

Royal Secret: I'm A Princess!

Chapter 68 - YOUR GIRL CAN'T CATCH A BREAK

NIKOLAI immediately stood up as soon as he felt a crack in the barrier around the Royal Palace.

It seemed like he was the only one who felt it yet because Glenn and Kyle, who were both standing in front of his desk, looked surprised when he stood up. But since the two were fast to catch up, their surprise turned into alarm.

"The holy barrier in the Royal Palace has cracked," Nikolai informed the two. "I believe it's the work of the devil."

Based on the shocked look on their faces, he confirmed that they didn't really feel the infiltration in the Royal Palace. He couldn't blame them though. The barrier around the Royal Palace was strengthened by Princess Nichole before she died.

When the Princess Royal was gone, the "authority" of the holy barrier was transferred to him. That meant he had the sole and full control of the barrier now.

"I will summon the White Lion Knights and strengthen the security around your palace, Your Majesty," Kyle said in a hurry.

"Your Majesty, please stay here," Glenn said politely. "We will look for the enemy and—"

"No," Nikolai cut-off his knight with urgency. "We're going straight to Neoma," he said firmly. "She's definitely the Devil's target and not me."

F*CK this sh*t!

Neoma couldn't stop cussing in her head because of how quick things escalated.

When the third head of the helldog appeared, a burst of black and negative energy combust. And then, the next thing they knew, the helldog's body was divided into three. Each head had a body now, and each body was attacking them.

H1 attacked Hanna.

She was surprised when her very feminine cousin didn't look startled or scared when the big, black dog with red eyes came at her. Instead, she immediately switched to "battle mode." Hanna got down on one knee, "grabbed" H1 shadow on the ground, and she began "folding" the shadow until the helldog was wriggling in pain.

I can't say it's "animal abuse" since H1 tried to kill Hanna.

On the other hand, H2 attacked Rubin. It seemed like Rubin was struggling to fight off the helldog. He couldn't blame the young lord though. This was the first time that she saw the helldogs that angry and agitated.

Helldogs aren't called "helldogs" for nothing.

A part of her wanted to help Rubin because even though there were times that he reminded her of his past, cruel self, she knew that he was still a child at the end of the day.

But she couldn't really move from her spot because of Lewis's protection. Her son literally put her inside a transparent cube. The silver light around the cube was made of his Mana. She had to say that it was quite strong. But she knew that it wouldn't last if the Devil suddenly appeared to get her.

Yes, she didn't have to be a genius to figure out that the "feral mode" of her homie helldog had something to do with the Devil. And honestly, if she was the Devil, the first thing she'd do was to get back

her weapon as well.

I can't stay here. I have to get away from the children to protect them. I'm sure Lewis can handle the helldogs.

The helldog with a nasty scar seemed to be the "boss" and the strongest helldog among the three. It was also fast and it was keeping up with Lewis well. Still, she had faith in her son. He was already strong without proper training. What more now that he was a full-fledged White Lion Knight?

Don't die on me, son.

"Tteokbokki," Neoma summoned her Soul Beast. "Get me out of here."

"It's not going to be easy, thug princess," Tteokbokki said in a struggling voice that made her brows furrow in concern. "I can't come out."

"What?" she asked, worried for Tteokbokki. "What's happening there, Tteokbokki?"

"The dark energy of Skewer is literally strangling me right now," her Soul Beast said. "Thug princess, get the Death's Scythe out of your body now or else, it's going to damage your soul!"

Goddamit.

Without wasting a minute, she summoned Skewer. She grabbed it as soon as it manifested in the air. Much to her shock, she felt a light volt of electricity in the palm of her hand when she touched the black handle.

Yes, Skewer was no longer the cute, pink scythe that she knew and loved. It turned to its original form. But for some reason, the size that she was used to remain as it was.

Sh*t, the Devil really works hard. But... I work harder!

Well, her brain did.

"Lewis!" she yelled at her son. "Finish that feral dog and come to me!"

Lewis didn't turn to her but his movement became faster until her eyes couldn't follow him anymore.

And she couldn't really concentrate on her son because she felt nasty, cold "hands" grab her ankle. When she looked down, she realized that a blackhole had already opened below her. She was pretty sure that it was the Devil literally dragging her to hell.

"Lewis!" she yelled again. When she looked up, she was relieved to see her son running towards her. The concern on his face told her that he already realized that she was being literally dragged to hell. And she knew that her son wouldn't make it in time. So she did what she could do to spoil the Devil's plan. "Catch!"

She threw Skewer at Lewis.

This time, she didn't throw it recklessly. She was also confident that her son could catch it perfectly. Both of them weren't the same anymore from the time that she threw the scythe carelessly that it almost killed her son.

And she was right.

She felt so proud when she saw Lewis catch Skewer effortlessly.

"Protect Skewer!" Neoma yelled as she was being dragged below fast. "Give it to Papa and make sure the Devil can't steal it!"

"Princess Neoma!" Lewis screamed in desperation, running faster in an attempt to save her.

It was too late though.

In just a blink of the eye, she was already in a different dimension.

This time, she found herself sitting on the dry, black ground. In that world, it was already night time. But the gloomy sky didn't have stars or moon. The only thing that was lighting up the place was the illuminating human skulls on the ground.

"Scary," she said sarcastically as she stood up while dusting off her pants. "Gosh, this part of hell lacks creativity—"

She stopped talking when all of a sudden, someone literally fell from the sky.

Oh, no.

"Aww..." Rubin light complained while trying to get up. "That hurts..."

She let out a frustrated sigh as she crossed her arms over her chest. "What are you doing here, Rubin? Did you follow me?"

Rubin looked up at her with furrowed brows. "I didn't follow you, Your Royal Highness," he denied, then he stood up while dusting off his pants. "I was literally kicked by the helldog towards your direction. It seems like I accidentally fell here because the hellhole was still open."

Neoma pinched the bridge of her nose. "Why couldn't it be Lewis instead?"

NIKOLAI didn't like the scene that he and his men witnessed when they arrived at the pond where Neoma and her friends were.

Three helldogs were knocked out on the ground.

Hanna Quinzel was unconscious while a trail of blood was still fresh from the corner of her mouth.

The foxy boy was kneeling on the ground while hugging the Death's Scythe. He noticed that the scythe was back to its original color, but

the size remained the same. But that wasn't the most worrying thing at the moment.

Neoma isn't here.

"Glenn, check up on Lady Quinzel," Kyle ordered the knight when the count probably noticed that he was frozen on his spot. "Lewis, where are Princess Neoma and Sir Drayton?"

The count was free to ask that because they didn't bring knights or other people with them.

It was an emergency and he figured that the three of them would be enough to save the children. But obviously, they were too late.

Goddamit.

"Princess Neoma was dragged to hell. It was probably the Devil," the foxy boy answered Kyle's question without even turning to them. It looked like he was shocked that the royal princess was taken under his watch. "Rubin Drayton accidentally fell into the hellhole when he was kicked by the helldog."

"This isn't good, Your Majesty," Kyle said. "The young lord is also missing."

As if he cared about the young Drayton.

"Did Neoma leave the scythe to you?" Nikolai asked the foxy boy when he recovered from shock. "What did she say?"

"Protect the scythe," Lewis, the foxy boy, said before he turned to him with blazing eyes. "Princess Neoma said you have to protect the Death's Scythe at all cost, Your Majesty."

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