

Exchanging Vows: The Swapped Wife Is a Top Shaman #Chapter 6 - Read Exchanging Vows: The Swapped Wife Is a Top Shaman Chapter 6

Ivy's Point of View

With the matter finally settled, the tension in the chamber began to dissolve. Bastian's face broke into a satisfied smile as he took Seraphina's hand, the two of them looking every bit the happy couple they wanted everyone to believe they were.

"Thank you, Father," Bastian said, bowing his head respectfully. "We are grateful for your wisdom in this matter."

Alpha Alaric simply nodded, his expression giving nothing away.

Seraphina glanced at me as they turned to leave. There was triumph in her eyes. Victory. She thought she'd won.

Let her think that.

The council chamber emptied slowly. The elders filed out in pairs, murmuring amongst themselves about the scandal and how it would be contained. Margot swept out with her nose in the air, clearly annoyed that the situation hadn't gone entirely her way. Vivienne followed close behind Bastian and Seraphina, her hand resting possessively on her son's shoulder.

Alpha Alaric rose from his throne, his movements slow and deliberate. "I have matters to attend to," he said to no one in particular. "Luna, I trust you will handle the preparations."

"Of course, my Alpha." Luna Helena's voice was cool, controlled.

He left without another word. Without even glancing in my direction.

And then there were two.

Luna Helena stood near the head of the table, gathering some papers that had been left behind. Her movements were stiff, mechanical. The perfect mask of composure she'd worn throughout the meeting was starting to crack at the edges.

She was about to leave. I could see it in the way she straightened her spine, the way her feet angled toward the door.

"Luna Helena."

She paused. Turned. Her eyes met mine, guarded and weary.

"Miss Ivy. Is there something else?"

I took a breath. This was a gamble. A big one. But Luna Helena was Dominic's mother. His only parent who seemed to actually care whether he lived or died. If anyone in this pack could be trusted, it was her.

"I need to tell you something," I said quietly. "Something I didn't say in front of the others."

Her brow furrowed. "What do you mean?"

I glanced toward the door, making sure we were truly alone. Then I walked closer, lowering my voice.

"What happened last night wasn't an accident. It wasn't a mistake with the maids. It wasn't confusion or drunkenness." I held her gaze. "It was planned. All of it."

Luna Helena's expression shifted. Confusion. Suspicion. A flicker of something darker beneath.

"Explain."

"Seraphina had me drugged." The words came out flat, matter-of-fact. "Her maid Delia gave me something that knocked me unconscious. And then..." I turned around, pulling my hair aside to expose the back of my neck.

The bruise was still there. Dark purple and ugly against my skin. The evidence of whatever blow had been used to ensure I stayed down.

Luna Helena inhaled sharply. Her hand flew to her mouth, stifling the gasp that tried to escape.

"Goddess above," she whispered. "They did this to you?"

I let my hair fall back into place and turned to face her again. "I woke up under Bastian's bed. Under it, Luna. Like I was garbage to be hidden away."

"Under the..." Luna Helena's face went pale. "You were there while they..."

"Yes." I didn't flinch. "I heard everything. Every word. Every sound. Every disgusting thing they said about your son while they rutted above me."

Luna Helena's hands were trembling. Whether from rage or shock, I couldn't tell.

"Tell me," she said, her voice barely above a whisper. "Tell me everything."

So I did.

I told her about waking up in pain, about the darkness and the dust and the cold floor beneath me. I told her about Bastian's voice, husky with lust, asking Seraphina if she was sure. I told her about Seraphina's eagerness, her moans, her theatrical performance.

And then I told her what they'd said.

"Seraphina called Dominic a vegetable." I watched Luna Helena's face carefully as I spoke. "She said she'd been planning this for a long time. That she'd always wanted Bastian, not your son. She didn't want to be tied to a dying man."

Luna Helena's jaw tightened.

"And Bastian..." I continued. "Bastian laughed about it. He said Dominic wouldn't last much longer. That the healers had given him weeks at best. And when Dominic dies..." I paused, letting the weight of the words settle. "Bastian said the heir position would fall to him."

The silence that followed was deafening.

Luna Helena stood frozen, her face a mask of barely contained fury. Her hands had clenched into fists at her sides, knuckles white, nails digging into her palms.

"They planned this," she said slowly, each word dripping with venom. "They planned to steal my son's birthright while he lies helpless in his bed."

"Yes."

"And Seraphina..." Luna Helena's voice cracked. "That girl was supposed to be his wife. His Luna. She was supposed to stand by his side and help him lead this pack."

"Instead, she's helping Bastian take everything from him."

Luna Helena closed her eyes. For a long moment, she said nothing. When she finally opened them again, there was something different in her gaze. Something hard and resolute.

She reached out and took my hands in hers. Her grip was firm, warm, steady.

"Ivy." She said my name differently now. Not as a stranger. Not as an inconvenience. But as something else entirely. "I am so sorry for what you've endured. You came to this pack expecting a husband, a home, a future. And instead you were drugged, beaten, humiliated, and discarded."

I didn't know what to say. No one had apologized to me. Not once since this whole nightmare began.

"You must think us monsters," Luna Helena continued. "And perhaps we are. But I want you to know that I see you now. I see what was done to you. And I will not forget it."

"Luna Helena—"

"You are my son's wife now." Her grip on my hands tightened. "Whatever tricks Seraphina and Bastian played, whatever schemes they hatched, you are the one who ended up beside Dominic. And that means you are under my protection."

My heart stuttered in my chest.

"I know this isn't what you wanted," Luna Helena said softly. "Dominic may never wake up. He may die in that bed without ever knowing your name. But as long as I draw breath, I swear to you that no one in this pack will harm you. No one will disrespect you. No one will treat you as less than what you are."

Tears pricked at the corners of my eyes. I blinked them back.

"Thank you," I managed. "That means more than you know."

Luna Helena released my hands and straightened, her composure returning. But there was warmth in her eyes now. Something almost maternal.

"Now then," she said briskly. "Is there anything else I should know?"

I hesitated. Then nodded.

"Please don't tell Alpha Alaric what I've told you. Not yet."

Luna Helena frowned. "Why not? He should know what his son and that scheming girl have done."

"Bastian is also his son." I chose my words carefully. "Alpha Alaric has two sons, and I don't believe he would choose sides between them. If we tell him now, before we have solid proof, he might dismiss it. Or worse, warn Bastian that we're suspicious."

Luna Helena's frown deepened, but she was listening.

"And there's another concern," I continued. "Lady Margot."

"My husband's stepmother." Luna Helena's voice turned cold. "What about her?"

"You saw how she reacted today. How eager she was to push through the bond-breaking ceremony. How quickly she called Bastian the future heir, as if Dominic was already dead." I met Luna Helena's eyes. "I don't trust her. I think she may be working with Bastian and Vivienne. If she finds out what we know, she could use it against us. Against Dominic."

Luna Helena was silent for a long moment.

"You're right," she said finally. "Margot has always resented me. Resented Dominic. She would love nothing more than to see Bastian take the heir position." She let out a slow breath. "We must be careful. We cannot afford to make any mistakes."

"No, we can't."

Luna Helena looked at me then. Really looked at me. And for the first time, I saw something like approval in her gaze.

"You know," she said slowly, "when I first saw you walk into that council chamber this morning, alone and disheveled, I thought you were just another victim. Another pawn caught up in someone else's game."

I said nothing.

"But I was wrong." A small smile tugged at the corner of her lips. "You're clever, Ivy Calloway. Cleverer than they give you credit for. Perhaps this marriage swap wasn't such a disaster after all."

I blinked. "Luna?"

"My son may be unconscious," Luna Helena said, "but I believe he got the better bride."

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