

Exchanging Vows: The Swapped Wife Is a Top Shaman #Chapter 8 - Read Exchanging Vows: The Swapped Wife Is a Top Shaman Chapter 8

Ivy's Point of View

Seraphina stormed into the residence like a hurricane made flesh. Her face was flushed red with rage, her perfectly styled hair coming loose from its pins, her silk dress swishing violently with every furious step.

"There you are!" She spotted me emerging from the bedroom and charged forward, finger jabbing at my chest. "You thieving little whore! How dare you steal my belongings!"

I didn't flinch. Didn't step back. Just stood there and let her scream.

"Those gifts were meant for me! I was supposed to be the heir's bride! You're nothing but a Beta's daughter who got lucky!" Spittle flew from her lips. "You think you can take what's mine just because you ended up in that vegetable's bed?"

"Careful, Seraphina." My voice was calm. Cold. "You're speaking about my husband."

"Your husband?" She laughed, high and shrill. "He's a corpse that hasn't stopped breathing yet! He's nothing! And you're even less than nothing!"

"And yet here I am, standing in the heir's residence." I gestured around us. "While you had to come crawling to my door."

"Crawling?" Her voice pitched higher. "I came here to take back what's rightfully mine!"

"Nothing here is yours, Seraphina. Not anymore."

"You ungrateful bitch!" Her hand flew up, aiming for my face.

I caught her wrist before the blow could land.

Seraphina's eyes went wide with shock. She tried to yank her arm back, but I held firm, my grip tightening until I saw her wince.

"Let go of me!"

"No." I pulled her closer, lowering my voice so only she could hear. "You seem to have forgotten something, cousin. I am Dominic Ashford's wife. The wife of the firstborn son. The heir." I tilted my head. "Which makes me your superior."

"You're nothing—"

"I am the future Luna of the Silvermoon Pack." I cut her off. "And you? You're married to the second son. The spare. In terms of rank and status, I outrank you in every possible way."

Seraphina's face contorted with fury. "You think a title means anything? You think being married to a dying man gives you power?"

"More power than you have right now."

"That won't last!" She finally wrenched her arm free, stumbling back a step. "Once Dominic dies, Bastian will be the heir. And then I'll be the one above you! I'll be the future Luna, not you!"

"Will you now?"

"Yes!" Her chest heaved with rage. "Everyone knows Dominic is as good as dead. It's only a matter of time before Bastian takes his place. And when that happens, I'll make you pay for every insult. Every humiliation. I'll have you thrown out of this pack like the trash you are!"

"Such big dreams for a woman who had to steal her husband."

Seraphina's face went purple. "I didn't steal anything! Bastian chose me!"

"Did he?" I smiled. "Or did you just make sure he didn't have any other options?"

"You're delusional!"

"If you say so."

"I do say so!" She stepped closer, her voice dropping to a vicious hiss. "And when Dominic finally dies, when Bastian becomes the heir, I'm going to make your life a living hell. I'll strip you of everything. Your title. Your residence. Your dignity. I'll make sure you spend the rest of your miserable life scrubbing floors and emptying chamber pots!"

I stared at her. Really stared.

Was she always this stupid? Or had her anger made her careless?

"Seraphina." I spoke slowly, deliberately. "Do you realize where you are right now?"

She blinked. "What?"

"This is Dominic's residence. The heir's residence." I gestured around us. "There are servants everywhere. Guards. Maids. People who report directly to Alpha Alaric and Luna Helena."

Seraphina's face went pale.

"And you just stood here screaming about how Dominic is going to die and Bastian will take his place." I smiled. It was not a kind smile. "Do you really think those words won't reach the Alpha's ears? Do you think he'll be pleased to hear his second son's wife celebrating his firstborn's impending death?"

Seraphina's mouth opened. Closed. Opened again.

For the first time since she'd arrived, she looked genuinely afraid.

"I... I didn't mean..." She swallowed hard, her bravado crumbling. "You're twisting my words."

"Am I? Because it sounded very clear to me." I tapped my chin thoughtfully. "What was it you said? That Dominic is as good as dead? That Bastian will take his place? That you'll throw me out like trash?"

"I was angry! I didn't mean—"

"The servants heard everything, Seraphina." I let the words sink in. "Every single word."

She glanced around nervously, suddenly aware of the servants watching from doorways, the guards standing at attention nearby. All of them had heard everything. All of them were witnesses.

Seraphina cleared her throat, visibly trying to compose herself. When she spoke again, her voice was quieter. Strained. Almost desperate.

"Just... just give me back my dowry." The demand came out weaker than before. "Those gifts belong to me."

"No, they don't." I crossed my arms. "They belong to the heir's wife. And that's me."

"You can't just keep them!"

"I can do whatever I want. This is my residence."

"Ivy, I swear to the goddess—"

"What? What will you do?" I stepped closer, watching her flinch. "Scream at me some more? Threaten me again? Go ahead. Give the servants more to report."

Seraphina's hands clenched into fists at her sides. Her whole body trembled with barely suppressed rage. But she didn't speak. Didn't dare.

"That's what I thought." I turned away dismissively. "Now get out of my home. Well, I can negotiate again if you are willing too."

"Wait!"

I paused, glancing back over my shoulder.

Seraphina's expression had shifted. The rage was still there, simmering beneath the surface, but now it was mixed with something else. Calculation. Desperation.

"What do you want?" she asked through gritted teeth.

"Excuse me?"

"The dowry. You said you were willing to negotiate." She spat the word like it tasted foul.

"So negotiate. What do you want in exchange?"

I turned to face her fully. "So now you want to talk?"

"Just tell me what you want!"

"Very well." I looked around at the servants and guards still lingering nearby. "Everyone, leave us. I need to speak with my cousin privately."

There was a moment of hesitation. Marcus and Theo exchanged uncertain glances, clearly reluctant to leave me alone with Seraphina. But I nodded at them, and they bowed before ushering the other servants out of the room.

The door closed behind them with a soft click.

Silence.

Seraphina glared at me, her arms folded defensively across her chest. "Well? We're alone now. What do you want?"

"Straight to the point. Good." I circled around her slowly, watching her track my

movements with wary eyes. "Those bridal gifts are quite valuable. Gold. Jewels. Silks imported from the Eastern kingdoms. Things that would take years to accumulate."

"They were meant for me," Seraphina hissed.

"So you keep saying." I stopped in front of her. "But possession is nine-tenths of the law, cousin. And right now, they're in my residence."

"So what? You're just going to keep them out of spite?"

"No." I tilted my head. "I'm going to offer you a deal."

Seraphina's eyes narrowed. "What kind of deal?"

"A simple one." I clasped my hands behind my back, keeping my expression neutral.

"You do something for me, and I'll give you the dowry. All of it. Every last piece."

She was quiet for a moment, calculating. I could practically see the gears turning in her head, trying to figure out what I was playing at.

"What do you want me to do?"

"Nothing difficult." I shrugged casually. "Just a small public statement."

"A statement?"

"Mmhmm." I met her gaze. "To the pack. To the Alpha. To everyone."

Seraphina's jaw tightened. "What kind of statement?"

I let the silence stretch. Let her squirm.

Then I smiled.

"Admit that you deliberately switched the marriage."

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