

Too Lazy to be a Villainess

Chapter 6

The execution ground was not ready for this.

People had come expecting the usual—criminals dragged in, heads rolling, justice (or terror) being served. What they hadn't expected was me.

A baby.

Sitting snugly in the lap of Emperor Cassius Devereux, the most terrifying man in the empire. Gasps filled the air.

Theon, who had been anxiously following behind us with Nanny Nerina, looked like he was about to drop dead on the spot. "Y-Your Majesty," he stuttered, voice barely holding it together. "I... I still strongly advise against this! Bringing the princess to an execution ground! It could—no, it will traumatize her!"

Cassius didn't even glance at him. His crimson eyes remained fixed on me, studying every little movement I made.

Meanwhile, I was just looking around curiously, kicking my tiny legs as I took in my surroundings.

People. Chains. A big, shiny axe. Ooooh.

My round eyes sparkled. "Nyangh... gaaah?" (What's that? It's so shiny!)

My eyes landed on a sharp executioner's blade, gleaming under the sunlight.

Cassius, who had been observing my every move, raised an eyebrow. "Are you interested in sharp objects?"

I turned my head up to him and blinked. Well, no—since it was shiny, my eyes landed there. I can't help it, you see. I am a baby.

And then the prisoners were brought in. One by one, familiar faces were dragged to the center of the execution ground, their hands tied, their eyes full of terror.

I blinked.

Wait a second.

I know these people.

My tiny fingers clenched around Cassius's sleeve as I narrowed my eyes, staring at them harder. Aren't these...

Cassius's smooth, deep voice cut through my thoughts, "They're the ones, right?"

I turned my head up at him. He met my gaze, sharp and piercing. "The ones who left you to suffer."

Oh.

Ohhh.

That's right.

My chubby hands stilled.

I blinked at the maids, now sobbing, pleading for mercy.

One of them, a woman with tear-streaked cheeks, suddenly lifted her head and locked eyes with me.

"P-Princess!" she wailed. "Please, Your Highness! H-Have mercy on us!"

Another one sobbed desperately. "We—we didn't mean to neglect you! It was a mistake! A terrible mistake!"

All eyes turned to me.

Theon, sensing the tension, immediately panicked. "Alright! We saw them! Now, let's go before the heads start rolling—"

Cassius ignored him. His gaze never left mine.

"She wants to stay," he said. Not a question. A statement.

Silence.

Theon's face lost all color. Nanny Nerina nearly fainted. Even the prisoners looked horrified. I continued to stare at the maids. I wasn't scared. I wasn't even disturbed.

Cassius, still watching me closely, gave a simple nod.

The executioner raised his axe.

The first maid was dragged forward, wailing. "Princess... please..."

Her neck was pressed against the block, and the axe was ready to cut her head when Cassius turned my head towards his chest, saying, "That's enough. We're leaving."

I froze.

Wait.

Wait.

Did he just—

Did he just block my view?!

I wiggled, flailing my arms. "Nyaaanngh! Gaaah!!" (HEY! I was watching that!)

Cassius's grip didn't loosen. If anything, he held me closer, completely shielding my view. "You've seen enough."

I pouted. Why bring me all the way here if you won't let me watch the main event?!

Meanwhile, Theon let out a shaky breath of relief. "Finally! Thank the heavens. I swear, my soul nearly left my body. I thought he was actually going to let her—"

Cassius shot him a glare. "Do you think I have no sense?"

Theon: "..."

Nanny Nerina: "..."

Nanny Nerina, still pale, said, "Your Majesty, this is really not a place for the princess! Please, let's leave at once."

Cassius nodded. His strong arms kept me secure against him as he stood up. And as we were leaving, pitiful sobs filled the air.

"P-Princess! Please! Have mercy!"

I peeked over Cassius's shoulder to see the maids—the same ones who left me to starve—kneeling on the ground, their faces pale with terror.

One of them, a woman with trembling hands, cried out, "Please, princess! Tell His Majesty to spare us! We were wrong! We won't do it again!"

Another sobbed, "We didn't know! Please! We were foolish!"

Oh, now they remember I exist?

I tilted my head, blinking at them innocently. My chubby fingers clutched onto Cassius's robes, and with that, we turned and walked away, ignoring the desperate wails behind us.

Now at the Royal Office of the Ruthless Emperor...

I sat on Cassius's big desk, my tiny legs dangling off the edge, while Cassius—my big, scary, allegedly terrifying father—held me steady with one hand.

It wasn't my fault I kept losing balance! I was still getting used to this whole being a baby thing. My coordination was atrocious. One second, I'd be sitting fine, and the next, I'd be wobbling like a drunk potato. Every time I leaned too far, Cassius's grip tightened, preventing me from falling face-first into his precious, boring documents.

But that wasn't the weirdest part.

The weirdest part was that Cassius was staring at me.

Like, really staring.

I blinked up at him.

He didn't blink back.

I tilted my head. What? What do you want?

Nanny Nerina stood off to the side, and Theon was busy flipping through papers. No one else seemed to find it odd that the emperor was just... staring at his baby.

So I squinted back at him.

Oh? Was this a game? A silent battle of wills?

Well, I wasn't about to lose.

I stared back.

Cassius, in his usual deep, calm voice, asked, "...Do other babies get scared when they go to the execution ground?"

Silence.

I blinked.

Nanny and Theon both looked at each other like he had just asked if birds could breathe underwater.

"Yes, Your Majesty," Nanny finally answered. "Babies are very sensitive. A place like that would normally terrify them."

Cassius hummed, looking thoughtful. "Then why wasn't she scared? Is something wrong with her?"

What!

Excuse me?! My tiny fists clenched.

Nothing is wrong with me, okay?! I'm just mentally strong! I knew what was happening. I understood what an execution was.

Cassius, completely ignoring my internal outrage, continued, "She doesn't even get scared of me."

That got Theon's attention. He snorted. "That is strange, Your Majesty. Normally, people see you and—" He made a dramatic whoosh motion. "—they run for their lives."

Cassius's crimson eyes didn't leave me.

I puffed up my cheeks. "Baah! Gaa!" (I have mentally accepted my fate, okay?!)

Why waste energy being scared when I'm stuck with him anyway?! It's too exhausting to be scared all the time.

Nanny, mistaking my dramatic baby protests for something meaningful, smiled softly. "It's because she recognizes you as her father, Your Majesty."

Cassius blinked. "Father?"

"Yes," Nanny nodded. "Babies have instincts. They know who their people are, no matter who they are."

Well, I read the novel, so I already knew he was my father.

I patted his hand casually with my tiny palm. Don't worry; since you're my father, I have accepted you.

Cassius stared at me. I stared back.

Then, out of nowhere, he declared, "From now on, she will stay in my chamber."

WHAT?!?!

HELLO?! EXCUSE ME?! I REFUSE!!

I want my own personal chamber, okay?! A luxurious, spacious, separate chamber where I can roll around freely without the constant feeling of impending doom!

But before I could protest with my fiercest baby babbling, Nanny bowed and said, "As you wish, Your Majesty."

I gasped.

NANNY, HOW COULD YOU BETRAY ME LIKE THIS?!

And just like that, my privacy was taken away by a bloodthirsty emperor.