

Exchanging Vows: The Swapped Wife Is a Top Shaman - Chapter 111[1,298 words]

Chapter 111: Chapter 111

Seraphina's Point of View

"The southern gate carriage has departed, My Lady," Delia said, her voice filled with a subtle, tense relief as she pulled back the drapes of my bedchamber windows.

I leaned against the headboard, my hands resting protectively over the my belly. Bastian had took Sarina to visit her parents' home back in the Amber Fire territory. He had left before dawn, eager to appease his new concubine.

"Help me up, Delia," I commanded.

"But Lady Seraphina, the palace physician ordered strict bed rest for ten days!" Delia gasped anxiously, rushing forward to grab my slippers. "If Master Bastian returns and finds you out of your chambers—"

"While they are not at home, I refuse to rot in this dark prison while that snake's perfume still hangs in our corridors!" I snapped, my voice shaking with a bitter rage. "Fetch the other housemaid. I am taking the two of you to the private royal garden for some fresh air."

Delia didn't dare to argue further. Backed by my insistence, the two maids carefully supported my elbows as we walked slowly down the stone paths of the inner palace. The mountain air slightly easing the paranoia that had consumed my thoughts since the wedding night.

For an hour, I walked among the frost-covered winter blooms, desperately trying to convince myself that I still held control over Bastian's heart and the future Luna's crown.

However, on the way back toward the eastern wing, we were passing by the narrow stone steps nestled right next to the towering pine tree bordering the servant quarters. The ground was slick with frost, but my boots were treaded.

Suddenly, I felt my right leg violently bend inward at the knee joint, as if a shockwave had struck my muscle. Before a gasp could even escape my throat, I was aggressively pushed forward from behind by an unseen force.

"Lady Seraphina!" Delia shrieked, her fingers clawing frantically at my cloak.

The impact was too fast, the momentum entirely unnatural. The two maids couldn't hold me back at all, their grips slipping against my sleeves as our bodies were propelled down the stone steps.

In a desperate, split-second panic to shield my belly, one of them propped herself up violently on the ground, her arm snapping with a loud crack, causing the three of them to fall together in a chaotic, crushing heap at the base of the pine tree.

A sharp, blinding agony exploded across my midsection as my hips slammed hard against the jagged rocks. I was deeply frightened and squeezed beneath the weight of the falling servants, the terrifying sensation of an internal tearing making my breath catch in my throat.

"My belly... oh moon goddess, my belly!" I screamed out, a terror taking control of my mind as I immediately experienced a sharp, excruciating abdominal pain that made the entire garden spin in circles.

Delia, weeping hysterically despite her bruised shoulders, dragged herself up and began to shout frantically for the guards.

Within minutes, the courtyard was a blur of shouting warriors. When I was carried back to the bedroom and laid across the bed, the horror was already undeniable... I was already bleeding heavily, the blood stain rapidly blooming across my linen skirts.

The emergency tore through the palace hierarchy. Bastian's mother, Vivienne, rushed through the door first, her face twisted into a mask of pure fear as she clutched her hair. Right behind her, Mrs. Margot marched into the room, her eyes scanning the blood on the floor with an intense, unreadable sharpness.

Even Fred's mother—who had been staying in the guest wing after the wedding banquet—came. They were all crowding the bedside with an overwhelming, suffocating noise.

The physician rushed straight to the bed, his hands trembling as he pressed his fingers firmly against my radial artery to run a rapid pulse test.

"Save the child, physician!" Vivienne wailed hysterically, grabbing the old man's robes. "You must save my grandchild"

The doctor diagnosed my pulse with a deeply sigh, his face turning completely pale as he looked up at the gathering women.

"The internal trauma is too severe, Lady Vivienne. She was overly frightened and the physical impact has completely detached the core placenta. She is actively facing an unavoidable miscarriage."

"No! They pushed me!" I yelled from the pillows, as I thrashed against the pain. "Someone did this!!! Someone is actively plotting against me! Investigate please !"

"Sera, please, you must stay still!" Mrs. Margot commanded, leaning over my mattress to pin my shoulders down. "Do not destroy your remaining energy with shouting!"

The physician tried all kinds of premium drugs, forcing highly concentrated moon-lily tonics and bitter, life-saving resins down my throat to desperately protect me from the miscarriage, but the red torrent wouldn't stop.

The agonizing heat inside my abdomen grew so painful and suffocating that my vision began to rapidly fray at the edges, and I eventually fainted into a dead coma of exhaustion,

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The silence of the bedroom was filled with a freezing cold when my consciousness finally clawed its way back to the surface. The bright morning sun had completely vanished, replaced by the dim shadow of a single tallow candle mounted on the stone wall.

Bastian stood rigidly by the edge of the bed. He had already returned to the pack house upon hearing the urgent news. The high palace physician was just packing his case, his shoulders slumped in defeat.

"Well?" Bastian demanded, his deep voice dropping to a gravelly register that I had never heard from him tone. "Is my child stable?"

The doctor slowly shook his head, his eyes staring down at the blood-stained cloths piled inside the washbasin. "I have done everything within my power, Master Bastian. The baby could not be saved."

I lay completely motionless, my hands resting flat over an abdomen that now felt entirely hollow, empty, and dead. Waking up to learn the devastating truth that my baby had miscarried, but I didn't show any emotion.

Delia and Vivienne were weeping by the curtains, I did not cry or make a single loud fuss this time. The screaming rage had completely vanished from my throat, leaving nothing but an ice-cold, dead void inside my soul.

Bastian let out a groan, his knees buckling as he dropped onto the edge of the bed. He reached out, his large hands grabbing my cold fingers, squeezing them tightly as he accompanied me by the bed with an intense, desperate remorse.

"Sera... look at me, please," Bastian said, his voice cracking with a bleeding hurt as he buried his face against my palm. "I swear to you on my honor, this changes nothing between us. I am once again guaranteeing with my entire life that the Luna's position will always belong to you, and no side concubine will ever touch your status. I promise you."

However, I didn't turn my head to look at his tear-stained face, nor did I return the squeeze of his hand. I simply stared at the blank fabric above me.

"What is forced cannot last long, Bastian," I said whispered back, my tone entirely dead, flat, and chillingly calm.

Bastian flinched, his eyes widening in shock. "Sera, what are you saying? We are the true chosen match."

"No, we are not," I murmured, a bitter, ghost-like smile touching my lips for a fraction of a second.

That was the truth. I believed that the happiness brought by changing marriages with Ivy on that wedding night was our destiny... but it was only a few months of stolen gold. Look at my empty womb. This isn't an accident.

Now, it is a direct punishment from heaven for what we stole... for what I stole.

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Chapter 112: Chapter 112

Sarina's Point of View

The southern wing of the Silvermoon palace was completely quiet when I returned from my parents' estate.

I walked straight past the trembling lower handmaids and locked the doors of my private chambers.

"Step forward," I commanded coldly, turning my gaze to the dark corner of the room.

The head steward of my personal guard stepped out of the shadows, bowing his head in total humility. Meanwhile, on the other side of the palace grounds, the entire house was

screaming about Seraphina's sudden, tragic miscarriage, but inside these four walls, the air was filled with a triumph.

"Is the task fully executed?" I asked, my voice dropping to a whisper.

"It is done, Lady Sarina," the steward admitted, a dark smirk touching his lips as he looked up. "When she passed the steps next to the pine tree, I hit Seraphina's leg with a concentrated blast of internal force. The impact bucked her knee instantly, causing her to fall down the stairs. There is no trace of a physical push."

A cold, satisfied smile broke across my face. I reached into my jewelry set, pulled out a heavy pouch, and rewarded the steward with one thousand imperial gold coins on the spot.

"Excellent work. Take this, and I am strictly instructing you to hide your martial arts skills from this day forward. Do not let a single warrior in this pack see your internal strength."

"Thank you, My Lady," the steward murmured, pocketing the gold coins.

As he slipped back into the shadows, a wave of relief washed over me. I was deeply, profoundly grateful that our covert actions were not detected by the top secret guards of the pack who constantly patrolled the courtyard line.

The alibi of my family visit had worked flawlessly. Seraphina's womb was empty.

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Dominic's Point of View

The Hidden Pharmacy

I wheeled my wheelchair through the narrow threshold. But to my absolute surprise, my father had arrived first. He stood tall by the table where Physician Kane lay wrapped in clean gauze, his wolf eyes burning with an intense, terrifying vigilance.

The physician's breathing was nothing more than a shallow rattle, his face completely pale as his eyes fluttered open.

"He is conscious, Dominic," my father spoke softly.

"Physician Kane, the executioners who tracked you to the border line didn't belong to a rival pack. They were sent directly from the capital."

Physician Kane let out a weak, agonizing gasp, his chest convulsing against the sheets. "The capital? No... no, she promised to protect me. She swore I would be safe"

"The woman you served has completely abandoned you," I told him flatly, my tone sharp as steel. "She is the one who sent those claws to mangle your throat. She tried to kill you, Kane. She wanted you silenced permanently."

"Aithusa tried to kill me?" Kane shrieked weakly, saying her name. We never mentioned Aithusa's name, he just did.

His eyes widening in shock as the terrifying reality of the betrayal hit his heart. He began to shiver uncontrollably, his tears mixing with the sweat on his brow.

"After everything I did for Aithusa... she wanted me dead?"

"If you want to survive the night, you will speak the truth right now," my father commanded.

"Speak the truth, Kane, or the executioners will be the least of your worries," I commanded fiercely.

"I confess! I will tell you everything!" He wept hysterically, his voice shaking. "I was instructed by Aithusa from the very beginning of your coma, Master Dominic. She paid me to falsify your healing progress, to alter the medicine logs, and to use the Frostbane root to keep you trapped in that bed forever."

"You have to write this confession, this instant. Everything you spit, write it down as confession." My father made it clear to him.

"I will write it. I will write everything." Physician Kane gave us his words, still crying.

He wrote a full, detailed confession on the parchment that was provided, signing his name with a bloody fingerprint. He pushed the entire assassination plot straight to her, desperately bargaining for his life.

"It was all her. But I swear to you, Alpha Alaric, she did not seem to want to kill me. She recently warned me to be very careful, and she promised to help my own son plan a prestigious military job after the New Year. I didn't think she would deploy executioners against me."

My father snatched the wet parchment from the table, his fingers tightening around the confession.

"Blade, take this traitor. Hand Physician Kane over to the imperial Criminal Department for immediate disposal. Let the judges handle his execution."

The guards dragged the weeping physician out of the back door, leaving the pavilion completely silent. My father stared down at his own hands, feeling a cold in his heart about what his own biological sister, Aithusa, had done to me. She had weaponized medicine to destroy his heir.

After few discussion with my father, I left him. My mind spinning into a confusion and hurt as I entered our private master suite. Ivy was sitting by the bed, as she looked up with a soft, welcoming smile.

The smile died on her lips the moment she saw the agony written across my features.

"Dominic?" Ivy asked softly, rushing over to kneel beside my chair, her fingers wrapping around my wrists. "What did the physician say? Did he name the poisoner?"

"It was Aunt Aithusa, Ivy," I said, my voice cracking with hurt as I looked up at her beautiful, steady face. "The physician's signed confession places the entire coma plot on her hands. My own aunt... my father's sister, wanted to kill me."

The raw betrayal of my own blood rotted my thoughts. I looked into Ivy's searching eyes, my spirit extremely sad, and asked the one question that had been tearing at my soul since the interrogation.

"Why did my aunt want to kill me, Ivy? What did I ever do to earn her hatred?"

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Chapter 113: Chapter 113

Alpha Alaric's Point of View

I strode into the fragrance-filled reception hall, my boots clicking against the polished floorboard like a ticking clock counting down to an execution. My own sister sat gracefully upon her chaise lounge, as her handmaids fanned her gently.

"Alaric," Aithusa spoke softly, a sweet, practiced smile spreading across her beautiful face as she tilted her head. "You rarely visit the capital palace without an official summons. What brings my brother to my quarters today?"

I didn't answer her with pleasantries. I reached into my tunic, pulled out the thick parchment, and slammed it flat onto the table between us. The parchment slid across the wood, stopping right against her tea tray.

"Read it, Aithusa," I commanded, my voice dropping to a low, guttural tone that made the fanning handmaids instantly freeze.

Aithusa arched a perfectly groomed brow, her eyes scanning the lines of the scroll. As her gaze caught the name Physician Kane, her breath hitched slightly, but she quickly forced a calm, unbothered expression back onto her face.

"A physician's confession? Alaric, what does this nonsense have to do with me? The lower healers are notoriously corrupt. He is likely fabricating lies to save his own skin from the Criminal Department."

"Do not play the fool with me, sister!" I roared. "Physician Kane has confessed everything down to the last copper coin. He was heavily bribed by your personal agents to slip the Frostbane into Dominic's medicine logs to keep my son in that unhealable coma!!! I am asking you face-to-face right now—why did you harm my son? Why did you attempt to destroy your own nephew's life?"

Aithusa stood up quickly, as her eyes flashed with a sudden, defensive anger. "I did no such thing. This is a frame-up orchestrated by your political rivals to drive a wedge between the Silvermoon Pack and the throne. You cannot bring a treasonous accusation against me based on the rambling words of a dying prisoner."

I delivered a cold, final threat. "If you continue to lie to my face, Aithusa, I will not wait for a royal trial. I will immediately draft a formal request to the high council, recommending your precious son to the far North—to the frozen waste garrisons where the rogues skin young lords alive for sport. You know the King will grant it to please the Silvermoon Pack. Speak the truth, or your boy leaves by midnight."

Hearing the name of her son being sent to the brutal Northern execution grounds, Aithusa's poise shattered completely. Her face turned a sickly shade of ash-gray, as the terrifying reality of her situation collapsed upon her.

"You wouldn't dare, Alaric..." she gasped, her voice trembling before she finally snapped, revealing the ugly truth. "Fine! You want to know why? Because you forced my hand!"

"I forced your hand?" I growled softly, my fists clenching.

"Yes!" Aithusa yelled, all her hidden bitterness and jealousy pouring out of her mouth like venom.

"Look at how you have ruled the Silvermoon line. I am your sister, yet when I begged you for support to help me ascend to a higher seat of power inside this capital court, you

chose to remain completely neutral. You refused to use your power to back my leverage. And look at your precious son, Dominic. I brought my boy to your pack territory, wanting them to forge a political alliance, but Dominic refused to get close to my son! He treated my boy like an outsider and utterly refused to be his lifelong companion on the battlefield"

"Dominic chooses his own companions, Aithusa," I spoke out flatly, my tone cutting through her screaming.

"But Bastian didn't refuse!" Aithusa laughed bitterly, her eyes wide with a manic intensity. "Bastian was obedient. He immediately agreed to approach my son, to serve our branch of the family, and to align his future with ours. So when the opportunity arose, I designed a tactical plan to ensure Dominic remained entirely unconscious in his bed, allowing us to smoothly support Bastian as the true crown prince of the pack after the accident."

I paced aggressively at the edge of my mind as the full scope of her betrayal was laid bare. "You sacrificed your own nephew for a title."

"But I did not cause his fall, Alaric!" Aithusa suddenly added, as she held her hands up. "I swear to you, I denied that I was responsible for falling. I had absolutely nothing to do with that. I only discovered he was returning in a coma, and I simply used the perfect opportunity of him being unconscious to deploy Physician Kane! The initial strike belonged to someone else."

The realization that another snake was still lurking in the dark doing the dirty work didn't ease the crushing hurt in my chest. I stared at my sister, feeling a profound disgust for the greed that had entirely rotted her soul.

"You are completely blinded by your own toxic ambition, Aithusa," I scolded her fiercely. "You sit here plotting crowns, yet your own son's virtue and martial skills are completely worthless. He isn't worthy of leading a single scout unit, let alone commanding a kingdom's army."

"Hear my words carefully—this is your one and only warning. If you ever dare to lift a single finger to harm my family again, I will personally ensure your name is permanently expelled from our ancestral temple, and you will be left as a nameless, homeless rogue!"

I didn't wait for her to weep or beg. I turned on her heel, grabbed the handle, and opened the door to leave in a flash, wanting to escape the suffocating poison of her presence. But the exact second the door swung outward, my heart did a leap inside my chest, and I froze dead in my tracks.

Standing directly in the center of the corridor, flanked by four armored imperial guards, was the Alpha King himself. His face was set into a mask of pure, unyielding stone, his

dark eyes burning with a terrifying silence. He stood there rigidly, his posture proving that he had just heard every single word of her treasonous confession.

I locked eyes with the sovereign, keeping my expression entirely steady. I was not surprised by his presence. I offered a brief bow.

Aithusa's eyes caught the King's imposing silhouette standing in the doorway, and she became very scared right on the spot. I did not leave the room... instead, I stood by the table, remaining in place as a witness to the unfolding judgment.

"Your Majesty. My King." Aithusa wailed hysterically, as she crawled toward his boots. "Please, you must listen to me! What I said earlier... it was all a complete lie. I was only speaking nonsense to my brother to make him angry. I would never commit treason against your crown or harm the Silvermoon line. It was a lie."

I stood silently, listening to my sister's begging. The Alpha King didn't drop his gaze to look at her form, nor did he reach down to lift her from the stone.

"I have listened to your words for years, Aithusa," he spoke out. "But the ink on a physician's confession does not lie, and the words of your own mouth have just sealed your fate. I do not believe a single breath you take anymore."

"You have to believe me." She begged.

"Effective this exact second, I am officially issuing a royal decree to completely demote your status," the King commanded flatly. "Strip her of her royal privileges, lock her inside the cold northern tower, and let her spend the winter freeze in isolation."

Exchanging Vows: The Swapped Wife Is a Top Shaman - Chapter 114[1,050 words]

Chapter 114: Chapter 114

Ivy's Point of View

"Lady Ivy... please, I beg of you to come," Delia's voice was barely a whisper as she blocked my path.

Seraphina's maid, in a rare, completely uncharacteristic low posture, approached me with her head bowed so deeply.

"My mistress... she has something highly urgent to discuss with you. She specifically requested your presence in her private chambers. Please, do not refuse her."

I looked down at her. Although I was deeply wary of any invitation coming from the eastern wing after the brutal chaos of the past months, a curiosity sharpened my mind. But, I wanted to find out Seraphina's true purpose.

"Lead the way, Delia," I said.

When I entered the bedroom, the woman lying beneath the heavy quilts was entirely unrecognizable. I saw Seraphina, who looked exceptionally weak, fragile, and pale, her eyes hollow as she stared blankly at the room. The moment her gaze locked onto me, I found that her haughty, arrogant attitude from our past encounters was completely, utterly different.

"Leave us," Seraphina commanded hoarsely, gesturing weakly toward the bedside. She took the immediate, fierce initiative to reject the surrounding maids, waving her hand until even Delia evacuated the room and clicked the doors shut.

Once we were entirely alone in the quiet twilight of the room, Seraphina turned her face away, a bitter, silent tear slipping down her cheek before she looked back at me and solemnly apologized to my face.

"I am sorry, Ivy... for everything," she whispered, her voice filled with an unexpected vulnerability.

She continued. "I used to hate you so much, Ivy," she said, pausing and crying. "I was completely blinded by nothing but my own petty jealousy. I spent every single day trying to find new ways to suppress you, isolate you, and calculate against your standing in this palace, simply because I couldn't bear to see you succeed."

I sat frozen by the edge of the mattress, remaining entirely silent as she deeply, thoroughly reflected on the malice of her past behavior.

"I thought I was the clever one on our wedding night, Ivy," Seraphina murmured, a ghost-like, hollow chuckle escaping her lips. "I genuinely believed I was stealing a crown when I exchanged marriages with you. But I was a fool."

She paused, her breathing shallow. "Sarina is a monster, Ivy. She doesn't just scheme, she executes her plots with a terrifying precision. I am deeply regretting my choice to marry Bastian and making catastrophic mistakes step by step until the heavens stripped my child away from me. I am broken. I am solemnly promising you right now that I will never compete with you for the pack status in the future. I just want to survive." She admitted.

Although I heavily suspected her sudden, drastic intention to win me over to her side to act as a defensive shield against the new concubine, I accepted the apology for now to keep the peace.

"Your apology is noted, Seraphina," I responded lightly. "But what is it you truly want from me?"

More importantly, Seraphina's expression turned into a mask of paranoia. She leaned her upper body forward, lowering her voice to a chillingly whisper so anybody outside won't hear.

"Listen to me very carefully, Ivy," Seraphina hissed, her eyes wide with a sudden vigilance. "The first piece of truth is a direct warning to you and Dominic—do not oppose Mrs. Margot as much as possible. If you push her into a corner, she will destroy you both without a second thought."

I arched a brow. "And the second piece?"

"The second is a certainty," Seraphina said. "Samly... he is the one who will be crowned as the supreme heir to the Alpha King in the future. The council has already secretly aligned behind him. No matter what anyone plan, the third prince's path to the throne cannot be blocked." She said.

Hearing that Aithusa's son will be crowned king, it made a chilling weight of her words lingered in my mind.

"Okay. I've noted, and thank you." I said to her as I quietly exited her room, and returned straight to my room.

Dominic was sitting behind his study desk. "Dominic, we need to talk," I said, closing the latch behind me to secure our privacy.

"Where were you?" He demanded in a worried tone.

"I'm just coming from Seraphina's room." I said, and he looked at me, his eyes asking what I was doing there. "She apologized for her past behavior." I said.

Dominic hissed, "Is she repentant now?" He asked mockingly.

I let out a sigh. "Dominic... Seraphina looked me in the eye and told me we must never oppose Mrs. Margot, and that Prince Samly is fated to take the throne."

Dominic let out chuckle, his eyes flashed with amusement. He didn't show a single ounce of panic.

"Seraphina's words are not necessarily reliable, my love," Dominic explained softly.

"Really?" I asked.

He nodded. "She is broken by her miscarriage, and her mind is seeing shadows on every wall. She is emphasizing the power of the third prince because she is completely blind to what happened in the palace."

"What do you mean, Dominic?" I asked.

"She is entirely unaware that the eldest prince, has already undergone your shamanic alignment surgery," Dominic said, a smirk touching his lips.

"Riven's leg injury will fully heal soon, and his strength, battlefield strategy, and guards loyalty far exceed that of any other prince. As long as the eldest prince successfully establishes himself and exposes his recovery at the critical moment, his position will be completely stable. The third prince, Samly, is a weak, pampered boy... he might not be able to succeed at all if a true alpha prince stands before the throne."

"But what about Aithusa's network? She can still manipulate the King's ear to push Samly forward."

"That is the big twist, Ivy. Aithusa has been officially demoted by the King himself after her treasonous confession was completely overheard."

"Demoted?" I gasped softly, my breath catching in my throat.

"Yes," Dominic said. "The King overheard her admitting to my poisoning, stripped her of her privileges, and locked her inside the cold tower by decree. Without his mother's vicious schemes to back him, Samly's power has greatly decreased."

Exchanging Vows: The Swapped Wife Is a Top Shaman - Chapter 115[1,161 words]

Chapter 115: Chapter 115

Ivy's Point of View

"Breathe deeply, Ivy. Keep your rhythm steady," Luna Helena murmured softly, her hand gently brushing the hair from my forehead as another sharp, tightening pain tore through my abdomen.

The transition had been completely seamless. I was quickly taken back to the suburban country manor by Dominic by midnight. He wouldn't risk my safety inside the palace gates for a single second longer.

Along with us came Luna Helena—whose own pregnancy required isolation from the enemies and our most trusted royal delivery doctor, whom Dominic had personally vetted.

Luna Helena had insisted that since I was so close to my final weeks, she would accompany me throughout the stay.

Unexpectedly, less than a week after arriving at the manor, the twins decided they would no longer wait. I suddenly felt the heavy, unmistakable fluid snap of my water breaking late one night, the sudden contraction slamming into my spine with force.

"Dominic! It's time!" I gasped.

Dominic didn't waste a single fraction of a second. He urgently called the delivery doctor into the birthing pavilion, barking orders to Wolf and Blade to secure the outer thresholds. After I entered labor under the glowing spirit lamps, my body responded with a terrifying, fluid precision... my cervix dilated smoothly, bypassing the grueling hours of early labor that usually break a young woman's spirit.

"Bring me the roasted farmhouse broth and the dried fruit platters right now," I panted through my teeth, looking up at the anxious physician as the pain momentarily receded.

I voluntarily requested to eat food to aggressively save my energy for the final pushing stage. I turned my gaze onto Luna Helena.

"Mother, my labor is moving smoothly. I advise you to go back to your chambers and rest your body first. You cannot risk your own safety tonight."

"I will rest for an hour, Ivy, but I am not leaving this house," Luna Helena promised reluctantly, kissing my brow before letting Nell guide her down the corridor.

By the time the high candles had burned down to their brass bases, the intensity of the labor had locked my body in a grip.

"You are already dilated to seven centimeters, Lady Ivy," the delivery doctor reported excitedly, his fingers rapidly checking my alignment meridians. "The unborn pups are positioning themselves perfectly for the descent."

The doors clicked open, and Luna Helena returned to the bedside after resting for a short while, her spirit completely energized as she took her place to accompany me through the peak.

But before she could even offer a word of comfort, the window frames rattled as Blade burst through the threshold without knocking. His armor was already strapped tight, his face a mask of panic. He bypassed the bed, dropping to one knee directly before Dominic.

"Master Dominic, we have a catastrophic breach." Blade reported urgently, his voice dropping to a whisper that made the blood in my veins turn to ice. "The scouting mirrors just flared. A large number of unidentified, heavily armed people are rapidly approaching our outer gates from the forest path. They are moving with military concealment."

Dominic's eyes flashed with a vigilance. He didn't waste a single second showing weakness. He immediately stood straight up from his wheelchair... completely abandoning his fake crippled disguise in front of the delivery staff, and grabbed his broadswords from the wall rack.

"Blade, call every single guard we have to set up defensive lines at the iron gates right now." Dominic commanded loudly.

He turned back to the bed, his expression softening with a desperate remorse as he looked at his mother. "Mother, take this concentrated protection medicine right now just in case the shock triggers your own contractions. You must stay hidden inside this room."

Dominic swiftly changed into his reinforced black combat clothes, and strode out into the fog to face the enemy directly.

"Move her into the inner delivery room right now!" Luna Helena take charge of the room, as she helped the maids lift my thrashing body.

I was carefully taken into the delivery room, and Luna Helena fiercely insisted on accompanying the entire delivery process from start to finish. She turned her gaze onto the shivering doctor and the panicked maids, pulling two sacks of gold from the side and slamming them onto the table.

"There is ten thousand gold coins inside these bags. Lock your minds, focus entirely on my daughter-in-law, and ensure my grandchildren are born alive."

The sudden, deafening roar of clashing steel and the guttural, agonizing howls of shifting wolves violently erupted from the outer courtyard, shattering the sanctuary of the manor.

From inside the closed delivery room, I couldn't see anything happening, but my heightened werewolf hearing, plus my shamantic sense picked up the terrifying, blood-soaked battle breaking out with chaotic speed outside the stone walls.

The synchronized thuds of boots and the efficiency of their strikes told me that these were highly trained assassins. Through the walls, the yelps of the ordinary pack guards Dominic had brought to maintain our low profile made my heart drop... they were being rapidly broken through by the crushing weight of the invaders.

"Hold the door of the delivery room. Not a single step back." Wolf's voice roared from right outside the threshold.

Hearing his command, a wave of adrenaline hit my veins as I realized the few top secret guards had just formed a wall of flesh and steel directly outside the delivery room doors.

Through the window panes and the panels, I could hear the terrifying thud of bodies slamming against the structure. Dominic's distinct, savage battle roars echoed through. I

could hear the sharp, wet slicing of his broadswords and the explosive crackle of his internal strength as he personally took down several attackers on the steps. But the clashing of blades only grew denser.

The opponent simply had a massive number of people, and their martial arts skills were shrinking our defensive perimeter by the second. The situation outside was exceptionally tense.

I immediately drifted my senses back inside. I had to stay focused, and deliver my children. I had to concentrate.

My own agony reached a screaming peak. I was trapped in an unbearable, suffocating pain as the contractions slammed together without a single second of rest, my pups tearing at my inner core. But after hearing the horrific sound of fighting, the wet slicing of blades, and Dominic's ragged roars vibrating right through the wood... I clutched Luna Helena's hands with bone-crushing force.

"Ivy, look at me. Focus on my voice." Luna Helena wept, her own face pale as she shielded my body with her arms.

I forced my jaw to lock, swallowing the screams of pain rising in my throat. Through shamanic willpower, I tried to remain entirely calm, steady my racing pulse, and completely cooperate with the delivery doctor's commands, pushing with every ounce of life force remaining in my flesh.

Exchanging Vows: The Swapped Wife Is a Top Shaman - Chapter 116[1,044 words]

Chapter 116: Chapter 116

Ivy's Point of View

"Push, My Lady! You must push right now." The delivery doctor screamed hysterically.

The whispers filtering through the panels made me realize a catastrophic shift in the battlefield. The frantic shouting of a bleeding servant outside confirmed that a second batch of about twenty black-clothed men had just jumped into the estate perimeter during the height of the intense battle.

My heightened senses mapped the horror through sound... the new enemy leader's martial arts and roaring aura were entirely on par with Dominic's own immense internal strength. The sickening sound of tearing flesh and dying yelps echoed right through the walls... the number of deaths and injuries of our own guards increased rapidly by the second, and the defensive situation was critical.

"Ivy, focus on my hands. Ignore the doors!" Luna Helena wept, her face slick with sweat as she pinned my shoulders to the blood-stained sheets.

A monstrous contraction tore through my midsection, combining with the desperation to protect my unborn children. I desperately exerted force in blinding pain, pouring every ounce of my remaining shamanic life-force directly into my core. I let out a scream that drowned out the clashing steel outside, and with one final, monumental heave, my body convulsed.

"They are out. Heavens above, both of them." the doctor gasped.

Through miracle and the force of my will, I finally squeezed out both twin children at the exact same time. The two maids, their hands shaking wildly, hurriedly caught them in clean linen cloths.

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Dominic's Point of View

My broadswords hummed with a blood-stained resonance as I parried a strike from the masked assassin leader. My muscles tearing from the exhaustion of holding back forty elite imperial killers single-handedly on the stone steps. The defensive perimeter around the birthing pavilion had entirely shrunk to a wall of flesh.

Wolf lay bleeding near the shattered threshold, and our lines were seconds away from total annihilation. The assassin leader smirked behind his masked face, his blade rising for a final execution. "Your line dies tonight, Dominic."

But at the most critical moment of the desperate battle outside the estate house, one of my men announced loudly.

"Alpha Alaric has arrived." One of my men roared from the flank, his voice rich with a newfound hope.

My father arrived right in the nick of time at the head of a roaring reinforcement unit of Silvermoon guards. The pressure of his high Alpha aura flooded the entire courtyard like a shockwave.

My father's booming, furious shout of "Kill them all. Leave no one alive." echoed throughout the entire structure and bled directly through the walls of the delivery room.

Hearing that voice, everyone in the surviving guards felt their spirits greatly boosted, their exhaustion vanishing instantly.

"Tear them to pieces." Wolf barked, dragging his bleeding body back to his feet.

After our powerful reinforcements joined the fray, the tables turned with a brutal, satisfying precision. The assassins, realizing their ambush had completely failed, quickly collapsed into a panicked retreat and fled back toward the ravines. My father didn't let them escape, he chased them down the rocky trail, hunting and killing several more people before finally returning.

I didn't wait for the scouts to clear the bodies from the grass. I threw my notched broadswords to the stone floor, tore the black mask from my face, and rushed straight into the delivery room, dressed entirely in the thick, steaming blood of our enemies.

The inner sanctuary was silent, save for the soft, rhythmic breathing of my wife. I dropped

to my knees by the edge of the bed, my chest heaving as I tightly held Ivy's cold, trembling hand within my own palms. Tears of pure relief and raw exhaustion filled my eyes, spilling down my dirt-stained cheeks as I looked at her pale, beautiful face.

"Ivy... you've worked hard," I whispered softly, my voice cracking into a ragged sob as I kissed her knuckles.

Ivy slowly opened her eyelids, her gaze scanning my torso with a faint, searching vigilance. "Dominic... are you hurt? Did the blades touch you?"

"No, I am fine, my love," I admitted hoarsely. "But I must tell you the truth... at that exact moment when the second batch breached the outer wall, I was so deeply afraid. I was afraid of dying in battle tonight, and I was terrified that I would fail to protect my beautiful wife, my newborn children, and my pregnant mother."

Ivy offered a faint smile, her fingertips lightly tracing my jawline to verify for herself that I was truly not seriously injured anywhere.

"I'm glad you are not hurt." She said.

Once she confirmed my safety, the exhaustion of the labor completely claimed her mind, and she peacefully fell into a deep, silent sleep right against the pillows.

My mother now look steady and proud, wrapped the first tiny form in a soft blanket, while the delivery doctor carefully swaddled the second. My father stood in the center of the outer drawing room. His chest heaved with a lingering adrenaline, his eyes fixed on the inner door as it slowly clicked open.

My mother stepped first, a soft, triumphant smile gracing her lips as she extended her arms, followed closely by the physician who held the second bundle.

"Thank heavens for blessing us so abundantly... two precious blessings at once," my mother said with a smile.

Then she added, "Ivy is a blessing herself, and I thank her for bringing the blessing of these twins into our family." Her gaze softened as she looked at my sleeping wife.

I think I'm the one who's most overwhelmed and overjoyed. Having Ivy as my wife is the greatest blessing I could ever ask for, and seeing her safely deliver our twins makes my heart fuller than I ever thought possible.

My father approached them with hesitant steps, his hands trembling as he parted the soft linens to look down at his grandchildren's faces.

The moment his gaze met theirs, he became completely overjoyed, a laugh tearing out of his lips as he officially saw that the heavens had blessed our family with a twin lineage... a healthy baby boy and a beautiful baby girl.

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Chapter 117: Chapter 117

Ivy's Point of View

After the terrifying chaos of the midnight siege, the world had finally gone completely silent. I slept until the next day, my body sinking into a deep, dreamless slumber to repair the immense exhaustion of my labor.

When I finally opened my eyes, the comforting scent of boiling herbs filled the room. Luna Helena was already sitting by my bedside, holding a steaming bowl.

"Drink this, my clever girl," she said softly, her eyes filled with a proud warmth as she helped me prop up my pillows. "It is a specialized medicinal soup I brewed myself to replenish your core energy and flush your meridians."

I drank the medicine gratefully, feeling a sudden, vibrant wave of heat returning to my limbs. The moment the bowl was empty, my heart did a joyful flutter, and I couldn't wait a single second longer to see my children.

"My children. Where are they?" I called out, my voice filled with a fierce, burning anticipation.

The door swung open. Dominic walked into the room with a wide, brilliant smile. He carefully pushed a dual cradle right in front of my mattress. My eyes filled with a profound, watering joy as I reached down, scooping up the tiny bundles to hug them one by one against my chest. They were so small, their soft ears twitching against the linen as they snuggled into my warmth.

"They are perfect, Dominic," I whispered, tears of pure relief spilling down my cheeks.

"They truly are," Dominic laughed softly, leaning down to press a firm kiss onto my forehead. "The boys names name we picked won't fit a little princess." He said.

Previously, both I, and Dominic had only prepared the names of the two children based on our old scans. At first, we completely thought they were going to be two sons, but they turned out to be one son and one daughter.

"Then we shall give her a name worthy of a supreme line," I replied smoothly, staring down at the beautiful baby girl sleeping in my left arm.

I immediately came up with a magnificent name for our daughter. "Her brother will be named Ethan, as we agreed, but she... she will be named Selena, after the moon that shielded us through the bloodbath."

"Selena," Dominic repeated, his voice held an unyielding pride. "A beautiful name for my little princess."

The peaceful silence didn't last long. My two newborn children soon became incredibly hungry, their tiny faces wrinkling as they began to let out loud cries. My motherly instincts flared, and I immediately pulled back my nightgown, wanting to breastfeed them.

However, a loud throbbing ache knotted through my chest. I tried to feed little Ethan, but the newborn pup let out a frustrated yelp, unable to draw a single drop.

My mind analyzed the symptoms in a fraction of a second. The midnight assassination attempt had triggered such intense trauma that my milk let-down reflex had shut down, leaving the colostrum trapped despite her body producing it.

"What is wrong, Ivy?" Dominic asked. "Is the fever returning?"

"No, the milk channels are sealed tight," I explained, keeping my composure despite the mounting discomfort. I turned my head toward the corner where Nell and the delivery maids were waiting.

"Nell, take the staff and evacuate the pavilion right now. Lock the outer doors and let no one inside."

Nell bowed quickly and decisively sent away the lower maids, shutting the doors to secure our privacy. Once the room was entirely empty, I looked straight into my husband's searching eyes.

"Dominic, I need you to help me," I instructed, my tone dead serious. "The pups will starve if we wait for a heated poultice to dissolve the calcification. I need you to manually help suckle and unblock the milk right now."

Dominic froze completely, his face turning an intense, burning shade of awkward red from his ears down to his collar. The man commander who had personally slaughtered several assassins on the steps hours ago was suddenly staring at my chest as if it were a high-grade military trap.

"Ivy... you want me to... here? Right now?"

"Stop acting like a blushing village boy, Dominic," I teased through the pain, grabbing his shoulder to pull him closer. "Do it for your children."

Swallowing his deep embarrassment, Dominic blushed awkwardly, leaned over the mattress, and gently did exactly as I was told. Using his own warmth and careful pressure, he suckled through the blocked channels until a sudden, sweet surge of pure golden colostrum came out, flowing freely into the cloths.

"The flow is completely clear, Dominic," I gasped with a sigh of relief, immediately guiding the hungry little Ethan to the freed warmth of my nipples.

Afterwards, feeling incredibly embarrassed and red-faced by the intimate, nature of the solution, Dominic scrambled backward away from the sheets. He wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, coughing loudly as he searched for any possible path out of the room.

"Ah... excellent. Magnificent!!! I just remembered... the scouts reported new movements from the capital. I must make an immediate excuse to discuss border security with my and escape this chamber right now!"

I let out a hearty, genuine chuckle at the hilarious situation, watching my husband practically sprint out of the bedroom as if the enemies were chasing him with a blade.

Within an hour, the room filled with warmth once more as Alpha Alaric and Luna Helena walked through. The grandmother and grandfather were completely captivated by their grandchildren. Alpha and Luna each held their grandchildren with an immense, unyielding tenderness, their faces glowing with adoration.

Alpha Alaric was at a total, clumsy loss when holding his tiny grandson, his arms stiffening as little Ethan began to squirm against his chest.

"Alaric, you are holding an newborn, not a sword." Luna Helena teased him with a bright laugh, shifting little Selena expertly against her own shoulder. "Relax your shoulders before you terrify the poor boy."

After being teased continuously by Luna Helena, Alpha Alaric finally managed to hold him steady, a soft look of joy breaking through his rough features. Then, he leaned over to take his tiny granddaughter into his arms. The moment little Selena's tiny fingers brushed against his thumb, Alpha Alaric laughed uncontrollably, a thunderous, hearty sound that filled the entire room.

He looked up at me, his eyes reflecting a profound weight of gratitude.

"I have a magnificent grandson... and a beautiful granddaughter all at once," he sighed.

Alpha Alaric carefully handed the swaddled princess back into my arms. He reached down, his fingers lightly brushing the edge of my blanket.

"I appreciate you, Ivy, for this. You've worked so hard..."