

When His Eyes Opened by Simple Silence Chapter 13

Chapter 13

In the bathroom of the master bedroom, the nurse was carefully drying the water droplets off of Elliot's body with a dry towel.

His legs were still weak and he was only able to stand up if someone was holding on to him, so he needed the help of the nurse.

This nurse had been taking care of him ever since he met with the accident.

He was a middle aged man who was meticulous and careful with his work.

“You have a bruise on your thigh, Mr. Foster,” said the nurse as he put on Elliot's bathrobe and helped him out of the bathroom. “I'll go get some ointment for you.”

Elliot sat on the edge of the bed and opened up the bathrobe to look at the bruise when the nurse walked out of the room.

It was not like he had no feeling in his legs, but when Avery had pinched him, he held back and pretended like he had felt nothing.

For some reason, he kept recalling Avery's crying face.

Also, the unique fragrance of her body continued to linger in his heart.

Elliot had never felt this way about a woman in all of his years.

There was never a woman who was able to make him feel such strange emotions.

Something about Avery Tate somehow managed to arouse something inside of him.

Was it necessary for him to feel this way towards a woman whom he was about to divorce?

It was a feeling that was completely strange and absurd to him.

If he had a chance to go through it again, however, he would still lose his temper and rip her dress apart.

...

At 7 a.m. the next morning, Avery deliberately woke up early to avoid Elliot and have her breakfast.

She emerged from her bedroom and headed towards the dining room.

“Madam! You woke up early today, too! Breakfast is ready,” Mrs. Cooper greeted her with a smile.

The word “too” was said with a strong emphasis.

Since Elliot was there, she should just return to her room.

“I made some vegetarian ravioli for you this morning. I made it especially for you since you mentioned not wanting to eat meat

yesterday. I hope it suits your taste,” Mrs. Cooper said warmly as she escorted Avery to her seat at the table.

Avery looked like she was sitting on pins and needles with a face of uneasiness.

She might as well have the words “I don’t want to see you, Elliot Foster” written on her face.

Elliot did not look straight at her, but he felt the resistance emanating from her.

“We’re going to see my mother after breakfast. You should know yourself what to say and what not to say,” he said indifferently.

“When did you plan on giving me the money for that dress last night?” Avery asked sternly.

It was fine if he wanted her to cooperate and go see Rosalie, but he had to settle his debt first.

“There isn’t much cash at home,” Elliot said as he took a sip of milk, “I can wire it over to you if you’re in a rush.”

“That works. Here’s my account number!” Avery said as she pulled out her phone, opened up her account number and passed it over to Elliot.

“How much was it?” Elliot asked as he set down his glass of milk and pulled out his phone.

“Five thousand,” Avery responded.

Elliot lifted his eyes and glared at her. She felt no guilt at all.

“Didn’t it say % 4,500 on the tag?”

“Why did you bother asking me, then?” Avery retorted, then raised her right hand and added, “The extra % 500 is for medical expenses.”

The wrist that Elliot had grabbed yesterday was deeply bruised, so she planned to stop by the drugstore when she had the time.

She did not feel bad for asking for the extra % 500 for that.

Elliot glanced at Avery’s wrist and his lips pursed slightly. He wired the % 4,500 over to her.

A third of Avery’s anger simmered down after getting the money.

“Don’t think I’ll forgive you just because you paid me the money. I wouldn’t forgive you even if you gave me another % 4,500,” Avery said.

Elliot did not respond to her cruel words, but quietly rolled off in his wheelchair instead.

His silence extinguished another third of her anger.

...

At 9 a.m. that morning, the Foster family was gathered at the old mansion to visit the newly discharged Rosalie.

Rosalie was discharged from the ICU this time, which meant that her condition was a lot more serious than the last time she was admitted for hypertension.

“How have you been feeling, Elliot?” Rosalie asked.

She did not have the heart to blame her son once she saw him, but worried about his health instead.

“Pretty good,” Elliot replied.

Seeing his mother’s face which had turned old and frail, he held back some of the words he wanted to say.

“That’s good to hear,” Rosalie said as she shifted her gaze to Avery, then asked, “What about you, Avery? Is Elliot still giving you a hard time? You have to tell me if he is.”

Avery shook her head and said, “He’s not. You, on the other hand, need to take care of yourself.”

“I’ll be fine as long as you and Elliot are fine,” said Rosalie. “Avery, Elliot has never dated or gone after a girl before. He might not be that gentle or romantic, but I hope you can forgive him. He’s a man after all. His career would come first. Don’t you think so?”

She was trying to convince Avery.

Avery, however, felt extremely uneasy.

Elliot never dated ?

He'd never gone after a girl ?

How was that possible ?

It looked like Rosalie did not know her own son very well.

“Avery, I heard that your father’s company is facing some problems and is about to go bankrupt,” Rosalie said. She had just left the hospital but was already concerning herself with all kinds of troubles. “I’ve asked the lawyers. This has nothing to do with you, so your father’s debt can’t be placed on your head. All you need to do is stay by Elliot’s side and be his wife.”

Avery knew very well that Rosalie had always treated her like a pawn, but there was no way she was going to live her life according to the old woman’s ideals.

“My father’s gone now, but he wouldn’t want to see the company fall if he were still around. So, I’ll do the best I can to try to win this losing battle,” Avery said in a tone that was neither humble nor overbearing.

“Oh, Avery!” exclaimed Elliot’s sister-in-law, Olivia Tate. “Your father didn’t spend much on you even when his company was making money, did he ? Now that he’s gone, you’re holding on to a

failing company and won't let go. What is it? Were you thinking of having Elliot cough up the money to help you out?"

"I heard that your father owed 125 million!" said Elliot's brother, Henry Tate, "That isn't a small amount. A typical person wouldn't lend you that amount, and they wouldn't be able to cough up that much... Were you thinking of getting it from our family?"

Avery had never considered asking Elliot to help her out with the money, so she was immensely unhappy with the family's remarks.

All eyes were on her as they awaited her response.

"All of you think too highly of me. Even if I asked to borrow the money from Elliot, he would never give it to me," Avery said wryly. "I know my own circumstances. I'll figure something out."

Her words relieved the Foster family members.

She was right. Elliot had been insisting on divorcing her ever since he woke up, so why would he ever give her the money?

Everyone's emotions relaxed quite a bit after some morning tea.

Rosalie held Avery's hand and said, "It's not impossible for you to help your father's company, Avery. All you have to do is have Elliot's child, then he will definitely lend you the money."

Avery caressed her belly and glanced at Elliot.

He was sipping his tea and looked completely calm, as if he did not hear the words his mother said to her.

Avery and Elliot left the old mansion after lunch.

As they sat in the backseat of the car on the way home, he was deep in thought, and she was looking out the window.

The atmosphere in the car was eerily quiet.

“If you were pregnant with my child,” Elliot said suddenly in a chilling voice, “I would kill it with my own hands.”

A chill shot through Avery’s body. Her lips parted, as if wanting to speak, but not a sound came out.