

My Wife Is A Miracle Doctor In The 80s

Chapter 17: Chapter 17: The Strange Grandfather

So this is it.

Chen Zhong put down the watering can and turned to see the child Tang Zhinian was cradling in his arms. Unlike her usual crying and fussing, she seemed to be sniffing something. Had she smelled something?

“Uncle Zhong, could you take a look at my little girl?”

Tang Zhinian set Tang Yuxin down, took her tiny hand, and walked her into a room.

Tang Yuxin obediently allowed her father to lead her by the hand. Her eyes curiously scanned the various plants Chen Zhong was raising indoors. It was really just some plain grass, without flowers or branches. Was it any different from the wild grass covering the mountains?

But it had a simple and pure scent. The grass swayed faintly with the breeze that came from the window, giving off a tantalizing, womanly grace.

How strange.

She looked up and gave Chen Zhong a smile, her eyes curving into adorable crescents.

“Hello, grandpa.”

She politely addressed him without needing any prompt from adults.

Tang Zhinian lovingly stroked her petite head. He had no idea when the child became so well-behaved and intelligent.

Chen Zhong had a straight face, not one for unnecessary smiles or laughter, but there was a hint of kindness in his eyes. It was as if a ray or two of light had seeped into a perpetually dark corner, enabling one to see the dust particles dancing in that light.

He reached out and placed his hand on Tang Yuxin’s forehead.

“How did you hurt yourself?” He asked. With gentle pressure, Tang Yuxin began to feel a slight ache in her head. It wasn’t exactly comfortable, yet she didn’t shy away.

“She fell.” Tang Zhinian’s expression briefly darkened before deciding not to mention that Yuxin’s own mother had pushed her. Of course, by pushed, it was Yuxin herself who had said it, but it was a fact that Sang Zhilan had accidentally pushed her.

“Does it hurt here?” Chen Zhong asked Yuxin after pressing a spot.

“No,” Tang Yuxin bit her lower lip, “it’s sore.”

“Sore?” Chen Zhong raised an eyebrow and pressed another spot.

“Numb.”

He moved his hand slightly upwards and pressed again.

“Sore, numb.”

Yuxin frowned, but withstood the discomfort. If it were any other three-year-old, they might have cried their eyes out by now.

After checking the locations, Chen Zhong removed his hand and held it behind his back, “Don’t worry, it’s nothing serious.”

“Thank you, Uncle Zhong,” Tang Zhinian touched his daughter’s small head, and was relieved now knowing his daughter wasn’t seriously injured. He feared any possible brain injury which the village doctors wouldn’t have been equipped to detect. He was told she needed to go to a big hospital for a check-up, but the village hospital was too far and required expensive fees which he could not afford. Hence, he sought help from Uncle Zhong.

Tang Yuxin kept stealing glances at that graceful little plant. Somehow, she had come to like it, and the faint chilly aroma she had sniffed earlier.

Yes, what she smelled was a cool, refreshing aroma. Standing there, she felt as if all her senses had been heightened.

Tang Zhinian then picked her up, preparing to take her home. Tang Yuxin kept looking at that non-grassy grass, non-orchatid-like plant until they left.

The scent had faded by the time they reached the door, but there was still a hint of unidentifiable aroma lingering in her nostrils.

Inside, Chen Zhong continued tenderly taking care of the plant, delicately watering it without spilling a single drop.

