

## Chapter 915 The Source Of The Pain

Elizabeth was so embarrassed that she wanted to hide from Frank's hawk-like eyes. Unfortunately, she had no choice but to admit the truth. "Yes, it's pethidine."

It all started a week ago.

Elizabeth went back to the hospital for a follow-up consultation.

The doctor pushed his glasses up the bridge of his nose as he carefully examined the X-ray image of Elizabeth's hand.

"It's not a bone injury so there is nothing to worry about. Once the wound heals, you can use your hand like you normally do." The doctor assured Elizabeth.

"But I kind of always feel a dull pain in my hand." Holding her wrist tightly, Elizabeth told the doctor what had been happening these days. "I had this ex-boyfriend, whenever he crosses my mind, the

ex-boyfriend, whenever he crosses my mind, the pain in my wound increases."

"It could be because the wound on your hand hasn't healed yet. Tearing and straining will cause a certain degree of pain," the doctor explained.

Elizabeth admitted the reason why she really came.

"Actually, I was wondering if you can prescribe me some painkillers. There were times when the pain in my hand was so intense it was hard for me to sleep. I'm afraid it will affect my work in the future."

"Taking an excessive amount of painkillers can lead to addiction. I suggest you go home and rest for now. And we'll see what happens. With your condition, I can't prescribe more painkillers for you."

The doctor refused and let out a sigh.

Left with no other choice, Elizabeth went back home. The moment she arrived home, she received a call from the police station. The police told her that Jorge had committed suicide at the police station and that the case was suspended.

It felt as though energy was drained out of her body. As soon as the call ended, Elizabeth's vision turned blank and her legs gave out, leaving her

falling to the floor as she burst into tears.

"Why are you sitting there? Get up!" Elizabeth's aunt had just gone back from grocery shopping when she saw Elizabeth crying her eyes out.

"Auntie, my hand hurts." Elizabeth's eyes were bloodshot. She squeezed her hand tightly, trying to suppress the piercing pain.

Her aunt didn't know what to do. She held Elizabeth in her arms and tried to comfort her by muttering unintelligible words. "Why are you crying for that unworthy man?"

Elizabeth wiped her tears away. Her hand was so painful she could barely speak. She wasn't crying because of Jorge. Her tears were for her own future, which she was now uncertain about. She was a designer, but her hand hurt to the point that she couldn't hold the pen. Did it mean that her career was over?

The pain in her hand only increased after that. Elizabeth's only option was to take the painkillers prescribed to her aunt.

"What are you doing? Are you crazy? This is not something you can have!" Her aunt had been

wondering why the medicine seemed to be getting less and less recently. She got her answer when she caught Elizabeth stealing her pills. "What's wrong with you? You'll get addicted just like Jorge!" Since then, her aunt had kept the medicine hidden away.

Elizabeth resorted to secretly purchasing the pills on the black market and putting it in a vitamin bottle. She was aware of how addictive it could be, so she controlled the dosage. She would only take two pills when her hand was too painful.

"That's it." Elizabeth told Frank everything.

For a moment, Frank squeezed his eyes shut. Then he took the bottle from Elizabeth's hand. "You took the medicine by yourself, completely disregarding the doctor's advice! This is really dangerous!"

Elizabeth gritted her teeth, "I have no choice! The doctor can't tell what's wrong with me. If I don't take painkillers, I can't work at all."

"Show me your hand." Frank's expression was sullen. He spread his hand open, waiting for Elizabeth to show him her own.

Elizabeth shook her head in refusal.

But Frank grabbed her wrist and Elizabeth immediately clenched her hand into a fist while she resisted.

Frank held Elizabeth's wrist tightly. The looked in his eyes suddenly changed and he scolded, "How can I treat you if you don't show me the problem?! I want to help you!" 1

Frank's insistence was successful because Elizabeth finally calmed down gradually.

Elizabeth took a deep breath and gazed at Frank with caution. Frank's expression was cold while his eyes had a glint of concentration and persistence. It gave her a sense of relief.

As she slowly opened her hand, time seemed to slow down. Silence surrounded them and Elizabeth could hear her heart pounding in her chest.

Frank lowered his head so he could look at the wound on her hand. "It's healed."

The wound healed very well. Logically speaking, Elizabeth shouldn't be feeling any more pain.


Just then, Frank recalled what Janet had said. She told him that it was Elizabeth's ex-boyfriend, Jorge,

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who had hurt her.

However, after Jorge failed in poisoning Janet, he suddenly committed suicide.

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