

# Royal Secret: I'm A Princess!

## Chapter 57 - I'M ONE HELL OF A PRINCESS

"WELCOME, Your Holiness," Neoma greeted the saint politely. "We're glad that you've arrived safely."

The portal of Astello Church was connected to her father's palace.

So right now, they were in the "secret prayer room" in the Yule Palace where people from the temple were usually received.

Since the saint's arrival was a secret, only she and Count Sprouse welcomed him.

Saint Forrester smiled at her. "Greetings to the Second Star of the Great Moonasterion Empire."

She just smiled at that.

"Your Holiness, Princess Neoma is acting as Prince Nero now," Count Sprouse reminded him. "Please be careful with your greetings."

The saint just smiled at the count.

"Your Holiness, may I know why you suddenly decided to visit the palace?" she asked curiously. "It's not common for saints to leave the temple, is it?"

The saint suddenly got down on one knee to match her eye level. "Your Royal Highness, you touched something that you shouldn't have."

She wanted to joke and say that she hadn't touched Emperor Nikolai recently but the seriousness on the saint's face made her anxious. "What do you mean by that, Your Holiness?"

"Can you show me your hands?"

She nodded, then she opened her hands for the saint to see.

Saint Forrester then touched the center of her right palm with his index finger.

Oh, his finger is warm.

Wait, let her take it back. The saint's finger wasn't just warm. It was hot and it was starting to burn her!

She was about to pull her hand away when a strange mark appeared on her palm.

It was a simple tear-shaped mark.

Cool.

"Your Holiness, may I know what kind of mark is that?" Count Sprouse asked strictly. "Did you put that on His Royal Highness?"

She rolled her eyes at that. The count is still addressing me like a prince even though it's just the three of us here.

The saint looked up at the count and shook his head. "No, Lord Sprouse. I just used my divine power to make the mark appear."

"What is it then?"

"It's the Devil's Mark," Saint Forrester said, then he turned to her with a worried look on his face. "Your Royal Highness, it's the sign that you're now the owner of the Devil's Grimoire."

After hearing that, the first thing that entered her mind was A.d.u.l.t Trevor's arrogant face.

"Eww," Neoma said with a scowl. "Can I send him back to the Devil?"

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"ARE NEOMA and I really twins?"

"No, you aren't twins," Nikolai deadpanned. When Nero's face lit up, he almost let out a soft laugh. "Is that what you want me to say?"

Upon realizing that he was tricked, Nero's face turned red from embarrassment. Then, he glared at him. "We're really twins? Are we really Mona Roseheart's children?"

"I didn't even tell Neoma your mother's name until recently," he said while shaking his head. "How did you find out things about your mother when I forbid the servants in your palace to talk about her?"

"I have my ways of forcing people to tell me what I want to know."

Ah, you're really my son.

He could imagine the royal prince threatening his servants to get what he wanted.

"What else do you know about that lowly woman?" he asked, then he sipped his tea while waiting for his son's response.

"Apparently, our mother ran away with Commander Gavin Quinzel—Duke Rufus Quinzel's older brother," the royal prince said. "And when she did, she tried to bring Neoma with them."

The reminder pissed him. "Who the hell told you that?"

"You can't find them anymore even if I tell you who," Nero said, then he continued. "I heard that the reason why some people think that my mother has a child with Commander Quinzel was because of that incident. I also heard that you sent your elite army to chase after them. You took back Neoma, then you ordered their execution."

The royal prince didn't get everything right.

Well, only he knew the truth anyway. After all, the other three involved in the tragedy of the past were already gone.

"Let's say that you're right," Nikolai said. "Do you think I will let Neoma live if she's the child of that woman with another man? And how do you explain that you're the same age as your sister then?"

"I thought I was the late empress's son," Nero said. "Even though Neoma and I are twins, you treat me better than her. That made me question if we really have the same mother."

He let out a frustrated sigh. "You know that the late empress died before you and Neoma were born, don't you?"

"No, the empress disappeared a few years before we were born," the royal prince insisted. "Her body was found just a few months before our birth."

He gripped the holder of the tea cup so hard that it broke in his hand. But the broken pieces of the cup didn't even touch the floor. Before the pieces fell down, he already burned them with his Mana until they turned into ashes. "How did you—"

"I sneaked in your private library before I left the Royal Palace," his son confessed. "I found the book that contains the details of the death of the royal family members."

"And that's how you ended up thinking that you're the late empress's son?"

He nodded. "Am I not?"

"You're not. The late empress never gave birth to a child," he said firmly. "If you want proof that you and Neoma are twins, we can do a test right now. After all, the saint is here. When your blood and Mana match, then maybe you'll finally believe the truth."

Nero gave him a scrutinizing look. Then, he nodded. "Fine, I'll believe you."

He just rolled his eyes at that. "Now that I've answered your questions, it's my turn to ask. Are you sure that you can trust that talking demon book?"

"I have no choice but to trust him," his son said. "And you'll do a binding vow with him anyway."

"Of course," he said. "I won't let my only heir die."

"It's settled then," Nero said, then he sipped his tea before he continued. "Take care of Neoma until I return, Your Majesty."

"You don't have to tell me that, Prince Nero," Nikolai said, addressing his son the way he addressed him: strict and formal. "I will protect Princess Neoma as if she's the crown prince."

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"SO I heard that I'm the owner of the Grimoire now," Neoma told Trevor, then she showed her palm to him. "Did you do this to me?"

Trevor looked calm as he sipped his tea. "Nah, you did that to yourself," he said while putting the tea cup down on the table. "Who told you to touch the Death's Scythe anyway?"

Right now, there was only the two of them in that room.

Saint Forrester was talking to his father and Nero in the next room regarding the mark that she obtained. Sir Glenn and Lewis were guarding outside. She asked them to give her some private time with the talking book.

"Death's Scythe?" she asked with a frown. "That's a very common name for a scythe. Can't the Devil give their weapon a more b\*dass name?"

"Then, change it," he said casually. "You're the owner of the Death's

Scythe now, Moon Princess."

She fell silent for a while. "Skewer," she said later. "I'll name it 'Skewer.'"

"Wow, that's so "b\*dass,"" Trevor said in the most sarcastic voice ever. He even had the gall to give her a slow clap. "Your naming sense is sh\*t, Moon Princess."

She almost choked on her saliva.

Well, she was used to using profanity so hearing it from another "child" kind of surprised her. Now she understood why her Papa felt bothered every time she cussed.

She cleared her throat before she spoke again. "How did I become the new owner of the Grimoire and the scythe?"

"The Devil's authority comes from the Death's Scythe– I mean, "Skewer,"" he said with a mocking smirk. "As far as I know, only the Devil can wield it. After all, the Death's Scythe serves as the key to open the Grimoire– which is me– and the hellhole I was in. That what makes the Devil powerful."

"If Skewer is that important, then why did the Devil leave it with you?"

"Because Skewer serves as my "residence's" lock," he explained. "And the Devil was confident that no one could pull the scythe from the throne. But ta-dah," he said in an exaggerated happy voice. "The Moon Princess came to rescue the poor Demon Boy."

"I didn't rescue you," she said bluntly.

"Shh," he scolded her. "Don't ruin my fantasy."

She was about to say something when she heard a knock on the door.

After a few seconds, the door opened and her "boys" entered the room. Well, it was just Nero followed by Lewis and Sir Glenn.

Papa must still be talking to Saint Macaroni.

And since Duke Quinzel and Count Sprouse weren't around either, she assumed that the two were involved in the conversation as well.

"Neoma," Nero greeted her brightly. Then, he sat beside her while Lewis and Sir Glenn stood behind them. "You shouldn't be talking to a demon alone. If you were curious about him, you should have asked me to accompany you."

She wanted to remind him that they were "fighting" a while ago but she let it slide. After all, it seemed like Nero and Lewis had already made up.

"You're hurting my feelings, Prince Nero," Trevor said in a dramatic voice just when she was just about to speak. "Please don't talk like I'm not here, my dear brother-in-law."

She fell into a fit of cough out of shock.

Trevor, shut your trap!

""Brother-in-law?"" Nero asked with a "calm" smile before he turned to Trevor. But even though his attention was on the talking book, her twin brother's little hand was gently tapping her back while Sir Glenn handed her a hankie to cover her mouth. "Mr. Trevor, are you referring to me?"

"Who else will I be calling "brother-in-law," Your Royal Highness?" Trevor said with a bright smile. Then, he gasped in an obviously exaggerated manner. Gosh, was this boy born to annoy people? "Didn't my Moon Princess tell you that I proposed to her?"

Neoma dropped the hankie in shock.

And in just a heartbeat, her boys moved so fast that she didn't understand what they were about to do until they stopped...

... in a threatening position.

Nero, who seemed like he stole Sir Glenn's sword in a very swift manner, pointed the sharp blade just below Trevor's chin. Even though her twin brother had his back on her, she could imagine his super angry face based on the dark aura around him.

And Lewis, who stood opposite to Nero and behind Trevor, pointed his hand with sharp foxy nails at the back of the demon's head. Her son had a blank look on his face as usual but she could tell that if Trevor moved in a way he didn't like, he wouldn't hesitate to burst the latter's head open with his sharp nails.

Sir Glenn just remained standing behind her and it looked like he would let Nero and Lewis deal with Trevor.

Gosh, what's wrong with these children?

"Repeat what you just said," Nero said in a cold and threatening tone. "Did you really propose to my twin sister?"

She heard Nero say "peasant" at the end of his question even though he didn't utter the word. The tone he used was enough to tell that he was looking down on Trevor.

Trevor, who was obviously unfazed, smirked at Nero. "Yes, I proposed to Princess Neoma," he said proudly. "What about it?"

Nero didn't respond verbally but he moved as if he was going to slash Trevor's throat.

Neoma, who didn't want Nero to kill mercilessly, immediately stood up and reached for her brother. "Stop!"

And then, poof!

All of a sudden, she found herself holding the scythe, aka Skewer, while the curved blade was pointed at Nero. But she noticed that the scythe was much smaller than the one that she remembered. Did it shrink in size to accommodate the small build of her current body?



The f\*ck?

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

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