

## Chapter 931 The Secret Mission From Frank

"What are you looking at?" As Elizabeth was about to look out of the window, Janet quickly drew up the curtain and said, "Nothing. There were people quarreling about something downstairs, but they've gone now."

Elizabeth bought her words and didn't ask more questions.

Janet remembered she had asked Elizabeth to see Frank last week. She asked, "Did Frank talk to you about your hand injury?"

She had sent a message to Frank, but his reply was a little strange. Why had he referred to Elizabeth as a special patient?

Janet decided she could ask Elizabeth in person now.

Elizabeth's eyes twinkled. She answered, as if nothing had happened, "He said the same as my previous doctor. I don't think Frank can fix it."

Actually, I'm afraid no one can fix me."

She clenched her fists and comforted Janet, "It's okay. Worst case scenario, I'd just quit design. I could still live a normal life."

"It's not like that, and it's still an illness. So don't talk nonsense. Are you certain Frank can't cure it? He's the best doctor I know." Janet couldn't believe it.

Elizabeth looked a little embarrassed. She didn't know how to explain the situation to Janet.

In fact, Frank had asked her to see a therapist, saying her problem was purely mental instead of physical. Elizabeth still didn't know whether to take his suggestion or not.

She really didn't want to see a therapist.

After her chat with Elizabeth, Janet went back to her seat and continued her work.

Later, she used her bathroom break to call Frank.

"What's really wrong with Elizabeth? Why is she saying that even you can't cure her?" Janet felt sorry for Elizabeth, remembering the pained expression on her face.

Elizabeth was a truly talented designer. Janet

didn't want her to give it up because of a hand injury.

"Did Elizabeth tell you that?" Frank said, annoyed.

"Don't listen to her nonsense. She's just trying to get out of it. No need to worry. I'll cure her!"

Janet was relieved. Just as she was about to hang up, Frank stopped her. "Wait a minute. I'll need your help with something."

After hearing what Frank was going to do, Janet hesitated and said, "I don't think it's a good idea."

"What's wrong? It's for Elizabeth's treatment."

Frank hung up the phone before Janet had any chance to say no.

Just then, Elizabeth just made herself a cup of coffee. She hadn't finished designing Derek's suit yet. There was plenty of time to get it done, but she was afraid her hand injury would slow her down, and planned to start the design early, just in case.

She picked up her pen. The moment she put any pressure on her fingers, a tearing pain came from her palm. Elizabeth clutched her trembling fingers. Luckily she had painkillers stored in her desk and


she immediately opened the drawer to look for them.

Sure enough, there was the pill bottle. She opened it and poured out the pills. There were only two left.

"How come there are only two pills left?" Elizabeth frowned and tried to recall how many pills she had taken over the last few days, but the pain in her hand clouded her mind.

She put the last two pills in her mouth and swallowed them down. The pain in her hand began to subside right away.

Elizabeth had no idea that Janet was watching her from a distance. She sent Frank a message, saying that she had completed her secret mission as ordered.

Frank replied with an "OK" immediately, but she didn't hear from him after that. Janet didn't understand why Frank had asked her to do it. 

In the afternoon, Elizabeth finished a first simple draft of the design. She had a meeting with Janet to discuss her design direction.

During the meeting, Elizabeth was on good form,

organized and orderly. She didn't seem ill at all.

It seemed that Frank's plan had worked. Janet was pleased, but kept it to herself.

All of a sudden, Elizabeth stopped, apologizing to Janet, "I'm sorry. I need to leave for a bit."

Elizabeth ran out in a hurry, grabbing her hand. Janet followed her.

Elizabeth ran back to her desk, rummaging through the drawers.

Finally, she found a new pill bottle right at the back. With trembling hands, she unscrewed it.

It was another bottle of painkillers, obviously.


Just as Elizabeth was about to take the pill, Janet snatched it away.

"Why are you here?" Elizabeth was confused.

Janet didn't expect Elizabeth to have so many painkillers. She grabbed the bottle and said, anxiously, "Do you know how much damage these painkillers can do to your body? They're highly addictive if you take too many! And painkillers won't help you anyway!"

Elizabeth was in so much pain that her face was

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all twisted up, but she still had a clear head.

She frowned and questioned Janet, "How did you know I took painkillers? And what makes you say they can't help me?"

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