

When His Eyes Opened Chapter 955

Chapter 955

Avery knew that Elliot and Eric had a bad relationship, so she found it rather strange to see them standing together.

"Nothing to talk about," Elliot looked at Eric coldly and answered Avery. "Eric is worried about your bedroom life, so he reminded me to exercise a little more."

"Don't you guys have anything better to talk about?!" Avery's cheeks turned red and she walked away angrily.

Eric lost his cool when he saw Avery getting angry. "How shameless can you be, Elliot!"

Elliot answered nonchalantly, "Not as shameless as you, I'm afraid. Words are no indication of a man's prowess. Instead of worrying whether or not I can still get up, you might as well find a woman to prove that you're still able." Eric left in a huff after hearing that! "You're toast," Mike said to Elliot. "When Layla finds out that you pissed Eric off, she'll definitely be mad at you!"

Elliot felt a throbbing in his temple.

He could not possibly chase after Eric.

Then again, he did not want to make Layla angry either. "I've got a way," Mike said immediately. "You should leave too. That way, Layla won't be mad at you."

Elliot frowned.

He did not want to leave just yet!

He was going on a business trip soon and he would not be able to see the children for a week. For that reason, he wanted to spend a little more time with them.

After thinking about Mike's proposal carefully, Chad persuaded, "Mr. Foster, I think it's better that you leave, or else Layla will get angry and it'll take a long time to get her to come around. Besides, Avery's angry now too."

A cold chill flashed across Elliot's eyes.

To think that Eric-a defeated rival – Would dare to provoke him! If Eric had not started the provocation, he would not have fought back at all.

After he left, Mike went to coax Avery. "They're gone now. Don't get mad, alright. There's still plenty of guests here!" Avery frowned and remarked resentfully, "You guys have crossed the line." "I swear, that had nothing to do with me or Elliot. Eric was the one who started it," Mike explained, "It's because he can't win your heart that he's against Elliot. Of course, you don't have to blame him. After all, he's young and hot-headed. It's normal for him to be a little impulsive."

"And does that mean you need to be just as impulsive too?" Avery retorted, "It's not like he'll

go further if you don't add fuel to the fire." Mike laughed and changed the subject, "By the way, has your relationship with Elliot improved today? I saw you taking the initiative to look for him a couple of times."

Avery had a cold expression and played along with him. "Sure, it has! We even agreed to get married tomorrow!"

The smile on Mike's face disappeared immediately. "I was wrong. I shouldn't have joked with you. Take a deep breath and calm down. In the meantime, I'll go see what the children are doing."

Elsewhere, at Elliot's home, Mrs. Scarlet wondered why Elliot came back so early but did not dare to ask why.

"I suppose you haven't eaten yet, Master Elliot?"

"Yeah." Elliot took off his jacket and threw it on the sofa.

"Get some rest. I'll make something for you right now," Mrs. Scarlet said, then walked quickly toward the kitchen.

Elliot picked up a glass and fetched some cold water to drink.

The water was cold, but his body still felt hot.

He loosened his shirt collar and strode toward the second floor.

He walked to the window and closed the curtains after entering the master bedroom. Then, his slender fingers reached for his shirt placket as he undid his buttons one by one.

At this moment, his eyes suddenly glanced at the paper on the bedside table.

It was the same piece of paper that his bodyguard sent over the previous night. Printed on it was the surveillance screenshot of the strange middle-aged man the night before. Elliot walked over, switched on the light, and held up the piece of paper.

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Elliot stared at the photo of the middle-aged man once again, but he still did not have a clue as to who that was.

Perhaps this man appeared near the mansion and smiled at Elliot last night because he really did have a psychological disorder.

Elliot scrunched up the piece of paper, tossed it into the trash, then walked into the bathroom and closed the door behind him.

After Mrs. Scarlet saw Elliot go upstairs, she immediately went into the kitchen and called Mrs. Cooper.

"I heard that Master Elliot got into a fight with Eric Santos," said Mrs. Cooper. "Master Elliot wasn't the one who started it, though. They both left after the fight." "I see. I was wondering

why he got back so early!" "How's he doing?" Mrs. Cooper asked considerately. "He doesn't look too happy, but he seems alright." Then, Mrs. Scarlet said, "Did things go well between him and the kids today?"

Mrs. Cooper laughed on the other end of the line. "He didn't get to spend time with the kids today. He spent all day entertaining guests. Avery was the one who asked him to do it."

Mrs. Scarlet's cheeks flushed. "It looks like they've gotten much closer."

"That's right! They look better than they did before. Let's hope there won't be any conflicts between them again," Mrs. Cooper said concernedly. "Otherwise, I'd feel bad for their three children."

"Let's hope so. I'm going to make dinner now."

After his shower, Elliot walked downstairs in a tracksuit.

Mrs. Scarlet placed the dishes she just made on the dining room table.

"Dinner's ready, Mastered Elliot."

Elliot headed into the dining room, took a seat, and said, "I'm going on a business trip tomorrow. I'll be away for about a week. You can take a break and go home." Mrs. Scarlet's face turned gloomy as she said, "I haven't had a home to go back to since my parents passed away, Masterze Elliot." Elliot was slightly taken aback. "Do you want to go on a holiday, then?" Mrs. Scarlet shook her head and said, "Don't worry about me. I'm quite content just staying here atf2 home."

Elliot did not continue to pester her.

After dinner, he went into the study and did not emerge until about an hour4e later. As it began to turn dark outside, he pulled out his phone to check and see if Avery had

contacted him.

She had4e not. His expression turned glum as he could not help but feel disappointed. He returned to the bedroom and placed his phone on the nightstand. He changed into a workout tank and shorts, then headed to the98 gym. He refused to admit that Eric's words had got to him.

He had always worked out on a regular basis.

He refused to believe that he would not be able to get it up after a few years.

He once read the news of a seventy-year-old man who had gotten his middle-aged wife pregnant.

If a seventy-year-old geezer had no trouble in that department, then a man in his thirties like him should be able to perform just fine, right? It quickly turned pitch dark outside. As always, the mansion was eerily cold and silent.

Two guards were surveilling the security monitors in the surveillance room, keeping a watchful eye on any movements outside of the mansion walls.

The strange, middle-aged man better have only shown up by chance last night. Otherwise, the bodyguards would definitely not let him go if he came again today!

In all the years that the bodyguards had worked in the field, that was the first time they had come across someone as odd and as audacious as that.

At 8 p.m. that night, a dark silhouette slowly approached the Foster mansion.

The moment the dark figure appeared within the surveillance area, the bodyguards immediately confirmed that it was the same person who had offended Elliot the night before! One of the bodyguards picked up his walkie-talkie and reported to his colleagues, "The target has been spotted outside the mansion walls! He's alone and doesn't look to be armed!"