

Exchanging Vows: The Swapped Wife Is a Top Shaman - Chapter 101[1,197 words]

Chapter 101: Chapter 101

Ivy's Point of View

The world went entirely silent for a fraction of a second as the boy's hands flew straight toward my belly. I fell on the lap of Prince Riven and did not fall directly to the ground. My heart beat violently, fear washed over me as I clutched my stomach. I was deeply frightened.

Without wasting a single second, I reached into the hidden pocket of my dress, pulled out a medicine, and immediately swallowed a pregnancy protection pill as a precaution to protect myself, and my unborn babies.

"Subdue him! Do not kill him!" Prince Riven roared, as he held me tightly against his chest, making sure I was completely safe.

Wolf and Blade lunged forward. Wolf slammed his boot onto the boy's back, pinning him to the dirt path while Blade wrenched his arms behind his back, securing him tightly.

We left the scene, back to the manor. The boy was interrogated right, his eyes twitching wildly as the effects of the drug began to rapidly fade away, leaving him shivering and weak.

Hearing the wild commotion, the manor steward came running inside the room alongside a group of guard scouts. The moment his eyes landed on the child, his jaw dropped in shock.

"Heavens above... I recognize him, Lady Ivy!" the manor steward gasped out, pointing a finger at the boy. "He is Toby, the son of the widow who manages our eastern wheat fields. He is a good, quiet boy. He would never do such a monstrous thing."

The boy suddenly burst into tears, as he collapsed onto the stones. The boy cried and complained hysterically.

"Please, noble lady. I had no choice!" Toby sobbed, showing his hands, where his left index finger was wrapped in bloody rags.

"My mother was captured by two rogue wolves five days ago right at the border line. They threatened me with a finger amputation to force me to harm your unborn child. They told me if I didn't bump into her belly today, they would skin my mother alive. I had no choice but to comply."

The horror of his confession sent a freezing wave of fear through the entire group. Prince Riven looked down at the shivering child, then at Wolf.

"Take a scouting unit and search the mountain immediately," Dominic commanded, his voice cold as steel. "Find the widow's holding location. Bring her back alive."

"Understood, Master Dominic." Wolf barked, signaling ten warriors to charge into the deep mountain.

While we waited, I remained seated close to Dominic. About three hours later, Wolf and rest of the guards returned. Wolf looked at us, and he shook his head.

"We found the cave, Master Dominic, Prince Riven," Wolf reported bowing his head. "The guards searched the mountain thoroughly and found the body of the boy's mother." He reported.

"Body?" Prince Riven repeated.

"She had just been killed minutes before our arrival... her throat was cleanly slit with a blade, and the attackers had already fled without a single trace. They left nothing behind."

Toby let out a piercing, heartbreaking scream of grief, burying his face in his hands as Blade tried to comfort him. The shadow enemy had executed the entire operation with a terrifying precision, by using the child as a disposable weapon, and then silencing the witness the exact second the ambush failed.

Prince Riven didn't let the fear consume the manor.

"Blade, secure the boy. He should be officially handed to the imperial Criminal Department for their own alignment protection, and make sure additional guards patrol every road and river border surrounding the manor."

IN THE EVENING:

"This wasn't the work of rogue wolves, Riven," Dominic spoke out his mind. "Think about the timeline. I have analyzed the facts and I am suspected that it was actually done by the people in our own pack."

"Why do you say that, Dominic?" Prince Riven asked.

"Because our journey to this place was kept under a strict veil. Only the people in the Silvermoon pack palace knew that Ivy and I had gone to the manor together under the guise of a fetal care retreat. The capital spies didn't have the time to set up a local tenant ambush five days ago. The orders came directly from someone inside our own palace halls." Dominic said.

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We weren't just fighting the anybody, we were actively harboring a traitor inside our own Silvermoon family vaults. Dominic didn't hesitate.

So he told Alpha Alaric and Luna Helena about this matter immediately, sending a swift hawk messenger across the borders with a scroll detailing the ambush.

The reaction from the main house was instantaneous. Luna Helena rushed to the manor the very next afternoon after receiving the urgent letter, her carriage kicking up dust as her guards swarmed the surrounding. She didn't care about anything else, but the moment she burst into our private parlor, her eyes filled with fresh tears as she ran over to pull me into a tight embrace.

"Ivy! Oh, my sweet girl." Luna Helena cried out, as she held me against her chest, feeling immense sorrow for the ordeal.

She pulled back, and she slammed her hand against the table. "Those disgusting, faceless cowards. To target a pregnant woman... to target my grandchildren? I will investigate this matter thoroughly, Ivy, I will drag every single servant and elder into the interrogation rooms until the traitor's skin is flayed alive!"

I reached out, gently wrapping my fingers around her wrist to calm her.

"Mother, please, calm your anger," I tried to calm her. "We must not be reckless or act without undeniable evidence. If we start dragging the elders into the cells without proof, the traitor will use the chaos to turn the pack council against Alpha Alaric. We must play the long game."

Luna Helena let out a long sigh, her eyes softening as she looked at my face. She let out a small, self-deprecating laugh, squeezing my hand tightly.

"You are wish, my child." Luna said frankly. I gave her a small smile.

"I am not good at scheming or handling these dark politics, but I treated you... my daughter-in-law sincerely with every ounce of my soul. But you should know that I would gladly die to protect my grandchildren." Luna Helena said.

Luna Helena insisted on staying in the manor for one night. She refused to sleep in the guest wing... instead, she insisted on living directly with me inside the smaller estate house, pulling the mattress right beside my bed to act as a personal shield.

The midnight hours grew still. I lay under the blankets, my hands resting over my stomach, and I felt my twin were kicking softly. They were healthy, and completely stabilized by the medicine.

Luna Helena turned on my side, as she looked at me with a soft, motherly tenderness. She leaned her chin on her hand, her voice dropping to a whisper that broke the silence of the room.

"Ivy, is there any fresh news of your father and your younger brother taking the high noble examination back in the Crescent Moon Pack?"

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Chapter 102: Chapter 102

Ivy's Point of View

"I have no idea if my father, and Finn passed the examination. I should find out if they passed." I told Luna.

"They passed, Ivy. Both of them." Luna Helena's excited voice filled the bedroom.

I sat up instantly, throwing back the blankets as my heart did a joyful flutter. "Mother, truly? The preliminary results from the Crescent Moon Pack have officially arrived?"

"Yes, your father, Edwin, and your younger brother, Finn, have both passed the preliminary exam with flying colors!" Luna Helena laughed softly, squeezing my hands

"Thanks the goddess." I let out.

"The final exam will take place in half a year, and they are officially qualified to participate. Your family is rising, my clever girl."

"Thank the heavens," I breathed, a genuine smile breaking across my face. Knowing that my father's hard work with Professor Aldwin was paying off made me very happy.

THE NEXT MORNING:

Luna Helena returned home early the next morning, leaving an entire legion of guards to reinforce our security grid. True to her promise, Bella came to accompany me every single day at the estate house.

"I am so incredibly sorry, Ivy," Bella sighed, her fingers nervously snapping a spoon as we sat inside the kitchen.

"I blame myself completely for the previous accident. If I hadn't dragged you out for that walk, those rogue wolves would have never had the chance to deploy that child against your belly. I dare not mention going out for a walk ever again." Bella said.

"Bella, stop torturing yourself. The enemy was already lurking around. It had nothing to do with our walk. I let her know... I didn't want her to feel bad."

She nodded, letting out a smile.

"Besides, if we are trapped inside, we might as well make use of the manor's stores. Let us study the art of farmhouse cooking together." I said.

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The two of us spent the next two weeks transforming the estate kitchen into our own culinary laboratory, studying traditional recipes and experimenting with rare mountain spices. The dynamic was perfect: I gave the creative ideas and medicinal flavor profiles, and Bella did the actual physical work.

"Add a pinch of dried star-anise to the wild boar broth, Bella," I instructed, leaning over the steaming pot. "It will completely cut through the gaminess and warm the core meridians."

"How do you know all this Ivy?" Bella asked. I laughed at her confused state.

"Like this?" Bella asked, carefully measuring the spice into her palm before stirring the stew.

After more than ten days of this intense practice, Bella's cooking skills improved a lot. Because Dominic was strictly eating a light healing diet, most of the rich farmhouse dishes Bella made were enthusiastically tasted by Prince Riven, who always praised us with sincerity.

"This pastry is magnificent, Lady Bella," Prince Riven murmured that evening, setting down his fork as he looked up from. "The capital chefs could never replicate this deep, earthy warmth."

"The pastry is excellent, Your Highness," I chimed in with a small smirk touching my lips.

I looked at my friend, purposely raising my voice to tease her. "But you must know, Prince Riven, a woman's culinary arts are a powerful strategy. I always bluntly point out the shortcomings of a dish, because I firmly believe that to truly capture a man's heart, you must first successfully capture his stomach."

The moment the words left my mouth, Bella's face turned red. After hearing this, she blushed, and quickly glanced toward Prince Riven before dropping her gaze to her slippers. Prince Riven didn't snap or look away... instead, a soft, amused smile danced in his lips as he watched her fluster.

I sensed the sudden charge in the air, realizing that the two of them might truly have mutual feelings for each other. Later that night, I went into Dominic's master bedchambers, my mind was already piecing together a matchmaking scheme.

"Dominic, your friend Riven is completely smitten with Bella," I whispered, sitting on the edge of his mattress. "I planned to let you test the eldest prince's attitude tomorrow to see if he is serious about a future union."

"I will probe his mind, my love," Dominic smiled, wrapping a warm hand around my waist. But his expression instantly turned serious as he pulled a scroll from beneath his pillow.

"But first, we have far greater news from the pack. My father has sent guards to bring back news from our network, and they have finally found the true culprit who wanted to harm you."

"Who was it?"

"It was Mrs. Margot," Dominic revealed, his voice dropping to a dark, furious tone.

"What? Mrs. Margot?" I frowned deeply, my mind analyzing the facts. "How did the guards bypass her security to confirm the order? Mrs. Margot is incredibly paranoid."

"The investigation method was brilliant. I had our trusted palace pharmacist secretly replace the sedative pills Mrs. Margot takes daily for her anxiety with a customized drug containing hallucinogenic ingredients." Dominic explained, and I listened.

"Then, I had several of our stealthiest maids take turns listening to Mrs. Margot's sleep talk on the roof every single night." He continued.

"Sleep talk?" I gasped softly.

"Yes," Dominic nodded. "Under the influence of the hallucinogens, her mind fractured at night. Mrs. Margot repeatedly shouted in her sleep that she wanted to kill you and the bastard child in your belly."

I'm not shocked one bit, but I never expected her to go this far.

"I judged entirely from her intermittent sleep talk that the tenant boy ambush was her doing. To be thorough, I also put the exact same hallucinogens into the sedative pills of Bastian and his mother, but the maids did not hear any abnormalities or confessions from them."

"But Dominic, sleep talk is fickle," I argued, my instincts rising. "How can we confirm this to the high council? Can this be used to convict her?"

"No," Dominic admitted frankly. "This is only a tactical inference, Ivy. It cannot be used as evidence in front of the Alpha King's representatives. But at least we officially know which direction to take our blades, and we know exactly who is holding the strings."

"If Mrs. Margot is this desperate to hurt me, and my unborn children, it makes no sense unless the stakes are infinite. Dominic, I must once again raise my bold speculation from the other day." I said.

"What speculation?" He asked.

"Is it possible that Bastian may not be your father's biological son at all? What if he is actually Alpha's younger brother's son... the child of Lord Khalid?" I asked.

Dominic let out a low sigh, his gaze locking onto mine with a profound weight. "I had the exact same thought, Ivy. I asked my father about this directly before we left the pack, and I received a positive answer from him. He insists Bastian carries the true Silvermoon bloodline."

I still find this unsettling, but what can I say? I listened, maybe I was overthinking.

"But whether my father is being blinded by family pride or hiding a greater secret, I decided we should not expose Mrs. Margot's sleep talk for the time being. We must cast a very long line to catch the big fish." He said.

"Alright." I concurred.

"We must let them think their ambush succeeded in terrifying us into hiding [•]."

I agreed firmly, nodding my head. "You are right, Dominic. Let the snakes keep moving in the dark. I promise to pay far more attention in the future, and we will wait for them to make their big mistake."

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Chapter 103: Chapter 103

Prince Riven's Point of View

"Let me help you with that, Your Highness," Bella said.

On the other side of the estate grounds, away from the medicine logs of Ivy's laboratory, I took Bella out for a peaceful walk outside the lower village. Bella took the active initiative to push my wheelchair down the winding dirt path.

I leaned my head back slightly, a relaxed smile touching my lips as I looked up at her. "You push with a steady hand, Lady Bella. The capital ladies usually collapse from exhaustion after a hundred paces."

"I am a strong woman, Prince Riven, not a fragile girl," Bella replied, a small laugh escaping her lips.

She paused by a stone bridge, looking down at my legs with a sudden, serious look in her eyes. "But tell me something... the rumor of the mysterious Divine Healer has consumed everywhere. Why don't you ask the goddess or the shamans to heal your legs? If there is even a single spark of hope in this world, shouldn't you chase it?"

I smiled softly, my eyes locking onto hers with an intense curiosity. "And you, Bella? Do you truthfully hope that my legs will be perfectly good again?"

"Of course I do!" Bella answered instantly, her voice full of a fierce sincerity. "A warrior like you belongs on a stallion leading the frontline, not trapped in this wheelchair."

"And if my legs are cured," I started. "Would you also be completely boiling and excited about it? Would you celebrate my return to the court?"

The moment the words left my mouth, Bella's face turned a shade of red. She quickly let go of the handles, stepping back as she lowered her eyes to her slippers.

"Your Highness... please do not tease me. I have already broken off my engagement with Fred, and a woman with a ruined reputation doesn't dare to imagine sitting beside a prince."

"Listen to me very carefully, Bella," I said, sounding serious. "It is not your fault that you broke off that engagement. Fred was a foolish, unfaithful wretch who was never good enough to lick the dust off your boots. You did nothing wrong."

"But the high nobles do not care about the truth." Bella cried out softly. "They look at me and they only see a permanent stain on my family's name. It makes me want to run away, to hide in this village forever."

She turned to flee down the gravel path, but before she could take a single step, my hand shot forward. I grabbed her arm, stopping her in her tracks, letting my grip stay entirely gentle for a fraction of a second before I slowly let go.

"I don't care about the so call stains, Bella," I spoke out my mind. "I am entirely willing to marry you myself. Tell me honestly... do you refuse me because you think I am just a useless, broken disabled man trapped in this chair?"

Bella gasped loudly, her breath hitching as her entire face turned as red again. She couldn't utter a single coherent word in her shock... instead, she turned on her heel and ran away.

I didn't shout after her. I simply sat back, I smirk as I understood with certainty that her sudden run meant she was entirely willing to accept my heart.

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Ivy's Point of View

"Where is Bella today?" I asked, as I stepped into the drawing room. I looked over at Prince Riven, who was sitting quietly. "It has been three days since she last visited the manor house. I wonder why Bella has not come to see us."

Prince Riven turned his head slowly, a smirk playing at the corners of his lips as he looked up from his book. "It might be because of the incident during our walk the other afternoon, Ivy. I may have suggested a certain... arrangement to her."

"An arrangement?" I arched a brow. "You have to make me understand, because it has been three consecutive days since Bella last stepped foot here. She sent a note through the servants this morning claiming she is simply not feeling well and needs bed rest."

Prince Riven scooted. "Is that the excuse she gave?"

"Yes, but I know her far too well to believe a sudden illness is actually keeping her locked," I replied, crossing my arms. "She isn't sick at all."

Riven's smirk widened into a proud smile. "You are entirely right, Ivy. She is hiding because I directly proposed marriage to her."

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EVENING:

"We need to pull her out of that shell before she thinks herself into a corner," I murmured to Dominic.

I didn't waste any time. I sent a maid to Bella to invite her over for a private dinner, and I purposely used a brand new batch of sweet mountain-berry pastries and rich farmhouse stews to lure her out of her isolation. The strategy worked perfectly, the temptation of the food and our friendship brought her back to our dining hall by sunset.

During the meal, the atmosphere around the table took a wonderful, hilarious turn. I sat with my tea, and I instantly noticed a change in their body language. Whenever a servant passed a tray, Bella and the eldest prince were subtly, attentively serving each other the best cuts of meat and the sweetest berries, their fingers brushing against the silver platters as they exchanged soft, stolen glances.

They didn't just talk, a satisfied smile breaking across my face as I watched them. They have completely developed deep feelings for each other.

After the meal concluded, Prince Riven didn't let the servants handle the security, he took the active initiative to personally send Bella back to her village cottage, rolling his chair right beside her slow steps under the bright moonlight.

The moment the front doors clicked shut room went silent, I marched straight back into the master bedchambers to find Dominic. I sat on the edge of his mattress.

"Dominic, we have a big problem," I said, my voice dropping to a serious tone. "After returning to the room, I must discuss this matter with you directly. Riven and Bella are falling in love, but I am deeply fearing the consequences. The Prince's identity is exceptionally special. If he heals his spine and reclaims his throne, he will inevitably be forced by the state council to marry multiple noble wives and take countless side concubines to secure pack alliances.

Bella is a pure, dignified soul, she barely survived Fred's betrayal, and she absolutely cannot handle the agony of a shared marriage bed."

Dominic let out a low sigh. He reached up, his hand gently wrapping around my wrist to soothe my fear.

"Ivy, you are looking at this through your own heart," Dominic explained softly. "The eldest prince will eventually have to get married to secure the kingdom's line. In our world, it is infinitely better for a ruler to marry someone familiar, loyal, and genuinely likable than to be forced into a political union with an unfamiliar stranger from a rival faction.

Bella has an incredible character and a strong, unyielding personality. The two of them are actually a magnificent match. Moreover, this is simply how our society is built, and we cannot blindly impose our own unique way of life or monogamous standards onto other couples' destinies."

I bit my lip, the reality of the kingdom cutting through my instincts for my friend. I took a step back from his pillow, shaking my head slightly as I bargained for her safety.

"I understand the politics, Dominic," I said flatly. "But I still hold a strict condition. I firmly hope that Bella will be told the truth that the eldest prince's legs will be completely better before she makes her final, permanent decision to bind her life to his."

"I hear your heart, Ivy, but that is a boundary we cannot cross right now," Dominic said.

"The secret of your shamanic power and his spinal realignment is a matter of life and death for our entire pack alliance. This matter should be decided entirely by the eldest prince himself when he believes the time is right, and we are simply not convenient to intervene or force his hand right now." He added.

I opened my mouth to argue, but before a single word could escape my lips, Dominic placed his lips on mine to shut me off.

Exchanging Vows: The Swapped Wife Is a Top Shaman - Chapter 104[1,175 words]

Chapter 104: Chapter 104

Ivy's Point of View

"The calcification has completely dissolved, Riven," I said, setting down my acupuncture rods and pulling off my gloves

I reached into my kit and prepared the final health tools for him, aligning the support braces and the specialized heating tonics.

"At this exact point, your spinal meridians are fully reconnected. The numbness is gone, which means your legs finally have feeling again, and you can officially start practicing how to walk."

Prince Riven sat on the edge of the examination table, his chest heaving with deep emotion as he stared down at his bare feet. He slowly wiggled his toes, a look of profound, silent awe breaking across his face.

"I can feel the coldness of the stone floor, Ivy," he spoke out, his voice shaking with emotion. "Months of dead darkness... and I can finally feel the earth again."

Just as he reached out to grip the bars to take his very first unstable step, the doors pushed open, and Bella walked inside carrying a tray of fresh tea. She froze completely by the doorway, her eyes widening in shock as she saw this incredible scene.

"Your Highness... you are standing?" Bella gasped, nearly dropping her tray as her cheeks flushed with overwhelming emotion.

I wiped my hands on a cloth, a clever, matchmaking spark lighting up my eyes as I stepped between them. I looked at my friend, keeping my voice entirely sweet but serious.

"He is indeed standing, Bella." I said. "Do you truly want the eldest prince to stand up and reclaim his high position as the rightful heir to the kingdom?" I asked her directly.

"Of course I do, Ivy." Bella answered instantly. "He deserves to take back his rightful place, and rule his people."

"Well, you must brace your heart then," I joked, a playful smirk touching my lips as I let it out.

"The eldest prince is already the most handsome warrior in the capital. I firmly guarantee that the exact second he gets better and rides his warhorse back into the high court, he will instantly become a heartthrob among all the noble packs. Countless Alphas' daughters will be throwing themselves at his boots to become his wives."

The moment the words left my mouth, Bella's bright expression stiffened, and she felt deeply uneasy and conflicted after hearing this. She lowered her head, and I know why... she was thinking of the painful memory of her unfaithful fiancé, Fred. She knew the brutal reality of the royal courts all too well.

Dominic cleared his throat loudly, turning his chair toward the exit. "Ivy, the butler reported that the winter root shipments just arrived in the lower storehouse. We must go check the inventory right now."

"Ah, yes, the medicine logs require my urgent signature," I agreed smoothly, taking Dominic's hand.

I, and Dominic left the room on a quick, clever excuse to purposefully leave a completely private space for the two of them to settle their hearts.

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Prince Riven's Point of View:

The doors clicked shut, leaving the room completely silent. Bella stood frozen near the tea table, her shoulders slightly hunched as she stared down at the floor, refusing to look at my face.

I let go of the support bars, forcing my unstable, uncooperative muscles to hold my posture. I took one slow, agonizing step forward, until I was standing just two feet away from her.

"Bella," I spoke softly. "Look at me, please."

She slowly raised her head, her eyes filled with unshed tears. "You shouldn't push yourself, Your Highness. Ivy said the recovery period requires rest."

"I don't care about the recovery right now, I care about your heart," I said. I looked straight into her eyes, making a solemn, unbreakable statement to her.

"I know what happened to you in the capital, Bella. I know your fiancé Fred was caught cheating, bringing a big humiliation upon your name, and I know you fled to this isolated village just to get yourself together and escape their cruel tongues." I paused letting my words flow.

"But hear me well... no matter what happens in the future, and no matter how high my rank climbs when I reclaim my throne, I will treat you exactly as before. My heart will never change, and I hope that you will always stand firmly by my side."

Bella gasped softly, her lips parting in shock as the sincerity of my vow pierced through her defenses.

Moved by my words, Bella stepped forward without a single second of hesitation, her hands reaching out to firmly grasp my palms.

"Prince Riven..." She said, but I cut her off.

"Riven will do." I corrected, and she laughed.

"If you can truly treat me as your equal, and if you can truly promise me that your bed will never hold another woman's shadow, if you treat me as before, I will gladly face any political storm with you until the end."

The strength of her loyalty broke the final walls around my soul. I pulled her into my arms with force, burying my face in the soft crook of her neck as I held her against my chest.

"Hear my vow, Bella," I said solemnly into her skin, my grip tightening around her waist. "No matter what high royal identity or crown I will have in the future, you will only be a single, formal wife in my heart, not any other submissive identity or concubine. There will never be a third party between us."

Bella let out a soft, weeping laugh of relief, wrapping her arms tightly around my neck as she agreed to my terms.

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Since that momentous night of vows, the daily atmosphere inside the manor changed entirely. Bella didn't stay hidden in her village cottage anymore... instead, she came to the manor early every single morning to strictly supervise me walking practice, holding my arm and counting my steps.

With her standing as my anchor, I made rapid progress with my physical rehabilitation. I pushed my body past the limits of ordinary shifters, my inner wolf roaring with a newfound purpose.

After just one short month of grueling, agonizing practice, I could walk slowly alone, and my overall recovery speed far exceeded Ivy's expectations.

ANOTHER MONTH LATER:

The secret preparation was officially complete. I didn't hide my strength any longer. I returned to the capital palace first, riding a black stallion at the head of my elite guards.

I didn't leave my woman behind, I took Bella away with me under the protection of my royal shield, and I personally escorted her back to her original pack to formally demand her hand in marriage from her family elders, throwing the entire capital court into chaos.

The next day, the loud iron bells of the capital began to ring across the valleys, and my father... the Alpha King issued a grand royal marriage decree that was stamped with the high golden seal of the throne.

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Chapter 105: Chapter 105

Ivy's Point of View

"Keep your core tight, Dominic," I instructed as I adjusted the splints along his right thigh."

It has been months since the Prince Riven and Bella left for the capital palace. I, and Dominic has been here, treating his legs.

"Your fractured leg bone has had the exact required three months to calcify flawlessly under my moon-lily injections. You have been feeling the warm energy currents in your toes for weeks, so starting today, I am finally letting you start exercising." I told him.

Dominic let out a chuckle, his hands gripping the bars we had mounted inside our private manor courtyard. With a surge of determination, he pulled himself up from his wheelchair. Because he had been feeling his legs consistently and with the vital help of his vast, roaring internal strength to flush the stagnant meridians, he made progress.

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FEW DAYS LATER:

In just ten short days of grueling, focused practice, he was able to move freely without a single support bar.

"I am back, Ivy," Dominic said, pulling me against his chest as his eyes burned with a profound, grateful intensity. "I can walk by your side now, my love."

"And not a single person knows it yet," I smiled.

After months of perfecting his gait, the time for hiding in the mountains was officially over. We packed up our trunks, boarded the carriage under the tight guard of Wolf and Blade, and went back home to the Silvermoon Pack.

The moment we arrived, Luna Helena met us at the entrance, her face pale with anxiety. Without a word to the surrounding maids, Luna took Dominic and me directly into the secluded inner hall and slammed the doors, locking us securely from the inside.

"Tell me the truth, Dominic," Luna Helena gasped, her hands shaking. "Did the treatment work? Is there any hope?"

Dominic didn't answer with words. He offered a wide smile, stood up straight from the wheelchair, and walked around the room with a completely flawless stride.

Luna Helena froze in shock, her hand flying to her mouth as loud tears of pure joy burst from her eyes. She stumbled forward, her knees nearly buckling as she cried uncontrollably at the sight of her son's miracle. Dominic instantly lunged forward, catching her in a fierce, tight embrace.

He hugged his mother tightly against his chest, his voice filled with emotion.

"I am completely healed, Mother," Dominic promised into her hair. "I give you my word... I will be exceptionally careful everywhere in the future, and I will never let you worry or weep for my life ever again."

"This is a true miracle from the Moon Goddess!" Luna Helena cried out, wiping her tear-stained face as she finally pulled back.

She was extremely excited, as she turned her gaze directly onto me. She grabbed my hands, squeezing them. "Thank you, Ivy. I am so incredibly grateful to you for bringing such immense healing to my son."

"I am simply doing my duty as his wife, Mother," I replied softly.

After that moment. I, and my mother-in-law sat together on the divan, chatting and laughing intimately about the capital's fashion trends, Bella's rising noble status, and the upcoming birth of the twins. Luna Helena laugh at everything I said, while we gisted.

Later that evening, Alpha Alaric joined us for a private family banquet inside the inner sanctum to celebrate our return, the table loaded with roasted pheasant, flagons of wine, and rich mushroom broths. Dominic remained seated in his wheelchair whenever the common house servants entered the room, keeping his recovery entirely concealed.

Once the servants cleared the main platters and left the hall, Dominic spoke.

"Father, Mother, we need to talk about the strategy moving forward," Dominic mentioned seriously. "Our intelligence confirms that the pack is still unsafe. Mrs. Margot's hallucinogenic sleep talk proved she orchestrated that boy's ambush on Ivy's belly, implying that there might be a powerful, treasonous force right here in the palace that could be highly detrimental to Ivy and my children."

"Margot is being watched. But here is not too safe for Ivy." Alpha Alaric said.

"Which is exactly why we cannot stay here while Ivy's pregnancy reaches its final weeks," Dominic countered firmly, looking at his father.

"Do you have a plan?" Alpha asked.

"The spies are getting desperate. We have already formulated a plan to take my wife directly back to a secluded rural villa... to a private country estate... to let her safely recuperate and completely avoid any disaster in a few months when the twins are ready to be born."

"A rural villa is a wise choice, Dominic," Luna Helena agreed warmly, reaching to scoop a generous portion of a specialized stew I had personally prepared to boost her energy. "Ivy needs peace away from Margot's snakes."

Helena lifted her spoon, offering me a bright, loving smile as she praised my skills. "Your spice blends are always magnificent, my girl."

However, the exact second after Luna Helena ate the dish served by me, her spoon slipped from her fingers, clattering against her plate as her face instantly turned a shade of gray. Her eyes widened in panic, and she suddenly clutched her chest, letting out a strangled gasp of agonizing chest discomfort.

Before Alpha Alaric or Dominic could even jump up from their seats, she leaned over the edge of the table and vomited violently right on the spot, dark blood mixing with the rich broth on the floor.

"Helena!" Alpha Alaric roared, his chair flying backward and shattering against the stone wall as he lunged forward to catch his collapsing wife.

The sudden, horrific turn of events caused an immediate, suffocating panic among everyone present in the room. Luna Helena's body went entirely limp, a sweat breaking out from her forehead as she groaned in pain.

"Guards! Lock down the palace!" Alpha Alaric was completely furious.

He glared down at the stained table. "What is happening to her?"

"Dominic, hold the Alpha back!" I shouted, rushing over to press my fingers firmly against Luna Helena's trembling wrist to take her pulse.

As I closed my eyes, letting a thread of my shamanic energy drift into her veins to diagnose the attack, a shocking, unexpected realization clicked into place in my mind. The pulse wasn't jumping with the erratic, burning chaos of a standard chemical venom or a toxin. Instead, her reproductive meridians were violently contracting, a familiar, deep life-force expansion vibrating against my fingertips.

I had a vague, stunning guess in my mind about what was truly happening to my mother-in-law's body, but looking at the furious Alpha Alaric and the swarming guards, I chose to stay silent and did not make it public.

"Alpha Alaric, stop shouting at the kitchen staff and listen to me," I spoke out. "This is not a matter for your executioners or your warriors. I am only advising you to seek immediate medical treatment from the high palace physician first."

Exchanging Vows: The Swapped Wife Is a Top Shaman - Chapter 106[1,303 words]

Chapter 106: Chapter 106

Ivy's Point of View

"Clear the corridors. Fetch the high physician immediately." Alpha Alaric's commanded. He swept Luna Helena into his arms, sprinting down the hallway toward the bedchambers.

Dominic wheeled his chair closely behind them to maintain our public cripple disguise in front of the swarming guards. I followed right at their side as we burst into the master suite.

Alpha Alaric hurriedly laid his wife onto the pillows, her face completely pale as she groaned from the discomfort. Within minutes, the palace physician rushed through the doors, he pressed his fingers firmly against the Luna's body to run a thorough pulse test.

A tense, suffocating silence dropped over the bedroom. I watched the physician's eyes widen in shock before a wide smile broke across his face.

"Well? Speak, old man." Alpha Alaric bellowed. "What seems to be the problem?"

The physician released her wrist and bowed deeply. "Alpha Alaric, there is absolutely no need to panic. After testing her, I just confirmed that Luna Helena was pregnant."

"What?" Luna Helena gasped, her eyes flying open as shock erupted across her features.

The moment the doctor left the room to prepare a stabilizing tonic, she slumped back against the headboard. Luna looked straight at me, her hands shaking as she cried out.

"Pregnant? At my age? I am already forty years old. I can't believe it at all, Ivy. This must be a cruel trick of the mind."

"The pulse of life doesn't lie, Mother," I said softly, stepping closer to comfort her.

"No, I feel that being pregnant at this age is too embarrassing, especially since you are also pregnant." Helena groaned, covering her face with her sleeves in total shame.

"It is a complete, ridiculous joke for a mother-in-law and a daughter-in-law to be pregnant together. How can I face the rest of the pack while carrying a child alongside my own son's wife? The people talks will destroy my dignity."

"Let them talk until their throats turn dry!" Alpha Alaric suddenly interrupted, bursting into a laugh.

He was completely overjoyed, his eyes gleaming with pride as he threw his arms around his blushing wife. He pulled back, his expression turning intensely authoritative.

"Helena, listen to me. I am ordering you right now to hand over the entire palace stewardship to your head steward. You will not lift a single finger, and you will focus 100% of your energy on taking care of the baby."

"Mother, you must be more open-minded about this blessing," I advised her, offering a smile. "The world doesn't look down on a new life. Besides, think about the future—Dominic and Bastian are wild, stubborn boys who spent their youth on the training fields. What if the Moon Goddess isn't sending you another loud warrior? What if you are finally blessed with a beautiful, gentle daughter to spoil?"

The word daughter hit her heart. Luna Helena froze, her embarrassment finally melting away as her expression became completely energetic once more.

"A daughter... a little princess of our own?" she whispered, a smile touching her lips.

That exact night, Alpha Alaric took the initiative and deliberately spread the pregnancy news throughout the entire Silvermoon pack territory.

He ordered a grand bonfire celebration, both to share his extreme happiness and to strategically see if anyone in the pack would panic and attempt to harm the baby, turning the blessing into a trap for the enemies.

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THE NEXT MORNING :

I woke up to a cold, empty bed. Feeling a sudden wave of defensive vigilance, I pulled on my shawl and walked down the hallway until I found Dominic sitting rigidly behind his grand study desk.

Before I could even speak, the side door clicked open, and our most trusted shadow guard slipped inside. He bowed tightly toward Dominic.

"Master Dominic, I have a message," the guard said. "Last night, while the pack was celebrating the Luna's pregnancy, I remained stationed on the tiles above Mrs. Margot's chambers as ordered. The hallucinogens we slipped into her sedative pills completely fractured her sanity."

The guard reported to Dominic that he overheard Mrs. Margot's dream on the roof last night.

"Did she speak to the tenant boy ambush?"

"It is far worse, sir," the guard panted. "Although her sleep talk was highly fragmented and broken, the phrases she screamed out directly hinted at a shocking secret. Master... Alpha Alaric's mother's death years ago was actively, directly related to Mrs. Margot's hands."

"What did you say?" Dominic roared hearing this. I remained silent all this while. Thinking about what the guard just said.

In a surge of fury, his hands slammed against the armrests, and Dominic was so deeply shocked that he almost stood up straight from his wheelchair, his feet pressing hard against the floor before he remembered to force his body back down to guard the crippled disguise in front of the guard.

The guard bowed quickly and evacuated the room, locking the doors behind him to secure our privacy.

I walked over to him, Dominic didn't say a word at first. He reached out with his arms, grabbed my waist, and suddenly pulled me straight onto his lap, burying his face deeply into the crook of my neck. He let out a groan, holding me so tightly I could feel the thumping of his heart against my chest.

"Ivy..." Dominic suddenly lamented, his voice cracking with hurt as he looked up at me. "Having too many wives and concubines inside a single pack will always cause problems for the lineage."

"Calm your spirit, Dominic," I said, gently rubbing the tense muscles of his shoulders. "Tell me exactly what the guard heard through the stone tiles."

"The guard had overheard Mrs. Margot's sleep last night and pieced together something entirely suspicious about my grandmother's sudden death," Dominic explained.

"Years ago, the former Luna died of what the physicians called a natural heart failure during the winter freeze. But in her drug-induced nightmare last night, Margot was laughing hysterically in the dark. In the sleep, she explicitly mentioned a phrase: 'I didn't expect you to be sent straight to the underworld with just two simple pieces of ginseng.'"

My mind froze, my knowledge instantly piecing the puzzle together in a fraction of a second.

"Ginseng is a supreme heart stimulant, Dominic," I analyzed as I looked into his eyes.

"If a warrior's heart is failing, ginseng will save them. But if Mrs. Margot took two raw pieces of premium white ginseng, soaked them in a highly concentrated solution of forbidden Moon Shadow Hound saliva or Silvervine root juice, and then slowly dried them under the sun... the root would look completely ordinary."

It would become a flawless, invisible poisonous ginseng . The exact second your grandmother boiled it for her tea, the toxic interaction would trigger a violent, internal meridian contraction that looks exactly like a natural stroke to standard doctors."

"A perfect, unpunished execution," Dominic hissed through his teeth.

"If we want to turn this inference into undeniable evidence, we cannot look at the past medicine ledgers," I suggested. "They would have burned the documents decades ago. To expose their framed face to the council, we must find the people who were in that room.

I suggest we secretly investigate and hunt down the personal housemaid who served your grandmother back then. If the servant is still alive, the servant will remember who brought those two pieces of ginseng into the kitchen."

"We cannot launch a historic murder investigation inside this palace while my father is focusing entirely on guarding my mother's new pregnancy," Dominic said.

After discussing the extreme risks and the lack of physical proof, the two of us decided to take our strategy... agreeing to immediately consult with Prince Riven.

Exchanging Vows: The Swapped Wife Is a Top Shaman - Chapter 107[1,157 words]

Chapter 107: Chapter 107

Ivy's Point of View

Ivy's Point of View

Dominic and I are inside his father's study early that morning, to report exactly what our shadow guard had overheard through the rooftop the night before.

"What did you just say, Dominic?" Alpha Alaric asked. He stood behind his desk, his eyes blazed with an fury. "My mother... the former supreme Luna... you are telling me her sudden stroke years ago wasn't a natural failure? You suspect there is a foul, invisible execution behind her death?"

"The hallucinogens completely fractured Mrs. Margot's sanity last night, Father," Dominic explained. "Her sleep talk was entirely fragmented, but she explicitly shouted about sending my grandmother to the underworld with just two simple pieces of ginseng." Dominic paused, wanting his father to process it.

Alpha Alaric was speechless for so while, but I gave Dominic the look, for him to proceed.

"Ivy analyzed the medical mechanics immediately—if those roots were pre-soaked in a Moon Shadow Hound saliva and sun-dried, it would trigger a violent, natural-looking stroke the exact second they were boiled for tea."

Alpha Alaric paced frantically back and forth across the room.

"But Dominic, a drug-induced nightmare cannot stand as a formal accusation in front of the King's council. We have absolutely no physical proof. If we want to turn your inference into undeniable evidence, we must trace the hands that brewed that tea."

"Ivy suggested hunting down the personal housemaid who served my grandmother back then," Dominic muttered.

Alpha Alaric let out a sigh, his shoulders slumping with a frustration.

"It is too late for a simple palace search, my son. Years ago, when my mother passed, she left behind exactly four personal maids who managed her daily kitchen. One of them died of a sudden, suspicious fever just months after the funeral. The other three were immediately arranged to marry by Mrs. Margot herself." Alpha said.

The way I see Dominic reaction, it mirrored mine.

"They were sent far away to distant, minor packs outside our borders, and their current locations and identities are completely unknown to us. Now, we are facing a complete lack of evidence to launch an investigation without alerting the enemy's allies." Alpha Alaric continued.

"Mrs. Margot didn't just protect herself inside our pack, Father. She also gave birth to two powerful children... one of whom is our aunt, Aithusa, who reigns securely as the King's favored royal concubine in the capital palace. Their faction holds the strings to the royal guard." Dominic said.

This make sense, because Margot is protected.

"Aithusa has the King's ear every single night, Dominic," Alpha Alaric said softly. "If she realizes we are scratching at her mother's past, she won't take it likely."

"Then we must seize the only remaining witness who can bridge the gap between their plots and our territory," Dominic suggested sharply, a dangerous smirk touching his lips.

"My guards just intercepted an urgent tracking report from the lower borders. Father, remember the physician who was suddenly sent down to treat me during my months of coma?"

Dominic is talking about Physician Kane. The physician Aithusa had sent alongside her son, Samly.

Alpha Alaric snapped his head up. "What about him?"

"The investigation proved he was originally heavily bribed by your sister, Princess Aithusa, to falsify my medical logs and keep me in that unhealable coma," Dominic revealed. "But now that I am walking and Prince Riven has successfully reclaimed his legs, their conspiracy is collapsing." Dominic said.

I looked at him, proudly. I didn't have to utter a single word. I wanted him to speak.

"Aithusa is currently purging her entire network, and that doctor is actively being silenced by her executioners. My scouts just dragged him out of a ravine at the border line. He has only one breath left, his throat completely mangled." Dominic said.

Then, he faced me. "Will you helped save the Physician?" Dominic said.

He is suggesting that I should help save the doctor who was being chased and had only one breath left, because if he dies, our only living link to Aithusa's treason dies with him

"No, Dominic. Ivy is pregnant with my grandchildren, and her energy was already drained from Riven's spinal alignment surgery. I am deeply worried about Ivy's health and safety if she enters a blood-stained operating room right now." Alpha Alaric said.

"I hear your fears, Father, but she is the only healer in this kingdom who can pull a soul back from the underworld," Dominic countered firmly.

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I had left Dominic, and his father, back into our room, where I was currently packing my medicine vials into a traveling trunk to prepare for our upcoming villa move. But the door opened. I already knew who it was.

"Ivy, stop packing for a moment," Dominic spoke softly, his voice filled with an intense seriousness as he rolled up to my side.

I looked into his eyes, my hands instinctively resting over my stomach. As a healer, I could never turn away a dying soul, I knew this doctor's survival was the key to destroying the enemies.

"Tell your father to secure the perimeter," I agreed to save the person without a single second of hesitation. "My unborn children are perfectly stable, and my fire is ready. We cannot let them erase her tracks."

To keep the household spies and Mrs. Margot's remaining maids completely blind to our movements, several of our inner circle secretly left the main palace house under the simple pretext of going back to my parents' home for a short weekend visit.

We boarded an ordinary linen-covered carriage, bypassing the grand gates entirely, and quietly went straight to the secluded backyard of the pharmacy where we had previously made our military supply pills. The brick walls were high, the courtyard entirely shielded from the street lines.

The moment our carriage rolled through the gates, the atmosphere turned freezing cold. Alpha Alaric and our most elite guards, Wolf, Blade, and the rest were already waiting there in the shadows, their swords drawn against the perimeter walls.

"He is inside the storage pavilion, Lady Ivy," Wolf whispered, pushing open a hatch.

I hurried inside, the thick scent of fresh blood slamming into my nose as I approached the makeshift wooden table. I saw the dying doctor lying flat on his back, his face completely pale and his breathing nothing more than a ragged, shallow rattle in his throat.

His entire chest and neck were heavily wrapped in thick, blood-soaked rags that were rapidly turning a dark red color.

I unfastened the buckles of my premium medical bag, my eyes narrowing into a cold mask as I turned to my husband.

"Dominic, hold his shoulders down and do not let his torso shift," I instructed, as I reached for my scalpels. "Remove the gauze immediately, and let me examine the wound before his inner life-force completely expires."

Exchanging Vows: The Swapped Wife Is a Top Shaman - Chapter 108[1,344 words]

Chapter 108: Chapter 108

Ivy's Point of View

The stench of fresh blood grew instantly as Dominic lunged forward from his chair, his hands anchoring the dying doctor's shoulders to the rough table. Blade gripped the edge of the fluid-soaked cloth. With a single motion, Dominic uncovered the gauze, exposing the raw butchery underneath.

"Heavens," I breathed, my fingers already tracing the ragged edges of the flesh. "The doctor's heart was directly stabbed by claws."

"Did they pierce the muscle, Ivy?" Dominic asked, he held the patient steady. "Is he too far gone?"

"Fortunately, the heart itself was not entirely pierced," I explained, my hands moving as I pulled out my clamps.

"The internal laceration shows that our guard blocked the strike in time to save his life at the border line. However, the wound is exceptionally deep—it reaches the very surface of the heart, and there is an immense amount of active bleeding. Previously, the frontier scouts only performed simple hemostasis. The moment we pulled that gauze away, the pressure dropped."

"What do you need, Ivy?" Dominic hissed through his teeth.

"Wolf, light the spirit lamps right now. Blade, bring me the boiling water." I commanded sharply, not breaking my focus for a single second.

I reached into my case, pulling out a dark, highly concentrated medicine. "I must give him a dose of this strong medicine first to entirely prevent the pain and wake his fading consciousness up. If his spirit slips into the underworld while I am inside his chest, his heart will stop completely."

I forced the herbal extract down the dying man's throat, watching his chest convulse as a sudden, ragged gasp tore out of his lungs. His eyelids fluttered open, rolling back in agony.

"Hold him, Dominic. He cannot shift his torso." I barked, my hands diving into the open wound.

I prepared the specialized sheep intestine thread, threading it through my needles. Working in harmony with Dominic's hands, I began to stitch the wound layer by layer, moving from the inside to the outside.

I was pressing the torn arterial walls down with my left thumb and sewing at the side with my right hand, letting my shamanic energy thread through the thread to instantly knit the cellular walls.

The process was grueling, the ticking of the clock drowned out by the wet, rhythmic puncture of the needle. But by the time my hands finally reached the outer layer of the skin, the pooling blood had slowed to a faint trickle, the active bleeding greatly reduced by the tight, multi-layered mesh of my stitches.

"He is stable for now," I panted, wiping the sweat from my forehead as I carefully applied a layer of my cooling leaf medicine over the fresh stitches and wrapped a clean, tight linen bandaging around his torso.

"A strong hemostatic and blood-generating prescription must be prescribed for immediate decoction. Boil these roots for three hours, and force him to drink it the exact second he stirs. Furthermore, prepare fever-reducing ice measures on his forehead." I instructed carefully, the shook their head.

"The physical trauma is massive, and whether he can truly survive this ordeal depends entirely on whether the hot topic—the burning wound infection—can be successfully controlled throughout the night." I added.

"I will leave my most abled guards to watch this room, Ivy," Dominic said softly, assuring me. "They will secure the courtyard. Let us return to the pack before the morning patrols notice our absence."

After leaving the guards to guard the perimeter, we quietly evacuated the hidden pharmacy and returned back to the main Silvermoon palace pack territory under the cover of the pre-dawn fog.

The ride back was entirely silent, the jolting of the carriage causing a sudden flutter in my lower abdomen. The fetus kicked forcefully against my ribs, a reminder that the twins inside my womb were growing larger and heavier by the day.

In just a few short days, the landscape of the Silvermoon Pack would shift into a dangerous arena. Bastian will formally marry Sarina as his official side concubine, a forced union meant to bury the scandal. Because of the high noble ranks involved, most of the powerful Alphas and Lunas in the entire werewolf kingdom will be coming across our borders to congratulate him and witness the wedding.

Even though I am currently having a big belly. I will actively help entertain the incoming noble guests in the main courtyard, placing me right in the crosshairs.

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Seraphina's Point of View

I locked myself completely inside the room, refusing to look at the elegant red wedding banners the servants were mounting along the outer corridors. Tears of bitter, burning rage slipped down my cheeks as I stared at my reflection in the full-length mirror. I felt a profound, crushing wave of self-loathing.

I deeply regretted the past choice of exchanging marriages with Ivy on that fateful wedding night. I had genuinely believed I was abandoning a dying, crippled heir to seize a glorious, active throne with Bastian, but now my choice had turned into an unholy prison.

Recently, the domestic peace inside our quarters had shattered entirely. I have been arguing with Bastian more and more every single day over his fading authority and the incoming concubine. Bastian rarely visits my bedroom anymore, often staying locked inside his private study until dawn to avoid my tears, leaving me entirely isolated with my growing stomach.

"Lady Seraphina, please, you must stop weeping," Delia said anxiously, kneeling by my stool to adjust my slippers. "The stress will harm your health. You must prioritize your unborn child above all else, hold your head high, and fiercely keep your Luna's position from being stolen by that woman."

"How can I hold my head high when my husband is taking Sarina into our bed?" I shrieked, smashing a jar against the stone hearth.

Before Delia could sweep up the shards, the doors were pushed open. My heart did a desperate flutter as I realized my mother and father were also officially invited to the wedding banquet as high representatives of the Crescent Moon Pack.

My father went straight to the grand banquet hall to drink wine and manage diplomacy with Alpha Alaric, while my mother, Luna Camila, rushed directly to her daughter's private room to comfort me.

"Look at you, Seraphina. Wipe your face this instant!" My mother commanded, pulling my hands away from my eyes as she sat beside me.

"You are acting like a weak, brainless village girl. Listen to me carefully. Sarina is entering this house only as a side concubine, not a wife. You must treat Sarina strictly as a lower concubine, ignore her petty insults, and focus entirely on pleasing Bastian... instead of wasting your energy fighting with Bastian! If you control the man's desires and secure his favor, the concubine has no ground to stand on."

Just as she was speaking the words, the piercing, shrill sound of the traditional wedding suona and the thunderous, deafening roar of firecrackers outside the main courtyard started up, echoing through the glass window panes. The grand bridal sedan chair had officially arrived at the palace steps.

The celebratory music felt like a slap across my face, the thumping of the war drums signaling the arrival of my worst nightmare.

My mother stood up quickly, as she looked down at me. Her expression turned into a serious mask, and she squeezed my shoulder.

"The main feast is beginning, Seraphina," my mother reminded me, her voice dropping to a hurried whisper as she checked her hair in the mirror. "You are heavily distressed. Do not go out into the main courtyard due to your illness. Stay locked inside this room and let me handle the lords."

Before I could even voice my terror, my mother turned on her heel and then hurriedly went out to socialize and manage the incoming guests. Leaving me completely alone in the room while the joyous cheers of Bastian's new marriage bled through the walls like a death sentence.

Exchanging Vows: The Swapped Wife Is a Top Shaman - Chapter 109[1,236 words]

Chapter 109: Chapter 109

Ivy's Point of View

The outer courtyard of the Silvermoon palace was completely swarming with noble guests, the air with the festive scent of sulfur from the loud firecrackers. But as I stood near the marble pillars, the murmurs of the gathering crowd caught my attention.

"Look there, isn't that Luna Camila?" a high noble lady whispered behind her fan.

"Her daughter is locked inside her chambers while the new bride enters the gates. How humiliating for the Crescent Moon Pack."

Seraphina's mother was seen outside, and the people murmuring made her stiffen. She heard them clearly, her eyes flashing with a sudden, defensive sharpness. She looked back at them, murmuring softly that she had only reluctantly left her daughter's room to preserve their family's dignity.

After leaving the courtyard path, she paused, taking a deep breath to compose herself, and forced a bright, practiced smile onto her face. After all, no matter the humiliation, Bastian was still her son-in-law, and their political relationship still needed to be maintained for the sake of the alliance.

The war drums rolled, and inside the grand banquet hall, the doors flew open. Bastian stood tall in his scarlet wedding robes, greeting Sarina as she stepped out of her gold-leaf bridal sedan chair. To my fascination, Bastian walked very slowly, carefully matching the bride's slow footsteps as they marched down the red carpet.

The guests gathered in massive numbers, the crowd even more dense and lively than the last time he married his legal wife, Seraphina.

Because the groom was already officially recognized as the active heir of the pack, the bride's identity as Alpha Pius's daughter was also exceptionally noble. The wedding

ceremony was incredibly luxurious, the stone arches draped in rare silks and heavy gold tokens. Even the emcee's identity was exceptionally noble, a high royal representative sent directly from the capital throne to bless the union.

"The ceremony is officially concluded!" the emcee's voice boomed, cutting through the roaring applause of the lords.

After the grand ceremony, the two newlyweds were immediately separated according to the pack's customs. Bastian remained in the grand hall to receive the high guests and drink wine with the Alphas, while Sarina was escorted back to her new bridal chambers in the southern wing.

As the wife of the eldest son of the pack, court protocol required my presence. I stayed in the new house to accompany Sarina, watching her sit rigidly on the marriage bed while her maids fluttered around her.

"The ceremonies are always exhausting, Sarina," I said, offering a warm smile as I adjusted my shawl. "I highly suggest that you take off your bridal makeup and change into your lighter clothes right now to be more relaxed."

Sarina reached up, pulling off her gold veil to reveal a beautifully expression. She turned her bright, searching eyes directly onto me.

"Your twins must be growing heavy, Lady Ivy," Sarina murmured, her voice smooth but laced with a sudden, dark vigilance.

"They are growing well, thank you," I replied smoothly, keeping my tone perfectly blank. "The palace physicians say everything is completely on track."

"And what about Seraphina's condition?" she pushed immediately. "The servants say her fetal gas is highly volatile today."

"The eastern wing is always prone to dramatic whispers," I answered with a light, airy shrug. "I wouldn't read too much into servant gossip on your wedding day."

"Is it true that Dominic's leg injury is still keeping him completely trapped in his bed?"

"Dominic is resting exactly as his recovery requires. He values his peace." I smiled faintly, taking a slow sip of my tea.

The questions were much. She paused, before continuing with a sharper glint in her eyes.

"Has the whereabouts of the mysterious Divine Doctor finally been tracked?" she asked.

"The Divine Doctor is a wandering soul," I replied easily, setting my cup back onto the tray. "He comes and goes as the wind pleases. No one can track a ghost."

"And tell me... what are the true nature of the rare treasures locked inside the palace's sacred iron box?"

"Ancient family tokens, mostly," I murmured, giving her a completely bland, polite smile. "Standard heritage items to remind the pack of our ancestors. Nothing for a new bride to worry about."

Phew.

I sipped my tea, keeping my face entirely blank. I responded lightly to every single question, giving vague, polite answers without revealing a single scrap of the pack secrets. As I watched her fingers trace the sheets, a realization clicked into my mind.

Sarina was much more shrewd, observant, and calculating than the arrogant Seraphina. She was secretly guarding herself against my influence from the exact second she stepped over the threshold.

"Tell me, Ivy," Sarina said, turning her head as her tone dropped to a low tone, her eyes locking onto mine with an intensity. "How do the internal factions of this pack truly align? Who holds the real influence among the elders, and whose loyalty can be bought?"

Woah, she is revealing her eagerness to control the inside story of the palace. I'm speechless as it is.

Sarina's personal maid ran into the bridal suit breathlessly.

"My Lady, a crisis!" Veda panted, as she delivered her report. "Master Bastian had just arrived right at the door of the pavilion, his hand on the handle to lift your veil, but he was immediately called away by Seraphina's maid, Delia, who claimed that Lady Seraphina was suddenly taken completely unwell and was bleeding in her bed."

Hearing this, I became completely confident in my heart that Seraphina would not sit and wait for death while a new rival marched directly into her territory. She was striking a brutal counter-blow before the wedding night could even begin.

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Seraphina's Point of View

In my bedroom. Bastian's mother, Vivienne, and Mrs. Margot were standing tightly beside my mattress, their faces lined with a panic as they continuously advised me to calm my spirit, prioritize the child, and protect my standing.

The palace physician stepped back from the bed, his expression exceptionally grave as he wiped his hands on a clean cloth. The doctor diagnosed the pulse with a sigh.

"Your excessive worry and emotional outburst have caused dangerous fetal movement," the doctor said, his expression exceptionally grave. "I am ordering you to strictly stay in bed for ten days without moving a single muscle, or the child will not survive."

"Are you mad? Ten days?" I yelled in anger. If I stay trapped here, that snake will steal my husband's favor.

Bastian stood by my headboard, as he looked down at my tear-stained face. Remorse flashed in his eyes.

"Sera, look at me," Bastian said, gripping my hands tightly as he squeezed them with a desperate warmth. "I swear to you, the Luna's position will always be yours, and no side concubine could ever alter your status in this palace."

"Do not leave me tonight, Bastian," I wept, my fingers clawing desperately at his sleeves as Delia adjusted my blankets. "If you return to her room, the entire pack will know I have been discarded."

"Shh, close your eyes, Sera," Bastian murmured, leaning down to press a warm kiss onto my forehead as his breath fanned across my cheek. "I promise you, I will only return to Sarina's room after you fall asleep tonight. I am right here."

Exchanging Vows: The Swapped Wife Is a Top Shaman - Chapter 110[1,461 words]

Chapter 110: Chapter 110

Sarina's Point of View

The morning light was only starting to form when Bastian finally slipped through the room door. His hair was slightly dishevelled, his jaw tight with the exhaustion of a man who had spent hours balancing on the edge of a blade. I sat gracefully by the vanity, my as I painted a light layer of rose oil across my lips.

"You look tired, husband," I murmured softly, my tone smooth, warm, and entirely devoid of anger.

Bastian stiffened, his eyes scanning my face for any trace of anger. He took a slow step forward, his voice dropping to a cautious tone.

"Sarina... about last night. Delia came running to the pavilion doors. Seraphina's health was bad, and the physician ordered strict bed rest. I only intended to stay until the crisis passed."

"There is no need to explain, Bastian," I interrupted gently, turning around to offer him a completely serene, supportive smile.

I never mentioned Bastian's midnight visit to Seraphina's room, completely burying my knowledge of his broken promise.

"A true man must prioritize his bloodline. Your child's safety will always come first in my eyes."

Bastian let out a long sigh of relief, his entire body visibly relaxing as the suffocating tension drained from his shoulders.

"You are truly magnificent, Sarina," he said, a sudden, burning heat flaring in his eyes as he walked forward and pulled me up from the stool.

"Seraphina only gives me tears and shouting matches. You are the only one who understands the weight of my heart."

He didn't wait for a response. Bastian swept me into his arms, lifting me onto the sheets as his hands eagerly unfastened the clasps of my robe. The delayed passion of the wedding night erupted between us with a possessive intensity. As his lips dragged hungrily down my neck, he let out a low, rough sigh against my skin.

"This is the real wedding night, Sarina... this is what a true union should feel like."

I wrapped my arms around his broad shoulders, spreading my legs wide for him to thrust into me. Matching his affection with a practiced, intoxicating warmth. Inwardly, my mind remained ice-cold and calculating. Let Seraphina keep his midnight tears, I thought to myself as I scratched my nails lightly along his back. I will hold his desire, his secrets, and his throne.

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The grand hall of the Silvermoon palace was packed to the brim by mid-morning, the long tables lined with the high elders, noble lords, and senior warriors of the pack. As a newly married daughter-in-law, court protocol demanded that I walk through the assembly to formally greet the elders and present the customary morning teas to the royal bloodline.

"Where is the legal Luna-to-be?" a neighboring Alpha's wife whispered loudly near the dais. "Shouldn't she be presiding over the tea trays?"

"Seraphina claimed to be severely ill," a woman murmured back behind her hand. "The palace physician ordered her to stay in bed for ten days without moving a single muscle."

Hearing the malicious snickers of the court, a confident smile touched my lips. Seraphina thought her public absence would cast a shadow over my celebration, but I was exceptionally well-prepared for her childish schemes.

I glided across the floor, followed tightly by my maid, Veda, who carried the presentation platters with fluid grace. I knelt before the high throne, offering the first cup to Alpha Alaric and Luna Helena.

"May the Silvermoon lineage prosper under the light of the Goddess, Mother, Father," I spoke out smoothly, bowing my head with flawless humility.

Alpha Alaric nodded firmly, his expression unreadable as he reached down to hand me an ancestral silver token. Luna Helena, offered me a matched pouch containing rare northern gems.

It was the exact same formal gift they had given to Ivy during her own presentation... a standard, polite gesture to maintain equality inside the palace gates.

"Thank you, Mother, Father," I murmured, passing the cups to the side tables.

Suddenly, Mrs. Margot stood up from her seat near the high elders. She gestured for her personal servants to bring forward a gold-embossed ivory chest. The entire hall went dead silent, every eye in the house locking onto her movements.

"A daughter of the Amber Fire Pack deserves more than standard silver tokens, Alaric," Mrs. Margot declared.

She opened the latch, revealing a blinding, brilliant red fire beneath the lid. "As a token of my deep affection for our new daughter-in-law, I am presenting her with this ancestral set of ruby heads and matching gold combs, worth ten thousand imperial gold coins."

A collective gasp of shock erupted across the entire room, the magnificence of the jewelry instantly attracting the wide, whispering attention of the whole house. Ten thousand gold coins was a king's ransom... a gift far grander than anything ever given to Seraphina or Ivy.

I bowed deeply, my fingers tightening around the cold ivory box as Veda took the weight of the chest. I caught Mrs. Margot's gaze, realizing the unspoken treaty between us. She is buying my claws, I realized, a dark smirk touching my heart. And she wants me to tear this palace apart.

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Ivy's Point of View

I sat quietly near Dominic's wheelchair at the side table, as I watched the grand performance unfold on the dais. The glittering rubies in Sarina's hands weren't just a gift, they were an open declaration of war against our branch of the family.

Mrs. Margot didn't waste a single moment of the court's attention. She took the immediate lead, stepping into the center of the marble floorboards, and strongly recommended Sarina to take over the daily management and financial affairs of the entire pack.

"Elders of the Silvermoon line, look at the reality before us," Mrs. Margot spoke out, her voice dripping with a fake, persuasive sympathy as she gestured toward the throne.

"Our supreme Luna Helena has been blessed with a late pregnancy, and the physical strain of managing our winter storehouses and border trade routes will endanger the new baby. Seraphina is bedridden, and Ivy is carrying twins and must focus on her health. Sarina is highly noble, exceptionally capable, and her hands are entirely free to handle the ledger."

The high elders began to murmur in approval, nodding their heads as they looked at the wealthy Amber Fire daughter. Dominic's mother, Luna Helena, clutched her apron, her face turning pale with anxiety.

She opened her mouth to object, but looking at the strict gaze of the clan elders, she dared not speak a single word. Alpha Alaric sat tall on his throne, his jaw clenched into a tight line of pure, unyielding vigilance, but he did not say a word, keeping his thoughts entirely hidden.

I watched Sarina's fingers trace the ruby combs, her eyes scanning the room with a cold, hungry ambition. I saw right through her humble posture and instantly realized that she intended to make an immense amount of money and forge internal alliances from controlling our pack's resources.

If she gained control of the keys, our military supplies and hidden shamanic labs would be completely exposed. But I also knew that if Luna Helena kept fighting for the keys, the extreme emotional distress would threaten the pregnancy we needed to protect.

"Mother, Mrs. Margot's words actually carry a great deal of sense," I spoke up loudly, my voice cutting through the whispering council as I stood up from my seat.

Dominic snapped his head toward me, a sudden look of confusion flaring in his eyes, but he kept his body anchored.

"Ivy, what are you saying?" Luna Helena whispered, her lower lip trembling.

"In order to let the Luna rest assured of her pregnancy and protect the new life inside her womb, we must not let her body be broken by daily palace ledgers," I advised her smoothly, offering a calm, reassuring smile to the assembly.

"I also highly advise our supreme Luna to completely let go of the keys for this season. In fact, the air inside this valley is growing too damp for the winter freeze. I formally invite Mother to go down to our secluded country estate with me tomorrow to rest our bodies and care for our children in peace."

Luna Helena looked at my gaze, reading the hidden, defensive strategy mapped out in my eyes. She knew I was pulling her away from the poisoners.

With a sudden wave of relief, Luna Helena readily agreed. "You are entirely right, Ivy. My grandchild and my baby come first. I accept your invitation. Let the new bride handle the ledgers."

Sarina offered a neat, victorious bow, her chest swelling with pride.