

Too Lazy to be a Villainess

Chapter 15

Now, I laid on the ridiculously soft, oversized bed that I had so gotten used to. My tiny arms were sprawled out, my tiny legs unmoving.

What. A. Day.

First, Papa introduced me like Simba to my people. Then, Grand Duke Regis had to show up with his weird, ominous egg. And then—ugh... that idiot Osric.

I wiggled dramatically, flipping onto my stomach, my tiny hands and legs kicking the air in frustration. And then I paused. My whole body went stiff. A sudden chill ran down my tiny baby spine.

I had just remembered.

That idiot's shy, red face. Peeking at me from behind his father's cloak. Like some innocent little deer.

Ugh.

Just recalling his blushing face sent goosebumps down my arms. My fingers curled into fists.

Why was he blushing?! What was he so shy about?! I'M the one who should be horrified!

"Aaaawoo.. gagga..." I babbled angrily, which—if translated properly—meant: I swear, if I could punch him right now, I would.

And then—

Click.

The door swings open.

I lifted my head just a bit. "Awao..." Translation: "Papa is back."

And as expected—

There stood my father, Emperor Cassius.

Half.Naked.

Again.

I give up.

This man, as usual, looked completely unbothered by the fact that he was barely wearing anything in front of his three-month-old daughter. His long, black robe was technically on, but it was hanging so loosely off his shoulders that he might as well have just left it in the bathroom.

I stared at him blankly.

He stared back.

Then he walked over and flopped onto the bed beside me. A massive, warm hand reached out and touched my chubby little face. His palm was huge compared to mine. My baby instincts immediately grabbed onto his finger, my tiny hands barely able to wrap around it.

"Are you tired?" he asked, his deep voice softer than usual.

I giggled, wiggling my legs excitedly. Yes, but it was fun—except for Osric.

Of course, all that came out of my mouth was more giggling.

Papa smirked slightly, his golden eyes gleaming in amusement. Then he leaned down and kissed my forehead.

I giggled more.

And then—he laid down fully. Right beside me. His arm draped over me, protectively pulling me close. Within minutes, I felt his breathing slow.

Cassius Devereux, the Emperor of the Elarion Empire—the most feared man in the empire—was falling asleep.

I blinked.

I blinked again.

And then...

I was wiggling a little closer. His body was warm, like a living furnace. His heartbeat was steady and calm. With a tiny yawn, I curled up against him. My chubby little hands clung onto his robe.

Outside, the empire moved on. The night was long, and tomorrow would be filled with more ridiculousness, more schemes, and—unfortunately—more Osric.

But for now, for this one moment—

Papa and I slept peacefully, hugging each other.

Morning arrived far too soon, but at least I woke up in the most comfortable spot in the entire empire—Papa's lap.

I was sitting there, all warm and cozy, my tiny body secured in his firm yet gentle grasp. One of his arms was wrapped around me to make sure I didn't tumble over, while the other casually held a bunch of papers.

I was content.

Especially since I was sucking on my golden pacifier—the most satisfying, luxurious, perfect pacifier in existence.

A gift. An expensive gift.

And I adored it.

I kicked my tiny legs lazily, fully enjoying the moment. Living my luxurious, lazy, beautiful baby princess life.

Across from us, Theon stood stiffly, reading from a very boring-looking scroll.

"...due to less rainfall this year, the western regions have reported a significant decline in harvest. The projected food supply for the next quarter—"

I tuned out the rest.

Blah blah blah. Crops dying. Food shortage. Probably another noble being an idiot somewhere.

Not my problem. Whatever it was, Papa would definitely find the solution.

Then, my eyes drifted toward the document in Papa's hand. The one with words.

Words!

My tiny baby brain lit up with curiosity.

Can I read it?

Sure, I was only three months old, but I wasn't just any three-month-old. With determination, I squinted at the page.

And then—

My tiny baby eyes immediately rolled back into my skull.

What. The. Hell.

It was just a chaotic mess of unfamiliar symbols and elegant scribbles. The letters swirled and danced like a bunch of drunken nobles at a festival.

I tried again.

Nope.

Still just an incomprehensible disaster. The frustration was real. I had regressed from an intelligent adult to a helpless baby who couldn't even read a stupid government report!

I glared at the paper.

The paper, naturally, glared back—mocking me with its superior literacy skills.

I groaned, aggressively sucking on my pacifier as if that would somehow make me feel better. Papa, still holding me securely, tilted his head slightly.

"...Something wrong, little one?" His deep voice rumbled through his chest.

I looked up at him, my expression one of pure betrayal.

"Awaa... gaa... pfff," I huffed.

Translation: "Your language is stupid."

Papa blinked. Clearly, he did not understand my deep suffering. Theon, ever the composed one, cleared his throat.

"It looks like the princess is bored, Your Majesty," Theon suggested, his tone carefully neutral.

That's right, Theon. I am bored. After trying to read those weird scribbled words, my brain is fried.

Papa hummed, gazing down at me as if contemplating something. Then, his lips curved slightly.

"Then, let's walk around the garden."

Without another word, Papa stood up effortlessly, lifting me securely in his arms.

And just like that, I, the most powerful and adorable princess in the empire, was off to inspect my royal garden.

But of course, life wouldn't let me live in peace for even a day.

As we walked out, Nanny and Mariella, who had been waiting outside, bowed and followed us toward the royal garden. I was casually sucking my pacifier, lying lazily in Papa's arms, my tiny legs kicking in satisfaction. Ah. Yes. This is the life.

But then—

Papa paused.

Huh?

What happened?

I blinked up at him only to realize he wasn't just pausing—he was glaring.

Oh.

That was not his usual scary, emotionless expression. This was the "I'm two seconds away from murdering someone" face.

Curious, I turned my head to follow his glare, and then—

WHAT?!

What is he doing here?

Standing in front of us, smiling warmly and gently, was Grand Duke Regis. He was practically glowing with brightness, a stark contrast to the stormy aura radiating from Papa.

"Greetings, Your Majesty, the Emperor, and Your Highness, the Princess," Grand Duke Regis said, his voice smooth and confident.

Papa sighed.

Deeply.

And then, instead of replying, he simply walked forward, completely ignoring Regis.

"I wasn't informed of any arrival, Grand Duke Regis."

The Grand Duke followed, unfazed. "I apologize, Your Majesty, but I had to come here to report an urgent matter."

Papa didn't even glance at him.

"State your business before I throw you into the dungeon," he said flatly.

Wow... Papa sure is dangerous, threatening right away after seeing someone. He is a total sadist. Now I wonder what Grand Duke Regis would do.

The Grand Duke glanced at me and sighed. "Don't you think you should be more gentle in front of your daughter, Your Majesty?"

What?! Why is he so casual with my papa?

Did he forget who he is speaking too? It's the Emperor Cassius Dvereux. The Bloodthirsty Emperor. The Tyrant. Does he want to die or what?

I wonder what Papa will do now. Take his sword and kill him right away. Or drag him to the dungeon?

But Papa simply turned to him, glaring. "Theon, throw—"

"Alright, alright, I'll get to the business," Grand Duke Regis surrendered, raising his hands in defeat.

Papa resumed walking. "Speak."

The Grand Duke cleared his throat. "The western provinces are demanding additional grain reserves due to the drought. They're also pushing for lower taxes, claiming their losses this year are worse than predicted. The merchant guilds, of course, are resisting any tax reduction because—well, because they're merchants, and their souls are made of greed."

Papa exhaled through his nose, like a man whose patience was running on fumes.

"And what do you suggest?"

Regis smirked. "Well, obviously, Your Majesty, you should terrorize them into submission."

Papa shot him a look.

Regis grinned. "—Ah, but in a polite and imperial way, of course."

Papa rolled his eyes, adjusting his grip on me as if Grand Duke Regis's mere existence was making him physically tired.

I, on the other hand, had no interest in their politics. But I was shocked to see there was someone who spoke to my papa casually, without any fear.

I was far too busy staring at Grand Duke Regis, suspiciously sucking on my pacifier like some kind of tiny mafia boss assessing a rival.

And then—

Regis's eyes met mine.

For a second, the Grand Duke just stared.

Then, his lips curled into a slow smile. "Can I hold her?"

Silence.

Absolute chilling silence. Even Theon took a half-step back, eyes widening. Papa's expression didn't change.

Instead, with terrifying calmness, he reached for the sword at his waist.

With a smooth, practiced motion, he unsheathed it just enough for the gleaming silver blade to catch the morning light.

"Sure," Papa said casually. "Unless you're ready to die."

Regis blinked and went silent for a second.

Then—he smiled warmly. "It's good to see you being a gentle parent, Cassius."

Huh!?

What did I just hear?

Cassius?

Not 'Your Majesty'?!

I looked at Papa. Then at Regis. Then at Papa again. Then back at Regis.

Totally. Confused.