

Exchanging Vows: The Swapped Wife Is a Top Shaman - Chapter 65[1,044 words]

Chapter 65: Chapter 65

Ivy's Point of View

My gaze drifted to Dominic's face. His jawline, his thick lashes, his bare, sculpted chest rising and falling in slow breaths. I couldn't help myself, as I took a step forward, my feet moving on their own, drawing me closer and closer to him.

I crawled onto the soft mattress, I leaned over him, looking down at his handsome, unmoving face. This was it, I was actually going to be intimate with my unconscious husband.

Staring down at his peaceful, sleeping face, I took a deep breath, trying to steady the beating of my heart. I needed to do this. I needed to have a child.

After all, Dominic was my legally wedded husband, and despite the absolute madness of our world, I deserved to have a bundle of joy for myself. I deserved a future, security, and a piece of happiness in this pack.

I know Bastian, and Seraphina will cast me out the second Alpha, and Luna are old and died. So, if having his baby was the only way to guarantee I wouldn't be cast out into the cold when the Alpha and Luna passed away, then I had to be strong.

I had to take control of my own destiny, even if the path forward felt incredibly daunting and completely terrifying.

With trembling hands, I hovered over him for a long moment. Slowly, tentatively, I climbed onto Dominic's body, balancing my weight on my knees on either side of his hips. I reached down, my fingers shaking as I unfastened his trousers and pulled them down past his hips.

The moment his clothes were removed, I gasped, freezing completely in place. I found that his penis was already standing tall, thick and rigid against his stomach. My entire face turned a hot, burning red. The incense the old maid had lit was clearly doing its work, even if his conscious mind was locked away in a deep coma.

I looked back up at Dominic's handsome face, feeling a sudden, crushing wave of guilt inside of me. I leaned down closer to his ear, as I muttered a small, desperate apology to his unmoving form.

"I am so sorry, Dominic," I whispered. "We are having sex without your consent right now. Please know that this was also a last resort for us. We hope you can forgive us... to forgive me..." I paused, a tear slipping down my cheek, landing softly on his neck.

Yes, I was incredibly sorry, but we all needed to try for this baby. Luna Helena needed hope, and I needed a lifeline.

When I finally found the right position to prepare myself, I slowly sat on Dominic's penis. I braced myself, gripping his shoulders for balance as I aligned my body with his. But the exact moment I felt his length press inside my entrance, a loud, scream of pain escaped my throat.

I couldn't help but exclaim in my heart, How could it be so big?

It felt completely impossible. Dominic was completely unconscious, so does this mean his length isn't supposed to be relaxed? Or did his Alpha wolf form keep him primed and ready regardless of his mind? My mind spun with questions, but I couldn't help but think too much about the logistics.

The effect of how big it was made me feel completely overwhelmed. I propped both of my trembling hands flat against his broad, muscular chest and began pacing slowly. I hoisted myself up slightly and then let myself down, trying to adjust to his massive size.

I was sweating profusely now, large beads of sweat rolling down my neck and dripping onto his skin. Every movement brought a wave of pain into my lower body, which felt like it was being completely stretched out to its absolute limits.

In the end, knowing I couldn't stay in this agonizing limbo forever, I made up my mind. I clamped my eyes shut, gripped his shoulders tightly, and sank directly down, completely wrapping my lower body around his length.

I moaned out, a sound that was a mix of intense pain and a strange, overwhelming pleasure that I didn't want to admit to myself.

Yes, I am feeling pleasure... just small. The pain was more, and the feeling of being entirely filled by him was overwhelming. I rested in pain for a long while, just leaning my forehead against his chest, listening to the slo thumping of his unconscious heart. I waited for the stinging sensation to fade, waiting for my body to accept him.

Once the initial shock passed, I forced myself to begin. I started to move up and down, riding him slowly.

After more than ten minutes of continuous movement, I was completely exhausted. My breath came in ragged pants, and my head was completely covered in sweat. My vagina felt like it was on fire from the intense physical exertion, and my thighs as well. Yet, despite my hard work, the penis of Dominic was still completely hard, and there was absolutely no change in his body at all.

He hadn't reached a climax, and he hadn't softened. It felt like I was riding a statue made of solid stone.

I felt defeated, but I couldn't stop now. I had come too far. I could only close my eyes, block out the exhaustion, and work hard up and down, rising him, and moaning uncontrollably.

I forced myself into a routine.... If I was too tired to move, I would rest for a few seconds, leaning against his chest and catching my breath. And the moment I felt I had enough rest, I would continue riding him, forcing my aching hips to move again. I kept telling myself that it had to work eventually. He will have to release his cums inside of me, I just had to work harder, and to keep pushing through the exhaustion.

I kept going, focusing entirely on the repetitive, draining motion, pouring every ounce of my remaining shamanic and physical energy into the act. This way, I believe his length will finally soften. That way, it will release some cums to make a baby, fulfilling my duty and securing the future I so desperately needed.

Exchanging Vows: The Swapped Wife Is a Top Shaman - Chapter 66[1,016 words]

Chapter 66: Chapter 66

Dominic's Point of View

My body was completely not mine. That was the singular, agonizing thought that echoed through the suffocating void of my own mind. I could feel it... this strange detachment, but I was entirely locked away beneath layers of suffocating darkness.

It felt as though a massive concrete wall had been built around my consciousness, pinning my arms to my sides, anchoring my legs to the bed, and sealing my eyes shut.

I was alive. I knew that much. My heart was beating a slow rhythm in my chest, but my physical form was entirely frozen in time. I was a helpless prisoner inside my own body,

completely unable to twitch a single finger at this very moment, or even make a sound to alert anyone that I was still in here.

Though I could not see everything, I stayed right here on the bed, quietly noticing every single detail and hearing everything around me. Even though I could not open my eyes.

Then, a sudden change occurred when a strange, unfamiliar sensation began to pierce through the layer of paralysis that had kept me locked down for days. There was a sudden, intense warmth pressing down against my skin, a distinct weight hovering directly over my hips that felt incredibly grounding and real.

I was aware of movement... feverish, frantic, and desperate energy that seemed to be pulling me back from the edge of the abyss.

My instincts roared at the confinement. I fought with everything I had to regain control. I poured every single ounce of my strength, because I felt a distinct certainty that I wasn't alone in this bed. I felt that this kind of intimate movement could only be done by a woman.

I pushed past the boundaries, forcing my nerves to spark back to life. At the very last moment, a rushing torrent of pure sensation entered my brain. It felt like a floodgate had been opened, and the darkness shattered instantly. The heavy fog dissolved into nothing, and my brain regained its absolute, crystal-clear clarity.

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The moment the mental block cleared, my dormant wolf instincts completely took over my actions. My hand, acting entirely on its own reflexes, snapped up from the mattress and firmly gripped a slender, sweating waist.

My fingers pressed deep into her soft skin, anchoring her body to mine as my physical senses finally aligned with the real world again. The overwhelming rush of breaking free from the void flooded my entire system. My lungs expanded, drawing in the first full breath of air I had tasted in what felt like an eternity.

I held onto the person before me, my fingers digging into the fabric of her clothes as the last of the paralysis washed away. The intensity of the reconnection between my mind and body caused me to let out a groan.

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Ivy's Point of View

My head was tilted back, and my breath coming in short, painful gasps as the physical and emotional exhaustion of the last few minutes took its toll. I had been pouring every ounce of my energy into the sex, my hands trembling from the strain of maintaining the connection.

I slowly looked down, expecting to see Dominic's handsome face still pale, unmoving, and locked in that coma.

Instead, my heart completely stopped. Dominic had opened his eyes. They were wide, and piercingly intense. The sudden, completely unexpected eye contact made me so incredibly startled that all the strength instantly vanished from my legs.

My hands went weak, and I collapsed forward, my forehead resting against Dominic's broad, muscular chest. I lay there trembling, my mind spinning in chaos. I couldn't even comprehend if I was seeing things clearly, or if the lack of sleep had finally caused me to hallucinate a miracle.

Before I could even gather my thoughts or try to push myself away, I felt Dominic's hands wrap entirely around my shoulders. He pulled me closer, pinning me to his body so fiercely that I felt the rapid beat of his heart against my own. He moved so fast, that his lips grabbed mine, kissing me so deeply.

The intensity of his kiss was so overwhelming that I could barely breathe. It was demanding and possessive, burning with a hunger that left my mind utterly paralyzed. I was trying desperately to wrap my brain around the reality of the situation. Just moments ago, he was a silent, cold statue, and now he was holding me with a strength that suggested he would never let go.

The realization of how compromising our position was, and the secrets I had kept to bring him back, hit me all at once. I gathered my remaining strength, wedged my hands against his chest, and pushed back. I scrambled to the opposite edge of the bed, my feet hitting the floor as I tried to put distance between us.

My eyes were widened in absolute disbelief as I stared at him, my voice shaking from the constant pacing as I spoke. "You... you actually woke up?!"

Dominic sat up completely, his chest heaving as he gasped for air. "Ivy..." he rasped. His voice was deep.

He reached straight across the tangled sheets, his long arms extending fully toward me. His fingers grasped desperately at the empty air, because I pulled away.

I stood there in a complete daze, my hands shaking so violently I had to press them against my sides. I am refusing to let him touch me or get any closer.

I looked straight into his piercing eyes, my face flushing in a deep burning embarrassment. I was completely at a loss for words, struggling to find the right way to express myself.

However, I realized I just had to look past all the deep embarrassment I am feeling inside me, simply to tell him how truly sorry I am.

So, I blurted out. "I... I am so sorry for this awkwardness. But you should know, I... I didn't mean to have sex with you."

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Chapter 67: Chapter 67

Dominic's Point of View

The truth was, right from the moment I was still drifting in and out of consciousness, I knew exactly who she was. Even when my mind was inconsistent and fractured , I recognized her. She was the one who had always tended to me.

Her hands were always the ones bathing me in warm herbal waters, soothing my burning skin, and whispering words of encouragement to me. Now that I was awake, looking at the confusion swirling in her eyes, I realized I couldn't keep this to myself. I needed to let her know that she hadn't been invisible.

I looked closely at how completely bewildered she was. She was probably assuming that because I was just waking up from a coma, I might not be in my right sense. She probably thought I was rambling or out of my mind. I softened my gaze, reaching out to touch her.

"I can hear your voice every day, Ivy," I told her. "I heard you every single time you spoke, but I just couldn't open my eyes."

She stared back at me, looking completely confused, and of course she would be. To her, I was speaking of things she couldn't fathom, or perhaps she was convincing herself that I was only talking like this because I've been sleeping for such a long while and my brain was playing tricks on me.

But I wasn't crazy. "Listen to me, Ivy. I'm not unfamiliar with you," I said, coming a bit closer so she could see the absolute clarity in my eyes. "I've gotten used to your presence. Your scent, your touch, your voice... it became my anchor."

Then, without waiting for her to overthink it, I stretched out my arm, caught her by the waist, and pulled her into a hug. She was incredibly stiff the moment my arms wrapped around her, her breath hitching in surprise at my sudden embrace. Slowly, she began to pull back from the hug.

"I'm not your real wife, Dominic," she said softly, as she forced the truth into the open. "My cousin sister, Seraphina is... you should know this."

I couldn't help but smile. I reached up, cupping her face in both of my hands, forcing her to look directly at me. "I know," I let her know, my thumb brushing over her cheekbone.

"I know exactly what has been going on while I was in a comatose state. I couldn't move my body, but I was entirely aware, Ivy. I felt your touch when you healed me, and when you bathed me in those herbal baths to keep the fever away. Thank you for saving me."

Then, after the truth was finally out in the open, I pulled her back in and hugged her tightly against my chest. This time, I felt the tension completely leave her body. Her hands flew up to wrap around my back, holding onto me as she finally loosened up, no longer looking so incredibly tense and terrified.

We stayed like that for a long moment, the rhythm of the room wrapping around us.

But as the seconds ticked by, I felt her shift against me. "I'm sorry, Dominic, but I am feeling..."

I didn't even let her complete her words. I knew exactly what was running through her head right now.

"I know exactly how you are feeling, Ivy," I said softly, cutting her off before the awkwardness of the previous intimacy could make her retreat again. I knew she was feeling a bit unnatural and deeply embarrassed about the whole situation.

To break the tension, she gently slipped out of the bed, as she walked over to the table and poured a glass of water for me to drink. I watched her, wanting to be on my feet, so I struggled to sit up and swing my legs over the edge of the bed. But the moment I tried to shift my weight, I unexpectedly found that my legs couldn't use any strength whatsoever.

They felt like dead weight.

Seeing my struggle, Ivy immediately set the glass down and rushed back to my side. She wrapped an arm around my waist, helping me get out of bed so we could try to walk a few steps together. I leaned on her, determined to stand. Just as I was about to take my very first step forward, a piercing pain shot straight up from my right leg.

My knee buckled instantly, and before I could stop myself, I fell to the ground, pulling her down along with me.

Ivy scrambled to her knees, completely ignoring her own scrapes as she immediately helped me up, propping my back against the side of the bed. I winced in agony. "My right leg... it seems to be broken," I muttered, running a hand down my shin.

She knelt beside me, her expression instantly shifting back into that of the focused seriousness. Her fingers began to carefully check my right leg bone, pressing firmly along the joint.

"Oh," she suddenly muttered. The tone of her voice made my stomach drop, leaving me entirely confused.

"What is it?" I asked, bracing myself. "What might seem to be the problem, Ivy?"

"I found that there was indeed a distinct protrusion right at the bone connection," she said, her fingers tracing a hard, jagged ridge beneath my skin. She looked up at me, her brow furrowed in deep concern.

"But how could this be?" I asked, completely bewildered. "I've been asleep in a bed for weeks. How could my leg be broken right now?"

"Maybe something had happened with your legs during the ambush, before you fell into the coma," she reasoned, piecing the puzzle together. "Think back to the battlefield, Dominic."

I closed my eyes, forcing my mind to journey back through my memory. Then, the memory came rushing back. "I fell off the horse," I remembered out loud. "I remember a terrible snap and a blinding flash of pain right before the fight broke out in the clearing. Then everything went dark."

"That explains it," she said, nodding as she gently patted my leg. "It should be that after you fell off the horse, everyone was so focused on the coma that no one noticed your leg was also broken. It was left completely untreated, which caused the bone to heal and misalign on its own while you slept."

That had to be it. I let out a long sigh, looking down at the crooked bone. "I'm going to look into this carefully the next day." I decided, shaking my head.

Then, I looked back up at her pale face and the dark circles under her eyes. "But you... you seem to be completely tired from everything tonight. You need sleep, Ivy. Lay down, that way you'll finally get some rest."

She didn't argue, she was too exhausted to refuse. She climbed back onto the mattress and lay on the bed, staring up at the ceiling. I crawled up beside her, pulling the blankets over both of our shoulders. I lay right beside her, the room falling into a peaceful silence. I could not stop staring at her body, and face beside me, watching the soft rise and fall of her chest.

The feeling growing inside my chest was nothing but unadulterated happiness.

Exchanging Vows: The Swapped Wife Is a Top Shaman - Chapter 68[1,150 words]

Chapter 68: Chapter 68

Dominic's Point of View

We were laying there in the silence of the room, when Ivy sat up so abruptly.

"Oh shoot," she gasped, her hands flying to her mouth. She looked like someone who had just remembered a catastrophic mistake.

Before I could even ask her what was wrong, she swung her legs over the edge of the bed, moving with such urgency it seemed like she was about to bolt right out the door in her nightgown.

I hoisted myself up slightly on my elbows, watching her movements. "What is it, Ivy? What's wrong?"

"I forgot to tell the Alpha and Luna about you waking up!" she said in disbelief. She turned to look at me, her eyes wide. "I can't believe I forgot something so serious. They've been agonizing over you for months, and I'm just... sitting here."

So, that was the reason for the sudden burst of energy. She had sat up like she had left food on fire, convinced that if she didn't check it this exact second, the whole thing would burn to a crisp.

It was endearing, honestly, seeing how deeply she cared, but there was no way I was letting her leave this room tonight.

I reached out to her, my fingers wrapping around her wrist. With a gentle tug, I led her back to the center of the bed, pulling her right back to her original position where she had been laying beside me just moments before.

"These things can easily be left until tomorrow morning," I murmured, my voice dropping to a low tone. I locked my eyes onto hers so she could see I meant every word. "We have far more important things to do tonight, Ivy..."

She blinked at me, her chest rising and falling rapidly. “We... what?” she stammered, her cheeks instantly flushing a deep, beautiful pink. “What do you mean by—?”

I didn’t allow her to finish the sentence. I leaned forward and placed a soft, lingering kiss right on her lips, effectively shutting off her racing thoughts.

The moment my lips brushed against hers, a soft gasp escaped her, and my hands instinctively found their way to her waist. Her entire body shook slightly at my touch, a surprise and anticipation that sent a jolt of heat straight through my veins. Her skin felt incredibly tender, flawless, and perfect beneath touch.

“You are so beautiful,” I whispered against her skin, losing myself in her scent before I deepened the kiss, pulling her flush against my chest.

My hands mapped the curve of her breast, giving it a soft squeeze, then to her hips... drawing her closer until there was no space left between us. Ivy’s initial stiffness melted away, her fingers tangling into my hair as she leaned into the embrace, her soft moans filled the room.

I use my hands, and gently spread her legs, after that, I pressed my penis into the warmth of her entrance.

“Arghhh.” She let out, and her moans were killing me. It meant she was telling me to continue.

I moved slow at first, pacing in a rhythmic dance. The embarrassment that had hung over us earlier completely evaporated, replaced by a mutual hunger for pleasure. I felt my hard length, hit hard inside of her.

I kept pacing, she was tight, and had a welcoming entrance. This was why it was pleasuring, she was tight, so tight that I felt every hit.

Hitting hard for few minutes, a low moan escaped her lips, muffled against my shoulder as we came together. I pulled out my length, and lay beside her. Out breath heavy, leaving us tangled, and breathless.

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In The Morning:

Early the next day, the morning sunlight began to filter through the curtains. Ivy was still fast asleep, her head resting peacefully right against my bare chest, rising and falling with the rhythm of her breathing. My arms were still wrapped tightly around her waist, anchoring her to my side.

I felt her breath against my skin, and I absolutely loved the position we were in. For the first time in what felt like an eternity, my mind was entirely at peace.

I genuinely wished we could just stay exactly like this for a long while, hidden away from the duties of the pack. But, of course, our peace was abruptly interrupted.

The door clicked open, and a young maid walked right into the bedroom, carrying a fresh basin of water and clean linens.

The moment she stepped inside and her eyes adjusted to the light, she froze. She took in the entire sight of us... Ivy's head resting on my chest, my hands possessively wrapped around her body, and my wide-open eyes locked right onto hers.

The maid's eyes widened in shock, her mouth parting as she took a long breath, clearly about to let out a loud scream.

"Don't. Don't scream, please," I cut in quickly, speaking in a serious but hushed tone to stop her before a single sound could escape. I glared at her gently, keeping my voice incredibly soft. "I won't like it if you wake up Lady Ivy. Let her rest."

This maid, along with a few others, had come to take regular care of me. It was their usual routine... they would come in early to bathe me, apply medicinal ointments to my skin, and dress me in fresh clothes. They had been doing it every day since I fell into the coma.

She stood there, clutching the basin, still in absolute shock as she stared at the supposedly comatose Alpha heir now fully awake and commanding her.

"It's okay," I repeated softly, giving her a reassuring nod to show her I was entirely in my right mind.

The maid nodded blankly, her brain clearly struggling to process the miracle. She carefully set the basin down on the side table, turned around on her heel, and walked straight out of the bedroom, closing the door softly behind her.

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The very next second the maid closed the door, any semblance of her calm demeanor completely vanished. The thud of her footsteps echoed through the floor as she sprinted down the corridor, her legs taking her as fast as they could straight toward the Luna's quarters.

It was still incredibly early in the morning, and the rest of the pack house was dead silent. Luna Helena was undoubtedly still asleep, exhausted from the days of continuous crying and agonizing over Dominic's condition. The maid didn't care about pack protocol anymore.

She reached the grand double doors of the Luna's bedroom and began to knock on the wood heavily, pounding with both fists. She was screaming like crazy, her voice echoing wildly through the hallways, shattering the morning peace.

"Luna! Luna, wake up! Master Dominic is awake! Master Dominic is awake!..."

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Chapter 69: Chapter 69

Dominic's Point of View

Just as the maid left the bedroom, the room went right back to being totally quiet. But the peaceful moment did not last long because Ivy woke up. She opened her eyes suddenly, blinking against the morning light.

She looked around the room with a confused face, moving her head left and right. She must have felt that a presence had just been inside our private space. She felt the presence of the maid who had come in with the basin.

She immediately tried to slide out from my chest, and from the bed. But I was not ready to let her go. I wrapped my arms tighter around her waist, pulling her back against my body.

"Don't leave the bed yet," I whispered, never to let go of her. "Stay a little longer," I said, appreciating the stillness of the room. After being away for so long, this moment felt like a luxury.

We stayed like that for just a few minutes, finally enjoying some peace. But then, the silence was shattered. From far down the hallway, the maid's voice rang out, shouting at the top of her lungs.

"Come see for yourself Luna, I am telling the truth. He's awake! He's finally awake!"

The moment Ivy heard the shouting, her expression changed to one of fear. She scrambled away, looking at me with wide, worried eyes. Without a word, she began grabbing her things, moving as fast as she could to get ready.

"Ivy, wait. Just take a breath," I told her, watching her rush around the room. "There is no need to panic. It's okay."

"I can't," she whispered. She couldn't calm down at all, her hands were shaking too much to even calm herself.

"The Alpha and the Luna will come in here very soon! They are going to see us like this!" She said amidst dressing.

When Ivy finished dressing herself, she rushed back to the side of the bed. She was about to help dress me too, grabbing my robes from the floor. But she was too late. Before she could even hand me my robe, we heard the sound of hurried footsteps coming from outside the door.

The door was pushed open with a loud bang, hitting the wall hard. My mother came rushing into the room, her hair a bit messy from running. The moment her eyes landed on me, she completely froze in joy. She stood there at the edge of the bed for a second like she couldn't believe her own eyes.

Then, she walked hurriedly over to me. "Dominic! Oh, Dominic, is it really you?" my mother cried out, wrapping her arms tightly around my neck. "Tell me this is real. Please tell me my eyes are not deceiving me after all this terrible pain!"

She began to sob loudly, her fresh tears spilling over. I pet her, it breaks my heart to see her in such state.

"Mother, look at me," I spoke softly, reaching up with both hands to gently wipe the tears from her wet cheeks. "You are not seeing wrong. I am right here. I am fully awake."

"My boy... my beautiful boy," she wept, her voice breaking into another loud cry as she squeezed me even harder.

"I'm back, Mother. It's okay now," I murmured, hugging her tightly against my chest, holding her close to comfort her broken heart.

As we kept hugging, I looked past my mother's shaking shoulder. I saw my father standing right at the open doorway. He was not moving, but his big frame filled the space. I looked straight at him and said in a crying voice, "Father... I'm awake... I am back."

My father did not run over to the bed like my mother did, but he stood there and nodded his head with deep satisfaction. I could see that his eyes were completely red, holding back his own tears of relief. He ball his fist to keep his composure.

My mother refused to let me go even for a short second. She kept hugging me tightly, like I was a ghost who was going to drift away into the dark if she loosened her grip.

"I sat by the window every single night, Dominic," my mother sobbed, her words rushing out so fast she could barely breathe.

"I just stared at the sky and begged the Moon Goddess over and over to save my boy! I've missed you, Dominic. My life felt so empty and cold without the sound of your voice. I truly thought I was going to lose my only son forever to that terrible coma. My heart was breaking into pieces every single day, and I didn't know how to make it stop!"

After she finished talking, she pulled back just a little bit to look at my face.

"When exactly did you wake up from the sleep, Dominic?" my mother asked, wiping her eyes as she looked at me closely.

"It happened in the middle of the night, Mother."

Hearing this, my mother froze as she suddenly realized something. She turned her head around and saw Ivy standing quietly off to the side of the room, looking down at the floor. Ivy looked very shy and uncomfortable after everything that had just happened between us in that bed.

Instantly, my mother's sad face lit up with a huge smile. She turned back to me, beaming with pride, and repeatedly praised herself out loud.

"I knew it! I was right from the very beginning!" she cheered, clapping her hands together. "Oh, I did a wonderful thing by choosing such a good, excellent daughter-in-law. See? Who knew that Ivy's presence would bring you back to us, and look at you now!"

Her shy look disappearing as her serious doctor face came back. She walked over to the side of the bed and looked at my parents.

"Luna, and Alpha." She called softly, and my parent looked at her. "You both should know that his right leg is badly broken, there is a major issue with the bone." She said.

My mother's smile instantly vanished, and my parents exchanged a worried look.

"What do you mean by this, Ivy?" my father asked, his brow furrowing. "He has been resting in a bed this whole time. How could his leg be broken?"

"Yes, what do you mean?" my mother chimed in, she clutched her hands together.

"I will explain everything to you." Ivy assured.

My father nodded firmly. "Go ahead, Ivy. Tell us."

"He probably didn't notice his leg was broken after he was injured on the battlefield," Ivy explained to my father simply. "Nobody treated it while he was asleep, so the bone grew back completely wrong. Now he has a big problem with it because it healed misaligned..."

My mother looked like she was about to start panicking and crying all over again, but Ivy quickly continued to add to her words.

"I will personally treat his leg. I am going to break the bad connection where the bone grew back wrong, and then I will fix it properly so he can walk again." Ivy said.

My mother gasped, her hands flying to her mouth. "Break it again? Oh, my poor boy, that sounds so painful!"

My father held up a hand to calm my mother, his eyes locked onto Ivy with respect. "If you say this is what needs to be done, then we trust you, Ivy. Do whatever it takes to fix my son's leg."

"I will do a good job, Alpha, Luna. I will make it work, and Dominic will stand on his feet again." Ivy promised.

Hearing Ivy's confident words, my father was very satisfied with her care and knowledge. The tension in his shoulders finally melted away. He looked at her with great respect, realizing exactly how lucky our pack was to have her in our home.

"If you need any kind of rare medicinal materials, special herbs, or clean cloths to fix his bone, you just have to say the word, Ivy," my father said.

"I will immediately give orders to the entire pack house. I promise I will arrange for the strongest guards to go out into the forest and prepare everything you ask for right away. Nothing is too much to ask."

"I'll let you know if I need anything, Alpha." Ivy said.

"Are you feeling cold anywhere? How does your body feel right now, Dominic?" my mother started again, her words rushing out as she leaned over the bed.

"Do you feel dizzy? Are you hungry? I can go down to the kitchen right now and order the staff to make you a huge breakfast. You need to eat to get your strength back!"

My father sighed softly and walked up to the side of the bed. He gently placed his hand on his wife's shoulder and pulled her back slowly, cutting off her long list of questions.

"Helena, stop," my father said softly. "Let the boy breathe. He used a lot of his physical energy just to wake up and talk to us today. He needs to rest before Ivy treats his leg."

My mother looked at me, then at my father, and finally sighed in agreement. "Alright, you are right. Rest well, my boy."

"We will be right outside if you need anything," my father added, giving me a nod of approval.

They turned around and finally walked out of the bedroom, closing the door behind them to give us some well-deserved peace.

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After a long while, I finished resting for a few hours. Ivy brought me a big lunch to help me get my strength back, and I ate everything because my body was starving. After lunch, it was time to go outside for some fresh air.

Since my right leg was broken and could not take any weight at all, Ivy, my father, and my mother helped me lift my body into a large wooden chair. They pushed the chair out of the bedroom and took me down into the pack grounds for a walk.

The very moment we stepped outside into the evening air, the people of the pack came out to meet me one after another. Word had spread fast.

Warriors left their training, women came out of the kitchens, and little children all rushed to the stone path.

"Welcome back, Alpha Dominic! The Moon Goddess has blessed us!" a senior warrior shouted from the front of the crowd, bowing his head so low.

"We are honored by your return, Master Dominic!" another voice called out, and suddenly the entire crowd of pack members bowed in unison, showing absolute, deep respect for my awakening.

"Dominic! Dominic! Dominic!" they began to chant together, shouting my name up into the clear sky.

Their voices were so loud and proud that the sound seemed to shake the very ground beneath my chair.

The dead had lived again.

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Chapter 70: Chapter 70

Dominic's Point of View

The loud, proud chanting of my name was still echoing across the wide pack grounds when the crowd suddenly parted.

At that exact moment, Vivienne, my father's ambitious concubine, hurriedly arrived at the scene. She was not walking alone. Walking right beside her was her son, Bastian—my half-brother—and a young woman who was laughing loudly at something he had just muttered into her ear.

"Oh, Bastian, you are so funny, you really shouldn't say things like—" The woman's voice cut off mid-sentence, dying instantly in her throat.

"Seraphina, stop," Bastian hissed, his arm going stiff as a board as his eyes locked onto mine.

The laughter died completely on her lips. All three of them froze right there on the stone path, completely shocked to their very cores. It was as if they had just seen a ghost rise directly from the dirt beneath their feet.

Vivienne's pupils visibly shrank in horror, her face turning completely pale for a split second. She had clearly been hoping and praying that I would never open my eyes again, that I would rot away in that bed forever. But she was a snake... she quickly concealed her surprise, forcing a tight, ugly fake smile onto her face.

"Oh, Dominic! Look at you!" Vivienne cried out, her voice sounding completely unnatural and strained. "What a wonderful miracle from the Moon Goddess! We are all so overjoyed to see you back with us today!"

I didn't answer her. I just sat there and stared at the three of them from my wooden chair. Bastian's eyes were filled with a mixture of intense surprise and deep disappointment. He

had probably already started planning how he would take over my position as the future Alpha of the pack, and seeing me alive completely crushed his dreams.

Meanwhile, the woman beside him, the one he called Seraphina, just stood there with her mouth open. Her eyes were completely full of disbelief, staring at me as if her entire world had just been flipped upside down. The three of them looked like they wanted nothing more than to turn around and run away, their plans ruined in a single evening.

They stood there like statues, unable to move or speak properly under my glaze. They had thought the pack was theirs for the taking, but my return changed everything. The silence between us stretched out, becoming heavier and heavier with each passing second, forcing them to endure their own disappointment in front of the entire pack.

I looked coldly at Seraphina standing right next to Bastian, her small hand still clutching his arm tightly. I tried hard to think about who she was, searching through the many memories in my head, but I honestly couldn't find anything.

She felt completely unfamiliar to me, like a total stranger. Her face didn't trigger a single spark of familiarity in my mind.

Ivy must have noticed my blank, uncaring stare because she quickly leaned down toward my ear. "That is Seraphina, Bastian's new wife," Ivy whispered softly, her warm breath tickling the skin of my ears.

Then, she added in an even lower whisper, "Dominic, she is also your ex-fiancée. You shouldn't have forgotten your ex-fiancée's appearance so quickly."

I frowned, looking from Ivy back to the pale woman standing across from us. I honestly couldn't understand it. There was absolutely no memory of this Seraphina in my head at all. My mind was completely blank regarding her existence. She meant nothing to me.

But I realized I didn't care about it at all. So what if she was my ex-fiancée and now she was my half-brother's wife? She must have abandoned me the moment I fell into that deep coma, running straight into Bastian's arms because she thought I was going to die and never wake up.

If she was that disloyal, then she was completely irrelevant to my life now. I had no use for people who fled at the first sign of trouble.

I looked up at Ivy, intentionally keeping my eyes fixed only on her face. I didn't want to waste my sight on anyone else. "I don't have time to remember so many irrelevant people in my life, Ivy," I said. Although my voice was small, but it was deep and clear, carrying across the space between us perfectly. "It is more than enough for me to only remember you in my life from now on. You are the only one who matters."

Across the path, Seraphina visibly trembled, her face flushing with embarrassment as she looked down at the ground. She knew exactly what I meant, and she knew she had been cast aside completely.

Ivy's eyes widened in shock, and she quickly nudged my shoulder with her hand, whispering, "Dominic, please do not speak like that right now. Everyone can hear you."

But I didn't care. I only cared about the woman standing by my side who had actually saved my life.

Before the awkward silence could grow any heavier, Mrs. Margot also hurried over through the parting crowd. She pushed past the other pack members to get a good look at me. After seeing me sitting there, alive, breathing, and looking straight back at her, a very bitter smile appeared on her lips.

She tried to hide it, pretending to look happy for my recovery, but she couldn't hide her true, ugly feelings at all.

"You finally woke up, Dominic," Margot said, her voice dripping with fake sweetness. "We have been looking forward to this beautiful day for a very long time..."

I knew she wasn't happy that I was awake, just like the rest of them standing on that path. She was just pretending to care because my father and mother were standing right behind my chair, watching everything closely. She couldn't even hide her disgust well.

But I still chose to answer her. I didn't want to be rude in front of the whole pack, but I made sure my tone was cold enough so she would know I saw right through her lies. "Thank you, Mrs. Margot," I replied, my voice flat and emotionless.

"Oh, we have been praying to the Moon Goddess every single night to help you heal and bring you back to us," she continued, clasping her hands together like a worried, loving mother.

I gave her a small nod, my eyes remaining as hard as stone. "I appreciate your prayers," I told her simply.

My words were polite, but she knew by the icy look in my eyes that I didn't give a single damn about her or her fake kindness. She knew I didn't believe a single word coming out of her mouth. Margot swallowed hard, realizing she couldn't fool me anymore. To avoid my intense gaze, she lowered her eyes, looking away from my face.

Her eyes scanned down my body, passing over my chest until they landed directly on my legs and the wooden wheelchair I was sitting in.

A malicious, cruel gleam flashed in her eyes as she realized I couldn't stand up. She saw an opportunity to hurt my pride. "You are sitting in a wheelchair, Dominic?" she asked loudly, ensuring the crowd could hear every word.

She raised her hand, pointing at my right leg. "What happened to your leg, dear?"

"My leg was broken when I fell off the horse on the battlefield," I told her simply, refusing to show any weakness to my enemies.

The moment the words left my mouth, Margot's eyes lit up with fake horror. She covered her mouth with both of her hands and shouted at the top of her lungs for the whole pack to hear.

"Oh my goddess, Dominic! Are you disabled now?"