

I Transmigrated Then Switched Parents

With the Villain chapter 27

Servants passing by the hallway, sensing something amiss from Melissa's frantic urgency, visited the second young master's bedroom and let out a shriek.

The white sheets were turning crimson.

"The Young Master!"

"Someone go call a doctor! Right now!"

Hearing the commotion among the servants, the butler appeared.

He sent away all the attendants peering into the bedroom except for the ones who presented as omegas.

"Young Master Damian has manifested as an omega right now. No one is to make a fuss, and tell Joseph to bring pain relievers and fever reducers immediately."

Watching Damian groan in agony on the bed, the butler felt reassured, thinking, 'He manifested just in time.'

Given that he carried the blood of Vesper, it was only natural for this to happen, but because there had been practically no signs of manifestation whatsoever, the Duke had been deeply consumed by worry.

Parents with children naturally tended to worry about everything, but even the butler had privately shared the Duke's bewilderment regarding Damian's delayed secondary gender manifestation.

Given that he had been smaller in stature than his peers during childhood, his development had been slow, so his secondary gender manifestation must have been slightly delayed as well.

Fortunately for Joseph, who had nearly had his throat slit by Melissa, the attendant sent to fetch him arrived in the nick of time, sparing his life.

Gathering his medical bag in a hurry, he visited Damian's bedroom.

Damian, who had ingested the awakening potion, was hemorrhaging.

Even in front of a crowd of people, Melissa's eyes were savage enough to suggest she wanted to tear Joseph limb from limb.

The moment the fake Damian's breathing smoothed out after receiving injections of pain relievers and fever reducers, the fierce look in Melissa's eyes softened back to gentleness.

"Joseph, you may take your leave now. No matter that you are a doctor, you cannot be kept near an omega who has just manifested."

"Yes, just in case, I will leave the pain relievers and fever reducers behind."

The moment Joseph stepped out, the butler issued orders to the attendants.

"The young master has experienced his first heat. Inform the Grand Duke of this and prepare a celebratory party."

He had an omega attendant wash Damian and diaper him in cloth.

The red fabric staining the sheets was carefully folded and placed inside a box for the alpha Damian would eventually marry in the future—an essential piece of evidence proving the omega's purity and capacity for conception.

A sudden uproar inside the castle caused Callix to drop his paperwork.

He ordered an attendant to find out what was going on.

The returning attendant delivered the news that Young Master Damian had manifested as an omega.

"An omega..."

He had wanted his younger brother to become his subordinate and assist him closely by his side, but he had ended up manifesting as an omega instead.

Yet, somehow, it felt fitting. Damian was a delicate beauty with skin as white as a spring fairy and golden eyes shining brilliantly like amber gemstones.

If such a creature had manifested as an alpha, a bizarre phenomenon would have swept through the Adamantian Empire where every single alpha fell into unrequited love with him.

The next morning, naturally, Damian did not appear at the dining table.

The anxiety had visibly vanished from the Duke's face, which had worn a shadow until recently.

Now that his secondary gender had manifested, he must have wondered why he had fretted so much over it.

Was it even imaginable for a member of the Vesper bloodline to be a beta?

“Cal, you must have heard as well—Damian manifested as a dominant omega last night. In a week, once Damian’s heat subsides, we will hold a celebration party. It’s your younger brother’s debutante ball, so make sure you escort him well.”

“Yes, Father. Don’t worry.”

“Haha. It’s a big problem because engagement certificates are already flying in for Damian.”

Contrary to his words that it was troublesome, the Duke looked exceptionally happy.

Frowning deeply, Callix demanded to know what kind of nonsense that was.

“Shushu is only thirteen. An engagement, you say?”

“You missed out on your own engagement period because you were wandering around battlefields, but everyone finds an engagement partner around this age. Cal, your younger brother is no longer a toddler.”

“No! Shushu is still a young child! An engagement is out of the question! What kind of alpha is that kid supposed to meet?”

Anger flaring up to the top of his head, Callix flung his napkin onto the dining table, utterly unable to rein in his emotions.

Finding his oldest son’s excessive reaction bizarre, Duke Maldini hardened his expression.

Meiyue watched the father-son clash with fascinated amusement, the corners of her lips curling upward.

“You’re obsessing over your younger brother simply because you don’t have an omega of your own yet. I’ll make sure to find you a suitable match before long, so keep that in mind.”

“Whose permission did you get to try and sell me off?”

“I’m not selling you off; at your age, everyone gets married and lives! I know that you’ve never even been in a romantic relationship and thus shy away from meeting omegas. But alphas are naturally drawn to omegas like bees to flowers. Once you actually meet an omega, you’ll come to like it, so listen to your father.”

Declaring that it wasn't worth listening to another word, Callix stood up from his seat.

"Do as you please. If you want to make that omega end up hacked to pieces and killed by my sword, that is."

"Y-you! You insolent wretch! Don't you dare walk away!"

Jabbering angrily at the back of Callix's head as he stormed out of the dining hall, Duke Maldini reached up to grasp the back of his neck as his blood pressure spiked.

He understood that because his oldest son had spent his childhood on battlefields, he had never even held an omega's hand, but he felt his reaction was far too extreme.

Come to think of it, given how severe his aversion symptoms had been toward the Gem as well, he wondered if Callix might harbor a deep-seated germaphobia or psychological aversion regarding sexual matters.

For the Young Duke, who needed to produce an heir, this was a major disqualifying flaw.

"Haah, what on earth am I to do with this?"

Watching Duke Maldini let out a heavy sigh as if nursing a headache, Meiyue unzipped her dress.

The moment she stripped naked, the attendants serving the meal quietly slipped out of the dining hall.

"Grand Duke, you said that alphas are drawn to omegas like bees to flowers, didn't you? If so, when will Your Grace ever taste my honey?"

Possessing a slender waist without an ounce of fat, plump thighs, and voluptuous breasts, Meiyue climbed right up onto the dining table and spread her legs wide.

Seeing her radiating heat pheromones and leaking arousal fluids, the Duke stood up from his seat.

"I am sorry, but I will maintain my fidelity to my wife until the day I die. You should give up as well and return to the Bastian estate."

Even when she threw herself at him completely naked, he wouldn't touch a single fingertip of hers.