

Exchanging Vows: The Swapped Wife Is a Top Shaman - Chapter 122 - 124[1,137 words]

Chapter 122: Chapter 124

Alpha Alaric's Point of View

The Next Day:

The fragile peace of the morning was shattered by a loud, echoing scream from the master pavilion. My wife suddenly went into premature labor, throwing the entire mansion into an absolute, breathless panic.

"You, and you. Form a human wall around the outer perimeter!" I roared to the guards, my Alpha aura violently flaring as I strode down the corridor. "Mobilize every single top-secret guard we have to heavily guard the main courtyard! Not a single soul enters this wing!"

I turned on my heel and immediately summoned Ivy to quickly accompany the delivery process inside the birthing suite. Helena was pale, her fingers clawing into the robes as the contractions tore through her. Ivy rushed to her side, her fingertips rapidly checking her pulse alignment.

"The pulse is volatile, Father," Ivy reported, her voice calmed and sharp as steel. "Mother's cervix is currently only five centimeters dilated. The child are pressing hard, but the channel is opening far too slowly. We need absolute quiet."

Before I could even offer a word of comfort to my wife, the side door clicked open, and the lead guard scrambled into the room, his face completely readable as he dropped tightly to his knees. Something was wrong.

"Alpha... a catastrophic breach," the guard panted, his hands shaking as he delivered his report. "The vault seals have been melted from the inside. The ancient iron box containing our ancestor's combination device is gone!"

"What?!" I bellowed, my wolf letting out a murderous, guttural roar.

My mind flashed back to that large, round silver disc engraved with ten numbers—the ancient heirloom from our founding war that had never been successfully opened to this day. To lose it was an act of supreme treason against the royal crown.

"Block every single exit of the pack territory immediately! No one leaves the borders! I will personally ride out and prepare to enter the palace to apologize to the King face-to-face before his scouts detect the void!"

"Dominic! Get in here!" I barked into the gallery, my fists clenching until my knuckles turned stark white.

Dominic wheeled his chair through the threshold, his expression rigidly set into a mask of warrior vigilance as he maintained the crippled disguise. "I heard the alarm, Father. Is the perimeter compromised?"

"The ancestral device is gone, Dominic," I said sharply, leaning close so my breath fanned across his collar. "The thief bypassed the ten-number silver patina lock entirely. I am ordering you right now to strictly guard the pack, take exceptionally good care of your mother who is about to give birth inside that room, and do not tell her a single syllable about the loss of the iron box! If her emotional distress spikes, her core meridians will collapse and we will lose the baby!"

"I will hold the line, Father," Dominic promised firmly. "Go to the capital. I won't let a single snake touch the inner courtyard."

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Seraphina's Point of View

Inside the stifling heat of the birthing pavilion, the scent of burning medicinal herbs did nothing to calm the wild, frantic beating of my heart. During the grueling delivery process, Ivy and I were inside the room the entire time, our hands holding the linens steady as Luna Helena groaned from another white-hot contraction.

"Alaric..." Helena gasped out from the pillows, her eyes searching the empty doorway as sweat slicked her brow. "Where is Alaric? Why do I hear the war drums at the gate? Is the pack under ambush?"

I froze, my fingers trembling, but Ivy didn't waste a single fraction of a second.

"Mother, calm your spirit," Ivy lied smoothly, stepping closer to pat her hand with a serene, reassuring smile to evade her questions. "The King urgently called Alpha Alaric into the palace for an emergency summit regarding the northern borders. He had to ride out immediately, but he will return before the final push. Focus on your breathing."

Luna Helena let out a ragged sigh, her spirit temporarily settling as her cervix reached full dilation. The delivery doctor immediately ordered her to be helped into the inner delivery room, the maids fluttering around her torso.

But just as the reinforced wooden doors closed behind us, the thunderous, deafening roar of marching boots echoed right through the courtyard tiles. What was going on, I peeped and saw two guards taking, I listened.

"An imperial decree just landed at the front gate!" the first guard hissed. "The Alpha King has ordered the high Ministry of Justice to enter our pack territory immediately!"

"The Ministry?!" the second guard gasped out. "What are they hunting for?"

"The ancestral combination device is gone from the crypt! They have strict orders from the throne to conduct an aggressive search everywhere to hunt for the missing device, and they aren't leaving until they find it!"

The whispers cut through me like blade. My skin turned completely ash-pale. Just then, Dominic and the high judge came in. The hallways were instantly swarming with armored imperial executioners, their cold blades tracking every shadow. Dominic personally accompanied the high judges to closely inspect the scene.

However, by strict royal protocol, the main hospital yard and the birthing courtyard were completely exempt from the search due to the active, high-risk delivery inside.

I stood near the gallery balustrade, my face turning a sickly shade of ash-gray as my body shivered with an fear. I was the most frightened person in the entire palace because that ancient iron box had been lost directly from my own care and stewardship lines. If the Ministry discovered that the silver patina device had vanished under my watch, I would be punished severely.

"Search the eastern storehouses again!" the high judge bellowed from the courtyard.

But the official search found absolutely nothing down to the last copper coin. The iron box seemed to have completely vanished into thin air, leaving no physical trace or scent for the scouts to track.

Alpha Alaric came rushing back to the palace grounds, his guards stallion covered in a thick lather of road sweat. He didn't even look at the Ministry judges. He ran straight down the corridor, stopping right outside the closed delivery room doors, and began to shout Luna Helena's name at the top of his lungs to encourage her through the delivery.

"Helena! Push! I am right here, my love!" Alpha Alaric's booming voice vibrated.

Hearing the familiar, powerful roar of her mate's voice, Luna Helena's eyes flew open with a sudden, radiant surge of newborn energy. With one final, monumental heave, she

gave an agonizing push, and the sharp, piercing wail of a newborn pup shattered the suffocating dread of the room.

Luna Helena had successfully given birth to a beautiful, healthy daughter.