

Exchanging Vows: The Swapped Wife Is a Top Shaman - Chapter 118 - 120[1,244 words]

Chapter 118: Chapter 120

Ivy's Point of View

Three days had officially passed since the events of the full moon banquet. Ethan, had fully recovered from the wine-chopstick blunder. I was carefully folded a few clothes, when the door was tapped three times rhythm.

"Enter," I commanded flatly.

The door swung wide, revealing Blade, and a messenger. The messenger dropped tightly to one knee before my desk. I looked down at his mismatched uniform and noticed a familiar tribal emblem sewn into his collar.

"Speak," I told the guard to talk. "Who authorized your entry into the Silvermoon inner circle?"

"Lady Ivy, forgive my intrusion," the guard panted, wiping the sweat from his brow. "My name is Rowan," the man said, bowing respectfully. "I serve as your father's guard."

Dominic frowned. "Why have you come?"

"I've been sent with an urgent message for Lady Ivy. The official results of the annual imperial examination in the kingdom were released by the high council hours ago! Master Edwin Calloway has passed the ultimate trials. He ranked eleventh in the high school standings across the entire territory."

"Eleventh?" I gasped, a pride exploding inside my chest.

I am overjoyed, my eyes shining. In this kingdom, achieving a high scholar ranking in the imperial court gave an ordinary household massive political immunity from tyrannical Alphas.

The moment the guard left the room to seek refreshment in the kitchens, I turned my head straight toward the gallery. "Dominic. Did you hear that?"

A smirk touching his lips. "You must be proud." He said.

I nodded proudly. "I want to take a grand selection of celebratory gifts to my father's residence." I said.

Dominic smiled and nodded. "Of course. He'll be delighted."

"I owe him that much."

"You've always been a thoughtful daughter," he said warmly. "I'm sure your father will be proud to see you. When should we leave?" Dominic asked. "Tomorrow morning or at noon?"

I shook my head. "Neither. We'll leave as soon as everything is prepared."

"So soon?" He asked.

"We already have everything we need. Why waste time? The earlier we go, the better."

Dominic smiled. "Very well. We'll depart immediately."

"We leave by carriage by noon," Dominic agreed. "Your father has earned his wings, Ivy."

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We brought the lavish gifts back to my father's home. We intentionally did not head to the Crescent Moon Pack territory... instead, we drove straight to the place where my father is recently staying with my mom, and Finn. The exact second our carriage horses pulled up against the stone steps, a sudden commotion blocked the path.

We coincidentally met Rowan... the high court's official good news messenger who came straight to the door at that exact moment, his horn blasting a triumphant royal melody that echoed across the crowd.

"Congratulations to Scholar Edwin Calloway." the royal messenger bellowed, as he handed over the gold-embossed scroll.

Within minutes, the neutral valley erupted into a chaotic frenzy. Amidst the thunderous, deafening sound of firecrackers exploding along the fences, the neighbors from the surrounding estates congratulated him one after another in a roaring wave of celebration.

My father's modest residence was completely crowded to the brim with gentry, warriors, and elders.

My father stood in the center of the reception hall, his robes looking immaculate as he stepped past the gifts to look into my eyes.

"Ivy... my clever girl," my father admitted, his eyes shining with a profound, watering gratitude. "If it weren't for your vision, and the opportunity you forged for me, I would still be suppressed by my brother." He said.

"Father... no need for all that. Today is for celebration." I said to him, offering a warm smile.

"I know my girl... but if not for you, I would be rotting inside that pack, and I certainly would not have been admitted to the prestigious imperial examination today." He said.

"You earned this through your own intellect, Father," I replied.

The celebration didn't slow down. Later that afternoon, a loud voice announced. "Masters Josh and Edmund have arrived with their families to offer their blessings."

I was speechless... the two sons of the old professor... Josh and Edmund, the legendary tutors who had secretly taught my father... came marching through the gates with their entire extended families to offer their blessings.

"The old professor's sons?" Someone gasped.

Before anyone could recover, another guard rushed in. To my absolute shock, Alpha Alaric himself personally came down from his pack to show respect for my father.

My father's residence became completely overcrowded within another hour, the small space unable to contain the number of noble lords. Realizing the bottleneck, I immediately rented a premium three-story restaurant in the center of the town to properly accommodate the incoming guests.

The wine flowed until the winter sun dropped beneath the horizon. After the crowd of guests finally dispersed and the servants cleared the tables, the atmosphere inside the dining room suddenly turned freezing cold.

My uncle, Alpha Roland, and his wife, Luna Camila... stayed behind instead of leaving. They walked straight to the front of the long table and took the initiative to seat

themselves in the main high seats of honor, acting as if they still ruled my father's destiny.

"Edwin, blood is always thicker than water." Alpha Roland spoke out. But I could read that, his tone was filled with a fake affection.

"You ou must pack your things and move back to the Crescent Moon Pack immediately," Alpha Roland urged. "There is no reason for an imperial scholar to live in a separate house. We must live together inside the main pack compound once more."

Luna Camila leaned forward, her smile mirrored her husband's practiced smile.

"Exactly, brother-in-law. Our old separation years ago was nothing more than a childish joke between siblings. After all, your elderly mother is still alive and weeping for her sons, and the house in the pack has always been kept completely empty, waiting for your return."

I sat quietly near Dominic, as my mind analyzed the shifting currents of the room. My father knew perfectly well in his heart that his success today depended entirely on his my position. He understood the reality of his family line... that his eldest brother, had no overall view, and the Crescent Moon Pack's financial future was deeply worrying under his clumsy rule.

Uncle Roland had spent decades running the Crescent Moon Pack into severe debt, but my father still responded very seriously and politely on the surface, keeping his true thoughts hidden behind a calm face.

"Family unity is indeed a sacred thing, Brother," my father replied.

I closely followed my father's polite response, my eyes as a realization clicked into my mind. I watched my uncle's fingers trace the wood of the main seat, and I knew with certainty that my uncle desperately wanted to regain his wings and absorb my father's immunity after seeing my father's magnificent success.

He wanted to use my father's new title to shield the own failing Crescent Moon Pack.

"We will deeply consider the family's honor, Brother." My father said softly, his expression entirely unreadable as he offered a polite bow to the high seats.

My heart did a sudden, anxious flutter as I watched them exchange a triumphant look. I knew that if my father actually goes back to the Crescent Moon Pack, he, my brother, and my mother, may be squeezed, isolated by them again.