

## My Wife Is A Miracle Doctor In The 80s

### Chapter 13: Chapter 13: Dropping the Child

Tang Zhinian immediately dropped the farm tool he had been holding and ran inside. When he entered the house, he saw Sang Weilan standing stupidly aside, while his daughter Tang Yuxin's tiny body was sprawled on the floor like a little ball, crying loudly.

"Xinxin..." Tang Zhinian's eyes were almost red. He ran over, covering the distance in a few large steps, and quickly picked up his daughter. Tang Yuxin's forehead had swollen up significantly and she was gasping amidst sobs.

"Don't cry, don't cry, Daddy's here."

As Tang Zhinian spoke, he couldn't help but shed tears. He cherished his daughter like the apple of his eye, and had always been extremely careful with her. Even when Sang Zhilan insisted on working and left their baby with him, this man went from house to house, begging for milk, to raise her with sheep's milk. He made sure that Tang Yuxin didn't suffer or get hurt.

But now, his child's forehead was swollen with a huge bump.

"What have you done? Why did you push my daughter?" Tang Zhinian's voice bordered on a shout, his eyes inflamed with anger.

"I didn't, I swear I didn't..." Sang Zhilan was also stunned with shock, so much so that she'd forgotten to help Tang Yuxin. She hurriedly tried to explain her intention of just grabbing a piece of clothing, but regardless of her explanations, Tang Yuxin had fallen over. That was the undeniable reality.

"What right do you have to take my daughter's clothes?" Tang Zhinian ripped the clothes from Sang Zhilan's hands, "Sang Zhilan..." he gritted his teeth, his eyes frighteningly red, "Fine, you want a divorce, I will give you one, but Xinxin, I absolutely will not hand her over to you. Have you ever fed her a mouthful of milk? Have you raised her? Have you ever changed her diaper? Where were you when she called for her mother? The first word she learned was 'Daddy', not 'Mommy'. I've raised our daughter with so much effort and you think you can just leave? Fine, leave if you must, as long as you treat her well. But tell me, what have you done? What have you done?"

Tang Zhinian held his daughter even tighter. The small child, barely a year old, was still sobbing, with a huge bump on her forehead – it was red and swollen, an alarming sight.

Tang Zhinian picked up his daughter and started walking towards the door. Tang Yuxin pulled on his clothes.

“What’s wrong? Does it hurt a lot?”

Tang Zhinian gently brushed his daughter’s small cheek, the rims of his eyes reddening as though he was about to cry.

“Daddy, don’t let mom take my clothes. She’s bad.” She rested her head on Tang Zhinian’s shoulder, her lowered eyelashes concealing the cold glint in her eyes.

Not a single item of hers would Wei Jiani get in this lifetime, not even a thread.

“Zhijun, gather the clothes and keep them. Don’t let them get stolen.”

Tang Zhinian carefully hugged his daughter and instructed his brother. In the past, he was worried that his daughter might choose to leave with Sang Zhilan. After all, she might still love her mother. If that was the case, no matter how heartbroken or reluctant he was, he would have let Sang Zhilan take her. But now, he realised that he was utterly wrong in his thoughts. Sang Zhilan was not fit to be a mother.

No, he was wrong again. Sang Zhilan was indeed a good mother, but she was not a good mother to Tang Yuxin.