

Royal Secret: I'm A Princess!

Chapter 50 - BRUH

WELL, Neoma shocked for a second after she realized that she just met a devil.

But after all the strange things that happened to her in her previous lives, she just shrugged it off. Plus, she was more interested in admiring her reflection in the mirror. After all, it had been a while since she saw herself as a lady instead of a baby.

"Gosh, I almost forgot how beautiful I am as a lady," Neoma said while touching her face. She looked so feminine now that she got her long hair back, and she even wore a pretty chic dress. "I can't believe that Rubin Drayton rejected this face..."

She trailed-off when she realized that she just mentioned her ex-fiancé.

[Gosh, why do I still feel bitter?]

"Hey, are you ignoring me?"

She turned around and was a little surprised to see the devil standing in front of her while slouching.

God, he had bad posture but he still towered over her. She only reached his chest. If he stood straight, she would probably feel like she was a dwarf next to a giant. It was pretty whack because for a girl, she was considered tall.

[Wait, that's not important right now.]

Neoma grabbed the devil by the collar. That seemed to surprise him but she didn't care. "Hey, why did my appearance change?" she

asked curiously. "And how did you know my real identity?"

"You can't hide anything in my territory, Moon Princess," the devil said with an arrogant smirk. And eww, the nickname he gave her was so corny. "I even know what your heart desires."

She raised a brow at that. "Really now?"

"You want to find the cure for your twin brother's curse," he said confidently. "But the desire in your heart to unravel the truth behind Nikolai de Moonasterio's tragedy is stronger."

"My father's "tragedy...?"

"Nikolai de Moonasterio, Mona Roseheart, Gavin Quinzel, and Juliet Sloane... the four of them were entangled in a tragic affair."

["Juliet Sloane?"]

Ah, that must be the former empress.

"Tell me what you know about them," she said while clutching his collar tighter. "I want to know the mystery behind my birth— both in my first and second life."

He smirked at her. "You can only choose one, Moon Princess," he told her while shaking a finger in front of her face. "Choose between the cure for your twin brother's curse and the truth behind your birth."

"I need both."

"Greedy, aren't we?" he said with a raised brow. "If you want to know both, make me talk."

She dropped her arms on her sides while remembering the things that she learned from her one-week experience in boxing.

[I should use my h.i.p.s, if I remember it correctly.]

She made sure that her left shoulder faced the devil. Then, she stood with her legs shoulder-width apart, her knees were slightly bent, and left foot was pointed towards her opponent. She held her right hand by her chin, and her left hand down in front of her face. Her chin was down, but her eyes were up.

The devil raised a brow at her. "That posture looks weird, Moon Princess."

Instead of answering, she just bent her knees and turned just a tad towards the devil. Then, without warning, she punched him straight up from the chin.

Her uppercut sent the devil flying until his back hit the mirror wall.

The impact was so strong that the mirror broke and probably cut him because he was already bleeding.

Well, she was still a de Moonasterio and the royal family was known for their brute strength. Even her father said that they didn't need to wield weapons. Their bodies were enough to protect them, especially since they also had Soul Beasts.

[Thank you for your powerful gene, Papa Boss.]

She whistled, impressed by her own strength. "Don't underestimate my one-week experience in boxing, dude."

"Trevor," the devil said with a soft laugh. Then, he stood up and looked at her with frenzied eyes. "My name is Trevor, Moon Princess."

"Okay, Trevor," she said, going back to her boxing stance. "Now, do you still want to continue this fight—"

She was forced to stop talking when she felt a sting on her left cheek.

The next thing she knew, her cheek was already bleeding. The dagger embedded on the now-cracked mirror was the only indication of what happened.

Trevor threw a dagger at her.

"Oops," Trevor said with a smirk. "Sorry, Moon Princess. Is it okay if I use weapons?"

Then, he raised his hands. There was a dagger in the spaces between his fingers. That reminded her that devils never played fair.

"F*cking bastard," she said, then she pulled out the dagger embedded on the mirror. As soon as she drew the weapon, the mirror completely broke into pieces. "I'll make you pay for ruining my pretty face."

But first, she used the dagger to cut her dress until it was short enough— now the hem fell right above her knees— for her to move comfortably. Thankfully, dresses like that had built-in shorts so she didn't have to worry about getting peeked at.

Thankfully, she wore boots instead of high-heeled shoes.

After she was satisfied with her clothes, she pulled the lace choker on her neck and used it to tie her long hair in a messy bun.

"Dude, you don't mind if I borrow your weapon, do you?" she asked after she was done tying her hair.

"I don't mind, Moon Princess," Trevor said with a mocking smile. "But what can a mere dagger do?"

"I'm not talking about this measly dagger," she said, then she threw the dagger on the floor. "I'm talking about that big boy."

She pointed at the giant scythe embedded in the throne.

Trevor looked shocked by her choice, then he laughed loudly. "Well, if you can draw it, why not?"

She scoffed while walking towards the throne. "Why? Is it like King Arthur's Excalibur or something?"

The devil didn't respond.

[He probably didn't get the reference.]

Anyway, she cracked her knuckles and moved her shoulders when she reached the black throne. Then, she grabbed the silver handle of the giant scythe. She used her full strength to draw it from the throne and much to her disappointment, she was able to pull it out easily.

[Wow, that was pretty anti-climactic.]

Also, even though the curved blade of the scythe was big, it was light. She was able to twirl it like how she would play with a baton. She used to be a majorette in her second life, you know?

She was busy playing with the weapon when she heard a noise.

Like metals hitting the concrete floor.

When she turned to Trevor, she noticed that he dropped his weapons. And the devil was looking at her with a shocked look on his face.

"What?" she complained, then she rested the handle of the scythe on her right shoulder. "Don't tell me you can't draw this scythe and I was the first person to do so?" She rolled her eyes when the devil didn't respond. To her, it sounded like a confirmation. "Oh, please. That's so cliché."

Trevor just smirked. Then, in the blink of an eye, he was already in front of her. This time, he was standing straight. "Hey, Moon Princess," he said, his purple eyes glowing as if he was suddenly excited. "Marry me."

Neoma looked up at the devil. Now that he was standing properly, she realized that she barely reached his chest. Wait— did he just propose to her as if he just didn't try to kill her a while ago? "Bruh, are you on crack?"

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