

Exchanging Vows: The Swapped Wife Is a Top Shaman #Chapter 2 - Read Exchanging Vows: The Swapped Wife Is a Top Shaman Chapter 2

Ivy's Point of View

His eyes found me. For a split second, our gazes locked.

My heart stopped.

Then I let my eyelids flutter closed, let my body go completely slack. Dead weight. Just another piece of furniture shoved under the bed.

Don't react. Don't react. Don't react.

"She's still out," Bastian muttered, sounding relieved. "Just making noise in her sleep or something."

"See? I told you." Seraphina's voice floated down from above, dripping with irritation.

"The drug hasn't worn off yet. Now get back up here and finish what you started."

But Bastian didn't move. Instead, his foot connected with my ribs.

Hard.

Pain exploded through my side. It took everything in me not to gasp, not to curl into myself. I bit the inside of my cheek so hard I tasted blood.

Don't move. Don't move. Don't move.

Another kick. This one to my hip.

"Bastian, stop playing with her and come back to bed." Seraphina sounded bored now. Annoyed that her evening entertainment had been interrupted.

He kicked me again. Testing. Waiting for a reaction.

I gave him nothing.

My body screamed. My ribs throbbed. But I stayed limp, stayed lifeless, stayed dead to the world.

Finally, Bastian grunted. "She's really out. Must have been one hell of a dose."

"Delia knows what she's doing." Seraphina's voice turned sharp. "Now hurry up and get her out of here. Take her to Dominic's room. Let the two rejects keep each other company."

"Fine." Bastian reached down and grabbed my arm, yanking me out from under the bed like I weighed nothing. My head cracked against the floor as he dragged me across the wood. I bit back a whimper.

Then his arms were under me, lifting me up. He carried me like a sack of grain. No gentleness. No care. Just a burden to be disposed of.

The hallway was cold. I kept my eyes shut, my body slack, as Bastian's footsteps echoed against the marble floors. Left turn. Right turn. Up a small flight of stairs. I

memorized every movement, every sound, even as my heart hammered against my ribs.

A door creaked open.

The smell hit me first. Medicine. Herbs. Something sharp and clinical beneath the faint scent of sandalwood.

Bastian dumped me onto a bed without ceremony. The mattress was soft, at least. Softer than the floor I'd been lying on.

"There." His voice was cold, dismissive. "Two broken things in one room. Perfect."

I heard him turn, heard his footsteps retreat. The door slammed shut behind him.

Silence.

I waited. Counted to fifty in my head. Then counted again.

Only when I was certain he wasn't coming back did I slowly open my eyes.

The room was dim. Moonlight filtered through heavy curtains, casting everything in shades of silver and shadow. Candles flickered on a bedside table, their flames dancing weakly.

And beside me, someone was breathing.

Slow. Steady. The rhythm of deep sleep. Or something close to it.

I turned my head.

Oh.

Dominic Ashford lay beside me, still as death. His chest rose and fell in that mechanical way of the unconscious. No movement behind his closed eyelids. No twitch of his fingers. Just a body going through the motions of living without actually being alive.

But goddess, he was beautiful.

I'd seen Bastian earlier tonight. Thought him handsome, in that sharp, arrogant way some men are. All polished edges and practiced smiles.

Dominic was different.

Even after six months in a coma, even with his cheeks hollowed and his skin too pale, he was striking. The servants had clearly taken good care of him. His dark hair was clean, brushed back from his face. His jaw was strong, shadowed with stubble. His features were carved deep, like someone had taken their time sculpting him from stone.

The eldest son of the Silvermoon Pack Alpha. The heir who might never wake up.

And now, apparently, my husband.

I stared at him for a long moment, something strange twisting in my chest.

"Your luna left you," I whispered into the darkness. "The woman who was supposed to be your mate. She's in your brother's bed right now, moaning his name."

Dominic didn't respond. Of course he didn't.

"She called you a vegetable. Said she didn't want to be shackled to a corpse." I swallowed hard. "And your brother? He's already counting down the days until you die

so he can take your position."

Still nothing. Just that slow, steady breathing.

I felt a strange pang of indignation on his behalf. This man had shielded the king with his own body. He'd sacrificed himself in battle while his brother probably hid in the back lines. And now everyone was just waiting for him to die so they could pick over his remains.

"I guess we're both rejects now," I murmured. "Your luna didn't want you. And my husband didn't want me."

The bitterness in my chest spread, thick and heavy.

Who would feel sorry for me? I'd been knocked unconscious, drugged, swapped, and discarded like garbage. All because Seraphina decided she deserved better than a dying man. All because I was just the Beta's daughter. Expendable. Forgettable.

And now I was stuck here. Married to a man who might never open his eyes. Tied to someone whose lifespan was measured in weeks, not years.

I should be furious. And I was. But beneath the anger, something else stirred.

At least he can't betray me.

The thought was dark. Bitter. But strangely comforting.

I'd heard the stories. Alphas and heirs from other packs keeping multiple mistresses. Filling their homes with illegitimate children. Treating their lunas like decorations while they rutted with whoever caught their eye.

Bastian would have been like that. I could see it now. The way he'd looked at Seraphina, the hunger in his voice. He would have kept me as a trophy wife while warming his bed with anyone else.

But Dominic?

Dominic couldn't keep mistresses. Couldn't sneak around behind my back. Couldn't humiliate me with other women.

He couldn't do anything at all.

A hysterical laugh bubbled up in my throat. I swallowed it down.

This is insane. I'm trying to find silver linings in being married to a comatose man.

But what else could I do? Scream? Cry? Demand justice from a pack that had already shown me exactly how much I was worth?

No. I'd been surviving my whole life. This was just another thing to survive.

I looked at Dominic's face again. So peaceful. So unaware of everything that had happened tonight.

"I don't know if you can hear me," I said softly. "Probably not. But for what it's worth, I'm sorry this happened to you. And I'm sorry I'm here. I know I'm not who you expected."

No response. Just breathing.

Exhaustion hit me all at once. The drug still lingering in my system, the emotional

wreckage of the night, the bruises forming on my ribs from Bastian's kicks. It all crashed down on me like a wave.

My eyes grew heavy. I tried to fight it, but my body had other plans.

The last thing I saw before sleep claimed me was Dominic's face in the moonlight. Still as marble. Beautiful as a grave.

Two broken things in one room.

Maybe Bastian was right about that much.

Tip: You can use left, right, A and D keyboard keys to browse between chapters.