

When His Eyes Opened by Simple Silence Chapter 121

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Chapter 121 Avery placed her phone on the table.

Her mouth suddenly felt dry, so she picked up the bowl of soup that Ben had passed her. Ben knocked on the table, then said, "Hey! Do you two think we don't know you're secretly texting each other right now?"

Avery was afraid that Elliot would blurt out something shocking, so she quickly said, "We're both full now, so we're heading home!"

"Sure! We're full too," Ben teased. "Full from watching your PDA!"

Rosalie heard the news of the assassination attempt on Elliot and rushed through the night to the Foster mansion.

Her face turned cold at the sight of Avery.

"When Mr. Foster was about to get hit by the car earlier, Miss Avery threw herself at him and wrapped him in her arms!"

The bodyguard had witnessed the entire scene and felt obligated to report what he saw to Rosalie.

"If I hadn't shot its tires, the car would have crashed right into them. Miss Avery would have been crushed to a pulp and died on the spot. However, her shielding Mr. Foster might have actually given him a chance at survival."

Bloody images flashed into Rosalie's mind as she listened to the bodyguard's description of that night's events.

"We haven't had dinner yet, Mother," Elliot said. "We're going to get something to eat."

"Oh... Hurry up and eat, then! I'll leave in a bit."

All of the resentment that Rosalie had felt for Avery slowly vanished.

It was during the most dangerous of moments that someone could determine if another person was genuine or not.

Avery had thrown herself in harm's way without hesitation; all to protect Elliot.

If that courage was not born out of love, then what else could it possibly be? Elliot and Avery emerged from the dining room after dinner.

Avery was about to return to her room when Rosalie spoke to her.

"I know how to distinguish right from wrong, Avery. Thank you for tonight," Rosalie said. She rose from the couch and stood before Avery. "Let's leave our grievances behind. I won't give you trouble as long as you're true to Elliot. He is my son, and I only hope for the best for him."

Avery was not used to the sudden change in her demeanor.

After a moment of stunned silence, she said, "It's late... You should go home and get some

rest!"

Rosalie nodded, then said, "Both of you get some rest, too."

Once Rosalie left the room, the living room faded into silence.

Avery felt like her feet were glued to the ground.

She was too embarrassed to go up to the second floor with Elliot, but how was she supposed to come up with an excuse that would allow her to leave?

He had already told her that his birthday wish was for her to come home with him.

Would he not be disappointed if she left now?

"I took all of my clothes with me when I left last time"

"You can wear some of mine for now," Elliot interrupted before Avery could finish her sentence. "Change out of the clothes you're wearing now. They'll be washed and dried by the morning."

Avery pursed her lips as her mind went blank.

"You don't want to?" asked Elliot as he fixed his deep eyes on her. "It's fine if you want to go back to your mother's place. I'll get the driver to take you."

Avery was speechless.

Setting aside her willingness, or lack thereof, she could tell from Elliot's tone that he was upset.

Suddenly, Mrs. Cooper appeared out of nowhere and said, "You left behind a set of clothes before, Avery. Let me get it for you."

This time, Avery had run out of excuses to leave.

After Mrs. Cooper walked away, Avery went behind Elliot and wheeled him toward the elevator. "It's your birthday today. You can't get mad on your birthday," she said, trying to reason with him.

"I'm not mad," Elliot responded in a calm voice. "I just didn't want to force you."

"It's not that... It's just..."

"What is it?"

"I left with such confidence and pizzazz before, but here I am again a few days later. It just feels a little bit like a slap in the face."

"I was not there the last time you left. Your return should be more like a slap in my face, not a slap in yours," said Elliot.

Avery felt a little better, then asked, "Who helps you wash up at night? Is it still the nurse from before?"

When the elevator arrived on the second floor, Elliot lifted his gaze and looked at Avery with a spark of curiosity in his eyes.

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"I deal with it myself," Elliot answered in a level-headed tone. "However, you may assist me if you're worried."

Avery felt like she had just dug her own grave.

Of course, she would be concerned if Elliot were to take care of his hygiene needs on his own, but what was the difference between her giving him a shower, and her taking a shower with him?

They entered the bedroom, and Avery shut the door behind them.

"Could you pass me the walking stick, please?" Elliot asked in a deep, low voice.

Avery was just about to ask him where the walking stick was when she spotted it and handed it over to him.

Elliot held his walking stick and used it as a support as he struggled out of the wheelchair.

"Are you okay?" Avery asked in a panic.

"I'm fine. I've been taking a shower by myself for the past few days," Elliot answered with a hint of humor in his voice. "Did I scare you?"

Avery blushed, then said, "Were you messing with me on purpose?"

"I just wanted to see your reaction," Elliot said, then made his way to the bathroom.

Avery was still worried and ended up trailing along behind him.

Elliot stopped, then asked, "Are you going to watch me?"

Avery shook her head at first, then frantically nodded and said, "I'm a little worried... Can you take your pants off by yourself? Won't you scrape your wounds?"

"These trousers are pretty loose, so they're easier to take off," Elliot explained.

Avery grunted in response.

As if to reassure her, Elliot unbuckled his belt and was about to take his pants off in front of her.

Avery's face turned a feverish red.

She stumbled a few steps back, then said, "I – I better wait outside! Shout if you need help."

She escaped the bathroom in a hurry and shut the door.

She sighed heavily and wanted to walk away, but she was afraid that he might call for help. At that moment, Mrs. Cooper knocked on the bedroom door and entered with Avery's clothes

in her arms.

"Is Master Elliot taking a shower, Madam?"

Avery nodded and took the clothes from Mrs. Cooper.

"Does she normally wash up by himself?"

"He does! He never wants any help."

"He's stubborn," Avery muttered.

"Master Elliot is rather stubborn, isn't he? It can be an unfortunate characteristic. He insists on dealing with everything by himself no matter how difficult things are," said Mrs. Cooper.

Avery agreed wholeheartedly, "I sometimes hate that about him."

"Don't hate him," Mrs. Cooper said, then withdrew the smile on her face and added, "I don't know what Master Elliot went through in the past, but from what I can tell, he is an extremely kind man."

Kind?

It was not exactly the most suitable word to describe Elliot Foster.

However, it would not be right to call him unkind either.

Mrs. Cooper continued, "The doctor said those who suffer from depression tend to be the kindest people,"

"He was depressed?" Avery asked with raised brows.

Mrs. Cooper nodded and answered, "He was on antidepressants for a week."

Avery's heart turned heavy as she felt like she never truly got to know the real Elliot Foster.

He was cruel yet vulnerable, and heartless yet persistent.

After his shower, Elliot emerged from the bathroom in a white bathrobe with the help of his walking stick

When Avery walked over to help him, she noticed his wet hair and asked, "How do you wash your hair?"

"Sitting down."

"Oh, I'll dry your hair for you," Avery said, then grabbed the blow dryer from the bathroom.

While she dried his hair, Elliot sat down quietly and did not move a muscle.

Avery wanted time to stop at that moment.

Elliot's hand suddenly grabbed onto her wrist.

"It's dry," he said.

"Oh, right," Avery said as she snapped out of her daze and turned off the blow dryer.

From the corner of her eye, she noticed blood seeping through the bandages on his leg.

"You need to redress your wounds. I'll get the first aid kit."

Avery placed the blow dryer back in the bathroom, then hurried downstairs to ask Mrs. Cooper for the first aid kit.

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Avery reentered the bedroom with a first aid kit in her hand.

She knelt down by Elliot's legs and began to undress his wounds.

His injuries were more severe than she had imagined.

A large piece of skin was missing from his leg, revealing the bloody red flesh underneath...

He must have been in agony!

Elliot barely twitched while Avery treated and dressed his wounds.

He noticed that her breathing had turned heavy.

"It looks worse than it is. It doesn't hurt," he said, his voice piercing through the silence.

He wanted to make her feel better, but she did not want his false consolation.

Avery poked his wound with her finger, causing Elliot to inhale sharply.

"Tell me again how much it doesn't hurt," she said as she glared at him with reddened eyes.

Elliot placed his arms behind him, then narrowed his eyes and said, "It doesn't hurt."

He was betting on her not poking at his wound again.

Her heart would ache at his pain.

“Go to bed! You have to be on bed rest for at least another week. Don’t go running around!” Avery snapped, then turned and entered the bathroom.

Elliot leaned against the bed’s headboard and picked up his phone from the nightstand.

He made a call, then asked, “What did you find out?”

The bullet had found its mark, but it had not punctured any major organs. It was not a lethal shot.

The culprit was being interrogated at that very moment.

•“He’s stubborn and won’t say a thing. We’re going to have to use some more drastic measures to get him to talk. We’ll get what we’re looking for before dawn,” reported the man on the other end of the line.

“Don’t let him die before he talks!”

Elliot wanted to know exactly who was the one who went through such lowly means to try to take his life.

The car crash half a year ago had put him in a vegetative state.

He refused to let the same thing happen again.

Elliot hung up and grabbed his pills from the nightstand drawer.

He was on four types of medication and had to take a handful of pills every time.

He swallowed the pills, then placed the glass of water back on the nightstand.

At that moment, the bathroom door opened and Avery emerged.

“I thought about it, and I don’t think it’s a good idea for us to sleep on the same bed with the state of your injuries. I’m afraid I’ll end up bumping into you during the night,” she said as she approached the bed.

“Are you really worried about hurting me?” Elliot asked as he stared at her with clear yet deep eyes. “Or are you trying to run away from me?”

With flushed cheeks, Avery climbed into bed and sat up next to him.

“Are you happy now?” she said as she glanced at him with a well-behaved expression on her face. “The way you are now, I guess I won’t have to worry about you doing anything to me. What do I have to be afraid of?”

Avery's unbridled appearance aroused a desire in Elliot to overpower her.

He grabbed onto the back of her head and forced her to lift her chin.

His kiss came suddenly and unexpectedly.

At three in the morning, Elliot reached over to Avery and pulled her into his arms.

She was afraid of hurting him and had been sleeping on the edge of the bed the entire time.

He was worried that she would fall out of bed in her sleep.

She had groggily returned to the edge of the bed the last few times he had attempted to pull her to him.

This time, however, Elliot did not loosen his grip around her.

Avery's rigid body slowly relaxed in his arms.

Suddenly, Elliot's phone screen lit up.

He had placed his phone on silent mode so that it would not ring. •

He picked up his phone and answered the call.

"We got it, boss! He said he was following Cassandra Tate's orders! She's Miss Avery Tate's half-sister."

Elliot's breathing turned heavy upon hearing the news.

"What do you want us to do with Cassandra Tate?" asked the man on the phone. "Do we kill her or send her to prison?" Elliot planted a soft kiss on Avery's forehead, then ordered in a hoarse voice, "Kill her."

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Chapter 124

The news of Cassandra's death came out around 7 a.m. the next morning.

She had jumped out of the window of the hotel room she was staying in and had died upon impact.

The police retrieved Avery's contact information from identification that Cassandra had left in her hotel room.

Jack was dead and Wanda was abroad.

The only person who could identify Cassandra's body was Avery.

Avery was still half asleep when she answered the call.

Even after she had hung up, she thought she was dreaming.

It was not until she snapped out of her trance and checked her phone's call history that she realized she was not in a dream.

She leaped out of bed, skipped breakfast, and rushed to the hotel where the incident had taken place.

"She had jumped, Sir. When we opened the door, she ran to the window and jumped before we could do anything. It was obvious that she was ridden with guilt."

Elliot's subordinate reported the events surrounding Cassandra's death to him." Elliot took a sip of coffee, then ordered coldly, "Keep an eye on Cole Foster."

Cassandra and Cole were close.

Cassandra wanting Elliot dead meant that Cole had the same idea in his head.

It was yet to be determined if Cassandra was the mastermind behind the assassination attempt, after all.

She could be nothing but a scapegoat, but she still deserved to die.

The police had closed off the hotel when Avery arrived.

She followed a police officer to the crime scene.

"Miss Tate, our initial investigation identified the victim as your sister, Cassandra Tate. However, we will still need a positive identification from you," said the officer. "She died upon impact after the fall around five in the morning."

Avery's heart raced frantically in her chest as she felt like an invisible force was strangling her.

It was not long until they arrived where Cassandra's body was.

The thick, metallic smell of blood permeated the air.

Avery's hand shot up to cover her nose as she stared at the bloodstains on the ground.

The officer pulled back the white sheet covering Cassandra's body, revealing the bloody, unrecognizable face underneath it.

Avery immediately began to vomit violently.

It was impossible for her to identify that mangled mess of flesh and blood.

Throughout her time in medical school, she had dissected small animals and human corpses...

However, this was the first time she had come face to face with such a disfigured body!

"Are you alright, Miss Tate?" asked the officer as he helped Avery up.

Avery's chest rose and fell at a rapid pace.

"I'm sorry... I can't tell... Just do a DNA test or something!"

"We can do that, but it will take some time..."

"I can't tell... I really can't..."

Avery took another glance at Cassandra's mangled face, and tears began to stream down her cheeks.

Her emotions were a mess.

This was not just a simple matter of losing a so-called family member.

Her relationship with Cassandra had always been unpleasant.

However, not being fond of a person and seeing their lifeless body were two completely different things.

The police moved Cassandra's body away.

They also took away all of the personal items that she left in her hotel room.

Avery sat in a squad car and sobbed.

Why would Cassandra kill herself? Did she get into a fight with Cole?

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[Leave a Comment](#) / [When His Eyes Opened by Simple Silence Chapter 125](#) Avery pulled out her phone and called Cole.

"Hello? Avery?" Cole answered.

"Cassandra's dead. Did you know?"

"What?! What do you mean she's dead?! I'm at the hospital for a checkup.... She was fine when I talked to her on the phone last night,"

"Did you fight?" "No!" Cole exclaimed.

A few seconds later, almost as if he had remembered something, he added, "I remember now. Cassandra was here when Uncle Elliot came home for dinner last time. It wasn't a pleasant night. Uncle Elliot told her that she won't have much longer to live, and she's been terrified about that conversation ever since-"

"That's impossible! I was with Elliot all night. He didn't do anything!"

Cole sighed, then said, "Why do you lose all reason every time Uncle Elliot's involved? I'm just saying what I know. You're the only one I'd tell this to. If the police asked me, there's no way I'd mention this..."

"Listen up, Cole Foster! You better not have anything to do with Cassandra's death. The police will get to the bottom of this!"

"It wasn't me. I don't have a motive! I wouldn't resort to murder even if we got into a fight," Cole responded coldly, then added, "Avery... Ever since you fell in love with Uncle Elliot, I've become nothing to you."

"Please keep that bullsh*t to yourself! What was I to you when you were messing around with Cassandra behind my back?!" Avery snapped, then furiously hung up the phone.

"Who were you talking to?" asked the officer.

"Cole Foster. He's Cassandra Tate's boyfriend," Avery said.

She gave the officer Cole's number, then said, "Cassandra's been hanging out with him a lot recently. I'm sure he knows why she killed herself."

Avery walked out of the police station that afternoon and took a cab to her mother's place.

After reporting the news of Cassandra's death to Laura, Avery muttered, "I couldn't recognize her, Mom... It was just all blood... I couldn't see her features...."

Laura wrapped her arms tightly around her daughter and said, "Don't be scared, Avery. It was her life! It had nothing to do with us! All we need to do is live our own lives!"

"Cole said that Elliot did it..." Avery said. "I don't believe it! Elliot would never commit murder!"

"Did you ask him?" Laura asked. "Even if it was him, I'm sure he had his reasons."

"Come on, Mom. There's never a reason to kill someone. If Cassandra broke the law, then the law should be the one to deal with her."

"Did the law do anything about her uncle's crimes?" Laura said, then held Avery's hands in hers and added, "I didn't say that murder isn't wrong. I'm just saying that Cole might not be telling the truth."

Avery quickly composed herself and said, "I just dropped by to tell you this... I'm leaving now ... I need to see Elliot."

"I'll take you there," Laura said. "You're not in your right mind right now. I'm worried."

Avery had ordered Elliot to be on bed rest for at least a week, and so, he was obediently resting at home.

Avery arrived at the Foster mansion at two in the afternoon.

The sight of her aloof expression and pale complexion made his heart tighten in his chest.

"I need to talk to you, Elliot," Avery said as she took a seat next to him.

Elliot's large hand clasped Avery's small one. His hand was like a lion's large paw. It wrapped around hers in a gesture of reassurance.

Avery was not used to the affectionate act and withdrew her hand on reflex.

After a few seconds of pondering, she tried to ease into the subject but ended up getting straight to the point.

"Cassandra's dead. Did you have anything to do with it?"

This was always the straightforward, no-nonsense way that she got along with Elliot.

•Elliot's eyes darkened, and his voice was chilling as he asked, "Why aren't you asking about who was trying to kill me last night? Is Cassandra Tate's life more important than mine?"

Cassandra's death had taken up so much of Avery's mind that day that she almost forgot about the events of the night before.

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"Who was it?!" she asked with fiery eyes. "Did you find out who was behind it?"

"Would you still feel sad about her death if I told you it was Cassandra?" Elliot asked as he fixed his eyes on Avery.

He watched as her expression went from one of shock to suspicion, then turned into anxiety.

"So... You really had something to do with Cassandra's death," Avery said through the lump in her throat. "Was there no other way to go about it? Why did you have to go to such extremes?"

"Don't look at me like that, Avery," Elliot said as the earlier tenderness disappeared from his face. "I'll send whoever crosses me straight to hell. I've always been like that."

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Chapter 126 The tension between Elliot and Avery grew drastically.

They were seated next to each other, but it looked like they were on the verge of war.

Afraid that they would break into a fight, Mrs. Cooper quickly brought over a fresh fruit platter.

"Have you had lunch, Madam? I left some food out for you."

Avery shot to her feet and stormed toward the dining room.

Elliot watched her walk away. He could not figure out her thoughts.

If she was furious, she probably would not stay for lunch.

However, the rage in her eyes made it impossible to deny that she was mad.

Avery had skipped breakfast and lunch, so her stomach was beginning to ache from hunger.

She took over half an hour to finish her food since wolfing it down would only cause indigestion and add to her current discomfort.

When she walked out of the dining room, Elliot was no longer in the living room.

"We tend to act impulsively when we're angry, Madam. Maybe you should get some rest for now," Mrs. Cooper said.

Avery's head was throbbing in pain, so she nodded and made her way up to her room on the first floor.

Mrs. Cooper walked next to her and said awkwardly, "I thought that you would be sleeping in the master bedroom from now on, so I already unmade your bed."

Avery raised her brows and said, "I'm not sleeping in his room."

"Madam, please. Master Elliot's injuries are going to take some time to heal, and he refuses to let anyone help or take care of him," Mrs. Cooper said as she tried to reason with her. "You're the only one that he allows to get close to him. If you don't watch over him, he might fall one day and—"

"He looked fine to me with the walking stick. I doubt he'll fall," Avery said cold-heartedly.

"You're just saying that out of anger."

"I'm not. I'm being serious."

"When you asked me for the first aid kit last night to redress his wounds, your eyes were all red—"

"That's enough. I'm going up," Avery said, then walked up to the second floor.

Elliot was taking a nap in the master bedroom. The curtains were half-drawn, allowing only some of the warm sunlight to shine in.

When Avery entered the room and saw Elliot's sleeping face, all of the emotions in her heart hit a wall, and had no way of escaping.

She had always been taught to follow the rules and not to behave in the arrogant crazy way that Elliot often did.

She walked over to the bed and sat awkwardly on the edge for a while.

After what felt like an eternity, a large hand clasped around Avery's arm and yanked her into bed.

Elliot had never fallen asleep.

From the moment Avery walked into the room, he had already given in.

“She jumped out of the window herself,” he explained in a hoarse voice.

He hated explaining himself to other people.

However, when it came to Avery, it was impossible for him to be as self-centered as he used to be.

He would rather swallow his pride than hurt her.

“Even if she didn’t kill herself, I wouldn’t have let her live.”

Elliot opened up and revealed his true self to Avery.

“Just because I didn’t get run over last night, doesn’t mean that I’ll never die. There are plenty of people who want me dead. If I show mercy to every single one of them, do you really think that they would repent and not come after me again?”

Avery stared silently at Elliot.

She took in his chiseled face and felt her heart shrivel up into a tight ball.

He was right. He was not invincible.

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Chapter 127 If Elliot had been run over last night, would it be guaranteed that the perpetrator would be punished?

Even if the murderer paid for his crimes, would it bring Elliot back to life?

Absolutely not.

“I’m not blaming you, Elliot... I just can’t immediately accept the way you handled things...” Avery said in a voice as soft as cotton.

“You don’t need to accept it. You just need to know that I would never hurt anyone who was innocent.”

“Okay.”

"Get some rest," Elliot said, then gently caressed Avery's back to get her to fall asleep.

Wrapped in his arms and surrounded by his unique scent, Avery quickly fell into a deep slumber.

At 5 p.m. that evening, Avery got a call from the police requesting her presence at the station right away.

She hung up the phone and rushed out of the house without telling Elliot.

When she arrived at the station, her gaze immediately fell on Wanda's bloodshot eyes.

Those same eyes filled with revulsion at the sight of Avery.

The two women were escorted into the station by a police officer and seated down in a private room.

"The DNA test confirmed the victim's identity as Cassandra Tate."

Wanda burst into tears upon hearing those words.

"My daughter was murdered! She was always a happy-go-lucky girl! How could she be dead?!"

"From our investigation, we suspect Cassandra Tate of being the person responsible for a car crash on Concord Street last night," revealed the police officer. "She is also suspected to be

behind the attempted assassination of Elliot Foster. Here is the evidence we collected."

A stack of documents and a cell phone were laid out in front of Avery and Wanda.

Avery simply glanced at the items and did not pick them up.

"That's impossible! She's not that brave!" Wanda cried as she violently shook her head in denial. "She's still in college! How could she possibly try to murder anybody?!"

"She hired an assassin. If Mr. Foster's bodyguards had not reacted in time, he would be dead," said the officer. "Mr. Foster is a well-known entrepreneur in Avonsville and has contributed a lot to the city's welfare. Cassandra broke the law. If she had not committed suicide, she would have had to answer for her crimes in the end."

"You're saying my daughter killed herself?!"

Wanda was at her limit after receiving blow after blow.

She held her head in her hands and looked like she was about to fall from her seat.

“Yes, ma’am. Surveillance footage from the hotel revealed your daughter getting out of bed and jumping out of the window, all on her own.” The officer then played the video on his phone for Wanda.

Avery watched with her.

It was dark, but the fear on Cassandra’s face was clear as she ran toward the window and jumped.

The whole thing lasted less than ten minutes.

“Is that it?!” Wanda snapped as she slammed her hand on the table. “Why did she jump out of the window? Something obviously scared her! Someone forced her to do it!”

“We looked into it and found out that it was the hotel’s housekeeping manager that opened the room door. The assassin that your daughter hired admitted that she was the one who ordered him to murder Elliot Foster, so Mr. Foster’s subordinates had gone to the hotel to confront Miss Tate about it. She could not handle the guilt and decided to commit suicide.”

“It was Elliot Foster... He’s the one who killed my baby...” Wanda hissed through gritted teeth.

The police officer corrected her, “Your daughter was the one who hired an assassin to kill someone. The fact that she was able to do something illegal like this has a lot to do with her lack of proper upbringing, ma’am.”

“Shut up!” Wanda snapped. “My daughter would never kill someone! You b*st*rds! Not only are you not going after the real murderer, but you’re also insulting my dead daughter! I won’t let this go!”

•Wanda was filled with rage and stormed out of the room.

Avery stayed behind to sign some documents.

The evidence was solid, so the case was closed.

Avery walked out of the station and made her way to the side of the road to hail a cab.

Wanda suddenly appeared in front of her and grabbed Avery’s arm.

"I know it was you and Elliot Foster! You wanted to take revenge on me and killed Cassandra!

You're a cold-hearted b*tch, Avery Tate! Your father would have never left the company to you if he knew how evil you were!"

Wanda was in such a rage that, if she had a knife in her hand, she would have stabbed Avery on the spot.

The sound of a car's horn suddenly pierced through the air.

A black Rolls-Roice sped toward Wanda and Avery, and came to a screeching halt right in front of them.

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Avery violently shook off Wanda's grip on her arm.

She recognized the car as Elliot's and strode over to it.

When the door to the driver's side opened up, the bodyguard got out and charged straight at Wanda.

Avery was afraid that he was about to strike Wanda.

She rushed to the bodyguard's side and held him back.

"Don't touch her! Her daughter just died. It's only natural that she'd be emotional.

"Ha... I guess you haven't been kicked out of the Foster family yet! You're pretty good at seducing men, aren't you?" Wanda mocked.

The bodyguard raised his arm in preparation to slap Wanda across the face.

Avery stopped him once again and said, "Get back in the car. I'll get in after a word with her."

The bodyguard shot an intimidating glare at Wanda, warning her not to lay a finger on Avery.

Wanda felt a chill run down her spine, but she had to put up with it.

Now that her daughter was dead, she had to stay alive!

That was the only way she could avenge Cassandra.

Once the bodyguard returned to the car, Avery turned to Wanda and said, "Say what you want about the murderer, but don't you dare bring up my father! You're the first person he'd go after if he came back from the dead. You gave your brother a position at Dad's company and embezzled three hundred million dollars in a matter of years... I'll make sure you pay back every penny you took from him!"

"That was my brother's work. What does it have to do with me? Did you think that I wanted the Tate family to go bankrupt?!" Wanda scowled. "I spent all those years with your father. Do you really think I'd do that to him?!"

• "You say that, and yet you're using the money your brother stole to live it up abroad. I doubt you'd have ever come back here if it weren't for Cassandra's death!"

Wanda's face turned scarlet with fury.

"Shaun told me everything!" she yelled. "You took your father's Super Brain program for yourself! Shaun said that your father spent hundreds of millions of dollars to develop the program. What right do you have to chastise me?!"

"Of course, I have the right," Avery responded. "The things I have were given to me by my

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father, but you stole from him! You're all a bunch of thieves! I'll make sure your brother coughs up every last penny that he took from Dad. I'll make sure he rots in prison!"

Wanda's blood pressure was soaring, but she had no words to fight back.

All she could do in the end was watch Avery get in the car and speed off.

The moment she shut the car door, Avery quickly composed herself.

She turned to Elliot and asked, "What are you doing here?"

Elliot passed her a bottle of water and answered, "I knew Wanda was coming. I was afraid she would pick a fight with you."

"Am I that weak?" Avery asked as she took a sip of water.

"You only put up a strong front in front of me," Elliot replied blandly.

Avery glared at him, then said, "I'm hungry. I don't have the energy to argue."

"Should we eat out?" Elliot suggested. "What do you feel like?"

"Anything's fine," Avery said, then a thought suddenly popped into her head and she added, "I feel like having my mom's cooking."

"Should we go to your mom's place?"

Avery glanced over at Elliot's legs, then said, "Forget it! The building isn't wheelchair accessible. It won't be convenient for you."

"We could head home and get the walking stick."

"If we're going home, we might as well just eat at home. Why bother going to my mom's?"

"You said you wanted to eat your mom's cooking."

"I was just saying that."

Avery did not expect him to take her words that seriously.

Elliot pulled out his phone and made a call.

•Avery stared at him and wondered who he was calling.

A moment later, Laura's voice came through his phone. "Hello? Elliot?"

When His Eyes Opened by Simple Silence Chapter 129

[/ When His Eyes Opened by Simple Silence](#)
Chapter 129 "Yes, Mom. It's me," Elliot answered.

Avery choked and began to cough violently.

He actually called her mother "Mom"!

"Here's the thing. Avery said she feels like eating your cooking, but it's not convenient for me to go to your place. I'm thinking of booking a restaurant nearby, and I was wondering if you'll be able to come and cook there," Elliot said in a gentle and calm voice.

"Sure! Just send me the address and I'll be right over," replied Laura.

"Thank you," Elliot said, then hung up the phone and sent an address to Laura.

Avery stared at him in complete shock, completely bewildered by his actions.

"Are you insane? I was just simply saying that... You actually called my mom out to cook for me?!" Avery exclaimed. "You never used to take my words seriously. What's going on with

you?"

"I'll take you seriously from now on," Elliot said as his eyes and tone turned serious.

A wave of warmth washed over Avery and turned her cheeks red. She felt like she could hear her heart thumping wildly in her chest.

"Don't!" she cried. "What if I say I want to kill you the next time we fight? Would you just go ahead and kill yourself?"

"Can you stop thinking about picking fights with me all the time?"

"That's because we always have different opinions. I think that's normal, though. Where in the world would you find two people who agree on everything?"

"Perhaps they exist. We just haven't met them yet."

"I wouldn't want to find someone who agrees with everything I say to spend the rest of my life with. What's the fun in that?" Avery said as her gaze lowered and her ears turned a rosy pink. "The occasional bickering keeps the spark alive."

Elliot gazed deeply at her.

"You can go find someone more agreeable if you want. I won't stop you," Avery said.

Elliot's smoldering eyes made her heart race, so she could not help but run her mouth at him.

"There are more important things in my life than dating," she added.

"I didn't say anything. Stop overthinking," Elliot said in frustration.

Avery opened up the bottle of water and took another sip.

"Don't you think you're going too far by calling my mom out to cook like this?" she mumbled. "It's not like she's a servant. I'd be mad if I were her."

"You've never been a mother yourself, Avery, so you wouldn't understand how your mom feels about this."

What Elliot meant by his words was that Laura was probably not angry.

How could she be mad about cooking for her own child? It was not like she was cooking for her every day.

Elliot had no idea that his words pierced through Avery's heart.

"Do you think I don't want to be a mother? You're the one who wouldn't let me!"

When Elliot saw Avery's reddened eyes, he realized that he made a huge mistake.

His lips moved as if he was about to say something, but he was at a loss for words.

"Is your depression the reason you don't want children?" Avery asked softly after a moment of silence. "Depression won't necessarily affect the child. The doctor would recommend terminating the pregnancy if they find something wrong during the checkups. You don't get to decide whether or not a child gets to be born."

Elliot looked out the window and clenched his jaw.

It looked as if he was trying his best to hold back and control his emotions.

Moments later, his cold voice echoed through the car, "Don't bring up children with me ever again. As long as you don't mention kids, I'll do whatever you want."

"What if all I want is to have children?"

Avery held Elliot's hand in hers, then said through the lump in her throat, "What if I beg you?"

Before she could say another word, Elliot pulled his hand back. This was his refusal.

When His Eyes Opened by Simple Silence Chapter 130

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Chapter 130 At the restaurant, Laura laid out the completed dishes on the table. "Come with me for a second, Avery," Laura called out to her daughter. Avery followed her mother and walked toward the bathroom.

"Did you and Elliot get into a fight?" Laura asked.

"Is it that obvious?" Avery responded, her face void of emotion.

Perhaps it was because she had been disappointed so many times that she became numb to the feeling "It is. You look like a couple that's on the verge of divorce," said Laura. "The expression on your faces is exactly what your father and I looked like when we went to sign the divorce

papers."

Avery could not hold back a bitter laugh.

"We didn't talk about the divorce. It's just... About having kids... We can't talk about it."

"I see. Is he still not willing to have kids? Did he say why?" Avery shook her head and said, "He has depression. Every time I think about that, I tell myself not to dwell on things."

"That poor thing." Laura sighed. "What's the point of having all of that money? Your health is more important than anything else. I think we're more wealthy than he is in that regard."

"That's because you don't know how rich he is," Avery said with a grin, then held her mother's hand and said, "Thanks for cooking, Mom!"

"Don't mention it. I wish I could cook for you every day, but I'm sure the chef at the mansion is a much better cook than I am."

"No matter how good they are, nobody's cooking suits my taste buds more than yours," Avery said with a warm smile. "Let's go eat!"

"I ate at home before I got here. Besides, I lost my appetite seeing the looks on your faces," Laura teased. "I'm going home. Stop fighting with him. We can't afford to offend him."

"Don't worry, Mom! I'll deal with him myself."

After sending her mother off, Avery returned to her seat at the table.

In front of her was a plate of peeled shrimp.

Elliot was the one who peeled them for her.

"You're pretty good at hitting on girls, aren't you?" Avery said, then picked up a piece of shrimp and shoved it in her mouth.

"I'm usually the one getting hit on," Elliot responded honestly.

Avery almost choked on her food.

"It's an honor to eat shrimp that you peeled with your bare hands."

"It'd be great if you could always be this way, Avery."

Avery took a deep breath and suppressed her negative emotions.

"I'll try not to pick fights with you from now on," she said gently, then added after a brief pause, "I'm going to the Christmas concert on campus next week. Do you have anything going on at the company?"

"We do, but I won't go."

"That's true. You should take care of your legs."

Avery picked up a piece of shrimp, dipped it in some sauce, then offered it to Elliot.

He froze for a moment, then parted his lips.

He felt a warm, fuzzy feeling inside of him after eating the shrimp that she fed him.

The harmonious atmosphere between them drew a veil over their earlier disagreement.

"Are you performing?" Elliot asked.

"Of course! It's the last Christmas concert of my college life."

"I see. I'd like to go," Elliot said nonchalantly.

Avery was taken aback.

"How would you get in? We're not even allowed to invite family!"

"I have my ways."

Avery looked at Elliot's stoic face and felt a sudden wave of relief.

"I guess that's true. With your money, all you'd have to do is donate a building. Forget about the concert, they'd probably let you peep around the female dorms, too."

Elliot lifted his head and stared at Avery.

She was the one who just said that she would stop picking fights with him.

Christmas arrived in the blink of an eye.

Avery took off for campus first thing in the morning, and Elliot got out of bed after she left the house.