

Too Lazy to be a Villainess

Chapter 16

Eight months old.

I had survived eight whole months in this world.

And in that time, I had accomplished many great things.

For starters, I could now sit up on my own. A major victory! No more awkwardly toppling over like an unbalanced sack of flour.

Second, I could crawl. Slowly, clumsily, and with the grace of a drunken turtle, but still—movement was movement.

And most importantly—I could eat now! Nanny had started feeding me baby food, and let me tell you, it was heaven. Sweet, mushy, glorious food. I had never experienced such luxury in my previous life.

Life was good.

Or at least, it was supposed to be.

But no, peace was a fleeting illusion in my luxurious yet perilous existence.

Why, you ask?

Because my so-called 'loving' Papa had recently introduced a dreadful concept to my royal routine.

Training time.

Yes, you heard me correctly.

But before you get any wild ideas—no, this was not a situation where Papa handed me a tiny sword and declared, "Go forth, my daughter! Fight for your honor!"

(Thank goodness. I would have simply perished.)

No, instead, my cruel and merciless father had decided that I—an innocent, helpless baby—needed to "build strength and endurance."

That's right, you heard right. I was being TOURTURED!!!!!!!

I had no say in this. None. And so, every morning, I found myself placed on the softest yet most insulting of mats, forced to wiggle about like an abandoned caterpillar while my beloved pacifier was kept just out of reach.

Cruel. Unforgivable. Tyrannical.

But today? Today was different.

I had discovered the power of movement, and I was going to use it.

Okay, let's do it.

With sheer determination, I wobbled onto my hands and knees. My pacifier—my golden, most treasured possession—lay just inches away.

I could do this. I can do this.

One shuffle forward. Good. Another. Even better.

I was getting closer! Almost—

BAM!

Ah... damn it!

My tiny body flopped over, my face landing unceremoniously onto the mat.

Betrayal!

Papa, who had been watching from his seat near the fireplace, exhaled a long-suffering sigh. "She needs more training."

With little effort, he lifted me into his arms and—oh, sweet relief—finally gave me my pacifier. I latched onto it with the desperation of a warrior retrieving their lost sword.

"She is doing great, Your Highness," Theon, ever the loyal subject, chimed in from the side.

Papa, however, was unmoved. He plopped down onto his chair, placing me securely onto his lap—my rightful throne.

His large hand rested securely on my back, keeping me steady as I instinctively grabbed onto his robe, my tiny fingers curling into the fine fabric.

"No, she needs to walk by next month."

...Excuse me?

What kind of unreasonable demand—

Why would he—

And then it hit me.

There was only one person to blame for this madness.

Grand Duke Regis.

That insufferable man had the audacity to mention in last week's court meeting that his son—Osric, the little overachiever—had started walking at eight months old.

And suddenly, Papa decided that I must also walk by next month.

The moment I find this Osric, I will challenge him to a duel.

Or at least, a very intense staring contest.

For now, I simply sighed into my pacifier and accepted my fate.

A princess's life was never easy.

But that wasn't the only thing I had discovered. Oh no.

I had also uncovered something shocking. Something monumental.

My papa's past.

Now, you'd think that someone as terrifyingly powerful as my father, the literal emperor, would have a grand, heroic backstory. Maybe he was born with divine blessings. Maybe he was raised by dragons. Maybe he emerged fully grown from a lightning bolt, sword in hand, ready to conquer the world.

Nope. Not even close.

Turns out, Papa's childhood was horrible.

And by horrible, I mean who-let-these-people-live-for-so-long level of horrible.

Apparently, my father was the son of the former empress—who tragically died giving birth to him. And because the previous emperor was, to put it politely, a trash goblin in human form, he blamed my poor Papa for her death.

Did he grieve? Did he comfort his newborn son?

No. He abandoned him.

Papa was sent away to a cold, lonely palace with only one maid to care for him. His birth wasn't even announced. No celebrations, no royal welcome—just "Congratulations, you exist. Now suffer."

And suffer, he did.

Whenever the previous emperor got angry or drunk (which, from what I heard, was often), he'd stomp over to Papa's cold little palace just to beat him up.

Yes. You heard me.

The Emperor of the Empire treated his own child like a stress relief punching bag.

But wait—it gets worse.

That garbage emperor went and married another woman, making her the new empress. And did she become a kind, loving stepmother?

HA! Of course not!

She was even worse.

She poisoned Papa. She sent assassins after him. She probably cackled like a cartoon villain while doing it. And because evil is apparently hereditary, her children—Papa's half-siblings—joined in on the fun.

Assassination attempts, poisoning, straight-up medieval torture—it was basically a royal horror movie.

I sucked harder on my pacifier, feeling an unfamiliar yet very intense rage bubbling inside me.

These people.

These disgusting, worthless, unwashed pieces of rotten cabbage.

HOW DARE THEY?!

If those bastards were still alive, I would personally chop them up and deep fry them.

WITH EXTRA SEASONING.

AND THEN FEED THEM TO THE DOGS.

...But alas, I was too late.

Because eventually, someone found out about Papa's suffering—the previous Grand Duke Regis.

(Yes. That Regis's father.)

And the moment he learned about it, he swooped in, grabbed my half-dead Papa, and went, "Nope. This one's mine now."

And just like that, my father—cold, terrifying, and incredibly overpowered—was raised by Grand Duke Regis.

Which, suddenly, explained a lot.

That's why Papa and the current Grand Duke acted like chaotic war buddies. That's why Regis was the only person in the empire who didn't look like he was about to pass out from fear whenever Papa entered the room.

They grew up together. They trained together. And, when the time was right...

Papa returned.

With the help of the Grand Duke, he wiped out his entire disgusting, traitorous family and took the throne.

And that, dear audience, also explained why Papa supported Osric over his own daughter in the novel.

After my—I mean, after the novel's version of me was dismissed from the royal family, Papa announced Osric as the heir to the throne. Of course, Osric, the great main lead, refused at first because he was all noble and righteous or whatever, but the nobles convinced him.

And in the end?

The very day I—uh, the princess—was poisoned by the second main lead...

Osric was announced as Crown Prince.

...Hah.

How poetic.

what a tragic way to die, seriously.

Forget that.

I stared at my father—the same man who now held me securely in his arms, his expression unreadable as he gently adjusted my position so I wouldn't fall.

To the world, he was an emperor feared by many, a ruler whose mere gaze could send armies trembling. But right now, all I could see was the warmth in the way he held me. The silent, unspoken care in the way his fingers lightly tapped my back, as if making sure I was still there.

His past was a mess. A steaming pile of what the actual hell. And yet, here he was, still standing.

To the world, he was an untouchable emperor. A ruthless, bloodthirsty ruler. A monster.

But to me?

He was Papa.

And if anyone ever tried to hurt him again...

I would bite them.

Hard.

I was still deep in my righteous fury, mentally sharpening my tiny baby teeth for battle when I felt my father's gaze on me.

I blinked up at him.

He stared back, his Crimson eyes sharp and unreadable.

For a moment, there was silence. Then, because I am a charming and adorable princess, I did what any loving daughter would do.

I smiled.

Big. Wide. Innocent. Sweet. Beautiful smile. Maybe even a little drool. Just for extra effect. Papa's expression didn't change.

Instead, without a single warning—

He lifted me.

High into the air. My legs dangled helplessly as my tiny hands flailed, and I barely had time to register my predicament before he spoke, his voice calm, firm, and utterly merciless.

"Let's try to walk again."

...Ha.

...Ha ha.

Ha. Fuck.

It looks like Papa was definitely going to kill me.

I mean, come on.

I wiggled in the air, flailing my tiny legs dramatically. Did he not see how exhausted I was? Did he not see the sweat, the sheer effort, and the emotional turmoil I had endured today?

I had crawled. I had flopped. I had stared into the abyss (the abyss being my father's unreadable gaze).

And now, he wanted me to walk?

Papa, please.

Just give me time.