

# When His Eyes Opened Chapter 957

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Once the other bodyguards heard the report, they immediately responded, "Roger that! We're moving in!"

About five minutes later, the sound of kicks and punches as well as a man's shrill howl of pain could be heard outside the mansion.

When Mrs. Scarlet heard the commotion, she hurried out to check on things. She saw two bodyguards beating up a man and asked, "What's going on? Who's this?" One of the bodyguards took a break from hitting the man and answered Mrs. Scarlet's question., "This is the man from last night, Mrs. Scarlet! He was acting suspicious and wandering by the mansion walls. Even if he doesn't do anything bad, he still deserves a beating! Otherwise, he'll be coming back every day and making the boss mad!" "Oh..." Mrs. Scarlet took a closer look at the middle-aged man who was curled up in a ball on the ground. "Do you still remember me, Mrs. Scarlet?" The middle-aged man lifted his head, brushed the hair off of his forehead, then gazed at Mrs. Scarlet with clear, bloodshot eyes. When the bodyguard heard the man speak to Mrs. Scarlet, he immediately stopped hitting him. "Does this person know Mrs. Scarlet?"

If he does, why had he not said anything earlier?" thought the bodyguard.

"You are?" It was 'dark out and Mrs. Scarlet could not immediately recognize the man.

"Perhaps you no longer remember me. I used to work with you at the old mansion back in the day." Nathan got up to his feet with a smile.

Nathan had gained a lot of weight, so Mrs. Scarlet did not recognize him. To make matters worse, he did not reveal his name or previous position, making it difficult for her to identify him.

"Since you're a former colleague from the old mansion, come inside. We'll talk there!" Mrs. Scarlet invited Nathan into the mansion. "What was your name, by the way? Why did you

come here?" Nathan's face broke into a faint smile. "My name is Nathan White. I used to be a driver at the old mansion." Mrs. Scarlet found the name vaguely familiar.

She froze for a moment as she thought deeply. Moments later, she exclaimed, "I remember now! There used to be a driver at the old mansion named Nate! Is that you?" "That's right! I'm Nate!" Nathan laughed a manic laugh and said, "You took really good care of yourself, Mrs. Scarlet. You don't look much different from when you were 20 younger!" "Nathan White! From what I remember, you were fired! You were a thief and even messed around with the nannies, which was why old Mr. Foster fired you!"

Mrs. Scarlet was emotional, and her face was flushed. "How could I have invited such a despicable man into the house?" she thought. Just as she was about to ask the bodyguards to kick Nathan out, Elliot had heard the commotion and walked over from the stairs.

"What's going on?" Elliot was wearing a tracksuit when he approached Mrs. Scarlet.

When his eyes landed on Nathan's face, he found the answer to his question.

"Who are you?" Elliot asked coldly as he stared straight at Nathan. "Who did you come here for?"

"I came here to see you!" Nathan flashed a huge grin at Elliot. Elliot clenched his fists when he saw the hideous grin on Nathan's face.

This middle-aged man came across as sleazy and menacing. Elliot's instincts told him that he was bad news.

"Master Elliot! He used to be a driver at the old mansion. Your father fired him for bad conduct!" said Mrs. Scarlet immediately. "Just get the guards to kick him out! You don't need to waste your time on him!"

"You're just a nanny, Mrs. Scarlet. Why are you acting as if you're the head of the Foster family?" laughed Nathan as he made himself comfortable on the couch.

Elliot's patience with Nathan hit its limit.

He moved Mrs. Scarlet behind him, then stormed over to Nathan, yanked him off the couch, and socked him in the face!

"Who gave you permission to run your mouth in my home?!" Elliot snapped, then raised his fist once again. "Go ahead and hit me! You better kill me!" Nathan's bloodshot eyes were bulging out of their sockets. He spat the blood out of his mouth, then hissed through gritted teeth, "You little punk! You're not even going to ask me what I came to see you for?!" Elliot's fist was still clenched tightly and hanging in the midair. In the end, he restrained himself and lowered it down. Just as Nathan let out a heavy sigh of relief and was about to take a seat on the couch, Elliot kicked him to the floor! "The last person who acted this insolent in front of me has been dead for years," Elliot said in a chilling voice.

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Nathan had been a scoundrel his entire life and had never been afraid of anything.

However, now that he was faced with Elliot's savage, malicious expression, he felt fear for the first time in his life!

He knew that if he continued to provoke Elliot, he would be beaten to death right there and then.

He immediately swallowed the words that he had wanted to say.

He had a lapse in judgment! He had mistakenly underestimated Elliot's temper! He should not have recklessly shown up here like this.

All he wanted right now was to be able to walk out of there alive.

"Mrs. Scarlet! My ribs are broken! Hurry and call 911!" Nathan did not dare speak to Elliot, so he howled at Mrs. Scarlet instead.

Mrs. Scarlet saw Nathan lying on the ground with his bloody face and twitching body and got so scared that she began to search for her phone to call 911. "Don't go soft on this b\*st\*rd, Mrs. Scarlet!" Elliot roared loudly.

Mrs. Scarlet immediately snapped out of her daze. "Get the bodyguards to throw him out, Master Elliot! I won't ever let him step foot in the mansion again!"

Elliot shot a signaling look at the bodyguard. The bodyguard quickly approached Nathan and dragged him outside by the arm. As Elliot watched Nathan's pitiful face as he was being dragged out, he ordered the bodyguard cold bloodedly, "Throw him out further away!"

Moments later, the living room returned to its earlier calm.

Mrs. Scarlet carried a bucket of water from the bathroom and began to clean up the blood on

the floor with a rag.

She apologized to Elliot as she cleaned. "I was being unprofessional, Master Elliot. When he said he used to work with me at the old mansion, I invited him into the mansion. It's my fault that I didn't recognize him righted away—". Elliot's mood had yet to calm down. "Did he say what he came here for?" "He didn't," responded Mrs. Scarlet. "I bet he came for money, either from me or from you. He's a scoundrel with no dignity orze shame." "It doesn't look like he's afraid to die either," Elliot said in a deep voice. "A scoundrel like him doesn't even know what it means to be afraid. Otherwise, he would not act this recklessly. If he ever comes by again, we should get the bodyguards to beat him up. I don't believe he truly isn't afraid to die."

Elliot strode over to the bathroom.

He felt like his hands were dirtied after punching Nathan4e earlier.

After Mrs. Scarlet cleaned up the blood, she disinfected the floor, then used an air freshener to get the stench out of the living room.

While she did all of this, moments from the past replayed in her4e mind.

Nathan White was not an honest person, but she found him rather strange. Back when old Mr. Foster had fired Nathan, Rosalie had actually tried speaking up for Nathan and prevented him from getting<sup>98</sup> fired.

Mrs. Scarlet had even asked Rosalie why she would stand up for him, and Rosalie had said that she would give a second chance to every servant in the household.

However, when the other servants had made mistakes, later on, Rosalie never gave any of them a second chance.

To this day, Mrs. Scarlet still could not figure out why Rosalie was so forgiving toward Nathan.

When Avery and the children returned to Starry River Villa from the hotel, the children immediately crawled into bed and fell asleep. Once Avery turned off the lights, she dragged her exhausted body out of the children's room. She bumped into Mrs. Cooper, who was carrying Robert in her arms. Robert had taken a nap in the evening, so he was quite energetic at the moment. However, Avery was too tired to take care of the baby.