

## Chapter 1567

Carissa had intended to spend more time talking with Violet today, but she had forgotten how many little tasks came with weddings. The hired bride attendants arrived to do Violet's hair and makeup, and before long, an hour had passed.

Violet was already stunningly beautiful, but under the skilled hands of the bride attendants, she looked even more radiant—lovelier than the flowers themselves.

Lunchtime came and went with only a light meal, and soon, the guests began arriving to see Violet off.

As the groom's elder sister-in-law, Zoey wasn't supposed to be present but had insisted on coming. She said that since she was family to the groom, and as good as family to the bride, there was no problem. After all, it was a good day, and as long as everyone was happy, what did it matter?

As Violet put on her wedding gown, a sudden wave of nervousness washed over her.

Was she really getting married?

Marriage meant taking on responsibilities—managing a household and having children. It would no longer be the free, independent life she was used to.

Lulu had spoken about marriage before but was still not married herself.

Violet suddenly glanced at her and asked, "Why aren't you getting married, Lulu?"

Taken aback by the sudden question, Lulu replied, "It's not that simple. I just haven't found the right person, and the timing isn't right."

Violet frowned slightly. "It almost feels like I'm going against my own word, and I have always kept my promises."

Noticing the change in her friend's mood, Carissa smiled and said, "That's right, you've always kept your promises. You said you'd marry Isaac, so you can't go back on that now."

Violet straightened her headpiece and adjusted her gown. "Go back on my word? I won't do that. Since I've said yes, I'll marry him."

She was determined to live a life full of excitement. If she wasn't afraid of the battlefield, what was there to fear about marriage? Besides, she wasn't the type to be without a plan. If Isaac treated her poorly, she would simply divorce him and live on her own.

The small flicker of doubt in her heart was soon pushed aside by her strong resolve. Today was a day for happiness; she wouldn't let worries get in the way.

Carissa could see that Violet was set on her decision. She had wanted to offer a few words of comfort, but when she saw her friend's determined expression, she knew there was no need to say anything more.

When the wedding procession reached the gates of Hell Monarch Estate, Travis and his men stood in the way, determined to get some "escort fees" from the procession. After all, they couldn't let Isaac off so easily.

Travis didn't even dare to calculate how much he would lose now that Violet would no longer be at the estate. He stepped forward and called out to Isaac, who sat proudly atop his steed. 1

"If you wish to take the bride, you must first defeat me. If you don't want to fight, that's fine too. Just pay a fee," said Travis.

Isaac swiftly dismounted, landing on the ground with ease. He was quick, and before Rafael and Jacob could intervene, he was already engaged in a fierce struggle with Travis. 1

Soon, Travis was bruised and limping as he led the wedding procession into Hell Monarch Estate. Despite his state, he had a satisfied smile on his face. After all, Isaac had handed him an envelope after the fight, which turned out to be filled with a stack of silver banknotes. Isaac certainly knew how to handle things with tact.

Just as Isaac entered the estate, a servant hurriedly announced that Eustace had arrived.

Everyone was surprised. Hadn't they agreed that the Spencer family would hold a grand celebration banquet in Ebonflow and wouldn't attend the wedding in the capital? Why was he here?

Jacob rushed to greet Eustace and settled him in, planning to have Violet greet him when she left to meet her new husband. But when Violet heard that her father had arrived, she immediately lifted her wedding gown and hurried to meet him, eager to offer him her greetings.

In truth, Eustace had come with a heart full of anger. When the marriage had been arranged, he had ultimately agreed to let Violet handle everything. He had chosen to hold a grand celebration banquet in Ebonflow to show that his daughter was getting married. He had also sent her dowry to the capital early.

But the more he thought about it, the more it bothered him. After all, he had raised his daughter with such care for so many years. So, why was it

that, upon her marriage, he, as her father, couldn't be present to witness the ceremony and receive the newlyweds' proper greetings?

Furthermore, Violet's decision had been utterly rash.

In the end, he couldn't shake his frustration. So, he had quickly mounted his best horse and ridden straight to the capital, his heart heavy with bitterness. He had planned to scold his daughter the moment he saw her, to vent his frustrations.

Yes, he wasn't here to celebrate her marriage—he was here to give her a piece of his mind.

But as he stood there waiting for her, something unexpected happened.

When Violet finally appeared, she was dressed in a grand wedding gown, complete with a headpiece and a long train trailing behind her. Her eyes shimmered with tears, and there was a bright smile on her face when she saw her father. As she offered him a deep curtsy, something in his chest tightened.

The little scamp had truly grown up.



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