

My Wife Is A Miracle Doctor In The 80s

Chapter 8: Chapter 8 This is Uncle 2

Unlike Tang Zhinian who perhaps due to growing up in poverty and losing his parents at an early age, the responsibility of taking care of his younger brother was hard to bear. But when he finally tied the knot with a beautiful woman, introduced to him through an acquaintance, he was grateful beyond words. This, he felt, was perhaps a blessing earned from the good deeds of his past lifetimes. He loved her deeply, never wanted her to lift a finger, and when they had a daughter, he loved her deeply as well. Even though he hadn't had a son, he cherished and adored these two special women in his life.

However, the very thought that his wife was seeking a divorce and planning on leaving with their daughter was like a stab at his heart. The stinging pain, the involuntary tears welling up in his eyes – he barely escaped cutting his own hand while lost in these thoughts.

Quickly shaking off the unnecessary emotions, he focused on preparing soup for his daughter. No matter what, he would never let Xinxin leave him. His wife must remarry in the future and may have other children, and he feared his Xinxin might suffer hardships.

As for himself, he had no plans to remarry. He would devote his entire life to raising his daughter, hoping she would be able to get an education at a university. By doing this, he would do right by the Tang family ancestors. Now, he no longer wished to keep his wife, knowing he couldn't hold on to her. He was just a man from a rural area with no particular skills, while Sang Zhilan had a job, a government job. He knew, he wasn't good enough for her, and she wasn't interested in him. Therefore, the divorce was inevitable.

However, he would not let Sang Zhilan have his daughter. She, who couldn't even cook properly, how could she raise his daughter?

He put the fish into the pot, waiting for the soup to cook. He walked over and crouched on the ground, lightly touching his daughter's cheek. Today, Tang Yuxin seemed a bit out of the ordinary, not as talkative as she usually was.

"Xinxin, what's on your mind?"

Tang Yuxin shook her head, then bestowed upon Tang Zhinian a grin.

Seeing his daughter's adorable expression, Tang Zhinian cuddled her, held her hand, and made her sit at the table outside.

“Just a bit longer and the fish soup will be ready. Xinxin will be able to enjoy it soon.”

“Hmm”, Tang Yuxin nodded vigorously, giving the impression that she was maturing with each passing day, becoming more obedient and better-behaved.

In no time, Tang Zhinian brought a bowl of fish soup. But when he tried to feed Tang Yuxin, she shook her head. Taking the spoon in her own tiny hand, she began drinking the soup. As one who had been using chopsticks for thirty years, she found the spoon hard to handle and spilled some soup despite being careful.

Nevertheless, Tang Zhinian showered praises upon his daughter, causing her to blush.

As Tang Yuxin was struggling with her bowl of fish soup, there was sudden hurried footsteps from outside, getting increasingly chaotic.

“Big bro...” a voice sounded from afar.

Tang Yuxin lifted her head to see a young man in his twenties standing at the door. He looked a lot like Tang Zhinian but was more refined, like a scholar.

Was this...

Her second uncle?

Yes, her second uncle. The one she had long forgotten. He had died young when she was about three years old. He died in an accident while digging the village's septic tank when the earth collapsed on him. His death was immediate. In those days, medical facilities were inadequate. There was no possibility of post mortem examination. Hence, he was buried hurriedly. It was only later, when the village relocated the grave, they found out that he died due to a broken thigh and several broken ribs, which had probably punctured his viscera.