

When His Eyes Opened by Simple Silence Chapter 10

Chapter 10

The living room instantly fell so silent that one could hear the sound of a beating heart.

Avery stormed back to her room and violently slammed the door shut.

The loud bang rumbled through the entire mansion.

This woman dared slam a door in Elliot Foster's house. She must not fear death.

Everyone turned their gaze to evaluate Elliot's reaction. He looked calm and composed as if he was not angry at all.

Normally, if anyone were to make a sound louder than 60 decibels in front of him, he would definitely frown.

The sound of Avery's slamming door was at least 90 decibels, so why was he not upset?

More importantly, the bottle of wine that Avery had smashed was over thirty thousand dollars. They had not even had the chance to drink it yet.

She broke it without even batting an eyelid.

“D*mn, I heard that Miss Tate’s father passed away a few days ago. Seeing as she showed up in black, she must have just returned from the funeral!”

Someone had mustered up the courage to break the silence.

The woman in the white dress was a senior manager at Sterling Group’s PR department, Chelsea Tierney.

It was her birthday, so she had invited a few of Elliot’s friends to the house to also celebrate his recovery.

Her earlier altercation with Avery was a huge blow to her pride.

Chelsea noticed Elliot’s unbothered expression, but she knew him well enough to know that he could blow up at any moment.

She returned to his side and apologized cautiously, “I’m sorry, Elliot. I didn’t know her father had passed away.”

Elliot snuffed out his cigarette in the ashtray. He smoothly picked up his wine glass with his long, slender fingers and downed its contents in one swift gulp.

He placed the empty glass back on the table, then said in a low, sensual voice, “Happy birthday.”

Chelsea’s ears turned red as she responded, “Thank you.”

“Also, Avery Tate isn’t someone you can touch,” Elliot said as he adjusted the collar of his shirt. His voice carried a hint of warning.

“Even if she were just a pet in the Foster household, I’m the only one who can push her around.”

Chelsea panicked.

“But you’re about to divorce her, so she would be even less than a pet by then!”

Elliot’s gaze instantly turned ice cold.

“Even if it were something I no longer wanted, I still won’t watch as someone puts her down.”

At that moment, Mrs. Cooper walked in to clean up the shattered wine bottle and take away the dirtied carpet.

Someone filled up Elliot’s wine glass.

“Don’t be mad, Elliot. Chelsea didn’t mean to do that. She won’t actually lay her hand on Miss Tate,” the man sitting on the other side of Elliot said as he tried to lighten the mood.

“That’s right! Chelsea, hurry up and take three shots as punishment! You may be the birthday girl, but you did go a little too far!”

Chelsea picked up her glass and prepared to take three shots.

Elliot glanced to the side at his bodyguard who immediately walked over and helped him up.

“You guys go ahead!” Elliot said before he returned to his room.

Chelsea watched Elliot's back as he left the room with reddened eyes. She gulped down three shots. She stomped in her stilettos.

“D*mn! Both the stars of the night left. Do we keep drinking?”

“Of course! It would be good for Chelsea to give up, too. Otherwise, she'll keep thinking she'll become Mrs. Foster one day!”

“I doubt what happened tonight would make her give up! Elliot is still planning to divorce Miss Tate, anyway.”

“Speaking of Avery Tate, she's quite beautiful, but she has a bad temper. How does Elliot put up with it?”

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In the guest room, Avery held her knees in her arms as tears quietly streamed down her face.

The dam that had held her tears for the past three days had been completely destroyed.

Her father's final apology before his death constantly echoed in her head.

All of the hatred that she had felt for him had vanished without a trace.

She sobbed until she fell into a deep slumber.

When she woke up the next morning, her eyes were swollen and aching.

Avery changed into a clean nightgown and walked out of the room.

She had not eaten well the past few days, and she was so hungry that her stomach ached.

When she arrived at the entrance of the dining room, she saw Elliot's back and stopped.

Mrs. Cooper saw her and immediately greeted her, "Breakfast is ready, Madam! Come over and have some!"

In the past, Avery avoided Elliot like the plague. She was scared of offending him and suffering the consequences.

Now, the thought of him delaying the divorce gave her a boost of courage.

She chose the seat furthest from him and sat down. Mrs. Cooper placed her breakfast in front of her, and she was about to eat when Elliot spoke.

"That bottle of wine last night costs thirty thousand dollars."

His voice was indifferent.

Avery's hand tightened around her fork as her mind went blank.

Thirty thousand dollars for a bottle of wine?

What kind of wine was that expensive?

Was he expecting her to pay for it?

Did he think she looked like she could afford it?

She felt a pang of pain in her stomach. Her back was drenched in a cold sweat, and she had lost her appetite.

Elliot glanced at Avery's tired and pale face and said, "This is a warning. If you break something in my house again, you'll pay for it to the penny!"

Avery's stomach stopped hurting upon hearing this, and her appetite returned.

Many women suffer side effects during the early stages of pregnancy, ranging from vomiting to being bed-ridden.

Apart from the occasional bout of nausea, Avery had yet to throw up.

However, when she saw the pieces of meat on her plate, she suddenly felt uneasy and picked them out.

"Is it not good, Madam?" Mrs. Cooper said anxiously when she saw Avery's behavior.

Avery shook her head and said, "I've been feeling like having vegetarian meals recently."

"Alright, I'll keep that in mind," responded Mrs. Cooper quickly.

After breakfast, Avery returned to her room and changed her clothes.

Jack's lawyer had made an appointment to see her today. He did not say what it was about, but she had an inkling.

Once she was changed, she grabbed her purse and walked out of the room.

Coincidentally, Elliot was also about to head out.

He had a bodyguard to escort him and a chauffeur to drive him.

Avery glanced at the time. She had agreed to meet the lawyer at 10 a.m., and it was already close to nine in the morning.

She took long strides as she walked out. It was about a ten minute walk from the mansion to where she could hail a cab.

The rain the day before caused the temperature to drop by a few degrees

Perhaps it was the cold wind, but Avery felt a surge of nausea after walking a short while.

A silver luxury sedan drove out of the estate and was about to speed up when the driver noticed Avery.

“It looks like Madam Avery,” said the driver as he slowed down the car.

The driver had seen Avery walk out of the house, so he remembered what she was wearing.

Elliot had his eyes shut but suddenly opened them up upon hearing the driver's words.

“It looks like Madam's throwing up, Mr. Foster,” said the driver who had a better view from the driver's seat.

Avery was silently celebrating her light pregnancy symptoms at breakfast, but she was now uncontrollably puking her guts out.

She held onto the trash can and planned to head home to wash up once she was done throwing up.

She was faced with Elliot's car when she turned around.

The luxury sedan sparkled under the bright sun.

The driver had stopped the car next to her and rolled down the back seat window.

Avery saw Elliot's deep, cold eyes staring at her.

Her cheeks flushed a crimson red.

Could he suspect something?

She frowned, then walked to the back seat window and said, “I think I ate too much at breakfast.”