

Exchanging Vows: The Swapped Wife Is a Top Shaman - Chapter 120 - 122[1,019 words]

Chapter 120: Chapter 122

Alpha Alaric's Point of View

The freezing wind howled across the high eaves, biting fiercely against my skin, but the rage burning within my chest made the cold entirely meaningless. I sat on the rooftop for most of the night, staring blindly into the darkness as decades of statecraft, duty, and love twisted into a suffocating knot of grief.

I only jumped down from the high limestone tiles when the sky turned grey, the first faint lines of the dawn cutting through the mountain fog. I landed on the pavers with a dull, echoing thud. Without looking back, I threw the empty clay wine jug straight to my lead guard standing rigidly in the shadows.

"My Lord," the guard murmured, his hand catching the ceramic with speed as he bowed his head deeply. "The morning patrols are lining the gates. Shall I call for the high physician to check you?"

"There is no need," I responded flatly.

I forced my posture back into its immovable, authoritative alignment. My face returned to its usual coldness stone mask that completely buried the vulnerabilities of the night. Only my bloodshot eyes, leaking all the tears of a son's raw agony through the lonely hours of the night, gave any silent proof of the storm raging within my soul.

I strode across the compound, went back to my private master bedchambers, and thoroughly washed my face with water to shock my nerves. I changed into my robes, and walked straight down the corridor to the office as if nothing had happened.

The doors of the office clicked shut behind me, the scent of fresh parchment doing little to soothe my inner wolf, who was violently clawing at the edges of my restraint. I stood behind the desk, my fingers tracing the smooth wood where so many pack decrees had been signed.

Before leaving the room to gather the morning intelligence, I raised my hand, signaling my guards patrolling the balcony to step into the office.

"Get in here," I commanded softly.

The two warriors slipped inside, their movements entirely silent as they closed the latch to secure our privacy. They stood shoulder-to-shoulder before my desk.

"Alpha," the lead guard said.

"Those two old maids must be kept alive at all costs. Secure their room with my personal blood tokens. No one enters that corridor without my explicit signature."

The guard lowered his head in an immediate, submissive response, his voice tight with an intense, unyielding compliance. "By your command, Alpha. If anyone approaches the threshold without your knowledge, we will question them on the spot."

"See that you do," I murmured flatly, waving my hand to dismiss them.

As they vanished past the drapes, my mind locked onto the eastern courtyard where Lady Margot slept.

"Enjoy your final sunrise, old snake," I thought bitterly, my fingers tightening around the edge of the desk until the wood groaned beneath my knuckles. The debt is coming due.

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Ivy's Point of View

The silence inside our master bedroom had been completely suffocating throughout the dark hours. Dominic and I in the bedroom, we didn't sleep well all night, our spirits trapped in a shared, tense paranoia after the midnight interrogation.

"I can't sit here waiting," Dominic said quietly. "I need to know what my father has decided after questioning those mute maids."

I touched his hand. "Give him some space. He just learned Margot murdered his mother years back. He's still trying to process everything."

"He may be," Dominic replied, rising, "but he's still my father. Right now, he needs his son beside him."

"Be careful, Dominic," I warned him sharply, my hand tightening around his wrist. "The palace walls have ears this morning."

After dawn, Dominic pushed his wheelchair straight to the his father's study in the outer courtyard. Once the doors clicked shut behind him, the room fell into an eerie, freezing stillness.

I remained behind, sitting quietly in front of the high glass window with my two newborn children cradled securely in my arms, lost in a deep, complicated maze of strategic thoughts. I stared at my bundles of joy.

"Look at you two," I murmured, my tone laced with a faint, searching vigilance as I adjusted their swaddles.

I knew perfectly well in my heart that once the old case from decades ago was formally exposed to everyone, the entire Silvermoon Pack territory would be completely, violently turned upside down. Factions would shatter, the bloodline claim would bleed, and it would tear our family apart from the inside.

"My Lady, should I prepare a rice?" Nell whispered anxiously from the doorway, her face pale as she clutched a fresh basin of water.

"No, Nell," I replied smoothly, not breaking my gaze from my children. "Just prepare flour, instead of the rice." I told her. She nodded, and left.

I understood the terrifying reality of our position. Even if Mrs. Margot stubbornly and aggressively refused to admit to her ancient crimes, screaming of frames and political conspiracies, those two mute witnesses Alpha Alaric had locked were more than enough for Alpha to find an undeniable breakthrough to destroy her entire branch.

I looked down at my beautiful daughter who was sleeping soundly in my arms, her tiny plump cheeks flushing with a soft, pink warmth against my skin. I leaned my head down, gently kissing her smooth forehead, letting. My motherly instincts flared with an absolute, unyielding fire. I clutched little Ethan closer to my chest too, my mind solidifying a fierce, defensive boundary.

"No matter what happens beyond these walls," I murmured, glancing toward the sleeping children, "whether the world descends into bloodshed, storms, or chaos, this place must remain peaceful. Both of you deserve a home untouched by fear, and I'll make sure nothing ever shatters that peace."

But as I watched my children... no matter how I try to tell myself that everything is going to be fine, a cold sweat broke out on the back of my neck. Because it seems, in the coming days, this entire palace would be exceptionally hot.

