

Chapter 910 Locked Up In The Office

Frank kept quiet. He lowered his head as his hand met his forehead. It seemed something was bothering him.

"Dr. Watson, I..." Elizabeth tried but still failed not to come closer to him again.

Without raising his head, Frank said coldly, "Please go out. I'm not working today. All the appointments have been postponed."

Elizabeth was instantly discouraged. As a doctor, she expected Frank to be professional. But reputable doctors could at times be impudent. So she did not say anything more and just turned around to leave, feeling unsatisfied.

To Elizabeth's surprise, the door she had just closed wouldn't open!

Elizabeth twisted the doorknob again and again as anxiety riled her up. But no matter how hard she tried, the door just wouldn't budge. She turned to Frank, embarrassment evident in her voice as she

explained, "It's not that I don't want to leave. I just can't open the door."

"Why did you close the door?" Frank asked, sounding distressed. "The lock of this door is broken. Once the door closes, it will not open. I haven't had it fixed yet." As he spoke, Frank stood up, aiming for the lounge chair to lie on.

Frank massaged his eyebrows, seemingly out of energy.

Frustration took over Elizabeth. She had not realized until now why Frank had kept his office door open from the very beginning.

Apparently, the lock was broken.

"I'm so sorry." Elizabeth apologized then cautiously suggested, "Do you know any of the nurses' numbers? We can call them and ask them to find a locksmith to open it." Elizabeth went back and sat on the chair. She looked at the man on the lounge chair.

"I don't save the nurses' numbers in my phone." Frank's voice was so low it was practically a whisper.

Elizabeth clutched her bag. She had no idea what to say, much less do. Finally, she got up and

walked back to the door, thinking of calling out for help. Then she heard a snore from behind her.

She looked back and saw Frank on the lounge chair, deep in sleep. He had his legs crossed and an arm covering his eyes.

Their awkward situation made Elizabeth uneasy and self-conscious. She knew better than to wake him up and so remained silent. Elizabeth slumped back on the chair. She was bored and opted to read a book she picked up randomly in the room. But the medical book made no sense to her. All she did was scan the human anatomy sketches inside.

While she was reading, Janet sent her a message asking if she already went home since she said on the phone earlier that she couldn't seem to find Frank.

Elizabeth could sense Janet's anger and anxiety even from her words. She could only explain that she didn't leave, but waited patiently for treatment from Frank.

Then Janet asked her impression of Frank.

Phone in hand, Elizabeth turned toward the sleeping man, letting her eyes study him from head

to toe.

Frank had a tall nose and thin lips with sharp edges. Even without seeing his entire face, she could tell how cold and indifferent he must look like.

Sadly, he also looked very haggard. Considering that, he wasn't handsome at all.

She told Janet that she found Frank a bit unprofessional and casual.

They chatted for a moment longer before finally ending the conversation. Frank remained asleep throughout.

Elizabeth let out a sigh as her eyes wandered around Frank's office. A photo on the desk took her attention.

In the photo, Frank had a bachelor's suit on and a glint of vibrancy on his face. It should be taken the day when he graduated from the med school. Compared to what he looked like now... Well. Being a doctor wasn't easy, it seemed.

Just then, Frank shifted to his side and curled up. He looked cold. Perhaps the window was not closed properly, and the wind leaking in blew cold air into the room.

Elizabeth stood up and scanned the room in search of a blanket but found nothing. She then took off her coat and placed it on Frank.

Now Frank's knitted brows smoothed and he slept more soundly.

Leaning against the desk, Elizabeth propped her chin up and stared at the sleeping man. She wondered when Frank would wake up. She actually skipped dinner to see Frank.

But boredom and exhaustion took a toll on her. With her eyelids drooping, Elizabeth yawned and soon fell asleep. 5