

I Transmigrated Then Switched Parents

With the Villain chapter 25

The Duke refused to accept his death and believed she would survive if they just treated the wound on her abdomen, driving day and night all the way to the Bastian estate for a month.

Count Bastian demanded that the Duke take his daughter as a concubine in exchange for giving him a healing potion.

The Duke accepted the trade and received the healing potion.

Upon his return, he immediately used the healing potion, but naturally, she was already dead and did not revive.

Thus, Meiyue ended up married to a man who didn't even love her.

Naturally, there was no wedding ceremony, and there was never a first night spent with the Duke.

The humiliation of the young bride being rejected became the laughingstock not only of the entire castle, but of the entire North.

Far from protecting such a Meiyue, the Duke had simply abandoned her and left for the battlefield with his son.

Because of that, Meiyue directed her immense hatred toward the Duke onto abusing Damian.

The only one pitied in this clash of whales was the real Damian, whose back was broken like a shrimp in the middle.

"Why are you staring?"

Callix coldly snapped at Meiyue, who usually didn't even look at him as if he were a ghost.

She stiffened her chin and retorted, "I have eyes, so I'm looking."

"Then, shall I pluck those eyes out for you?"

"Cal!"

Unable to watch any longer, the Duke placed a hand on the back of Callix's hand to stop him.

Even though friction had occurred between Meiyue and his son, the Duke didn't spare her a single glance.

Shushu still thought she was a scary and bad person, but whenever he saw her being ruthlessly ostracized in the ducal estate, a shred of pity stirred within him.

Naturally, if she knew that, she would have gotten angry, thinking, 'How dare the likes of you pity me?'

Even while her cheeks trembled with rage toward Callix,

Meiyue gracefully drank the tea poured by a servant, holding her pinky finger up.

She, who lived entirely on pride alone, sometimes looked precarious.

"Shushu, if you're finished eating, let's go."

Callix grabbed the shoulders of Shushu, who had barely touched the steak on his plate, and pulled him to his feet.

"My Lord, I will take my leave first. As per Joseph's advice, I believe I should take Shushu for a walk and then feed him again."

"Very well, Damian. Your father said something he shouldn't have and made you unable to eat. I'm sorry."

"It's okay, Father."

Perhaps because his face had looked so gloomy upon leaving the dining hall, Callix suggested they go out and play outside the castle.

"Really?"

"Yes. On the condition that you promise not to leave Big Brother's side."

Seeing his older brother stick out his pinky finger to make a promise—treating him like a toddler still—Shushu giggled.

He was so excited to be heading outside the castle for the first time in a very long time.

Finishing brief preparations for the outing, they climbed into a carriage.

Emblazoned with the family crest, the carriage passed through the castle gates without a single inspection.

Shushu had assumed they were going to play in the most famous city in Wintergarden, but the carriage bypassed the city entirely.

The further they got from the city, the worse the road was paved, causing the carriage to bounce high into the air whenever the wheels hit a stone.

Watching Shushu startle every time, Callix laughed as if it were amusing and pulled him onto his lap.

“Your bottom isn’t going to survive this.”

Conscious of Callix’s hand firmly wrapped around his waist, Shushu asked, “Big Brother, where are we going?”

“I own a vineyard. We’re going to ride bicycles there and eat some nicely chilled grapes. Wine grapes have a higher sugar content than regular grapes, so they’ll suit your sweet tooth.”

“Wow! I’m so excited!”

After riding the carriage for three hours, a border region appeared.

The soldiers let the ducal family’s carriage pass without any inspection.

Fascinated by crossing into another country without a travel pass, Shushu stared endlessly out the carriage window as the barbed wire receded into the distance.

The village they arrived at was suffused from the entrance with the sweet scent of grapes carried on the wind.

Taking Callix’s hand as he stepped down from the carriage first, Shushu squinted his eyelids against the intense summer sunlight.

Cain quickly held up a parasol over him.

Having never stepped outside the Adamantian Empire before, everything was fascinating.

“This used to be the territory of the Solemio Empire, but we acquired it through war.”

“Ah...”

Shushu felt a sense of guilt toward the people who must have originally lived here, even though he hadn’t started the war.

Recognizing the softer side of Shushu, Callix ruffled his hair with a fond, ‘You softie.’

“War is ultimately a matter of logic based on strength. If we hadn’t won, they would have seized our territory instead.”

“Do you think... we could ever end wars? I wish we could sign a peace treaty and all get along happily.”

Callix liked Damian’s softness. It was a trait he lacked himself, and he thought it showed just how kind-hearted the child was.

“Alright, I’ll try.”

At the unexpected visit of the Young Duke, the manager and laborers working at the vineyard came running over.

Wearing straw hats woven from straw, their skin was a healthy, sun-baked bronze, unlike the people of the North.

In their checkered shirts and dirt-stained pants, they looked rustic and simple.

“Goodness, Young Duke. To what do we owe the pleasure?”

“My younger brother and I are just dropping by to play for a bit, so don’t mind us. Go on with your work.”

“Yes, sir. Then we shall take our leave so as not to cause any inconvenience.”

The manager bowed deeply and dismissed the laborers.

Acting uncharacteristically like a child showing off a new toy, Callix excitedly led Shushu somewhere.

In front of a shed where miscellaneous farm tools were stored sat two brand-new bicycles.

“Shushu, I really wanted to teach you how to ride a bicycle. You’ve never ridden one before, have you?”

“No.”

“Try sitting on the saddle.”

Having only ever encountered bicycles in books, Shushu was terrified that just sitting in the saddle would cause him to tip over together with it.

As he sat frozen in rigid tension, Callix took Shushu’s hand and placed it on the handlebars.

“You grab the handlebars to control the direction. And when you want to stop, you just squeeze the brake levers on the handlebars.”

Shushu’s tension melted away at the unexpectedly simple steering method.

Callix placed Shushu’s feet onto the pedals and pressed down with his hand to make him pedal.

As the fixed wheels turned, the sound of the chain rotating echoed out.

“Your legs pedaling the bike are the driving force. They play the same role as the horses pulling a carriage. It’ll be hard to keep your balance at first, but you are a Vesper. There is nothing you can’t do.”

Encouraging him with confidence, his older brother kicked away the single-leg kickstand that had been holding the bicycle steady.

Suddenly unable to stand on its own, the bicycle wobbled.

“Big Brother will hold you from behind. So just pedal and move forward.”

Swallowing hard with a nervous face as he rode a bicycle for the first time, Shushu nodded.

“You must never let go.”

“Right, don’t worry.”

Thanks to Callix holding him from behind, Shushu was able to move forward while maintaining his balance on the bicycle.