

The Comeback of the Charming Farmer's Wife

Chapter 18: Chapter 18 Yang Dachuan

Because the person had his back to her, she couldn't see his face clearly, so she asked Yang Qingrui for confirmation.

"It's our father."

As she approached, Yang Chuxia saw that the man's back was wet, but he was still holding onto the hoe with his clumsy hand. She didn't know if it was because he was too tired or if he had lost his footing, but he stumbled and fell forward.

"Father!"

Yang Chuxia handed the basket to Yang Qingrui and hurried over to help Yang Dachuan. Seeing him up close, she was almost frightened. Was this really a thirty-year-old man? He looked at least forty or fifty. His face was covered in wrinkles due to his thinness.

"Father, are you alright?"

Yang Chuxia tried to help Yang Dachuan up, but even in his frail state, he was still a man, and his bones were not light. She couldn't lift him.

"Is that you, Xiaxia?" Yang Dachuan had fallen because he had become dizzy from standing in the sun for too long. Now sitting on the ground, his vision was blurry.

Knowing that his daughter couldn't lift him, he said, "Xiaxia, let me stand up on my own. I'm heavy, don't hurt yourself trying to help me."

As Yang Dachuan tried to support himself with his right hand to stand up, the uneven ground and his dizziness made it difficult for him. He tried several times but couldn't stand.

This made Yang Dachuan feel defeated. Though his dark face didn't show any redness, Yang Chuxia knew her father was embarrassed.

Seeing this, Yang Chuxia felt a pang of sadness and immediately grabbed Yang Dachuan's arm again, calling out to Yang Qingrui, "Little brother, come help!"

"Alright, coming!"

"Xiaxia, am I really useless? I can't even stand up after falling." The man's voice was low, but it wasn't hard to hear his anxiety. Yang Chuxia understood; any father would want to maintain a strong, positive image in front of their children, and Yang Dachuan was no exception.

"Father, what are you thinking?" Yang Chuxia scolded gently, "Think about it. You were able to support our entire family with just one hand. That's much stronger than those with both hands. Just look at my uncle; he's tall and sturdy with all his limbs intact, but could he do the farming like you?"

Yang Chuxia and Yang Qingrui helped Yang Dachuan to sit in the shade of a tree, and Yang Qingrui quickly brought the basket over.

"Father, don't think about those things. To us siblings, you're the strongest. Look at all this wasteland you've turned into farmland by yourself. Who could compare to you?" Her words weren't flattery, but genuine admiration for Yang Dachuan's hard work and resourcefulness. Just the fact that he singlehandedly managed all the family's land despite his disability made him stronger than more than half the people in the village.

"Father, let's not talk about this now. You must be hungry after working all morning. Let's eat."

Seeing that his daughter didn't look down on him and was concerned about his hunger, Yang Dachuan's dark face broke into a smile.

At that moment, Yang Qingrui also nodded eagerly, "That's right, our father is the strongest. And sister is amazing too. She even got a cornbread from our mother's pot for father to eat today."

Upon hearing about the cornbread, Yang Dachuan's previously joyful face became less happy. He scolded, "Xiaxia, that cornbread is for your mother to eat. How can you take food meant for her? If others find out, they'll criticize you for coveting an elder's food."