

## Chapter 1092 Dinner For Four

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Sophia was a wonderful cook. The fish and roast chicken dishes were sensational.

Janet forgot her troubles and focused on the delicious flavors.

"Try the lobster. Frank bought it when he heard Elizabeth likes seafood. He brought us mountains of the stuff." Sophia served some lobster onto Janet's plate.

"Thank you, Aunt Sophia. You should eat too." Janet dished out some food for Sophia as well and then glanced at Frank and Elizabeth.

Elizabeth was very quiet, and Frank hadn't eaten much. He fastidiously removed the fish bones for Elizabeth and shelled the shrimp for Sophia.

Janet was amazed by Frank's thoughtfulness. When she first met him, he had seemed cold and difficult to get along with. His love for Elizabeth revealed a much more gentle and generous side to him.

"Aunt Sophia, I have peeled some shrimp for you."  
Frank placed a plate of shrimp in front of Sophia,  
and then he went to the kitchen to get the vinegar.  
"It tastes even better with vinegar."

"You peel shrimp with your surgeon's hands?"  
Although Sophia teased him, her smile revealed  
how happy she really was.

"You must have been here a lot of times. You seem  
very familiar with where things are kept," Janet  
said, chuckling.

Frank blushed, and a haze of shyness softened his  
eyes. He sat beside Elizabeth and said, "Not that  
many times actually."

Elizabeth burst into laughter. He resembled an  
awkward teenager. She pinched his red ear and  
looked at Janet. "We've been training him up. Let  
me tell you, Frank didn't even know how to cut  
meat when he first came here. He doesn't do  
housework at home. That first dinner here, my  
aunt had bought some pork back. She asked Frank  
to help her cut it into pieces, and he dropped the  
meat on the floor. His expression back then was  
hilarious."

"I can help now. I've made a lot of progress," Frank said, nudging her shoulder.

Chuckling, Elizabeth squeezed his cheek. "We must be excellent teachers, because you are highly skilled now."

Sophia laughed. "I can testify that it was Elizabeth who taught him. Before he met my niece, Frank could use a scalpel, but not a kitchen knife. I didn't think he would become a skilled cook in this lifetime."

The room filled with laughter. It felt good to Janet to be around such simple joy.

Janet's lips curved into a smile. Elizabeth had met someone who adored her.

Believing the three women were making fun of him, Frank said, "I had no opportunities to learn how to cook. Among my friends, Brandon's the only one who can cook, but he's always busy with work. He never had time to teach me. How is his cooking now?" He looked at Janet and asked, "Is he a good cook? Can he really cook as well as he claims? Or was he simply bluffing in front of friends?"

Janet's expression froze and she didn't reply.

Elizabeth tried to ease the tension. "You know Brandon is a busy man. He won't cook often. It isn't polite to ask his wife such a question."

"It's well-known that Brandon loves his wife very much. I would hope he cooks for her," Frank said softly.

The three of them then studied Janet, who kept her eyes on her plate.

"Let's just eat. Don't mention him." Elizabeth kicked Frank under the table.

It occurred to Frank that Brandon and Janet were still fighting. He stopped talking and concentrated on his food. When he raised his head, he saw acute loneliness and anger in Janet's gaze. He coughed nervously.

"Eat slowly," Sophia said, passing him a glass of water.

When dinner ended, Frank and Elizabeth cleared the table. Janet and Sophia were watching TV in the living room as if nothing had happened.

"Feel free to join them," Frank offered. "I can wash the dishes." Frank took the dishes from her hands and kissed her cheek.

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+90 Points at most

Elizabeth smiled, squeezed his shoulder, and kissed him back. "Thank you."

Frank took the dishes and cutlery into the kitchen, smiling happily. After putting them into the sink, he took out his phone.

"Who are you texting?" Janet asked, leaning against the door frame.