

Too Lazy to be a Villainess

Chapter 10

Ah, life was good.

I lay on my soft, cushy imperial bed, grinning like an idiot, completely lost in the beautiful, heartwarming delusion I had crafted. In my mind, my great and mighty father—the terrifying emperor feared by all—and Theon was in his arms, dramatically confessing his undying love.

Oh, what a sight! Two powerful men, forbidden love, palace secrets! The mere thought made me giggle wildly, my tiny body wiggling with joy.

Nanny and Mareilla, who had been standing nearby, exchanged glances.

"...Why is she laughing like that?" Mareilla whispered, clearly confused.

"I have no idea," Nanny replied, watching me like I had lost my baby mind.

Before they could uncover my top-secret delusions, the door creaked open. The room fell silent. The air shifted.

A regal presence entered.

The Emperor, aka my father, had arrived.

Nanny and Mareilla immediately bowed. "Your Majesty," they greeted in unison before excusing themselves, "Good night to both of you."

Then they left, leaving just me and my father.

And, oh boy. I still couldn't stop smiling. I stared at him with sparkling eyes, my mind still replaying the glorious imaginary scene of him holding Theon close, whispering sweet nothings. Ah... love.

Meanwhile, the emperor just stared at me. Expressionless. Silent. Yet somehow, warm. He took a seat beside me, leaning down, his large hand brushing against my tiny face.

"What are you so happy about?" he asked, voice deep and smooth.

I smiled like an idiot.

"What could possibly make a three-month-old that happy?" Emperor wondered.

I giggled again, kicking my chubby baby legs in delight. He exhaled softly, almost amused, and then—he stood up.

Oh, are you going somewhere?

And then—he took off his shirt.

I froze.

H-HOLD ON. W-WAIT A MINUTE—

YOU SHAMELESS MAN!

I wobbled frantically, flailing my tiny arms in distress. HOW CAN YOU JUST UNDRESS IN FRONT OF A LADY?! HAVE YOU NO DECENCY?!

Of course, since I was still a three-month-old baby, all that came out was a series of high-pitched wails and wild flailing. The Emperor blinked at me, utterly unfazed.

"What's wrong with her now?" he muttered, unbothered as he continued to change.

I squeezed my eyes shut. "WHERE IS YOUR MODESTY, Emperor?!"

But then curiosity got the best of me. I peeked.

And then, what I saw was horror.

My tiny body stiffened, and my breath caught in my throat. My wide, innocent baby eyes stretched even further as I took in the sight before me.

His back.

It wasn't smooth. It wasn't perfect. It wasn't anything like the flawless, godly physique I had naïvely imagined in my tiny baby head.

It was ruined.

Marred.

Covered in scars.

Not just any scars—deep, cruel, unforgiving lashes. Old wounds, healed but never truly gone. My breath hitched. These weren't mere battle scars; the kind warriors wore them like badges of honor.

No—this was suffering.

This was torment.

Someone... someone had whipped him. Over and over and over again.

His entire back was a canvas of pain—scar after scar, overlapping, stretching, clawing across his skin. I could almost hear the echo of a whip cracking through the air, the searing pain that must have burned into his flesh.

My tiny fingers clenched into fists. Who? Who could do this? Who could be so cruel to you?

And Why?

Why would someone do this to you?

Aren't you a tyrant? A Bloodthirsty Emperor?

I tried to hold it in; I really did. But I was a three-month-old baby. There was only so much I could take.

Hnghhhhh...

Tears blurred my vision.

Hnghhh...

I squeezed my eyes shut, my tiny chest heaving. No. No, I couldn't let them fall. Not in front of him. Not when he stood so tall, so strong, so—

Hngh—!

The first tear slipped down my cheek. And then another. And another. And then—I broke.

Wahhh... wahhh... WAHHHH!!

I cried. Loud, messy, uncontrollable.

The emperor—no, my papa—immediately turned to me, his head snapping toward my trembling form. His usual calm, emotionless face shifted—his eyes widening slightly, his lips parting in alarm.

"What happened?" His deep voice was laced with urgency.

And I just cried harder.

"Why are you crying?" he asked again, but this time his voice had softened. "You were smiling until now."

He sat beside me, large and imposing, but there was something almost... helpless in the way he looked at me.

"Are you hungry?" he tried, scanning my tiny face for answers.

Wahhh....wahhhh!

"Did you poop?"

I glared at him through my tears. He looked completely lost. A man who ruled an empire and who wielded power that made grown men tremble was panicking over a crying baby.

I wailed even louder.

"Someone, come over," he commanded, his deep voice urgent yet slightly strained.

Within moments, the doors burst open, and Nanny and Mareilla rushed in, their expressions frantic.

"Your Majesty!" Nanny gasped, hurrying toward the bed where I lay, kicking my tiny feet and sobbing uncontrollably.

Mareilla, equally breathless, placed a gentle hand on my forehead.

"Is she sick? Is she in pain?" she asked, her voice laced with worry.

Nanny frowned, checking me over with experienced hands. "She seems okay..."

"Then why is she crying?" Mareilla asked, her panic rising. "Do you think we need to call the imperial doctor?"

And that was it.

The Emperor snapped. "Someone call the imperial doctor! And get the priest too!"

Silence.

Nanny and Mareilla froze.

"The priest?" Nanny repeated.

"What if it's something else? We must be prepared for anything!" Emperor said.

I wanted to scream. There is nothing wrong with me, you fools! I just saw my father's scarred back, and now my tiny baby heart is breaking into pieces!

But of course, all they could hear was—

Wahhhhhhhhhhhh!

Nanny scooped me into her arms, rocking me gently. "Shh, shh, little princess. It's alright. Everything is good, my princess," she murmured, patting my back.

But I kept crying.

Louder.

Harder.

My tiny hands stretched out, reaching... reaching... toward my father. I didn't want Nanny. I didn't want Mareilla. I wanted him.

I wanted to hug him.

I wanted to be with my father.

Emperor turned to the guards. "What are you waiting for?! Call the imperial doctor! The priest! No—call an entire temple if you have to!"

The guards froze under her intensity. But before they could run off in terror, Nanny hesitated. Her eyes fell on my tiny, shaking hands—still reaching desperately for my father.

"Your Majesty," she murmured. "I think... I think she just wants you."

The entire room went silent.

The imperial doctor? The priest? No.

Just him.

Emperor Cassius stared at me.

"...Me?"

Nanny nodded. "Yes, Your Majesty."

The emperor stood still, his crimson eyes unreadable. He looked at me—truly looked at me—as if the idea that someone might actually want him had never even crossed his mind.

How utterly ridiculous.

I wailed louder, stretching my tiny hands further, fingers curling desperately. The tension in the room thickened. For a moment, I thought he might refuse. That he might just stand there in all his terrifying imperial stubbornness, watching me cry like I was some puzzle he couldn't solve.

But then—

He moved.

Cautiously. Slowly. As if he were afraid he might break me. And then, finally—he picked me up.

The moment his arms wrapped around me, everything faded. My sobs quieted, turning into small sniffles. The warmth of his chest, the steady, rhythmic sound of his heartbeat—it was comforting. Safe.

I nestled against him, curling into the warmth, my tiny hands grasping at his robes. He smelled like steel, parchment, and something faintly familiar. Something I couldn't name.

The emperor held me like he didn't quite know what to do with me—like I was a fragile piece of porcelain that had suddenly come to life in his arms.

And then—he hugged me tighter. Not too much. Not enough to hurt me. But just enough for me to feel it—to feel him.

Like he had finally guessed what I wanted. Like he had finally realized I had chosen him. And if that was what he thought...

Then he was right.

His crimson eyes softened, searching my tiny face for an answer to a question he didn't know how to ask.

"You wanted me?" he murmured, his voice so low, so raw, it did something to me.

My tiny hands reached for his face. Softly, carefully.

I giggled, my fingers tracing his strong jaw and his warm skin. I didn't know what kind of pain he had endured. I didn't know the weight of the past he carried on his scarred back.

But I did know one thing. I would make sure those memories faded. I would create a home—a home that neither of us ever had. A home that was warm, safe, and filled with love.

I promise, Papa.

And so, with all the strength my tiny body had—I hugged him back.

This moment felt important. So much more than just a baby wanting comfort. Until now, I had only been adjusting to this new life, this palace, this world.

But now, as I clung to my father's warmth, I knew—

I wanted to stay.

I wanted to be his daughter.

His one and only.

And just as I felt myself drifting off in his arms, warm and safe for the first time since I arrived in this world—

I swear—I felt like home.