

Too Lazy to be a Villainess

Chapter 9

The crisp afternoon air drifted through the imperial garden as my great father—the terrifying yet oddly comfortable human furnace—walked with me still cradled in his arms. Ahh... fresh air, finally. My earlier dramatic meltdown had drained all my baby energy, but now I felt refreshed.

Just as I was basking in the glory of the afternoon sun, Nanny appeared, holding a bottle of warm water.

"Your Majesty," she said, bowing slightly. "The princess must be thirsty after all that crying."

I was not! (Okay, maybe a little.)

Father took the bottle without a word and, to my utter horror, brought it to my lips.

Whoa... The almighty emperor... was feeding me.

For a split second, I considered rejecting the bottle purely out of dignity. But then... ahh. The warm water slid down my throat, and wow... it was refreshing. My tiny body felt recharged, like a royal baby battery. Maybe crying had some perks after all.

"She really likes being with Your Majesty," Nanny commented with a knowing smile.

I blinked up at my father. He blinked down at me. A staring contest between a feared ruler and a three-month-old baby commenced once again.

Then, something caught my eye.

Flowers!

Woah.....~

My tiny hands wiggled excitedly toward the vibrant garden ahead. There were numerous types of flowers—roses, tulips, lavender, and even some I had never seen before. A sea of colors stretched before me, swaying gently in the breeze like nature's own royal court.

But then—oh! My eyes locked onto something special.

A sunflower.

Bright, golden, and absolutely massive compared to my tiny baby self. It stood tall and proud, basking in the sunlight, its rich yellow petals radiating warmth. It was more beautiful—just like Father's eyes. Crimson red, shining under the sun.

I wanted it.

I wiggled harder, my tiny hands reaching desperately.

Father, ever the all-powerful emperor, noticed my plight. Without a word, he stepped forward, plucked the sunflower with his own hands, and handed it to me.

It was enormous.

I clutched it with both hands, my baby strength barely enough to hold it up. But I liked it.

I giggled.

From the corner of my eye, I noticed people watching. Their expressions softened; their eyes filled with warmth.

"She has the same taste as you, Your Majesty," Theon remarked.

I froze.

...Wait.

Father liked sunflowers too?

I looked up at him in shock. He looked down at me like I was some rare and precious artifact. Then, to my absolute disbelief, he reached out and gently rubbed my cheek.

W-Wait... what's this? This tenderness? This softness? Is he... actually doting on me?

Before my brain could process this new information, Father turned to Theon.

"So, why did the Marquess come here?"

Theon's face returned to its usual business-like demeanor. "Oh, to talk about the water crisis, Your Majesty."

Father frowned. "Didn't we solve that last year? What's the problem now?"

"Looks like there's more trouble, Your Majesty."

Father sighed.

Theon hesitated before adding, "...And he also wanted to discuss something personal."

Something personal? My tiny ears perked up. Father's face darkened. "Don't tell me..."

Theon sighed. "Yes, Your Majesty. You've guessed right."

Father sighed again, "He still hasn't given up?"

What! hey, I want to know too.

The plot thickens! My curiosity piqued. What was this matter they spoke of? What was this geezer so stubborn about? Why did this feel like one of those intense palace dramas? C'mon, tell me! I'm curious!

Finally, Father exhaled sharply. "Looks like I need to declare once and for all that I am never getting married."

I nodded. Ah, so that old geezer wanted to set his daughter up with my—

Wait.

What?

My flower fell from my hands as the realization struck me like a divine lightning bolt.

I turned to Father.

I turned to Theon.

I turned back to Father.

Wait. Wait. WAIT.

You're saying my father has never married... then that meant...

I WAS THE DAUGHTER OF A BACHELOR?!

Mareilla quickly picked up the flower and handed it back to me, but I barely noticed. My brain was short-circuiting.

Wait. Wait. WAIT.

He never married? Why?

Did he... not like anyone? No crush? No love? Nothing?!

Sure, he was a tyrant, but he was still human! Even villains in stories had tragic love interests or at least a scandalous affair or two. But my father? Nothing?!

Something wasn't adding up.

And then... my eyes landed on Theon.

Theon, who was always by my father's side. Theon, who was not scared of my terrifying, bloodthirsty, emperor-of-doom father. Theon, who was calm, competent, and loyal to him for years.

Oh. Ohhhhhh.

My father and Theon... Oh. My. God.

I gasped dramatically, nearly dropping my sunflower again. Theon, you sly dog.

It all made sense now! The lingering stares, the unwavering loyalty, the way Father only ever let him speak casually in his presence. And Theon never left his side! Ever!

This wasn't just devotion. This was love.

I looked between them, scandalized. My father—the most feared man in the empire—was in love with his right-hand man?!

Theon, completely oblivious to my groundbreaking discovery, continued, "Your Majesty, should I prepare the official decree to announce your decision?"

Father gave a curt nod. "Yes. Let's put an end to this matter."

I nodded along, yes, yes, let's put an end to the old geezer's matchmaking plans so you and Theon can live happily ever after.

I reached out with my tiny, chubby hand and patted my father's hand gently.

Don't worry, Father. I accept your and Theon's love. I looked up at him with deep understanding, my eyes filled with support. I totally ship you two.

Father raised an eyebrow. Theon frowned. They exchanged a glance.

"...What's wrong with her?" Theon asked, thoroughly confused.

Father sighed. "Who knows?"

Father gave me a look that was half curiosity, half concern—like he was wondering if I'd inherited some questionable brain cells.

I had cracked the imperial mystery. The reason my powerful, terrifying, handsome father never married... was because his true love was RIGHT IN FRONT OF HIM THIS WHOLE TIME.

"Maybe she is thinking something stupid," Father said.

But I just sat there giggling, my eyes nearly twinkling.