

The 80s 427

Chapter 427: Sick

Cheng Su screamed as she opened her eyes to find the room already tinged with the light of dawn.

Her gaze fixed on the canopy above her for a moment, her consciousness slowly returning, but she felt an oppressive heaviness all over, sticky as if she had been washed in water. When she reached up to touch her forehead, it was burning hot!

Was this a fever?

Cheng Su sat up in bed, feeling sore and weak all over. She shook her head, which only intensified the pain, and felt throbbing in her hands, too.

She lifted her injured hand to look at it, frowning slightly. Could the fever have been caused by the injury?

Indeed, had she become so vulnerable just because of a wound?

Swallowing her saliva, she suddenly felt a dry mouth and parched throat. As she rolled out of bed, she couldn't stand and fell back onto it, suddenly bursting into tears.

"Qi Taiguo, where are you? I feel so awful," Cheng Su cried into her bed, overcome with misery and sorrow.

However, she knew that no matter how much she cried, he wouldn't appear at this moment, and she still had much to do.

After crying for a while, she wiped her tears, endured the discomfort to wash up, and swallowed two cold tablets from the drawer, followed by two big glasses of warm water.

Sitting at home for a while, Cheng Su had no appetite for breakfast. She nibbled on two dry slices of bread and dressed to leave the house.

Life certainly was hard for her. With Qi Taiguo out on a task, Ying Xiaoya in trouble, and Ning Ge having abandoned his duties, she just had to fall ill at this time—it really was an unlucky year.

After taking the medicine, her head felt heavy and foggy. Cheng Su took a car to the company, where Mai Yanmei gasped in shock upon seeing her.

"President Cheng, what's wrong with you? You look so pale and awful!"

Cheng Su managed a weak smile, "I'm not feeling very well. Don't bother with tea today, just bring me hot water."

"Oh," Mai Yanmei hurried to fetch the water for her and noticed her bandaged hand, asking, "What happened to your hand?"

"I cut it with a knife," Cheng Su said, cradling the cup. "Ying Xiaoya is taking a few days off and won't be here. Make sure you sort out the office work, prioritize the urgent matters, and if you can't decide on something, leave it be for now."

"Oh, okay."

"Is Zhu Lifen here today? Call her for me," Cheng Su asked. With no one in the company to handle important matters and herself sick, she needed someone to take charge.

"She's here, I'll go get her!"

Zhu Lifen quickly came from the next office, and like the others, exclaimed in alarm at Cheng Su's appearance, even daring to feel her forehead.

"It's burning up! You must have a high fever, President Cheng. Should we take you to the hospital? Getting a fever in the winter is serious."

Cheng Su shook her head, her head throbbing as if drilled into, and said, "I've already taken some medicine; I'll wait and see. I called you because Ying Xiaoya is absent for a few days, and I really can't stand it today. I might not be able to oversee things here. When I leave, you'll have to take over. With the guests, you know what to do and Wang Bo and the others should be back today."

It was only in times like these that she realized the company couldn't function without a capable executive—having to handle everything herself. With both bosses out of commission, they really should consider hiring a professional manager.

"I understand, President Cheng, you should go back and rest now. Drink plenty of hot water!" Zhu Lifan urged quickly.

Cheng Su nodded. She felt terrible, her body alternately hot and cold.

She called the restaurant to say she wouldn't be coming in today and, after arranging a few work matters, finally picked up her bag and left.

She had barely been gone ten minutes when a phone call came in.