

Exchanging Vows: The Swapped Wife Is a Top Shaman #Chapter 4 - Read Exchanging Vows: The Swapped Wife Is a Top Shaman Chapter 4

Ivy's Point of View

I almost laughed out loud.

Almost.

The audacity of these people was actually impressive. Here they were, calmly discussing how to dissolve a blood bond like they were planning a dinner party. And not a single one of them seemed to remember one very important detail.

Dominic had been in a coma on our wedding day.

He couldn't exactly stand at the altar and perform a blood bond ceremony, could he? Which meant Seraphina and Dominic never completed their bond in the first place. The only blood bond that existed was between me and Bastian.

The bond they now wanted to rip apart.

I knew what the bond-breaking ceremony entailed. Everyone did. It wasn't some simple ritual you could shrug off. It required a full moon. A priest. Silver instruments soaked in wolfsbane. The cursed metal would be bound around the wrists of those involved while ancient words tore the bond apart thread by thread.

It was agony. Pure, unfiltered agony.

Some wolves didn't survive it. Their hearts simply gave out from the pain. Others went mad, their minds shattered by the severing of something so deeply connected to their souls.

And they wanted me to go through that. For a marriage I never asked for. For a betrayal that wasn't my fault.

"The bond-breaking ceremony should be performed quickly," Margot repeated, her voice sweet as poisoned honey. "For everyone's sake. The longer we allow this scandal to fester, the more damage it does to our pack's reputation."

Another woman stepped forward from the shadows. I hadn't noticed her before, tucked away in the corner like she'd been waiting for her cue.

She was beautiful in a cold, calculating way. Dark hair piled high on her head, expensive jewelry dripping from her neck and wrists. Her eyes found Bastian immediately, softening with maternal pride.

Vivienne Ashford. Alpha Alaric's concubine. And Bastian's mother.

"My lady speaks wisely," Vivienne said, inclining her head toward Margot. Her voice was smooth, practiced. "What's done is done. We cannot undo the mark on Miss Seraphina's neck. The bond between her and my son is sealed by the Moon Goddess herself." She turned to Alpha Alaric, her expression carefully submissive. "We should focus on resolving this matter swiftly, my Alpha. Dwelling on blame will only prolong the

embarrassment for everyone involved."

"And how do you suggest we resolve it?" Luna Helena's voice was sharp, cutting. Her eyes never left Vivienne's face.

Vivienne smiled. Gentle. Understanding. Completely fake.

"The full moon is in a month, my Luna. That gives us just enough time to prepare the bond-breaking ceremony. Once it's complete, Miss Ivy will be free. She can return to the Crescent Moon Pack with her honor intact, or..." She paused, glancing toward the door. "Or she may choose to remain here as the wife of your son, Dominic. Either way, the scandal will be contained."

In a month.

In a month, they wanted to strap me down with wolfsbane-soaked silver and tear my soul apart.

Alpha Alaric remained silent. His face betrayed nothing. He simply sat there, watching, judging, letting others speak while he observed from his throne like a king above the petty squabbles of his subjects.

Luna Helena's hands were clenched so tightly in her lap that her knuckles had gone white. I could see the fury burning behind her eyes, the humiliation of having her only son's wedding turned into a farce. Dominic was her pride. Her heir. And now he was lying in a coma while his intended bride spread her legs for his half-brother.

But she was the Luna. She managed the pack's affairs. And right now, the pack's affairs demanded that this scandal be buried as quickly and quietly as possible.

"The ceremony preparations will be extensive," Luna Helena said slowly, each word dragged from her throat like it cost her something. "We will need to summon the high priest from the temple. The silver instruments must be properly sanctified. The wolfsbane must be harvested under moonlight."

"I can oversee the preparations personally," Vivienne offered, her voice dripping with helpfulness. "It would be my honor to assist you during this difficult time, my Luna."

Luna Helena's eye twitched. "That won't be necessary."

"But surely—"

"I said it won't be necessary." Luna Helena's voice could have frozen fire. "I am still the Luna of the Silvermoon Pack. I am perfectly capable of managing a bond-breaking ceremony."

Vivienne bowed her head, but not before I caught the satisfied gleam in her eyes. She'd gotten what she wanted. The ceremony was happening.

"Very well," Luna Helena continued through gritted teeth. "I will begin preparations immediately. The bond-breaking ceremony will take place on the night of the full moon, one month from now."

Vivienne smiled. Margot looked pleased. Seraphina let out a small breath of relief, her shoulders relaxing slightly.

And still, no one looked at me.

No one asked what I wanted.

No one cared.

The anger that had been simmering in my chest since last night finally boiled over.

"No."

The word cut through the chamber like a blade.

Everyone turned. Eyes widened. Mouths fell open. Even Alpha Alaric's stony expression flickered with something that might have been surprise.

I stepped forward, my chin held high despite the bruises hidden beneath my dress.

"I said no."

Luna Helena frowned. "Excuse me?"

"The bond-breaking ceremony." I met her gaze without flinching. "I refuse to participate."

Whispers erupted around the room. The elders exchanged shocked glances. Margot's smile faltered. Vivienne's carefully composed face cracked just slightly.

And Seraphina. Seraphina went pale.

"You refuse?" Luna Helena repeated, as if she hadn't heard me correctly. "Miss Ivy, I don't think you understand the situation. This ceremony is not a request. It is a necessity."

"A necessity for whom?" I kept my voice steady, even as my heart pounded against my ribs.

"Watch your tone," one of the elders snapped. "You are speaking to the Luna of the Silvermoon Pack."

"And I am the daughter of the Beta of the Crescent Moon Pack." I turned to face the elder directly. "I may not be the daughter of an Alpha, but I am not a servant to be ordered about. I have rights. And one of those rights is to refuse a ceremony that could very well kill me."

Silence.

"I was dragged from room to room like a sack of garbage, and dumped beside a man I'd never even spoken to. I am the victim here. I am completely innocent in all of this." I let my gaze sweep across the chamber, landing on each face in turn. "And now you expect me to suffer through a bond-breaking ceremony? To endure the agony of wolfsbane and silver tearing at my soul? Because of someone else's fault?"

More silence. Heavier this time.

"Some wolves die during the bond-breaking ritual," I continued, letting my words sink in. "Others lose their minds completely. The pain drives them to madness, and they never recover. And you're asking me to risk that for a situation I had absolutely no part in creating?"

Seraphina's composure cracked. I saw panic flash across her face, there and gone in an

instant. Her hand shot out, nudging Bastian sharply in the ribs.

A silent command.

Do something.

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