

Overlord 127

Chapter 127: Did My Cousin's Wedding Fall Through?

The words of Yang Fei caused a dramatic change in Xu Mao and Xu Xingzhou's expressions. Xu Mao immediately stood up, anxiously saying, "Mr. Yang, what are you doing at the Xu Family?"

Xu Xingzhou followed, "Yeah, I know you're formidable, but the Xu Family isn't a weak one either. What are you going to do?"

Yang Fei chuckled, looking at Xu Xingzhou, "Helping you ascend to power."

Xu Xingzhou gave a wry smile, "Mr. Yang, please don't joke. Although I really want to ascend, definitely not now. Besides, what I want is a complete and strong Xu Family, not one that has been crippled and weakened. Even if you help me ascend now, with my current prestige and strength, I can't suppress those experts in the family."

Yang Fei burst out laughing, "After hearing about the Xu Family from you today, I realized that it would be difficult for me at my current level of combat strength to cripple the Xu Family. Don't worry, I'm not going to the Xu Family that soon, nor will I cripple it. In any case, you should be mentally prepared. When we go to the Xu Family, we'll see if we can establish a cooperative relationship."

"Cooperation?" Xu Xingzhou and Xu Mao were stunned, but they felt much more comfortable in their hearts.

Their hearts ultimately sided with the Xu Family.

Yang Fei nodded, "Yes, cooperation. The Xu Family is ostracized by the Martial World, and I, Yang Fei, seem to have offended quite a few experts in the Martial World too. Maybe I and the Xu Family can cooperate?"

Thinking of Yang Fei's miraculous medical skills, Xu Mao's eyes lit up, filled with anticipation.

Turning to Yang Fei and betraying the Xu Family had always left a bad taste in his heart.

But if he could introduce talent like Yang Fei to the Xu Family, and both sides could reach a consensus on cooperation, making the Xu Family even stronger, he himself would be the Xu Family's hero.

Xu Xingzhou was also quite excited.

Apart from Yang Fei's inscrutable Realm, he was also thinking about the strong support that might back Yang Fei.

Now that Yang Fei mentioned the possibility of cooperation with the Xu Family, he was very hopeful too.

As long as Yang Fei became an important figure in the eyes of the Xu Family's upper echelons, and cooperation was established, with his relationship with Yang Fei, plus those in the family who supported him, his chances of succeeding would be greater.

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The following days were calm and uneventful.

In addition to work, Yang Fei often chatted with Tong Yunshu these days.

The young miss of the Tong Family seemed to have plenty of leisure time, finding an opportunity to chat with Yang Fei every day while he was at work.

After Yang Fei got off work, she did not send any messages.

Yang Fei was somewhat wary of Tong Yunshu.

He felt that this woman's every frown and smile could captivate a man's soul. Although he considered himself absolutely loyal to Qin Yanyang, and believed in his own self-control, he felt somewhat insecure whenever he thought of the feminine charm Tong Yunshu displayed in his presence.

Keeping a respectful distance was the safest approach.

In the blink of an eye, the weekend arrived.

Early on Saturday morning, Yang Fei, along with Qin Yanyang and Yang Wen, arrived at Binhai International Airport.

For Yang Wen, it was her first time on a plane. She was very excited and a little nervous, but Qin Yanyang reassured her by holding her hand the entire time.

"Brother, sis-in-law, my dad was so happy when he heard you were coming back. He even made arrangements with an uncle in the village beforehand to hire a small car to pick us up from the city. It will be very convenient to go back to the village; we won't have to worry about transferring or catching buses," Yang Wen said excitedly.

Yang Fei's heart was anything but calm. He hadn't been back in ten years. Hearing what Yang Wen said, he couldn't help but ask, "A car can make it to our village now?"

"Brother, even though our place is poor, the country provided us with roads to every household a few years back. Don't act so surprised. It can scare sis-in-law," Yang Wen frowned at her brother.

She was afraid that Yang Fei's portrayal of their home as too impoverished would frighten Qin Yanyang, a rich girl from a big city.

Yang Fei coughed awkwardly, feeling a bit embarrassed.

When he left at thirteen, the village only had a dirt road leading to the outskirts where tractors barely managed to get by. If a car encountered rain, it would surely get stuck without fail.

These past few days, after meeting with Yang Wen, he had asked about the situation at home. He knew that his uncle had built a two-story building, and the house was clean and spacious. This was why he was at ease bringing Qin Yanyang back with him—afraid that the young miss wouldn't be used to living in a simple rural wooden house.

Qin Yanyang listened, smiling gently by his side. She understood the concerns in Yang Fei's heart and it made her feel a bit sweet inside.

The two-hour flight, comfortable for the three of them in business class, passed quickly.

After deplaning, Yang Wen was still somewhat reluctant to leave and lamented, "Just for these two hours, it costs over two thousand yuan?"

When she went to school, her second brother bought her high-speed train tickets. She felt the pinch even for a few hundred yuan, let alone more than two thousand.

Three people, almost seven thousand.

We still have to go back.

Yang Wen was a bit taken aback, true to her sister-in-law's style, spending over ten thousand without batting an eye.

Chatting and laughing, the three walked out of the airport when a surprised voice called out, "Wenwen, over here."

"Brother."

Yang Wen ran over with a smile on her face.

Yang Fei was also quite excited, he looked up and saw a twenty-something-year-old standing there, happily waving at Yang Wen.

His skin was dark, and he sported a neat buzz cut, his face smiling, but his brows seemed to hide some sorrows.

As Yang Fei looked over, the man was waving and smiling at Yang Wen, and at the same time, he was curiously and expectantly sizing up Yang Fei.

The brothers locked eyes, and Yang Fei, as if seeing a child who had once followed him around, blurted out, "Yang Ermao."

At the sound of this long-lost nickname, the young man exclaimed with delight, "Brother."

His legal name was Yang Hao, and as country folks were cautious about child-rearing, following rural traditions, he was given this nickname. And because he was the second eldest in the Yang family generation, he was called Ermao.

"Brother, it's really you, you're back." When Yang Fei reached Yang Hao's side, Yang Hao was still a bit excited, looking Yang Fei over and over.

Looking at his cousin, with whom he had always been close since childhood, Yang Fei said emotionally, "Yeah, I'm back. Ermao has grown up too, you're so tall now."

Yang Hao chuckled, then turned to look at Qin Yanyang, and was immediately stunned for a moment, his face reddening as he muttered, "This... this must be sister-in-law, hello, I'm Yang Hao."

Qin Yanyang, with her composed and graceful demeanor, smiled at Yang Hao and responded warmly, "Hello, I've heard about you from Yang Fei and Yang Wen. I really admire the bond you three siblings have."

Yang Wen said laughingly, "Of course, the three of us grew up together. When someone picks a fight, we're united in facing it, very cohesive."

Yang Hao scratched his head, "It's all thanks to brother always looking out for us."

Yang Wen vigorously nodded in agreement.

"Brother, sister-in-law, Uncle Sansheng is waiting for us in the car, shall we get in and talk slowly once we're on our way?" After exchanging pleasantries, Yang Hao suggested to the group.

The three nodded in agreement.

Yang Hao saw Yang Fei carrying a large and small bag by himself, and even Qin Yanyang holding two bags, so he quickly took them over from her.

The four made their way to the parking lot and found a blue Wuling seven-seater.

In the car, a thirty-something-year-old man with a cigarette in his mouth was identified as Yang Sansheng. Although he was of the same family as Yang Fei, he was from an older generation.

His gaze lingered a few times on Yang Fei's face, recognizing him, and then turned towards Qin Yanyang, instantly captivated.

It was Yang Wen who, displeased, coughed sharply and brought him back to his senses.

"Wow, Yang Fei, you've done well for yourself, snagging such a beautiful wife," the middle-aged man said, admiring while stealing a few more glances at Qin Yanyang.

Qin Yanyang smiled, not taking it to heart.

A beautiful woman, isn't she allowed a few extra glances from men?

As long as it's not over the top, she wouldn't get angry.

"Yang Hao's girlfriend was pretty too, it's a pity they split. If things had worked out, the Yang Family would have had double happiness," Yang Sansheng started the car and lamented, clearly regretful about Yang Hao's situation.

Upon hearing this, both Yang Fei and Yang Wen shifted their gaze onto Yang Hao's face.

Yang Wen asked directly, "Erge, is what Uncle Sansheng said true? Weren't you and Sister Qiaoqiao doing well? How did it end?"

Yang Fei couldn't help but nod, adding, "Yeah, wasn't it said the bride price was accepted, and you were engaged?"

Faced with questions from his cousin and sister, Yang Hao tried to maintain a relaxed expression and said, "If it's over, it's over. I... I'm still young; it's not like I can't find a wife."

Though he spoke lightly, his eyes reddened, his nose tingled, and he turned his head to look out the car window.