

## Chapter 933 You Do Not Need Painkillers At All

Frank walked over to Elizabeth as soon as he saw her and asked, "You have an appointment with the therapist today. Why didn't you go?"

Elizabeth kept silent for a moment and glared at Frank. After a while, she sneered, "Doctors nowadays have no professional ethics, do they? Are you even allowed to disclose a patient's privacy?"

Frank averted his gaze guiltily. He knew that Elizabeth was angry, so he didn't want to argue with her. Instead, he said carefully, "We can talk after you calm down."

"Stay away from me!" cried Elizabeth in agitation. She turned left angrily without looking back, leaving no room for Frank to explain himself.

"Wait..." Janet exclaimed as she reached out her hand in attempt to stop Elizabeth. She wanted to chase after Elizabeth but was stopped by Frank.

"Elizabeth is emotionally unstable now. She won't listen to us. You go home first. I'll handle it from here," he said calmly.

After much thought, Janet nodded and said worriedly, "Elizabeth was in a bad state when we were in the studio just now. Keep an eye on her. Don't let her do anything stupid."

Frank nodded and was about to chase after Elizabeth when he was stopped by Janet.

"You're going in the wrong direction. Elizabeth must have gone home. Go this way instead," said Janet in surprise as she pulled Frank back. "Do you have no sense of direction?"

"Ridiculous. How can I have no sense of direction?" replied Frank confidently.

Janet pointed toward the direction of a shortcut and said, "Take the shortcut. You might be able to catch up with her."

Frank ran in the direction of the shortcut as soon as Janet finished.

In the meantime, Elizabeth was high on alert. She was afraid that Frank would follow her, so she specially made a detour home.

Frank thought he was following the route of the shortcut that Janet mentioned. However, after a while, he felt that every street looked exactly the same. He then decided to take one of the one-way streets instead.

Fortunately for Frank, he met Elizabeth again along the road.

Elizabeth panicked at the sight of Frank. In a hurry to shake him off, she ran across the road despite the traffic light flashing the red man. Suddenly, consecutive honks blared and she turned to see a large truck coming in fast towards her.

"Watch out!" cried Frank as he ran toward her.

He caught her in the nick of time and dodged the truck. In a flash, Elizabeth heard the truck passing by her side and she couldn't help trembling.

She realized that she was not really indifferent in the face of death. In fact, she was afraid to die. She still had to take care of her aunt. She wanted to live well.

Elizabeth buried her face in Frank's arms. She held on tightly to him and took a few deep breaths to calm herself down.



After a long time, Elizabeth raised her head. Her heart was beating rapidly and she felt her body burning.

She tried to push Frank away but he caught her hand. Feeling stubborn, she said, "I'm fine now. Let me go."

Frank pulled Elizabeth to the pavement and held her hand tightly. "Listen to me carefully, or I won't let you go," he told her sternly.

Elizabeth was already a lot calmer. She knew that Frank was just looking out for her, so she nodded.

"I only asked Janet to help me prove my theory. The medicine you took this afternoon was vitamins. However, why was it that you could still draw so well?" Frank was confident in his conjecture and assured, "There is only one conclusion. You don't need the painkillers at all."

Having known that Janet had switched her pills, Elizabeth reanalyzed her situation calmly. It turned out, Frank had found the key to her problem.

"There is something wrong with me mentally and I need psychological treatment..." admitted Elizabeth. Although she admitted her problem, she

didn't think visiting a therapist would really work.

She only decided to accept the psychotherapy to get Frank off her case.

Frank smiled and let go of her hand. "In that case, we have to arrange an appointment," he said gently.

Elizabeth crossed her arms and laid out her terms, "Fine. I will only go to the therapist 5 times with you. If there is no improvement, I will give up completely. You also can't ask Janet to monitor me anymore after that." ?