

Too Lazy to be a Villainess

Chapter 17

"Oh, my princess... do you feel tired?" Nanny held me in her arms, warm and loving as always.

Of course I'm tired, Nanny. My tiny bones are screaming. My little muscles are begging for mercy. I don't know why Papa is so determined to make me walk so soon, but the man is on a full-intensity mode. Now I understand why they call him blood-thirsty.

I mean, come on. Who puts an eight-month-old through cruel training?

Ugh. Whatever. Thinking takes too much energy too.

Right now, I have one priority. Hunger.

Nanny, feed me. I want apple pudding, I wiggled, kicking my arms and legs.

"Oh, princess, are you hungry?"

I wiggled in her arms. Yes. Yes. Apple pudding. Get me apple pudding.

She smiled knowingly and placed me in my crib. "I'll get you your favorite apple pudding, okay?"

That's my Nanny. She always gets me what I want.

But then she paused and glanced around. "I wonder where Mareilla is?"

Oh. I wonder too.

She was here with us, then someone came in earlier and said she was summoned by the head maid. But it's been more than an hour, though.

Hmm... suspicious? Maybe.

Do I care? Not at the moment.

Nanny's gaze landed on someone standing near the corner of the room. A maid. A new one, apparently.

"Are you a new maid?" Nanny asked, tilting her head.

The maid stood stiffly, nodding. "Yes."

Huh. She must be new. Haven't seen her before. Also, when did she even get in here?

Nanny smiled, oblivious to my growing suspicion. "Please take care of the princess until I get her food."

The maid nodded again. A little too quickly. Nanny turned to me with her warm, reassuring smile. "I'll be back soon, my princess."

Then she left.

And I was alone.

With the weird maid.

Okay. No big deal. I'm a princess. I have guards. I have power. I have...

Wait. Why is she just standing there?

And why are her eyes locked on me like that?

This was weird.

I blink at her.

She blinked back.

Alright. Maybe she's just socially awkward. It happens. But I felt abandoned.

Okay, fine. Maybe that was a little dramatic. But could you blame me?

Nanny had just left to fetch my food. Even Marilla was missing. The maids I knew were nowhere to be seen. Papa and Theon were in some royal business meeting. And so, for the first time in my royal baby life, I was alone.

Completely, utterly alone in my nursing room.

Ah, wait, I had this weird maid here. But what's the use of her? She was just standing far away, stiff as a board, avoiding eye contact, looking around. So practically, I was alone.

Which, at first, was great.

For one, I had complete and unrestricted access to my toys. Normally, Nanny would intervene before I could attempt to chew the wooden blocks (a very important part of my scientific research). But now? Now, there was no one to stop me.

I was just about to launch a full-scale oral investigation on my favorite stuffed rabbit when suddenly—I heard footsteps approaching.

I turned and saw the same weird maid walking toward me slowly, looking around, suspiciously. Oh, looks like she's trying to socialize.

Wait...she's hiding something behind her. She walked closer. Slower. More...suspicious.

And that's was when I saw it—gleaming silver, hidden behind her skirts. A knife. A real, actual, stabby knife.

I wasn't the brightest baby in the empire, but even I knew what this meant.

Assassin.

My tiny fingers trembled around my stuffed rabbit. My heart pounded—no, thundered—against my ribs. Was this what true fear felt like? Cold and suffocating, like a ghostly hand pressing against my chest squeezing tighter and tighter until I couldn't breathe?

I couldn't move.

She was still coming.

Step.

By.

Step.

The world shrank, closing in around me. The walls of my nursing room—once safe, warm—now felt like a cage. My vision blurred, my breath came in shallow gasps. The candlelight flickered against the gleam of the knife, turning it into a sliver of death approaching me, inch by inch.

I refuse to die. Not like this.

Not in the cold silence of my nursery, not before I even learned how to walk.

I wanted to scream, but my throat had closed up, strangled by terror. My body felt too small, too helpless, too weak.

I was just a baby. A baby. Who the hell tries to assassinate a baby?!

But the murderous glint in her eyes told me this was real. That knife? Real. The deadly intent dripping from her every movement? Real.

This wasn't a nightmare.

It was my death approaching me—slow, deliberate, inevitable.

My little, helpless body instinctively stood up, wobbling slightly as I clutched the edge of my crib. My tiny hands gripped the wooden railing, my knuckles turning white.

I wanted my papa. I wanted Theon. I wanted someone—anyone—to come crashing through that door and rip this woman away from me.

But the room remained silent.

No savior. No guardian. No mercy.

She stopped before me, her eyes gleaming with pure hatred. A hatred I didn't understand. A hatred so intense, it made my stomach churn.

"It's you who killed my family first," she whispered, her voice trembling with rage. "You do not deserve to live too."

The knife rose.

My breath hitched. My fingers dug into the crib's edge.

Was this it? Was this my end?

I was supposed to die painlessly—poison, that's how it was meant to be. But this? This was cruel. Brutal. Wrong.

The blade gleamed in the candlelight as it came down—

Schlick.....

A sharp gasp.

The maid's body jolted.

And then—blood.

Warm. Sticky. Spattering across my cheeks, my tiny hands, my clothes. The sharp, metallic scent flooded my nose. Her knife slipped from her grip, clattering uselessly onto the floor. Her mouth opened, but no sound came.

Behind her, a tall, shadowed figure loomed.

Cold. Unforgiving. Terrifying.

The sword buried in her back twisted once before it was wrenched free, and the woman crumpled to the ground—lifeless.

I stared at her corpse, my breath coming in shallow gasps, my body trembling, my mind failing to catch up to what had just happened.

And then—

I looked up.

Papa.

Emperor Cassius—my father—stood over the fallen woman, his crimson eyes colder than ice, his blade dripping red.

"Disgusting," he muttered, flicking the blood off his sword. And then his gaze landed on me.

His daughter.

His blood-soaked, trembling daughter.

For the first time since my rebirth, I saw something unfamiliar in his expression.

Rage.

But not directed at me.

At the world that dared to harm me.

Papa crouched down, his sword still glistening with fresh blood, and pulled me into his arms. His heavy cloak engulfed my tiny body as he wiped the blood from my cheeks with a gentleness that felt unreal.

I was still frozen. My tiny fingers trembled as they clutched at his dark fabric, my breath uneven, my mind spinning.

I should feel safe. I should feel relieved.

But I didn't.

Not yet.

His big, calloused hand cupped my cheek, checking me. His crimson eyes, once cold and terrifying, softened.

"You're safe, my girl. You're safe."

Safe?

I blinked up at him. Am I?

My gaze flickered to the maid's body, lifeless and still, blood pooling beneath her. The knife that was meant for me lay just inches from my crib. A shudder wracked my tiny frame.

The terror I had felt—the helplessness, the crushing fear of death—came crashing down on me all at once.

And I broke.

"Wahhhhhhhhhhhh.....wahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh....."

A sob tore from my throat, sharp and raw. Then another. And another. Until I was

wailing, burying my face into my papa's chest, clinging onto him as if he were the only thing keeping me from falling apart.

I didn't care if I looked weak. I didn't care if I was supposed to be a reincarnated soul. I was just a baby. And I had almost died.

Papa didn't say anything. He didn't even move. He didn't push me away.

Warm. Strong. Unyielding.

His large hand cradled the back of my head, shielding me from the gruesome sight behind us. His deep, steady breaths contrasted with my erratic sobs, grounding me, pulling me

"It's over," he murmured, his voice no longer the Emperor's—no longer cold, no longer ruthless. "No one will ever hurt you again. I promise."

I sobbed harder, tiny hands gripping his cloak like my life depended on it.

He let me.

He let me cry and shake, let me soak his clothes with my tears, let me be a frightened child in his arms.

Then— the door burst open.

Nanny, Mareilla, Theon and a group of guards stormed in, weapons drawn, their eyes scanning the room for danger. But the moment they saw the scene before them—the lifeless maid, the blood splattered across the floor, and me, trembling in my father’s arms— they all froze.

Silence.

I hiccupped, my small body still shaking, but the worst of my sobs had faded into quiet whimpers. I felt... drained. Exhausted.

Papa looked down at me, his crimson eyes unreadable. Then, with a gentleness that seemed almost foreign on him, he wiped away the last of my tears with his thumb.

And then— his entire demeanor shifted.

Cold. Lethal.

He didn’t even turned his gaze toward Theon, but his voice was sharp as a blade.

"Theon."

Theon stiffened immediately. "Y-Yes, Your Majesty?"

"Gather everyone in the palace. Immediately."

A deadly pause. Then—

"How dare they leave my child alone in a room."

The air in the room turned frigid. The guards stiffened. Theon paled.

And just like that— chaos was about to descend upon the palace.