

Royal Secret: I'm A Princess!

Volume 3: ROYAL PAIN IN THE NECK

Chapter 244 - AFFINITY WITH THE DEVIL

NIKOLAI was fuming.

The fact that those bastards built a tower at the border of Oxspring, his territory, was already enough to make him go mad with rage. But here he was now, looking at a damned fortress at the foot of Mount Kimbro where the forest should have been.

[How dare those imbeciles cut the trees down to build a fortress in my daughter's land?]

Technically, the mountain was Lewis Crevan's property. But it was only because 'Neoma de Moonasterio' didn't exist in the empire yet. Thus, all the properties that he had gifted to his daughter were under the fox boy's name in the meantime.

[Although Oxspring is a neglected territory because of the Unholy Land, I can't believe that those imbeciles managed to build a fortress right under my nose.]

His thoughts were distracted when Trevor suddenly fall to his knees.

He clicked his tongue. [What a pathetic sight.]

'Your Majesty...'

'You're not going to ask me to help you get up, are you?'

Trevor chuckled, then he winced in pain before he looked up at him. 'Your Majesty, our dear Princess Neoma is forcing one of the Hellgates open.'

Hellgate?

As far as he knew, there were eight Hellgates known to man. Each Hellgate was a designated ‘punishment realm’ for the most vicious clans that walked on earth. And of course, the Hellgates were managed by the Demon Clan.

[To be precise, the Hellgates are under the Devil’s management.]

And Neoma was forcing one to open ?

Nikolai’s brows furrowed in confusion. ‘What is that little rogue up to this time ?’

IF NEOMA had a smartphone right now, she would have taken a picture of the ‘Grim Reaper’ in front of her.

[Wow... it’s a classic ‘Grim Reaper.’]

It was a skeleton wearing a black hooded robe and holding a plain-looking scythe. Behind the Grim Reaper was a fancy Goth-looking gate. It was chained up, and she could see some gothic decorations that adorned the gate like skulls and horns.

[Nice.]

‘You’re being too arrogant, little de Moonasterio.’

‘That, I am,’ Neoma said while nodding her head. She knew why she was sent in a dark space while facing a Grim Reaper and a Goth gate. After all, she found her consciousness in that place after she tried to summon Lisica and Rustin Crevan. ‘But I can’t help it. I need to borrow Lisica and Rustin Crevan. Am I not allowed to do that as a Summoner ?’

‘I acknowledge you as a Summoner because of your Roseheart Blood, little de Moonasterio,’ the Grim Reaper said. ‘But the souls of the Punished cannot be summoned unless you made a contract with them. Did you ?’

‘I didn’t,’ she said while shaking her head. ‘I don’t want to make a contract with them.’

‘But you want to use them as weapons.’

‘That sounds harsh but I can’t refute that,’ she admitted. ‘But in my defense, I wanted to summon them because the enemies this time are red foxes. I want Lisica and Rustin Crevan to teach my son about the other fox clans that exist in the world.’

‘You have... a son?’

‘Not biologically,’ she said. ‘But I treat Lewis Crevan as my son.’

‘You know that Lewis Crevan, a nine-tailed fox, is at least a thousand year older than you, don’t you?’

‘Don’t fret the details...’

‘Eight,’ the Grim Reaper said. ‘I guard the eight Hellgate so people call me ‘Eight.’”

‘May I know your gender? I don’t want to misgender you.’

‘I used to be a man when I was still alive, if I remember it correctly.’

‘Okay. Thank you for telling me,’ she said. ‘Then, Mr. Eight, can you tell me if there’s anything I can do for you to allow me to borrow Lisica and Rustin Crevan?’

She thought the Grim Reaper would flat out say ‘no’ again.

Bpo qphv om vuz lpznzalu, vu duii laiuro fl ad hmrouqnifoare jvuovuz om easu vuz f hvfrhu mz rmo.

[This is my chance.]

‘I can be your one-time errand girl, Mr. Eight,’ she said while giving the Grim Reaper her best puppy dog eyes. ‘Just let me borrow Lisica and Rustin Crevan for a moment.’

‘I suppose I should accept your offer. After all, you’ve come this far. Not everyone can simply force open a Hellgate,’ he said. ‘Consider this as a reward of some sort for entertaining me, little de Moonasterio.’

She gave him a thumbs up. ‘Call.’

‘I will lend you the souls of Lisica and Rustin Crevan,’ Eight said, then he raised his skeletal index finger. ‘But on one condition: Little de Moonasterio, you have to bring me the souls of the Red Fox clan that has been trapped on earth for so long.’

Red Fox clan?

Those people were exactly her current enemies.

Neoma smiled and nodded. ‘I can do that, Mr. Eight.’

PRISM wasn’t a dignified fighter.

He was the type of warrior that sacrificed his entire clan because he was afraid of death. In fact, he chose to kneel and kiss the feet of Curtis Smit to save himself as the Crow Executive massacred the Red Fox Clan.

As a reward, Curtis Smit gave him the Beads of his clan members. Those Beads allowed him to reanimate the corpses of the dead red foxes of his clan. He didn’t know how but it seemed like Curtis Smit did something to the corpses so they wouldn’t rot easily.

[Yes, I’m that kind of person.]

Thus, he didn't hesitate to attack Prince Nero when the Crown Prince suddenly lost consciousness while standing. He thought the small Red Dragon would protect His Royal Highness and he was prepared to fight it.

But much to his shock, the Red Dragon just smirked lazily at him. It didn't even move an inch. Moreover, he didn't know if it was just his imagination or the Red Dragon was really looking down on him.

[Dammit! That fućking Red Dragon is as arrogant as Prince Nero!]

Unfortunately, he couldn't really complain even though the Red Dragon was looking down on him. After all, he couldn't even touch Prince Nero.

[The barrier around His Royal Highness is too strong...]

That damned barrier appeared as soon as Prince Nero lost consciousness. He didn't think that the Crown Prince created the barrier. Instead, it was as if the barrier had a mind of its own and knew exactly when to protect Prince Nero.

'Why did you stop, kid?' the Red Dragon asked in a lazy, mocking tone. 'The thug prince said that he won't waste my flame on someone like you. But it's fun to watch you struggle.' He didn't know if it was just him or the Red Dragon's face turned even more arrogant. 'If you scratch the thug prince's barrier, I will give you a taste of my flame. How about that?'

He snarled at the Red Dragon. 'You're too arrogant, dragon!'

'And you're too ugly, human.'

He felt his cheeks burn from being humiliated by a dragon.

[I'll kill that arrogant beast first!]

He was just about to leap and attack the dragon when all of a sudden, Prince Nero opened his eyes and laughed loudly while clutching his stomach.

‘Tteokbokki, you’re too honest,’ Prince Nero said while laughing and hitting the Red Dragon in the arm. ‘You hurt the poor guy’s feelings.’

The Red Dragon just huffed.

[They’re making fun of me!]

‘Prince Nero!’ he yelled with clenched hands. ‘Fight me seriously!’

‘On one condition,’ Prince Nero said, the smug look on his face making his skin crawl. ‘Beat those two hungry Silver Foxes first.’

[Silver Foxes... ?]

He flinched when he felt the heavy murderous aura behind him. His body froze and he couldn’t even move an inch. It felt like Death itself was breathing at the back of his neck.

‘A red fox?’ a voice of an annoyed woman said behind him. ‘How come this weak-ass clan is still alive when the Silver Fox Clan is not?’

‘It’s because they’re weak,’ a deep and manly voice said. ‘Who would prey on weak, little foxes, my queen? Unlike the Silver Fox Clan who spent their entire life fighting, I bet the Red Fox Clan wastes their life by bowing to stronger beings to survive.’

‘Ah, you have a point.’

Prism didn’t have much pride as a red fox, but he still felt offended by the insults that he heard. He gathered all the remaining strength in his body to turn around and face the enemies. But when he saw the intimidating male and female nine-tailed foxes, he wished he didn’t move. [I messed with the wrong person...]

NEOMA was half-satisfied and half-worried to see Lisica and Rustin Crevan.

Even though the two were already nothing but mere Spirits, they still remained intimidating. Plus, she could taste Lisica and Rustin Crevan's bloodlust in the air.

[I hope my precious Lewis doesn't grow up as bloodthirsty as his ancestors.]

'Queen Lisica, Lord Rustin, I will leave the red foxes to you,' Neoma said in an authoritative voice. 'I don't care if you go rampant. But this place is filled with innocent children. If you hurt them even by accident, I will make you pay for it.'

Lisica and Rustin Crevan looked shocked by her threat. Then, the two laughed. Fortunately, it didn't seem like she offended them.

[I have to let them know that I control them and not the other way around.]

As she said before, she didn't make a contract with Lisica and Rustin Crevan before because she deemed them too dangerous to work for her.

But she needed them this time, so she summoned them.

[Even though I'm the one who borrowed their strength, I still have to impose my authority here.]

Thankfully, it looked like the two adult nine-tailed foxes got the message without taking it against her.

[I need them as allies so it wouldn't be wise to fight with them right now.]

'That's what I expect from the person who has the guts and the ability to summon us,' Lisica said while nodding. 'Don't worry, Your Royal Highness. No children will be harmed.'

Rustin nodded in agreement. 'But we can kill the red foxes and those who will aid them, right?'

'Yes, you can kill them all,' Neoma said, then she gave Prism who seemed to be frozen in fear one last look before she turned to her Soul Beast. 'Let's go, Tteokbokki.' She extended her hands to the Red Dragon. 'Gear on.'

'HARRISON, why is this happening?' Giselle Averon, standing in front of her two new pretty boy toys while naked, whined. 'These boys have already seen me naked. But why aren't they reacting?'

Both Lewis Crevan and Jasper Hawthorne, despite their weakened state, looked at her blankly.

Worse, she couldn't even touch her boys. Jasper Hawthorne managed to create a barrier made of his poisonous red butterflies. Even though the young duke's physical body was weakened because of the chains around his wrists and ankles, the insects that he was using to protect him and Lewis Crevan were still powerful enough to poison her.

Thus, she couldn't move closer.

[But I just have to be patient. My partner's poison is slowly working against Jasper Hawthorne's red butterflies. As soon as his damned insects die, he won't be able to do anything against me anymore.]

Lewis Crevan would be easier to deal with.

After all, the chains that she used to tie the Silver Fox were chains that were personally made to apprehend nine-tailed foxes. The more Lewis Crevan resisted, the more the chains would absorb his power. And it seemed like he was resisting, thus his weakened state.

The chains stopping Lewis Crevan and Jasper Hawthorne were chained to the wall. Fortunately, the two didn't have the strength to break free.

It was cute to watch them struggle though.

Giselle, aroused by the children in front of her, licked her lips. [I will eat you soon, Lewis Crevan...]

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