

# Too Lazy to be a Villainess

## Chapter 7

I was doomed.

Nanny carried me to the Emperor's chamber like I was a package being delivered to my inevitable fate. My tiny arms flailed in silent protest.

I refuse! I OBJECT! I DEMAND MY OWN ROOM! HELLO! ANYONE!

But did my opinion matter? No. No, it did not.

The grand double doors opened, revealing the Emperor's chambers—huge, dark, and intimidating. The entire place screamed power and fear with its velvet curtains and the enormous bed fit for a tyrant.

Nanny bowed, saying. "I'll place the princess in the crib."

"No need," Cassius's deep voice interrupted. "Just lay her on the bed."

EXCUSE ME?!

I stared at him in shock. Did this tyrant just say he wanted to share his bed—with a baby?!

Nanny, the ultimate traitor, nodded obediently. "As you wish, Your Majesty."

And I was placed carefully on the plush mattress. My tiny fingers gripped the silky sheets. Oh. Soft. And with that, she left.

THIS WOMAN. I TRUSTED HER.

Just as I was recovering from my betrayal, Cassius did something UNHOLY—

He climbed into bed.

HALF. NAKED.

My baby brain short-circuited.

His robe hung loosely over his broad shoulders, revealing a chiseled chest that looked like it was sculpted by the gods themselves. His hair was messy, and his piercing, crimson eyes flickered toward me, calm and unreadable.

I sucked in a breath—well, as much as my tiny lungs allowed.

What kind of tyrant sleeps half-naked in front of a baby?!

He leaned against the headboard, one arm resting behind his head as he stared at me. His gaze was intense, like he was studying me.

I stared back.

We locked eyes.

A staring contest again?

Challenge accepted.

I narrowed my tiny eyes.

He didn't blink.

I didn't blink.

Then, after what felt like an eternity, he sighed. "You really aren't afraid of me, huh?"

His voice was softer than usual.

I tilted my head. Huh?

Cassius's gaze flickered, as if lost in thought. "People tremble at the sight of me. They run. They beg for their lives." He looked at me, his expression unreadable. "But you... you just look at me like I'm any other person. Not scared. As if you've accepted me for who I am."

I blinked.

I mean, yeah, I already mentally accepted him as my father. But hearing him say that...

He sounded almost—lonely.

I frowned. Wait. Is this man... sad?

Now, I was really starting to think. Maybe he wasn't as terrifying as the rumors said. Maybe...

Nah. He was still terrifying.

But maybe he wasn't all bad.

I reached out with my tiny hand and patted his arm. There, there, scary tyrant man. You're my father. I accept you.

Cassius glanced at me and exhaled, shaking his head slightly. "Ridiculous. I am talking with someone who doesn't even understand me?"

Hey, I can understand you. Then, I decided to do something CRAZY.

I wanted to turn over. I shifted, gathering all my baby strength. Alright, time to flip.

I pushed with all my might.

I didn't move.

I tried again.

Nothing.

I wiggled.

Still nothing.

I was determined now.

Gritting my nonexistent baby teeth, I pushed my arms and legs down hard.

AND THEN—

I FLIPPED.

I was on my stomach.

HAH! SUCCESS!

Cassius froze.

The room fell into silence.

Then—

"Someone, come inside." His voice was eerily calm.

The doors BURST open.

Nanny rushed in, panicked. "Y-Your Majesty?! What happened? Is the princess okay?!"

Cassius gestured toward me. "She flipped."

Nanny gasped. I swear she almost fainted. "T-That's her first time flipping over...!" Her hands covered her mouth in shock.

Cassius looked at her sharply. "She hasn't done this before?"

Nanny frantically shook her head. "No, Your Majesty! This is her first time! Congratulations! The princess has flipped!"

A pause.

Then—

Cassius smirked.

A rare, smug, and satisfied smirk.

"...Hah." He crossed his arms, looking very pleased. "I guess it makes sense. She did it in front of me first."

HELLO?! WHO CARES ABOUT THAT?! I JUST ACHIEVED A LIFE MILESTONE!

Nanny clapped her hands together, beaming. "Princess Lavinia is growing up so fast! This is wonderful news!"

Cassius looked down at me, his crimson eyes gleaming. "Impressive."

I pouted. OF COURSE IT'S IMPRESSIVE. DO YOU KNOW HOW HARD I WORKED FOR THAT?!

But instead of praising me properly—

Cassius smirked again. "Well then..." His eyes gleamed, and for some reason , I felt a chill run down my spine. "I declare this day as a national holiday."

I choked.

WHAT?!

HELLO?! GIVE ME A BREAK!

Nanny's mouth fell open. Cassius smirked down at me like a man who had just made the greatest decision of his life.

And just like that, I realized flipping in front of Cassius was the bad decision.

"Forgive me, but... what did you just say?" Theon asked in pure disbelief.

Cassius, looking far too smug, repeated, "A national holiday. In honor of Lavinia's first flip."

IS THIS MAN SERIOUS?!

Theon blinked. "...For flipping."

"Yes."

Nanny coughed, as if she had swallowed her own shock. "Y-Your Majesty, I understand your excitement, but—"

Cassius turned to her, raising an eyebrow. "Are you disagreeing with me?"

Nanny immediately straightened, shaking her head frantically. "N-No, of course not! I would never!"

TRAITOR!

"But..." she continued carefully, "perhaps this plan should be reconsidered?"

Cassius frowned slightly, as if the mere thought of not celebrating my flip offended him.

Theon, the only sane person left in the room, sighed and pinched the bridge of his nose before stepping forward. "Your Majesty, if I may."

Cassius nodded, allowing him to speak.

Theon cleared his throat. "You're majesty As of now, the people are still unaware of the princess's existence. Announcing a national holiday out of nowhere would only cause unnecessary confusion. Rumors would spread, and without proper preparation, it could lead to chaos."

Nanny nodded quickly. "That's right! We didn't even hold a formal celebration for her birth yet!"

Cassius narrowed his eyes slightly. "So you're saying a national holiday is a bad idea?"

Theon and Nanny exchanged glances.

Nanny, sweating bullets, forced a smile. "Perhaps... not a bad idea, Your Majesty! Just... bad timing."

Cassius tapped his fingers against his arm, clearly displeased.

I gulped.

OH NO. HE'S THINKING.

Then, he smirked again.

"...Fine. We won't declare a national holiday."

I exhaled in relief.

"But..."

Oh no.

"...We will hold a grand celebration for her instead."

Theon and Nanny both froze.

I FROZE.

WHAT?!

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?!

Cassius's eyes gleamed with determination. "A celebration grander than any before. Every noble, every royal, every important figure in the empire shall attend. It will be an event that will be remembered for centuries."

Nanny paled. "T-That's..."

Theon sighed, already mentally preparing for the mountain of work this would bring.

Meanwhile, I wanted to cry.

I JUST WANTED TO FLIP OVER. HOW DID THIS HAPPEN?!

Cassius turned to Theon, his expression completely serious. "Prepare everything for the princess's birth celebration."

Theon nodded, already feeling exhausted.

And just like that, my single, innocent little flip turned into the biggest imperial event of the century.