

# Too Lazy to be a Villainess

## Chapter 11

The palace was in chaos.

Well, not the scary kind of chaos—though for me, it might as well have been. Everywhere I looked, people were running around, carrying golden drapes, fragrant flowers, and silk banners that shimmered under the chandeliers. The entire palace was turning into some grand spectacle, and all for me. Today was the day. The day Papa would introduce me to high society.

My Official Introduction Ceremony.

Sigh...

I should have been honored, but honestly? I just wanted a nap.

"Princess, it's time to get ready!" Mareille chirped excitedly as she approached my crib.

I blinked at her, still wrapped snugly in my blanket. I had been quite enjoying my day of doing absolutely nothing. My chubby arms flopped uselessly at my sides. I groaned internally. Why did they have to disturb my peace?

Nanny Scooped me in her arms, chuckling at my half-lidded eyes. "Oh dear, the princess looks like she'd rather sleep through her big day."

Yes. Yes, I would. Thank you very much.

But apparently, my opinion didn't matter, because the next thing I knew, Mareille and Nanny had carried me to a wardrobe. And...my sleepiness vanished in an instant.

W-what! What the hell is this?

A mountain of dresses waited for me.

Not one. Not two. Not even five. But an entire army of dresses in every shade and fabric imaginable. Silken ones, lacy ones, dresses embroidered with pearls—some even adorned with tiny gemstone details.

So. Many. Dresses.

I blinked. Surely, they didn't expect me to wear all of them, right?

"Oh! Look at this one! And this! And this!" Mareille's excitement grew with every dress she pulled out. "What do you think, Princess? Which one do you want to wear?"

I stared at the mountain of fabric piling up beside me. Did they really expect me to make a choice? I was three months old! The only choices I made involved whether to cry now or later.

Nanny clapped her hands together. "Why don't we try all of them?"

Wait. What?

Before I could protest (which, let's be real, would've just been a few frustrated baby gurgles), Mareille had already slipped the first dress over my head. A lacy pink monstrosity with way too many ribbons. Then a white one with golden embroidery. Then a frilly purple one that made me feel like a puffball. I wiggled my legs weakly, trying to signal my distress, but they were too busy squealing over the next outfit.

"This one brings out her eyes!"

"Oh, but this one makes her look like a little angel!"

"I love this one! No, wait, try this one first!"

I was drowning in silk and lace. My tiny arms flailed as yet another gown was thrown over my head. This was torture. This was worse than my butt-cleaning time. This was—

Hughhh... Can't I just wear anything and be done with it?!

"Okay, let's try this one," Nanny chirped as she yanked off the last dress and slipped another one on me. I was too tired to even look at the thing anymore. All I knew was that the fabric felt fancy and light—like it was made for a lazy baby like me.

Then, suddenly, Mareilla gasped dramatically, hands clapping together like a delighted seal. "Oh my! She...she looks so beautiful!"

Nanny let out a dreamy sigh, stars practically exploding in her eyes. "My princess... you look absolutely divine!"

Ah... finally. They chose something.

Then they plopped a tiny crown on my head and slipped tiny shoes onto my feet—tiny shoes! Why did I even need shoes?! It's not like I was going to walk to my own grand debut.

"Princess," Nanny cooed. "Would you like to see yourself?"

I blinked. Of course I do.

After trying on a whole mountain of dresses, I must see what was so special about this one. They carried me to the mirror and sat me on a plush chair. My breath hitched.

The reflection staring back at me was... breathtaking.

Big, crimson eyes blinked in wonder, gleaming like polished rubies under the soft golden light. My golden curls framed my round face, a delicate, glittering headband resting on my head with stones that matched my eye color. The dress I wore was the softest thing I had ever felt—an ivory and gold masterpiece that shimmered with every tiny movement. Tiny embroidered flowers danced across the fabric, their golden threads glowing like magic.

I wiggled my fingers, watching the layered skirt ripple like waves of light, kissed with hints of crimson at the edges. A deep red velvet cloak draped over my shoulders, making me look like a queen from a fairy tale.

Was this really me?

A gurgle of delight bubbled up in my throat, and I reached out to touch the mirror.

I was beautiful.

I mean, I knew I was beautiful, but this beautiful? Wow... I had truly outdone myself by simply existing.

I fell in love with myself on the spot. What a masterpiece.

I looked like a miniature female version of my father, but cuter. Way cuter. No wonder they made me suffer through all those dresses. It was all worth it.

I turned to Nanny and Mareilla with the most serious baby expression I could manage. This was an important moment.

They took one look at me and chuckled. "It looks like our princess has fallen in love with herself," Nanny said, smiling warmly.

Of course I have. Have they seen me? I was adorable.

Before I could admire myself any longer, Nanny scooped me up in her arms. "Alright, let's go, my princess. The Emperor must be waiting."

I nodded, feeling quite regal in my new attire. Now, I just wonder how Papa will react.

And just like that, Nanny and Mareilla carried me down the grand hallway, my confidence soaring. I had suffered through countless dresses for this moment.

As we neared the grand entrance, I saw them—Papa and Theon, waiting for me.

But this time... Papa looked different.

I blinked, then blinked again.

Was that... a cape?

A massive, flowing cloak billowed behind him like he was some kind of royal superhero. The rich crimson and gold embroidery shimmered under the light, emphasizing his regal, commanding aura. His broad shoulders, his tall, imposing figure—this was the Emperor.

He wasn't just my father right now. He was the Emperor of the Empire. And he was absolutely stunning.

"Oh, the princess is here!" Theon's voice pulled me out of my daze.

Papa turned his gaze toward me. His sharp, piercing eyes softened instantly, his expression warm and gentle. Hah! That's right, Papa, behold your masterpiece of a daughter.

Nanny and Mareilla bowed, but Theon jumped right in.

"Oh my, she looks exquisite!" Theon gushed, clapping his hands dramatically. "Absolutely breathtaking!"

Then, turning to Papa, he grinned. "She's so beautiful, isn't she, Your Majesty?"

I looked at Papa expectantly. Of course I am! Say it, Papa. Say it out loud for the people in the back!

But Papa just stood there, his Crimson eyes locked on me. He was silent. Too silent.

I blinked, suddenly worried. Was he going to disagree?!

Then, without a word, he stretched out his arms and took me into his embrace.

"Indeed," he said, his deep voice rich and smooth. Then he kissed my forehead and murmured, "My daughter is absolutely stunning."

Ah! Finally!

I grinned, my tiny chest puffing up with even more pride.

See? I told you! Your daughter is gorgeously stunning!

Theon laughed. "Oh dear, she even knows it!"

Well, of course, I am. Beauty should be acknowledged.

And then... Papa turned, his regal cloak billowing behind him like a living shadow, and with a single nod, he commanded the grand doors to open.

The two guards bowed deeply before pushing the massive golden doors apart, revealing the grand hall beyond. A sea of nobles, knights, and dignitaries awaited, their gazes locked onto the entrance with anticipation.

I swallowed. Oh. This is happening.

Papa took a step forward, holding me securely in his arms. "Let's go," he said.

And just like that, I was about to be introduced to the world.