

Exchanging Vows: The Swapped Wife Is a Top Shaman - Chapter 91[1,516 words]

Chapter 91: Chapter 91

Ivy's Point of View

The echo of the maids' weeping still lingered in the corners of the front yard study when Dominic turned his gaze toward the guards.

"Drag them out of the palace gates," Dominic ordered. "Exile them from the Silvermoon territory entirely. If they ever step foot in this pack again, execution will be swift."

I offered no objection to this handling. In our world, the wolf pack respects a leader who will repay kindness, but they also demand a leader who knows exactly how to crush an internal threat. Leaving the two foolish, poisoned maids alive but permanently exiled was a fair sentence. They were merely the claws, I needed to target the mind behind them.

Once the room was cleared, I walked over to the open balcony, looking down toward the lower servant quarters. I closed my eyes, took a deep breath. I used the wolf pack's unique low howling frequency, it was a sound completely imperceptible to human ears but loud and clear to every shifter in the palace... to send out a web of secret messages and rapidly spread the news.

THE STUDY MAIDS HAVE CONFESSED

The low sonic frequency vibrated across the walls. It turns out that Seraphina used the two maids in Bastian's room to frame Dominic. She turned them into disposable weapons.

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Later that evening, the fallout of the maid incident hit the upper levels of the palace. While I was sitting at my table in the dining hall, it was just I, and Nell.

Nell slipped up beside my chair, she leaned down to pour fresh tea into my cup.

"Lady Ivy, you should have heard the news," Nell spoke, keeping her voice so low. "The eastern wing is in a complete uproar right now."

I took a sip, keeping my face perfectly neutral for any passing elders. "Oh? Did my little message find its targets?"

"It did more than that, my Lady," Nell giggled. "I just heard from the kitchen staff that those two servants went straight to Master Bastian's private quarters to report the whole issue themselves! They were terrified for their lives after the confession."

I lowered my cup, looking up at her with interest. "They went to Bastian directly? They didn't try to hide it?"

"They couldn't hide it. They realized Lady Seraphina, had completely used them as shields for her poison plot. They were furious about being left to take the fall for an assassination attempt. The head laundry maid said she heard them sobbing through the doors, throwing themselves right at Master Bastian's feet to beg for protection."

"And how did Bastian handle his wife's scheme?" I asked, a small smirk touching the corners of my lips.

"Oh, he was absolutely furious at Lady Seraphina!" Nell said. "Finding out she orchestrated a deadly frenzy using his own house staff made his blood boil. He realized she was risking his entire reputation without his permission."

"Bastian wouldn't just let that slide, he values his reputation too much to let Seraphina drag him down. What did he do to the maids?" I asked.

"He decided to make those two maids his official side concubines right on the spot! He gave them legal protection under his name so the guards can't touch them."

"Concubines?" I let out a soft, amused huff. "Right in their shared quarters? That is a brutal public humiliation for Seraphina."

"Brutal isn't even the word, Lady Ivy!" Nell agreed eagerly, nodding her head. "Right after the decree was signed, Lady Seraphina had a massive, terrifying temper tantrum inside her private dressing room. The floor maids said she smashed three expensive crystal vases against the stone hearth and screamed at the top of her lungs until her voice went completely hoarse."

I couldn't suppress a smile from spreading across my face during dinner. It was a beautiful thing to witness the snakes eating each other so spectacularly.

Luna Helena, who was sitting across the table cutting her roasted meat, noticed my expression. She let out a soft huff, and playfully poked my forehead with her finger, though her eyes were filled with an affectionate warmth.

"Look at you," Luna Helena teased, cursing me softly with a smile. "I see you are very happy with your little revenge, my clever girl."

"I am simply enjoying the peace, Mother," I replied innocently.

The half-month palace banquet was rapidly approaching, and an official royal scroll had just arrived from the capital. The Alpha King had formally invited the legitimate offspring of each major pack to enter the royal palace for a grand celebration of victory and alliance.

My heart did a nervous flutter as I touched my stomach. The twins inside my fetus were not yet fully seated or stabilized. The continuous traveling and the stress of the court were a risk.

I immediately retreated to my laboratory to prepare a highly concentrated pregnancy protection pill, packing the gold-leaf spheres safely into an ivory case just in case of any unexpected events or hidden poisons at the royal tables.

Due to the intense incident with Luna Gertrude last time, Luna Helena had become deeply protective of our alliance. Over the past week, she often took me with her to cross the borders and see her best friend, ensuring Luna Gertrude's recovery from the delicate uterus surgery was going smoothly.

Because of these frequent medical visits, I also could take the great opportunity to see how Luna Gertrude was doing on a personal level.

Over time, through our shared secrets and quiet talks by the recovery bed, she and Lady Ama—Gertrude's daughter—gradually became incredibly familiar with each other.

This time, when the royal carriages finally arrived at the grand capital palace, Ama naturally came to attend the palace banquet alongside her father, Alpha Gary. The moment her bright eyes spotted me in the crowded gallery, her face lit up with childlike joy.

She immediately ran across the floor, grabbed my hand tightly, and practically took me away from the crowd of noble ladies, pulling me into a quiet balcony alcove.

Ama let out a dramatic sigh, resting her chin on her hands as she complained bitterly about her home life.

"Oh, Ivy, you have no idea what I've been dealing with! Ever since my mother fully recovered from that horrific uterus illness thanks to Physician Lin, my mother has gone completely crazy! She has been running around the territory looking for a suitable marriage partner for me. I am so reluctant to marry some random noble warrior. I want to stay home forever!"

I let out a soft laugh, I looked at the princess, deciding to tease her a bit.

"Oh, Ama, stop being so dramatic," I joked, a playful smirk on my lips. "The right man will come. And the moment you actually meet a man you truly like, you will be so impatient that you won't be able to wait to marry him."

The moment the words left my mouth, the reaction from her caught me completely off guard.

Ama's face turned a deep, burning shade of red, her breath hitching as she looked down at the floor in a shyness. As her emotions spiked, the intricate silver moon emblem etched onto her neck began to shine with a soft.

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Dominic's Point of View

While Ivy was walking through the upper gardens with the ladies, I entered the throne hall of the royal palace, sitting rigidly inside my wheelchair. The thumping of the war drums echoed as the guards shouted my arrival.

The Alpha King sat high upon his stone throne. When his gaze landed on me, his stern expression completely softened, and he looked genuinely pleased to see me.

"Dominic, my boy. Seeing you sitting upright after that horrific coma brings a true joy to me." He said.

"Thank you, Your Majesty," I replied, bowing my head respectfully from my chair. "I owe my survival to a miracle."

He gestured toward the far side of the hall, where his eldest son, Prince Riven, was sitting quietly.

"Since your recovery is a total miracle, Dominic, I must ask a great favor of you. The rumor of the mysterious Divine Doctor has reached the capital. If that healer truly has the power to fix what is broken, I want you to ask the divine doctor to treat my son.

If the doctor could cure Riven's disabled leg, it would restore the strength of our royal line. Because of his permanent limp and inability to lead the frontlines, he is still unmarried and isolated from the council."

"I will do my absolute best to contact the healer on the prince's behalf, Your Majesty," I responded.

But even as my mouth uttered the words, my inner wolf eyes suddenly flashed with a deep, chilling vigilance.

I looked across the hall at Prince Riven, who was staring down at his ruined leg with a look of profound, silent misery.

There seemed to be another conspiracy lurking directly behind the eldest prince falling off his horse.

Exchanging Vows: The Swapped Wife Is a Top Shaman - Chapter 92[1,508 words]

Chapter 92: Chapter 92

Ivy's Point of View

The royal garden was a sprawling labyrinth of pristine white roses and towering marble arches. I walked slowly along the stone path, holding my gown slightly to ease the pressure in my lower abdomen, while Ama walked right beside me. We were just looking for a peaceful escape from the suffocating chatter of the grand ballroom when the path ahead was abruptly blocked.

Unexpectedly, Ama and I met Bastian and Seraphina coming around the corner of a grand hedges row. My eyes locked onto them... Bastian wasn't alone, he was actively accompanying by Prince Samly, for a stroll through the greenery.

Mrs. Margot's grandson, Samly, was the King's third son, born directly from Margot's daughter, Princess Aithusa. Bastian was walking slightly behind the prince, trying desperately to look important, while Seraphina trailed behind them like a ghost.

I stopped walking, keeping my expression perfectly calm. I offered a polite nod and greeted Bastian out of basic courtesy.

"Good afternoon, Bastian."

Bastian stiffened, his eyes quickly darting to me before he offered a tight, forced nod in return.

"Ivy. Enjoying the gardens?"

"Very much," I replied smoothly.

I didn't say a single word to Seraphina, completely ignoring her bitter glare. I gripped Ama's arm gently, turned on my heel, and then left the path with Ama before the situation could turn into an open shouting match.

As soon as we were a safe distance away, ducking into a deeper section of the hedges, Ama leaned close to my ear, her voice dropping to a whisper.

"Ivy, I don't understand," Ama said, as she looked back over her shoulder. "Bastian and Seraphina were not born to the main lineage. How on earth could they even get permission to appear at a high palace banquet meant for legitimate royal offspring?"

I let out a low sigh. "It should be the King's concubine, Princess Aithusa, who brought Seraphina and Bastian in to participate," I explained.

"Aithusa is Mrs. Margot's daughter. She uses her influence over the King to protect her mother's faction. Bringing them here is a public statement to show the world that Bastian's side of the family still has royal teeth."

The two of us decided to continue to take a walk up toward the grand stone rockery to get some fresh air away from the prying eyes of the guests.

But as we rounded a large boulder near the artificial waterfall, a hushed, frantic voice echoed from the other side. I instantly held up a hand, freezing in my tracks, and pulled Ama back into the shadows.

Unexpectedly, I overheard a familiar voice, and I tried to think where I've heard the voice from. We both peeped fast, and hid our face immediately. It was Sarina, the proud, and arrogant daughter of Alpha Pius, the leader of the Amber Fire Pack.

Through a gap in the stone, I watched Sarina reach into the folds of her cloak and hand the trembling maid a small, crystal bottle filled with a iridescent liquid.

"Listen to me carefully," Sarina said, her voice dripping with a desperation.

"This is a concentrated bottle of 'Forget Worry Grass Juice.' The moment he takes a sip, it will completely suppress his inner wolf nature. It will make him entirely drunk, lose his composure, and behave like a brainless beast in front of the high council. You must take the opportunity to slip it directly into his glass when he isn't looking."

The young maid flinched back as if she had been burned, her hands shaking violently as she pushed the vial away. She looked completely afraid, tears streaming down her pale face as she retreated a step.

"My Lady, please! I beg of you, don't make me do this! If the royal guards catch me tampering with a high noble drink, they will execute me on the spot! I can't do it!"

Sarina's fingers wrapping tightly around the maid's fragile wrist. Her eyes burned with a murderous, terrifying glare.

"If you refuse this order, you won't live long enough to face the guards," Sarina threatened coldly, her voice dropping to a lethal whisper.

"I know exactly where your family sleeps in the lower pack village. If that bottle isn't empty by the end of the first toast, I will personally ensure your parents and your little brother do not survive the night. Do you understand me?"

The poor maid let out a choked, heartbreaking sob. Trapped in a corner with no way out, the maid had to take the poison with tears, clutching the vial against her apron as she nodded her head in total submission.

After we eavesdropped, Ama and I finally stepped out from our hiding spot. My mind was racing into focus. After hearing the entire conversation, I had a strong guess in my heart that a major trap was being laid for one of the high heirs. But I didn't hear exactly who Sarina was talking about. Sarina did not mention his name out loud.

"Ivy, what should we do?" Ama asked, her face completely pale with shock. "Should we shout for the guards?"

"No," I replied, shaking my head. "We have no proof, and we don't know who the target is. If we make a scene now without a name, Alpha Pius will turn it against us."

So we did not make a fuss or reveal what we had witnessed. We composed our features and returned straight to the palace banquet hall, taking our seats.

The moment we sat down, the drums rolled, and the King's herald stepped forward.

"Silence in the court." The royal herald's voice boomed across the hall, completely cutting through the chatter.

"By special decree of the Alpha King, let it be known that the Silvermoon lineage stands firm and victorious!"

The herald unrolled a gold-embossed scroll and looked directly down at our table.

"For her incredible contribution to the pack's vital stability, Lady Ivy is hereby publicly rewarded for being pregnant with twin wolf cubs!"

The entire banquet hall exploded into loud applause.

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During the main course of the grand banquet, the large hall was filled with music and clinking glasses, but I couldn't focus on the food at all. My eyes kept scanning the room.

At this exact time, I watched the back of the hall. Sarina's maid... the same girl who had been weeping behind the rocks... approached the tables with a wine pitcher. Her hands were shaking so violently that as she leaned over the seats, the maid accidentally poured a splash of wine directly onto Bastian's clothes.

Bastian jumped up from his chair, letting out a loud curse as the stain spread across his front. He looked completely furious, brushing at his chest.

"You clumsy wretch!" he barked at the trembling girl. He turned toward the high table, bowing stiffly. "Your Majesty... my clothes are ruined. I must go down to the back hall chambers to change into a fresh tunic."

Bastian left the banquet hall immediately, walking out through the side doors. While no one was paying attention to the commotion, Sarina suddenly stood up from and also left the hall.

I noticed the problem instantly, my mind connecting the dots. Bastian was the one. Sarina had targeted him to trigger a public disgrace. I looked over at Dominic, who was sitting beside me in his wheelchair, but I did not say much out loud to avoid causing a panic among the elders. I simply squeezed his hand tightly and continued to pretend to eat with Dominic, keeping my eyes locked on the doors.

But the silence didn't last long. After a short while, the doors of the banquet hall were pushed open with a loud, echoing bang. A royal palace servant stumbled over, his chest heaving, and his face completely drained of color as he ran past the guards.

He didn't care about court protocol. The servant leaned forward over the royal dais, as he told the shocking news directly to the King and Queen.

The moment the King heard what the guard had whispered in his ears, his expression turned into one of pure, unbridled fury. The alpha Queen's eyes went wide with a sickening horror, and her gaze instantly fell across the room, locking directly onto me, Dominic, and the pale Seraphina who was sitting alone at Bastian's empty table.

The music in the grand hall cut off instantly, a suffocating, freezing tension dropping over the hundreds of noble guests as they realized a scandal had just exploded behind closed doors.

Immediately after the King's hand slammed down onto the armrest, a high royal maid walked quickly down the steps from the dais, her face completely stern as she marched straight toward our table.

She stopped right in front of us, bowing rigidly before her loud voice cut through the silence of the room.

"Lady Ivy, Master Dominic, Lady Seraphina... the King commands your presence immediately. You should go directly to the back hall chambers right now."

Exchanging Vows: The Swapped Wife Is a Top Shaman - Chapter 93[1,325 words]

Chapter 93: Chapter 93

Ivy's Point of View

Dominic's wheelchair rolled over, with me walking by his side and a trembling Seraphina trailing just behind us.

The moment we stepped fully into the private chamber, a bizarre, chaotic twist unfolded right before our eyes.

Sarina's maid... the very same girl we had overheard weeping behind the rockery... was kneeling in the center of the stone floor, wailing at the top of her lungs. Tears streamed down her face as she pointed a shaking finger toward the corner of the room.

"It was Master Bastian!" the maid shrieked. We then fixed our eyes on Bastian.

"He was peeking at my lady through the dressing screen." The maid said, and few people gasped.

"He forced his way into the chamber and did something completely inappropriate to her, aggressively taking off her clothes against her will! He is a beast." The maid finished.

There, lying completely naked on the cold ground near the divan, was Bastian. He looked entirely disoriented, exactly as if his inner wolf nature had been completely suppressed by a powerful tonic. Just a few feet away from his limp body, Sarina was sitting on the ground, her dress torn at the shoulders as she cried uncontrollably, burying her face in her hands.

"He violated me!" Sarina sobbe.

But I can clearly hear the desperation, and lies in her voice. It was a practiced pain for the gathering elders to hear.

"The future Alpha of the Silvermoon Pack forced himself into my dressing room! He has ruined my honor!" Sarina cried out.

Seraphina broke past the guards and rushed over upon hearing that her husband is accused of such a disgusting crime. Seraphina completely lost her mind. Her eyes flashing with a dangerous, vengeful rage.

"You lying, shameless snake!" Seraphina publicly rebuked Sarina, as she pointed right at the crying girl's face. "Look at him! Anyone with eyes can see you are directing and acting out a pathetic farce! My husband is practically unconscious! You drugged him with the 'Forget Worry Grass Juice' just to stage this entire nightmare."

Sarina immediately retaliated, snapping her head up. "How dare you accuse me of such madness!" Sarina shrieked back.

We all listened, waiting for a high authority to settle this. But it seemed that everybody here was enjoying the display.

"The evidence is right here on my body. Your husband is a degenerate who couldn't keep his hands to himself, and your family will answer to the royal court for this disrespect!" Sarina yelled back.

The two sides erupted into a heated, screaming argument, their voices clashing violently as the pack elders watched in deep disgust.

"Shut your mouths, both of you!" Alpha Alaric's voice finally shut them up, the command instantly freezing the room.

Under the intense emotional outburst and the crushing weight of the public shame, Seraphina suddenly gasped, her hand flying to her lower stomach. Before our eyes, a splash of blood suddenly stained the hem of her gown, dripping onto the floor.

The sight startled everyone present. The elders gasped, and the guards flinched back, seeing the blood coming from underneath her.

"Seraphina!" Bastian's mother, Vivienne, screamed, rushing forward as Seraphina stumbled backward, clutching her belly in pain.

"Get a healer!" Alpha Alaric roared.

They immediately invited a high palace physician from the banquet hall to enter the room and examine Seraphina's condition. The royal doctor took her pulse and checked her vitals. After a tense, agonizing few minutes, the physician stood up, wiping his hands on a handkerchief.

"The young lady is out of danger," the physician announced to the worried room. "She is actually pregnant. The sudden bleeding you witnessed just now was merely caused by a volatile bout of fetal gas, triggered by her extreme emotional distress. She must be kept entirely calm, or the child will not survive the month."

Seraphina was pregnant too. But before the family could process the news, the doors banged open again. Sarina's parents, Alpha Pius and Luna Attila of the Amber Fire Pack, arrived in a storm of anger, their warriors flanking the doorway.

Alpha Pius didn't even look at Alpha Alaric. He directly questioned Bastian, who was now shivering on the floor as a guard threw a cloak over his shoulders.

"How do you intend to handle the matter of my daughter's ruined virtue, Bastian?" Alpha Pius growled.

Luna Attila eyes narrowing into daggers as she looked at the trembling Seraphina. "The Amber Fire Pack will not be humiliated," the Luna demanded loud. "Bastian must marry our daughter immediately to restore her honor, or our warriors will march on your borders by morning!"

Hearing the demand that another woman was going to be forced into her marriage bed as an equal wife, Seraphina's eyes rolled back into her head. She fainted completely upon hearing this, her body going entirely limp in Vivienne's arms.

Bastian immediately lifted his unconscious wife, Seraphina, up into his arms. Without uttering another single word to the raging Alpha Pius, he took Seraphina, hurrying out.

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Later that evening, after we had safely returned to the sanctuary of our private quarters in the Alpha King's territory, the silence of the night took over. I sat at my table, gently rubbing a soothing herbal lotion onto my lower abdomen to calm my belly.

I looked at Dominic reflection in the mirror, deciding the time for secrets between us was over.

"Dominic," I called him softly, turning around on my stool to face him directly. "There is something you need to know about what happened today."

Dominic looked up. "What is it, Ivy?"

"Earlier in the gardens, Ama and I were up by the rockery and overheard Sarina cornering her personal maid. She forced the girl to carry a bottle of 'Forget Worry Grass Juice' to suppress a wolf's nature, threatening her family's lives if she failed." I told him.

He was confused. "What do you mean?" He asked.

"The wine spill on Bastian's clothes wasn't a clumsy accident at all... it was a trap to get him alone in that back room."

Dominic fell into a deep, intense thought, as he processed the manipulation.

"Bastian is too weak and foolish to ever bear the responsibility of inheriting our pack," Dominic said.

I listened, not saying anything at the moment.

"He was easily led right into a trap, showing he has no strategic mind at all. But what worries me more, Ivy, is the grander scale of this move. There must be much deeper forces lurking directly behind Sarina's plans to force her way into our lineage."

"We're you involved in this scandal." I asked him. The question just came out before I could stop myself.

A smirk touching the corners of his handsome lips. His eyes sparked with amusement. "You knew the trap was being laid, Ivy," he murmured, his voice low. "Tell me honestly... were you involved in helping those maids push Bastian down that hallway?" He turned the question I asked, back to me.

I met his gaze with a completely straight face, refusing to blink. "I simply watched the pieces fall into place, Dominic," I frankly admitted. "And if you want my honest opinion as your wife... I frankly hope that you will stand by and watch this disaster unfold without intervening to save him."

Dominic raised a brow, he was intrigued by my opinion. "And why is that, my love?"

My hands gently resting over my stomach where my own future was growing day by day.

"Because as long as there is a vicious, arrogant opponent like Sarina fighting for dominance, those two women will spend every waking hour trying to tear each other to pieces," I said.

"They will be entirely consumed by their own internal warfare. Seraphina won't have a single second of free time to cause trouble for me... and my twin wolf cubs will be safer from their poisons."

Exchanging Vows: The Swapped Wife Is a Top Shaman - Chapter 94[1,087 words]

Chapter 94: Chapter 94

Ivy's Point of View

The high council hall of the Silvermoon Pack was locked from the inside, Alpha Pius and Luna Attila of the Amber Fire Pack stood tall near the long table, their warriors lining the stone walls to force compliance.

"Alaric, your son has brought a big disgrace upon our royal lineage!" Alpha Pius roared, slamming his leather-gloved fist onto the table. "The evidence of the back hall chambers cannot be erased! Your son Bastian took my daughter Sarina's virtue, and you will comply with our terms today."

"Calm your anger, Alpha Pius," Lord Khalid spoke up.

He exchanged a quick look with his wife, Lady Otessa, before turning to his brother.

"Brother, we must look at the reality here. The scandal is already traveling toward the capital. If we don't settle this union right now, the Alpha King's court will look down upon the Silvermoon Pack for breaking a high noble virtue."

Lady Otessa nodded quickly, her voice dripping with a fake, persuasive sympathy.

"My husband is right, Alpha Alaric. The Amber Fire Pack is a neighboring force. It is much wiser to agree to this matter and absorb the scandal into a marriage alliance rather than fighting a useless border war over a mistake."

Alpha Alaric's jaw clenched, his eyes burning with a rage as he looked at them. He slowly turned his head toward the back of the room, where Bastian stood shivering.

"Bastian, stand forward," Alaric commanded.

Bastian stood up, and bowed his head in shame.

"Tell the council your own opinion. Do you accept the consequences of your actions in the capital palace?" Alpha Alaric asked.

Bastian didn't even look at his Seraphina, who was sitting near the pillars, she look sad, and angry.

"I accept the terms, Father," Bastian publicly agreed, his voice flat and devoid of any spine. "I will take Sarina into my household to protect her honor and keep the peace between our territories."

"You pathetic, cowardly traitor!" Seraphina screamed, jumping up from her chair as her face.

Tears of humiliation burst from her eyes as she pointed a finger at her husband. "I am pregnant with your child, and you are bringing that lying, manipulative snake directly into our bedroom. I hate you."

The doors of the hall were suddenly thrown open with a bang. My uncle... Alpha Roland and his wife... Luna Camila of the Crescent Moon Pack rushed inside, their faces filled with a rage. They had traveled post-haste the moment the rumors of the banquet reached their pack.

"Get your hands off my daughter's destiny, Pius!" Luna Camila angrily rebuked Sarina's parents, as she marched straight toward them.

"Your daughter Sarina is a shameless, plotting wretch. She designed a horrific farce to frame Bastian, and now she tries to marry him just to steal the Luna-to-be position from my child. We see right through your disgusting trap!" Luna Camila defended.

Luna Attila let out a mocking laugh, stepping in front of her husband to meet Camila's furious glare.

"Oh, spare me your self-righteous tears, Camila!" Sarina's mother retorted loudly. "You talk about traps and stolen positions? Let us talk about the real history of your precious daughter, who isn't a saint!!!" Luna Attila screamed louder.

I watched as they exchange words. Knowing each of their intentions myself.

"She thought Dominic is permanently unconscious and dying in that coma, so she greedily abandoned him and replaced him with her cousin on their wedding night just to hook her claws into Bastian's heart. Your family taught her exactly how to hunt for thrones, so do not think my daughter is as dumb as yours." Luna Attila defended.

"Shut your mouth!" Alpha Roland growled.

What Luna Attila just said had struck a nerve. I found myself shock that she'll say that, even though it's the truth.

"You will not insult my daughter's honor in this house!" Alpha Roland warned.

"My wife speak the truth, Roland!" Alpha Pius countered. "Your son-in-law was caught naked with my daughter. The laws of the werewolf kingdom demand satisfaction!"

The two high families erupted into a chaotic, deafening argument.

"Silence! Every single one of you, stand down!" Alpha Alaric's warned. This was his pack, and the other alphas was not giving him the respect.

Alpha Alaric eyes locked onto Bastian and the weeping Seraphina. He saw the two families arguing endlessly without any care for the pack's stability, and he finally made the ultimate, unyielding decision to end the dispute.

"I will not have my council hall turned into a market square for your petty greeds," Alpha Alaric declared coldly, his gaze cutting toward Alpha Pius.

"Here is my final verdict: I am ordering Bastian to marry Sarina immediately, but she shall enter this pack only as his side concubine. Seraphina's true Luna-to-be position is sacred, and it can never be shaken or altered by anyone in this kingdom."

Sarina's parents stiffened, but before Alpha Pius could shout an objection, Alpha Alaric raised a hand.

"And hear me well, Pius," Alpha Alaric warned. "If Sarina dares to touch a single hair on Seraphina's head or attempts to harm her fetus after marrying in, I will personally handle the matter. I will use the sacred Silver Moon Scepter to permanently disable Sarina's bloodline, and expel her from the pack."

The finality of his threat left no room for negotiation. Realizing they had secured the marriage alliance and forced their daughter into the line, Sarina's parents accepted the terms, bowed stiffly, and left the hall.

But the tension didn't leave the room. Alpha Roland and Luna Camila were still deeply worried about their daughter's situation inside the eastern wing. Seraphina was pregnant and forced to share her husband with a vicious rival pack daughter.

"Alaric, this is a dangerous game," Alpha Roland muttered, his face filled with concern as he looked at his daughter. "Sarina's family will not stop plotting."

Alpha Alaric sighed heavily, walking over to press a comforting hand onto Roland's shoulder.

"You have my word as an Alpha, Roland," Alaric spoke softly, looking between the worried parents. "I will protect your daughter's safety and secure your family's future interests in this court. Let the alliance stand."

Alpha Roland and Luna Camila looked at their weeping daughter, then at the benefits Alpha Alaric was offering as compensation. They knew they couldn't fight two packs at once, and their options had completely run out.

With heavy hearts, Seraphina's parents reluctantly agreed to what Alpha Alaric was offering.

Exchanging Vows: The Swapped Wife Is a Top Shaman - Chapter 95[1,379 words]

Chapter 95: Chapter 95

Ivy's Point of View

"Make sure the wheels are well-greased, Blade," Dominic instructed, his voice carrying over the noisy courtyard of the Silvermoon palace. "The mountain roads toward my grandfather's territory are rocky, and I will not have Ivy jostled while she is carrying my twins."

"I have personally inspected the leaf springs, Master Dominic," Blade replied, bowing his head quickly before stepping back to secure the luggage racks.

The morning air was filled with the bustling energy of a departure. Luna Helena's father's birthday was coming soon, a momentous occasion that demanded a full royal attendance.

To honor the old patriarch, Luna Helena had brought the entire inner family... Alpha Alaric, Dominic, myself, and even the tense duo of Bastian and a sullen, pregnant Seraphina...back to her childhood home to celebrate her father's birthday.

The carriage journey took hours, but the cloud hanging over Bastian's branch of the family made the ride feel entirely silent. When the iron gates of the manor finally pushed open, the welcoming committee was already lining the stone steps.

"Welcome home, Helena!" a refined, elder woman called out, stepping forward with a bright smile. It was Luna Helena's mother, Madame Morana, her posture entirely unbended by age.

After the carriage arrived at the main steps, everyone stepped down, offered formal greetings, and entered the grand courtyard. The stone walls were draped in banners, and the scent of roasted meats and sweet wine drifted from the banquet halls.

The moment Madame Morana's eyes landed on me, her expression completely melted into pure, grandmotherly affection. She took my hands directly into her palms.

"So this is the brilliant Ivy," Madame Morana spoke out with genuine pride. "The one who brought a double blessing to us. Come with me, child."

She pulled me toward a lined display table, reaching into an box to pull out a stunning necklace made of raw gems and links. It looked beautiful, and expensive.

"This belonged to my grandmother, the first true Luna of the northern peaks. I am giving my most cherished jewelry to you today, Ivy. As a token of my eternal gratitude." She said.

"Thank you, Madame Morana," I said softly, bowing my head as the necklace rested against my collarbone. "I am deeply honored."

Many people from neighboring packs were invited to the birthday banquet, and the grand hall quickly became crowded with whispering lords and giggling noble ladies. Amidst the chatter, a young man stepped up to our table, offering a polite bow.

I have seen him before... Pete. He is Bastian's cousin, from his maternal side.

"Lady Ivy, the manor's western glass greenhouse is currently blooming with winter lotuses," Pete invited warmly, gesturing toward the garden doors. "A few of the high-ranking ladies are heading there now to escape the heat of the main hall. Would you care to visit the manor gardens with us?"

I looked down at Dominic, who was sitting comfortably, flanked by Wolf and Blade. "Do you mind if I step out for some fresh air, Dominic?"

"Go enjoy the lotuses, my love," Dominic replied, his eyes softening as he reached up to gently squeeze my fingers. "You should take Nell with you. I will stay right here with the Alpha council."

I smiled, turning on my heel to follow Pete out through the glass doors, leaving Dominic alone.

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Dominic's Point of View

The warmth of Ivy's touch still lingered on my skin as the hall slowly emptied, the major Alphas moving toward the upper balconies to toast my grandfather's health. I rolled my wheelchair a few inches closer to the quiet side corridor, preferring the silence over the hypocritical praise of the noble courts.

While most of the guests had migrated toward the main courtyard, one of the girls of similar age... the daughter of the pack's head Beta, Ivana—had stayed behind on the grounds of sudden discomfort, sitting quietly on a stone bench near the narrow gallery path.

"Are you unwell, Lady Ivana?" a passing servant asked, holding a silver tray.

"Just a slight dizziness from the crowd," Ivana replied softly. "I will join the banquet on the narrow road after a moment of rest."

The servant nodded and hurried away, leaving the long, enclosed gallery completely empty except for me. I turned my wheelchair around, intending to roll back toward the security of my father's guard retinue, but Ivana stood up suddenly.

She began walking down the narrow road of the gallery, her footsteps erratic. As she drew parallel to my wheelchair, she let out a loud, sudden gasp. Pretending to trip over a perfectly smooth flagstone, her body pitched forward violently, and she pounced directly on top of my lap, her arms reaching out to wrap around my neck.

"Watch out!" I barked, my instincts instantly reacting to the sudden threat.

In the fraction of a second before her full weight crashed into my leg, I instinctively pushed her away with both hands to guard my posture. But as my palms slammed against her torso to throw her back, the unexpected angle caused my fingers to slide, firmly touching her private position across her thin bodice.

"Ah! Get off me!" I growled, shoving her completely back onto the floorboards.

"Ah! Heavens, no!" Ivana instantly cried out at the top of her lungs, her voice echoing through the high rafters of the gallery. She collapsed onto the stone grate, tearing the collar of her own dress with a sob.

"Help! Master Dominic has destroyed my innocence. He took advantage of my fall to touch my private position. My virtue is completely ruined."

The piercing shriek shattered the peace of the manor, and within seconds, the curtains were thrown back. More and more people from the banquet hall were watching, crowding into the road with gasps of shock as they saw us.

"What is the meaning of this commotion?" an elder lord demanded, peering through his spectacles.

Wolf and Blade, rushed over from the main hall, their faces filled with terror as they drew their bodies into a protective wall around my wheelchair.

"Master Dominic, what happened?" Blade asked frantically, his hand dropping right onto his hilt.

"She threw herself at me," I hissed, I'm so angry at this nonsense.

But Ivana didn't stop her performance. She lay on the hard ground, weeping hysterically in front of the gathering noble guests and pack elders, ensuring her voice reached to every ear in the courtyard.

"He is lying to protect his name!" Ivana insisted loudly. "Everyone saw his hands. My innocence is utterly ruined in front of the moon goddess, and my family will not bear this shame. He has to marry me to restore my honor, the Silvermoon Pack must take responsibility for this disrespect!"

"Silence this madness!" a loud voice barked from the back of the crowd.

Ivana's mother, Lady Laurent, rushed through the whispering onlookers, her face a rigid, unreadable mask of panic. She didn't let the elders ask any questions... instead, she grabbed her daughter's wrist, pulling her up from the floor with an aggressive tug.

"You have caused enough of a scene, Ivana!" Lady Laurent cried out, hurriedly dragging her sobbing daughter back toward the private guest rooms before the higher representatives could intervene.

When the people around finally dispersed, a sickening wave of disgust washed completely over my body.

"Master Dominic, let us get you back to the main hall," Wolf muttered, his face tight with worry.

"No," I growled, my voice dropping to a low tone. "Take me to the bathroom immediately. Right now."

The guards quickly pushed my wheelchair into the private washing chambers, locking the doors from the inside. The moment I was alone before the stone basin, I grabbed the soap and plunged my hands into the water.

I repeatedly washed my hands, scrubbing my palms, trying desperately to erase the memory of her skin on mine. Yet, despite the water, I still felt deeply uncomfortable.

I leaned over the basin. The humiliation of the setup making my veins burn with a fear. I didn't care about the Beta's empty threats, and I didn't care about the gossip of the neighboring lords... I am fearing that Ivy would know about the disgusting incident.

Exchanging Vows: The Swapped Wife Is a Top Shaman - Chapter 96[1,376 words]

Chapter 96: Chapter 96

Ivy's Point of View

The news quickly reached my ears through the murmurs of the passing palace maids. I didn't waste a single second. I marched directly into the private washing chambers, finding Dominic there.

"Ivy," Dominic gasped out the moment I came in... his face filled with a fear as he looked up at me. "Listen to me, please. I didn't realize it was a trap at the time. She tripped, she pounced on my lap, and when I instinctively pushed her away to guard my stance—"

"Stop it, Dominic," I interrupted softly, walking straight over to shut off the rushing tap. I took a clean towel and gently patted his skin dry, looking directly into his stressed eyes.

"I know you won't do that intentionally." I let him know.

Dominic let out a long breath, his shoulders finally slouching with a relief as he leaned his forehead briefly against my waist.

"Thank the heavens," he murmured.

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Alpha Alaric and Luna Helena had both heard about the public accusation, and they stood near the table looking completely paralyzed, not knowing how to deal with a Beta's daughter claiming her innocence was ruined by the true heir in broad daylight.

"We cannot just ignore a Beta's cry, Alaric!" Luna Helena argued.

I didn't wait for their debate to finish. I turned around, looking at my personal guard who was standing rigidly by the doorway.

"Wolf, follow me right now," I commanded.

We marched straight down the guest corridor, pushing past the whispering servants until we found the room where Ivana was sitting on a divan.

"Lady Ivy?" Ivana gasped, instantly putting on her pathetic, fragile posture as I grabbed her wrist. "What is the meaning of this? Your husband has ruined my virtue."

"Come with me to the council hall and repeat those words to the elders, Ivana," I said coldly, dragging her down the stone hallway by her arm.

The moment the doors of the council hall pushed open, the entire family turned to look at us. But before Ivana could open her mouth to wail for sympathy, I executed a plan. I tightened my grip on her arm, swung her body around, and suddenly threw her directly into the arms of Wolf.

Wolf didn't hesitate for a single fraction of a second. Under my clear, non-verbal signal, he locked his arms around her waist, hugging the girl firmly against his armored chest so she couldn't break free.

"Ah! Let go of me, you filthy thing!" Ivana shrieked in panic as she twisted violently in his grip.

She cried and shouted in the arms of Wolf, as she pounded her fists against his breastplate. "Help!!! I am being treated lightly right in front of the Alpha. This common guard is violating my body... Execution!!! He deserves execution."

I crossed my arms over my chest as a smile broke across my face.

"Oh, stop shouting, Ivana," I said jokingly, my tone dripping with an a casual sarcasm that made the surrounding elders freeze.

"My husband merely pushed you away to defend himself, and you instantly wailed to the entire court that your innocence was destroyed and you had to marry him to save your honor. Now, my guard Wolf has embraced you in front of the entire council. By your own logic, your virtue is definitely gone now, so you should marry him as his legal wife immediately."

Ivana's jaw dropped in horror, her eyes bulging. "What did you say?"

I ignored her, turning my head to look directly at my loyal warrior.

"Wolf, you are an unmarried elite soldier of the Silvermoon Pack. I ask you publicly right now, in front of the Alpha and the Luna... are you willing to take this high noble Beta's daughter as your wedded wife?"

"I am entirely willing, Lady Ivy," Wolf immediately agreed, a serious tone in his voice as he tightened his lock around her waist. "I will take responsibility for this embrace right now."

The humiliation of the trap drove the girl into a mindless, venomous rage. Realizing her design to hook her claws into Dominic had turned into a joke, Ivana became completely angry and tried to hit me, tearing her hand free to slash her nails toward my face.

But she never reached me. Before her fingers could even graze my skin, she was violently pushed to the hard ground again by Wolf, who slammed his body forward to shield me.

"You common, worthless dog!" Ivana screamed from the floor. "You are just a low-ranking guard. How dare you claim my virtue? You aren't even worthy of marrying my little finger, let alone taking me as a wife!"

I couldn't believe her... she's just a pathetic joke, and I was low-key enjoying seeing her this way.

"I am the daughter of the head Beta. How dare you think you can touch me? I will have my father flay your skin alive, and I will personally kill this guard myself before I ever let him look at me."

The moment the death threat left her mouth, my face suddenly turned cold, and all the amusement vanished from my eyes.

"Alpha Alaric, Sir Liam, look at her behavior," I said. "A truly violated, fragile girl would be weeping for her honor, not screaming about threatening to slaughter a guard who just offered to save her virtue. This was never about innocence. This was a disgusting plan designed to force her way into the Dominic's bed, and her own mouth just proved it to everyone here."

Luna Helena's father, the old patriarch Sir Liam, stood at the head of the dais, and his face was extremely bad. He was angry at the embarrassment of having his own pack's member act like a common tavern wench. He slammed his staff against the floor, looking down at his head Beta with disgust.

"Enough of this madness!" Sir Liam roared. "Beta, take your screaming daughter away quickly right now. Drag her out of my sight and do not cause any more trouble for the Silvermoon family on my birthday."

The head Beta hurriedly grabbed his cursing daughter and dragging her out of the council hall, ending the farce completely.

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After the banquet concluded and we finally returned back to our own pack. Luna Helena called me into her private parlor.

"You called for me." I said, bowing.

"Ivy, what you did today with Ivana was brilliant, but you must understand the grander game," Luna Helena explained softly, poured a cup of tea and pushing it toward me.

"Wielding an iron fist is essential to crush your rivals, but as a future Luna, you must always disguise your aggressive moves beneath a veil of diplomacy. If you make your trap look like an accident, your enemies will tear themselves apart while your reputation remains entirely untouched."

"I understand, Mother," I replied, nodding as I absorbed her advice.

After we were done talking, I left her to my private chamber.

Dominic had a stubborn attitude of not admitting his mistake, refusing to acknowledge that his carelessness had allowed the girl to get close to him.

I was furious at his silent pride. After returning home, I completely ignored Dominic in anger, refusing to speak a single word to him as I unpinned my hair and changed into my nightdress. I let him push the wooden wheelchair around him all night, following my every step, muttering apologies and desperately trying to show his loyalty to me.

"Ivy, please, look at me," Dominic pleaded, rolling his chair right up against the edge of the bed as I pulled the blankets over my shoulders and turned my back to him.

I kept my eyes closed, remaining completely silent as I ignored him.

But as he continued to desperately roll his chair from side to side to catch a glimpse of my face, Dominic felt expression turned to excitement.

I know that look on his face... For the first time since our marriage began... I wasn't acting like a doctor, but I was acting like a fiercely jealous, possessive wife who genuinely cared about his touch, and that realization made him smiled in satisfaction.

Exchanging Vows: The Swapped Wife Is a Top Shaman - Chapter 97[1,373 words]

Chapter 97: Chapter 97

Dominic's Point of View

The carriage had ride to the royal capital few minutes ago. The palace guards pushed the doors open, ushering me into the secluded conservatory of my friend.

Prince Riven sat by the high glass windows, a wool blanket draped over his legs. His face, once the proud visage of the kingdom's greatest vanguard commander, was lined with a permanent shadow of isolation.

"You came quickly, Dominic," Riven spoke softly, as he gestured for the servants to leave the room.

The moment the doors clicked shut, he turned his eyes directly onto me. "It is nice to have you here, dear friend."

"I am happy to be here with you today." I said.

Riven leaned forward. "Then let us speak without diplomacy. The rumor of the mysterious Divine Doctor has consumed the capital. Tell me honestly, Dominic... has this healer ever talked about treating my leg disease? Is there a path back to the frontlines for a crippled prince?"

I locked eyes with him. "The Divine Doctor does not speak of cases blindly, Riven. Before I can answer that, I must know the absolute truth of what happened to you. The royal physicians called it a simple battlefield fall, but we both know a high-ranking like you, does not break his spine from a mere tumble."

Riven let out a bitter scoff. "A simple fall? Dominic. I was scouting during the border skirmish. My warhorse... a beast trained to withstand the roar of a hundred shifters—suddenly went completely mad. It bolted blindly toward the edge. I tried to rein it in, but the animal didn't even flinch as we went over the cliff."

"You fell off the cliff? The reports never mentioned a gorge."

"Because the faction buried the details," Riven explained. "Fortunately, I was caught by a thick tree branch halfway down the rock face. I hung there for three hours, bleeding out, before my personal vanguard found me. I barely survived the impact, but my legs have been entirely dead since that afternoon."

"A trained warhorse doesn't blind itself to a cliff face, Riven. Not unless its senses were utterly destroyed." I spoke out my mind

"Exactly," Riven concurred. "We checked the stables afterward, but the dead horse had already been burned on sanitary grounds. I finally suspected that the horse had been tampered with. Someone fed it a concentrated madness tonic before I mounted."

The realization clicked into place with a finality. The enemy wasn't just targeting the Silvermoon Pack, they were clearing the board of every strong heir in the werewolf kingdom.

"We are fighting the same ghost, Riven," I spoke up, my voice dead serious as I made a gamble in my head.

"My coma, your horse... it is the same hand. And if you truly want to heal, standard medicine will never touch the rot they left behind. I must confess something to you, but your life depends on your silence."

Riven stiffened, his eyes narrowing. "On my life Dominic. You can speak."

"The Divine Doctor isn't a wandering man," I revealed, looking him straight in the eye. "It is my wife. Ivy is a top shaman, wielding the ancient, forbidden bloodline energies that the high council has spent decades trying to outlaw."

Prince Riven gasped loudly, his body flinching back in shock. He stared at me for a long time, he processed the treasonous reality.

"A shaman... right inside the Silvermoon palace? Dominic, if the King finds out—"

"The King won't find out, because you are going to protect her," I interrupted firmly.

Riven swallowed hard, his expression shifting from terror to a fierce resolve. He raised his hand, holding it out across the gap between our chairs.

"I solemnly promise on my honor to keep her secret buried in the deepest pits of my soul. If she can give me my legs back, my vanguard is yours."

Our hands clasped together firmly in the center of the conservatory, sealing a secret alliance that would completely alter the fate of the kingdom. If the eldest prince cured his leg disease, he could immediately take over his rightful position as the true heir to the throne, and the upcoming border war faction would completely collapse from the inside out.

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That night, after the royal guards escorted me back to our private quarters in the Silvermoon territory, I immediately found Ivy in our laboratory. The room was warm, filled with the bitter, soothing scent of boiling herbs.

"Ivy, I need to tell you about my conversation with Riven," I said softly, rolling my chair closer to her workspace. I told her everything, down to the entire cliff accident and the horse tampering.

"He has agreed to our terms. He will protect your identity with his life if you take the case."

Ivy paused her stirring, her beautiful face tilting toward me with a serious frown.

"Dominic, I understand the advantage, but you must remember something," she reminded me. "Just because he wants a cure does not mean it is simple. Not seeing a doctor immediately after a fall can cause permanent calcification. My shamanic magic can knit flesh, but if the structure is completely shattered, a simple potion may not necessarily cure it. I must examine him myself before we celebrate."

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Ivy's Point of View

The next day, the palace gates opened for us under the tightest security protocols. Dominic and I entered the prince's private inner chambers together, with Wolf and Blade guarding the outer corridor to ensure no imperial spies could peer through the keyholes.

Prince Riven lay flat on a raised leather table, his bare legs entirely motionless as I pulled on my medical gloves.

"Do what you must, Lady Ivy," Riven said, his voice trembling slightly with a mix of fear and desperate hope. "I am ready."

I nodded silently, closing my eyes as I pressed my palms firmly against his lower back. I pulled on my inner shamanic energy, letting a warm, golden glow pool directly into my fingertips before guiding the spiritual current deep into his spine.

The moment my power touched his core, my diagnostic sight mapped out the skeletal ruin beneath his skin.

I carefully examined him for a long time, my brow furrowing as the technical severity of the injury became clear.

"What do you see, Ivy?" Dominic asked anxiously from his wheelchair near the door.

"It is exactly as I feared," I explained, looking up at them. "The impact from falling off the cliff was brutal. His lumbar vertebrae were completely thrown out of alignment when he struck the branches, and the displaced intervertebral disc is severely compressing the primary nerves of the lower limbs. It has cut off his inner energy flow entirely, causing total paralysis."

Riven's face turned pale. "Can it be fixed?"

"Yes," I replied firmly. "But it requires an aggressive, dual-stage treatment. First, I must use physical shamanic force to physically realign your lumbar spine... a process that will cause immense pain. Second, I must inject an acoustic moon-lily tonic directly into the disc space to dissolve the calcified scar tissue and release the compressed nerves. But I must remind you... the recovery period is exceptionally long, and it will test your perseverance as a warrior."

"I have survived a hundred battles, Lady Ivy. I immediately promise to cooperate fully with any treatment you decree. Just give me the strength to stand."

I turned to Dominic, a clever, protective spark lighting up my eyes.

"We cannot perform this complex treatment here," I proposed, looking between the two men. "I propose to take Prince Riven down to the secluded suburban manor. We will go under the guise of a traveling retreat for the winter season."

Dominic's eyes widened slightly in immediate fascination, a wide, proud smile breaking across his handsome face as he realized the brilliance of my strategy.

"A traveling retreat," Dominic murmured, his deep voice filled with approval. "The capital spies will think the crippled prince is simply hiding away in isolation, completely unaware of what is actually happening behind those private walls."

"Exactly. I will treat you and Dominic at the exact same time... that way would be perfect."

Exchanging Vows: The Swapped Wife Is a Top Shaman - Chapter 98[1,182 words]

Chapter 98: Chapter 98

Ivy's Point of View

"The strategy is entirely flawless, Father," Dominic said to his father. "The public only sees this journey as an ordinary retreat. It gives us the perfect cover to secretly treat the legs of the Prince Riven, and my own without drawing unwanted eyes."

"I agree with the brilliance of the veil, Dominic," Alpha Alaric responded, nodding his head. "But given the recent venomous attacks inside this palace, I am requesting one non-negotiable condition before you cross the borders." He said.

"What are you demanding father?" Dominic asked curiously.

"You must bring enough guards to protect Ivy and her unborn child at all times. Not a single stranger steps within ten yards of her courtyard." Alpha Alaric said.

Luna Helena stepped forward, she wrapped a protective arm around my shoulders. "Your father is right, Ivy. Take Wolf and Blade with you. We will handle the palace council, but your safety is our primary focus."

"We will pack immediately, Mother," I assured her with a warm smile.

With the Alpha and Luna's full blessing, I and Dominic packed up our essential tools and traveling trunks, fleeing palace. On the surface, the journey was strictly for fetal care, but in fact, the extreme isolation made it incredibly convenient to secretly treat the legs of the eldest prince and Dominic at the exact same time.

When our group finally arrived at the suburban manor, the landscape was completely breathtaking. Enjoying the beautiful scenery bordered by majestic jagged mountains and crystalline rivers that sparkled under the midday sun.

"Welcome, Master Dominic, Lady Ivy!" a jovial, elderly voice called out from the archway. The manor steward had already greeted us alongside a line of neatly dressed local servants, bowing low to welcome us to our peaceful sanctuary.

"Oh, Dominic, look at the sweeping landscape!" I cheered.

I was completely overjoyed at the sight of the wide fields stretching across the manor grounds for the very first time. For days, I had been inside medicine shops and stone palace rooms, and seeing the vibrant, untamed earth felt like a healing tonic for my soul.

That exact night, the steward's kitchen staff outdid themselves. I tasted the authentic, rich farmhouse food... fresh roasted root vegetables, wild berry preserves, and hand-churned cheeses. I was so incredibly satisfied that I fell asleep without a single worry.

The next morning, I decided to take a leisurely walk down to stretch my legs.

As I rounded a bend near an old wooden footbridge, a familiar, slender figure dressed in a simple cloak came into view. My breath hitched in surprise.

"Bella?" I called out.

She snapped her head up, her eyes widening in shock before a big smile broke across her face. "Ivy! Oh my heavens, Ivy!" Bella screamed, running to throw her arms around me in a tight embrace.

"What on earth are you doing all the way out here in the northern valleys?" I laughed, squeezing her shoulders tightly.

"It turned out that after I broke off that disastrous marriage farce with Fred, the gossips became completely unbearable," Bella explained, rolling her eyes with a dramatic sigh.

"My parents were so worried about their hurtful words that I was also sent by my family to stay temporarily in the village next to the manor to recuperate in peace until the whole period blows over." She explained.

"I am very happy to see you, Bella," I said, a deep wave of relief washed over me for my friend's safety. "You must come back to the terrace for lunch—"

Before I could finish my sentence, a loud, echoing wolf roar violently boomed from the forest trails afar, the sound rattling the leaves on the branches. It turned out that the guards had gone deep into the mountains to hunt, and they managed to catch several massive wild boars and plump rabbits for the kitchen.

Hearing the news from the terrace, Dominic rolled his wheelchair out onto the veranda, his eyes sparkling with amusement.

"Excellent work, Blade," Dominic immediately ordered. "Tell the kitchen staff to set up the outdoor iron grates. Roast those wild boars and rabbits over the open flame right now! We will have a grand farmhouse feast on the lawn tonight to celebrate Lady Bella's return."

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The savory, mouth-watering scent of sizzling wild boar fat and herb-rubbed roasted rabbits filled the entire courtyard by late afternoon, the meat turning a perfect, crackling golden brown over the wood fire. Bella and I sat on a wooden bench, laughing and chatting, while Dominic watched the guards slice the meat with a rare, peaceful smile.

Just as the old butler stepped forward to close the courtyard gates to secure our private family dinner, another powerful, thunderous wolf roar split the mountain air, followed instantly by the loud, chaotic sound of iron-rimmed wheels rattling violently against the rocky dirt road outside.

The gates were aggressively pushed open from the outside, and a massive, gold-embossed royal carriage from the capital came. The doors flew open, and a large, rowdy group of noble offspring rushed into our peaceful courtyard like a sweeping storm.

Leading the pack were several young high-ranking royals—Prince Wally, Princess Aria, and running right behind them with a wide, mischievous grin, was my friend Princess Ama.

"Ivy! Dominic!" Princess Aria cheered, waving her handkerchief as she marched straight toward our iron roasting grates.

"We were sitting in that boring capital council hall when we heard a direct rumor that the autumn scenery here in the valleys was pleasant this season. We simply couldn't let you all stay out here in the cold all by himself, so a large group of us came to keep you company for the weekend." Princess Aria said.

"We brought our own wine, Dominic!" Prince Wally laughed, slapping a crate onto our clean table. "But my heavens, that scent is incredible! Are those fresh wild mountain boars?"

Before Dominic or I could even utter a single word of greeting, the hungry royal prince and his entourage practically swarmed the cooking station. I saw that the wild boars and the plump, roasted rabbits that the guards had just roasted were all aggressively taken away, sliced up, and piled onto plates for the loud, laughing guests.

The peaceful farmhouse sanctuary had turned into a chaotic royal banquet in a fraction of a second.

I let out a soft, defeated sigh, my shoulders slumping as I looked at the empty iron spit where our dinner used to be.

Dominic let out a low chuckle, his hand gently wrapped around mine to comfort me. He looked up at my pouting face, his dark eyes filled with a reassuring warmth.

"Do not worry, my beautiful little healer," Dominic comforted me with a wide, genuine smile, leaning close so only I could hear his voice. "Let them indulge themselves for now. The moment they settle into the guest wing, I will let the guards go back up into the mountains and catch even more of them later tonight. We will have our feast, I promise you."

Exchanging Vows: The Swapped Wife Is a Top Shaman - Chapter 99[1,427 words]

Chapter 99: Chapter 99

Ivy's Point of View

Everyone stayed at the manor that night, the stone walls echoing with the rowdy, drunken laughter of the uninvited royals until the early hours of dawn.

The next day, the chaotic energy didn't fade at all... instead, everyone enthusiastically went up the mountain together, eager to escape the stifling protocol of the courts for a wild, untamed tracking expedition.

The guards brought by the princes and princesses didn't bother staying in their human forms, the moment we crossed the lower tree lines, they eagerly turned into wolves and ran directly towards the deep mountains, as they tracked the scent of game.

Bella and I walked along the narrow dirt trail, with Dominic and the Prince Riven, rolling their wheelchairs just behind us under the tight, watchful eyes of Wolf and Blade.

"The mountain air truly changes everything, Ivy," Bella breathed, a rare, genuine smile lighting up her features. "I haven't felt this free since before the whole engagement fiasco with Fred."

"You deserve this peace, Bella," I replied softly, offering a warm smile.

Suddenly, the rustling of the dense brush ahead turned into a violent, crashing thud. A massive wild deer, thoroughly terrified by the roaring pack of wolves hunting in the upper thickets, was scared out of its hiding spot and rushed blindly down the narrow trail right towards us.

"Bella, look out!" I shouted, reaching out to grab her sleeve.

Bella couldn't dodge the charging beast in time, her shoes slipping on the loose gravel as she was deeply scared to retreat. She stumbled backward in fear, her balance completely failing her. But right behind her, sitting in his wheelchair, was Prince Riven.

With a quick gasp, Bella fell straight into his arms, her back crashing against his broad, muscular chest as his powerful hands instinctively flew up to steady her waist.

"Ah! Forgive me!" Bella cried out, her face instantly turning an intense, burning shade of red. In a complete panic to fix her posture, she scrambled to stand up, but her foot caught the edge of his metal footrest, causing her to lose her balance and fall down again right into his lap.

I held my breath, waiting for Prince Riven to snap at her for the disrespect. But the eldest prince only smiled slightly, a warm, genuine amusement dancing in his dark eyes as he gently helped her find her footing.

"There is no need to apologize, Lady Bella," Riven spoke softly, as he released her waist. "The mountain deer are notoriously rude guests."

Bella stood up completely, brushing down her skirt as she stared at the floor of the trail, entirely embarrassed and blushing from her ears to her neck. But to my fascination, she didn't cry or scream or demand responsibility like an ordinary high noble lady would have done to hook an heir.

She simply offered a neat, dignified bow. "Thank you for catching me, Your Highness. I will watch my step."

I looked on the side, watching the charged silence that settled between the two of them as we continued our trek up the ridge. A slow, knowing smile began to tickle the corners of my lips, and I thought to herself that maybe the Moon Goddess was pulling the strings behind the scenes, subtly weaving their destinies together in this isolated valley.

Bella was strong, dignified, and entirely unbothered by greed, making her the perfect match for a warrior prince.

But as the thought bloomed, the reality of the werewolf kingdom crashed right back into my mind. I looked at Riven's legs, and then I realized that if the eldest prince successfully cured his leg disease and became the supreme Wolf King in the future, his court would demand political alliances.

He would inevitably be forced to marry multiple noble wives and take countless side concubines to secure the throne. Bella had just survived the agony of a unfaithful fiancé; she deserved a sacred, monogamous bond like the one Dominic had promised me.

I cannot drag her into that cage, I thought to myself, a sigh escaping my lips as I gave up the idea of matchmaking entirely.

At noon, everyone lit a fire on the grass, and the princes and guards began to enthusiastically roast the wild game they had caught on the mountain. The savory scent of sizzling boar fat and herb-rubbed venison filled the crisp air.

A large group of people played, laughed, and drank imported wine until the sky was getting dark, before they finally decided to go down the mountain to enjoy themselves back in the lower village.

At this exact time, the strategy we had planned with the prince finally went into motion. The remaining eldest prince made a polite excuse to stay behind in our manor to rest his aching back, while the other princes, Princess Aria, and Ama reluctantly boarded their royal carriages to return to the capital palace and packed their own packs,

At this time, there were dozens of Silvermoon warriors heavily guarding the perimeter of the manor, their swords drawn against the shadows, and all the servants working in the estate were strictly required under Alpha Alaric's seal not to release a single scrap of information to the outside world.

Prince Riven lay flat on his stomach across a reinforced wooden table.

"I am ready, Lady Ivy," Prince Riven muttered. "Do whatever it takes."

I stood over him, my face settling into a professional mask as I pulled on my medical gloves.

"Your lumbar vertebrae have already begun to calcify in their displaced positions, Prince Riven," I explained. "To release the compressed nerves, we must first break the broken bone that is about to adhere to your back again. Standard tools cannot generate the correct, distributed shockwave. We must use a raw impact."

I turned my eyes toward Blade, who was standing by the door. "Blade, take off your boots. Step on his lower back barefoot."

Blade flinched, his eyes widening. "Lady Ivy... he is the eldest prince!"

"Do it right now, Blade!" I commanded. "Stand on the third lumbar joint and continuously jump and press with all your warrior's weight! Break the false alignment!"

Blade swallowed hard, stripped off his boots, and stepped onto the table. He positioned his calloused feet directly over the prince's spine and began to continuously jump and press, using the physical impact to shatter the calcified tissues.

Crack!!!

A horrific crunch echoed through the silent room.

Prince Riven gritted his teeth and endured the agonizing pain, a low groan escaping his blood-flecked lips. I didn't waste a single fraction of a second.

The moment the bone shattered back into its fluid state, I plunged my hands over his spine, letting a blinding thread of my energy pool directly into his vertebrae, guiding the bone fragments back into a perfect, straight alignment while simultaneously using my needles to inject the acoustic moon-lily tonic deep into the compressed disc space.

"It's aligned," I panted, wiping the sweat from my brow as Prince Riven slumped into a semi-conscious state of exhaustion. I turned around, looking straight at my husband who was waiting rigidly in his wheelchair.

"Dominic... it's your turn to be treated."

Dominic rolled his chair forward, unbuttoning his tunic to expose his badly fractured leg bone. But just as I reached for my scalpels to begin his own alignment, the doors of the pavilion were suddenly pushed open.

Alpha Alaric walked into the room.

"Father?" Dominic gasped, looking up in surprise. "What are you doing here? You were supposed to be managing the council back at the pack."

Alpha Alaric didn't answer with words at first. He marched straight across the room.

"Your mother couldn't rest, and neither could I, Dominic," Alpha Alaric spoke, his voice rich with a protective finality as he rolled up his own sleeves, revealing arms like solid iron trunks.

He looked up at my masked face, his jaw clenching with a steady resolve. "Ivy is carrying the future of our pack inside her womb. She has done her part for the royal line today. Tell me exactly where the bone needs to be shattered, child." Alpha Alaric said.

I realized the incredible honor of what the Alpha was offering. I stepped back, a confident smirk touching my lips as I handed over the terrifying responsibility of physically breaking the leg bone to Alpha Alaric personally.

Knowing that the final, brutal cure of the true heir was officially going to be executed by the hands of the King himself.

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Chapter 100: Chapter 100

Ivy's Point of View

He didn't waste a single moment showing weakness or hesitation.

"Brace yourself, Dominic," Alpha Alaric growled.

"I am ready, Father," Dominic hissed through his teeth.

Before I could even offer a technical warning, Alpha Alaric didn't show a single ounce of hesitation. He pulled on his internal energy, his right arm violently shifting into a thick wolf's paw covered in dark fur and tipped with gleaming, razor claws. He brought it down with a terrifying chop directly at Dominic's badly misaligned broken leg.

Crack!!!

The brutal, sickening crunch of bone echoing through the medical pavilion was deafening. Dominic let out a low, agonizing roar, his neck veins bulging like thick ropes as his face instantly flushed burning hot with a wave of pain. He didn't drop his stance, holding his body perfectly rigid through warrior willpower.

"Ivy, move right now!" Alpha Alaric commanded, stepping back as his arm shifted back into its human shape, sweat beading on his rugged brow.

I didn't waste a single fraction of a second. I lunged forward, my palms already glowing with a blinding, hot thread of pure shamanic energy. I closed my eyes, letting my spiritual diagnostic sight plunge straight beneath Dominic's skin.

The old, calcified bone fragments had been perfectly shattered back into a fluid state by the Alpha's precise strike. I pressed my glowing fingertips directly against the fracture, using my inner shamanic force to physically guide the jagged bones into a flawless, straight line.

"Wolf, hold the splint!" I ordered loudly.

As Wolf locked the iron braces into place, I pulled out three silver needles dipped in a concentrated acoustic moon-lily extract and plunged them deep into the surrounding tissue, letting the liquid magic flood his meridians to instantly knit the muscle fibers and freeze the realignment in place. The agonizing heat in Dominic's leg slowly faded, his ragged breathing turning into a steady, exhausted rhythm.

"The alignment is complete," I panted, wiping my brow. I turned away from my husband and returned straight to the side of Prince Riven, who was still resting semi-consciously on the main table. I pressed my fingers against Riven's wrist, letting my energy check the situation of his newly shattered lumbar spine.

"How does the prince look, Lady Ivy?" Blade asked anxiously from the doorway.

"The vertebrae are perfectly aligned, but the internal healing will be a grueling process," I explained, looking down at Riven's pale face.

"Listen to my instructions carefully, Your Highness. You must undergo this specific shamanic energy treatment every three days to prevent the scar tissue from calcifying again.

The exact second your legs become conscious and you feel the first spark of warmth in your toes, you must begin active self-rehabilitation. It will take about half a year for you to walk properly on the frontlines again."

Prince Riven let out a weak, grateful groan, nodding his head against the padding. "Half a year... I will endure it."

"And what about me, Ivy?" Dominic asked a proud smile touching his lips despite his exhaustion.

"You are a warrior, but you are not invincible," I told him flatly, pinning him with a strict glare. "It will take exactly three months for your newly broken bone to fully heal before you can stand on the ground again without destroying my work. You are bedridden, Dominic."

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Prince Riven's Point of View

The doors of the inner pavilion clicked shut as Alpha Alaric sent Ivy away to the main manor house to rest her body and protect the twins in her womb. Only the three of us remained in the torchlit room— Alpha Alaric, Dominic, and myself.

"We are officially behind closed doors, Riven," Alpha Alaric spoke softly. "Your legs are straight. The path to your throne has officially begun. Tell me your mind."

"I have spent months rotting in that capital conservatory, Alpha Alaric," I said. "I watched the royal council treat me like a dead man. I swear on my honor, I have the determination to take on the responsibility of this entire kingdom. I will crush the traitors who poisoned my horse." I said truthfully.

Alpha Alaric's rugged face slowly melted into a look of profound approval. "Excellent. But the key to our victory is secrecy. I am instructing the two of you right now—once your bodies achieve full recovery, you must completely conceal it from the outside world.

Keep rolling in those wheelchairs. Let the capital think you are both broken, and we will show our true sharpness at the critical moment when the enemy least expects the strike."

"We will play the part of the cripples perfectly, Father," Dominic concurred. "But we need to talk about the rot inside the capital. What about the high palace physician? He is the one who has been treating me during my months of coma, and he was the one who checked Riven after the cliff fall."

Alpha Alaric let out a sigh. "The moment Ivy raised the alarm about the Silvervine root, I placed that physician under the tightest military monitoring. My scouts have checked his vaults, his correspondences, and his daily movements. But there were no abnormalities found in his ledger. There is no physical suspicion or trail connecting him to the poisoners."

"That's impossible," I muttered. "He is the highest medical authority. He had to know our injuries were tampered with."

"He is either a master spy, or he is just a shield," Dominic pointed out. "Father... the spearhead of this entire conspiracy might be pointed directly at the main concubine in the palace. Aunty Aithusa."

Princess Aithusa is my father's concubine. Alpha Alaric sister, and Dominic's aunty. She is Mrs. Margot's daughter.

"But there is no evidence linking her name to the madness tonic or the Silvermoon accounting fraud. If we accuse a royal concubine without undeniable proof, the King will view it as an act of open rebellion. We must wait." Alpha Alaric said.

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Dominic was strictly bedridden, forced to remain inside the master chambers, and he could not go out into the courtyards at all to ensure his leg didn't shift.

To keep the spies completely blind to our operations, Ivy lived primarily in the smaller estate house bordering the local village, keeping her presence ordinary. The isolation would have been entirely unbearable for her if it weren't for the village next door. Bella often came over from her temporary cottage to accompany her.

"The weather is perfect today, Ivy. The two of us should go out for a quiet walk to clear our heads," Bella said.

"I would love some fresh air, Bella," Ivy said.

Hearing their plans from the hallway, I rolled myself forward into the room. "If the ladies are venturing out beyond the manor gates, I will take the initiative to accompany you," I spoke, offering a smile toward Bella. "The local trails can be rough for a lady walking alone."

Bella's cheeks flushed a soft, lovely shade of pink, but she didn't decline my offer. "We would be honored by your company, Your Highness."

The three of us walked slowly along the field path, while Wolf and Blade trailed a discreet twenty paces behind us.

As we rounded a bend, a young tenant farmer boy dressed in tattered clothes suddenly scrambled out of the tall grass. He looked completely frantic, his face covered in dirt as he threw himself onto his knees right on the dirt path, knocking his forehead repeatedly against the ground before Ivy's feet.

"Please, noble lady! I beg of you!" the boy wailed hysterically, his voice cracking with fear. "My mother is collapsing inside our cottage! She has the freezing lung fever! The village doctor said she won't survive the night! Please, I beg you for medical treatment for my mother!"

The look on Ivy's face made me realize that her heart had softened instantly at his desperation. As a healer, she could never turn away a crying child, even though nobody in this territory knew she was actually one.

When she approached the kneeling boy to inquire about his mother's symptoms, she reached down to gently touch his shoulder.

"Calm down, little one," she said softly, leaning her upper body forward. "Tell me where your cottage is—"

Before the word could fully leave her lips, the weeping expression on the boy's face completely vanished, replaced by a look of pure insanity.

A chemical scent of a forbidden berserker drug slammed into my nose. The boy didn't look at her face... instead, his gaze locked directly onto Ivy's belly. With terrifying physical speed, he suddenly lunged forward, violently bucking his entire weight to bump directly into her belly.