

## Overlord 129

### Chapter 129: Joy and Sorrow

Yang Changjin and Li Guiju had always focused their attention on Yang Fei, especially Yang Changjin, as Yang Fei was his own nephew whom he had raised as his own son. After not seeing him for ten years, Yang Fei was the only one in his eyes.

At this moment, seeing Qin Yanyang, he was visibly stunned.

How could she be so beautiful?

Could this be a dream? I was still worried that my nephew couldn't find a wife, but how did he bring back such a beautiful wife?

"Oh my, this girl looks so lively, just like a fairy!" Li Guiju exclaimed as she looked at Qin Yanyang. If Qin Yanyang had been any other woman, Li Guiju, sticking to the rural customs and her own personality, would have grabbed Qin Yanyang by the hand already.

But Qin Yanyang, standing there in an easy-going manner, smiling with even her ears turning red—a look of shyness—her innately noble and elegant demeanor rendered people cautious not to approach her carelessly.

Yang Changjin was even more in a fog, still somewhat disbelieving that this celebrity-like woman was indeed his nephew's wife.

However, Qin Yanyang was quite composed, stretching out her hand crisply and calling out, "Uncle, Aunt, I am Qin Yanyang, Yang Fei's wife."

Since she was willing to follow Yang Fei back to his hometown to meet his relatives, she had long prepared for all this. But now, calling them uncle and aunt still caused some emotional ripples inside her, making her feel somewhat embarrassed.

She thought she could handle it straightforwardly, yet unexpectedly, as soon as she spoke these titles, she found herself truly stepping into the role, feeling somewhat odd.

Seeing Qin Yanyang reaching out her hand, Yang Changjin came back to his senses, hurriedly wiping his hands on his clothes. Seeing Qin Yanyang's delicate, smooth hands, his face turned red, feeling too embarrassed to shake hands.

The aunt did the same, but being a woman, she grabbed Qin Yanyang's hand and walked into the yard, saying as they walked, "Good, good, your grandpa and grandma in heaven would be so happy to see Xiao Fei grown up and bringing a wife back. Come inside quickly."

Yang Changjin finally fully collected himself, nodded and said, "Right, let's go in and talk. You must be exhausted from the trip."

Qin Yanyang was pulled inside, and Yang Fei also followed them in, smiling.

Yang Changjin, excited about his nephew's return, left his neighbors without caring much; meanwhile, Yang Hao was very composed, telling everyone he would come back later with his brother to greet them, then sent everyone off and closed the large iron gate outside the courtyard.

In the main hall, a large round table, only used during festivals, was placed in the center, wiped clean, with plates of chicken, duck, fish, meat, and seasonal vegetables from the village.

Seeing this table full of food, Yang Fei felt an increased sense of familiarity.

"And there's crispy rice soup, my favorite!" Yang Fei laughed heartily. "I didn't like it much as a kid, but I've come to crave it as I've grown."

The uncle hurriedly filled a big bowl for him, "If you want it, eat a bowl first."

Yang Fei didn't hold back, bringing the bowl to his lips, rotating his hand around the bowl. In one round, he almost finished the whole bowl.

"Comforting, just the taste I remember," Yang Fei said happily.

The uncle then brought a bowl over to Qin Yanyang, looking a bit restrained as he said, "Yanyang, right? You're from the city. Although this soup might not look the best, it's quite nutritious. I don't know if you're used to it."

The crispy rice soup indeed didn't look appealing at first glance with its burnt, crispy rice giving it dark yellow flecks swirled in thick rice soup.

Indeed, Qin Yanyang had never eaten such a thing before, but she smiled and took it, gracefully sipping from the edge of the bowl.

Hmm?

The rich, primal aroma of rice mixed with crispy rice hit her nose, and it tasted excellent.

She took another sip and started to fall in love with it.

However, being a lady and having grown up in such a family, she couldn't possibly finish a large bowl of soup in one go like Yang Fei. Instead, she savored it slowly.

"It really tastes good, very fragrant," Qin Yanyang praised.

Qin Yanyang's uncle and aunt visibly sighed in relief.

However, Yang Fei knew Qin Yanyang's temper well; even if she genuinely enjoyed eating such rice crust porridge, or if she did not like it, with her emotional intelligence, she would still behave in a way that satisfied his uncle and aunt.

"Dad, Mom, you're being partial, huh? I am your biological daughter and I also haven't been home for months," Yang Wen complained as she saw her brother and sister-in-law receive VIP treatment while she was neglected.

"Okay, okay, Wenwen, you have a portion too," Li Guiju quickly served a bowl to Yang Wen, looking at her daughter dotingly, a face full of pride.

This girl had made them proud, being the only one from the village to have been admitted to a 211 university, truly bringing honor to the Yang family.

"Uncle, Aunt, please sit and eat too," Yang Fei said.

Yang Changjin and Li Guiju sat down.

Although it was noon, having returned only once in ten years, Yang Fei was joyous and had a couple of drinks with his uncle.

Qin Yanyang also toasted his uncle several times, thanking him for raising Yang Fei and the like, moving the uncle to tears repeatedly, and since it was his great-nephew's wife offering the toast, he did not refuse, quickly becoming flushed and red-eared.

Towards his aunt, Yang Fei was no less generous with his words of appreciation; looking back now, she truly was one of the best aunts one could ask for.

Even though she often surreptitiously saved the tastier food for her own children when he was young, in major aspects, she took good care of Yang Fei.

For a rural woman to treat a non-biological child as well as the aunt did was already perfect.

As an adult, after encountering more people and situations, Yang Fei realized how good his aunt was, even surpassing the vast majority of educated women in cities in terms of the care and tolerance she showed him over more than a decade.

At the dining table, the family enjoyed harmonious and joyful moments together.

Yang Hao, a little over a year younger than Yang Fei, was twenty-one this year and would turn twenty-two by the end of the year, reaching the legal age for marriage.

Originally, the uncle and aunt wanted to take advantage of Yang Fei's return and the festive atmosphere of the New Year to arrange for Yang Hao and Huang Qiaoqiao to get married.

In rural areas, it is common for those who did not pursue further studies to marry and have children early while their parents are still young enough to help with raising the kids, allowing the young couple to focus on earning money.

But now, with the Huang family calling off the engagement, Yang Hao was deeply hurt, sullen and despondent.

Yang Fei and Qin Yanyang could tell that although his uncle and aunt were happy with their visit, they occasionally saw Yang Hao drinking morosely, and expressions of heartache and helplessness would appear on their faces.

Perhaps in their hearts, they were still silently blaming themselves for being unable to provide better conditions for their son, to the extent of losing the daughter-in-law who was almost part of the family.

Seeing his cousin finishing his meal first and silently smoking in the yard outside, Yang Fei really wanted to help him, but he had no experience in such matters and did not know how to offer comfort.

Qin Yanyang observed all this and, for the first time as a lady of status, she experienced the helplessness and despair of ordinary people, which greatly moved her.

After the meal, the uncle, who was quite drunk, was helped by the aunt to the room to rest.

Qin Yanyang looked at Yang Fei and said, "Do you want to help your brother?"

Yang Fei nodded, then sighed in helplessness, "How can I help? Don't be fooled by my cousin's young age; he is a tough nut to crack. The Huang family looks down on us for being poor, and Yang Hao feels like he's been stabbed in the heart. It would be hard for him to get back together with Huang Qiaoqiao."

Qin Yanyang rolled her eyes at him, "What do you know? It's obvious that Yang Hao still cares about Huang Qiaoqiao. It all depends on what Huang Qiaoqiao thinks herself. Should we help them?"

Seeing Qin Yanyang so confident, Yang Fei's eyes lit up.

Right, he might be clueless, but his wife was a university professor, well-read and well-bred; she surely had a way.

"How can we help?" Yang Fei instantly perked up, looking at Qin Yanyang expectantly.