

When His Eyes Opened Chapter 2659

Chapter 2659

Eric's heart sighed helplessly.

He was not teaching her. He just wished that she put her body first.

But she was sick now, and Eric was afraid she didn't like to listen to nagging.

He took the empty water glass from her hand and put it on the bedside table.

The doctor had already prepared the medicine, but Eric found that there was no bracket on the head of the bed to hang the infusion bottle on, so he started looking for something to hang the infusion bottle on all over the room.

He searched around, but couldn't find it.

"Mr. Santos, why don't you take the infusion bottle first, and I'll get the infusion stand." The doctor discussed it with him.

Eric immediately took the infusion bottle from the doctor and agreed.

Lala had already had a needle inserted into the back of her hand, and she was now lying awake on the bed, unable to sleep; her mind was empty.

On a day when she felt good, she was made to run wild by herself.

"Doctor, will she vomit again?" Eric asked when the doctor was about to leave the room.

"Ah, it's hard to say. She may still vomit." The doctor replied, "If she wants to vomit, let her vomit in the trash can first. Don't get out of bed until the medicine is infused."

Layla: "Doctor, I not only vomit, but also have diarrhea."

She wanted to ask, if she wanted to have diarrhea, wouldn't she be able to get out of bed?

How could she pull if she didn't get out of bed?

The doctor who asked this question was stunned.

Eric also became anxious.

Doctor: "You'd better bear with it first. If you can't bear it, then go for it!"

Layla: "But I haven't finished my medicine, how can I do it? Do you want him to go to the bathroom with me?"

Eric almost blurted out, "I can."

"You can, I can't! Don't you think I'm embarrassed? I am!" Layla looked at the needle on the back of her hand and said, "I will pull out the needle when the time comes."

The doctor looked puzzled: "Why are you pulling out the needle? You go to the bathroom with the infusion bottle. It will be fine!"

Layla: "..."

Eric: "..."

"Why didn't I think of that!? I can carry the infusion bottle by myself!" As Layla said that, she asked Eric for an infusion bottle.

Eric pushed her hand away: "Lie down and have a good rest, and I'll give it to you when you go to the bathroom."

"Oh..." Layla withdrew her hand.

The doctor breathed a sigh of relief: "I almost confused you. Don't you get sick often?"

Layla: "This is the worst illness I've ever had. I didn't get sick like this even if I ate spicy food before."

"It means that what you eat is not clean." After the doctor gave this answer, he left.

Layla felt as if her heart had been trampled and crushed to pieces.

"I washed the vegetables for at least half an hour. How could it be unclean?" Layla questioned her soul.

"You cook yourself?" Eric stood aside holding an infusion bottle and looked at her indifferently, "How did you think of cooking by yourself?"

Layla: "Because I don't know how, so I want to learn! Who knows how to do it? I almost sent myself away with my first meal."

"Don't do it in the future. You can find a nanny to serve you. If you don't want a nanny, just order food and have someone else deliver it." Eric was afraid that this would happen again.

"Do you think I'm useless?" Layla said in frustration.

"If you don't know how to cook, you're useless, and so am I." Eric laughed at himself, saying, "Everyone is good at different things, so there's no need to be depressed because of such trivial things. After taking the medicine, take a good rest for two days and recover."

"You don't walk around with our house anymore, did your girlfriend ask you?" Lala's voice was small and her strength was low.

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This question left Eric stunned for a moment.

“Did something happen?”

Eric did not purposefully walk around with their house.

After Layla confessed to Eric years ago, he knew that Elliot and Avery definitely didn't want to associate with him anymore, so he was very sensible and didn't take the initiative to contact them again.

“That's right! Something important has happened to our family.” Layla said this, and put it off, saying, “You can ask my mother!”

Eric: “Since your mother didn't tell me, I won't ask about it.”

Layla: “That's why I said that you don't want to walk around with our family, is it your girlfriend's request? You don't care about our family's affairs now.”

Her absurd question prevented Eric from moving.

“Oh, it's not good for me to call you here now? Is your girlfriend here?” Layla suddenly thought of this question: “Why don't you give me the infusion bottle and go back quickly?”

“She's not here.” Eric held the infusion bottle and didn't move. “It's very late, you should take a good rest and stop thinking about it.”

Layla: “I'm going to sleep, what about you?”

Eric: “We'll talk about it after you've finished infusing the medicine.”

“What's the matter? If I fall asleep then, will you just leave?” Layla asked.

Eric was thinking about this question.

He didn't know if she would vomit again in the middle of the night after the medicine was infused.

He wanted to stay and take care of her, but he was afraid that it would be inappropriate.

“Are you really not going to tell your family about this?” Eric asked instead.

Layla said with a guilty conscience, “I've already taken the medicine, so there's nothing else to say. Didn't you say that it would be good to rest for two days? Tell them now, so that they worry.”

Eric responded, “You go to sleep! I won't leave tonight and see if you feel better tomorrow.”

"Then where are you going to sleep later? Although I have a guest room here, there is nothing in the guest room." Layla said, "You can go back to your home now! After the infusion, I should be much better. Even if I vomit again, I won't be in worse condition than before."

"I'll sleep on the sofa when I get sleepy later." Eric has made up his mind, "Your complexion is very bad, I'm worried."

Layla raised her hand to touch her face.

It's cold.

She felt a little cold now; obviously, it was the scorching heat now.

"Thank you then; I'll go to bed first." Layla didn't have the energy to argue with him about some trivial issues, so she closed her eyes and planned to have a good sleep.

After Layla fell asleep, Eric took out his mobile phone, opened Whatsapp, and found the dialog with Avery.

The last time the two of them chatted was when they met before.

They hadn't been in touch since.

Layla just said that something big happened in her family, but Avery didn't tell him.

He really wanted to know what major event Layla was talking about, but he was too embarrassed to take the initiative to ask Avery.

He clicked into Avery's circle of friends to see if he had missed any important information, but Avery's circle of friends still stayed at the one released during the Spring Festival.

He returned to the main interface of the phone, opened the browser, and searched for Avery's name.

Instead, some related news came up.

But it's all boring gossip.

For example, how did Avery marry Elliot? What method did she use? etc...

From the outside world's point of view, Avery's marriage to Elliot was a tall order.

But in Eric's view, it was not.

Avery and Elliot were a match made in heaven, no matter how they looked at it, they were a perfect match.

Some things could only be seen after years of accumulation.

Elliot was the one who could be worthy of Avery.

After an unknown amount of time, the doctor came over with an infusion stand.

It happened that the first bottle of potion was hung up, and the second bottle of potion was changed.

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The doctor saw that Layla had fallen asleep, so he whispered to Eric, "Is your hand numb?"

Eric: "It's okay."

The two came out of the bedroom.

"Will she still have the needle tomorrow?" Eric stretched his wrist and asked.

"Look at her condition tomorrow. If she doesn't vomit tomorrow, she won't need to get an injection. She will be fine after taking medicine." The doctor replied, "The important thing is that she must eat lightly and not indiscriminately. "Rested for a week or so, she will be back to normal."

"Does she want to rest for a week?"

"Yes. She must eat a light diet this week, and it is best to eat porridge or noodles, which are easier to digest."

The doctor's words made Eric fall into silence.

Layla said that she would go home to cook for her family on Friday, so she might not be able to go back.

The next morning, Layla woke up with a thirsty mouth and a hungry chest against her back.

She lifted the quilt and wanted to find water to drink.

The moment she got off the ground, she felt like her body was floating, and if she lost her center of gravity at any moment, she would fall down.

So she leaned on the wall and walked out of the bedroom.

Unexpectedly, a scent wafted over.

It wasn't the smell of big fish and meat. In her current state, she couldn't eat big fish or big meat at all. It was porridge.

"Hey..." Layla saw Eric busy in the kitchen, so she opened her mouth.

"Are you awake?" Eric brought the green vegetable porridge to the dining table and helped her up, asking, "How do you feel now?"

"Hungry, thirsty, tired..." Layla supported herself to sit down.

Eric's vegetable porridge was very fragrant.

Layla smelled the fragrance, and her stomach growled in disappointment.

"Didn't you say you don't know how to cook?" Layla's nose was slightly sour, and she stirred the porridge with a spoon to dissipate the heat.

"I don't need any skills to cook porridge." Eric served himself a bowl of porridge and sat down opposite her, "Are you still sick today?"

"Not for the time being. Let's see if you will feel sick after eating breakfast!" Layla took a spoonful of porridge and blew gently.

"Do you regret moving out?" Eric saw that her face was still pale and haggard, and he had never seen her like this before.

"There's nothing to regret. It's not terminally ill." Layla put the porridge in her mouth. The taste was neither salty nor bland.

"Don't say such unlucky words."

"Thank you for last night! If you didn't bring the doctor, I'm afraid I wouldn't be able to hide it from my family." Layla's words reminded Eric.

"The doctor said that you need to recuperate for a week before you can recover. For the next week, you have to eat a light diet." Eric said, "Why don't you tell your family!"

Layla suddenly panicked.

After finishing the porridge, she made a decision: "Then I won't go back on Friday."

"Your parents will ask you why, what do you say?"

"I'll ask my best friend for help." Layla took out her phone and gave Daisy a message.

About an hour later, Daisy arrived.

"Layla, why are you so haggard?" Daisy took Layla's hand and asked, "Do you want to go to the hospital?"

"I'm fine. The doctor came to see me last night." Layla sat on the edge of the bed, feeling better than when she just woke up. "You just need to lie for me. I'm afraid my parents will be worried."

"This is no problem!" Daisy said, glancing at Eric, who was standing beside her, out of the corner of her eye, "Eric, Is it really you?"

Daisy wanted to say, "You look much handsomer in real life than in photos, and you didn't show your real age at all."

No wonder Layla was so fascinated.

"Yeah. Let's talk; I'll go grocery shopping." After Eric finished speaking, he turned and left.

Daisy immediately asked Layla excitedly: "You two... Are you on good terms?"