

Exchanging Vows: The Swapped Wife Is a Top Shaman

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Stone's Point of View

The silence in the study stretched so long it felt heavy enough to suffocate us. Behind me, I could feel the stillness of Ash and Shadow, neither of us dared to utter a word. Telling Alpha Alaric that Lady Ivy was a top shaman... the true face behind the legendary Divine Doctor—was a gamble that shook him.

To the rest of the world, Lady Ivy was simply a quiet woman, overlooked and underestimated. No one ever dreamed she possessed that kind of immense, ancient power.

Now, we knelt on the cold floor, waiting for our punishment. The mind of an Alpha is a dangerous place, and Alpha Alaric was one of the most formidable leaders in the territories. We had no idea what his verdict would be.

Would he punish Lady Ivy for concealing her identity? Would he execute us on the spot for acting as her accomplices in this deception? In our world, hiding secrets from your Alpha is a capital offense. My heart hammered against my ribs.

"Stand up," Alpha Alaric finally commanded. His voice wasn't filled with the roaring fury I had expected, but rather a deep exhaustion.

We rose to our feet, keeping our eyes strictly trained on the floor. To our utter confusion, he extended his hand, holding out the stack of bills he had pulled from his desk earlier. I hesitated, my mind spinning as I tried to comprehend why he would still pay us after discovering our ruse.

"Take it," Alaric muttered, shoving the money into my hands. "Dominic is alive because of it."

We couldn't understand him right now. "From this moment on, your orders remain unchanged, but your scope is wider. You will protect my daughter-in-law with your lives. When she goes outside to practice her medicine, you will be her shields. The world outside our walls is growing darker, and a shaman of her caliber will attract dangerous eyes."

"She has our absolute loyalty, Alpha," I replied. Ash and Shadow nodded in unison beside me.

Alpha Alaric offered a few more brief pieces of advice regarding her security details, his eyes tracking our expressions one last time. We listened intently, absorbing every word. Once he dismissed us, we swiftly pulled our medical masks back over our faces, secured our cloaks, and slipped out into the chilly night air.

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We boarded the carriage, as we left the safety of the main pack house. Our immediate destination was the Azure Leaf Pharmacy, the hidden sanctuary where Ivy formulated her remedies. The plan was simple: arrive at the pharmacy, shed our elaborate Divine Doctor disguises, change into our standard warrior gear.

As the carriage entered the narrow, tree-lined path leading toward the pharmacy, a terrifying howl shattered the silence. Before our driver could react, the carriage door was violently ripped off its hinges. Dozens of rogue wolves exploded from the dark tree line, their snarling maws dripping with saliva.

They weren't hunting for meat, their movements were highly coordinated.

"Ambush!" Ash roared.

We leaped from the tilting vehicle, shifting instantly into our partial werewolf forms. Our hairs coarse sprouted along our jaws, our claws extending, and our eyes glowing. We

fought in this hybridized form to maintain human coordination while utilizing our beastly strength—but more importantly, I had to keep my mask firmly pressed to my face. If a rogue survived, the true identity of the Divine Doctor could not be compromised.

Instantly, it became clear that the attackers had a specific target. The rogues swarmed past Ash and Shadow, focuses entirely on me. They knew the Divine Doctor was supposed to be the man in the lead.

One massive rogue lunged, a wicked, curved knife gleaming in his grip. I blocked his claw, but another rogue sliced across my flank. A blinding, agonizing heat flared through my side. I gasped, tumbling backward, but the wound wasn't closing.

The metallic smell of blood in the air confirmed my worst fear: the blades were forged from pure silver. To a werewolf, silver is a slow, agonizing poison that halts our natural cellular regeneration.

"Shield him!" Shadow yelled, seeing me falter.

Ash and Shadow threw themselves into the fray, creating a desperate, aggressive wall of muscle and claw around me. They tore through flesh and bone, trying to absorb the rapid, chaotic strikes of the rogue wolves. But we were vastly outnumbered. For every rogue they took down, three more appeared from the thick bush, their silver daggers flashing dangerously to us.

Blood pooled beneath my boots, my vision blurring as the silver poison began to seep into my bloodstream. We were losing. If we stayed in this defensive formation, we would all die in this clearing.

"Ash! Shadow!" I wheezed, coughing up dark blood. "Take advantage of the gap... the signal gun! Now!"

Shadow caught my drift. Utilizing a brief opening created by Ash's brutal counter-attack, Shadow reached into his hidden vest pocket. He drew the heavy flare pistol, aimed it directly above, and pressed the trigger. A red flare erupted into the sky, a desperate scream for help hoping anyone would see it.

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Alpha Alaric's Point of View

I stood by the window of Dominic's bedroom, my gaze fixed on him, as I watched over my son's still form. Suddenly, a brilliant streak of red light shattered the darkness over the eastern ridge, painting the sky. My heart dropped, that was the exact route Ivy's guards had followed just minutes ago.

The signal gun meant only one thing: extreme, life-threatening danger. Without a single second of hesitation, my inner wolf roared to the surface. My bones cracked and elongated, my clothes tearing away as my massive, midnight-black wolf form took over. I leapt cleanly through the glass window, hitting the ground in a dead sprint and disappearing into the night.

The wind roared past my ears as I tore through the thick forest, my paws slamming into the mud. Behind me, the heavy thud of dozens of paws joined the chase. My elite guard had seen my sudden transformation from the watchtowers and immediately followed suit, shifting into their wolf forms to back their Alpha.

When we crashed into the clearing, the horrific scene before us made my blood to boil. Stone was lying on the blood-soaked ground, completely on the verge of death.

The rogue's silver blades had done catastrophic damage to him, his torso was brutally hacked open, and his internal organs exposed. Ash and Shadow were barely conscious, slumped against a shattered carriage wheel, covered in deep, sizzling silver slashes.

This made anger consumed me.

"Protect Stone! Secure the survivors!" I barked through the mind-link.

My warriors immediately formed an impenetrable wall around the dying guards, shielding them from further harm. With a deafening roar, I lunged into the fray. We surrounded the rogue wolves, cutting off any hope of their escape. A fierce, bloody battle erupted in the center of the clearing.

My jaws snapped, crushing a rogue's throat, while my claws tore through flesh and bone. The rogues fought like cornered rats, but they were no match for the coordinated, lethal precision of my elite guard.

Just as we completely overwhelmed their front lines, the rogue pack realized they were now defeated. With a desperate snarl, a rogue flung a silver dagger directly, aiming at me.

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Alpha Alaric's Point of View

"Alpha, watch out!"

The loud shout came from behind me, I did not even think, I just moved. My wolf body turned fast. A silver dagger flew right past my ear, and it hit a big tree behind me with a loud thud.

I let out a big growl. My eyes locked onto the rogue wolf who threw it. I wanted to tear him apart, but then I heard a loud sound. It was the sound of many paws hitting the ground. My elite guards had multiple, more were finally here. A big group of my men crashed into the clearing.

When the rogue wolves saw how many men I had, they lost their courage. They stopped fighting as a team. They scattered everywhere, trying to run away into the dark trees. But my guards were too fast for them. My men formed a big circle and blocked every exit. The fight did not last long after that.

I changed back into my human form and threw a cloak over my shoulders. I started shouting orders to my men. "Do not kill them! Keep them alive! I need answers!"

I needed to know who sent these wolves to attack the Divine Doctor. My guards pinned the remaining rogues to the dirt and tied their hands tight, I felt a small wave of relief. We won the fight, and I had them captured. Now, I could finally find out who was trying to kill people in my territory.

But then, the eight captured rogues looked at each other. They gave a dark, ugly smile. Before my guards could stop them or check their mouths, black blood started pouring from their lips. They took a hidden poison capsule to kill themselves right there. They chose to die rather than talk to me.

They all fell forward into the mud, completely dead. I stood there with eight bodies and absolutely no answers.

We could not waste time looking at dead bodies. The clearing was a total mess, but my injured men were more important. I rushed back to the pack house with my warriors. When we carried the wounded inside, the palace infirmary became total chaos.

Stone, Ash, and Shadow were in very bad shape, especially Stone. My regular pack doctors were panicking. They did not know how to clean the deep wounds.

I remembered what Stone told me in my study just few hour ago. I grabbed a passing guard by his shirt. "Go find Nell, Ivy's maid, right now! Tell her to bring Ivy to the infirmary immediately! Run!"

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Ivy's Point of View:

My bedroom door flew open so hard it hit the wall. Nell ran inside, breathing very fast. Her face was completely pale, like she had seen a ghost.

"Nell, what is wrong with you?" I asked.

Nell spoke so fast her words ran together. "Lady Ivy... the guards... Stone, Ash, and Shadow... they were attacked on the road! They are in the infirmary right now, and they are dying. The Alpha wants you there right now!"

The world felt like it stopped moving. My mind went blank from the shock, but my feet started running on their own. I did not care about my secret anymore. I did not care if people found out who I really was. I ran down the hallways in. I did not stop until I pushed open the infirmary doors.

The sight inside made me gasp. I put both hands over my mouth to stop a scream. "Stone..." I whispered.

He was lying on the main bed, and he looked terrible. A huge, deep cut went across his stomach. The wound was not closing. I looked around the room. There was no time to act like a weak, helpless girl anymore. I had to drop the act. These men got hurt because they were protecting my secret. If I had to reveal my shaman identity to save their lives, then I would do it.

I looked at the doctors and guards in the room.

"Everyone get out or stand back right now!" I shouted. My voice sounded so loud and powerful that even the old doctors stepped back in surprise.

I grabbed my medical box from the counter. I opened it and pulled out a special needle and some thread. But I knew standard tools would not save them from silver poison. I closed my eyes for one second and pulled the old shamanic energy from deep inside my blood.

I started to sew Stone's torn belly back together. As I worked, a soft, warm golden light started to glow from the tips of my fingers. With every stitch I made, I pushed my spiritual power into his flesh. The light went deep into his body, destroying the effect of the silver and making his skin knit back together fast. Once Stone's breathing became slow and steady, I rushed over to Ash and Shadow.

Their cuts were different. They had long, sizzling burns from the silver blades. I mixed a special shamanic herb paste and started spreading it over their chests. I closed my eyes and whispered healing chant. The magic activated the green plants, and the paste started to glow a bright color.

By the time I finished treating all three of them, it was already midnight. I looked at the three guards. They were sleeping peacefully now, and their skin was totally healed. Everyone in the room let out a huge breath of relief.

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Alpha Alaric's Point of View:

I stood quietly in the corner of the room, completely frozen. I could not believe what I just saw with my own eyes. I was totally shocked and amazed. Ivy, this quiet, simple woman, just performed a literal shamanic miracle right in front of me.

The things Stone told me earlier were one hundred percent true. She really was the famous wandering doctor. A huge wave of pure happiness hit my chest. If she had this kind of crazy, powerful magic, then my son Dominic actually had a chance. This was not just a hopeless dream anymore. She could really wake him up and bring him back to us.

I stepped out of the corner, I looked at her with a lot of respect. "You are truly amazing, Ivy. After seeing what you did tonight... I am sure of it now. With your help, I know my son is finally going to wake up."

Ivy wiped the sweat from her forehead and turned around slowly to look at me. But as she listened to my words, her whole body went stiff. All the color left her face again. She stared at me, her hands shaking as she whispered.

"You... you knew? You knew who I was before tonight?"

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Ivy's Point of View:

I stood completely frozen by the infirmary bed, my hands still shaking from the long hours of surgery. I could not understand how Alpha Alaric knew my secret.

I thought my disguise as the Divine Doctor was flawless. But looking at the knowing look in his eyes, it became clear to me, that he had known about my shamanic identity all along, but how? Before I could even open my mouth to ask him how, the doors of the infirmary swung open.

Two of Alpha Alaric's highest-ranking warriors stepped into the room, their faces grim and covered in dirt from the forest. They bowed deeply to the Alpha, ignoring the medical staff around them.

"Report," Alpha Alaric commanded.

"Alpha, we finished inspecting the eight rogue corpses left in the clearing," the lead warrior said, wiping sweat from his brow.

"Based on the hidden tattoos on their shoulders and the unique scent of their fur, they are not ordinary rogues. They belong to the Bloodmoon Pack."

"The Bloodmoon Pack is our most vicious neighbor. For decades, they had been fighting with the Silverside Pack over border territories, constantly trying to steal our land and kill our people. They are brutal, merciless, and underhanded." Alpha Alaric said, balling his fist.

"They used highly concentrated silver weapons, Alpha. It was a planned execution, not a random robbery. They came to kill." The man continued.

Alpha Alaric's jaw clenched so hard I thought his teeth might shatter. "Those bastards have crossed the line," Alaric growled, his fists tightening at his sides. "They brought silver onto my land and tried to slaughter my people in broad daylight. I will not let this spark a quiet war." He said.

"Prepare my horses and the guard detail for tomorrow morning. I am taking this matter directly to the Alpha King. The Bloodmoon Pack will answer for this treason." He added.

The warriors bowed and quickly exited the room. Once the doors closed, I shifted uncomfortably under Alpha Alaric's gaze, my heart hammering against my ribs.

"Are you going to punish me?" I asked quietly, my voice cracking slightly. "Do you blame me for keeping my shaman identity a secret from the pack?"

Alpha Alaric looked at me, and to my surprise, the anger in his face completely dissolved. He let out a long sigh and shook his head. "No, Ivy. I do not blame you at all. In fact, I owe you my son's life. You saved Dominic when no one else could, and tonight, you saved my best warriors. I feel nothing but deep gratitude for you."

He placed a large, comforting hand on my shoulder. "You have pushed your magic to the absolute limit tonight. Look at you, you can barely stand. Go back to your room and rest."

I bowed my head in respect, too exhausted to argue. I left the infirmary and walked back to my bedroom. The moment my feet crossed the threshold, all the energy left my body. I didn't even bother changing out of my clothes or wash my body. I collapsed onto the soft mattress and plunged into a deep, dreamless sleep.

I slept so heavily that the entire morning passed without me noticing. The next thing I knew, a loud knocking shattered my peace.

"Lady Ivy, please wake up!" Nell's voice called out urgently from the door.

I groaned, blinking hard against the bright sunlight streaming through the windows. I looked at the clock and gasped. It was already noon.

"Luna Helena is requesting your presence in her private chambers for lunch," Nell added through the door.

I rubbed my tired eyes and forced myself out of bed. I quickly took a hot bath to wash away the stress of the previous night, dressed in a simple gown, and brushed out my tangled hair. Once I looked presentable, I hurried down toward the Luna's quarters.

When I pushed open the doors to Luna Helena's room, the warm, comforting atmosphere I expected was entirely gone. She was sitting by the window, a handkerchief clutched tightly in her trembling hands. Her eyes were swollen and bloodshot, looking as though she had been crying continuously all night long.

A sudden wave of anger washed over me. Luna Helena had suffered enough watching her son suffer in a coma. Who dared to make her cry like this?

"Luna Helena, what happened?" I demanded, my voice filled with protectiveness. "Who did this to you? Tell me who bullied you, and I swear I will find them and settle the score right now!"

Unexpectedly, Luna Helena did not name an enemy. Instead, she let out a watery sob, reached out, and tightly grabbed both of my hands in a desperate, bruising grip.

"Oh, Ivy," she wept, her tears spilling over her cheeks again. "You have been hiding your true identity to treat my son for so long... why didn't you just tell me? Why didn't you tell me and my husband the truth from the very beginning?"

I froze, as a wave of guilt filled my whole body, making it hard to look her in the eye. I squeezed her hands back, my voice soft and apologetic.

"I am so sorry, Luna. I wanted to tell you, but I was terrified. I am an outsider here. I was afraid that you and the Alpha wouldn't believe that a young woman like me possessed that kind of shamanic power. I thought you would think I was crazy or dangerous."

Right at that moment, the heavy doors clicked open. Alpha Alaric walked into the room, it seemed he had overheard our conversation.

"You do not need to apologize, Ivy," he said. He walked over and stood beside his wife, looking down at me with a grim, serious expression. "In fact, it is a miracle that you kept it a secret. Fortunately, Ivy concealed her identity. Otherwise, she would have been killed last night."

Both Luna Helena and I gasped, staring up at him in absolute shock. "What do you mean, Alaric?" Luna Helena whispered, her face in shock.

"Those rogues... they were sent to assassinate the wandering doctor, which is Ivy."

I felt the blood completely drain from my face. Why would they want to kill me? I've not look for any body trouble, what have I done?

They might have thought Stone was the real Physician Lin, that is why they swarmed him. That is why he took the worst wound. The rogues had made a mistake. If I hadn't used Stone as my decoy, I would have been the one in that forest last night.

It was supposed to be me lying in that infirmary right now, unconscious, poisoned by silver, and screaming in pain.

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Ivy's Point of View

“Oh, my world, Ivy!” Luna Helena’s voice cracked, the sound echoing painfully. She lunged forward, her hands trembling as she gripped my arms. “You could have been among your elite guards... what if you were out there with them? You don’t have their kind of strength, Ivy. What if something worse had happened to you?”

Fresh, hot tears streamed down her cheeks. She collapsed back slightly, bursting into another wave of crying as the reality of the situation truly set in, she was visualizing it. I could see it in her eyes... she was picturing my body lying broken in that blood-soaked forest clearing alongside Stone and the others.

The weight of her grief and fear was suffocating. I swallowed the lump in my throat, forcing my own racing heart to slow down. I needed to be the calm one here.

“It’s okay, Luna. Please, breathe,” I assured her, squeezing her hands firmly to ground her. I offered her a soft, comforting smile, trying to project a confidence I didn’t entirely feel. “As you can see, I am doing okay. I am right here. I am safe.”

She stared at me for a long moment, searching my face, she nodded in relief, as she wiped her cheeks with the back of her hand, her expression changing from fear to affection.

“I am so glad to have found such an excellent daughter-in-law like you, Ivy,” she said, sounding emotional. “But I am also so terrified. I am so afraid that my daughter-in-law almost died today just because of her identity. If those monsters knew who you really were from the start...” She couldn’t even finish the sentence, shuddering at the thought.

I knew exactly how she felt. The fear wasn't just hers, it was clawing at the edges of my mind, too. It was absolutely terrifying to look back at the timeline of last night. I couldn't stop the intrusive thoughts from creeping in, imagining what would have gone horribly wrong if I hadn't used Stone as a decoy.

If I had taken Stone's place, I wouldn't have survived the silver poisoning. I would be dead.

Luna Helena interrupted my spiraling thoughts, pulling my hands closer to her chest. "I almost lost you today, Ivy. But the Moon Goddess knows what she is doing. There is a reason she kept you alive through that ambush. She has a purpose for you." She paused, swallowing hard.

Her eyes locking onto mine with an intensity that made me want to shrink back. "I want you to have my grandchild, Ivy."

I froze. The words echoed in my ears, but my brain completely refused to process them. I was totally speechless. My mouth parted slightly, but not a single sound came out. A grandchild? With Dominic? I hadn't thought about having her grandchild at all. How on earth was that even possible right now?

My mind flashed to Dominic's pale, unmoving body. He was in a deep coma. How could he participate in making a baby. Before I could find my voice to protest, Luna Helena pressed on, her tone turning deeply serious and desperate.

"You should know why I am asking this of you, Ivy. You must bear my grandchild so that after my husband and I pass away, you will be protected. If my son Dominic doesn't wake

up... you need to have a secure place in this pack. Carrying Dominic's child guarantees that no one can ever cast you out."

Just then, the doors clicked. Alpha Alaric, who had been standing silently in the corner listening to the conversation, suddenly stood up straight. Without saying a word to either of us, he turned and left the room.

His abrupt departure left me and Luna Helena completely alone. The moment the door clicked shut, Luna Helena looked at me and immediately saw how confused and embarrassed I was. My cheeks were burning so hot I was certain they were bright red. I was deeply, thoroughly embarrassed. I wanted the floor to open up and swallow me whole.

But Luna Helena didn't let me escape. She pulled me closer, refusing to let me sink into my awkwardness.

"Ivy, I need you to listen to me very carefully," Luna Helena said. "You need to prepare yourself. Tonight, you must be intimate with Dominic."

I stared at her, my face burning with a sudden, intense heat. "Tonight?" I squeaked, my voice sounding incredibly small. "But Luna... I've never... I mean, I don't have any experience with this at all. And with Dominic in a coma, the whole thing just feels so..."

I trailed off, completely overwhelmed by the bizarre nature of what she was asking. I couldn't even bring myself to finish the sentence.

Luna Helena noticed my wide eyes and growing panic. She reassure me, squeezing my hands softly. "Take a deep breath, sweet girl, I know you are shy, and I know this is terrifying for your first time, but you won't have to figure it out alone."

"What do you Emma Luna?" I asked confused.

"I'll send an experienced old experienced maid to guide you," Luna said.

More embarrassment! The thought of a stranger teaching me how to have sex with my comatose husband made me want to vanish.

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In The Evening:

When evening arrived, the reality became clear to me. The old maid Luna Helena promised arrived at my quarters, carrying a tray of oils, herbs, and scented soaps. She was a stern but kind older woman who clearly took her job very seriously.

First, she helped me take a long, hot bath, scrubbing my skin until it practically glowed. Afterward, she instructed me to lie down on the lounge. She gave me a methodical, full-body massage with warm, aromatic oils that made my muscles soft. But the real embarrassment came when she poured a specific oil onto her palms and began to firmly rub my lower abdomen in circular motions.

“This will warm your womb, Lady Ivy,” the old maid explained, completely unfazed by my burning cheeks. “It relaxes the muscles and makes it much easier for you to get pregnant at once. A strong Alpha seed requires a welcoming environment.”

I buried my face deep into the pillow, I couldn’t even look her in the eye.

"Now, listen closely, Lady Ivy," the old maid said, completely unfazed. "Since the young Alpha cannot move, you cannot simply lie there. You must take control."

I must take control? Will I want to hear this?

"You will need to be on top of your husband, climbed on him. This posture ensures you can control the depth of him, and movement without his assistance. It is also the most effective position to ensure the seed settles properly for the best chances of conception."

I listened in stunned, blushing silence. Every word made my stomach do nervous backflips, but I forced myself to memorize the instructions. I had no choice.

Once the grueling preparation was finished and I was showered and dressed in a nightgown, the doors to my bedroom opened. Two strong pack guards carefully carried Dominic into the room, placing his body onto the center of my bed. They bowed respectfully, and exited, locking the door behind them.

Left entirely alone, I realized the old maid had done one last thing before leaving... she had lit a small brass burner in the corner. The room was quickly filled with a nice intoxicating fragrance. As I stood by the edge of the bed, I breathed in the out long. Almost instantly, a strange, overwhelming wave of heat washed all over my body.