

When His Eyes Opened by Simple Silence Chapter 41

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Chapter 41

Perhaps it was because Elliot had not shown favor to many people in his life so far that when he showed the slightest feeling for someone, everyone assumed that he was in love with that person.

The kind of love that Avery dreamed of was one of mutual respect and not one where one party held all the control and power in the relationship.

When the car arrived at the Foster mansion, the bodyguard got out and walked right up to Elliot.

“Miss Tate told me in the car that the things she said last night were simply to test out the lie detector,” explained the bodyguard, probably in fear of Elliot losing his temper.

Avery was taking her time changing into her house slippers at the front door. She was alert, listening in to the conversation.

“She even said that she never meant to anger you,” added the bodyguard.

“Does she not have a mouth? Why are you speaking for her?” snapped Elliot.

The bodyguard immediately dismissed himself, but not before throwing a threatening glare at Avery, as if to warn her that her days were numbered if she did not make things up to his boss.

Avery slowly sauntered over to Elliot.

She sat herself down on the couch across from him, then mustered up her courage and prepared to speak.

“Did you go to a singles party?” Elliot was one step ahead of her. He had asked her the question before she could say anything.

“Was that a singles party?” Avery responded. “I had no idea. All I knew was that many of the guests were rich, so I went to look for investors.”

Elliot’s brows furrowed tightly as he asked, “And did you find any?”

“I didn’t,” Avery answered. “I was only there for about ten minutes before your bodyguard called me.”

"Are you blaming me?" asked Elliot.

Avery was a little hungry, so she picked up an apple from the fruit bowl on a table and took a bite.

"If I do blame you, would you give me the money?" she asked.

"In your dreams," Elliot responded.

Avery chuckled, then said, "That's why I won't let you ruin my good mood."

"Are you in a good mood because you fired your vice president and two main staff from the research team?"

Avery froze mid-bite.

Her almond-shaped eyes landed on him as she asked, "Are you in love with me, Elliot?"

If he were not in love with her, why would he go through the trouble of looking into every little detail about her affairs?

Time seemed to come to a standstill in the room. The atmosphere between them was awkward.

Avery shoved the apple back into her mouth.

Elliot's eyes were fixed on her, his gaze was so deep that she felt like he might just swallow her whole

Moments later, he spoke up.

"And you?"

Was he asking her if she loved him?

Avery's heart began to race wildly as her cheeks flushed.

"I wouldn't say I'm in love with you, but I wouldn't say I'm not either... I don't have the courage to be in love with you..." She was rambling. Her thoughts twisted and turned around and around.

She was confused at the end of it, but she hoped that Elliot had understood what she meant.

She could see the rage burning in his eyes, but he sounded unusually calm as he said, "I'm not as bad as you think I am, Avery. You don't have to understand me, but there's no need for you to go against me."

"I'm not going against you," Avery said, then cleared her throat and added, "I just want to live my own life my way."

Her life?

It was a life that definitely did not include him.

Elliot picked up his cup of coffee and took a sip.

"What Hertz is offering isn't a small amount. If you sell at that price, you would still have some funds left over after paying off the debt," Elliot said, changing the subject.

Avery was stunned for a few seconds before realizing that he was talking about Tate Industries.

"My father wouldn't want to sell the company."

"Going bankrupt isn't that different from selling it off. The former would mean losing the company at a greater loss."

Avery thought it over for a moment, then said, "Thank you for your input, but I have my own thoughts on this."

Elliot burst into a light chuckle.

It was the first time she had seen him laugh.

He was mesmerizing when he laughed.

The last time Avery saw his face like that was on his computer. His smile was tender and warm as he had his arms wrapped around that woman.

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Avery wondered if she would be his mistress if that woman was still alive.

If she was dead, then was she her replacement?

Either way, it made her heart ache and left a bad taste in her mouth.

While Avery was lost in thought, Elliot's thoughts also wandered.

"Tell me, what exactly do you like about Cole?" he asked as he pulled out his cigarette box. His face was the epitome of an enigma.

"I don't like him anymore," Avery said coldly.

If they had not talked things out earlier, she might have continued to use Cole to anger him.

It was childish, but Elliot was always losing his temper over the smallest things.

If she did not retaliate, she would lose her mind.

"Is it because you realized he was nothing but a penniless loser?" Elliot asked as he held the unlit cigarette between his fingers.

"Is money all you think about?" Avery retorted. "Back when Cole was pursuing me, he would write me love letters every day. On the weekends, he would take me to art galleries and music recitals. We would have the most wonderful conversations—"

"Sounds like a load of superficial bullsh*t to me! It's precisely because all he thinks about is getting into a woman's pants that his business is a mess," said Elliot, cutting her off. "What you consider wonderful was nothing but a joke!"

"Have you always been this mature and successful? When I was fifteen, I liked guys who were cute. When I was sixteen, I liked guys with good grades. At seventeen, I was into basketball players. I liked talented guys when I was eighteen... I loved Cole. It's all in the past, and I might hate him now, but I can't pretend that all of that meant nothing." :

"Shut up!" Elliot roared as he snapped his cigarette in half; his eyes were cold. "Go back to your room!"

Avery pursed her lips and stood up.

She did not return to her room but walked to the dining room because she was still hungry.

"Is there anything to eat, Mrs. Cooper?" she asked.

She looked calm and nonchalant as if it were someone else and not her that had just gotten into a fight with Elliot

Mrs. Cooper immediately prepared dinner for her.

Avery sat at the dining table, pulled out her phone, and saw a series of text messages from Tammy.

Tammy: (The party's over! I'm not that into him. He's a little too soft for me. He didn't seem to be that into me either, but said that we should go out for dinner next time, probably because of pressure from his family.)

Tammy: [He said his parents don't give him much spending money! How could he possibly have two hundred million? Did you misunderstand?]

Tammy: [I'm going to have dinner with him this weekend! I have to get to the bottom of this! Also, why did you have to leave in a rush?]

Avery replied: (Long story. I'll tell you once I've found the words.)

Tammy called Avery right away after receiving her text.

Avery's hand clenched her phone.

She glanced at the living room and noticed Elliot was still there.

He would hear everything if she talked on the phone now.

She declined the call and sent Tammy a text: [I can't talk right now. Let's talk on campus tomorrow!]

After his shower that night, Elliot paced back and forth in his room in a gray, silk robe.

His weak legs were now filled with energy.

A question was floating around in his head.

It caused deep furrows in his brow and made his heart tighten.

Moments later, he pulled out his phone and called Chad.

"Chad, check and see if there are any art exhibitions or recitals tomorrow. Find something in the afternoon or evening."

"Yes, sir," Chad responded. "Is there a specific kind of exhibition or recital that you're interested in?"

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Chad's question left Elliot speechless.

He had never gone to art galleries or concert halls.

Even at that moment, he had no interest in them.

"Find something that women would like," Elliot said.

"Yes, sir. However, women of different ages have different preferences..." said Chad, as he continued his line of questioning. It was the first time he had received such an odd request from Elliot.

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Why was Elliot asking about art galleries and recitals?

What led to this massive change in taste?

"Pick something that a woman in her early twenties would like," Elliot said.

Chad finally understood where all of this was going.

"Of course, sir. I'll send you the tickets once they're booked."

Elliot was not in his office at Sterling Group the next morning.

Ben and Chad seized the opportunity to gossip about their boss.

"Mr. Foster might as well have told me straight up that he wanted to take Avery out," Chad said with a chuckle. "I wonder what happened between them. I didn't expect things to progress so quickly. I thought they were getting a divorce!"

Ben was analyzing the situation, then said, "I'm guessing they slept together. Elliot is a stone-cold b*st*rd, but after getting a taste of Avery, I bet he couldn't control his urges even if he hated her to death."

"Chelsea would lose her mind if she found out," said Chad.

"Don't tell her. She's spent the past few nights getting drunk, hoping that Elliot would feel bad for her..." Ben sighed. "Who would've thought that she would lose to Avery Tate."

"Fate is a mystery to us all. I wonder why Mr. Foster postponed his whole schedule today," Chad mused.

"Don't look question his personal matters," Ben advised.

Chad shook his head and said, "I wouldn't dare."

There was a lecture by internationally renowned neurology expert, James Hough at Avonsville University that day.

Avery arrived at the auditorium early that morning to get a spot.

The talk went on from 10 a.m. to 11.30 a.m. that morning.

Once the lecture ended, Avery rushed toward the exit.

She greatly admired Professor Hough and wanted to take this rare opportunity to meet him and ask him a question.

She followed the professor's entourage all the way to the administrative building, where she noticed a black luxury sedan parked at the entrance.

Luxury cars like this were a rare sight no matter the time and place.

Moreover, it was the exact same model as the one Elliot owned.

It was too bad that she did not remember his number plate, so there was no way of confirming whether the car was his or not.

"Why would he come here anyway?" Avery mumbled to herself, then walked into the administrative building.

Avery was approaching the Dean's office when she noticed the man standing in front of the entrance to be Elliot's bodyguard.

Holy crap!

Does this mean that the car she saw really was Elliot's?

What was he doing here?

Why would he come to the medical college?

Avery was curious and walked straight toward the office entrance.

"Miss Tate?"

The bodyguard recognized her and reached out to grab her.

"What are you doing here?" he asked.

"I should be asking you that question. This is where I go to college. Is Elliot here?"

She shook off the bodyguard's grip and looked into the room.

There were three people in there, namely Professor Hough, his assistant, and Elliot. Was Elliot here to see the professor? What for? Was he sick?

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The bodyguard yanked Avery out of the way, causing everyone in the office to look toward the door.

When Elliot recognized Avery's slender figure, he got up from his seat and said, "What are you doing here?"

Avery shook off the bodyguard's grip once again, smoothed her clothes, and walked into the office.

"I'm here to see Professor Hough," she said, then looked curiously at Elliot and asked, "Are you here to see him, too?"

Professor Hough examined the two, then adjusted his glasses, and asked, "Do you two know each other?"

Avery was about to tell the professor that they were acquaintances, but Elliot was one step ahead of her. "Professor, please keep the matter we talked about private."

"Of course," answered the professor. "It's doctor-patient confidentiality."

"I'll be off, then," Elliot said.

The professor nodded in response.

Elliot turned toward the exit. When he walked past Avery, he glanced at her, but said nothing and walked out.

Avery was a little stunned.

Why did he not answer her question?

What mysterious conversation did he have with the professor? What secret was he trying to hide?

"Are you here to see me, Miss?" asked the professor, refocusing Avery's attention on him. "I have to leave in about ten minutes. Did you have a question to ask me?"

Avery immediately pulled out the documents she had prepared and said, "I'm sorry for bothering you, professor. My name is Avery Tate, and I'm a senior in the medical college here at Avonsville. This is a paper I wrote on some of your previous clinical cases. I got all of the information online, and since there weren't many details on the internet, I had to come to my own conclusion for a lot of the cases. I was hoping that you could take a look at it and let me know if there are any errors."

Professor Hough took the document from Avery's hands and began to sift through it.

Once Elliot was in the car, he glanced over at the administrative building.

Was Avery a medical student?

From what he knew, she was an art student. Was the report he received incorrect?

He pulled out his phone and called Chad.

"Chad, the background check you did on Avery before stated that she was an art student, but what is she doing in medical school?"

"She is, in fact, an art student. I confirmed it with the university myself."

* "I bumped into her at the medical department."

"Do you mean the medical department at Avonsville University?"

"Yes."

"I'll look into it right away," Chad said, then added after a brief pause, "I've sent you the reservations for the recital. It's going to be at 4 p.m. today."

"Got it."

Moments later, Chad called Elliot back after checking out the news on Avery.

"Mr. Foster, Miss Tate is majoring in arts and minoring in medicine."

"I see."

"I didn't expect her to be that impressive."

Elliot hung up.

That noon, Avery met Tammy at a restaurant close to campus for lunch.

Once they were seated, Tammy passed the menu to Avery and said, "You've really changed, Avery. You used to come out every single time I asked you out, but last night was the first time in forever that we have gone out together, but you left faster than the speed of light. What's going on?"

"Tammy, was the party last night a singles event?" Avery asked.

"It was! What's up?"

"Don't invite me to parties like that again in the future. I'm not single at the moment." "What?!" Tammy exclaimed. "Didn't you just break up not too long ago? How did you move on so quickly?"

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Avery did not know whether to laugh or cry.

"Relax... I was forced into it. When our family was struggling with money, my stepmother married me off for the engagement gifts and cash. I'm still waiting to get a divorce!"

"What the hell was she thinking?!" Tammy exclaimed. "Why didn't you tell me sooner? We should go to the police!"

Avery reached out to calm her down, then said, "It's not as bad as you think. We're from two completely different worlds, so we should get divorced anytime now."

Tammy was still not convinced.

"Who is he? Tell me... You husband... Dimn it! I still think this is insane!"

"It is pretty nuts. I'll tell you who he is after we're divorced."

"Absolutely not! You need to tell me right now! I'll stand up for you!"

Avery knew about Tammy's bad temper all too well.

If she found out about Elliot, she would definitely go after him.

Her relationship with Elliot was already on the rocks, and Tammy's involvement would just add fuel to the fire.

"Just focus on looking into Jun Hertz for now! I'll definitely tell you who my husband is after that," Avery said, trying to negotiate with her best friend.

"Ha! Look at how easily you called him your husband. I bet you call him 'Honey' all the time!" Tammy teased.

Avery's cheeks flushed. She sighed, then said, "As if he would respond to that. He was forced into this, too."

"Really? Here I thought you were whisked away and forced into marriage by some sleazebag--"

"Hey! I think you've watched too many soap operas! It's not like that at all!"

Tammy shook her head and said sympathetically, "It looks like that senior in your department lost his chance. You know he likes you, right?"

The expression on Avery's face froze.

"Alright! Don't look at me like that... I know you don't like him like that. I'll talk to him..." Tammy said, then changed the subject and added, "Let's go to a recital after this! There's one at the Philharmonic Hall today!"

Avery suddenly received a text message from an unknown number, but its contents sounded oddly familiar.

[The bodyguard will pick you up at 4 p.m.)

The text was signed "Elliot Foster".

Did this unfamiliar phone number belong to Elliot?

Why was the bodyguard picking her up?

"Did you hear what I said, Avery? There's a recital this afternoon..." Tammy said as she reached out to

pinch Avery's cheek.

"What time is the recital?" Avery asked as she put her phone away.

She suddenly felt hot and took a big gulp of water. "Four thirty," Tammy answered. "It's your favorite piano virtuoso, Ricardo!" Avery lifted her hand and massaged her aching temples, then said, "I really want to go! Really! But I have something to do at four!"

“What is it? Can’t you just cancel or something?”

“I can’t.” Tammy rolled her eyes, then said, “I get it! It’s your husband, isn’t it?”

Avery covered her face with her hands. Her silence was a confirmation.

“Why do you care so much about him anyway? Who is he? Is he more important than I am? Can’t you just ditch him and come to the recital with me?” Tammy huffed. “Of course, you’re more important, but I’m a little afraid of him.”

“What’s there to be afraid of? Is he going to beat you up if you don’t follow his every whim?”

Avery took another gulp of water.

“You’re such a wimp! You won’t even tell me who he is. Serves you right, getting bullied by him!”

Tammy felt bad for Avery’s situation, but she could not help but be furious at her cowardice.

The bodyguard picked Avery up from campus at four in the afternoon.

The car stopped at the car park of the Philharmonic Hall twenty minutes later.

Avery felt lightheaded as the bodyguard led her into the concert hall. “Elliot wants to take me to a recital?”

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Chapter 46 “No idea,” the bodyguard shrugged.

Avery took a deep breath and glanced at her surroundings.

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If her memory served her right, the recital that Tammy mentioned earlier was this exact one!

However, she had declined Tammy’s invitation.

In the end, she found herself here anyway!

The only thing was that she was here with Elliot instead.

She would be mortified if she bumped into Tammy in the concert hall.

As her palms began to sweat profusely, she prayed that she would not run into Tammy.

It was impossible to end up being seated close to each other in such a large concert hall, right?

Chad reserved the whole front row for Elliot.

Avery saw him the second she walked into the hall.

He was sitting by himself. He sat ramrod straight, and he emanated arrogance.

Since the concert had not yet begun, he was looking at his phone.

Avery felt as if her feet were glued to the ground, and she could not move.

Elliot stood out too much!

What made him want to invite her to a recital?

Did he forget about how he insulted her relationship with Cole the night before?

She had talked about how art was a wonderful thing, but he had called it a joke.

"What are you standing around for? Move!" snapped the bodyguard when he noticed Avery standing still.

"I'm a little cold... Could I borrow your jacket?" Avery asked politely as she glanced at the bodyguard's black suit jacket.

The bodyguard's expression was cold as he unbutton his jacket, revealing a plethora of weapons.

Avery's ankles turned weak at the sight, and she quickly rushed over to Elliot.

When she reached his side, she hesitated for two seconds, then sat down two seats away from him.

1 sec

Elliot stared at the empty seats between them and frowned.

Was she avoiding him?

"It's a little warm in here..." Avery explained.

The bodyguard who was sitting on the other side of Elliot snapped, "What are you playing at? Didn't you just say you were cold?!"

Avery took a deep breath, then said awkwardly, "Why do you always talk so much? The bodyguards I see on TV always keep their mouths shut. Can you just focus all of your energy on protecting your boss?"

The bodyguard was baffled.

This infuriating woman!

Elliot glared at the bodyguard and said, "Sit further away."

The bodyguard instantly shot up and moved down the row from them.

Avery felt her breathing even out.

She took another deep breath to try to calm herself down.

Suddenly, an idea popped into her head.

She took off her coat, folded it neatly, and placed it on the seat between her and Elliot.

She unfastened her ponytail and tried her best to cover her face with her hair.

This way, as long as Tammy did not show up in front of her, she would not be able to see her face.

Elliot watched her coldly. He was trying to read her.

Did she take off her coat to show off her figure?

Did she undo her hair to flaunt her femininity?

It was obvious to him that she was teasing him.

"Avery..." Elliot began to say.

"Don't talk to me!" Avery hissed as she continued to cover her face with her hair. "My friends are here, too. I don't want them to know I'm here!"

Elliot's lips pursed into a thin line, and his jaw tightened. The calmness in his eyes had vanished.

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Elliot felt like a joke.

Why did Avery not want to be discovered by her friends?

Was it that embarrassing for her to be seen with him?

The recital began soon after, and Avery calmed down.

It was a good thing that Tammy did not see her!

She wondered where she was seated.

She wanted to turn and look around, but reason stopped her from acting rashly.

Tammy was at the recital with another friend and was seated in the fifth row.

"Who's that on the first row? Three people taking up all those seats. What a waste!"

Tammy was complaining to her friend who was scrutinizing the row of nearly empty seats.

"Probably someone rich! We're on the fifth row and the tickets cost over a hundred and fifty bucks, so I bet first row tickets are expensive! It looks like they reserved the whole row. You can tell right away that

that guy in the middle is super-rich. The woman next to him is either his daughter or his lover. The muscular guy on the other side is definitely his bodyguard."

Tammy agreed with her friend's analysis.

—

"That woman on the left looks a lot like my best friend!" Tammy said as she stared at the back of Avery's head.

"What kind of best friend would I be otherwise? Of course, I know what her back looks like!"

The more Tammy looked at the woman, the more she thought she looked like Avery.

She pulled out her phone and sneakily took a photo.

"You can't take pictures in the concert hall!" sighed the friend. "You might as well go to the first row and check it out!"

"Forget it, the recital's about to start anyway," Tammy said as she sent the photo to Avery.

Avery felt her phone vibrate in her pocket.

She pulled it out and saw Tammy's text message.

Tammy: (Avery, doesn't this woman look a lot like you?)

Avery's heart almost burst out of her chest, and she unconsciously sank further into her seat.

Seeing her odd reaction, Elliot turned his head and looked behind him.

"D*mn, he's hot!" Tammy exclaimed when she saw Elliot's handsome face. "Holy sh*t! Isn't that Elliot Foster?!" cried her friend. "That's Elliot Foster?"

"Yeah! Did you forget that I'm a business major? Of course, I'd know him. That's definitely Elliot Foster!" Tammy let out a sigh and said, "If that's the case, then that woman next to him can't be my Avery. Why

would she be sitting next to him?"

She then sent another text to Avery.

Tammy: (Sigh, it can't be you, because the man next to her is Elliot Foster! Do you know who he is? He's super-rich and super hot! I couldn't breathe when he turned to look at us just now!)

When Avery saw Tammy's message, she could not help but sneak a peek at Elliot.

Super hot?

Why did she not see it?

Tammy sent another text moments later.

Tammy: (My friend's planning on getting a photo with him later. Do you think I should ask for one, too? | wonder if he'll do it.)

Avery's phone felt like fire in her hands.

“Elliot...” she called out to him under her breath, “I’m suddenly really hungry... Let’s go get something to eat!

She would get caught red-handed if she did not leave now.

The mere thought of it terrified her.

Before Elliot could answer, she picked up her coat with one hand and grabbed onto his arm with the other. She hunched as she pulled him out of the hall.

Avery brought their time at the recital to an abrupt end in less than ten minutes.

This was the first time Elliot Foster had taken a woman to a recital.

He had never cared for such things, but he overcame his emotional barriers just to make her happy.

With his current status, Elliot was bound to be the center of attention everywhere he went.

Not only did Avery not appreciate this opportunity to spend some alone time with him, but she was mortified at the idea that someone might see them together.

Her behavior was a huge slap on his proud face

Once they were out of the concert hall, Elliot shook off her hand and stormed off without turning back.

Avery was hit by a sudden realization as she watched his tall figure walk away from her.

Was asking her to the recital his way of taking her out on a date?

Even so.... were not both parties supposed to agree to the date? Had he wanted to surprise her?

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Chapter 48 The more Avery thought about it, the more erratic her breathing became.

Was this proof that Elliot was in love with her?

Otherwise, why would he go and do something that he considered a waste of time?

She felt a sudden chill run down her spine.

Her hand instinctively drifted to her lower abdomen.

She was now more than three months pregnant. She had been watching her diet, so her baby bump was not showing at all.

By the time she reached the fifth and sixth months, she could still hide her bump under loose clothing.

What would happen when she was near the end of her term?

No matter how skinny a pregnant mother was, she would not be able to hide her baby bump once that time came.

If she was still by Elliot's side by then, she would definitely get caught.

Avery wandered aimlessly around the streets.

She was holding her jacket in her arms, and she was wearing nothing but a light t-shirt, but she did not feel the cold breeze.

Her feelings for Elliot confused her.

It was exactly like the answer she gave him the night before.

She did not have the courage to love him. She despised his previous domineering and arrogant behavior.

She could not say that she did not love him either, because somewhere deep down inside her heart, she did in fact have feelings for him!

She was just too embarrassed and too cowardly to admit it.

The babies she was carrying were standing between the two of them.

If she wanted to keep the children, then she had to leave him.

At the end of the day, she was not a cold-hearted machine. Her body and actions would not necessarily follow every instruction that came from her rational mind.

When exactly did she begin to fall in love with Elliot? She could not answer that question.

She had hated him to death when he forced her to get an abortion.

Avery arrived home that evening and placed a gift box on the coffee table in the living room.

"Mrs. Cooper, this is for Elliot. Please let him know when he gets back later," Avery informed.

Mrs. Cooper beamed as she said, "Now, that's the way! Your life here would be much easier if he's happy with you. If for nobody else but yourself, you should care more about his mood."

Mrs. Cooper's words made sense, but Avery said indifferently, "I'm a little hungry."

"Dinner's ready. How about you take a bite now, then join Master Elliot again when he gets home?" suggested Mrs. Cooper.

Avery immediately shook her head and said, "He's mad at me. It's better for the both of us if we don't have dinner together."

Mrs. Cooper was at a loss for words.

How did Avery anger Elliot this time?

Elliot might not have the best temper, but as long as things go his way, he would never lose his cool for no good reason.

It was the end of the workday at Sterling Group, but Elliot was still in his office and he had no intention of leaving anytime soon.

He arrived at the office at five in the evening emanating an ominous and frightening aura.

Nobody dared speak to him, and he spoke to no one either.

He just continued to work from five to six in the evening.

Chad phoned up Ben to ask for his help.

He did not dare leave before Elliot left.

Besides, Elliot's awful mood made Chad jumpy.

Did he not go to a recital with Avery?

Why was he back at the office before the recital was over?

Did Avery ditch him, or did they fight at the recital?

Ben arrived soon after answering Chad's call.

Chad explained the situation to Ben outside Elliot's office door.

"I bet she passed him off again," Chad said. "I really want to meet Avery Tate. I think there's something wrong with her. Of all the people she could mess with, she decides to pick on the boss every day."

"Maybe this is her modus operandi," Ben said. "Sometimes, going against the tide can lead to unexpected results. No one around Elliot would dare anger him. Don't you think it's refreshing for him to have someone around who drives him crazy?"

"Come on, nobody likes getting infuriated all the time," Chad disagreed. "Unless Mr. Foster is some kind of masochist."

At that moment, the doors to the president's office burst open and Elliot walked out. Ben and Chad reacted quickly, and they immediately rushed to Elliot's side to help him out.

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"Mr. Foster, are your legs alright without the wheelchair?" Chad asked gently.

He knew that Elliot had not used the wheelchair today as he had not wanted there to be any obstructions while he was on his date with Avery.

Him having to roll the wheelchair would have definitely been a bad experience for Avery.

It was a shame that she did not appreciate his boss's thoughtfulness.

Elliot pushed Ben and Chad aside.

His expression was cold as he curtly said, "I'm fine."

"Let's go have a drink, Elliot!" Ben said as he grabbed onto Elliot's arm once again. "Charlie Tierney's around, so let's get him to join us."

Elliot's ominous expression concerned Ben.

Charlie was Chelsea's older brother.

Ben was the one who called Charlie when Chelsea angered Elliot.

The Tierney family business was based in Rosacus City..

As the heir to the Tierney empire, Chalice spent most of his time in Rosacus.

After a moment of silence, Elliot said, "No."

He made his way to the elevator. He did not walk quickly, but his strides were sure and stable.

Although his love life was a mess, his legs were recovering quite well.

Elliot arrived home at seven thirty that evening.

Mrs. Cooper immediately brought Avery's gift to him and said, "Madam Avery prepared a gift for you, Master Elliot."

The box was quite heavy, and Elliot wondered what it was.

"Is she home?" he asked.

"She is," Mrs. Cooper responded, "She went back to her room to write her thesis after dinner."

Elliot pursed his lips and examined the gift box.

Had she bought him a gift after she had realized how rude she was?

It was only fair that everyone got a second chance.

Avery's initiative to buy him a gift made the rage in his heart dissipate slightly.

Elliot slowly opened up the box, revealing the book inside of it.

This book had an eye-catching title.

It was called "The Art of Anger Management", and it had a picture of a lush ginseng plant for a cover.

Elliot's brows furrowed tightly.

Was this Avery's idea of an apology?!

Did she genuinely want to apologize to him, or did she think he was narrow-minded and wanted to

continue to test his limits?!

The smile on Mrs. Cooper's face also vanished upon seeing the book.

She took back the praise she threw at Avery earlier.

"I'll go get Madam Avery so she can explain the meaning behind her gift. I'm sure she didn't mean any harm," Mrs. Cooper said as she tried to come up with an excuse for Avery.

"Forget it!" Elliot hissed through gritted teeth, then slammed the book on the table.

Avery's heart tightened when she heard the commotion from her room.

There was a reason why she bought that book for Elliot.

One of her professors had recommended it to her, and she already read the whole thing herself. She found the book's connection between mental and physical health to be enlightening and helpful.

It opened her mind, and she believed that an open mind can lead to better emotional health.

One might not live forever if one got angry less, but it could at least prevent some illnesses.

Was that not great? What was he getting angry about again?

Did he think her gift was too cheap?

She did not have much money to buy him anything expensive.

Avery's heart raced and uneasiness overcame her. She hesitated over whether or not to go downstairs, and talk to Elliot.

At that moment, the door to her room burst open, and Elliot's tall and muscular figure appeared before her.

When His Eyes Opened by Simple Silence Chapter 50

[/ When His Eyes Opened by Simple Silence](#)
Chapter 50

Cold sweat dripped down Avery's back.

Instinctively, she slammed her laptop shut.

She would not have done that if she were working on her thesis.

In her earlier frenzy of wild thoughts, she started a new file and wrote down a plan.

It was a plan to get a divorce within the next three months.

Avery hoped to get a divorce from Elliot before she was seven months pregnant.

That was the only way she could successfully go through her last trimester and peacefully give birth to the twins.

If her plan failed and the divorce did not go through, then the only thing she could do was disappear.

That would be the worst-case scenario.

Avonsville was her home, and she wanted to continue to live and work there. She also hoped that her children could be born and grow up where she did.

Avery's overly cautious reaction revolted Elliot.

Did she think that he would be interested in her thesis?

Or perhaps she was not working on her thesis at all, and she was doing something else?

Avery saw Elliot's sullen expression and immediately shot up and walked over to the door.

"Did you not like the book I gave you?" she said gently as she squeezed past him out of the room. "You shouldn't look down on it. It's a really good book that highlights all kinds of ways to stay healthy. The author is my mentor's teacher. He's a really well-known professor, you know?"

She talked as she walked into the living room and picked up the book from the coffee table.

In the seriousness of her introduction, Elliot forgot to cut her off.

"You can take a look whenever you're bored. You can start at any chapter and it would still make sense," Avery added.

"Is it really that great? You're making me want to get one for myself, too," Mrs. Cooper chimed in.

"I'll go get one for you tomorrow, then," Avery said with a smile.

"Oh, that's alright. I'll just go get it myself," Mrs. Cooper responded.

"Don't mention it. It was not expensive at all. There was a sale at the bookstore so I got it for a dollar fifty."

The smile on Mrs. Cooper's face froze at Avery's mention of the price of the book.

Mrs. Cooper did not mind that the book was cheap, but she felt embarrassed for Avery.

She angered Elliot, but ended up buying a gift for him that was barely over a dollar?

As if it was not already bad enough that she bought him a gift that was on sale, she was openly parading the fact that it was easy on the wallet!

Avery sensed that the atmosphere had turned awkward.

She took a deep breath, then picked up the gift box on the table and said, "This gift box wasn't cheap, you

know? It was even more expensive than the book!"

Even if the gift box cost more than the book, it was doubtful that it could be that much more expensive.

"Thank you, Madam! I'm going to get dinner ready for Master Elliot now," said Mrs. Cooper as she rushed to the kitchen.

Avery turned around to glance at Elliot's face.

He did not look as stern as he did earlier.

He was either no longer angry, or he was not in the mood to be enraged with her.

It was unbelievable that she would buy him a gift that cost just over a dollar.

His head ached so badly that he could no longer feel any other type of pain.

His calm expression lifted the alarm in Avery's heart.

Out of concern, she asked, "Why were you meeting with Professor Hough earlier today? Are you sick?"

Before he could shoot his mouth off, Avery picked up a banana and passed it to him.

“Here, have a banana. I’m going back to my room.”

When she shoved the banana in his hand, her fingers accidentally touched him. The skin-to-skin contact sent electric waves shooting between them.

She pulled her hand back as her cheeks flushed a crimson red.

Before she could escape, Elliot put the banana down, grabbed onto her arm, and yanked her back.

“You haven’t explained what happened earlier,” he said in a low voice.

Whether Avery had given Elliot a book worth a dollar or a hundred thousand dollars, she still owed him a reasonable explanation for ruining his afternoon.