

Exchanging Vows: The Swapped Wife Is a Top Shaman #Chapter 1 - Read Exchanging Vows: The Swapped Wife Is a Top Shaman Chapter 1

Ivy's Point of View

Pain.

That was the first thing I registered. Sharp, throbbing pain radiating from the back of my neck down my spine. My skull felt like someone had taken a hammer to it.

I tried to move, but my body wouldn't cooperate. Everything felt heavy, wrong. The ground beneath me was cold and hard. Not the soft mattress I expected on my wedding night.

Where the hell was I?

I forced my eyes open. Darkness. Dust. The underside of a bed frame inches from my face.

Under the bed?

My brain struggled to catch up. Why was I under a bed? Why did my neck feel like it had been snapped in half?

Then I heard it.

Whispering. Soft, breathy, intimate.

And the unmistakable sound of lips meeting skin.

"Are you sure you want to be with me?" A man's voice. Low, husky, dripping with want.

"There's no turning back after tonight, Sera."

My blood turned to ice.

Sera?

"Bastian..." A woman's voice now. Familiar. Too familiar. Dripping with charm and urgency. "Stop talking and hurry up. I've waited long enough."

No.

No, no, no.

That voice belonged to Seraphina. My cousin. The Crescent Moon Pack Alpha's precious daughter.

And that man. Bastian Ashford. Second son of the Silvermoon Pack Alpha. He was supposed to be my husband.

The bed creaked above me. The movements started slow, deliberate, then grew more urgent. Through the thin mattress, I could hear every shift of weight, every rustle of sheets.

"Fuck, you're so tight..." Bastian groaned, his voice rough with pleasure. "So much better than I imagined."

Seraphina let out a stifled cry. Half pain, half something else. "Harder... don't hold back..."

The bed rocked. Faster. More desperate.

I pressed my hand over my mouth, bile rising in my throat.

This isn't happening. This can't be happening.

But it was. The sounds were too real. The wet slap of skin against skin, the breathless moans, the creak of the wooden frame straining above me. Each noise drilled into my skull like a knife.

My wedding night.

My husband.

And my cousin was the one writhing beneath him.

The memories slammed back into me like a freight train.

Tonight was supposed to be the night Seraphina and I married into the Silvermoon Pack together. Two cousins from the Crescent Moon Pack, sent to strengthen the alliance between our families. Seraphina was betrothed to Dominic Ashford, the eldest son and heir of the Silvermoon Pack. I was matched with Bastian, the second son.

Our fathers were half-brothers. Seraphina's father, Roland, was the Alpha of Crescent Moon Pack. My father, Edwin, was only the Beta. Same blood, different status. That was the story of my entire life.

But six months ago, everything changed. Dominic had been injured in the war against the rogues. He'd shielded the king during an ambush and taken a brutal hit to the head. They said he might never wake up. A vegetable, some whispered. A dead man walking.

And Seraphina? She refused to be shackled to a corpse.

So she took what was mine instead.

Someone must have knocked me out. That explained the pain in my neck, the blackness in my memory. Seraphina had planned this. All of it. She'd stolen my place, stolen my husband, and left me unconscious under the bed like garbage.

The bed above me creaked louder. Seraphina's moans grew higher, more theatrical.

"I've been planning this for so long," she purred between gasps. "You have no idea how much I wanted you, Bastian. Not that vegetable brother of yours. He's practically dead already."

Bastian laughed. Actually laughed. While still buried inside her. "Dominic won't last much longer anyway. The healers give him weeks at best." His voice turned smug, dripping with ambition. "And when he's gone, the heir position falls to me. The Silvermoon Pack will be mine."

"Mmmm... my ambitious Alpha..." Seraphina moaned, stroking his ego along with everything else. "Deeper... yes, right there... give me all of it..."

The bed slammed harder. The frame groaned under their weight.

"You like that?" Bastian grunted. "You like taking your cousin's supposed to be husband's cock?"

"She never deserved you," Seraphina gasped out between thrusts. "A Beta's daughter... pathetic little Ivy... ah... you were always meant to be mine..."

Something inside me snapped.

The humiliation. The betrayal. The sheer audacity of them. Talking about me like I was nothing. Like I was less than nothing. It all boiled over into white-hot rage.

Before I could stop myself, I kicked the bed board. Hard.

THUD.

The movement above froze instantly.

"What the fuck!" Bastian's voice pitched high, startled. I heard him falter, his rhythm broken completely. He'd been right at the edge, and my kick had nearly scared him soft. "Is she awake?!"

Good.

"Ignore it," Seraphina hissed, breathless and annoyed. "It's nothing. She can't wake up yet. I made sure the dose was strong enough. Delia gave her enough to knock out a horse."

Dose?

They'd drugged me too? My own cousin had me drugged and dumped under the bed like a sack of trash?

"Are you sure?" Bastian sounded uncertain now, the mood clearly broken. But Seraphina wasn't having it.

"Positive. That little bitch won't open her eyes until morning." Her voice dropped, turned sultry again. "Now stop worrying and fuck me like you mean it. I want to feel you for days. I want to be so sore I can barely walk tomorrow."

A pause. Then Bastian groaned, apparently convinced, and the bed started moving again. Harder this time. Like he had something to prove. Like my interruption had wounded his pride and he needed to reclaim it.

"That's it... yes... don't stop..."

"Gonna fill you up, Sera... make you mine... mark you so deep everyone will know..."

"I'm already yours... ah... always was... forget about her... forget about Dominic... it's just us now..."

Their moans grew louder. More desperate. The headboard slammed against the wall in a sickening rhythm that made my stomach churn.

I couldn't breathe. Couldn't think. Rage and humiliation fought for space in my chest until I thought I might explode.

So I kicked again. Harder.

THUD.

This time, everything stopped.

Dead silence except for their ragged breathing.

"Something's under the bed. She really must be awake now." Bastian's voice was sharp now. Suspicious. All traces of lust replaced by irritation.

The mattress shifted. I heard feet hit the floor. Bare skin slapping against wood.

My heart slammed against my ribs. I squeezed my eyes shut, forced my body to go limp.

Play dead. Don't move. Don't breathe.

Footsteps. Slow. Deliberate. Then Bastian's face appeared at the edge of the bed, peering into the darkness beneath.

His eyes found me.

Tip: You can use left, right, A and D keyboard keys to browse between chapters.