

Royal Secret: I'm A Princess!

Chapter 70 - A WILD FURRY APPEARED

NIKOLAI buried the hilt of the Death's Scythe in the floor. He brought it to the prayer room dedicated to his ancestors. Yes, they had a room for that honored the previous emperors. Honestly speaking, he hated that chamber. But since they were dealing with the Devil, he needed to boost his divine power.

Right now, his priority was to save Neoma. The royal princess couldn't die without his permission. As long as Nero was still asleep, he needed to save his daughter.

"Open a gate to hell," Nikolai ordered the Death's Scythe. "I heard Neoma was good to you. You don't want her to die, do you?" But to be honest, he doubted it. For some reason, she knew that Neoma wouldn't die there. "If you wish to your master again, then you better cooperate."

"Skewer, please help me get to Princess Neoma," Lewis Crevan, who stood opposite him, said in a firm voice, his golden eyes still aglow. "All you have to do is open the gate nearest to where the royal princess is. I◆◆◆ll take care of the rest."

He raised his brow at that.

That's pretty convincing.

The foxy boy's voice and the determined look on his face seemed very reliable. Everyone could tell that Lewis Crevan would definitely give up his life for Neoma.

He should dedicate that loyalty to Nero instead of Neoma.

His thoughts were cut off when the Death's Scythe began shaking until it grew in size. And then, all of a sudden, a black hole opened


up below it. He and the foxy boy instinctively jumped away from it. The hole was as big as the cauldron in the prayer room.

"Go, Lewis Crevan," Nikolai ordered the foxy boy. "Bring back Neoma and the young Drayton safely."

Lewis Crevan just gave him a curt nod before he leapt into the black hole.

How insolent.

The gate to hell quickly closed as soon as the foxy boy disappeared from sight. And then, the Death's Scythe shrunk in size before it fell on the floor.

"Your Majesty,  Glenn said after he picked up the Death's Scythe from the floor, then he politely returned it to him. "Are you worried about Princess Neoma?"

"No," Nikolai said, then he grabbed the Death's Scythe hard enough until it disappeared. He forced it to enter his body where his Soul Beasts would protect it. Then, he turned his back on the knight and started to walk towards the door. "Neoma isn't a frail child."

"A FURRY," Neoma said while staring back at the humanoid black cat standing in front of her. "Your fur is so pretty."

The being that copied Lewis a while ago had transformed to what she assumed was its original form.

It was like a hybrid of a human and a black cat. The creature had the head of a black cat, and the black fur-covered body of a seven foot tall male with an athletic built. It wore a suit that butlers of noble households usually wore.

And it had bright green eyes.

Wait, I shouldn't call the creature ❖❖❖ it' since it's rude.

"May I know your pronoun?" she asked carefully. "I don't want to misgender you."

The black cat man blinked several times as if they were confused by her question. After a few seconds of silence, they put their hand on their chest and bowed to her polite. "Greetings to the Second Star of the Great Moonasterion Empire," they said. If they called her the 'Second Star,' that meant they really knew that she was the princess and not Nero. Just like how Trevor realized right away her real identity. If she remembered it right, Trevor said something like she couldn't lie in his territory or something. "My name is Gin and I'm the Devil's personal butler. As per your prior question..." He raised his head to meet her gaze. "I'm a male and I prefer to be referred to as such, Your Royal Highness."

"Noted, Gin," she said. "So, did you drag me here to snatch back Skewer from me?" The one hell of a butler looked confused so she explained. "By 'Skewer,' I mean the Death's Scythe."

"Ah," Gin said while nodding his head. "First of all, I would like to apologize for dragging you to hell, Your Royal Highness. I know that I will never be welcomed to the Royal Palace so I had no choice to summon you the rough way." He bowed to her. "My deepest apologies, Your Royal Highness."

She raised her eyebrow at the black cat man's attitude.

Between Gin and Papa Boss, I'd say Gin can act more like human than my own father.

But she wouldn't drop her guard just because the enemy was "polite."

"Be careful, thug princess," Tteokbokki said when he spoke in her mind. "That black cat stinks."

I know, Tteokbokki, she answered back in her mind. I've seen

enough anime series to know that the characters with a calm and gentle appearance are usually the most horrible ones.

"You're speaking nonsense again."

She just cut-off their link in her mind.

"What do you need from me?" she asked Gin suspiciously. "If the Devil is after Skewer, then I'm afraid I can't give it to them until I'm done with it."

"I am not here to retrieve the Death's Scythe, Your Royal Highness," Gin said. "Shall we talk over a cup of tea?"

"No, thanks," she said bluntly. "Persephone taught me to never eat or drink anything from the underworld."

He looked confused again, but he continued his job. "Then, shall I prepare a comfortable seat for you?"

"Nah, that's not necessary," she turned him down again. "Let's talk this way."

"I'm worried that you might get a stiff neck later, Your Royal Highness."

And that was because she was looking up at him while talking.

"I'm fine," she insisted. "I don't want to be comfortable around a stranger."

"I understand, Your Royal Highness," he said, then he bowed again. "Then please excuse me for a moment. ❖❖"

And then, he disappeared when a thick black smoke covered his whole body.

She put her guard up, anticipating an attack from the black cat man.

But instead, she was greeted by cuteness when the smoke vanished.

In the spot where Gin stood a few minutes ago was a black cat with a red bow.

"Aww," she said, then she squatted in front of it. Still, her guard was up. Tteokbokki was already on standby so if Gin moved from his spot, her Soul Beast would automatically come out to protect her. "You're so cute in that form, Gin."

"My utmost gratitude for the praise, Your Royal Highness," Gin, in his cat form, said as polite as ever. "May we continue our conversation a while ago?"

"Sure."

"Your Royal Highness, I'm aware that you and His Majesty have already been informed that the Devil has awakened," the black cat said. "I've worked hard for the past three years to awaken my master. Unfortunately, it would probably take them at least five more years before they fully regained their power."

She tried to remain pokerfaced even if she noticed something strange.

It took Gin three years to awaken the Devil, and it would take five years for them to be fully recovered. In short, the Devil would need eight years in total before their "comeback." And Trevor asked them exactly eight years to cure Nero's curse.

Does it mean Trevor know that the Devil would return in all their glory only after eight years?

That little sh*t was like a rosary— he was full of mysteries.

That's a lame joke, I know.

"Until the Devil has their full power, they cannot wield the Death's Scythe," Gin continued. "That's the reason why my master isn't in a hurry to take back the scythe from you, Your Royal Highness. In fact, they want you to hold onto the Death's Scythe until they return."

"I will hold onto the scythe not because of the Devil," she said firmly. "I need it for my own benefit."

The black cat chuckled. "Now I understand why the Devil wants to work with you, Your Royal Highness."

"I don't want to work with them though."

This time, he laughed louder. "Your Royal Highness, the Devil sent me here to offer you a deal: the Devil wants me to let you know that they will support you. We know that you're pretending as the crown prince because the real one is in a critical state right now. But we're pretty certain that your twin brother will awaken soon since the one tending to him is that little f*ckface—" He loudly cleared his throat as if that would make her "unhear" what he just said. "I mean, Trevor. That boy is a sly one, but his magical skills are the real deal."

"Uh-huh," she said while nodding her head. Gin's long explanation was like a wake-up call to her. "So, there's a mole among us, huh?"

She was a professional Am*ng Us player back in her second life, you know?

Of course, her detective skills rendered the black cat speechless.

"You're very well-informed of our current circ.u.mstance," she explained. "That only means someone close to us is feeding you information. You even know where to kidnap me."

"Now I believe the Devil when they said that the Second Star of the empire is very smart," Gin said in an amused tone. He was indiscreetly changing the topic. Not that she cared. "Your Royal Highness, if you accept the Devil's help, we will protect you once your purpose for His Majesty has been fulfilled. We will make sure that they won't be able to kill you."

"And why would the Devil help me?"

"It's very simple, Your Royal Highness," the black cat said. "The Devil wants you to be the first empress of the Moonasterion Empire."

They want to end the patriarchy in this stupid society."

"I refuse," she said right away. "The patriarchy won't end just because a woman rules the empire. Plus, I'm the type of person who will only do what I know I can. Sorry, but I'm not an overachiever."

"What if we offer you the location of the late empress's body in exchange of cooperating with us?"

"Nah," she turned him down for the third time. "My Papa already sent his men to do that. I will let the a.d.u.l.t.s deal with that matter. But thank you for confirming that the Devil has something to do with the disappearance of Her Majesty's body."

"Oh," he said as if he just realized his mistake. "Oh, well. I'm pretty sure that His Majesty already suspects us anyway."

She just shrugged— not wanting to give the enemy a confirmation or a denial.

"I have one last offer, Your Royal Highness," Gin said when he probably realized that he wouldn't get any information from her. "Are you still interested to know the history of your parents? Both the ones in your first life and the second one."

Ah.

Just like Trevor, the Devil knew her past. She didn't like it. How come these strangers were so invested in her family?

"I'm curious about my parents," she admitted. The black cat's face lit up but she didn't want him to be hopeful so she didn't give him a chance to talk. "But not enough for me to make a deal with the Devil. Right now, my priority is to survive. Knowing too much about my past might get me killed, so I'd rather deal with it later than be hasty."

"Why are you holding back, Your Royal Highness?"

"I can't be too awesome," she said firmly. "I'll get killed if I shined

brighter than the First Star."

"It's already too late, Your Royal Highness," Gin said with a cheeky smile. "Your value has increased while the crown prince's value has decreased. The Devil is working hard to keep your identity a secret. They don't want the other factions to realize that the crown prince is actually the future empress in disguise. Because once that happens, the Devil will have more competition."

"There's a reason why they're called the 'Devil,' huh?" she said in a cold voice. "Putting 'values' on children as if they're products is so low, even for you."

"I apologize if my words offended you, Your Royal Highness."

She ignored the not so sincere apology. "If you have nothing more to say, I'll get going," she said, then she stood up. "I need to find a lost child first."

"Let me escort you, Your Royal Highness," Gin said, and then he transformed back into his "human" form. He paused for a while, then he said in an amused tone: "You have a strong mentality, Princess Neoma," he said, calling her by her formal title for the first time. "Most people can't resist the enchantment in my voice."

Ah, so he had that kind of trick.

"Heh, don't you know what kind of a sc*mbag my father is?" Neoma asked that seemed to shock the black cat man. "I have to have a strong mentality or else, I would have gone crazy a long time ago."

"THE MOON is bleeding," Dominic Zavaroni said when he opened his eyes. He was in the middle of praying to Yule in the Moon God's shrine when he saw a vivid vision. "His Majesty's life will soon be put in grave danger."

But that wasn't the most worrisome part of his vision.

The moon was the emperor's symbol. In his "dream," the moon was bleeding and it was covered with dark smoke, the symbol of death...

... and that dark smoke was coming from the Second Star in the sky.

"Princess Neoma is the Second Star," Dominic Zavaroni whispered in a weak voice, then he shut his eyes tight because the vision that he saw was hard to believe. "His Majesty's blood might soon be on Princess Neoma's hands..."

And "soon" was equal to the crown prince's coronation day.

Unfortunately, he couldn't see what would push Her Royal Highness to want to kill the emperor. But he was certain of one thing: if His Majesty and his men discovered what he just saw, they would kill the royal princess.

But keeping the vision that he saw from His Majesty could be considered treason.

"My Lord Yule, what do you want me to do with this vision?" Dominic Zavaroni asked in frustration. "Just what is going to happen to the empire in the near future?"

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