

Chapter 913 Treat You To Dinner

Elizabeth took the coat from his hand. "Thanks," she said with a nod.

"I should be thanking you," Frank replied. "I just noticed all the documents on the table had been tidied up. Was it you who helped me pack things?" He stood still, trying to keep his breath steady.

"I'm sorry. I moved your things without your permission," Elizabeth explained, flustered. "I'm a neat freak; I hate to see things in a mess."

Her cheeks burned with shame.

"I was busy with a surgery today and my table was really messy." "I thought you were a patient who'd snuck into my office without an appointment," Frank said apologetically. "I'm sorry about my attitude."

Frank seemed genuinely remorseful.

"It's okay," Elizabeth assured him. "I'm not looking for treatment anyway; I'm afraid of what the doctors might say. I've seen several doctors and

they've all given me the same diagnosis. I was afraid it would be more of the same this time."

Elizabeth finished speaking and prepared to leave. When she was about to put on her coat, she paused. There was a dirty black handprint where Frank had touched it.

Frank looked down at his hands. They appeared to be stained with machine oil.

"Well..." he said awkwardly, not knowing where to look. "My hands must have gotten stained while I was helping Wade pick up his tools just now. He should have cleaned his toolbox!"

Elizabeth was amused by Frank's sheepish expression.

Frank cleared his throat and took back Elizabeth's coat. "I'll have it cleaned and brought back to you," he said.

"Okay," Elizabeth agreed. "I'm not in any hurry to wear it now." She didn't know what else to say to ease the awkwardness.

Pointing at an empty bench not far from where they stood, Frank said, "Let's sit down and have a chat. I've seen your medical records. Most hand troubles are caused by nerve damage, and the

chances of a complete recovery are high."

Elizabeth looked doubtful. "But there are patients who never recover, aren't there? Do their hands tremble for the rest of their lives?"

"Every body works differently," Frank replied, suddenly aware that Elizabeth was nervous. "I can't say for sure. I would never give up on any patient, but sometimes it does depend on the patient's own will to recover. The treatment process won't be easy."

Frank couldn't tell whether Elizabeth had heard what he'd said.

She was staring at her injured hand, lost in thought. Elizabeth recalled the awful scene where Jorge had waved the knife at her. Her fingers trembled slightly, and the wound began to ache.

Suddenly, Frank's stomach growled, interrupting her thoughts. Emerging from her reverie, Elizabeth asked, "Dr. Watson, would you like to have dinner?"

Frank stood up, embarrassed. "You waited for me for a long time. Janet sent me a message saying you'd come here straight after work. I guess you haven't had dinner either. How about we get dinner together? It'll be my treat, to apologize for

offending you just now."

At the mention of Janet, Elizabeth's mood wavered.

"I've troubled her too much."

Frank smiled, and thought of Janet and Brandon.

"Well, she and her husband both care about their friends a lot, and..." They always managed to get him to clean their mess.

He kept the last part to himself though.

"Sorry, what did you say?" Elizabeth hadn't heard him clearly.

"Nothing," replied Frank, shaking his head. "Are we going to have dinner?" He looked at her expectantly.

"I'd love that," said Elizabeth, smiling. She did feel very hungry.


Frank nodded, adding, "Just wait for me here for a moment. I've been on duty for two days and haven't changed my clothes. I don't think the restaurant would let me in." He walked over to his office.

Elizabeth remained on the bench. She wasn't waiting for long; Frank emerged with his coat after about ten minutes.

He had changed into a white sweater and white

shoes, and contrasting trousers.

He looked clean and tidy, and his hair was no longer unkempt. Despite his proclivity for coldness, he was an undeniably handsome man.

 I want no ads >