

Exchanging Vows: The Swapped Wife Is a Top Shaman #Chapter 3 - Read Exchanging Vows: The Swapped Wife Is a Top Shaman Chapter 3

Ivy's Point of View

"Miss Seraphina, may I come in?"

The voice jolted me awake. My eyes snapped open, heart already pounding before my brain could catch up.

Sunlight streamed through the curtains. Morning. It was morning already.

And that voice. I recognized it instantly.

Delia. Seraphina's personal maid. The one she'd brought from the Crescent Moon Pack. The one who'd probably helped drug me last night.

This is an act.

The realization hit me like cold water. Of course it was. This was the next part of Seraphina's little performance. The dramatic discovery. The shocked gasps. The perfectly orchestrated scandal.

I had no choice but to play along.

"Come in," I called out, keeping my voice steady.

The door swung open. Delia stepped inside, her face arranged in polite neutrality. Then her eyes landed on me, and she let out a shriek that could've woken the dead.

"Mi... Miss Ivy?" She stumbled backward, hand flying to her chest. "H-How could it be you? What are you doing in Alpha Dominic's room?"

Her performance was flawless. Wide eyes, trembling voice, the perfect picture of horrified confusion. If I didn't know better, I might've believed her myself.

The commotion drew others. Two more maids rushed in, followed by a third. Each one gasped and stared at me like I'd sprouted a second head.

"What's going on?"

"Why is Miss Ivy here?"

"Where is Miss Seraphina?"

The whispers spread like wildfire. Within minutes, the entire Silvermoon Pack estate was in chaos. Servants ran through the halls, voices rose and fell, doors slammed in the distance.

I sat on the edge of the bed, watching it all unfold. Beside me, Dominic remained motionless. Oblivious. Lucky bastard.

A stern-faced servant appeared in the doorway. "Miss Ivy, you are summoned to the council chamber immediately. Alpha Alaric and Luna Helena demand your presence."

Here we go.

I stood on shaky legs. My ribs still ached from Bastian's kicks. My neck throbbed where someone had struck me unconscious. But I lifted my chin and walked out of that room like I had nothing to hide.

Because I didn't. I wasn't the one who should be ashamed.

The council chamber was massive. High ceilings, dark wood paneling, portraits of past Alphas glaring down from the walls. A long table dominated the center of the room, and seated around it were some of the most powerful wolves in the Silvermoon Pack.

Alpha Alaric sat at the head. His face was carved from granite, silver streaking through his dark hair. Beside him, Luna Helena looked pale, her lips pressed into a thin line. Her eyes were red-rimmed, like she'd been crying. Or screaming.

The elders flanked them on either side. Gray-haired men and women with sharp eyes and sharper tongues. I recognized a few from the wedding ceremony last night.

And then there were the others. Alpha Alaric's brothers and their wives, seated along the edges of the room like vultures waiting for carrion.

One woman in particular caught my attention. Margot Ashford. Alpha Alaric's stepmother. She sat near the corner, her hands folded primly in her lap, but her eyes were bright with barely contained excitement.

She looked like someone had just handed her a gift.

The doors behind me opened again. I turned and watched as Seraphina and Bastian entered together, hand in hand.

Seraphina looked radiant. Her hair was perfectly styled, her dress immaculate, her expression a careful mixture of shame and defiance. Bastian stood tall beside her, his jaw set, his grip on her hand possessive.

They looked like lovers. Like mates then they never were.

Whispers erupted around the room.

"They came in together?"

"Where's Miss Ivy's escort?"

"What in the goddess's name happened last night?"

I stood alone on my side of the chamber. No one to hold my hand. No one to stand beside me.

Just me.

Luna Helena took a deep breath. I watched her compose herself, watched her swallow down whatever emotions were clawing at her throat.

"What happened?" Her voice was cold, controlled. "I want an explanation. Now."

Everyone looked at each other. Seraphina lowered her gaze demurely. Bastian squeezed her hand.

So I spoke first.

"I woke up in Dominic's room." My voice came out steadier than I expected. "I don't

know how I got there. The last thing I remember is preparing for my wedding night, and then..." I touched the back of my neck. "I woke up beside a man I'd never even spoken to."

Luna Helena's eyes narrowed. She studied my face, searching for lies.

"You expect us to believe you simply appeared in my son's room by accident?"

"I don't expect anything." I held her gaze. "I'm telling you what happened."

Skepticism flickered across her face. She turned toward Bastian and Seraphina.

"And you two? Explain yourselves."

Bastian stepped forward, pulling Seraphina with him. He dropped to one knee, bowing his head like a penitent son.

"Father. Mother." His voice was heavy with rehearsed guilt. "I must confess something terrible."

Alpha Alaric's expression didn't change. "Speak."

"After the wedding ceremony, there was confusion with the maids. The two brides were taken to the wrong rooms." Bastian paused, letting the words sink in. "I had been drinking heavily. By the time Seraphina came to my chambers, I was already intoxicated. I didn't realize the mistake until it was too late."

Liar.

My nails dug into my palms.

"I was drunk," Bastian continued, his voice cracking with false emotion. "I thought she was Ivy. We... we consummated the marriage before I understood what had happened."

Gasps rippled through the council chamber. The elders exchanged horrified glances. Luna Helena's face went white.

But Bastian wasn't finished.

"By the time I realized the truth, the damage was done." He lifted his head, meeting his father's eyes. "I've already marked her. Seraphina bears my mark on her neck. The bond is complete."

Seraphina tilted her head, exposing the fresh bite mark on her throat. It was red, angry, unmistakable. The mark of a mate.

The room exploded.

"This is outrageous!"

"How could such a mistake happen?"

"The maids must be punished!"

Through it all, Margot Ashford sat perfectly still, a small smile playing at the corners of her lips. She looked like a cat who'd just caught a particularly fat mouse.

"This is most unfortunate," she said, her voice cutting through the chaos. Soft, but somehow everyone heard her. "But what's done is done. The mark cannot be undone. The bond between Bastian and Seraphina is sealed by the Moon Goddess herself."

Luna Helena whirled on her. "You seem awfully pleased about this, Margot."

"Pleased? Not at all." Margot's smile widened. "Simply practical. We must deal with the situation as it stands, not as we wish it to be."

Bastian rose to his feet. "Father, I know I've disappointed you. But I cannot change what's happened. Seraphina is my mate now, in every way that matters." He straightened his shoulders. "I'm asking you to dissolve my blood bond with Ivy. She should be free to return to her pack, or..." He glanced toward the hallway, toward where Dominic's room lay. "Or remain with the husband fate has given her instead."

Alpha Alaric's jaw tightened. Luna Helena looked like she might actually combust.

But Margot spoke again. "The bond-breaking ceremony should be performed quickly. For everyone's sake. The longer this drags on, the more scandal it creates. Think of the pack's reputation. Think of the alliance with Crescent Moon."

Several elders nodded in agreement. The whispers grew louder, more insistent.

I stood there, silent, watching my fate be decided by people who didn't give a damn about me.

Two broken things in one room.

Bastian's words echoed in my head.

Maybe he was right. Maybe that was all I was now. Something broken. Something discarded.

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