

The 80s 429

Chapter 429: Distant Relatives Aren't as Good as Close Neighbors

When Cheng Su opened her eyes again, the room was pitch black, and she had no idea what time it was. She turned her head slightly, and something fell off from above her head, resembling a towel or something.

Light seeped in through the crack of the door. She sat up slightly, reached for the lamp cord dangling by the bed, and with a click, the lamp turned on.

On the blanket lay a towel, folded into a square. On the back of her left hand was a needle, and by the bedside hung an infusion bag, now empty.

Cheng Su touched her forehead—the fever had subsided quite a bit, but she was still hot and her head heavy. She called out, "Who's out there?"

Her voice was rough and hoarse, as if abraded by sand, very coarse.

The conversation outside halted, and someone approached. Cheng Su's heart thumped with anticipation.

The door opened, revealing the face of a young girl. Cheng Su's hope immediately faded.

"Sister Su, you're really awake," Qiulan said with joy on her face, asking, "Are you hungry? There's still porridge warm in the pot. Shall I get you some?"

"Oh, she's really awake," said Hualing and Chunhua, following Qiulan.

"You're all here?" Cheng Su's mouth curled slightly as she pointed to her throat and looked at Qiulan.

She was terribly thirsty!

Qiulan understood and quickly brought her water to drink.

"Hualing, you're a nurse. Take a look at her. The IV must have finished, right?" Chunhua nudged Hualing.

Hualing pursed her lips, walked over, checked, and said, "It's finished!" Then she set about removing the needle.

After removing the needle, she felt Cheng Su's forehead with one hand and her own with the other, before getting the thermometer from the nearby table and tucking it under Cheng Su's armpit.

"The fever has dropped quite a bit, but you probably still have a low-grade fever. You'll need to be careful tonight; it might come back," said Hualing.

Qiulan promptly said, "I'll stay here tonight. Commander Qi is away, so my sister told me to stay here for a couple of nights to take care of you."

Touched, Cheng Su replied, "How can I trouble you with this? You have work tomorrow. I'm feeling much better now; I can manage on my own."

"I wouldn't hear of it. Doctor Xie said your fever reached forty degrees, suggesting you might have gotten sick due to your injured hand's weakened resistance that caught a chill. It's no problem for me. When my sister was in her postpartum month, I stayed up with her and helped change the baby's diapers as well," Qiulan said with a smile.

Gratefully smiling, Cheng Su asked, "What time is it now?"

She only remembered someone knocking on her door during the day, then her memory became quite hazy.

"It's almost ten o'clock," Guihua said, glancing at the small clock outside.

"So late already. Then you all should go back and rest. It's enough that Qiulan stays with me," Cheng Su hurriedly said.

"It's no trouble."

Seeing that it was about time, Hualing took the thermometer from Cheng Su's underarm. It read 37.5 degrees—still a low-grade fever.

"Eat something, then take your medicine. You might have a relapse tonight," Hualing said indifferently.

"I'll get it," Guihua said quickly.

Cheng Su felt a silent sigh of appreciation. These neighbors, though not particularly close or intimate on a daily basis, were quite eager to help when something came up.

She had a family, a man, and parents, yet when illness struck, she found herself without support, relying instead on these neighbors.

What's that saying? Better a near neighbor than a distant cousin—it was indeed true.

Qiulan took the bowl of porridge from Guihua and fed it to Cheng Su, saying, "Sister Su, this porridge was boiled on Commander Qi's orders."