

My Wife Is A Miracle Doctor In The 80s

Chapter 5: Chapter 5 She Came Back to Life

The man quickly finished what he was saying, set down his bowl, and hurried to the kitchen to make a steamed egg for his daughter.

As he left, Tang Yuxin reached out and gazed down at her own hands. They were tiny, with short, slender fingers like miniature chicken feet. Her skin was as soft as cotton. Biting her finger, she carefully climbed down from the bed and went in search of a mirror, according to fragments of memory she had.

The rural home they lived in was self-built. The only mirror was a large one embedded above the wardrobe. She ran to the mirror but was not even half its height yet. The three-year-old child reflected in the mirror was her.

Big eyes, small face, and hair tinged with a dry yellow hue.

Her hand reached to touch her face and, simultaneously, the child in the mirror did the same. Then, she pressed her face against the mirror.

Had she returned? Was she back home?

“Xinxin...” Unable to find his daughter inside the house, Tang Zhinian was panicked. Where did the child go? Could she have wandered to the toilet on her own?

“Xinxin?” Putting down the bowl in his hand, he was preparing to search for his daughter when he turned around and saw Tang Yuxin standing in front of the mirror. Both her tiny hands clung to the mirror, standing there barefoot, her feet stark against the floor, neither socks nor shoes on.

“Why aren’t you wearing your shoes?” Walking over, Tang Zhinian gently picked her up and placed her on a chair. He then wiped her small feet with his hand. His rugged face bore an unwavering expression of love for his little girl.

Tang Zhinian was a big, strong man with a kind and honest demeanor. His biggest pride in life was his daughter, Tang Yuxin. Seeing how fragile and endearing she was, he was certain she would grow up to be a beautiful young woman.

“Daddy will get the egg for you,” he teased, touching her cheek before standing up to go to the kitchen. Little did he know, as he turned away, Tang Yuxin’s typically cheerful eyes turned dark, devoid of any light. Suddenly, two big tears squeezed out of her eyes.

She quickly wiped her face clean with her sleeve and reached down to touch her soft and tender toes.

A three-year-old child. Yes, that's it—a three-year-old child.

Not long after, Tang Zhinian returned, looking much younger than he would be in thirty years. His back was straight, his waist unwrinkled, and his hair was black. He labored in the fields to support his family. There was nothing wrong with earning a living by the sweat of one's brow.

He squatted down, took the spoon, and began to feed his daughter.

Tang Yuxin ate her food bit by bit without being as fussy as she used to be. She remembered how picky she was as a child, rejecting this and that dish, yet her father always pampered her, preparing all kinds of delicious food for her. Yet, ever since her parents divorced, she ended up living with her mother, Sang Zhilan, and she had to correct all her spoiled tendencies because of her younger yet more spoiled stepsister, Wei Jiani. Every good thing, be it food or clothing, always went to Wei Jiani first, and she ended up wearing Wei Jiani's cast-offs.