

Too Lazy to be a Villainess

Chapter 1

"You cannot do that!" Lavinia yelled, her face burning with anger as she glared at the man standing before her. Her fiancé, Grand Duke Osric Valerius Everhart .

"You have to love me!"

"You cannot just abandon me too!"

Can't you just give me another chance?"

"Can't you look at me the way you look at her—with love and affection?"

"I am the one who entered your life first, osric. You belong to me. Only me." Lavinia was begging. Begging Grand Duke Osric not to break their engagement. Begging him to love her.

But Osric didn't even spare her a glance.

"I loved you with all my heart, Osric!" Lavinia's voice trembled, tears threatening to spill. "How can you love that bitch when I am still your fiancée?"

Whispers filled the palace garden. The maids, the nobles—everyone watched in silence, gossiping among themselves. But Lavinia didn't care. She only cared about him.

She stepped forward, desperate, reaching for his hand. But the moment her fingers brushed his skin—

Osrcic recoiled. His cold, piercing brown eyes filled with nothing but disgust.

But Lavinia didn't stop.

"I will be obedient, osric."

"I will be the proper Grand Duchess you always wanted. Please, just give me another chance!"

"I promise, I won't do anything bad. I promise... Osric, I promise!" Her voice broke as tears fell freely. Her knees gave out beneath her, and she collapsed onto the cold marble ground.

"Please... You're the only one I have left. My father has abandoned me... I have no one else. Please, don't abandon me too, Osric."

But Grand Duke Osric never looked back at her.

"My engagement was set with the princess of the Elarion Empire. You are no longer the princess, Lavinia." His voice was cold, absolute. "So naturally, our engagement ends here."

And with that, he walked away.

"No... you cannot, Osric...!" Lavinia's tear-filled blue eyes reflected only pain as she watched the man she loved disappear from her life forever.

wow....

That was insane.

How could she beg for love when the man wouldn't even look at her? Does she have no self-respect?

Ugh...

And why the hell do I remember the last second Chapter of this cheesy web novel so clearly?

Sigh...

Since I woke up in this world, Lavinia's memories keep popping up in my head. Can't I at least sleep in peace?

...Wait.

Something feels weird. Why do I feel wet?

Oh no.

Did I just...?

"Wahhhh! Wahhhh! Wahhhh!"

"Ugh. Not again! Did you poop again?" a voice groaned, filled with irritation.

A face loomed over me—one of the maids assigned to me. She looked completely pissed as she grabbed me with rough hands.

"I can't believe I have to keep changing your diaper. How can you be so clumsy?" she grumbled, yanking the soiled fabric away.

...Excuse me? I'm a freaking baby! If I could wipe my own butt, do you think I'd let you do something this embarrassing?!

The maid let out an exasperated sigh. "It's done. Now don't wet the diaper again."

She sounded like she was talking to some annoying stray dog, not the only princess of the Elarion Empire.

I should say something. I should stand up for myself.

... I wish I could. But I'm also too lazy.

Instead, I focus on something more important. Food. Before she leaves, I need to make sure I get fed, or I'll be stuck starving again.

"Wahhh! Wahhh!"

"What now?!" The maid's irritated voice snapped.

...Lady, what do you think? I'm hungry; give me food!

"Wahhh! Wahhh!"

Another maid, an older woman sweeping the floor, glanced over. "She must be hungry. Feed her some milk."

"Sigh... seriously. Since she was born, she's been drinking the whole palace's milk."

I blinked.

Excuse me? Is that my fault?!

And...I am the princess of this palace, you lady. I have all the rights to drink the milk.

I let out another dramatic wail, just to piss them off.

"Wahhh! Wahhh!"

The maid let out a frustrated sigh and shoved the bottle into my mouth. "Here... now keep quiet."

Hmph.

That's what you should do, lady. Feed me and clean me. That's your job.

I latched onto the bottle, feeling the warm milk slide down my throat. My tiny body relaxed instantly. The milk was tasty. Rich, creamy, and just the perfect temperature.

This is fun. I have to do nothing—just drink the milk, let them clean me, and occasionally scream when I want attention. Except for the part where someone else has to clean my butt, everything is perfect.

No expectations. No responsibilities. Just me, my milk, and my dramatic cries.

But then...my past life as Reina Suzuki...ugh.

A nightmare.

A nightmare of studying tirelessly for exams, then working tirelessly as an office worker. Spreadsheets. Endless deadlines. Useless meetings. Managing interns. Dealing with incompetent bosses. And worst of all... vending machine coffee.

Not even a proper coffee.

I hated it. All of it.

I worked like a corporate slave, buried under a mountain of reports. And what did I get in the end?

Nothing.

No big achievements. No praise. Just more work.

I even forgot whether I was a human or a robot when I finally collapsed at my desk—dead from overworking.

...What a pathetic way to go.

And now? Now I'm here. A baby princess.

No work. No deadlines. Just milk and naps.

Yes. This is the life.

When I died, I never thought I would wake up as a princess.

I was an orphan.

The orphanage lady said I was left by my mother in a hospital after she delivered me. How could they say she left? She ran away, bro.

The hospital staff sent me to an orphanage where I grew up. I was adopted, abandoned, adopted, and abandoned—the cycle kept repeating until I was fourteen. After fourteen, I somehow ran away from the orphanage because I was not ready to be adopted and abandoned again.

So, I washed dishes at restaurants and worked part-time at stores just to pay my school fees. Some days there was money left to buy food, and some days there was nothing. No gentleman offered me food, and I had no friends who would share their lunch with me.

To gain a scholarship, I studied tirelessly and ended up doing a tireless job—and died.

And now I am a princess.

I didn't realize it at first. How could I, right? I was a baby who had just opened my eyes. I was definitely in shock until I realized I had to do nothing, just lay there. But I always wondered why my parents never came to see me. Then, one day, I heard two maids talking about me, right in front of me.

According to them, my mother was a maid who slept with my father while he was drunk. She eventually got pregnant, but after I was born, she died due to premature delivery.

That's right—I am a weak baby.

Forget that.

The important thing is, I am no ordinary baby; I am the princess. The damn princess of the Elarion Empire.

That's when I realized—

shit... I reincarnated as the villainess Lavinia Devereux from the novel *Spoiled by Grand Duke*.

It was a cheesy novel where a village girl falls in love with a grand duke. She chased him, not realizing he was a grand duke, and when she did, the grand duke had already fallen in love with her.

The cold, ruthless grand duke pampered the girl and showered her with love, forgetting that he had a fiancée waiting for him.

And that fiancée was me—Lavinia Devereux.

As usual, like all the other novels, Lavinia was jealous, so she did everything to humiliate and torture the female lead.

Splashed drink on her.

Humiliated her for being a village girl.

Blaming her for stealing her royal jewelry.

....and so on.

In the end, because of her schemes, the people of her own kingdom started hating her, and she was banished from the royal family by her own father, who never cared about her too.

So how did she die?

She was poisoned by the second male lead of the novel, who was her personal knight.

Sigh... what a funny way to die.

Anyway, that's how the story should run. So now, what should I do? Change my damn fate? Be a good princess for this kingdom and chase the second male lead? Or prove my worth as a princess to my father? Get his attention?

Nayyyyy...

I am not going to do anything. I will let the story flow.

Why? Because in the end we all have to die. So instead of dying by some painful death. It's better to swallow poison and die.

And also because I am too tired.

I don't want to do anything.

I am toooo lazzzyyyyyyy.....

I have no energy to fight.

So my life goal is one: NOT DOING ANYTHING.