

I Transmigrated Then Switched Parents

With the Villain chapter 24

There was only one reason she wanted to turn the fake Damian into a dominant omega: to deceive the Grand Duke and Callix into believing a rut accident had occurred when she eventually tricked Callix into raping the fake Damian under the influence of drugs.

No matter how fiercely a rut struck an ultra-dominant alpha, they would never experience heat for fellow alphas, regular omegas, recessive omegas, or betas.

This was because their instincts violently rejected the contamination of their superior bloodline by inferior stock.

Therefore, for her plan to succeed, the fake Damian had to be a dominant omega.

“U-ha-ha-ha. Kha-ha-ha-ha.”

That guy would surely lose his mind thinking he had raped his own younger brother.

How agonizing it would be.

Ah, she couldn’t wait to see the distorted, ruined expression on that obnoxious bastard’s face.

Since he had raped a blood relative, he would undoubtedly be kicked out of the heir’s seat, and her own child would ultimately become the heir.

As for her child’s secondary gender, she had nothing to worry about since her father’s potion would ensure he manifested as a dominant alpha.

Laughing shrilly like a witch out of a fairy tale, the Count escorted his departing daughter all the way to the front gate, then descended down into a secret basement where no one else was allowed.

“By the way, Damian, how is your health lately?”

At the Duke’s question thrown out during breakfast, Shushu—who now fairly resembled a young man—tipped his head in confusion.

“It’s good?”

“Haah, I’m worried. Why is the manifestation of your secondary gender so delayed?”

Shushu was now fifteen, and Damian was thirteen.

Since dominant traits tended to manifest during childhood, the Duke seemed consumed with anxiety over his second son, who had shown no signs of it yet.

After cutting his steak with a knife, Callix placed his own plate in front of Shushu and took Shushu's un-cut chunk of meat.

"What are you worrying so much for? Damian's growth was stunted because of what happened when he was little, so his secondary gender manifestation might be delayed as well. Besides, even if Damian remains a recessive type, he's a smart kid, so I'm sure he can assist me well by my side."

Shushu's appetite plummeted instantly.

No matter how long he waited, he would never manifest as a true-blood.

Even though Callix adored him right now, as he grew older, he would find out he was a beta and end up despising him.

To two alphas steeped in aristocratic thinking more than anyone else, a Vesper bloodline being a beta was an immense disgrace.

"What's wrong, Shushu? Eat up. That's the only way you'll grow tall and strong."

What drove him crazy was that his father and brother still thought he was thirteen and worried over his small stature.

Shushu wanted to grow tall somehow.

If he could at least build a decent physique, wouldn't it give them some peace of mind, making them think, 'Is he going to manifest as an alpha?'

Shushu chewed the meat—which was so tender it melted the moment it touched his teeth—as if it were iron reinforcement bars.

While trying to read the room and feeling like the food would get stuck in his throat, eating it by force made nausea rise up within him.

Quickly clamping a hand over his mouth, he suppressed the urge to vomit.

"Shushu!"

A startled Callix barked orders for a doctor to be called immediately.

Prompted by the Young Duke's summons, Joseph came running in a panic and tumbled comically onto the floor.

"Ah, Joseph. Thank you for coming running on such short notice."

Though the Duke's eyes were filled with contempt—'this pathetic loser'—his words were kind enough to spare Joseph the embarrassment as he comforted him.

Joseph rubbed his buttocks and groaned as he stood up.

"I have arrived at your summons. Where are you feeling unwell?"

"Shushu doesn't seem to be feeling well. He can't eat properly."

At Callix's explanation, Joseph examined Shushu with a stethoscope, nodded, and closed his medical bag as if it were unnecessary.

"Why on earth can't he eat properly? Is something terribly wrong with him?"

In response to the Young Duke's persistent worry over his younger brother, Joseph said, "Young Master Damian possesses a delicate soul, so his mood is easily soured. When he lacks an appetite, how about taking a brief stroll?"

In short, it meant: Your younger brother has a glass mentality, so even the slightest harsh word makes him unable to eat.

"Shushu, please don't get sick. If you're sick, Big Brother worries so much."

Yet Callix frowned as if his younger brother had contracted some grave illness, gazing at Shushu with a heartbroken expression.

Shushu lowered his head deeply, mortified by the way his brother was making a fuss over nothing.

"I'm sorry. I'll eat well."

"Right, let's eat just a little bit more."

He used a fork to pierce a piece of meat and brought it to Shushu's lips.

Resting his chin on his hand as if lost in thought, Duke Maldini broke the brief silence.

"Cal, don't you think you're overprotecting your brother too much? Damian is thirteen now. You should also refrain from calling him 'Shushu' like a toddler anymore. Since you coddle your brother so much, isn't that why Damian has grown up so timid?"

Sitting right beside Callix, Shushu glanced toward the middle of the dining table under the prickly gaze brushing against his cheek.

Because he had spent the last eight years keeping the Duke and Callix on his side just to survive, Meiyue—the concubine—was abruptly left isolated.

How laughable must this situation seem to her?

The fake child was receiving more favor from the Duke than she, the concubine, did.

From what he had observed, Meiyue was trying her best to fulfill the role of the mistress of the house.

Since the Duke and Young Duke couldn't socialize with noble ladies, she held weekly tea parties to mingle.

She also made relentless efforts to win the Duke's affection.

She always wore flawless makeup, adorned herself brilliantly with jewels, and wore dresses with plunging necklines to catch the Duke's eye.

Yet no matter what effort she made, the Duke wouldn't even look at her.

In fact, if she even tried to step within twenty paces of him, he would have someone pull her away.

Shushu had always wondered why the Duke had taken in as a concubine a woman he detested with such revulsion, but he had lived without ever being able to ask anyone.

Then he learned the whole story when Meiyue claimed she was in her heat and barged into the Duke's bedroom in the middle of the night, only to be dragged out by the knights.

It was said that when the Duchess Sierra was giving birth to Damian, she was in a perilous situation because contractions continued without the womb dropping.

In the end, the midwife had to cut open her abdomen to forcibly pull the newborn out.