

Exchanging Vows: The Swapped Wife Is a Top Shaman

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Ivy's Point of View

I had expected this.

Known it was coming the moment Luna Helena stopped Dominic's treatments. The moment the elders began their whisper campaigns. The moment Margot started speaking of Bastian as "the future Alpha" in every conversation.

So I kept my face blank. Expressionless. Gave nothing away.

But others weren't so restrained.

Margot practically vibrated with joy. Her wrinkled face split into the widest smile I had ever seen on her. Vivienne clutched her chest like she might faint from happiness. Seraphina bounced on her heels, unable to contain her excitement.

And Bastian.

Bastian dropped to his knees before his father, pulling Seraphina down with him. The picture of humble gratitude.

"Father." His voice trembled with what he wanted everyone to believe was emotion. "I am overwhelmed by this honor. I swear to you, I will dedicate my life to serving this pack."

"I will do everything in my power to live up to my brother's legacy," he continued, bowing his head. "I will protect our people. Guide our warriors. Uphold our traditions."

Seraphina chimed in immediately. "We are so grateful, Father. Bastian will be the greatest Alpha the Silvermoon Pack has ever seen. I just know it."

I wanted to vomit.

Alpha Alaric nodded wearily. He looked tired. Old. Like this decision had cost him something he couldn't name.

"Rise," he commanded.

Bastian and Seraphina stood, still beaming.

Alpha Alaric gestured to a servant, who came forward carrying an ornate iron box. It was small, no bigger than a jewelry case. But its surface was covered in intricate locks and mechanisms. A combination system so complex it would take years to crack.

"This is the Ashford Legacy," Alpha Alaric said solemnly. "It has been guarded by the heir of the Silvermoon Pack for over a thousand years."

The room went completely still.

I had heard whispers of the Legacy, of course. Everyone in the werewolf kingdom had. It was legend. Myth. A secret so powerful that wars had been fought over it.

"Inside this box is information that could determine the fate of our entire nation." Alpha Alaric's voice carried the weight of centuries. "Our ancestors discovered something. A truth so devastating that it gives us overwhelming advantage over every enemy kingdom."

He placed the box in Bastian's hands.

"Whoever possesses this knowledge possesses the power to rule. To conquer. To destroy." Alpha Alaric met Bastian's eyes. "Guard it with your life. Share its secrets with no one. Not even your wife."

Bastian's fingers curled around the box like it was the most precious thing in the world.

Which, in many ways, it was.

"I understand, Father." His voice was thick with reverence. "I will protect it until my dying breath."

Alpha Alaric nodded. Then he turned to address the entire hall.

"There is one more matter to discuss." He glanced at Luna Helena, who gave a small nod. "Upon my death, all personal property belonging to myself and Luna Helena will be transferred to Dominic and his wife, Ivy."

Silence.

Then Margot exploded.

"What?" She stepped forward, her face contorted with outrage. "That's absurd! Dominic is as good as dead! Giving him your property means giving it to her!" She jabbed a finger in my direction. "That scheming little—"

"Margot." Luna Helena's voice cracked like a whip. "My son is still breathing. His heart still beats. You will not speak of him as if he were already in his grave."

"I'm simply being practical—"

"You're being cruel." Luna Helena's eyes blazed with maternal fury. "You've always hated my son. Always wished him gone so your precious Bastian could take his place. Well, congratulations. You've won. But I will not let you dance on Dominic's grave while he still lives."

Margot sputtered with indignation.

"Enough." Alpha Alaric's voice silenced them both. "Margot, you forget your place."

"My place?"

"You are my stepmother. Nothing more." Alpha Alaric's gaze was cold. Hard. "You have no authority in this pack. No claim to my family's wealth. No right to question my decisions."

Margot's face went purple with rage.

"This household belongs to me and my Luna," Alpha Alaric continued. "Not to you. Not to Vivienne. Not to anyone else." He waved dismissively. "Now leave. All of you. The ceremony is concluded."

The hall emptied slowly. Elders filed out, murmuring amongst themselves. Servants scurried to clear the way. Bastian and Seraphina swept past me without a glance, the iron box clutched triumphantly in Bastian's hands.

Margot shot me one last venomous look before storming out. Vivienne followed, her lips pressed thin with suppressed fury.

Soon, only three of us remained.

Luna Helena. Dominic. And me.

The moment the doors closed, Luna Helena broke.

"I'm so sorry." Tears streamed down her face as she rushed toward us. "I'm so sorry, Ivy. I couldn't protect him. Couldn't save his birthright. I'm useless. Completely useless."

"Luna Helena—"

"My own son." She collapsed to her knees beside the wheelchair, grasping Dominic's limp hand. "I watched them take everything from him. His title. His future. His legacy. And I did nothing. I just stood there and let it happen."

"There was nothing you could do."

"I should have fought harder. Should have demanded more time. Should have..." She dissolved into sobs, pressing her forehead against Dominic's hand.

I knelt beside her. Put my arm around her shaking shoulders.

"Listen to me." I kept my voice gentle but firm. "None of this is your fault. You did everything possible. You tried to protect him. Tried to delay the decision. Tried to give him every chance to recover."

"But it wasn't enough."

"It was enough." I squeezed her shoulder. "You gave me time. Time to learn this pack's secrets. Time to build alliances. Time to prepare for whatever comes next."

Luna Helena looked up at me with red-rimmed eyes. "You're not upset? About losing the heir position?"

"The heir position was never mine to lose." I shrugged. "It was Dominic's. And Dominic isn't dead yet."

Something flickered in her eyes. A spark of the hope I was trying to kindle.

"Besides," I continued, "titles are just words. What matters is what we do with the power we have."

Luna Helena wiped her eyes. Sniffled. Tried to compose herself.

Then she froze.

"Ivy." Her voice came out strangled. "Look."

I followed her gaze to Dominic's face.

And my heart stopped.

A tear was sliding down his cheek.

Not water from the morning's bath. Not condensation from the air. A genuine tear, emerging from beneath his closed eyelid and tracing a wet path down his pale skin.

"He's crying." Luna Helena's hands flew to her mouth. "He's... he heard everything. He knows what happened."

My mind raced. The treatments were working. Better than I had hoped. If he could produce tears, if some part of him was aware of his surroundings...

"Don't tell anyone about this."

Luna Helena looked at me sharply. "What?"

"No one can know that he's showing signs of awareness." I reached out and gently wiped the tear from Dominic's cheek. "If Margot finds out, if Bastian realizes there's a chance he might recover..."

Understanding dawned on Luna Helena's face. Then fear.

"They would try to hurt him again."

"They would finish what they started." I adjusted the blanket around Dominic's shoulders. "Right now, everyone believes he's as good as dead. That makes him safe. That gives me time to continue his recovery."

"His recovery?" Luna Helena's voice dropped to a whisper. "Ivy, what do you know that I don't?"

I hesitated. The secret pressed against my lips, desperate to escape.

But not yet. Not here. Not where anyone might overhear.

"Trust me." I met her eyes. "I will bring your son back. But you have to keep this between us. Can you do that?"

Luna Helena looked at Dominic. At the fading track of the tear on his cheek. At the faintest hint of color returning to his face.

"Yes." Her voice was barely audible. "I can do that."

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Bastian's Point of View

By the time Seraphina and I reached our room, two servants were already bringing the device inside. They carried it carefully through the doorway, moving slowly as if it might break at any moment. And in truth, it was something important. Seraphina and I quietly stepped aside, watching them pass.

The servants gently set the device on the center table, bowing politely before slipping out of the room without saying another word, leaving Seraphina and me staring at it in silence.

A moment later, Margot walked in behind us, with my mother close behind. Both of them looked interested, their eyes locking onto the strange device sitting in the center of the table.

We all gathered around the table where the ancient lock was placed, leaning closer to examine it. This made tension filled the room as we leaned closer to the ancient lock.

Curiosity, nervousness, and excitement tangled together in our expressions.

“It has a combination lock,” I said. Everyone’s eyes widened, each of them wondering what secrets the device might hold.

Looking at the device... it was a large, round disc, its surface engraved with ten numbers. Multiple rotations would be needed to unlock it, and the metal had an ancient silver patina, scratched from previous attempts.

Despite its simple appearance, it carried an air of mystery, almost daring anyone to try. The complexity of it made Seraphina and me exchange uneasy glances, and we were both anticipating what would happen next.

Everyone’s eyes stayed glued to the combination lock, and I am sure that all our minds are racing right now to guess the ten numbers that might open it.

“So it’s real... not just some myth,” Seraphina whispered. She stood frozen in awe.

“I had heard stories of the lock for years... tales from old pack legends, stories passed down by elders around burning fires. I had always thought it was just a myth, a story meant to entertain. But now, seeing it with my own eyes, feeling its weight and presence, I couldn’t deny it anymore. It was real... and it is right in front of me.” She said in pure awe.

“It’s not a myth, and it’s definitely not just a legend,” I started.

“This device... it was left behind by our pack, the ancestors of the Silvermoon Pack. You know the ancient war you’ve heard stories about? The one where our Alpha and Luna didn’t just command from behind, but actually stood on the battlefield themselves, fighting alongside our warriors against our enemies? This... this is a part of that history. It survived everything,” I added. My gaze was on the lock while saying this.

Then I turned my gaze to Seraphina, noticing how intently she hung on my every word.

“Both the Alpha and the Luna gave everything, even their lives, to protect every werewolf kingdoms,” I continued.

“That’s why the Silvermoon Pack has always been honored and respected, even after all these years.” I paused, before I added quietly, “It’s also why the Alpha King himself has always treated our pack’s Alpha with such respect. Everything we are, everything our pack stands for... it all started there.”

“Interesting,” Seraphina said, frowning slightly. “But... I still don’t get what that has to do with the device we’re staring at.” She tilted her head, confused, because so far I had only talked about wars and sacrifices... nothing about how it connected to the mysterious lock before us.” She said.

“I think I should explain it better, so you can understand,” Margot said, her voice drawing everyone’s attention. All eyes immediately turned to her.

“Before the Alpha went to the war front, he set a combination inside this very lock,” she continued.

“And it’s not just any combination... it’s a winning combination. A code meant to unlock something only those worthy could access, something tied to the victory and survival of our pack. Everything about this device was carefully planned, and now it rests here, waiting for us to discover its secrets.” Margot

“So... there’s a winning combination inside it?” Seraphina asked, her eyes wide with curiosity.

“Yes, Sera,” my mother finally spoke.

“No wonder the lock seemed so complex,” Seraphina murmured, realization dawning on her.

“But you see,” Margot began, her eyes sweeping across us, “this device has been entrusted only to the descendants of the Alpha. No one has ever managed to open it, not even once, all the way to this very day.” She paused.

“Opening it... that has always been left to fate itself. The combination isn’t just written anywhere... it has been carefully guarded, passed down secretly through generations. Only those deemed worthy, only those connected to the Alpha’s bloodline, have any hope of unlocking the secrets hidden within this device.” She added.

“If people have really tried to open this lock before... and failed,” I said, “then our chances of unlocking it are probably even slimmer. It’s not just tricky, it has been protected for

generations, and I'm starting to think it might choose its own time... or its own person." I said.

"Just have faith," Margot said.

"You and Seraphina should try the combination lock every day. Keep at it, and maybe, just maybe, one of these days you'll manage to open it. If you both succeed, not only will you uncover its secrets, but you'll also gain fame and, more importantly, regain the King's favor." She said.

That made sense to me now.

"It won't be easy, and it might take time, but perseverance has always been the key. Remember, sometimes the smallest effort can change everything, and this lock... might be waiting for the right hands." Margot

"Then we should try to open it," I said, of course, I was indeed determined to open it, determination fueling my whole body.

"If we succeed, we won't just gain an advantage in the pack... we could hold the upper hand in the entire kingdom. This lock... it could change everything, and I'm not about to let the chance slip away."

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Ivy's Point of View

The carriage moved gently through the pack. Inside, I was seated inside. I wore different clothes from what I wore before, disguising myself as Physician Lin.

Nell really knew how to go about all of this. Today, it was a yellow male outfit I wore, along with a half mask, as usual, to cover the lower part of my face so people would not recognize me.

I am really grateful for the loyal servants I have, from Nell to my five loyal servants, and I am happy they believe in me.

I had planned this outing earlier, and it was at the appointed time of the week because we were going somewhere important... my shop opening. The one I told Edmund about... if he wanted to reach me, he should go to the Azure Leaf. That's the shop opening I was going to.

Of course, I was nervous about the shop opening and hoped no one would recognize me.

The reason I traveled with my guards and Nell was for protection, and most importantly, secrecy. But still, I was very much nervous.

Finally, we arrived where we wanted to be, right in front of a shop. None of us showed our faces, we all wore masks. It was not only me who covered my face, of course... people might identify my guards and maid, so they all had to cover their faces like I did.

The shop sign was already installed, and it read: "Azure Leaf."

I liked the appearance of the signboard, and people passing by would notice it quickly. Even the design of the shop exterior was really satisfying to me.

I had chosen the name myself: Azure Leaf. It was entirely my responsibility to decide what the shop would be called, a task I took seriously. I had about a week to think it over, weighing every possibility carefully.

During that week, I had considered many different names, scribbling ideas on paper, crossing some out, and imagining how each would look on a signboard. I wanted something memorable, something that would reflect the shop's purpose and attract attention.

After much thought and careful deliberation, I finally decided on Azure Leaf, confident it was the perfect choice.

Everything was going as planned. I entered the shop. The interior of the shop was breathtaking. It was loaded with shelves, medicines, herbs, books, tools, and more.

“Greetings, you are welcome,” someone greeted me. I looked at the person... it was Dakia, the nominal shopkeeper, who is an omega. My guards had found Dakia to take care of the shop.

I was satisfied with the omega, she seemed fit to be a shopkeeper.

I didn’t say anything. I just nodded at the omega as she moved out of my way, allowing me to inspect the shop and look around.

I looked at the items inside the shop. I rearranged the herbs and checked a few things. Everything was indeed set up just how I liked.

I gestured to my guards. It was time to leave, because we had somewhere else important to be. As for the shop, I was satisfied with it.

They started the carriage and drove through the pack. I was on my way to see my patient, Professor Aldwin. Thornwood Pack was a little farther, so it was still a short journey.

Finally, we arrived at the old professor’s house. We used a different door from the first time we came here. This side of his house was scholarly, filled with books, scrolls, and study rooms, unlike the archways which were covered in climbing roses and the koi pond we saw last time.

I went straight to meet the professor, who looked much better. Woah, should I be proud of myself for this great outcome?

“In the past week, the professor has recovered considerably,” the butler said.

Yes, truly, the professor was looking much more energetic than the last time I was here, even much healthier than before.

“He has also shown great recovery. He can walk for long hours and talk clearly now,” the butler said proudly.

I should be even prouder because this proved that my treatment had worked, and the professor’s health had improved a lot. But even so, I still had to examine him further.

In the process of me checking his condition, the door opened, and the professor’s son, Edmund, walked in.

“Welcome, Physician Lin,” he greeted me warmly. He was very excited to see me, and his reaction and behavior showed that he had great respect for me.

“Thank you,” I responded in a deep voice. My present voice.

I went back to examining the professor. I checked his breathing and his temperature. Much better and steady. After I was done, I wrote down a few medicines which I was prescribing to the old professor.

I handed it to Edmund, who read it almost aloud. “Black Leaf, Ginger Root...”

I also gave Edmund a few instructions to carry out. “Make sure you leave the window open for fresh air. The only time you close the window is when it’s cold,” I said, my voice remaining masculine.

That was all. He nodded.

“Are you done here?” he asked.

“Yes,” I responded.

“Let’s go to my study,” he said, allowing me to lead the way while he followed suit.

When we got to Edmund’s study, he offered me a seat and some herbal tea, which I sat and sipped.

He walked to a big drawer and brought out a bag of money, it was heavy because of how he lifted it, he then placed it in front of me, paying me for the treatment of the old professor, his father.

But quickly, I shifted the bag back to him, with both my hands... the money was indeed wholesome just as he said he'll pay me. I wave my hand, which meant I was refusing the money immediately.

"I had already said before that I would not charge money," I reminded him.

Seeing his reaction, my answer made him puzzled. "There's no such thing as a free lunch," he said. "I believe that no one helps others for free," he added, making me laugh softly.

"Physician Lin, tell me... what do you want in return?" he asked.

Edmund was truly his father's son in the aspect of intelligence. He figured I wanted something in return, so I wouldn't beat around the bush and would go straight to the point.

With a smile on my face, knowing what I wanted was not something difficult but a simple thing, I said, "I would be happy if the old professor would take on two students, a father and a son: Edwin and Finn Calloway."

That was the name of my father and my brother. But I didn't say those people were related to me. It was a private matter, and I hoped it would remain hidden for the time being.

"Those names are familiar to me. I have vaguely heard them... a small pack Beta known as Beta Edwin Calloway," he said.

Hearing me mention their names as the ones I wanted the old professor to take in as his students really surprised Edmund. Knowing the professor was very famous, bringing in a small pack Beta to be his student was unexpected.

"What is your relationship with them?" he asked, wondering why I would help them.

I knew that I couldn't answer that question. I couldn't tell anyone that they were my father and brother.

"It is not convenient to answer," I simply said.

"I only want to know, will the professor accept them as apprentices?" I asked.

This would keep my identity and connection secret.

He stared at me for some seconds, then sighed. “I must ask my father first. I need to explain it to him and get his consent before I give you my answer,” Edmund said. “So, you have to wait for the final answer to come later,” he added.

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Ivy's Point of View

I sighed. After sitting in Edmund's study for a few minutes, he finally returned. He had obtained consent from his father.

I wondered what the answer would be as he sat down where he had stood up from.

“Sorry for keeping you waiting, Physician Lin,” he said.

“No problem,” I replied. My mind was just wondering what the professor's answer would be.

“He said he'll require an assessment of Beta Edwin and his son,” he said, keeping his tone respectful.

I listened calmly, my eyes focused and my mind alert, nodding thoughtfully as Edmund spoke. I understood immediately that this was not a simple answer. The professor had not outright refused, but he also had not accepted them immediately.

It showed that he wanted to evaluate them carefully. He intended to test them first, to measure their knowledge, skill, and dedication before granting them the privilege of being his apprentices.

I considered this carefully, understanding the seriousness of the task and the importance of the upcoming assessment for my father and brother.

“What will the assessment involve?” I asked, leaning forward slightly to take in every detail.

“My father has very strict standards,” the young master began. “But the details depend on what he observes. Beta Edwin and his son must come to the manor in one week. The professor will carefully evaluate their knowledge, skills, and overall abilities. He wants to see not just what they know, but how they think, and whether they have the potential to meet his expectations. It will be thorough, and nothing will be taken lightly,” Edmund explained.

This showed the professor was serious and responsible. I respected the professor’s decision. I understood that a great scholar and responsible person like the old professor would not accept students easily.

My inner thoughts were swirling with confidence that my family could pass the test.

“Thank you so much, I really appreciate it,” I said to Edmund. “But I must be on my way now,” I added, standing up.

“Thanks for coming,” Edmund said, standing up and escorting me out of the house to my carriage.

Ash immediately shifted the curtain door for me to enter. I entered the carriage and waved at Edmund, and he returned the gesture with a small smile as the carriage began to move.

The road stretched out ahead of us, winding through the pack’s territory, and it was clear there was a long journey ahead because I was heading back to Crescent Moon Pack, the pack to which my father belonged.

My mind was clouded with thoughts, my brow furrowed slightly as I stared out the window. I couldn’t stop thinking about the upcoming test the old professor had arranged for my father and brother. I was just a little bit worried whether they would be ready.

We quickly changed into our normal outfits because we were going to meet my father. We couldn’t go in our disguised selves. So, we quickly changed before we got there.

After a few hours of traveling, the sky had darkened, and night was already falling.

The soft clip-clop of the carriage wheels had slowed, and I felt it come to a gentle stop.

“We are here.” That was Blade’s voice, announcing that we had arrived at Crescent Moon Pack safely.

I stepped down from the carriage, my feet hitting the ground lightly as I gathered my thoughts. I moved toward the house, my anticipation mixing with my nervousness. I entered quietly.

Inside the house, my father and brother were seated at the dining table, quietly having their evening meal.

“Father,” I called softly, making my way to the table.

“You came here at this time?” he asked, worried because of the already darkened sky.

When I reached them, I gave my father a kiss on his cheek.

“How about Mother?” I asked, not seeing my mother with them.

“She’s having a light headache, so she’s resting,” Finn said. “Join us. Have supper with us,” he added.

I sat with them, and Finn served my plate, which I began eating immediately. “My guards and maid will have to eat too,” I said, because they had to regain their strength.

“Of course, there’s more,” Father said, gesturing to a servant to take the rest of the food to my guards and Nell.

Even though we were considered poor, we had a few servants. After all, my father was the Beta of this pack.

“I have news for you both,” I started, getting both their attention. This was why I was here, to tell them about the test.

“Professor Aldwin is willing to test you both to be his apprentices. You are expected to go to the manor in one week,” I broke the news.

I saw the shock on my father’s face and the confusion plastered on my brother’s face as well. I had anticipated this reaction from them.

But I was not done. “Because the test is in one week, I urge you both to study diligently this week,” I told them, speaking seriously and motivating them.

I believed this opportunity was very important, and if they impressed the professor, he might teach them.

“You have to take this seriously and make the old professor proud. If the professor takes you under his wing when you pass, this will help you pass the kingdom exams,” I explained, showing why this chance was rare.

“I am short of words. How do you know such a famous professor like Professor Aldwin?” my father asked in disbelief.

I knew they were not expecting a big person like Professor Aldwin to give them a test. And if they passed, this meant they would become his apprentices.

“Yes, tell us. Why would a famous professor like him teach us?” Finn added, asking the same thing my father asked.

Their shocked tones, while asking the questions, mirrored their facial expressions.

I knew that I couldn’t tell them the truth, but I also knew that I had to give them answers... a story they would believe, because the old professor was a famous person compared to them.

I did not reveal the real truth. Instead, I invented a story. “When I was a child, I helped a beggar,” I started, avoiding eye contact because it was a lie.

But I spoke calmly so they would believe me, and they listened. “That beggar later became a wandering doctor, who then saved the professor’s life. Because of this, the professor owes the wandering doctor a favor,” I paused.

Not even expecting where all these lies were coming from, maybe because I was desperate not to make them find out it was a lie.

“The wandering doctor gave me the favor that the professor owed her. That is how we came to this point,” I added. This was my excuse for why the professor agreed.

When I was done telling the lies, I finally looked them in the eyes. They were overjoyed.

“This opportunity is real,” my brother said happily. It meant they actually believed my lies.

“You heard your sister. We must work hard,” my father added.

I smiled at them, seeing that they were happy. That was all I needed... to see them happy.

We continued eating, and after a few more minutes, we were finally done with supper. “I should be on my way to Silvermoon Pack,” I said, standing up.

“Are you sure you won’t spend the night here?”

It’s late,” my father said, his eyes worried.

“Father... I only came to tell you the good news. I have my guards to protect me,” I said, patting his shoulder to assure him that I was safe in the hands of my strong elite guards.

“Okay,” my father said, knowing he wouldn’t be able to make me stay here tonight.

“Though it’s late, we’ll study tonight and make sure we make the professor proud,” he added. And I nodded.

“Goodbye, Father,” I said, going out and entering the carriage to return to Silvermoon Pack.

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Ivy’s Point of View

When I returned after leaving my father and brother, tiredness weighed heavily on me. I sank into my bed and fell into a long, dreamless sleep.

Before resting, I instructed Nell and my guards to take time to recover as well, knowing we would all need our strength. Now evening has arrived, and with it comes my responsibility to give Dominic another medicated bath.

It isn't something I can manage alone, so Nell stands beside me, while my five personal guards remain close, their presence steady and reassuring as we prepare for the task ahead.

This medicated bath I was about to give Dominic follows a strict treatment schedule, carefully prescribed to aid his recovery. Every step must be done with care.

Firstly, I lit a stick of scented incense, allowing its soft, sweet fragrance to drift across the room. The calming aroma would help Dominic relax, easing his tension and preparing his body for the treatment.

Secondly, I gently poured the crushed herbal leaves into the warm water, watching as the mixture blended. Along with a few other essential ingredients, this prepared the healing bath Dominic needed tonight.

Thirdly, it was time to place him into the bathtub, the most delicate part of the process.

“Stone, Shadow, and Blade. You three, help him into the tub. Do it gently,” I instructed.

They obeyed immediately, lifting Dominic with great care and lowering him slowly into the medicated water. His body entered into the warmth, the surface rippling softly around him.

I stepped forward and began to wash him, my hands moving gently. Not only did I cleanse him, but I also massaged him, working the medicated water into his skin... his neck, arms, legs, chest, and back... until every part of him was massaged. After several minutes, I finally finished.

“You guys should help take him out of the water,” I said, my voice was filled with exhaustion. “I’m tired, so I’ll leave the rest to you. Just be careful with him, handle him gently, and make sure he’s properly settled.”

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Ash, Shadow, and Blade carefully lifted Dominic from the bath, supporting his limp body as they carried him out and laid him gently on the bed, just as Ivy had instructed. Every movement was slow and cautious, mindful of his fragile state.

Ash moved to the wardrobe and retrieved fresh towels, returning quickly to begin drying Dominic's body. The room was quiet, filled only with the soft sound of fabric against skin.

But then, in the middle of wiping him down, something happened... something moved.

All three of them froze instantly, their hands halting as shock spread across their faces, they were in disbelief.

They had to look again, uncertain if what they saw was real or just their imagination playing tricks on them.

Dominic, who had remained unconscious for so long, was now showing a clear physical reaction... his genital had become visibly aroused, an unexpected response from someone in a deep comatose state.

It left them stunned. How could his body react like this after being unresponsive for so long? Was this a sign of recovery?

Despite their confusion, their hope quickly replaced their doubt. To them, it felt like good news. Without wasting time, they dressed him in fresh, neat clothes and, filled with excitement, hurried off to inform the Alpha immediately.

Because Ivy had told them she was tired and had retired to her room, Ash, Shadow, Stone, Blade, and Wolf didn't wait and went straight to Alpha Alaric. When they arrived at the palace, the Alpha was immediately confused to see them there alone, without Ivy.

"What brings five of you here? Is everything wrong?" he asked, his eyes searching their faces. "Where is Ivy? Is she doing okay?" Alpha Alaric's concern was evident; something had clearly prompted their sudden visit.

"Greetings, Alpha," they said in unison, bowing slightly as their voices echoed together, their voices were filled with urgency.

Alpha Alaric's gaze swept over them as he repeated, "I asked a question," his tone leaving no room for hesitation.

For a few tense moments, they all exchanged nervous glances, unsure who among them should break the news first. The silence was now evident in the room.

Finally, Ash took a deep breath, stepped forward with a calm composure, and bowed respectfully before straightening, ready to speak and deliver the news that had brought them here.

"Dominic is having a physiological reaction. His manhood is upright as I am talking to you," Ash announced.

Alpha Alaric froze, his mind struggling to process the words. Pure shock coursed through him... were they playing a joke, trying to see how he would react to such news about his son?

For a moment, he was speechless, torn between disbelief, concern, and a rush of emotions he hadn't expected to feel so suddenly.

"Are you sure about this?" Alpha Alaric asked, his voice a mixture of disbelief and concern.

"Yes, Alpha. We just finished cleaning him and saw it with our own eyes," Stone finally spoke.

Alpha Alaric turned to the others, searching their faces, and they all nodded in agreement, confirming Stone's words.

Seriously? He thought, shock and confusion swirling through him. How could this be true? Vegetative patients typically show no reaction at all, yet his son was clearly responding in a physiological way. Could this possibly mean that Dominic was beginning to wake, that recovery might finally be on the horizon?

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Ivy's Point of View

The next morning, I had already taken my bath and went straight to change Dominic's clothes. My mind was focused on the routine, but the moment my eyes fell on him, everything stopped.

I noticed a noticeable bulge in his pants, and a rush of thoughts flooded me. Wait... what does this mean? Could it really be what I'm thinking? My heart raced with both surprise and hope.

This had to mean that all the treatments I had been giving him were truly working, effective beyond what I had dared to hope. If not, what better explanation could there be?

The door opened quietly, and Nell stepped in, her expression apologetic. "I'm sorry I didn't knock," she said softly. "I was just looking for you."

"It's okay, Nell. Here I am. What is it you need from me?" I asked, turning to face her fully.

“There’s a servant sent from the Crescent Moon Pack. He’s waiting outside,” Nell explained.

“A servant?” I repeated, needing to make sure I heard her correctly. She simply nodded.

I led the way outside, and there he stood.. truly one of my father’s servants. I recognized him immediately, my father must have personally sent him.

He bowed slightly as I gestured for him to rise and speak.

“Greetings. Your father, Beta Edwin, has sent me to you. He asked me to deliver this letter,” the servant said, carefully stretching the envelope toward me.

I took it from him, breaking the seal immediately, I unfolded the paper and read the neatly written words, my eyes scanning each line with growing interest.

“Dear daughter, this is a letter to inform you that both I and your brother Finn have passed Professor Aldwin’s assessment. We will soon be going to his house to continue our studies. With love, your father, Beta Edwin.”

Wow, this is truly wonderful news! My morning is off to an incredible start, filled with reasons to feel hopeful and encouraged.

Seeing Dominic's body finally respond positively to the treatments fills me with both relief and excitement.

On top of that, learning that both my father and my brother have successfully passed Professor Aldwin's rigorous assessment adds another layer of reassurance.

Together, these events make me feel that everything is aligning in the right direction, and for the first time in a long while, I can breathe a little easier and allow myself to feel genuinely optimistic.

The excitement swelling in my heart was overwhelming. Hearing the news that my father and brother had passed the old professor's assessment and would soon be heading to his home filled me with joy.

This meant that they would soon be leaving the pack, ready to live their lives freely, peacefully, and beautifully. The thought of their happiness and independence brought warmth to me, making this news one of the most wonderful things I had heard in a long time. It truly lifted my spirits.