

# When His Eyes Opened Chapter 953

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Daniel asked Layla, "Why isn't your father here yet?" "My dad's been here since the beginning! He's in the banquet hall now!" Daniel scratched his head and looked around. "Which one's your dad? Why isn't he playing with you here? Is he a lazy bum who enjoys himself all day and slacks off at his job? Is that why your mom isn't with him? Is that the reason you don't like him either?" Daniel allowed his thoughts to run free as he made wild guesses.

Layla was stunned, but she was very much against telling Daniel the truth. "My dad isn't a lazy bum who enjoys himself all day and slacks off at his job! I just don't wanna tell you who my dad is! You said you're better than Hayden, right? You should find my dad yourself!" Mike smiled and asked, "Why do you want to know who Hayden and Layla's father is?" Daniel said, "I'm just curious! My mom said that Hayden's father is Elliot, but my dad said it's not Elliot. The two of them argued several times about this." Mike laughed. "Then do you trust your mom or your dad?" "My dad, I think. Because he's nicer to me," Daniel said firmly, "Because if Hayden's dad was really Elliot, there's no way he wouldn't want a father like that! Elliot is amazing! He's my idol!"

Hayden did not bother to argue when he heard Daniel's words and simply walked away silently. Not long after, the melodious tunes of a piano were heard inside the banquet hall.

When Layla saw that Eric was playing the piano onstage, she immediately handed Robert over to Mike and ran toward the stage.

Mike carried Robert and stared at Hayden's classmates. "Do you have any talents? Would you like to go on stage to perform?" Mike was bored silly when he watched over them. Everyone shook their heads and showed no interest in performing arts. "Then you won't get a girlfriend in the future." Mike scareded them. "My dad said that anyone who can make money can get a girlfriend!" Daniel said sternly. "He's right. You can get a girlfriend if you have money, but you can't get a rich, beautiful, and talented one likeze Layla." All the little boys were speechless. Time passed rather quickly and it was already four o'clock in thef2

afternoon. The poker game had ended and Elliot won big. Avery asked him, "I thought you said you didn't know how to play poker? How did you win so much?"

"No matter what cards I had, they all folded. Are they scared of me or something? Do I look like someone who's that petty?"

Avery did not know what to answer him. "Where's Robert?" He wanted to hug his baby boy. "He's asleep." "Oh. And Layla?" he continued. "With Eric." "What about Hayden?" Elliot knew that Hayden did not want to see him, but he still wanted to know what the boy was doing. "With Mike."

"It's not very different from being at home, is it?" Elliot frowned slightly. "Are the two of them not very sociable?"

"You don't seem too bothered about yourself being unsociable. Why is it an issue when it comes to the children?"

Elliot looked at her helplessly and asked in a low voice, "Why are you so angry? I didn't treat anyone coldly today." "Who said you could win all that money? You should have noticed that others were afraid of you and gracefully exited the game to make way for someone else." Elliot was a little aggrieved, but he thought about it and realized that she was right. "I'll pay more attention next time," he promised, "There's no point talking about next time when today isn't even over yet." She felt a burst of anger in her heart and turned around to leave. Elliot's big palm grabbed Avery's slender arm and he spoke in a somewhat urgent tone, "I'm going on a business trip tomorrow. Let's have a good chat when I get back."

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"About what? Can't we talk now?" Avery asked. Her conscience was clear. Their misunderstanding had been resolved and all he wanted to talk about was to ask her for another chance.

She politely refused the last time, but she still could not bring herself to agree at the present.

It was not so much that she hated him, but more so that she did not feel as though she had calmed down sufficiently.

Moreover, the current relationship between the two of them—where they respected each other and were neither too cordial nor too distant—was actually pretty good. "If we talk now, we won't be able to reach a conclusion." He could already guess what she was thinking just by looking at her expression. "Do you think you'll be able to get to a conclusion after you come back from a business trip?" Avery found it incredulous. "How long is your business trip?"

"A week." "Oh, then we'll talk about it in a week!" She lowered her eyes and glanced at his hand holding her arm. "You didn't wash your hands after you were done playing poker, right?" She viewed his hands with disgust. He was stunned for a moment, but then led her to the restroom. "Let's wash our hands together then!" The two of them walked through the banquet hall in full view. "Didn't you notice that their relationship has warmed up a lot today?" Mike asked Eric. Eric had a disinterested look on his handsome face. "I didn't notice anything. It's obvious that Avery is being forced to do it." Mike retorted, "Do you think she'd let another man do that to her?" Eric raised his chin slightly. "I don't fancy their chances. Elliot might look like a man right now, but he won't be able to do that anymore in a couple of years."

Mike gasped, "Why not? Do you write a man off just because they're old? What do you mean he 'might look like a man now', it's not like he'll transform into a woman in two years, will he? I don't suppose Avery knows about your sharp tongue?"

Eric looked at him cordially and explained, "I don't look down on old men because I'll grow old one day too. What I look down on is old cows like Elliot who insist on eating youngze shoots."

Mike smiled and patted his shoulder, "Don't be so salty. If Elliot really can't function after two years, Avery might just find a way to treat him instead of abandoning him. Have you forgotten what's her profession?"

Eric frowned at hisf2 answer.

Chad came over with a smile when he saw the two of them chatting secretly with each other."

What are you two talking about!" Mike held back his laugh. "He said your boss won't be able to get up anymore in two4e years." Being the men that they were, Chad understood Mike's words in seconds. The smile on Chad's face suddenly turned cold. "I know you don't like my boss, but you don't need to curse him like that. Who do you think is going to suffer if he can't get up anymore? It's Avery, of course! If you really want what's good for her, you need to pray for my boss. Bless him so his strength increases as he ages, and so he'll always be able to stand4e tall!" "Rather than pray for him, I'd much rather pray for myself so I'd get Avery sooner." "I guess my boss was right, after all. You're98 stubborn." "Your boss is like a frog who wants to kiss a princess." Chad's face became extremely gloomy all of a sudden. Mike cleared his throat dryly and reminded, "That frog just hopped here." Chad and Eric looked to the side. They saw Elliot coming over with a refreshed look on his face.

His relationship with Avery seemed to have improved by leaps and bounds that day. "What are you guys talking about?" he asked insipidly.

He did not expect to see varying degrees of embarrassment on all their faces as soon as he asked that question.

"Chad?" Elliot put the pressure on Chad. Chad immediately cleared his throat and said, "Eric said that it won't be long until you can't get up anymore." After a pause, he added, "He also called you a frog who wants to kiss the princess."

Elliot's face soured at once.

The war of words was just about to begin when Avery walked over. "What are you guys talking about?"

