

My Wife Is A Miracle Doctor In The 80s

Chapter 9: Chapter 9: Still Need to Leave

Her pitiful uncle from her previous life was childless, so she was the one burning paper money for him every Qingming Festival. But over the years, she was too young, and could barely remember what her uncle looked like. All she heard was how capable her uncle was; he was good at learning, handsome and skilled – a pity luck didn't favor him, so he was unable to attend college. But if he were still around, at least his temper would differ from that of Tang Zhinian. Tang Zhinian was too good-natured, without a temper – enduring all grievances he faced. Unlike Tang Zhijun who defended his honest elder brother, even though he was educated, he wouldn't bother with reasoning. He would go straight to using his fists.

Furthermore, he'd learned martial arts from a master for a few days, which improved his agility remarkably. He made a name for himself in the village. Even though he looked refined, in reality, he was a martial artist.

Just a capable man like this met such an untimely and tragic end. After his death, no one else would stand up for Tang Zhinian. Villagers said that had Tang Zhijun lived, Tang Zhinian wouldn't have led such a life, handing all the money he'd painstakingly earned to his ex-wife to raise another man's daughter. His own daughter, meanwhile, barely had enough food or clothing.

Tang Yuxin was still in a daze when someone suddenly picked her up. Turning around, she saw a pair of smiling eyes, which belonged to an intellectual yet strong man.

"Does our little Xinxin miss uncle? Uncle misses you dearly."

"Look at this," he held Tang Yuxin with one arm and went through his pocket with the other, handing her a handful of peanut candies, and shoved them into her pocket, "Xinxin, remember not to give these candies to anyone, not even mom, ok?"

"Okay," Tang Yuxin nodded, reaching a hand into her pocket, "Xinxin won't give them to mom, but to dad."

Tang Zhinian's eyes well up with tears upon hearing that. He quickly turns around, dries his tears using his sleeve, and scoops out some fish soup from the pot into a big bowl.

"Here, have some fish soup," he places the bowl in front of his younger brother.

"Thank you, brother."

Tang Zhijun cradled Tang Yuxin in one arm while lifting the bowl with the other, guzzling down more than half of it.

Hand her to me please. After Tang Zhinian received his daughter, he noticed Tang Yuxin's languidity, her long eyelashes drooping weakly. Realising she's tired, he covers her with a blanket. Seeing that she's asleep, he stealthily walks out and sees Tang Zhijun still holding his bowl, finishing the last of the soup.

"What is it, brother? Is she asleep?"

Tang Zhijun asked softly.

"Yes, she's asleep," replied Tang Zhinian, taking the bowl to help himself with whatever little was left. Not picky, he filled the bowl with half boiled water from the kettle and started drinking.

"Brother, is sister-in-law still planning on the divorce?"

The thought of it made Tang Zhijun frown. A perfectly good family and now talks of divorce; their child is already so big. Sang Zhilan initially willingly married his brother. He always thought Sang Zhilan wasn't suitable for his easy-going brother, but the latter was smitten, so there was nothing he could do. The two brothers sold nearly everything they had to marry her home. After the marriage, she refused to do this and that, complaining about the rural toilets being dirty, his brother being dirty – she was just not a woman meant for a domestic life. Now she was inciting divorce, an unprecedented event in their village.