

My Wife Is A Miracle Doctor In The 80s

Chapter 6: Chapter 6: Dad in His Youth

If she was the princess before going to the Wei Family, then it could be better said that she was truly a princess when she had a father.

For her, there are too many unreliable people and things in this world. Even her biological mother planned her entire life, leaving her to wonder whom she could rely on or trust. Therefore, after her divorce, she lived alone. At that point, she realized that the one who loved her most in the world was not her mother, but her father, whom she had always despised for being ugly, poor, stupid, and incompetent.

A dad is a real dad, but a mother might belong to someone else.

“My little Xinxin is behaving so well today.” Tang Zhinian gently pinched his daughter’s small face. His rough fingers brought a touch of sincerity. Tang Yuxin cracked a smile. Her wrinkled eyes looked incredibly beautiful as she forcefully swallowed the tears that were threatening to fall.

She wouldn’t cry, yes, she wouldn’t cry.

Now that she’s seen her dad, she will fulfill in this life the filial piety she couldn’t fulfill in her past life. The mistakes she made in this life, she would make up for in this life. The people she feels guilty towards, she’ll repay herself.

Tang Zhinian was pleased. His daughter was exceptionally obedient today and she wasn’t picky about food anymore; she finished a whole bowl of eggs. Previously, she rejected so many things: she wouldn’t eat eggs that were too soft or too firm, she wouldn’t eat without soy sauce, she wouldn’t eat anything that was broken. Today’s carefully steamed eggs were still somewhat broken, but thankfully, she didn’t complain and ate them all.

Only after Tang Zhinian wiped his daughter’s little feet clean with his own sleeves could he manage to find her shoes to help her put on. Although he, Tang Zhinian, had little to his name and was buried in the busy farmwork from dawn till dusk with little hope of providing his daughter with a comfortable life, he gave everything he had to raise her. Other children wore homemade clothes, sometimes with patches; it was a common sight in these austere times.

However, Tang Zhinian never let his daughter wear patched clothes. He bought her clothes from the town, saving food from his own mouth to provide for his daughter. No matter how hard life got, even if he had to go hungry, he would never allow his daughter

to suffer. Regardless of others favoring sons over daughters, his love for his little Yuxin was unquestionable. Even her name was given by the village's primary school principal.

When Tang Zhinian reached out to carry his daughter, Tang Yuxin gently shook off his big hand. "Dad, Xinxin can walk by herself." No matter what, she was an adult. Inside, she was a thirty-something year old soul with the life experience of three decades. She couldn't possibly let her father carry her, although she was currently very young, very young indeed.

"Alright," Tang Zhinian chuckled, ruffling his daughter's head, "Has my Xinxin grown taller?"

Tang Yuxin started to follow her dad, taking small short steps behind Tang Zhinian. Her legs were too short, her steps too small, but Tang Zhinian always matched her pace, fearing she might fall.

When they got outside, Tang Yuxin squinted her eyes against sunlight, shielding them with her small hand. The warm light fell like raindrops on her face and her onion-like petite fingertips.