

# Exchanging Vows: The Swapped Wife Is a Top Shaman #Chapter 7 - Read Exchanging Vows: The Swapped Wife Is a Top Shaman Chapter 7

## Ivy's Point of View

I left the council chamber with my head held high and my maid Nell trailing behind me. Poor Nell had been terrified all morning, ever since word of the scandal reached the servants' quarters. She kept shooting me worried glances, her hands twisting in her apron.

"Miss Ivy," she whispered as we walked through the corridors, "are you alright? I heard what happened. I can't believe Miss Seraphina would do something so horrible."

"Believe it, Nell." I kept my voice low. "And keep your eyes and ears open from now on. We can't trust anyone in this pack."

Nell nodded, her round face pale but determined. She'd been my personal maid since I was twelve years old. Brought from the Crescent Moon Pack to serve me. She was one of the few people in this world I could actually rely on.

The heir's residence was located in the eastern wing of the Silvermoon Pack estate. It was a beautiful building, all white stone and climbing roses, with a private courtyard and its own entrance. The home that should have belonged to Seraphina.

Now it was mine.

But as we approached the front gate, I heard voices. Loud ones. Arguing.

"What's going on?" I quickened my pace, Nell hurrying to keep up.

The courtyard came into view, and I stopped short.

Three of Seraphina's maids were carrying trunks and boxes out of the residence. Heavy wooden chests that I recognized immediately. The ornate carvings on the sides, the gold leaf trim, the Silvermoon Pack crest emblazoned on the lids.

Those were the bridal gifts. The dowry that the Silvermoon Pack had prepared for the heir's wife.

And they were trying to steal them.

"What do you think you're doing?" I strode forward, my voice sharp enough to cut glass.

The lead maid turned. I recognized her as Petra, one of Seraphina's most loyal servants. She had a pinched face and mean little eyes that always looked at me like I was something she'd scraped off her shoe.

"Oh, it's you." Petra's lip curled with disdain. "We're collecting Miss Seraphina's belongings. These are her bridal gifts."

"Excuse me?"

"Her bridal gifts." Petra spoke slowly, like I was stupid. "The dowry prepared for the heir's bride. Miss Seraphina is the one who married Young Master Bastian, so these

belong to her now."

"Is that so?" I crossed my arms over my chest.

"Yes, that's so." Petra lifted her chin, smirking. "You can send someone to Young Master Bastian's residence to collect your own things. I'm sure they're much more... modest. Befitting the daughter of a Beta."

The other maids snickered.

Something hot and sharp twisted in my chest. Not hurt. Not anymore. Just cold, clean anger.

"Put them down."

Petra blinked. "What?"

"I said put them down." I stepped closer, and Petra actually took a step back. "Those gifts were prepared by Alpha Alaric for the wife of the heir to the Silvermoon Pack. And in case you've forgotten, the heir is Dominic Ashford. Not Bastian."

"But Miss Seraphina—"

"Seraphina is married to the second son." I smiled, and it was not a nice smile. "Which makes her the wife of the second son. Nothing more. I, on the other hand, am married to Dominic. The firstborn. The heir." I tilted my head. "Which means I am the future Luna of this pack. Not her."

Petra's face went red. "You... you're just a Beta's daughter! You have no right—"

"I have every right." I cut her off. "Now put down those trunks and get out of my residence before I have you thrown out."

Petra sputtered. "You wouldn't dare! When Miss Seraphina hears about this—"

"Nell."

My maid stepped forward instantly. "Yes, Miss Ivy?"

"These servants have been disrespectful to their betters. I believe that warrants correction."

Nell didn't hesitate. Her hand flew out and connected with Petra's cheek in a sharp crack that echoed through the courtyard.

Petra staggered back, her hand flying to her face. Her eyes were wide with shock, tears springing up from the sting.

"How dare you!" she shrieked. "How dare you strike me!"

"How dare you disrespect the future Luna of the Silvermoon Pack?" Nell shot back, her voice steady despite her trembling hands. "You should be grateful Miss Ivy is merciful. Anyone else would have you whipped."

The other maids had gone pale. They quickly set down the trunks they were carrying, backing away like I might order them beaten next.

Petra's face twisted with rage. "This isn't over," she spat. "Just wait until Miss Seraphina hears about this. She'll make you pay!"

"Then go fetch her." I waved a dismissive hand. "I'll be waiting."

Petra shot me one last venomous glare before turning and storming out of the courtyard, the other maids scrambling after her.

I watched them go, then let out a slow breath.

"Miss Ivy," Nell said quietly, "was that wise? Miss Seraphina will be furious."

"Let her be furious." I turned toward the residence. "I'm done being pushed around."

The inside of the heir's residence was even more beautiful than the outside. Polished wooden floors, silk curtains, elegant furniture arranged with care. Everything was tasteful, expensive, and immaculately clean.

As I stepped into the main hall, two figures emerged from a side room. Men. Tall, broad-shouldered, dressed in the black and silver uniform of the Silvermoon Pack's elite guard.

They stopped before me and bowed deeply.

"Young Madam," the first one said. His voice was deep, respectful. "We are Marcus and Theo, personal guards assigned by Alpha Alaric to attend to Young Master Dominic. We are at your service."

I studied them for a moment. Both were in their late twenties, with the hard eyes and disciplined posture of seasoned warriors. Not servants. Soldiers.

"Alpha Alaric assigned you personally?"

"Yes, Young Madam." The second guard, Theo, nodded. "We have been caring for Young Master Dominic since his injury. It is our honor to serve the heir and his wife."

His wife. They said it without hesitation. Without doubt.

Something warm flickered in my chest.

"Take me to him," I said.

They led me through the residence to the master bedroom. It was large and airy, with tall windows that let in the afternoon sunlight. The bed was massive, draped in deep blue silk, and in the center of it lay Dominic Ashford.

He looked better in the daylight. Still pale, still too thin, but there was color in his cheeks that hadn't been there last night. His dark hair had been freshly washed and combed back from his face. He wore clean sleeping clothes, soft white linen that made him look almost peaceful.

"We change his clothes and linens every day," Marcus explained, standing at attention near the door. "And we perform massage therapy on his muscles twice daily to prevent atrophy."

"Twice daily?"

"Yes, Young Madam. His legs, arms, back, and shoulders. The healers said it's important to maintain muscle tone in case..." Marcus paused. "In case he wakes."

In case. Not when. Even his own guards weren't sure he would recover.

But they hadn't given up on him either.

"You've taken good care of him," I said softly, moving closer to the bed. "Thank you."

"It is our duty and our honor, Young Madam."

I stood beside Dominic's bed, looking down at his face. So peaceful. So unaware of the chaos swirling around him. His brother plotting to steal his birthright. His intended bride spreading her legs for that same brother. His pack already writing him off as dead. And me. A stranger he'd never met, standing over him as his wife.

"Can he hear anything?" I asked. "Do the healers know?"

"They're uncertain," Theo answered. "Some say coma patients can hear voices, even if they can't respond. Others say they're completely unaware."

I reached out, hesitating for just a moment, then gently touched Dominic's hand. His skin was warm. Alive.

"I don't know if you can hear me," I murmured, too quiet for the guards to catch. "But I'm going to protect what's yours. I promise."

His fingers didn't twitch. His eyelids didn't flutter. But somehow, I felt better for saying it. The moment was shattered by a voice from outside.

"IVY CALLOWAY!"

Seraphina.

Her shriek cut through the peaceful silence like a knife, followed by the sound of the front door slamming open.

"WHERE IS THAT UNGRATEFUL LITTLE BITCH? HOW DARE SHE LAY A HAND ON MY SERVANTS!"

I straightened, pulling my hand away from Dominic's.

"Well," I said calmly, turning toward the door. "That didn't take long."

Marcus and Theo exchanged glances.

"Should we remove her, Young Madam?" Marcus asked, his hand moving to the sword at his hip.

I considered it. The image of Seraphina being dragged out of my residence by armed guards was deeply satisfying

But no. Not yet. I wanted to see her face when she realized she couldn't push me around anymore.

"No," I said. "Let her in. I'll deal with her myself."

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