

My Wife Is A Miracle Doctor In The 80s

Chapter 7: Chapter 7 – It's Great to Have a Dad

She hadn't left her father yet. Nor had she left home. Was everything about to begin anew?

Outside the village, there was a large river. In the early days, people used to draw water for drinking from this river. The water was clear and there were fish in the river. The adults in the village liked to catch fish in the river, and the children, having grown up by the river, were excellent swimmers. Tang Zhinian was no exception. In terms of swimming, Tang Zhinian was the best in the village. He would dive in, hold his breath for a while, and when he emerged, he would have already caught a big grass carp over a foot long.

The small grass carps caught were placed in a bucket. Tang Yuxin sat on a rock, looking at her small bucket, breathing in the fresh air of the country. The air had the smell of earth and a hint of water's freshness. This was life in the 1980s. The simplicity of village life, its poverty, but also the honest living, where everyone minded their own business. Although life wasn't perfect, a harmonious family life made it blissful.

She placed her little hand on her thigh, and pinched her leg secretly. It hurt, but she smiled.

Now, she was finally sure that she had been reborn, back to when she was three years old. At that time, she was still a little princess, doted on by her father.

As people said, having a stepmother meant having a stepfather, and having a stepfather often meant getting a stepmother.

She was nothing but a tiny, unimportant cabbage in the field, suffering hardship with her stepmother and stepfather.

However, it was different with her father. Her real father truly loved her; he was her only real family. In her previous life, she must have been blind to follow her mother. The living expenses delivered by her father every month didn't benefit her much. When her sister ate noodles, she was left with the soup. When her sister drank soup, she had to lick the bowl. Even her husband ended up belonging to her sister.

If in this life, she's stupid enough to become a nanny for others again, she'd rather jump into the river and end her life.

At this moment, a large hand was placed on her head, "Let's go home. How about Dad makes fish soup for you?"

"Ok," Tang Yuxin replied with a joyful smile, her arched eyes sparkling and clear.

Seeing his daughter's joy, Tang Zhinian felt his heart melting. He picked up his daughter with one hand and carried the bucket in the other, heading home.

Tang Yuxin felt slightly embarrassed. After all, she was already over thirty years old. But her father at the time was truly young, only about twenty-five. He was tall and strong thanks to constant labor in the fields, filled with physical strength but not much brain power. It wasn't that he was stupid, but rather that he was too honest. He was the kind of man who only knew how to give, treating his wife and daughter well, never realizing that his wife was always scheming against him, a simple, straightforward countryman, even having their daughter in on it.

Tang Zhinian made Tang Yuxin sit on a small stool where he could keep an eye on her. From time to time, he would glance over to see what she was doing, whether she was behaving and whether she could stay still, while his hands never ceased working.

He skillfully killed and cleaned the fish. In the village, which man wouldn't just find somewhere to sit, put his feet up on the table, and wait for his wife to serve him they finished eating, they'd leave their bowls and stroll around with their hands clasped behind their backs.