

Too Lazy to be a Villainess

Chapter 8

Hmmm...

Hmmmm...

Hmmmmmmmmmm...

I lay dramatically in my little crib, deep in thought, humming like a wise old sage contemplating the mysteries of the universe. Across from me, Nanny and Mareilla kept exchanging glances, trying (and failing) to stifle their giggles.

"She looks like she's thinking about something very serious," Mareilla whispered, eyes twinkling with amusement.

Nanny nodded sagely. "Shhh. Let her be."

YES. LET ME BE.

Because I was, indeed, thinking about something VERY SERIOUS. I was thinking about MY GREAT FATHER—THE EMPEROR.

...And how I was now 99% sure that he had some serious mental problems.

I mean, what kind of lunatic declares a national holiday over a baby flipping over?! HUH?!

Is he crazy? Well, yeah, he is crazy.

I squinted at the ceiling. Was this a tyrant thing? Were all tyrants this insane? Maybe they killed too many people, and that rotted their brains. Maybe the blood fumes got to their heads, and now they couldn't think straight. Maybe the reason all tyrants acted like rabid war dogs was because their minds were long gone.

I gasped.

And then—

"Oh my, what is my princess thinking about so deeply?" Nanny cooed, suddenly appearing beside my crib and lifting me into her arms.

I blinked up at her, trapped in her grasp. "Nyan nagahhh!!!" (Nanny! I think my father is broken!!)

But, of course, she didn't understand my suffering. Instead, she just smiled and patted my head like I was some innocent, clueless baby.

"Let's go. It's time to see His Majesty, princess."

WHAT?! AGAIN?!

I froze and clutched her dress tightly.

NO. STOP. ENOUGH.

WHY? WHY DID I HAVE TO SEE THAT CRAZY MAN AGAIN AND AGAIN?!

Couldn't I just live a peaceful, tyrant-free life?! I mean, who knew what he'd do next?! Yesterday, he declared a national holiday because I flipped. What if today, he decided to conquer another country because I sneezed?! What if he executed someone because I yawned?!

NO. I COULD NOT TAKE THAT RESPONSIBILITY.

I AM DONE HERE. I GIVE UP.

So, let's go somewhere else, Nanny. The royal palace is huge—plenty of places to hide!

...But of course, I couldn't do anything.

My three-month-old body betrayed me.

Fine. I give up again. Let's meet my brain-lost father because what else can I do? Life is so tiring. Especially a baby's life.

And then—

Nanny and Mareilla stopped.

Huh? What happened?

I blinked and looked forward only to find a middle-aged man standing before us. His hair was graying, neatly combed back, his posture stiff with nobility, and his gaze—oh, his gaze—was fixed on me with something that made my baby instincts scream in protest.

What's with that look, old man? Haven't you seen a beautiful, adorable baby like me before?!

His eyes weren't filled with admiration, curiosity, or even mild interest.

No, no, no.

Those eyes looked at me with disgust. Hatred. Loathing.

EXCUSE ME?! SIR, I AM THREE MONTHS OLD. WHAT COULD I POSSIBLY HAVE DONE TO YOU?!

And then—

Nanny and Mareilla bowed deeply and said in unison,

"Greetings, Marquess Everett."

Everett? My brain, which had previously been running at one mile per hour, suddenly jolted awake.

Everett... Everett... where have I—?

OH.

OH.

EVERETT.

THAT EVERETT.

This was the Everett family—the one who adopted the female lead of this stupid novel so she could easily marry Grand Duke Osric—aka, the male lead.

Sigh...

This was also the family responsible for my banishment. They helped Osric remove me from the royal family. Also, they were the ones who gave poison to the second lead to poison me.

OH. SO THE JERKS HAVE APPEARED, HUH?!

I squinted my baby eyes at him, resisting the urge to point my tiny fingers in accusation.

Ahh... forget it.

It's not like I could do anything even if I pointed my tiny, beautiful fingers at him. And then, as if to solidify my worst suspicions, the old man spoke, "Is this the princess?"

His voice was polite, but there was something in it. Something I did not like.

Nanny hesitated before nodding, her expression neutral. "...Yes, my lord."

I squinted at him.

What?! No bow?! No 'Your Highness'?! WHERE'S THE RESPECT, HUH?!

I may be tiny, but I was still the princess of this empire! Even my crazy father, the tyrant himself, held me like I was made of gold, but this geezer?! This geezer looked at me like I was an insect.

I gasped dramatically.

IS THIS AN ACT OF TREASON?!

I looked at Nanny. Nanny, arrest him! Seize him! Throw him into the dungeons! Off with his head!

—Oh, wait. No. That's something my father would actually do.

Still, I couldn't let this disrespect slide. I narrowed my eyes and puffed up my cheeks.

"Nyan—gahhh!" (Old man, you better greet me, huh.)

And then—

"I can't believe someone like her is the princess," he muttered under his breath.

...but I still caught it.

OH-HO-HO.

Oh?! Look at this old geezer. what's wrong with me, a princess, you rotten fucking jerk?!

I flailed in Nanny's arms, kicking my tiny feet. Let me down! I want to fight him! let me at him!

But Nanny just patted my back. "Shh, Princess, be good."

BE GOOD?! BE GOOD?! This man was OPENLY DISRESPECTING ME, and I was supposed to be good?!

I WANT MY FATHER NOW.

""P...ayanngh... nyaghh..." (Papa... come fast. Papa...)

And then that old geezer said something again, "You shouldn't have been exits."

Ah... fuck. Now I am pissed. There is only one thing I can do now, to teach this old geezer a lesson. And that is—

"Wahhhhhhhhhhhh!!! Wahhhhhhhhhhhhhh!!! WAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

I screamed. I howled. I unleashed the full, unholy power of my baby lungs. If this bastard thought he could insult me, the princess, and walk away unscathed—he was DEAD WRONG.

"What!" Nanny gasped, nearly dropping me. "What's the matter, Princess?!"

Oh, Nanny. Sweet, naïve Nanny. The matter was that THIS OLD GEEZER JUST DISRESPECTED ME, AND I WAS NOT GOING TO LET IT SLIDE.

I flailed my tiny arms. I kicked my tiny feet. I thrashed like a possessed shrimp. My tiny, beautiful face scrunched up as I poured every ounce of my baby fury into my wailing.

"Wahhhhhhhhhhhh!!!"

Marquess Everett, the old geezer himself, took a step back, clearly shaken. HA. Not so tough now, huh? My cries were like the wrath of heaven itself, shaking the very foundations of this palace.

"Princess, please!" Nanny begged, bouncing me in her arms. "What happened?! What's wrong?! Oh dear heavens—"

But I would not be silenced.

"Wahhhhhhhhhhhh!!!"

The palace staff were staring. Servants peeked from behind pillars. Even Mareilla looked like she wanted to disappear. And then—

A voice cut through the chaos like a blade of ice. "What's going on here?"

Silence.

Well—silence from everyone except me. I, of course, KEPT CRYING. Because I was committed to my act of war. The temperature in the hallway dropped to freezing levels. The sheer weight of authority pressed down on everyone present.

Nanny, Mareilla, and that OLD GEEZER all stiffened before immediately bowing.

"Your Majesty!" they chorused.

I, meanwhile, peeked at him through my teary eyes. My great and terrifying father stood there, his brow furrowed in dangerous displeasure. His crimson eyes swept over the scene, and when they landed on me, he softened—just a little.

I sniffled dramatically. He stepped forward, his presence making everyone shrink into themselves.

"Why is my daughter crying?" His voice was cold. Demanding.

Nanny gulped. "We... we don't know, Your Majesty. The princess suddenly started crying!"

I wailed louder.

"Wahhhhhhhhhhhh!!!"

Marquess Everett was standing as still as a corpse, sweat beginning to form on his forehead. HA. How does it feel, old man? HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE SCARED, HUH?!

I continued my performance, thrashing in Nanny's arms like a fish out of water. The emperor's expression darkened. "Give her to me."

Nanny obeyed instantly, handing me over with trembling hands. The moment my father took me into his arms—

I STOPPED CRYING.

Instantly.

Just like that.

The entire room froze.

Nanny blinked. "...Eh?"

Mareilla's jaw dropped.

Marquess Everett looked like he was witnessing a miracle.

I, meanwhile, snuggled into my father's arms, rubbing my tiny face against his chest like an innocent, delicate little baby. I even threw in a content sigh for extra effect. Ahhh~ so warm. So safe. So tyrant-y.

Theon sighed in relief. "I think the princess just wanted you, Your Majesty."

Well, not exactly, but it's also true.

Nanny and Mareilla nodded in agreement like pigeons bobbing their heads. The emperor, however, wasn't looking at them. His sharp crimson eyes remained locked on me as he wiped the lingering tears from my chubby cheeks.

"This is the first time," he muttered.

I blinked sleepily against his chest. First time what?

The emperor's fingers paused against my cheek. His brows furrowed slightly, as if he himself was puzzled by his own emotions.

"I saw her crying."

Silence.

And then, he continued in that same deep, foreboding voice.

"My daughter never cried like this before me. And for some reason... I don't like it."

Wow. So this tyrant is human after all. I stared up at him, my tiny baby brain working overtime to process this revelation.

...My father was so nice.

Sure, he was cold and terrifying. Sure, he was possibly responsible for war crimes. But he cared. He didn't like seeing me cry.

He was the best tyrant father in the world—

"She looks uglier while she cries."

...Never mind.

I was DONE. COMPLETELY DONE with this man.

The room went utterly silent.

Then, he simply turned towards Nanny, his expression cold and unreadable. "Why did she cry?" he asked.

Oh. OH. It was that old geezer.

Nanny paled faster than a vampire at sunrise. "I—I don't know, Your Majesty! It was sudden. One moment, she was fine, and the next... w-well..."

She hesitated—then, ever so carefully, threw Marquess Everett under the bus by glancing at him like a traitor pointing out the mole in a spy movie. The emperor's gaze followed hers. And Marquess Everett was doomed. The poor old man visibly shriveled under the emperor's death stare.

"Did you say something that upset my daughter?" the emperor asked, his voice colder than a winter storm.

Marquess Everett flinched so hard I thought his soul briefly left his body for a vacation. "N-No, Your Majesty! I would never! And even if I did—WHICH I DIDN'T—the princess wouldn't have understood anyway."

The temperature in the room plummeted. The emperor's eyes darkened dangerously.

"...So, you're saying my daughter is stupid?"

WHAT?! HOW DARE HE?!

I gasped dramatically, glaring at the old geezer with all the righteous fury of a betrayed princess. Marquess Everett turned the color of expired milk. "NO, NO, NO, YOUR HIGHNESS! I WOULD NEVER DARE!"

The emperor's eyes narrowed further. A tiger circling its prey, "Then why did she cry?"

Marquess Everett panicked. "I don't know, Your Majesty! I really don't know!"

The emperor scanned him coldly, silent for a moment. And then, in the most casual, dismissive voice, he said, "Maybe she didn't like you."

I nodded aggressively. That's right! I don't like him, Father! Throw him out!

Marquess Everett looked like he had been slapped by destiny itself. The emperor turned away, already walking off with me still in his arms.

"Please do not appear in front of my daughter again. I don't want to see her ugly face anymore."

Hold on.

I was offended. VERY OFFENDED.

But... since he just roasted that old geezer in my honor, I decided to let it slide.

Marquess Everett stood there, frozen, his mouth opening and closing like a fish. He had served the emperor. He had witnessed countless ruthless decisions, countless cold-blooded executions.

But never—NEVER—had he seen His Majesty being so casual with his daughter. Marquess Everett swallowed, his entire existence reconsidering itself.

Meanwhile, I, the adorable princess, was feeling quite victorious.

You see that, jerk? You better respect me next time.