

Exchanging Vows: The Swapped Wife Is a Top Shaman - Chapter 81[1,221 words]

Chapter 81: Chapter 81

Ivy's Point of View

The Next Morning:

I had already taken my bath and dressed in my expensive attire before heading straight down to the hall. The tension from yesterday's dramatic meeting hadn't faded. If anything, it had solidified into finality.

Luna Anna stood near the large stone hearth at the center of the room. On the long wooden table before her sat a heavy lined box containing the formal dowry Fred's family had presented months ago... glittering gold coins, rare wolf-gems, and ancestral silver trinkets. Next to it lay the engagement letter, its thick parchment sealed with the wax of both Alpha Jaden houses, and Lord Khalid.

Luna Helena sat at the head of the table, her expression unreadable as she bore witness.

"Everything is here, Helena," Luna Anna said, her voice remarkably steady today. "Every coin, every token. And the letter that bound our children."

"Then let it be undone," Luna Helena replied with a nod.

With the unanimous consent of both parties, the engagement was officially dissolved. Luna Anna reached down, picked up the parchment letter, and held it over the open flame of the hearth. For a second, the edges curled and blackened.

Then, a bright flame caught the paper, climbing up the signatures. Luna Anna dropped the burning document onto the stone grate. We all stood in silence, watching the sacred marriage pact turn into a pile of ashes.

As soon as Luna Anna gathered her things and left the hall to return to her territory, a loud, mocking voice broke the quiet.

"Hmph," Mrs. Margot sneered from the edge of the room, crossing her arms with a nasty smirk.

"I wonder who would dare to marry into that family now. After a daughter publicly calls off a royal engagement like a spoiled girl, her reputation is utterly ruined. No high-ranking man will want her leftovers."

I tightened my jaw, keeping my temper in check. "Bella stood up for her dignity, Mrs. Margot. There is no shame in that." I said, defending my friend.

Mrs. Margot just rolled her eyes, as she walked away. "Dignity doesn't win wars, child. Status does."

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A few days quickly passed, and the ripples of the broken engagement turned into a full-blown storm. I didn't even have to leave the palace to find out what was happening. My personal maid, Nell, was an absolute goldmine of information.

While she was tidying my room, Nell gave me fresh gist.

"Lady Ivy, it's not just a rumor anymore. I have a direct gist from the market square. Lady Otessa has been frantically looking for a suitable new marriage partner for Fred. She has approached three different families already."

"And?" I asked, genuinely curious.

"And they all rejected her flat out!" Nell giggled, clapping her hands.

"Oh Nell." I said watching her dramatic.

"Those high-ranking girls all know about the farce of Master Fred being hauled out of an inn in his underwear. No one is willing to marry a him, no matter how much gold his family has! His parents are desperate, but Fred is officially damaged goods."

Fred's parents were looking for a partner for him, while Bella's parents sent her away to their private countryside manor, just to rest and get away from the whispers. They plan to bring her back only after this whole period of time blows over.

I felt a wave of relief for my friend. At least she was safe from the cruel tongues of the people. But I didn't have much time to dwell on Bella's retreat. Soon, it was time for Dominic's scheduled leg treatment.

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My trusted personal guards, Wolf and Blade, once again put on their attire, secretly slipping into the palace disguised as the Divine Doctor's personal retinue. After closing and locking the bedroom doors, Wolf and Blade stayed inside Dominic's bedroom, their hands resting firmly on their hilts, watching intently as I personally treated his leg.

I set down my medical kit, looking closely at Dominic's wound. Taking a deep breath, I pulled on my inner shamanic energy. I let a warm, golden glow pool directly into my palms before pressing my hands firmly against his legs.

Dominic gritted his teeth, as my power fused with his cells. I could feel the energy working, knitting the torn muscle fibers back together and purging the very last traces of the energy.

"It's healing cleanly," I murmured, reaching up to wipe a sweat from his forehead.

Dominic nodded, his eyes locked onto mine with a silent, intense gratitude.

Once the treatment was safely finished, I needed to slip away to inspect our secret store in the lower village. I quickly changed into my disguise clothes, putting on the loose robes, the chest binding, and the subtle facial prosthetics that transformed me into Physician Lin.

I left the palace grounds through the servants' exit, flanked by my loyal personal guards, Wolf and Blade. As we walked through the bustling, crowded streets toward the shop, I chatted casually with the two of them about the daily operation of the store and how many medicine shipments we had left in stock.

"We need to restock the silver-leaf herbs by tomorrow," I told Wolf, who was walking closest to my side.

"I will see to it personally, Physician Lin," Wolf replied respectfully, his eyes scanning the crowd. Blade nodded in agreement, keeping a watchful eye on our rear.

Unexpectedly, just as the three of us stepped inside the sanctuary of the store, the front doors were violently thrown open. A young girl dressed in incredibly gorgeous, expensive clothes suddenly broke in, aggressively pushing past our wooden privacy dividers.

"Where is he? Where is the Divine Doctor?!" she shouted, her voice echoing loudly off the walls of the shop. "Where is Physician Lin?!"

The girl possessed a striking, bright appearance, but her posture was entirely wrapped in an arrogant, demanding personality. She looked like a wealthy girl who was used to getting exactly what she wanted, the absolute moment she demanded it.

Wolf and Blade immediately stepped forward, their expressions hardening. I quickly held up a hand, signaling my them to stop. Standing up from behind the wooden counter, I walked over to her.

"I am Physician Lin," I said, pitching my voice into a youthful male tone. "May I ask who you are, and why you are shouting so loudly?"

The moment the girl turned her gaze and saw me, her arrogant scowl completely vanished. Her eyes went wide, and a bright, dazzling smile broke across her face as she stared directly at me.

She took an eager step closer, her expensive dress rustling against the floor, her eyes locked onto my face with a mixture of awe and immediate recognition. Behind me, I could feel Wolf and Blade tensing up, ready to protect me at a second's notice.

"It really is you. You don't recognize me, do you? Look closely at me, Physician Lin!"

I study her flawless, radiant skin. I tried desperately to place her face, but as far as I knew, I had never seen this wealthy high-ranking young girl in my entire life.

And then, it me.

The little girl I had secretly healed... the burnt faced girl was standing right before me—completely scarless.

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Chapter 82: Chapter 82

Ivy's Point of View

The girl standing right before my eyes in the center of the medicine shop is actually Princess Emma. I truly did not expect her face to recover so remarkably well after just one short month since I healed her. Her skin looked absolutely radiant.

If you did not stand right next to her and look very closely, you could not see any scars at all. My shamanic magic had worked absolute miracles for her, knitting together flesh that the regular pack doctors had called completely hopeless.

The little princess smiled so wide. "Thank you so much!" she beamed. She thanked me very happily, clasping her hands together. She was completely filled with genuine joy.

"How is your mother, Queen Rhia?" I asked.

Emma smiled warmly. "She is doing well, thank you for asking." Then, her eyes sparked with sudden mischief. "I want to unmask you now. I want to look at your real face, Physician Lin"

The moment those words left her mouth, my personal guards, Wolf and Blade, immediately tensed up. They completely surrounded my body, their shoulders blocking her view. They were shielding my secret identity, ready to protect my disguise at any cost.

I quickly waved my hand at them from behind their backs.

"Stand down," I instructed softly, pitching my voice into the youthful masculine tone of Physician Lin. I signaled for them to retreat so they wouldn't terrify her.

Wolf and Blade hesitated slightly, exchanging a protective glance, before stepping back a few inches. But they still watched her warily, their faces alert. But the little princess did not care about them. She completely ignored my co-divine doctors.

She tilted her head, inspecting my face with a curious pout.

"Is it inconvenient for you to show your face?" she asked, crossing her arms over her chest. "Is it hard to reveal your true appearance to the person you saved?"

"I cannot show my face due to a sacred medical oath."

Emma tapped her chin thoughtfully, tracking my movements. "Fine. If you must keep your face hidden, can you at least reveal your age? Surely that isn't a secret."

I had to think very fast. I could not tell her my actual age, or she might connect the dots back to the palace. So I casually told a total lie with a straight face. "I am twenty years old."

The little princess nodded her head, her eyes filled with admiration. She was very satisfied with that answer. "Twenty," she said in awe.

"I'll take my leave." She said, as she turned around and left the store with her personal royal guards, completely at peace with what she had discovered.

"What did she mean by all of those questions? Why was she pressing so hard to see your face? Do you think they want to investigate you?" Blade asked.

"What if the people want to dig deeper into your background? If they find your real name, the Alpha King will find out about the prohibited healing methods!" Wolf added.

I slowly shook my head at them. "I don't know her true purpose yet, but I know her heart. It shouldn't be to harm me. She is just a grateful, curious teenager who wanted to see the

person who saved her life. We do not need to panic right now. We just need to be extra careful and keep our heads down."

We finished up our work quickly, and I retired to the back room to strip off the disguise robes, wash away the prosthetics, and change back into my normal clothing.

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Not long after returning to our pack palace, a secret message arrived for me. It came directly from the lower village store via a trusted runner. Dakia, my store clerk, had sent an urgent scroll wrapped in black wax. My eyes went wide as I broke the seal and read the neat handwriting.

Another pack had just reached out to the shop. They had paid an upfront fee of exactly \$10,000 in pure gold coins just to secure a medical consultation. They wanted the Divine Doctor to cross the borders and see an anonymous patient immediately.

I was very surprised by this news. The name of this pack was written clearly at the bottom of the parchment. This was the Shadow-Claw Pack. The Luna of the Shadow-Claw Pack was the best friend of Dominic's mother, Luna Helena. They shared a lifelong bond and were closer than real sisters.

And the connection went even further than that. The young heir of that pack was Dominic's closest childhood friend. Dominic and the heir had grown up together, trained together, and fought wars side by side. They were completely inseparable, truly just like blood brothers.

For a pack like that to bypass their physicians and send a secret, massive \$10,000 bounty to an underground village doctor meant something was terribly wrong.

I knew I could not keep this a secret from my family. I hurried straight to the high council chambers. I reported this situation immediately to Luna Helena and Alpha Alaric. Dominic was also sitting there in his wheelchair.

"They paid \$10,000 upfront to my store clerk," I told them, laying the scroll flat on the table.

Luna Helena gasped loudly, her hand flying to her chest.

"It matches the scroll we just received," Alpha Alaric said. "We just received a formal invitation from the Shadow-Claw Alpha himself not even an hour ago. He sent a message directly to our pack. Their entire territory is in a state of panic."

"What happened to them?" I asked quickly.

"Their Luna had a terrible, horrific accident while traveling near the borders. Her life force is fading very fast, and the pack doctors cannot stabilize her. She is on the brink of death, Ivy." Luna Helena said amidst tears.

Blade's immediate came in, he bowed his head in respect very quickly.

"Blade, move right now. Go to the pharmacy immediately. Tell Dakia to officially agree to the invitation and accept the \$10,000." I ordered.

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Chapter 83: Chapter 83

Ivy's Point of View

The moment I finalized the order to accept the Shadow-Claw Pack's invitation, there was no time to lose. I hurried back to my private quarters to prepare my essential medical tools and shamanic remedies. Nell was right there beside me, as she packed my specialized herbs, clean bandages, and needles into a kit.

While we were packing, a little noise echoed from the main driveway. Hearing the sudden commotion, I turned to my maid and asked, "Nell, what is going on out there?"

Nell stopped folding the bandages, looked outside, and turned back to me. "The Alpha and his family are also preparing to head to the Shadow-Claw Pack," she told me quickly.

I nodded understandingly, realizing it was because of the invitation they had received from the Shadow-Claw Pack. They had to make a formal appearance as a family to show support for their closest allies.

I ducked into the dressing room to transform myself. I carefully changed my equipment and dressed in my disguise, putting on the loose, layered robes, and the subtle facial prosthetics that completely altered my appearance. By the time I walked out, I had transformed my look to Physician Lin.

Wolf and Blade were already waiting for me in the hidden corridor, dressed in their cloaks to conceal their appearance. With our appearances perfectly hidden, we made sure no one would know our true identities.

We slipped out through the secret servants' exit where our horses were waiting. The guards were entirely ready. I mounted my horse, flanked tightly by Wolf and Blade, and we followed the guards on a fast, grueling ride toward the Shadow-Claw border lines.

The journey took hours, but the urgency kept my blood pumping. When we finally arrived at the iron gates of the Shadow-Claw pack house, the doors pushed open. We happened to run into Alpha Alaric, Luna Helena, and Dominic right at the very entrance. Dominic sat in his wheelchair, flanked by his father's guards.

Our eyes locked for a fraction of a second. Dominic's gaze burned with intense worry and warning, while Luna Helena's eyes tightly pinched with anxiety. But we had a strict plan to maintain!

The moment the gates swung open fully, the atmosphere became chaotic. After the Shadow-Claw soldiers saw Alpha Alaric and Luna Helena arrive, they immediately crowded around them, bowing low and offering loud, formal greetings.

They warmly received the royal family, ushering them inside with grand gestures, but they completely left my team aside. Because we were dressed as a simple wandering doctor and two cloaked mercenaries, the soldiers treated us with less respect.

I stood quietly, adjusting my bag, but Luna Helena noticed the disrespect instantly. She stopped walking, turning her head back toward the courtyard. Luna was visibly unhappy to see me being neglected by the staff.

She snapped her fingers sharply, her voice ringing out with authority as she questioned the soldiers. "Why are you leaving the invited person, the Divine Doctor, standing aside in the cold? Have you lost your manners? They traveled all this way, and you treat the healer like a common beggar?"

The lead soldier flinched, bowing his head. "Forgive us, Luna Helena! We did not realize—"

Before he could finish his apology, the main doors of the pack house slammed open. Shadow-Claw's Alpha, Alpha Gary, and his daughter Ama, walked out into the courtyard. Both of them carried a worried expression on their faces, their eyes bloodshot from a lack of sleep.

The moment the young lady saw Luna Helena, her composure completely shattered. Ama burst into tears, running straight across the floor to throw her arms around Luna Helena's waist.

"Aunty Helena!" Ama cried out, her shoulders shaking violently as she sobbed into the Luna's robes. "It's my mother! She has fallen terribly ill for some unknown reason. We have called in so many doctors from all the neighboring territories, but every single one of them shook their heads. They keep saying they cannot save her!"

Luna Helena held the crying lady tightly, her own eyes swelling with tears as she looked over Ama's shoulder straight at me. The desperate, suffocating grief in the air was palpable. Alpha Gary walked up, his strong shoulders slouching as he weakly shook Alpha Alaric's hand, looking like a man who was about to lose his entire world.

Seeing the fear of the family, Alpha Gary wasted no more time. He grimly gestured for my team to follow them inside. I was formally invited into the inner sanctum of the palace to check on Luna Gertrude's condition. Wolf and Blade followed closely behind me, as we entered the hot master bedroom.

Luna Gertrude lay in the center of the massive four-poster bed. Her skin was a pale, sickly gray, and her breathing was shallow, coming in ragged, painful gasps. I knelt down beside the bed, pulling out my needles and closing my eyes to channel a small thread of my inner shamanic energy.

I gently pressed my fingers against her wrist, letting my power drift through her system to see what the pack doctors had missed. After a brief look, my heart dropped into my stomach. I found that the situation was very bad. Her internal life force was fading rapidly, and something dark and toxic was actively eating away at her body from the inside out.

Luna Helena, who was deeply sympathetic to her best friend, stood at the foot of the bed, her face completely pale. She kept staring directly at my eyes, silently begging me for a shred of hope.

I took advantage of the lack of attention while Alpha Gary was comforting his weeping daughter, and I gave Luna Helena a subtle, serious signal with a slight shake of my head. I wanted her to know the truth—Luna Gertrude's condition was not optimistic at all. Helena clutched her chest, swallowing a sob.

"Please, Physician Lin... tell me the truth. What is wrong with my wife? What kind of illness is doing this to her?" Alpha Gary finally spoke.

I stood up slowly, wiping my hands on a clean cloth. I forced my voice down into the deep, smooth tone of a man, making sure my delivery was completely professional and calm.

"Alpha Gary, this is a highly specific, dangerous disease that only women can get," I explained, the entire room went dead silent. "The infection isn't in her blood or her lungs. The illness is located deep inside her reproductive organs..." I paused. bsp;

"Specifically, within her uterus."

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Chapter 84: Chapter 84

Ivy's Point of View

The moment the word uterus left my lips, the silence in Luna Gertrude's bedroom shattered completely. Ama burst into tears as soon as she heard that her mother had this specific, dangerous illness. Her knees buckled, and she grabbed onto my loose robes, her fingers digging into the fabric of my disguise.

"Please, Physician Lin!" Ama sobbed, her voice cracking as she looked up at me. "I beg you, you have to save my mother! Every other doctor said she was going to die. You are the Divine Doctor, you can do anything! Please don't let her leave us!"

I paused, looking down at the weeping princess, and then at Alpha Gary, whose face was completely pale with desperation.

"Lady Ama, please calm down," I said, trying to calm her. "I can save her. The illness is severe, but it is not beyond my reach."

"Can you treat her right now, Physician Lin? Name your price. Anything." Alpha Gary said.

I shook my head. "I can save her, but now I do not have all the necessary tools with me. This requires specific surgical instruments and refined medicinal extracts. I need to wait until I get back to my pharmacy to prepare the proper tools before treating the illness. I will return the moment everything is ready."

Without wasting another second, I bowed politely to the family. With Wolf and Blade behind me, we left the Shadow-Claw pack house early. We rode our horses hard, until we reached the Pack.

AZURE LEAFS:

The moment we slipped through the back entrance of my store, Azure Leafs, I threw off my traveling cloak and immediately began instructing my staff. Dakia and the junior apothecaries ran over, their faces alert.

"Dakia, I need the threaded scalpels, the sterilized catgut sutures, and the high-grade numbing tonics prepared immediately," I ordered, my voice loud and authoritative.

"Clear the back laboratory. I need the concentrated moon-lily extract and the blood-clotting powders measured out in exact proportions. We are performing a delicate reproductive surgery, and if the equipment isn't perfectly sterile, the infection will turn lethal. Move, fast!"

The staff scattered instantly, rushing to fulfill my commands.

Once the orders were set at the shop, I rushed back to the Silverside Pack palace, stripping away the Physician Lin disguise and changing back into my normal attire. The moment I stepped into our private living quarters, I found Alpha Alaric, Luna Helena, and Dominic all waiting anxiously for me.

"Ivy, thank the heavens you are back," Luna Helena said, rushing over to grab my hands. "Tell us, how bad is Gertrude's condition?"

"It is a bit dangerous," I explained, looking at the three of them. "Her uterus is heavily infected, and her life force is draining because the pack doctors couldn't locate the source. But you don't need to despair. I saw a specific cure for this exact disease in ancient shaman medicine texts. The surgical procedure is complex, but the shamanic energetic flow will knit her organs back together safely."

Alpha Alaric let out a loud sigh of relief, nodding his head. "If anyone can pull her back from the brink, it is you, child."

Later that night, the palace grew quiet and still. The tension of the day finally began to fade. I was in our bedroom, double-checking my personal medical notes, when Dominic rolled his wheelchair closer. He reached out, his large, warm hands gently wrapping around my waist, pulling me down slightly toward him.

"You need to rest, Ivy," Dominic said, his eyes locked onto mine with a depth of emotion that made my heart race.

"I'm fine, Dominic," I smiled softly, leaning into his touch. "I just want to ensure everything is perfect for tomorrow."

"I mean it," Dominic said, his voice deep, conversational, and full of intense pride.

"I sat there today watching you handle two Alpha houses without breaking a sweat. I am really lucky to have met such a powerful, incredible wife. You didn't just cure me and pull me out of that hopeless coma... now you are treating my family, our closest allies, and the people of this kingdom. You are carrying the weight of the entire alliance on your shoulders."

"I am just doing my duty as a healer, and as your wife," I said, my cheeks flushing a warm pink.

Dominic rubbed his thumb against my skin, his gaze softening. "It's more than duty, Ivy. You are the heart of this pack—"

Knock! Knock! Knock!

Our intimate moment was suddenly interrupted. The door pushed open, and Blade stepped inside, bowing his head respectfully.

"Forgive the interruption, Master Dominic, Lady Ivy. A runner from Azure Leafs just arrived at the gates. He reports that the surgery kits are fully sterilized, and everything needed for the operation is officially ready."

The romantic warmth in the room vanished, replaced by instant focus. I stood up straight, nodding at my guard. "Thank you, Blade." I turned back to Dominic, offering a reassuring smile. "It's time."

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I, Wolf, and Blade... we immediately set off into the dark night, riding hard back to the Shadow-Claw pack house.

When we arrived, the atmosphere was entirely different. The Shadow-Claw guards didn't push us aside this time... instead, they welcomed my disguised team with deep respect and ushered us straight into the Luna's chambers.

I wasted no time. I laid out my surgical tools, closed my eyes, and began working. I pressed my hands against Luna Gertrude's lower abdomen, letting my inner shamanic energy flow down into her core.

The gold, glowing light leaked from my palms, forming a protective barrier around her organs as I carefully used my tools to purge the deep-seated infection, guiding the rot out of her body while using my spiritual energy to prevent her from bleeding out.

The process was exhausting, draining my own strength, but I kept my focus locked until the very last stitch was tied.

After an entire afternoon of intense, agonizing treatment, Luna Gertrude's surgery went very smoothly. Her skin color was already returning to a healthy, soft skin, and her breathing was completely steady.

AFTER THE SURGERY:

Alpha Gary walked into the room, tears of pure gratitude streaming down his face. He handed a pouch filled with a large sum of money to me.

"You have saved my family, Physician Lin," Alpha Gary choked out, bowing his head.

"She is stable now, Alpha," I replied in my deep, fake man's voice, accepting the payment. "But the recovery requires monitoring. I will come back regularly to check on her condition and ensure the uterus heals completely."

After successfully wrapping up the medical mission, we returned safely to the Silverside Pack. The moment I walked through the palace doors, Luna Helena ran down the corridor.

"Ivy!" Helena cried out, stopping right in front of me. "How did it go? Is she... is she going to make it?"

"The surgery went completely smoothly, Luna," I said, offering a tired but bright smile. "Luna Gertrude is resting safely. The infection is entirely gone."

Luna Helena let out a loud cry of pure joy and instantly hugged me tightly, her arms wrapping around my shoulders with immense strength. She buried her face in my hair, weeping tears of happiness.

"Oh, thank the Moon Goddess! Thank you, Ivy! You are absolutely incredible. Alaric, look at her! We truly have the best, most sensible daughter-in-law in the entire werewolf kingdom!" He said in whisper.

Exchanging Vows: The Swapped Wife Is a Top Shaman - Chapter 85[1,351 words]

Chapter 85: Chapter 85

Ivy's Point of View

The next morning, the palace grounds were gripped by a freezing, sudden chaos. I had barely finished my morning tea when Nell burst into my quarters without even knocking.

"Lady Ivy, you need to move right now," Nell said frantically, with wide eyes. "Things are happening in the Luna's courtyard. There is a big uproar, and the guards are swarming the main hall."

"What happened, Nell? Who is causing problems for my mother-in-law?" I asked.

"It's Edna, the Luna's head maid manager!" Nell gasped out. "She was accused of poisoning Luna Helena with the Silvervine root! They dragged her out of the quarters just minutes ago."

I didn't waste another second. I hurried down the long corridors. This was completely unexpected—we had been looking for the hidden cook, but the traitor was actually the person closest to the Luna's daily life.

When I pushed open the doors of the main hall, the atmosphere was suffocating. Alpha Alaric stood at the center of the room, he was indeed in rage. Mrs. Margot sat tightly on

the side, her arms crossed, while Seraphina and Bastian's mother, Vivienne, stood right behind her, their expressions a strange mix of shock and hidden fear.

In the center of the stone floor, the maid manager, Edna, was kneeling down. Tears were streaming down her face, her shoulders shaking as she wept. Yet, despite the guards surrounding her with drawn swords, she tightly pressed her lips together and completely refused to confess.

"Speak, woman!" Alpha Alaric roared, his voice so loud. He was obviously angry. "Who gave you the poison? Who paid you to destroy my lineage?"

Edna just shook her head, crying out loudly, but not a single name left her mouth!

Before Alpha Alaric could strike her down, the doors opened, and the Alpha's Beta, Beta Tomie, walked inside with a grim expression. He held a leather sack in his hands, stepping forward to bow respectfully to Alpha Alaric.

"Alpha, our immediate investigation has yielded terrifying results," Beta Tomie announced, his voice carrying clearly across the hall. So, everyone could hear him clearly.

"We checked the pack borders first. Edna's children left the territory early this morning under false names, fleeing toward the outer regions. Furthermore, when the guards ransacked the manager's private room, they found a hidden compartment beneath the floorboards." He reported.

Beta Tomie turned the leather sack upside down, dumping the contents onto the long table with a loud, metallic crash. The elders gasped, and my eyes widened

"The guards found highly concentrated contraceptive powder," Beta Tomie explained, pointing at a small glass vial. "And right beside it, a large amount of gold and silver jewelry. She was paid a fortune to ensure Luna Helena remained completely infertile."

The betrayal inside the house was laid bare. Taking advantage of the sudden distraction as everyone stared at the gleaming pile of gold, the manager's expression turned into one of pure desperation. Edna quickly reached into her sleeve, pulled out a small black pill, and swallowed the poison before anyone could jump forward to stop her.

Within seconds, her body stiffened completely. She let out a horrific, gurgling gasp, falling backward onto the stone floor. She convulsed violently. Dark, toxic blood began rapidly bleeding from her seven orifices—her eyes, nose, ears, and mouth. The poison was lethal and instantaneous. She died, breathing her last breath.

Alpha Alaric walked over, looking down at her lifeless corpse, his chest heaving with an unbridled, furious wrath.

"This worthless traitor does not deserve our soil!" Alaric growled savagely. "Guards! Drag her rotting carcass to the border lines. Throw her body to the rogue wolf area and let the wild beasts rip her to shreds!"

My mind was analytical. "Alpha Alaric, please, wait," I spoke up, catching his attention. "This is a heavily poisoned corpse. The venom bleeding from her orifices is highly toxic. If you throw her into the border area, it will kill the wild dogs and wolves that feed on her, spreading a deadly plague through our local wildlife."

Alpha Alaric paused, his logic overriding his rage as he processed my words. He nodded firmly. "You are right, Ivy. Guards, change the order. Dig a deep pit away from the water lines, dump her inside, and bury it completely."

As the guards dragged the body away, Luna Helena stepped closer to the table to inspect the jewelry. Her fingers trembled as she picked up a ruby-encrusted gold necklace and a silver bracelet. Suddenly, her eyes widened in complete disbelief as she identified the jewelry.

"This... this belongs to our pack vaults," Luna Helena said, her voice cracking as she turned her head. "In fact, many of these pieces were specifically gifted to Mrs. Margot years ago. I recognize the custom crests."

The room went dead silent. Mrs. Margot's face turned shocked, and Fred's mother, Lady Otessa, who was standing right next to her, flinched violently.

"Oh, thank goodness you found them!" Mrs. Margot loudly claimed, putting on a fake, dramatic sigh of relief.

"That wretched manager must have stolen these from my chambers months ago! We blamed the manager for being a thief, Alaric! She must have looted my jewelry box while I was away!"

I watched her desperate acting. She thought they could just blame a dead woman and walk away clean. The deep hurt in Luna Helena's eyes was painful to see—she was realizing her own family was trying to destroy her. I knew I had to push the knife in further while they were scrambling.

I picked up a small leather ledger that had been tumbled out with the jewelry. I flipped through the pages, my eyes catching the messy numbers.

"Mrs. Margot, if she stole these from you, it is quite strange that your personal accounting logs are kept right beside her stash," I pointed out, as I looked at the Alpha. "Alpha Alaric, I took a brief look, and I must point out a severe accounting problem here. The purchase prices for the palace kitchen and the inner house supplies have been inflated for over a year."

Luna Helena snapped her head toward me. "What do you mean inflated, Ivy?"

"For example," I explained, pointing my finger at a specific line. "The cost recorded here for standard grain and medicinal herbs is ten times higher than the actual market price in the lower village square. Someone has been intentionally falsifying the palace books, taking massive amounts of pack funds, and storing the excess wealth right here in this room."

They weren't just poisoning the Luna, they were actively robbing the Silverside Pack to build their own private fortune.

Luna Helena was completely furious. She slammed her hand onto the table. "Re-check the prices!" Luna Helena ordered the guards. "Bring me every ledger from the past three years! Someone re-check every single coin that passed through the kitchen!"

Lady Otessa, who was Mrs. Margot's own daughter-in-law and the one managing the household purchases—completely lost her composure. She fell to her knees, bursting into tears as she clutched Alpha Alaric's robes, begging for mercy on the spot.

"Alaric, please, have mercy! I beg of you!" Lady Otessa cried out right at his feet. She looked up at the Alpha, her voice filled with a both shame and desperation.

"The money given to us by the main house was simply too little! We are part of the royal lineage, but we barely had enough to maintain our noble status in the capital! We had no choice... we had to make some extra money from here just to survive! Please, don't cast us out!"

Lady Otessa continued to sob loudly against the Alpha's boots, as she looked over at Luna Helena, hoping her sister-in-law's soft heart would save them from execution.

Luna Helena stood tall, her arms crossed over her chest as she looked down at the weeping woman with an cold expression. The time for family forgiveness was officially over.

"Your tears won't solve this mess, Lady Otessa," Luna Helena declared, her voice completely devoid of mercy.

Exchanging Vows: The Swapped Wife Is a Top Shaman - Chapter 86[1,331 words]

Chapter 86: Chapter 86

Ivy's Point of View

Lady Otessa collapsed completely. She kept begging, her voice high as she sobbed out excuse after excuse, talking non-stop to save her household from utter ruin.

"Alaric, please, you must understand the pressure we are under!" Lady Otessa wailed, her hands clutching at the air toward the Alpha. Alpha Alaric hissed.

"The royal capital expects so much from Khalid and me! The dresses, the banquets, the political gifts—our current allowance doesn't even cover half of it! If we didn't inflate the palace ledger prices, we would have been the laughingstock! We only took what we needed to maintain the family honor!" Her voice was loud.

Mrs. Margot stood right behind her daughter-in-law, her face tight but her chin held high, silently backing up the desperate plea.

Instead of executing them for treason, Alpha Alaric let out a long breath, his shoulders slouching with the burden of family ties. He couldn't just slaughter his half-brother's wife and his stepmother without tearing the entire pack alliance apart in front of the royal court.

After listening to her weeping, Alpha Alaric crossed his arms firmly. "Enough, Otessa," he barked, his deep voice instantly cutting through her loud sobbing!

"I will not have my family begging like common rogues. I agree to increase the monthly rate and the allowance of the whole pack family by ten percent. But hear me well—this is your final warning. If you or Khalid become greedy even one more time, we will split up the family permanently. You will be stripped of your titles, cast out of the Silvermoon territory, and left to survive on the borders with nothing."

Realizing they had successfully escaped a death sentence, Mrs. Margot and her daughter-in-law quickly bowed their heads. Lady Otessa scrambled to her feet, wiping her tear-stained face with a handkerchief. Without wasting another second before the Alpha could change his mind, the two women hurriedly turned on their heels and left the grand hall.

The moment the hall cleared of them, I didn't waste any time. While the guards were preparing to remove the chest of stolen goods, I stepped over to the table where the deceased steward Edna's personal belongings were piled. I opened her private leather pouch, using a small silver rod from my medical kit to sort through her secret stash.

My breath hitched slightly as I uncovered three small, distinct glass vials hidden in a false lining. I uncorked them one by one, bringing them close to my nose to analyze the chemical properties.

"Alpha, Luna, look at this," I called out, as they walked over. "I just checked the belongings of the deceased steward, and she wasn't just carrying contraceptive powder. I found exactly three poisons hidden here: highly concentrated hallucinogens, chronic soft

tendon powder designed to permanently weaken a warrior's muscles, and the reproductive contraceptive drugs."

Luna Helena looked down at the three deadly vials. The deep betrayal of having her head manager secretly poison her household for years was completely breaking her heart.

"I cannot believe this," Luna Helena let out, her voice cracking with deep emotion. "Edna was with me for over a decade, Alaric. I trusted her with my clothes, my food, my private rooms. I am filled with so much regret. For many years, I have been inviting demons straight into our house, completely blind to the snake sleeping right under our roof."

Alpha Alaric wrapped a arm around his wife shoulders, his eyes locking onto the glass vials on the table.

"This wasn't the work of a simple, greedy maid, Helena," the Alpha muttered. "The way she took that black pill the exact second she was cornered... it proves she was a well-trained spy. Someone trained her to choose death over interrogation."

I stood across from them, my mind piecing together the family timeline. The contraceptive drugs had kept Luna Helena infertile, the soft tendon powder had likely been slipped into the guards' rations, and the whole plot seemed perfectly designed to push Bastian with Vivienne into the heir position.

I looked toward the door where Dominic sat quietly in his wheelchair, and then I turned back to the Alpha. I decided to voice a terrifying thought that had been nagging at my shamanic instincts for weeks.

"Alpha Alaric," I began boldly, keeping my voice low so the passing guards wouldn't overhear our conversation.

"If Edna was a deeply planted spy to ruin your lineage, we have to look at the bigger picture. Given how desperate the enemies are trying to push Dominic out of the way, I must boldly speculate... is it possible that Bastian might not be your child? What if his blood doesn't actually belong to your lineage at all?"

The moment the words left my mouth. Alpha Alaric stiffened, his eyes widening in a sudden flash of panic.

"No! That is completely impossible, Ivy!" Alpha Alaric immediately denied the claim, his voice rising loudly as if he were trying to convince himself. "Vivienne was thoroughly vetted by the pack elders before she entered my quarters. Bastian carries our physical traits. He is my son. Do not speak of such treasonous things again."

But even as his mouth shouted the denial, the twist was right there in his body language. His eyes wandered nervously away from mine, flickering toward the floor. He was terrified of the truth. Deep down inside his soul, the Alpha had already suspected the

exact same thing, but acknowledging that his own concubine had brought a bastard child into the royal pack house was a humiliation he couldn't bear to face.

I didn't push him further on Bastian's bloodline, knowing the seed of doubt had already been planted deeply in his mind.

Instead, I reached back into the manager's pouch, my fingers brushing against a piece of metal that had fallen out of her secret scroll stash. I pulled it out into the torchlight.

"There is more," I said, holding up a gleaming gold bracelet. "I also found this gold bracelet marked explicitly by the palace seal in the searched items. Look at the engraving on the inner band."

Luna Helena stepped closer, squinting at the royal crest. Her breath hitched. "This is a custom piece from the King's private collection. Ivy... what does this mean?"

"It implies that the steward also had secret dealings with the king's princess—Margot's daughter, Aithusa," I revealed calmly. "The manager was receiving gold and instructions directly from the royal capital to destabilize our territory."

The political hurt was massive. Alpha Alaric's own family network was entirely infected by the capital's greed. She stood up straight, her tears drying instantly as a fierce, Alpha-female resolve took over her features.

"I will not let my home be destroyed by the capital's snakes," she declared fiercely.

Luna Helena immediately ordered the guards to lock down the estate and began to rectify the internal affairs of the palace. She stripped the keys from Margot's remaining servants and placed the ledger books firmly on the center table.

To ensure the accounting was completely transparent, I and Seraphina assisted in verifying the prices of every item coming into the pack house, checking the numbers line by line. Seraphina was quiet and tense, working quickly to prove she wasn't part of the treasonous plot.

We spent hours comparing the inflated ledger numbers against the actual market prices from the lower village square, as we calculated the massive amount of pack funds that had been stolen.

By the time the sun began to set, Seraphina dropped her quill in shock, looking at the final tally sheet before us

Our systematic audit had worked perfectly, discovering that five major kitchen supervisors and palace suppliers were actively cheating the pack, leading Alpha Alaric to immediately fire them and greatly reduce the daily expenses of the palace by thousands of gold coins.

The victory felt hollow... knowing that while we had cleared the kitchen, the true mastermind was still watching.

Exchanging Vows: The Swapped Wife Is a Top Shaman - Chapter 87[1,623 words]

Chapter 87: Chapter 87

Ivy's Point of View

I stood by the stone steps, watching the servants load the final crates, my heart fluttering with a mix of anticipation and nerves. Today was the day we were heading back to my original pack.

"Everything is locked and secured, Lady Ivy," Blade said, bowing his head as he stepped back from the carriage door.

"Thank you, Blade," I replied, offering a soft smile.

Just then, Dominic rolled his wheelchair out onto the veranda. To my absolute surprise, Dominic had taken the complete initiative to accompany me back to my parents' home. He hadn't just agreed to the trip... he had spent the previous evening carefully preparing stacks of rare scholarly books for my brother and crates of premium, imported food for my mother's kitchen.

"You didn't have to go through all this trouble, Dominic," I said softly, walking over to adjust the wool blanket draping over his lap. "My family... we are very ordinary now. Ever since my father separated from the main Crescent Moon lineage, we live a quiet life. We don't expect grand noble gifts."

Dominic reached up, his warm hand gently wrapping around my wrist. "Ivy, they are your parents. That means they are my family too. It doesn't matter if they live in a grand palace or a humble village cottage. They raised the woman who saved my life. They deserve my utmost respect."

The carriage ride to the outer borders of the Crescent Moon territory was smooth. When we finally pulled up to the modest, neatly kept brick house, my parents were already standing on the porch.

My father, Beta Edwin Calloway, stood tall despite his simple linen tunic. My mother stood beside him, nervously wiping her hands on her apron, her eyes instantly welling with tears the moment she saw me step out.

"Ivy! Oh, my sweet girl," my mother choked out, rushing down the steps to pull me into a tight embrace.

"I missed you, Mother," I whispered, burying my face in her shoulder.

My father stepped forward, his eyes bright with pride as he hugged me next, before turning his gaze toward the carriage door. Wolf and Blade carefully lowered Dominic down in his wheelchair. My parents instantly tensed up, their postures shifting into rigid, formal bows, terrified of making a mistake in front of the high heir of the Silvermoon Pack.

"Greetings, Master Dominic," my father spoke formally, his voice carrying the deep respect. "Our humble home is honored by your presence."

But Dominic didn't treat them like subjects. He looked at my father, then at my mother, his expression incredibly gentle and polite. Then, using every ounce of his upper-body strength, Dominic gripped the armrests of his chair, leaned his torso forward, and solemnly bowed three times from his seat.

It was the highest, most sacred form of martial and familial reverence a warrior could offer to his elders—a gesture usually reserved for kings.

My mother gasped loudly, her hand flying to her mouth as fresh tears freshly streamed down her cheeks. My father froze in absolute shock, his jaw dropping slightly.

"Father, Mother," Dominic said, his deep voice rich with genuine warmth and sincerity. "Please, do not bow to me. I am the one who owes you everything. Due to my illness and this broken leg, I cannot stand to greet you properly, but I recognize you as my true parents. I promise to cherish and protect Ivy for the rest of my days."

The humility in his actions instantly put the Calloway family at ease. Through his practical actions, Dominic had completely stripped away the cold barriers of royal status, showing them the pure, unyielding respect they deserved.

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Inside the dining room, the atmosphere was completely full of laughter and light conversation. My younger brother, Finn, was sitting at the edge of his seat, his eyes wide with excitement as Dominic handed him the history and strategy books.

"Thank you, brother Dominic!" Finn cheered, immediately flipping through the crisp parchment pages. "Professor Aldwin told me about these texts, but I never thought I'd actually get to read them!"

I smiled, watching how diligent and studious my younger brother had become. My father nodded in agreement, a proud smile touching his lips.

"I have been directly guided by the old professor. Professor Aldwin has been helping me improve my studies in pack law and territory management. Our daily family life has become incredibly stable and orderly. Thanks to you, my daughter."

"I am so glad to hear that, Father," I said, setting down my tea. But as I looked around the room, reality sank back into my mind. "But Father... now that you have completely separated from your pack Alpha, your monthly salary will be much lower than before. The main lineage won't support us anymore."

My mother sighed softly, her fingers tracing the rim of her cup. "It's a bit tight, dear, but we will manage. We are just happy to have our peace."

"We can do better than just managing," I proposed, a clever spark lighting up my eyes. I looked between my mother and father.

"In order to drastically increase your income and secure Finn's future studies, I want the two of you to invest your savings into the pharmacy business of the Divine Doctor. The Azure Leafs shop is expanding rapidly, and the returns will be massive."

My mother looked visibly tempted, her eyes flashing with a sudden hope, but she hesitated, looking nervously at my father. "Oh, Ivy... an investment? We don't know anything about the medicine trade. What if we lose the little funds we have left? The Divine Doctor is a mysterious figure."

Dominic immediately chimed in, his voice reassuring. "Mother, you have nothing to fear. I personally guarantee the safety of the Divine Doctor's business. Ivy has excellent investment vision, and if she says the pharmacy will succeed, it will. Trust her."

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The journey back to the Silvermoon Pack territory was filled with a focused energy. The carriage wheels clattered softly against the stone road. Dominic turned his head away from the window, his eyes studying my face.

"Ivy," Dominic called, his voice low and intimate. "When you were talking to your mother about the Azure Leafs pharmacy... do you truly want to expand the business further? Do you want to do a much larger business in the store?" He asked.

I turned to him, a confident smile breaking across my face. I had been planning this strategy for weeks. "Yes, Dominic. I don't want to just sell remedies to villagers. I propose to expand our pill business directly to the military camps."

Dominic's brows shot up in sudden intrigue. "The military camps? Explain."

"Think about it," I said. "Right now, when soldiers get sick on the march, they have to wait for a pack doctor to diagnose them, boil herbs, and prepare teas. It takes hours. But if we manufacture highly concentrated, symptomatic pills for common colds, fevers, and coughs, the warriors can take them directly.

It completely saves the trouble of doctors seeing doctors, and it is particularly convenient for marching, scouting, and fighting in deep enemy territory."

Dominic's jaw clenched in fascination. As a battle commander, he saw the tactical brilliance of my plan instantly.

"That is genius, Ivy. But colds and coughs are just the beginning. I have a much greater, urgent demand for supplementary healing drugs, blood-clotting pills, and energy restoration tonics. In our line of work, daily training injuries and warfare are completely essential. If a warrior can swallow a pill on the battlefield to stop his bleeding in seconds, our survival rate will skyrocket."

The moment we arrived back at the Silvermoon palace, Dominic didn't even pause to rest. His strategic mind was on fire. He had the guards push his wheelchair straight down the long corridor toward the executive wing, heading directly into the private study room to find Alpha Alaric.

Alpha Alaric looked up from his desk. "Dominic? What is so urgent that you didn't even change out of your traveling clothes?"

"Father, we have an opportunity to revolutionize our military logistics," Dominic declared, rolling his chair right up to the desk. "I am requesting the immediate deployment of a high-ranking, trusted pack manager—someone who thoroughly knows how to manage international trade and supply lines—to help Ivy do a big business."

Alpha Alaric raised a brow, leaning back in his m chair. "A pack manager for Ivy? For her pharmacy?"

"These pills will completely change how we fight. Instead of dragging those clumsy medical wagons through muddy battlefields, every single warrior will carry their own treatment right in their pocket. During those freezing winter marches, we won't lose

thousands of lives to sudden fevers or infections. A soldier swallows one pill, and they stay at peak fighting strength on the frontline."

Alpha Alaric listened intently, his expression slowly melting into profound amazement. He tapped his fingers against the wood of his desk, staring at his son as he realized the political and military advantage this would give the Silvermoon Pack over all their rivals.

"It is a brilliant concept, Dominic," Alpha Alaric spoke slowly. "But the military camp cannot rely on mere theories. I request that Ivy produce a batch of these finished product pills first, so our elite commanders can test the effect in the training yards. If it truly works as well as you say it does..."

Alpha Alaric turned his head to me. "Ivy... If those pills can stop a warrior's cough and heal a training wound in minutes, I can personally help introduce your business straight to the royal military camp of the Alpha King himself."

Exchanging Vows: The Swapped Wife Is a Top Shaman - Chapter 88[1,439 words]

Chapter 88: Chapter 88

Ivy's Point of View

The crackle of the fireplace was the only sound echoing through our private chambers as the night grew deeper. I sat at the small table, unpinning my hair and letting it fall over my shoulders in waves. Dominic sat nearby in his wheelchair, his dark eyes tracing my movements with a soft warmth.

We had been talking about the upcoming expansion of the Azure Leafs pharmacy, but as the topic shifted from supply lines to personal freedom, the conversation took an unexpected turn.

"You push yourself so hard, Ivy," Dominic murmured, his voice carrying a trace of concern. "You are running a hidden pharmacy, creating military supplies, and balancing two Alpha houses. What is it that truly drives you?"

I turned around on my stool, looking straight at him, and offered a calm smile. "I love making money the most, Dominic," I stated frankly, my tone completely direct. "I firmly believe that money is far more reliable than men. A gold coin will never betray your trust or walk out the door when things get difficult."

Dominic froze, the warm smile completely vanishing from his face, his posture stiffening as a flash of vulnerability crossed his eyes.

"So... I cannot be trusted as a husband?" he asked.

I turned back to the mirror, picking up my brush, and casually replied without a second thought. "It is not about you specifically, Dominic. It is just that a woman cannot trust a man's words. Promises are easily whispered in the dark, but they rarely survive the light of day."

The silence that followed was suffocating. I didn't mean to strike a blow, but when I looked back at him, I saw that my words had deeply hurt Dominic. A look of profound ache in his eyes as if I had sliced right through his armor. He rolled his wheelchair closer, reaching out to grasp my hand, forcing me to put down the brush.

"Ivy, please," he earnestly asked, his eyes locked onto mine, pleading for an answer. "Tell me the truth. Why do you hold such bitterness in your heart? What is the real reason you look at marriage this way?"

I let out a long sigh, the exhaustion of carrying this burden finally catching up to me. I looked down at our joined hands and confided in him, baring my soul for the first time.

"Because the world is completely unfair to women, Dominic. Look around us. Any man who has the wealth, the power, or the high noble conditions automatically takes multiple wives and concubines. They indulge their desires, and the formal women are left to endure the humiliation silently, without any real way out or any legal recourse to protect themselves. We are just property to be traded, expected to smile while our husbands bring other women into our homes."

Dominic listened to my words, his thumb gently rubbing the back of my hand as he absorbed the weight of my anger.

"I cite Fred's parents as a perfect example of this nightmare," I continued. "Look at Fred's father, Lord Khalid. He is the Alpha's brother. Yet, throughout his marriage, he has taken concubines one after another, filling his estate with distractions. And what can Lady Otessa, do about it? Nothing.

She can only endure the pain, live in constant agony, and pretend everything is perfect just to maintain the family's noble status in the eyes of the royal capital. I refuse to live like that, Dominic. I would rather be alone with a vault full of gold than a wife sitting in a cage."

The moment the words left my mouth, Dominic didn't say a word. Instead, he reached out with his arms, hauled himself forward, and gently pulled me off my stool and straight into

his lap. He wrapped his massive, protective arms around my waist, burying his face in the crook of my neck. He held me so tightly I could feel the rapid, steady thumping of his heart.

"Ivy, listen to me very carefully," Dominic spoke into my skin. "I need to be entirely honest with you. Before I met you—back when I was just the arrogant heir focused on warfare—I had thought about marrying a high noble girl... Seraphina." He paused, and we both laughed.

"Yes, a high noble girl, and taking concubines just like every other high born. I thought that was just how our society worked." He continued.

He pulled back slightly, cupping my face in his large, warm hands so I was forced to look directly into his burning, sincere gaze.

"But my thoughts changed completely because of you," Dominic promised solemnly, his eyes reflecting the truth of his soul.

"The moment you pulled me out of that dark coma, the moment I saw your fierce spirit, everything changed. From now on, I will only have you in this life. There will be only the two of us—this couple and our future children—in this marriage. There will never be a third party, no concubines, and no secret mistresses. You have my word on my wolf's honor, Ivy."

I sat on his lap, completely stunned by the gravity of his words. An Alpha heir promising total monogamy was unheard of in the werewolf kingdom. He earnestly asked me once more, his hands sliding down to wrap around mine.

"Are you willing to spend your entire life with me, Ivy? Can you truly trust me to be your husband?"

Moved by his absolute sincerity, the tight walls around my heart began to fracture. I took a deep breath and decided to honestly tell him the dark secrets of how our marriage had actually started in my mind.

"Dominic, your words move me," I told him openly, keeping my tone entirely honest. "And because you are being so truthful, I will be truthful too. I was actually willing to change our marriage dynamic from the start. I didn't care if you stayed asleep forever."

I figured I wouldn't have to compete for favor with the living dead, and I could live freely inside this palace with my pharmacy money. I saved your life because I was genuinely afraid you would die too early."

Dominic let out a low, rough chuckle, a small smile touching his lips despite the confession.

"And there is more," I whispered, my cheeks flushing deeply. "I originally planned to borrow a seed from you—to have a single child with you, just to prevent the rest of your greedy family from hitting your children and stealing the true inheritance. But since you are being so incredibly sincere with me tonight... I am willing to trust you for now. I will give this real marriage a chance. But you must promise me one thing, Dominic."

"Anything, Ivy," he murmured, his eyes locked onto mine.

"If you ever change your mind in the future," I said, my voice turning dead serious. "If you ever look at another woman or decide you want a concubine, please do not lie to me. Just let me go. I can fully support myself, my parents, and my brother with my own abilities and pharmacy wealth. I will not stay to be humiliated."

Dominic's eyes softened with an overwhelming sense of gratitude. He nodded firmly, his grip tightening around my waist as he hugged me tightly against his broad chest.

"I accept your terms, my fierce little healer," he whispered. "I will never give you a reason to leave."

As the evening faded into the deep, silent hours of midnight, Dominic carefully lifted me in his arms, his newfound strength from the leg treatments showing as he carried me over to our bed.

He laid me down gently against the soft sheets, his gaze burning with a passionate desire that sent a dangerous shiver down my spine. Dominic leaned over my body, his warm breath fanning across my lips as his hands traced the line of my waist, unfastening the ties of my nightdress.

Dominic paused. His eyes searching my face with care and attentiveness. "Do you like it?" he asked softly, his voice low, gravelly, and full of emotion in the room. "Are you okay, Ivy?"

"Yes," I breathed, my heart hammering against my ribs as I looked straight up into his burning gaze. "I'm okay."

"Should I continue?" he murmured against my lips, completely waiting for my response before moving forward.

I offered a small, reassuring nod, wrapping my arms gently around his shoulders. Dominic let out a low, grateful groan as he finally pressed his weight into me, and I let out a low satisfying moan...

Exchanging Vows: The Swapped Wife Is a Top Shaman - Chapter 89[1,345 words]

Chapter 89: Chapter 89

Ivy's Point Of View

The morning sun filtered through curtains, warming our private chambers, but I didn't wake up feeling refreshed. Instead, a strange bloated feeling in my lower abdomen made me stir restlessly beneath the sheets. I sat up slowly, a sudden wave of dizziness washing over me.

When I pulled back the blanket to get out of bed, my heart completely stopped. There, stark against the white fabric, was a faint bloodstain.

I froze in shock, my breath hitching in my throat. My mind immediately raced through every medical text and shamanic technique I had ever studied. Could it be that I got infected in one go? Just last night, and now my body was already showing such a volatile, terrifying reaction.

Dominic woke up from the rustle of the sheets, his eyes instantly tracking my rigid posture. He sat up quickly, his gaze dropping to the mattress. The moment he saw the bloodstain, his face drained of all color, and he nervously reached out to grasp my hand, his fingers trembling.

"Ivy? What is that?" Dominic asked, his voice rough and laced with an intense fear. "Are you hurt? Did I... did I do something to cause this?"

I turned to look at him, forcing my expression to stay calm despite the internal storm. "No, Dominic, it's not your fault," I admitted softly, looking straight into his worried eyes. "Listen to me carefully... I might be pregnant. But the bleeding means the fetus is highly unstable. It is not yet 100% certain."

Dominic's jaw dropped, a mixture of profound shock and protective terror flashing through his gaze.

"Pregnant? But the blood..."

"Which is why we need to act immediately," I interrupted

I grabbed a piece of parchment and quickly scribbled down a specialized prescription for an ancient fetal protection medicine. I called for Wolf and Blade, handing the note through the cracked door.

"Take this to the pharmacy immediately. Catch these herbs yourself, and listen to me—keep this a secret from everyone in the palace for the time being. We must avoid causing an empty joy if the fetus doesn't survive the week."

"Understood, Lady Ivy," Blade said sharply, nodding before he and Wolf vanished down the corridor.

Once the door was locked again, I sat on the edge of the bed and pressed my fingers firmly against my own wrist to take my pulse. I closed my eyes, letting a tiny thread of shamanic energy drift into my veins. The pulse felt completely abnormal. It was jumping, chaotic, and split into two distinct, erratic rhythms that I could not confirm 100% using standard medicine.

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An hour later, the herbs were brought back, and the medicine was boiled inside the kitchen attached to our private quarters. Within minutes, the smell of the medicine filled the whole courtyard, drifting out into the hallways.

The commotion didn't go unnoticed. Luna Helena's newly appointed maid manager, Arya, happened to be walking past the courtyard. Perceiving smell coming from bubbling pots, she knocked on the outer door and stepped inside, her eyes scanning the room curiously.

"Good morning, Master Dominic, Lady Ivy," Arya said politely, though her eyes lingered on the smoking clay pot. "The maids noticed the scent of herbs coming from your quarters. Is everything alright? Is the young lady unwell?"

Dominic stepped in front of the table, his expression turning into a cold, polite wall. "Ivy is fine, Arya," Dominic said, his voice leaving no room for further questions. "The medicine is simply to regulate Ivy's body after a long journey. There is no need for concern, and you do not need to elaborate on this to the rest of the staff."

Arya bowed her head quickly, noticing his tone. "Of course, Master Dominic. Forgive my prying."

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But a palace is a nest of gossiping tongues, and secrets rarely stay buried for long. Since Arya was the head maid manager, she spent her days overseeing the entire domestic staff, and it didn't take long for her to hear the anxious chatter from the other maids. By the third day, the servants were openly whispering that the protection medicine was being boiled for three consecutive days and nights inside our small kitchen.

Arya became increasingly uneasy. If the future Alpha's wife was secretly taking medication for three days straight, a major crisis could be brewing. Fearing she would be blamed for hiding a medical emergency, the manager finally hurried to the main wing and reported it directly to Luna Helena.

Luna Helena didn't wait a single second. Terrified that the hidden poisoners had struck her daughter-in-law, Helena quickly ordered a traditional Chinese medicine doctor from the lower village to enter the palace and diagnose my pulse immediately.

The elderly, white-haired doctor sat across from me. Dominic stood rigidly behind my chair, while Luna Helena watched with her hands clasped tightly against her chest.

The doctor pressed his three fingers against my radial artery. He took the pulse for a very long time, his eyes closing as the room went dead silent. Minutes ticked by, and the silence became suffocating. Slowly, the doctor's brows began to tightly knit together, and he frowned deeply.

"Well? Speak, doctor!" Luna Helena demanded, her voice shaking with anxiety. "Is she poisoned? What is wrong with her?"

The old doctor released my wrist, looking up with a deeply puzzled and hesitant expression.

"Luna Helena, Master Dominic... the young lady's pulse is incredibly strange," he explained, shaking his head.

"It is jumping in a way I have never witnessed in my forty years of practice. It seems pregnant... there is a distinct sliding pulse of life, but it does not feel like an ordinary pregnant woman's pulse at all. It is far too rapid, split, and erratic. I dare not make a hasty or wrong diagnosis. I strongly suggest going to the main palace to invite the royal physician to look at this."

Luna Helena's face went entirely pale, the word strange terrifying her to her core. She turned to her head maid instantly. "Arya! Send a swift messenger to the capital immediately! Invite the high palace physician to ride here post-haste!"

Two hours later, the royal carriage pulled up to the Silvermoon gates, and the King's own palace physician stepped into our chambers. He was the highest medical authority in the land, a man who had delivered princes. He bowed formally to the family before coming to carefully take my pulse.

I sat perfectly still, holding my breath. The physician pressed his fingers down, his expression completely blank at first. But after a few moments, a sudden light broke across the physician's face. He let go of my hand, stood up, and announced with a wide, bright smile to the entire room.

"Congratulations, Luna Helena, Alpha Alaric," the physician declared loudly. "The young lady is indeed pregnant, and the strange rhythm is because she is carrying twins."

"Twins!" Luna Helena gasped, a loud cry of pure joy escaping her lips. She rushed forward, completely bypassing Dominic, and threw her arms around me, hugging me tightly. "Oh, my beautiful Ivy! Twins! You truly are a lucky star sent by the Moon Goddess herself to protect our family!"

The news hit the surrounding crowd. Mrs. Margot, who had sneaked into the back of the room with her faction to gloat over my suspected illness, was so deeply shocked. Right next to her, was Vivienne.

Seraphina stood near the curtains, her eyes entirely red with a fierce, burning jealousy.

Luna Helena was completely happy, wiping away tears of joy as she gently patted my shoulders. "Ivy, you are not to lift a single finger from this moment on. You must take absolute, perfect care of yourself. Your only job is to rest and stay healthy."

Luna Helena turned around slowly, as she locked eyes with Seraphina

"And as for the daily palace duties. Starting today, Ivy will step back completely, and I am leaving the hospital affairs entirely to Seraphina." Luna Helena announced.

Exchanging Vows: The Swapped Wife Is a Top Shaman - Chapter 90[1,173 words]

Chapter 90: Chapter 90

Seraphina's POV

Twins. The royal physician's voice kept echoing in my ears, mocking my very existence. How could a simple, low-ranking girl from an ordinary family have this kind of good fortune?

I paced back and forth across the floor of my private chambers, my fingernails digging so deeply into my palms tightly out of anger.

"My Lady, please, you must calm down before someone hears you," my personal maid, Delia, said anxiously from the door frame. "You have to hold on. You are still the Luna-to-be in spirit if we play our cards right. We just need to wait for the right moment."

"Hold on?" I hissed, spinning around to glare at her. "Luna Helena just stripped me of my dignity, Delia! She ordered me—an Alpha's daughter—to handle the hospital affairs for that wench. I am supposed to be taking care of hospital affairs while she sits on a throne nursing the future heirs of the Silvermoon Pack!"

I couldn't suppress the hot, boiling hatred consuming my mind. Every time I looked at Ivy, my eyes immediately locked onto the faint, glowing silver moon mark etched onto her neck.

Her family was nothing. Yet, she had managed to steal the true heir, cure his impossible coma, and now she was carrying a double blessing.

"If the twins are born, I lose everything," I muttered.

"What are you planning, My Lady?" Delia asked.

"Dominic's front yard study has two unmarried maids," I sneered, a cruel smile stretching across my face. "They would be easily manipulated. If I give them the right push, they can cause a big irreversible problem for Ivy. Let's see how much that lucky star smiles when her husband's turns against her."

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Ivy's Point of View

The smell of dried moon-lily and crushed silver-leaf herbs filled my private workspace as I carefully sorted through the fresh shipments. I was entirely focused on studying the medicinal materials, taking notes on how to refine the upcoming batch of military supply pills, when the doors were thrown open with a violent crash.

It was one of Dominic's guards. "Lady Ivy, come right now!" the guard panted out urgently, bowing his head in total panic. "You must come to the front yard study this exact second! Master Dominic... something is terribly wrong!"

Hearing Dominic's name, it made my heart skipped a beat. I didn't even stop to wash my hands. I grabbed my medical kit and sprinted down the stone corridors, Wolf and Blade falling into perfect step right beside me.

The moment I pushed open the doors of Dominic's private study, the horrific scene inside made my blood turn completely freezing cold.

Two study maids were lying on the bare ground near the desk. Dark, thick blood was oozing continuously from the corners of their mouths, their bodies twitching in the final stages of a lethal toxin.

But it was Dominic who made my breath hitch. He was slumped against the grand leather chair, his muscular frame trembling violently. His face was intensely flushed, looking burning hot to the touch, and his veins were bulging like thick ropes against his neck.

The most terrifying part was his eyes—his eyes were flickering uncontrollably between bright golden yellow and pitch black. He had been heavily, brutally drugged.

I stepped closer, and my nose immediately caught the sharp, bitter scent rising from an overturned cup on the desk. It had a strong, unmistakable smell of the poisonous saliva of the Moon Shadow Hound.

"Oh, the heavens," Wolf whispered sharply behind me. "That is a forbidden royal beast toxin."

My mind raced into focus. The saliva of the Moon Shadow Hound specifically targets the high-ranking wolf bloodline. It bypasses the human consciousness entirely, attacking the inner beast to trigger a violent, uncontrollable frenzy. If Dominic lost control of his wolf right now, his internal energy would completely tear his internal organs apart, or he would slaughter everyone in the palace in a blind rage.

"Wolf, Blade, drag these two dying maids out of the room right now!" I ordered, my voice ringing out with unquestionable authority. "Do not let any other servants inside this wing!"

I rushed to Dominic's side, pulling a specialized syringe from my medical kit. I adjusted the upper tube, locking the mechanism, and immediately delivered a deep, direct injection of my concentrated shamanic detoxifying serum straight into his jugular vein.

The moment the needle pierced his skin, the silver moon mark on my own fingertips grew burning hot, glowing with a bright, ethereal light as my energy fought the hound's saliva.

The doors banged open again, and Alpha Alaric rushed into the study room, his face lined with panic. "Dominic!"

"Alpha, help me!" I shouted, not breaking my concentration. "He needs internal strength to flush the core!"

Alpha Alaric didn't waste a single second. He lunged forward, placing his hands firmly onto Dominic's broad back. He unleashed his vast, roaring internal strength, forcing the heat through Dominic's meridians to push the majority of the liquid toxin out through his pores.

Dominic let out a low, agonizing roar, dark sweat pouring down his forehead. But the beast frenzy was still clawing at his mind. I knew the physical strength wasn't enough, and I had to use the sacred power of my own silver moon bloodline.

I pressed my glowing fingertips directly against Dominic's temples, closing my eyes as I opened my spiritual gates. I guided my shamanic energy into his chaotic mind, pulling him back from the dark abyss.

Slowly, our soul power merged in a rhythm. The erratic snapping of his jaw stopped, his breathing slowed down to a rhythmic pace, and Dominic's weak wolf eyes finally regained their clarity, the pitch-black frenzy completely fading away.

"Ivy..." Dominic groaned weakly, his eyes focusing on my face as he slumped back, completely exhausted but sane.

Alpha Alaric wiped the sweat from his own brow, his dark eyes turning into twin daggers of pure, unbridled fury as he turned toward the two groaning maids who had been stabilized by the guards.

"Speak!" Alaric roared. "Who gave you the Moon Shadow Hound saliva? Who ordered you to poison him?"

The two study maids scrambled onto their knees, knocking their foreheads repeatedly against the hard stone floor, weeping in pure terror for their lives.

"Mercy, Alpha! Have mercy on us!" the first maid shrieked, her voice cracking.

"We didn't know it was a lethal frenzy poison! We were instructed by the two maids working inside Master Bastian's private room!"

Alpha Alaric's expression froze, the implication that his other son's household was directly involved in an assassination attempt shattering his heart.

I stood up slowly, wiping my tools with a clean linen cloth, my face settling into a cold, hard mask. I didn't shout, and I didn't join the guards in their frantic yelling.

I realized with certainty that this entire horrific frenzy was Seraphina's conspiracy. She had tried to kill my husband and destroy my twins in a single blow.

