

## Chapter 909 Is He Frank

Elizabeth walked into the office at the corner.

Seeing Frank's nameplate hanging on the door, she raised her fist and knocked. "Hello? Dr. Watson? Are you in there?"

The door budged, but no one answered.

Elizabeth gently pushed the door open and glanced around. The office was empty.

Coincidentally, a nurse walked out of the office next to Frank's. Elizabeth poked her head out and asked the nurse, "Hello. Is Dr. Watson still operating at this time?"

The nurse, with her head lowered, leafed through the papers on her clipboard, and answered, "I'm not sure, but it's late, so he is probably out for dinner. You may wait for him in his office if you want."

Elizabeth nodded. Then, she went back inside Frank's office and made herself comfortable.

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Frank's office was different from what Elizabeth had imagined. Doctors in TV shows always seemed to be neat freaks. All their things had their proper places and were arranged in an orderly manner.

In comparison, Frank's office was in a state of organized chaos. All the books and other reading materials seemed to be stashed randomly. Also, the office was decorated very simply. There wasn't much other than a desk and a few chairs.

A pillow was on the floor beside the deck chair. It must've fallen there. Elizabeth picked up the pillow and, without really thinking about it, began to

straighten up the place.

When she was finished, she checked the time and realized that almost an hour had already passed. It was also getting dark outside.

She didn't want to wait for nothing, so she called Janet.

"Janet, I think Dr. Watson isn't here. I've been waiting a long time, but I haven't seen him. How about I come back tomorrow?" Elizabeth felt helpless.

At this time, Janet was already home, lying in her man's arms, and watching TV. She replied, "That's impossible. I asked Brandon to call the hospital as soon as I was done with work, and he told me that Frank was still there. You can wait a little longer. Maybe Frank is almost done with whatever he's doing."

"But I'm afraid that he'll just tell me the same thing. I've seen several doctors before." Elizabeth was afraid that she'd just receive another blow from Frank. She was concerned that he'd tell her that he didn't know what was wrong with her hand and had no idea how to fix it.

"Maybe the doctors you saw before didn't perform a thorough examination," Janet comforted her over the phone.

"You always like saying nice things, don't you?" Elizabeth sat on the chair, feeling exhausted.

"It's impossible that your hand can't be cured. If anyone can fix it, it's Frank. His skills are legendary in the medical industry." Noticing that Elizabeth's voice took on a low timbre, Janet felt concerned.

Elizabeth pursed her lips. With a bitter smile on her face, she said, "If my hand is already a lost cause... Then maybe it's retribution."

Feeling even more anxious, Janet replied, "Don't be so negative. Frank is a great doctor. I'm sure he can help you. And did I mention that he's also good looking? You can— Ouch! Brandon! Why did you pinch me?" 3

Elizabeth became more depressed. She said with a sigh, "I'll let you go now. You just got home from work. You should rest. I'll talk to you later, okay?"

Before Janet could say anything else, Elizabeth hung up and then left Frank's office.

But as soon as she walked out the door, she

bumped into a male doctor who was taking off his surgical gown.

"I'm sorry," the doctor apologized without raising his head.

Elizabeth looked up at him and found that he looked exhausted. He looked very slovenly, and there were dark circles under his eyes. He put his lab coat over his shoulder, walked past Elizabeth like a ghost, and shuffled into Frank's office.

Then, Elizabeth snapped back to her senses. Was that man Frank Watson?

But he looked totally different from what Janet had described. He was disheveled and appeared dispirited.

Elizabeth wasn't sure if the man was the handsome doctor that Janet had been talking about.

She hesitated for a few seconds and then followed him into the office. When she entered, the doctor was sitting at the desk, motionless and downcast.

Elizabeth knocked on the door twice, cleared her throat, and then asked, "Hi. Are you Dr. Watson?"