

Chapter 1568

Eustace waited patiently for Violet to finish her greetings before he could finally choke back his emotions.

"Rise, you little imp," he said softly, his voice thick with feeling.

Violet slowly stood, her eyes brimming with tears. She tilted her head back, fighting to hold them in.

At that moment, she regretted her decision. Why had she been so stubborn? Why had she insisted on getting married in the capital when none of her relatives were here?

"Dad, once the wedding is over today, may we return with you? We can hold a celebration at home. Afterward, we can go to the guild and host another, if that's all right," Violet suggested.

Eustace was pleased by the thought, but didn't want his daughter to wear herself out with so much traveling.

"Didn't you say you don't have many friends in Ebonflow? That's why you didn't want a grand wedding there," he reminded her.

"I don't, but you do, Dad, and so does our family. I can't be so selfish. I don't want you to be embarrassed because of me," Violet replied.

Eustace looked at her with a mixture of pride and sadness. "Such a thoughtful daughter, and now you're leaving us to be someone else's wife."

Violet smiled warmly and linked her arm with his. "You're mistaken, Dad. Even though I'm getting married, I'll still be living in an estate that belongs to me. Since Isaac is joining our family, it's like I'm bringing a son-in-law home to you, instead of me going to him, right?"

Eustace scoffed, but still smiled. "As long as you and Isaac are happy,

that's all that matters. There's no need to insist he's the one joining our family instead of the other way around. If he's willing to accommodate you like that, it means he truly cares for you."

Violet grinned mischievously. "If he didn't treat me well, would I have agreed to marry him?"

Of course, Eustace had looked into Isaac's background. There were rumors, but after further investigation, he found nothing to be concerned about. The man was reliable and hailed from the Pathfinders Guild. He also held a significant rank in the guild, which was a difficult and impressive achievement.

So, Eustace was satisfied with the man his daughter had chosen.

"Enough," he said, his voice lightening. "It's about time for the wedding to begin. Have Isaac come in to pay his respects, then you can head into the bridal carriage."

Isaac was invited into the estate. Although he had been prepared to visit his father-in-law in Ebonflow later on, he hadn't expected to meet him today, and thus was feeling a bit nervous. Despite his nerves, he still performed the proper greeting and promised to treat Violet well.

As it was almost time for the wedding, Eustace did not share much, merely saying, "If one day you tire of her, simply give her a letter of divorce."

Isaac shook his head, his gaze earnest. "I will never tire of her. But if she ever wishes to part ways, I will not hold her back and will set her free."

Eustace was pleased with his answer but gave Isaac a knowing look. "Our family does not take such matters lightly. Once married, you must make every effort to build a life together."

As any father would, he knew well how headstrong his daughter was. He also knew how impulsive she could be.

"What my father means is that a husband who has been through hard times with you shouldn't be abandoned," Violet smoothly added.

Eustace immediately felt a familiar tightness in his chest and quickly waved his hand. "Hurry and go on now!"

The sound of drums filled the air as the procession began. Violet walked slowly out of Hell Monarch Estate, surrounded by those who saw her off.

As Carissa personally helped her into the bridal carriage, Violet grabbed her hand and quickly whispered, "Make sure my room in Hell Monarch Estate is kept exactly as it is. No one is to stay there."

"Not a thing will be moved," Carissa promised with a smile.

As the curtain fell, Violet suddenly felt a wave of sadness. No matter how old she grew, she had always felt like a young girl—until now. Stepping into the bridal carriage meant she was leaving her youth behind and becoming someone's wife.

Her heart tightened as she realized why women often wept on their wedding day. It wasn't just for joy, but for the changes and uncertainties that lay ahead.

Her wedding, though meant to be a quiet affair, had turned into a grand celebration. Even Victoria and Octavia had sent representatives to offer their congratulations. At least half of the entire court had attended, and all the prominent noble families were present.

After all, Isaac's background was well known. He was from the Pathfinders Guild, whose guild master had a prominent reputation and was even held in some regard by the queen dowager. Not to mention, Isaac had brought the revered six-barreled matchlocks from Meadow Ridge, which had contributed to the kingdom's defense.

And of course, Violet had the support of both the Spencer family and the Hell Monarch's household.