

Too Lazy to be a Villainess

Chapter 12

The massive golden doors swung open with an echoing creak, revealing a breathtaking sight before me. The grand hall stretched endlessly, its ceiling soaring high above, glimmering with countless chandeliers that sparkled like captured stars. Red and gold banners draped across the walls, their fabric shimmering under the warm glow of enchanted lanterns. The floor gleamed like polished mirrors, reflecting the sea of nobles and knights gathered for this oh-so-special occasion—my official introduction to society.

Oh boy.

"Presenting His Majesty, Emperor Cassius Devereux, and Her Highness, the Imperial Princess Lavinia Devereux!" the royal announcer's voice boomed across the hall, making sure that everyone in the empire would know exactly who had arrived.

Papa stepped forward with the grace of a ruler born to command. He was draped in the full imperial regalia—a deep crimson cloak embroidered with golden threads flowing behind him like the wings of a mighty eagle. His golden hair shimmered under the dazzling lights, and his piercing crimson eyes held a power that sent shivers down the spines of every noble present. He looked every bit like the emperor he was.

And then... there was me.

Held securely in my father's arms, I gazed upon the sea of nobles, knights, and esteemed guests that filled the enormous hall. A wave of gasps and murmurs rippled through the crowd as they laid eyes on me. My golden curls gleamed just like my father's, and my ruby-red eyes—undeniably a mark of my imperial lineage—blinked curiously at the scene before me.

One by one, the nobles fell to their knees, heads bowed in deep reverence. The weight of the moment settled in the air, thick with awe and formality.

Papa lifted his chin, his voice calm but filled with authority. "Rise."

Like a perfectly rehearsed performance, the sea of people rose in unison, their eyes locking onto me, their expressions ranging from adoration to curiosity. I sat there in my father's arms, feeling like the star of a grand play.

Oh, the power I held at just three months old! I love it.

Just then, Theon stepped forward with a smirk. "Your Majesty, the people are eager. Please introduce the princess to them."

At his words, Papa nodded, and in a single, fluid motion, he raised me high above his head—

He lifted me high into the air.

...

...

What.

WHAT?!

For a moment, I hung midair, my tiny arms flailing slightly as Papa held me up for the entire court to see. The hall went silent. The nobles, knights, and attendants held their breath as if they were witnessing something divine.

I, on the other hand, was screaming internally.

PAPA, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?! HAVE YOU LOST YOUR MIND?!? PUT ME DOWN!

This was it. My royal introduction. My grand moment. And THIS was how it was happening?! Just like Mufasa introducing Simba to the Pride Lands?! I could almost hear the invisible choir breaking into a dramatic chant, a heavenly sunbeam shining down upon me as if the universe itself were acknowledging my greatness.

At this rate, someone might actually throw flower petals or, worse, start crying from the "holy experience" of beholding me.

That's when Theon's voice rang out like a royal proclamation:

"Behold! The only daughter of His Imperial Majesty, Emperor Cassius Devereux! The Imperial Princess of the Elarion Empire—Lavinia Devereux!"

...That's how you introduce someone?!

And then, in perfect synchronization, the entire hall bowed deeply, their voices echoing in unison:

"We greet Imperial Princess Lavinia!"

My tiny baby brain short-circuited.

Wow... I feel like I just became a deity

I looked around at the sea of bent heads. Even the knights, even the scary-looking nobles, even the ladies in their shimmering gowns—EVERYONE was bowing to me!

I suddenly felt an overwhelming sense of power. I, Lavinia Devereux, was indeed someone special!

Papa finally lowered me back into his arms, his crimson eyes gleaming with amusement and pride. My wide, stunned expression was still frozen in place.

What just happened?!

Meanwhile, on the sidelines, Nanny and Mariella looked ridiculously proud—eyes glistening, hands clasped together, expressions so dramatic they could easily win an award for "Most Emotionally Overwhelmed Attendants of the Year."

Was I crowned queen already? Did I defeat a dragon while being held midair? Because, judging by their faces, I had just achieved the greatest feat known to mankind.

I gulped.

If this was only my introduction, I feared what future ceremonies would look like.

Then, Papa took his Majestic emperor strides toward the grand throne, my eyes locked onto it like a moth to a flame.

Whoa.

What a beautiful chair.

A ridiculously huge, golden, jewel-encrusted chair that looked like it could swallow ten of me. It gleamed under the chandeliers, its intricate carvings forming dragons, phoenixes, and celestial patterns. It was practically screaming power and authority.

I want it.

I want to sit on it.

I wiggled in Papa's arms, staring longingly at the glorious seat of absolute authority. But before I could make my move, Papa gracefully took his seat, and with me still in his arms.

Wait. That works too.

That's when Theon chuckled. "Looks like she likes the throne, Your Majesty."

Papa hummed, his gaze never leaving me. He reached out, his long fingers gently caressing my tiny face. Instinctively, I grabbed onto his hand, my tiny fingers curling around his.

A hush fell over the hall.

I felt it immediately—the shift in the air. The shock. The disbelief.

Not adoration. Not melted hearts.

No.

They couldn't believe it.

The cold-blooded, ruthless, merciless emperor—the very man who sent shivers down their spines with just a glance—was holding me as if I were his entire world.

And for the first time, they saw warmth in his eyes. A ripple of hushed whispers spread across the grand hall like a wave. I may not hear what they are whispering. But I can guess.

"Is this real? The Emperor... smiling?"

"I must be hallucinating. He looks... gentle."

"Gentle?! His Majesty?! The same man who once ordered an entire noble house executed without blinking?"

"Look at how she holds his hand... and he lets her!"

"This is the first time I've seen His Majesty touch someone without intending to kill them!"

"Perhaps the princess is blessed by the heavens to tame the dragon himself."

I smirked.

But—hey! That's only for me, okay? The warmth belongs to me. No one else.

Then Theon leaned in with a bright smile. "Your Majesty, shall we begin the gifting ceremony?"

Wait—what?! Do we have something like that too?

Wow... I'm ready. Gifts!

Papa gave a small nod, and then—without warning—he shifted me onto his lap so that I could have a better view. The hall remained eerily silent, filled with people watching our every move.

Then, with a dramatic sweep of his arm, Theon stepped forward.

"The gifting ceremony shall now commence!"

I blinked.

Slowly, I turned my head—only to be met with an endless, long, long, LONG line of nobles and officials stretching across the hall. Each one held something—a fancy-looking box, a golden tray, or mysterious items covered with velvet cloths.

Whoa.

This... This was going to take forever.