

## Chapter 978 She Is My Sister

Frank took the lilacs that Elizabeth had placed on the sofa, intending to chase after her.

But before leaving, he said to Salome, "Mom said that she learned some new recipes that she wanted us to try."

"Ugh! I don't want to try her new recipes. This is all your and Dad's fault. You're always praising her for her cooking," Salome complained. She seemed really down about trying out her mother's cooking.

Out of curiosity, the nurse asked, "Wait a second. Mom and Dad? Dr. Wilson, isn't Dr. Watson your boyfriend? Are you actually married already?"

Salome chuckled and shook her head. "I would never marry an unromantic man like Frank. He's been picking on me since we were kids. If I marry that guy, we'll just end up fighting day in and day out!"

She then looked at Frank's receding back and continued, "My mother married his father. That's how we ended up being step-siblings. Even though

Frank is always picking on me, he's not a bad person. He takes good care of me and my mother."

Back when Salome was still a student, her classmates were always alienating her and sometimes even bullying her because she was a new student in her class. Back then, Frank just went to her class and fought off her male classmates who had bullied her.

All these years, she had treated him like a real brother, and she hoped that he could be happy.

Frank got out of the clinic, running at full speed. The petals of the lilacs in his hand were falling down along the way. Pretty soon, he was behind Elizabeth, out of breath.

It was then that Elizabeth heard someone gasping for air behind her. She turned around and asked, "What are you doing out here?"

Sweat was trickling down Frank's forehead. Elizabeth took out a tissue from her purse and handed it to him. She was about to hail a cab and get back home.

Frank accepted the tissue, but he didn't bother to wipe his sweat and just focused on explaining

himself. "Please understand that Salome is my sister. We're not in a relationship!"

Elizabeth became embarrassed. The reason she left earlier was because she did feel jealous, because she thought Salome was Frank's girlfriend. By the time she pulled herself together, she found that she had already walked far away.

She was too embarrassed to go back, so she just stood at the pavement, hoping to hail a cab in dismay.

"I see." Elizabeth nodded, not bothering to say anything else.

Frank grew even more anxious. He couldn't understand how she felt about him. He wondered if she hated him or liked him. Or did she just think of him as nothing more than a friend?

Not wanting to keep on guessing, Frank gathered his composure, took a deep breath, and said, "I don't want to lose you just because of a minor misunderstanding, Elizabeth. You were my patient, and I didn't want to take advantage of that and confess my love to you. All this time, I've been holding in my feelings for you. But now that you're

slowly recovering, I want to tell you that I like you, Elizabeth. Are you willing to be my girlfriend?" 3

He then handed her the flowers. But because he ran intensely a while ago, there weren't many petals left.

Frank withdrew the flowers in awkward silence.

Even after waiting for a few moments, Elizabeth still hadn't said anything.

The excitement Frank felt earlier was gradually dampened. This was the first time that he ever confessed to someone, and he didn't expect that she'd react this way.


Chuckling bitterly, he said, "I'm sorry if it's too sudden. I understand if you can't give me an answer right away. I'll give you some time to think about it."

He looked really dispirited. When he was about to walk away, Elizabeth held his hand. Her heart was practically racing by now.


"Salome said that I'm doing really well. I'm no longer a patient, and I will let go all of the bad memories that Jorge left me. So..."


Frank turned his gaze back to her. Before he could

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even react, Elizabeth stood on tiptoe and leaned closer to him.

Soon, her soft lips touched Frank's. 

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