

Too Lazy to be a Villainess

Chapter 2

Yawn...

I cracked my eyes open. Maybe it was the middle of the night? The room was dark, eerily quiet, and, most importantly—empty.

Seriously? They left a baby alone in a room? What kind of childcare system does this palace have? Sigh... Looks like I'll have to teach them some basic baby care etiquette. But first... food.

I smacked my tiny hands against the crib railing. "Gooo...gaa..."

Nothing.

Wow. They really just left me here, huh? Not even a maid to check if I'm still breathing? I bet if I suddenly died, they'd just find me in the morning, shrug, and move on with their lives.

And then...Creakkkk.

Ah! Looks like someone's here. About time. Should I make a dramatic sound to let them know I'm awake and in desperate need of nourishment?

Before I could decide, footsteps echoed across the room.

But... hold on. These weren't the usual maid footsteps.

Maid footsteps are light and rushed—like someone who doesn't want to be here but has no choice. But these footsteps? Steady. Heavy. Purposeful.

A man's boots stopped right in front of my crib.

Wait. What?

I looked up. A shadow loomed over me.

And then—bam—a face popped into view.

"Ghaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!!!"

Intruder! Intruder!!! Alert!

Where is the palace security?! Aren't I supposed to be an imperial princess? Shouldn't there be guards outside my room, protecting my oh-so-important existence?!

I flailed my tiny arms dramatically, as if that would help.

The man, unfazed by my award-winning performance, just stared at me with piercing red eyes and golden hair, his expression colder than my baby food at this rate.

"Are you the one?" His deep, chilling voice filled the room.

Huh? The one? The one what? The one who's hungry? The one who is seriously questioning the security of this palace?

Wait a second.

Whoever this man was... he was stupidly handsome.

Like, unfairly handsome. The kind of handsome that should come with a warning label. The kind of handsome that would make romance novel heroines faint on sight. The kind of—

Wait....

What am I even doing? He's still an intruder.

I gulped—or at least, I would have if my baby reflexes allowed it. Instead, all I managed was a very unimpressive, "Goo...gaag...goo."

Translation: What the hell do you want from me, Mr. Intruder?

The man said nothing. He just continued staring at me with his cold, unreadable expression. And then—without a single word—he turned around and walked away.

...What.

Excuse me? Excuse me?!

You barge into my room in the middle of the night, stare at me like some creepy villain, and then just LEAVE?!

That's it?!

I lay there in my crib, staring at the ceiling, completely dumbfounded. For some reason, I felt offended.

Growl...

Oh. Right. I'm still hungry.

Great. Who's gonna feed me now?!

I had no choice. It was time for my ultimate weapon.

"Wahhhhhhh.... wahhhhh.... wahhhh...."

Translation: SOMEONE FEED ME OR I WILL SCREAM UNTIL THE SUN RISES.

It was the next morning...

I wailed. I howled. I put every ounce of my abandoned, starving, reincarnated soul into that cry.

And guess what?

Nothing.

No footsteps. No rushed maids. No sleepy-eyed nurse hurrying in to quiet the royal baby. Not even a damn rat scurrying across the floor in sympathy.

...Are you kidding me?

They left me alone.

Again.

Starving.

For the second freaking time.

The sun eventually rose, its blinding light pouring through the still-open windows.

Open windows. With a baby in the room.

I should file a complaint. Oh wait, I CAN'T.

Now, not only was I hungry, but I was cold too. My tiny baby limbs trembled as a cool morning breeze swept in, mocking my suffering.

"Goo...gaa..."

Translation: Life is pain.

I lay there, dramatically squinting at the ceiling, contemplating my miserable existence. I mean, do they not have hearts?!

I am a BABY, bro.

Like, the squishy, helpless kind. The kind you're supposed to pamper and dote on. Not abandoned like some old laundry. What did I ever do to deserve this? Exist? Breathe? Be born into a trash Royal family that doesn't care?

Ugh.

And to think I reincarnated for this.

I sighed. But what's the point?

I was just a tiny, powerless baby.

My own father didn't even acknowledge me. He probably didn't even remember I existed. So what should I expect from the maids? Love? Care? A warm bottle of milk at the very least?

Hah.

Dream on, Lavinia.

I curled up, glaring at the morning light as my stomach grumbled in protest.

Today's goal: Survive. Somehow.

The hunger was unbearable. At first, it was just an ache—a sharp, twisting sensation in my tiny belly. But now... now it was something else entirely. It had drained me. Emptied me.

I wasn't even wailing anymore. What was the point? No one was coming. No one cared.

I just lay there, staring blankly at the ceiling, my little fingers twitching weakly. My breath felt shallow. My body—so small, so helpless—was losing its strength. I could hear voices outside. Hurried footsteps. People are rushing about.

But not a single person opened the door.

Not one.

Did they not hear me? Did they not wonder if the royal baby was still alive?

Maybe they knew.

Maybe they just didn't care.

...Is this how the real Lavinia was treated?

An afterthought? A mistake? A person who didn't exist?

I never really thought about it before. In the novel, Lavinia was always just... the villainess. The cruel, arrogant princess who schemed and tormented the heroine. But now... I understand.

She wasn't born a monster.

She was made into one.

I could almost see her—alone in this grand palace, ignored by her own father, cast aside by the very people meant to raise her. No love. No warmth. Just emptiness.

Just like this.

My eyelids were getting heavy. I felt so... tired. So unbearably tired.

Maybe this is it.

Maybe my second life is going to end right here. Starved to death in a crib.

How pathetic.

I let my eyes close, surrendering to the blackness swallowing me whole. But just before everything faded, I heard it.

A voice.

A man's voice. Deep, steady. "It's okay. I'll protect you."

Who...?

I didn't see him.

Didn't feel him near. But for some reason it was warm. Maybe finally I am in heaven. I didn't even know if I had just imagined it—some desperate dream, some cruel trick of my dying mind.

But whatever it was, it was the last thing I heard before everything went completely, utterly dark.