

A Snake 50

Chapter 50 Pulmonary Shadow

Chen Decheng took a swig of his liquor and said, "Yuanyuan, I'm sorry, but it looks like this restaurant won't be able to continue."

To conceal my real name, ever since I started working here with Su Xiaomin, Chen Decheng and his wife have always called me Chen Yuanyuan, never once getting it wrong.

"The business has been pretty good lately, what a pity to close it." Xiao Li happened to overhear and looked puzzled.

Chen Decheng remained silent.

Around him, there seemed to be an invisible low pressure.

Chen Shufen's face wasn't looking good either, as she tried to smooth things over, "Let's eat, everyone, start eating before the food gets cold."

Apart from Chen Decheng and his wife, Xiao Li and I were at the dinner table.

There were also five chefs from the kitchen, who had been working at the restaurant for many years and were highly experienced.

Xiao Li pulled me to the side and muttered, "It's over, there's crab in the dishes, it must be a farewell meal for sure."

"It looks like it." I replied quietly.

I truly hadn't expected that the restaurant I had joined just half a month ago would end up not being able to continue.

Xiao Li continued, "The chefs in the kitchen will find it easy to get jobs, but we two are doomed."

I nodded in agreement, not having a special skill makes job-hunting quite challenging.

Let's see what the boss and his wife have to say in a bit.

There might still be hope for the restaurant to keep going.

Midway through the meal, Chen Decheng tapped his glass on the table and raised it for a toast, "Nothing more to say, it's all in this glass of wine."

Xiao Li and I, holding our chrysanthemum tea, made a show of clinking cups together.

The men, after downing Erguotou, were all flushed in the face from drinking.

The people working in the restaurant were exceptionally loyal, and they rallied around Chen Decheng, offering their shoulders, asking about his troubles, suggesting they could face any challenge together.

It was only then that Chen Decheng took a long drag on his cigarette and said helplessly, "I went for a checkup this morning at the hospital, there's a shadow on my lung, and it's highly likely it's malignant."

"Then you shouldn't still be smoking, boss," one of the chefs commented as he plucked the cigarette from Chen Decheng's mouth.

Chen Decheng had an air of resigned recklessness about him, "It's already in the late stages, what's there to fear? Might as well enjoy life while I can."

Hearing her husband speak this way, Chen Shufen covered her face and began to cry from sorrow.

She was known to be quite fierce, but Chen Decheng had always been understanding of her.

Their relationship as husband and wife was incredibly close, the most exemplary couple I had ever seen.

To the wife, the husband was her world, and if she were to lose him, it would be as though her world had collapsed.

Chen Decheng hugged his wife, pressing her head into his chest, "Stop crying, everyone's watching, aren't you embarrassed?"

"But you haven't had the detailed examinations yet, right? The results might not be bad," I said softly, gripping my cup tightly.

Chen Decheng looked at me, his gaze deep, "The X-ray is already done, the doctor isn't optimistic."

Chen Shufen also seemed very disheartened, "If it weren't so serious, we wouldn't have specially invited everyone to have this meal and talk about it."

Thus, Chen Decheng's X-ray was passed around among everyone's hands.

None of us were medically knowledgeable, but we tried to find a sliver of hope in the X-ray.

The shadow was especially pronounced.

For Chen Decheng, a regular smoker deep in his middle age, it seemed his diagnosis for a serious illness was unavoidable.

If it were confirmed, the restaurant definitely couldn't continue.

It would need lots of money and time for treatment, with no guarantee of keeping his life.

The burly men, robust in stature, had red-rimmed eyes from holding back tears.

By the end, everyone was drunkenly sprawled across the table.

Even Xiao Li was thoroughly intoxicated.

Seeing that Chen Shufen was still relatively sober, I handed her a freshly made sachet, "Madam, this is a sachet that is said to ward off illness and disaster. Could you let the boss wear it from now on, to always keep it on him?"