Madgwick– the illegitimate child of Count David Madgwick.

‘Moreover, as of this moment, His Majesty’s Royal Knights are arresting the nobles involved with the camp,’ she said. She had to address her Papa Boss by his title because they were in a formal setting. ‘They will be taken in for questioning later.’

She shared the documents with her Papa Boss.

But they didn’t want the accused nobles to have time to escape. Thus, her father decided to bring all the Paladins with him today. But the emperor already ordered the Captain of the Royal Knights in advance to arrest the nobles that were listed in the documents.

Yes, it was a ‘surprise attack.’

And that was just the beginning.

[I said that I won’t give the nobles the chance to attack, didn’t I?]

‘Ah, I forgot to say something earlier,’ she said in a sad voice. ‘It was true that I couldn’t do anything to stop the Hellgate from harvesting the souls of the camp’s sinners due to my immaturity. But aside from that, I was also angry. Very angry,’ she said, then she clenched her hands tight. ‘The documents that I handed you also contain the detailed report about the survivors of the camp– from the names, ages, and abuse received by the children.’

The names and the ages of the children were highly confidential and therefore, only a few people had the detailed documents.

It was different from the documents that she asked her people to spread.

‘Esteemed gentlemen, please read the documents now,’ Neoma said in a trembling voice. This time, she wasn’t acting. Her voice was shaking because of the anger that rose up in her chest upon remembering the hell that the children at the camp had gone through. ‘Read the things that those felons did to the poor children and let’s talk again.’

Tears began to roll down her cheeks once again.

Neoma wouldn’t know this but at that very moment, her emotions had reached the hearts of the citizens of the empire. Those people--- nobles, commoners, peasants--- were currently watching them through the video-recording devices scattered outside the Royal Palace. Yes, it was a part of her plan.

But she would soon realize the full effect of her choices today.

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