

My Wife Is A Miracle Doctor In The 80s

#Chapter 1 - 1 She Became Matcha –

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“Dr. Tang, you’ve arrived.”

The passing nurses all greeted her with a nod.

“Yes, I have,” Tang Yuxin adjusted her glasses. Underneath the clear lenses, her eyes were black and soulless. She smiled, faint lines appearing at the corners of her eyes.

“Dr. Tang seems to have aged a lot, hasn’t she?” a nurse cautiously remarked.

“Indeed,” another nurse kept her voice low. “Between us, don’t spread this around, but Dr. Tang has divorced. Her husband had an affair with her younger sister, and was caught in the act by Dr. Tang. She has been cuckolded and now she’s like a matcha.”

“Really? That’s terrible for Dr. Tang. She worked so hard, even sent that man abroad for studies and look what happened.”

“That’s men for you, always fond of beauty, of something new. No man would like a homely woman like Dr. Tang who works all day like a nun. She’s only 33 but looks like a woman in her forties.”

The two were whispering about Dr. Tang, unaware that the woman they were discussing was not far from them, holding a glass of water. She placed a hand on her ear, tucked her hair behind it, revealing her not so young skin.

Divorced in midlife, childless, life had been frustrating and pathetic for Tang Yuxin.

She turned around with the glass in her hand. She had only taken a few steps when she saw a man walking towards her, leaning on the wall for support. He stumbled, almost falling, shook his neat short hair and tried to take another step, but his body lurched forward, about to fall.

But he didn't feel the anticipated pain of falling. He opened his eyes to see a female doctor supporting him with her shoulder.

"Mr. Gu, are you alright?"

He wanted to speak, but the dryness in his throat just made his lips quiver. He then lost consciousness, the last memory being the reflection of his emaciated likeness in the doctor's eyes... He looked like a ghost, barely alive.

Tang Yuxin rubbed her shoulder, and turned back to the single room assigned to high-ranking officials. She wasn't responsible for this room – it had a dedicated doctor. The man was one of their most special patients.

It was a pity, even a high-status didn't save him from his disease.

She put her hand on her arm, as if driven by some spirit, yet unsure why.

As habituated, she tucked the loose hair at her temple behind her ear. In her hand was Mr. Gu's file.

Gu Ning, 38 years old, divorced, his ex-wife, Zhang Xiaomei.

Zhang Xiaomei, a name Tang Yuxin was familiar with. Together they grew up in the same village, but Zhang Xiaomei was the Golden Phoenix who had made it big. She married into wealth, coddled by her high-ranking husband who even donated his kidney when she fell ill. But a few years later, Mr. Gu fell ill, and Zhang Xiaomei divorced him.

Tang Yuxin didn't know who was less empathetic in the world, men or women.

Closing the wardrobe, she put on her clothes, ready to go home. But the word "home" was like a cruel joke to her. Could the place she was going back to still be considered a home?