

Chapter 916 Listening To His Advice

"Do you want to know what I think?" Frank said as he let go of Elizabeth's hand.

"Okay. Go ahead." Elizabeth was eager to hear it.

"Maybe your body isn't the problem. But rather, because of the traumatic experience, your brain doesn't realize that your hand has recovered and gives the wrong signals. And that's why you still feel pain." As he spoke, he was gesticulating a lot, pointing at Elizabeth's chest and her temple and trying to make sure she followed.

Hearing Frank's words, she became much more relaxed. "So, what should I do?"

"I want to ask something first." Frank stroked his chin. "When you feel pain, do you recall any specific memories? Like, are they all related to Jorge?"

"Sir, Ma'am. Here is our set menu for couples. Please, enjoy." The waitress came over with the

dishes and interrupted their conversation. Holding the tray, feeling smug, she said, "Miss Perry used to love the couples' set menu here. The chef knew she was coming tonight, so he added a special side dish. But I wasn't expecting her to have the couples' menu with her new boyfriend..." 3

Frank interrupted her in a sharp tone, "Please don't bring up the past. It's all over now. Elizabeth is with me now. I don't want her to be stuck in the past. Besides, her ex hurt her. He's not worth remembering." His Adam's apple was bobbing slightly. He didn't actually sound angry, but his words were quite sharp.

Frank's response took Elizabeth by surprise. She turned to look at him across the dimly lit table.

"I'm really sorry. Shall I take these dishes away?" the waitress rushed to apologize.

"There's no point wasting the food. Just leave them here." Once the waitress had left, Frank picked up his cutlery. "I'm not coming back to this restaurant. These people are just ignorant, and I don't think the place will stay open long."

Elizabeth began cutting the steak in silence.

"And these, I'll keep for you." He reached for the painkillers on the table. "I don't think your hand hurts because you haven't recovered. It's purely for psychological reasons. Take some time to talk to a therapist this weekend with me. Otherwise, your hand will never fully recover."

"I'm not free this weekend." Elizabeth shook her head. She was reluctant to see a therapist. She had been to one before with Jorge and it didn't end well. Jorge had been even worse to her after the consultation.

After that, she just considered seeing a therapist an expensive and unnecessary luxury.

By the time the two had finished eating, it was dark outside.

"Thanks for the treat. I'm going home." Elizabeth waved a taxi down.

Frank opened the car door for her. "Stop taking that medicine. I will do more than confiscate it if I find it on you again."

"You don't have to worry about that. Since you explained my condition to me, I'll stop taking those pills." Elizabeth nodded and got in the car.

Tossing the medicine bottle around in his hand, Frank murmured to himself, "Will she really obey me?" ①

He watched the taxi leave and sighed. "She must go to a therapist."

Frank had a feeling that Elizabeth wouldn't be easily persuaded.

He found Elizabeth's number and saved it to the contacts list.

Just then he noticed the message Janet had sent an hour before.

She was asking about Elizabeth's condition.

Frank shook his head. Smiling, he said to himself, "Brandon and his wife always cause me a lot of trouble."

Frank quickly replied to the message, "Thanks to you and Brandon, I now have one more special patient." ④