

I Transmigrated Then Switched Parents With the Villain chapter 22

Watching Shushu perched upon the Young Duke's shoulder, Melissa felt a shiver run through her.

She had thought she would live out her life as a fugitive, but her child had become a young master of the great Vesper house.

If she had her way, she wanted her child to continue living as Damian forever—marrying a noble young lady from a fine family, knowing nothing of hardship, and being revered like a god for the rest of his days.

However, the fact that a beta child was a fake would eventually be exposed.

A sacred aristocrat would naturally manifest as a person of true blood.

Conversely, that meant if he simply managed to manifest as a true-blood, he could continue living as Damian without his identity ever being exposed as a fake.

Therefore, Melissa intended to make that impossible feat happen by any means necessary.

Just as she had somehow managed to track down her kidnapped child.

Melissa was a brave and resilient mother.

She hadn't just sat around in a daze lamenting the loss of her child.

While Shushu had purposely made her get off the carriage out of fear for her safety, she would have pursued her child to the ends of hell itself to save him.

She immediately deduced where the vanished carriage might have headed.

The men inside the carriage hadn't looked like ordinary human traffickers; they had the air of lower-tier aristocrats.

Having worked as a maid in a count's household, Melissa was well-versed in distinguishing between true-bloods and betas.

So she pondered why on earth lower-tier nobles would kidnap her child.

Anyone capable of employing lower-tier nobles must surely be someone of high standing, at least on the level of a count.

She replayed the conversations the kidnappers had shared inside the carriage from the very beginning.

“This is driving me crazy. What do we do now?”

“Let’s take him along to Lady Meiyue for now.”

The superior pulling their strings was someone called ‘Lady Meiyue.’

However, going around blindly asking for noble names would only brand her as suspicious and get her arrested by the security forces.

Entering a village, Melissa asked the townspeople to direct her to the village chief.

She quickly presented an identification badge bearing a count’s household crest, though she had stopped working as a maid long ago.

Originally, she should have returned the badge upon quitting, but thinking it might come in handy if she ever had to flee with Shushu, she had stolen her roommate’s badge to return in her place while keeping her own.

Hiding the badge in her pocket before the chief could properly inspect the crest, she impersonated Meiyue’s maid, operating on the assumption that anyone in the North would know who ‘Meiyue’ was.

“While bringing back Lady Meiyue’s custom-made dress from the capital, nature called urgently so I stepped into the forest to take care of business, but the carriage left me behind without realizing it. If the chief would be so kind as to help me get to Lady Meiyue, she will reward you handsomely.”

“Oh my, goodness. Honestly, people ought to keep better track of their own.”

With the chief’s help, she managed to head toward Wintergarden.

Arriving in the Northern capital, she headed to the communal laundry washing site to find out which family Lady Meiyue belonged to.

Overhearing the maids gossiping, she discovered that Meiyue was the Grand Duke’s concubine.

And simultaneously, she learned why her child of all children had been targeted for kidnapping.

The Grand Duke's second son had pink hair.

The young maids chattered endlessly about his lovely appearance. It was undoubtedly her child.

Given the massive scale of the ducal castle, they were always recruiting staff.

She dyed her pink hair brown and prepared to apply for jobs at an inn near the estate.

Melissa had been a lady's maid—the rank responsible for a lady's garments, accessories, and cosmetics.

Right beneath the lady of the house was the housekeeper and the tutor, and directly below them was the lady's maid.

Because she held a fairly high rank among maids, when she submitted her application to the ducal estate, the head housekeeper greeted her warmly in person.

“You worked in a count's household. It seems you made a very good impression on your lady. When we sent an inquiry, they replied that you were the finest of maids.”

“Thank you, madam.”

Melissa gracefully bent her knees and lightly lifted the hem of her skirt in a bow.

A maid who had mastered proper etiquette meant she had served a person of high status, bringing a satisfied smile to the head housekeeper's face.

“It is fortunate indeed that a position suited for you has just opened up. We were currently looking for a nanny for the second young master.”

In terms of maid hierarchy, a nanny was equivalent to a lady's maid.

The head housekeeper offered kind parting words, saying she hoped the Young Duke would take a liking to her and allow her to work with him.

Fortunately, having caught the Young Duke's eye, Melissa was able to become Damian's nanny and reunite with Shushu.

Ever since learning the truth that her child was a Gem, Melissa was no longer an ordinary maid.

To protect Shushu, she was ready to traverse the entire Adamantian Empire, and she wouldn't have broken down even if she had been scammed and forced to sell her body like a prostitute.

Wasn't it obvious that such a woman would manage to acquire a potion to transform her child into a true-blood?

While working in the ducal castle, Melissa had figured out the identities of four of the culprits who had kidnapped Shushu.

One of them, she heard, had been summarily executed for committing insubordination against the Young Duke.

She headed toward the infirmary, where soldiers and knights sought treatment whenever they sustained injuries during training.

Until now, she had walked carefully to avoid crossing paths with the kidnappers at all costs, but not anymore.

"You? Y-you, how did you—?"

Spotting Melissa with her new brown hair, Joseph pointed a finger at her in a frantic panic.

"Why, have I come somewhere I shouldn't? A mother's rightful place is wherever her child is."

"You crazy woman. Do you even have any idea where you are right now and what you're blabbering about?"

Rushing over frantically, he clamped a hand over her mouth.

Quietly, she pulled a knife she had brought from the dining hall and pressed it directly against Joseph's stomach.

"We have things to talk about, don't we? Teacher."

Cold sweat streamed down Joseph's forehead.

Wearing a wide smile, she kept the knife trained on him as she walked out of the infirmary.

They kept moving until she found a deserted spot, which turned out to be the castle's back garden.

"If you don't want your misdeeds exposed, you'd better do me a favor."