

Too Lazy to be a Villainess

Chapter 3

Ugh... I felt weak.

My whole body ached. Everything around me was blank, swallowed by a cold, endless darkness.

Was this... death?

Was I in heaven?

...It felt kind of underwhelming, honestly.

But then—

"Why isn't she waking up?"

Huh?

Who's that?

That voice was cold. Ruthless. Like it could freeze an entire ocean just by speaking.

"I... I don't know, Your Majesty... The princess should have woken up by now... but..."

Your Majesty?

Who's he talking to?

And why does he sound scared?

Wait, hold on. Shouldn't I be in heaven right now? Shouldn't there be angels floating around, humming in the background? Maybe a soft golden glow? A harp? Instead, I'm hearing a voice that sounds like it belongs to the final boss of a villain arc.

My eyes fluttered open.

I blinked at the ceiling—except this wasn't the ceiling I knew. Before, the room I stayed in was cold, empty, and dull. This one was ornate, with gold-trimmed carvings of angels, flowers, and—hold on, is that a dragon?

Huh?

Where am I?

I moved slightly and realized something else. I wasn't in my crib.

I was on a bed.

A huge bed.

No, not just huge—ridiculously, obnoxiously, unnecessarily huge. Like, I'm pretty sure ten babies like me could fit here and still have enough room to throw a party.

That's it. I'm officially confused.

"WAHH? WHHHAA WHAA WHAAAAA...."

Translation: HUH?! WHAT'S HAPPENING?!

Okay. Okay. Let's analyze the situation.

Point one: I am still a baby.

Point two: I am very much alive.

Point three: Where. The. Hell. Am. I?!

Before I could fully process my miraculous survival, a familiar figure popped up in front of me.

I gasped.

I blinked.

Red eyes.

Golden hair.

Cold expression.

Oh. It's Mr. Intruder.

Just like last time, he surprised me again.

"Gooo... ga. Gagga..."

Translation: Hello, Mr. Intruder. We meet again.

Like before, he said nothing. Just stared. Of course, he wouldn't understand baby language. But honestly? Seeing a familiar face—even if he was an intruder—was a tiny relief.

...Even if that familiar face looked like he could execute someone without blinking.

Then, in a tone so calm it could freeze a volcano, he spoke. "Look into her."

Wait.

Look into what?

The man beside him—who was dressed like some kind of priest—nodded and moved toward me.

What?

Wait.

WAIT.

Excuse me?! Personal space?! Hello?!

The priest carefully examined me, his fingers glowing slightly as he checked... something. Then, after a moment, he turned back to Mr. Intruder.

"She is... in good condition, Your Majesty."

...

I paused.

I processed.

I blinked.

Wait.

WAIT.

Did he just call Mr. Intruder... 'Your Majesty'?!

OH.

Ohhh.

OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH.

No.

No way.

This man...

Mr. Intruder is the freaking emperor of this kingdom!

MY FATHER?!

Emperor Cassius Devereux!?

I stared at him.

He stared back.

I stared harder.

He stared harder.

Well.

...At least I'm alive.

Then, in a move that sent shivers down my tiny spine, he sat beside me. Clearly uncomfortable.

Same, buddy. Same.

Both of us avoided eye contact like two people who accidentally made eye contact in public and now refuse to acknowledge it ever happened.

The room was silent for minutes. It was so awkward that even the priest—whose head was still bowed—seemed to be sweating while waiting for Mr. Intruder—I mean, my intruder father—to give him permission to leave.

Then, after what felt like an eternity, His Majesty, Emperor Scary Eyes, finally spoke: "Make sure they all get executed."

WHAT?!

EXECUTED?!

WHO?!

Before I could process that potential mass murder announcement, another voice answered, "Yes, Your Majesty."

Oh.

Ohhh.

There's someone else in this room other than the priest?! But before I could spot them, I heard footsteps.

Distant. Fading.

...Okay, someone just left.

But who got the death sentence?!

I was so focused on those distant footsteps that I almost forgot the even bigger crisis happening in my life—

I felt a powerful, terrifying hand grabbing me.

Wrongly.

As in, VERY wrongly.

Like I was some scroll or a sack of flour.

Wait.

WAIT.

WAIT.

WHAT. ARE. YOU. DOING?!

HELLO SIR, I AM A BABY.

I was dangling in the air, my little feet kicking uselessly while His Majesty looked at me like he had just picked up a foreign object and had no idea what to do with it.

PANIC.

I AM PANICKING.

Before I could scream, the priest suddenly stepped forward in alarm.

"Y-YOUR MAJESTY!" he practically squeaked in horror. "P-PLEASE DON'T HOLD THE PRINCESS LIKE THAT!"

The Emperor blinked.

The priest looked like he was watching a national disaster unfold.

"Your Majesty, with all due respect," the priest continued, his voice now frantic, "THAT IS NOT HOW YOU HOLD A BABY!"

The Emperor frowned. "Then how should I hold her?"

The priest sprinted forward like his life depended on it. Which, considering how fast people were getting executed today, maybe it did.

Lesson One: How To Hold a Baby Without Committing a Crime (A Tutorial by the Extremely Stressed-Out Priest).

Step 1: "Support the head, Your Majesty!"

The priest carefully guided the Emperor's hands, making sure my very fragile baby neck wasn't left to gravity's mercy.

Step 2: "Hold her against your chest. Not like you're about to throw her across the room, please."

Step 3: "Relax. You have to relax yourself, Your Majesty."

Step 4: "There! That's... That's much better."

Finally, after a long, stressful minute, the Emperor was holding me correctly.

There was silence.

Then, at the exact same time, both the priest and I let out a huge sigh of relief.

Crisis averted.

For a moment, I just lay there in The emperor's arms, recovering from my near-death experience. Honestly, I thought I was going to die again by dangling in the air like a lost sock.

But now...

Now, I felt warm. Not just any kind of warmth. A comforting, protective warmth. Something I had never felt in either of my lives.

Huh.

This was nice.

And then, just as I was starting to appreciate this moment—

"What should I do now?" ...His voice was still cold as ice.

The priest, who had not recovered from the last catastrophe, hesitated before saying carefully, "Y-Your Majesty... The princess needs to be fed."

The Emperor raised an eyebrow. "Fed?"

"Yes, Your Majesty. She's still weak. If she doesn't eat properly, it will be easy for her to fall sick."

A pause.

And then—

"Is that why she is this ugly?"

...

.....

EXCUSE ME?!

I froze.

OFFENDED.

ABSOLUTELY OFFENDED.

HOW DARE YOU, EMPEROR MR. INTRUDER?!

I AM A BABY.

I AM SUPPOSED TO BE SMALL AND WRINKLY.

DO YOU THINK I WAS BORN AS A GLAMOROUS NOBLE LADY?!

OUTRAGEOUS.

I immediately started wiggling furiously in his arms, protesting this slander. Of course, all my dramatic rage only resulted in...

Tiny little kicks.

Weak little wiggles.

And then... I was too tired.

I gave up after five seconds.

I sulked.

The priest, wisely ignoring my baby tantrum, cleared his throat. "Your Majesty, please take a seat. I will bring the bottle."

The Emperor sat down on a luxurious chair, still holding me like I was some kind of puzzle he hadn't solved yet. Moments later, the priest handed him a baby bottle filled with warm milk.

The Emperor examined it.

Like it was some new weapon.

The priest, who was clearly about to have a mental breakdown, carefully guided him again. "You just need to hold it near her mouth, Your Majesty."

The Emperor narrowed his eyes at the bottle. Then, finally, he brought it close to me.

Well.

Fine.

Since I am apparently ugly and on the verge of starvation, I snatched the bottle like a tiny gremlin and started sucking the milk.

AGGRESSIVELY.

Out of spite.

I drank the milk in rage.

Fueled by my offended soul. And the emperor just stared at me.

Silently.

Watching.

Like he was trying to figure out why I existed.

It was... kinda awkward. But the warmth of the milk and the rhythmic sucking motion slowly made me relax.

Ugh.

Fine.

Maybe I'll stop being mad for now.

Maybe, okay?

And, as I was still sucking silently on the bottle emperor gaze never left me. It was so intense, I felt like I was being investigated for tax fraud.

And then, he spoke, "Are babies always this silent?"

What kind of question is that? I tilted towards priest wondering what he will say.

The priest, was still standing nervously nearby, quickly replied, "No, Your Majesty. Babies usually cry."

The Emperor frowned. "Really?"

"That's right, Your Majesty, it's their way of talking. Babies cry to express emotions or call for attention."

A pause.

And then—

"But she doesn't cry."

...

The priest froze.

The room went quiet.

Even I stopped sucking for a second.

Oh.

Oh no.

This was getting philosophical. After a long moment, the priest carefully said, "Perhaps... the princess is special, you're majesty."

The Emperor went silent.

I, too, went silent.

We both just stared at each other.

I agree with him. I AM SPECIAL.

And Proudly, I went back to drinking my milk. Eventually, I finished fast, because I was damn hungry. I throwed the bottle and the Emperor blinked at the empty bottle.

"She finished."

The priest cleared his throat. "Your Majesty, now you must help her burp."

"Burp?"

"Yes, Your Majesty. You must pat her back gently to help release the air."

The Emperor looked at me.

Then at the priest.

Then back at me.

Like I was some kind of bomb that might explode. After several seconds of hesitation, he awkwardly positioned me on his shoulder, as if I were a dangerous artifact. And then, he patted my back.

Horribly.

I mean, it was stiff and awkward.

The priest, clearly holding back tears, said, "Your Majesty... GENTLY."

The Emperor scowled. "This is gentle."

I disagreed.

And so did my tiny lungs.

The priest, almost begged and saying, "...you have to be more gentle, you're majesty."

After a few more terrible pats, something magical happened. I let out the most majestic burp of my tiny baby life.

Silence.

The Emperor stared.

The priest stared.

I stared.

Then, at the exact same time, both the priest and I let out a huge sigh of relief.

Crisis averted. Again.

Now that my stomach was full and my body felt warm, I started feeling drowsy. My tiny eyelids grew heavier and heavier. My little body relaxed against the warmth holding me.

And just like that...

I fell asleep in the Emperor's arms.

Comfortably.

Feeling little safe.