

Too Lazy to be a Villainess

Chapter 14

So, he finally arrived.

Osric Valerius Everhart. The man who would one day destroy me in every possible way in the future.

The main lead of this novel.

The future Grand Duke, who would fall madly in love with a simple village girl and become obsessive over her—while I, his fiancée, would be cast aside like an old shoe.

I stared at him. Hard. My tiny hands clenched into fists.

Why am I getting angry? I don't know! But I am!

I looked up at Papa, my ultimate source of justice, and with all the ferocity of an enraged imperial princess, I pointed my tiny hand toward Osric and declared:

"Papa, that kid, throw him out!"

At least, that's what I wanted to say.

But, of course, all my dear, mighty, all-powerful father heard was—

"Ababa... gagag goooo."

Hah... I wish I could speak.

And then came the ultimate betrayal.

Theon—my papa's dearest trusted assistant, his loyal right-hand, and now my greatest enemy—leaned toward me with that big, shining smile and cooed:

"Ohhh, looks like our little princess likes the young Lord of Everhart!"

WHAT?! EXCUSE ME?!

Are you nuts, Theon?!

I let out a frustrated wail, wiggling furiously in Papa's arms. No, you fool! I hate him! I hate him with every tiny cell in my baby body!

But the court? The nobles? The knights? They all gasped in delight.

"The princess is reaching for him! She truly likes the young lord!"

"She's even wriggling in excitement! Oh, how precious!"

"A most fated meeting, truly!"

Hah—I can't with my people.

Osric—the cause of my rage—just stood there, blinking at me behind Grand Duke Regis, his big, sparkly eyes shining with confusion.

What? You idiot! I don't like you, okay? I hate you with all my tiny heart.

Osric had no idea that I had just declared war. Meanwhile, I thrashed harder, desperate for someone—anyone—to understand my fury. But Papa tightened his hold around me, keeping me in place like a tiny, frustrated prisoner.

I turned back to him, desperate. Papa, throw him out! Throw him out, Papa!

But all that came out was—

"Agoo! Baba! Goo-goo!"

And then—the final blow.

Grand Duke Regis turned to Papa, smiling like he had just witnessed a divine sign from the heavens.

"Looks like the princess really likes my son, Your Majesty. How about we make them playmates?"

WHAT?! NOOOOOOOOOOOO—

I wailed in outrage.

I don't want this! I refuse! Papa—DO SOMETHING!

I looked up at him, my last hope. Papa's expression had darkened. He definitely didn't like the idea. His crimson eyes narrowed as he turned to Grand Duke Regis and said—

"My daughter is just three months old, Grand Duke Regis. How could you say she has an interest in some boy she merely didn't even meet?"

...Oh.

Yes, Papa! Drag him! Defend my honor!

Osric flinched and hid behind the Grand Duke, peeking at me like I had just bitten him.

What, you idiot? You scared, now?

But Grand Duke Regis only chuckled, completely unfazed and definitely not scared of my bloodthirsty father.

"You're right, Your Majesty, we may have misunderstood the princess's intentions," he said smoothly. "But still, I would like to suggest that my son and the princess be playmates."

NOPE! I DON'T WANT IT! WITH ALL DUE RESPECET, I REJECT YOUR OFFER, SIR!

The hall went silent. Papa looked at me. Then at Osric. Then back at Grand Duke Regis. After a long pause, he finally said—

"We will decide that later, Grand Duke."

Grand Duke Regis smiled knowingly. "Of course, Your Majesty."

I sighed in relief. Finally, this disastrous meeting was over. Now, Papa and I could return to more important matters—like napping.

But, of course, fate was cruel.

Clap!

Grand Duke Regis clapped his hands. Immediately, a line of servants stepped forward, carrying a long, rectangular chest adorned with golden engravings and imperial sigils.

The court fell into hushed whispers.

Even the nobles, who had been watching with smug amusement, suddenly straightened in their place. Even Papa's expression stiffened—his sharp golden eyes fixating on the chest with an unreadable look.

Uh-oh.

"Now, I shall present my gift, Your Majesty," Grand Duke Regis announced, his voice carrying through the hall. "A gift for the Imperial Princess. Something... truly one of a kind."

Theon stepped forward, his brow furrowed in suspicion. "If it's another pile of jewels, I assure you, Her Highness already has—"

Regis simply smiled.

Oh no. That smile meant trouble.

"I assure you, Your Majesty," he said smoothly, looking at Papa. "This is something rare."

Papa's eye twitched. A very bad sign. He exhaled sharply. "Fine. Open it."

Theon hesitated, but with a final glance at Papa, he reached forward and unlatched the chest.

Creak!

The lid lifted, revealing—

An enormous egg.

Not just any egg—a shimmering, opalescent egg, pulsing faintly as if it were alive. The court gasped.

"What in the heavens—"

"A dragon's egg? No, that can't be—"

"It still looks warm!"

I squinted at it.

...What the heck was this?

Why was someone giving me an egg? Did they want me to boil it? Fry it? Make an omelet? I mean, that's what we use eggs for, right?

Papa's brow furrowed in confusion. His voice came out slow and measured:

"Regis. Explain. Now."

Grand Duke Regis smiled wider.

"It's not a dragon, Your Majesty. It's something far rarer." He turned his gaze toward me, still nestled in Papa's arms. "A celestial beast. Said to bond with only one soul in its lifetime."

I blinked.

Gasps filled over the court again.

"What a celestial beast?"

"Did i hear that right?"

"That's really rare."

I stared at the egg. Then back at the Grand Duke. Then at the egg again.

...So, let me get this straight.

Not only was I forced to meet the male lead today—the same brat who would one day ruin my life—but now I was being handed some mystical beast egg like I was in a legendary prophecy?!

Nope. Too much, sir. Return to sender.

I let out an outraged wail, thrashing in Papa's arms. But instead of understanding my frustration, the nobles looked delighted.

"Oh, look at her! She's reaching for it!"

"She already loves her gift!"

"Such a blessed child!"

...why do I feel my people always misunderstand me?

Papa's eye twitched harder. "My daughter is three months old, Grand Duke Regis," he said slowly, clearly trying not to explode. "And I am afraid that this egg might also carry something... dangerous."

Regis chuckled. "Oh, don't worry, Your Majesty. I can assure you—the creature inside is not dangerous."

A heavy silence fell over the court. Papa's expression was unreadable, but I could see the gears turning in his head.

After very long minutes, papa finally said, "Theon—"

Theon bowed immediately. "Yes, Your Majesty?"

"Keep the egg in a secure place."

Theon nodded. "Yes, you're majesty."

Grand Duke Regis bowed deeply, his smile way too pleased for my liking. "Thank you for accepting my gift, Your Majesty."

I scowled at the egg as Theon carefully took it away.

This wasn't over.

That thing better not hatch anytime soon. Then Papa rose from his throne, and with a regal nod, he addressed the gathered court.

"Let us not delay any further. Enjoy the ceremony," he declared, his deep voice echoing through the grand hall.

The nobles bowed, murmuring their agreements, before the air filled with renewed chatter, music, and the clinking of crystal glasses. Papa turned, stepping down from the dais, and Theon followed closely behind with Nanny and Mareilla.

Sigh... Finally, it's over. I can sleep now.

Just as I was about to rest my head against Papa's shoulder and forget this whole ridiculous big ceremony—

My gaze met his.

Osric Valerius Everhart.

The boy who would one day ruin me.

The boy who would throw me aside like an unwanted doll.

The boy who—

...Was blushing?!

His eyes widened, just slightly. A faint pink dusted his pale cheeks, and his lips parted as if he wanted to speak—but no words came out.

What. Was. That.

What was that reaction?!

I narrowed my eyes. This kid... Is he blushing? Is he seriously blushing right now?! What nonsense is this?!

Meanwhile, I? I was boiling.

Annoyed, irritated, completely exasperated!

A storm raged inside me, fierce and relentless, the sheer injustice of my situation making my tiny body tremble.

Osric had no idea—no idea—that I had already declared war upon him. That from this moment forth, he was my sworn enemy.

And yet—

That idiot was peeking at me from behind his father's cloak like some shy, innocent creature in the whole world! Like he wasn't going to betray me in the future!

I glared at him. I glared at Osric. I glared at everything.

Humph... whatever.

It's not like I was going to meet him again anytime soon.

...But of course.

How could I forget?

Fate is the biggest betrayer in every person's life.

So how could fate possibly spare me?