

## When His Eyes Opened by Simple Silence Chapter 141

Chapter 141 The phone rang for a while before someone answered.

“Hi, Uncle Fred. This is Avery Tate. Do you remember me?”

“Avery Tate? Of course, I remember you! Our company wouldn't have gone under if it weren't for you! How dare you call me? Did you lose all of your money abroad and want to borrow some from me? Let me tell you right now that you won't get a penny from me!”

Avery remained calm despite the hostility coming from the other end of the line.

“That's not why I'm calling. I was just wondering if you have plans to switch companies.”

“Switch companies? Are you a headhunter now?”

“I'm planning on rebuilding Tate Industries. If possible, I'd like to bring back the old staff. If all of you are willing to come back, I can double your current salaries.”

Fred Dover's jaw dropped!

“Are you interested?” Avery asked.

Fred took a deep breath, then said, “Did you hit the jackpot? Do you know how much doubling everyone's salary would come up to?”

“I can afford it,” Avery responded.

“If you’re serious about it, then, of course, I’ll come back! I have nothing against money!” Fred said without hesitation, then muttered, “Did you actually hit the jackpot?”.

“Not exactly, but rebuilding Tate Industries isn’t a problem. By the way, I’ll need you to find out who bought the old company building before. I’d like to buy it back.”

“Looks like you’re for real! Give me some time... I’ll check it out right away! I’ll let you know once I find out.”

Avery glanced at the time, then said, “It’s late. Ask around tomorrow! I’m calling you now because I’m happy to be home.”

No matter how well things were abroad, she had always felt like she had never belonged there.

The next morning, Avery took Layla out for a tour of the private preschool in the neighborhood.

The preschool was designed and built to look like a castle.

It was only natural for a preschool in a high-end neighborhood to be impressive.

“Miss Tate, if you’re worried that Layla might not be used to things here, you’re more than welcome to send her here for a trial period,” said the school’s director.

She was especially fond of Layla because she looked as beautiful as a little princess.

Avery looked Layla in the eye before asking for her opinion.

“Do you want to give it a try, baby girl? It’d be a lot easier on Grandma to take you to school every day if you go here.” Layla’s hands were clenched into tiny fists as she stared at her mother with obsidian eyes and asked, “Are you sending Hayden to another school, Mommy? Can I go with him?”

Avery patted her daughter’s head, then explained gently, “I’m sorry, Layla. Your brother’s situation is different. Once he is ready, I’ll make sure the two of you will never be separated, okay?”

Layla’s expression was somber, but she nodded her head anyway.

After handing her daughter over to the school director’s care, Avery made her way home.

Laura was washing the dishes in the kitchen while Hayden was playing with his new toys.

Avery walked over to her son, then said, “Shall we go take a look at a new school, Hayden? We’ll just check it out and come straight home if you don’t like it.”

Hayden put his toys away and got to his feet.

He was an obedient child most of the time.

He would cooperate when it involved things like seeing a new school, however, enrollment was a different matter altogether. Avery had tried both public and private schools, but none of them had worked. . .

Even the private tutor that she hired to homeschool him did not work out in the end.

She did not want to send her son to a special needs school, but she was out of ideas.

Angela Special Needs Academy was the most elite special needs school in Avonsville.

The school's exorbitant fees meant only the top one percent of families in the city could afford to send their children there.

Moreover, the academy's admissions followed a referral system.

Avery only managed to get a spot thanks to her connections.

Their cab arrived in front of Angela Special Needs Academy, and Avery and Hayden walked over to register themselves at the front gates.

Avery turned around once she was done with the registration, and she caught sight of a black Rolls-Roice that was nearing the school's exit.

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The black Rolls-Roice slowed down as it approached the school's iron gates and waited for them to open.

Avery instinctively picked Hayden up in her arms and turned the other way.

Soon after, the Rolls-Roice sped off in a flash.

Hayden watched as the black luxury sedan drove off into the distance, then glanced at his mother's anxious expression.

He had a feeling that she knew the person in that car.

He had never seen his mother afraid of anyone, and her fear at this moment piqued his interest.

Once Avery and Hayden walked into the school, a representative from the academy took them on a tour of the grounds.

Angela Special Needs Academy truly lived up to its reputation as Avonsville's top special needs school.

Not only was the campus an impressive sight, everything from the instructors to the facilities was world-class.

Even though the fees were high, Avery was very satisfied with the place.

She pulled her son aside and said, "Would you like to give this school a try, Hayden? I can send you to class every morning and pick you up in the evening. What do you think?"

Avery would not force Hayden to enroll at the school if he shook his head.

Even if he was different, he was still her baby boy.

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She would gladly spend the rest of her life taking care of him. Which was why she was taken aback when Hayden nodded his head yes.

Was she imagining things?

Hayden actually agreed!

“Are you sure, sweetie?” Avery asked as she held her breath.

Hayden fixed his twinkling eyes on his mother and nodded once again.

Avery pulled her son into her arms; tears began to form in her eyes.

This was only the first step, but it was a giant leap from the past.

At 10 a.m. that morning, Mr. Vaughn had finally managed to get through to Elliot on the

phone.

“Hello, Mr. Foster. I’m Miss Avery Tate’s lawyer, Vaughn...” Mr. Vaughn was worried that Elliot would

hang up the phone, so he quickly got to the main point and added, "I'm calling because Miss Tate is back in the country."

Sure enough, Elliot did not hang up on him.

Mr. Vaughn let out a sigh of relief, then said, "Miss Tate called me last night and insisted that I get in touch with you today. She hasn't changed her mind about the divorce. She wishes for you to sign the divorce papers as soon as possible. Otherwise, she will be taking this to court."

On the other end of the line, Elliot's breathing turned distinctly heavier.

"Mr. Foster, I can't quite understand why you refuse to go through with the divorce. Miss Tate isn't asking for a penny from you. All she wants is to divorce you. You won't lose anything from this."

Vaughn's annoying voice led Elliot to rub the area between his brows.

"I'll only do it if she meets me face to face and asks me for a divorce!" he snapped, then hung up.

Mr. Vaughn passed Elliot's answer over to Avery.

"Why won't you just go and meet him, Miss Tate? He said he'd divorce you as long as you meet with him!"

After a moment's consideration, Avery asked, "Will not divorcing him affect my life?"

Mr. Vaughn was shocked, then answered, "Of course, it will! First of all, all of the money you're earning would be considered a part of your marital property..."

"You're kidding me. He makes a lot more than I do. Why should I be worried if he isn't?"

"You might have signed a prenuptial agreement, but he did no such thing.

"I'll just give him whatever he wants if he has the guts to ask me for it."

"Has your relationship irretrievably broken down or not? I honestly can't tell."

"It's broken," Avery answered bluntly.

"I see. Would you like to take this case to court, then? It's a lot more troublesome than meeting him."

Avery raised her brows, then said, "Let me think about it."

"Alright. I wish you a smooth divorce," Mr. Vaughn said, then added after a brief pause, "I still don't understand why you're divorcing him. He's THE Elliot Foster! Countless women couldn't marry him no matter how much they wanted to, and here you are insisting on getting a divorce from him."

“I wish you good business,” Avery said, then hung up. Her head was killing her.

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### Chapter 143

Avery did not want to see Elliot at all.

The Rolls-Roice she saw at the school that morning was not the same one from four years ago.

He would not be driving the same car for four years, after all.

However, the driver was the same one as before.

What was Elliot doing at a special needs school?

Could it be that he was an investor at the academy?

Even so, it was unlikely that he would bother to check in on the school's operations.

After all, the Sterling Group alone was enough to keep him busy.

Chad noticed Elliot's somber expression at lunch, so he tried to cheer him up.

“Sir, Professor Hough might have a long list of students, but I'm sure we'll be able to find who we're looking for in no time.”

“Avery’s back,” Elliot stated.

His voice was bleak and dull.

It sounded completely void of emotion, but it also had a deep undercurrent that was rich with feeling Chad was stunned, then snapped back to reality and asked, “Did she contact you?” .

“No, but she will soon,” Elliot said, finally picking up his fork to eat. “She wants a divorce, but I told her lawyer to inform her that she’ll only get one if she meets me herself.”

“What if she doesn’t come to see you? It doesn’t look like the divorce has much of an impact on your lives after all.”

Elliot fired an icy glare at Chad, instantly shutting his assistant up.

Ben ordered a bottle of wine, then turned to Elliot and said, “How do you feel about her now? I’

•d hate her if I were you, but I have a feeling you don’t hate her at all. It actually looks like you kind of want to see her...”

When the wine arrived, Elliot poured himself a glass.

He took a sip of wine, then said, “I won’t go as far as to say I hate her, but there’s certainly no love left.”

If Elliot was still in love with Avery, he would have signed the divorce papers a long time ago and granted her freedom.

He had given her everything in his power to give four years ago. Whether it was his money, his heart, or his soul, he had handed all of it to her unconditionally.

In the end, Avery threw him aside like he was nothing.

That was the first time Elliot had ever truly felt what it was like to get his heart torn into a million pieces.

Everyone had the right to their privacy, but Avery insisted on laying all of his personal matters out on the table.

If he had the courage and ability to open up, he would not have had to suffer from depression.

She had told him that she loved him and made him feel like he owned the world, then turned around and took it all away from him.

Elliot swore that he would never again love another woman, especially not Avery Tate.

“That’s good. I thought Avery was different from other women, but I never expected her to hurt you more than anyone,” Ben said, then picked up his glass of wine and gave a toast, “Chad and I will always have your back.”

Once the glasses clinked together, a thought suddenly popped into Chad’s mind.

“By the way, Sir, your property manager told me earlier today that someone was interested in buying Tate Tower.”

“Who was it?” Elliot said as he tightened his grip around his wine glass. His fingers were white with the tightness of his grip.

“I looked into it. It was Tate Industries’ former HR manager.”

“Are you sure he can afford it?” Elliot mocked.

Chad had yet to look into the man’s finances.

He had to first confirm if Elliot was willing to sell or not.

“I can meet with him if you’re interested in selling. How much are you thinking of asking for?”

Elliot’s eyes flickered right before his body stiffened.

Ben guessed his friend’s thoughts when he saw the change in Elliot’s gaze.

“You’re not thinking that the one who’s trying to buy Tate Tower is—”

“Did you reveal your identity?” Elliot asked Chad, interrupting Ben.

Chad shook his head and said, “Not yet. They only know your property manager.”

“Get the property manager to ask the buyer for his proof of assets,” Elliot ordered. “If he’s not the one buying, get him to ask the real buyer for a meeting.”

## When His Eyes Opened by Simple Silence Chapter 144

Chapter 144 Avery received a call from Fred at two in the afternoon.

“They want to meet us to discuss the purchase of the property, Avery. When will be a good time for you? Also, do you have proof of assets ready? The building is worth at least eighty million dollars at the current market price.”

Fred’s words took Avery by surprise.

“Didn’t Tate Tower sell for half that amount back then?”

“It did, but it’s prime real estate in a great location. With the rise in property prices in the past couple of years, of course, its price would increase.”

“I see. I’m busy today. Let’s meet them tomorrow!”

“Got it. I’ll arrange it with them now.”

Avery had promised to meet Tammy that afternoon.

The two best friends had kept in touch throughout the years.

They did not talk much, but their friendship remained strong.

Tammy walked into the restaurant she had agreed to meet Avery with a bouquet of red roses.

When the best friends spotted each other, they ran into each other's arms.

"You took your time coming home, Avery! I was considering breaking up with you if you still didn't come back!"

Avery and Tammy had met exactly twice in the last four years.

Tammy had been the one to visit Avery abroad both times.

Avery sniffed at the bouquet of roses, then said, "Flowers from my best friend really smell extra sweet."

"I was going to pretend like I didn't know you, but I couldn't do it! How could you not come back to see me for four whole years?!" Tammy said as she sat Avery down next to her. "You won't be leaving again after this, right?"

"Of course, I will... To travel, maybe."

"Look at you joking around with me! Where are you staying right now?"

Tammy ordered a few dishes, then passed the menu to Avery, who glanced through it and passed it back to the waiter.

"I got a place at Starry River."

“You mean the famous Starry River neighborhood with all those luxury villas?” Tammy gasped with wide eyes.

Avery nodded, then said, “I made a little money abroad.”

“Holy crap! Those villas cost millions! That’s not a little money, that’s a lot of freaking money! How did you do it? Can you teach me?” Tammy said as she jokingly batted her eyelashes at Avery.

“I started a company, and it did better than I expected it to,” Avery answered nonchalantly.

“You’re incredible! I doubt Jun’s made his first million since he started his own business. I don’t think he’s got the knack for business. My parents think so too, which is why they won’t let me marry him,” Tammy complained. “It’s been five years since we got together... I don’t know how much longer it’ll last.”

“Didn’t you say that your parents would let you marry him if he took over his family’s business?”

“They did, but that idiot refuses to take over his family’s company! He said that he’ll love me for the rest of our lives and take care of me with the peanuts that he makes,” Tammy said as she wiped an invisible tear from her eye. “It’s so hard, Avery! I might never get married at this rate.”

“Don’t worry about it. If you really can’t wait to marry someone, I’ll marry you. I can take care of you. Since

same-sex marriage is illegal here, we could just do it abroad," Avery said in an attempt to cheer up her friend.

Tammy burst into laughter, almost spitting the water in her mouth.

Her tone then turned serious as she asked, "Tell me the truth, Avery. Why are you divorcing Elliot? Did he cheat on you? I never heard anything about him having an affair! He hasn't even dated since you left."

Tammy was always too embarrassed to ask Avery about her relationship with Elliot, but she no longer held back now that Avery was sitting right in front of her.

"If Jun had another woman in his heart, even if she never appeared in your lives, would you be able to accept it?" Avery asked.

Tammy was dumbfounded.

"Elliot's got another woman?!"

Avery took a sip of water, then said, "It's all in the past now. We broke up a long time ago, and now all that's left is the divorce proceedings."

"I never expected him to be such a sleazebag. All of his friends thought that you were the one who hurt him. They said he was the world's most devoted man, and you were the cruelest woman... I think I'm going to throw up."

“Don’t throw up. I’m eating,” Avery said calmly with an enigmatic expression.

“That’s it! Let’s not mention that b\*st\*rd anymore! What are your career plans after this?” “I’m thinking of rebuilding my father’s company.”

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Chapter 145

Tammy gazed at Avery in astonishment.

“Exactly how much money did you make?!”

“It’s my desire to rebuild Tate Industries. It’s a wish, okay? I don’t know if I’ll succeed or not.”

Tammy felt relieved, then said, “Jun and I look like a couple of losers next to you. I’m going to have to stay on your good side... How about I set you up with someone? I have a cousin who’s super cute. He’s only seventeen, but he’s a good kid-”

“Stop messing with me, Tammy,” Avery said as she held her head in her hand.

“You don’t like the young ones? Do you like older men? That works, too! My personal trainer is forty this year, but I drool every time I see his muscles... You should take him in, then make him your stay-at-home husband...”

Avery let out a heavy sigh.

After her breakup with Elliot, she had lost all interest in men, both young and old.

Once tea was over, Avery and Tammy made their way to a car dealership.

Tammy suggested a Bonz sedan, but a Rower SUV caught Avery's eye.

"How's this one? It doesn't look too bad," Avery asked Tammy as she pointed at a sports model.

Tammy gestured at the price tag on the car, then said, "It's perfect as long as your wallet's fat enough! It better be good for that price!"

Avery pulled out her credit card, then passed it to the salesperson and said, "I'll take this one."

She had to pick Hayden up from school later, so it would not be convenient for her to take a cab.

That evening, Avery arrived at Angela Special Needs Academy in her brand new SUV.

Hayden's teacher led him to Avery, then said, "Hayden was great today. I had a good time

- getting to know him."

Avery turned to her son with a surprised look on her face.

"Is that true, Hayden?"

Hayden shoved his hands into his pockets, then lightly tipped his head.

Avery was so moved that she was on the verge of tears.

She did not expect Hayden to finally pick a school.

Angela Special Needs Academy truly lived up to its name.

The school fees that cost hundreds of thousands of dollars were worth every penny.

The next morning, Avery and Fred made their way to the cafe where they were meeting Tate Tower's current owner.

"Did you not bring your proof of assets?" Fred asked in concern when he noticed that Avery had shown up empty handed.

"Let's see how much they're asking for first."

"They said it'd be the market price, then said we should meet up."

Once they entered the cafe, Avery ordered a cup of coffee.

The meeting was set for ten in the morning, which is exactly when her coffee arrived at the table.

When the glass doors to the cafe slid open, Avery looked up to see two men walking in... And one of them looked very familiar!

## When His Eyes Opened by Simple Silence Chapter 146

Chapter 146 The composure on Chad's face disappeared the moment he laid eyes on Avery.

The one who wanted to buy Tate Tower was none other than Avery Tate!

Avery's mind was also in a frenzy.

What was Elliot's assistant doing there?

Could it be...

When Fred saw the two men arrive, he got up to his feet and greeted the property manager.

"Good morning, Mr. Powell," Fred said, then glanced at Chad and asked, "And this is?"

"This is Mr. Elliot Foster's assistant, Chad Rayner," answered Mr. Powell. "Mr. Foster was the one who asked me to arrange for the purchase of the building four years ago."

Fred nodded, then greeted Chad, "It's a pleasure to meet you, Mr. Rayner."

Chad shook Fred's hand and said, "Likewise."

"Let me present Miss Avery Tate," said Fred. "Miss Tate is my late boss's eldest daughter. She's the one who's interested in acquiring Tate Tower. Back when Tate Industries went under, she moved abroad for business

and has now returned in hopes of buying the old building and restoring the company.”

Avery felt as if she was surrounded by an eerie silence. She could not hear a thing that Fred had said.

She found the entire thing absurd.

Life was once again playing a sick joke on her!

As if Elliot would sell Tate Tower if he found out that she was the buyer!

From what Avery learned from Tammy, Elliot probably despised her.

“Gentlemen, I’d like to speak to Miss Avery alone. Would you mind stepping out for a moment?” Chad asked as he smiled politely.

Fred immediately shot to his feet.

“I’ll wait outside,” he said to Avery, then made his way out the door with Mr. Powell trailing along behind him.

In an instant, Avery and Chad were the only two people left in the cafe.

An awkward tension filled the air.

Avery picked up her cup of coffee and took a sip.

Chad ordered a cup for himself, then turned to Avery and asked casually, “Didn’t you go abroad for graduate school,

Miss Tate? How did you make enough money to afford a whole building?"

"That's my personal business, and I'd rather keep that to myself," Avery responded calmly.

Chad adjusted his glasses, then went straight to the point.

"Mr. Foster will go through with the divorce if you meet him face to face. Similarly, I'm unable to comment on your interest in buying Tate Tower. You're going to have to take that up with Mr. Foster."

"I don't want to see him," Avery said bluntly.

"Is guilt what's stopping you from seeing him, Miss Tate? All Mr. Foster wants is to end things with you face to face," Chad said breezily. "He no longer loves you, so you won't have to worry about him pestering you when you meet."

Avery felt as if someone had plunged a sharp knife into her heart, but she had to maintain her composure. "I understand. I'll meet him when I have the time. Also, I'm the last person who would feel any guilt in this matter."

She then stood up and went to settle the check.

Chad watched Avery walk away. She was slender. Her final words echoed in his head.

It was true that there was no trace of guilt on her face.

Was there more than what meets the eye between Avery and his boss ?

After Avery left, Chad returned to the office to report back to Elliot.

When Elliot received the news that Avery was the one who wanted to buy Tatě Tower, his expression did not waver one bit. He had already figured that out by himself.

When His Eyes Opened by Simple Silence Chapter 147

Chapter 147

“She hasn’t changed much. She’s still young and beautiful, but there was something very different about her temperament.”

Chat reported to Elliot what had transpired when he had met Avery.

“She’s a lot more composed than she used to be. She has the air of someone who has made it. I wonder how she has managed to make that much money in a few short years.”

Ben pulled out a stack of files, then said, “I looked into it and found out that she had started a company called Alpha Technologies with a business partner three years ago. The company mainly sells drones. I’m guessing she used the program that her father had left behind. I heard that the program itself wasn’t complete, so she probably found someone to perfect it for her. Otherwise, sales wouldn’t be through the roof.”

“She’s no longer the same helpless, little Avery Tate from four years ago.”

“I never found her to be helpless. She might not have had much money four years ago, but she had a mind of her own. How did you think she managed to drive the boss insane?” Chad mused.

“That’s true,” Ben agreed. “She’s pretty impressive now! Even with the asking price of a hundred and fifty million, I’m sure she will be able to afford it.”

Chad glanced at Elliot, who had been silent the entire time, and asked, “Will you sell, Sir? She’s very interested.”

Elliot shifted his gaze from his laptop screen, then responded coldly, “I’ll wait for her to come to me.”

That afternoon, a man and a woman were sitting by the window of a high-end restaurant.

The man was Cole Foster, and the young woman was the daughter of one of the city’s top financial groups.

“My uncle is Elliot Foster. I see him every week, and he’s really close to my father,” Cole said, lying through his teeth. “I’ll take you to meet him if we start dating.”

“Why won’t you work at your uncle’s company, then? Sterling Group, wasn’t it?” asked the woman.

“I don’t want to depend on him. I want to make a name for myself.”

“I see. How many girlfriends have you had before?”

“Just two,” answered Cole. “One in college, then one after I graduated. I haven’t dated in the last four years because work’s been busy.”

“Do you stay in touch with your exes?” asked the woman.

“Not since we broke up. I don’t like getting entangled in past relationships. We became strangers after we broke up. I wouldn’t give them another look even if they came back begging on their knees.”

The woman nodded at Cole’s answer, seemingly satisfied with what she heard.

At that moment, a tiny hand reached out and grabbed ahold of Cole’s sleeve.

“Daddy... Do you not want Mommy and me anymore? This lady isn’t as pretty as Mommy, and Mommy’s younger than she is. Do you like this lady for her money? Daddy! Please don’t leave Mommy and me!” Cole felt like he had just been shocked by electricity.

He was about to push away the little girl who had mistaken him for her father, but his eyes landed on Layla’s adorable crying face, and his heart melted!

What a beautiful little girl!

Under her doll-like haircut and wispy bangs were a pair of sparkling, wide eyes.

Cole felt his heart skip a beat every time those eyes blinked.

“What the hell? You have a daughter? You sc\*mbag!”

The young woman threw her drink at Cole’s face, then picked up her bag and stormed out.

Cole wiped the tea from his face and got up to run after her.

Layla burst into a wailing sob and cried, “Daddy! Don’t go! Don’t leave me, Daddy!” Her heart-wrenching howl attracted the attention of everyone in the restaurant.

Cole was defeated.

“You got the wrong guy! I’m not your Daddy! I’m not even married! How could I have a daughter as big as you? Please don’t cry! I’m begging you! Stop crying, please!”

When Layla saw from the corner of her eye that the young woman had sped off in her car, her tears came to a halt.

“You don’t look like my Daddy. My Daddy wouldn’t leave me.”

Layla sniffled, then reached out her hand and asked, “Could I borrow your phone, Sir? I lost my Daddy.”

Cole clenched his teeth, but pulled out his phone and gave it to her anyway.

Five minutes later, Layla walked out of the restaurant.

With one hand covering the bluetooth earpiece in her ear, she said delightedly, "I did what

you told me to do, Hayden. I have infected his phone with the Trojan horse!"

### When His Eyes Opened by Simple Silence Chapter 148

Chapter 148 That evening there was a family dinner at the old Foster mansion. "How did your date with Jenny Gibson of Gibson Group go?" asked Rosalie, turning to Cole.

Cole looked dejected and did not lift his head.

"Your grandmother just asked you a question, Cole!" Olivia snapped as she threw a glare at her son. "Didn't you say the other day that you've been texting her lately?"

"Things were going fine until a little girl showed up out of nowhere," Cole explained with a frown on his face. "She grabbed my shirt and called me daddy. She was screaming and crying the whole time. It was embarrassing! Jenny misunderstood and ended up blocking me. I haven't been able to call her since."

Henry and Olivia's faces turned glum.

They were depending on their son to marry into money to secure their place in high society.

After all, Elliot would never give them a penny no matter how powerful and wealthy he was.

Unfortunately, their plans for Cole to snag the Gibson family's eldest daughter were ruined by a four-year-old little girl!

"How did something that absurd happen?" Olivia huffed angrily. "Could the child have done it on purpose?"

"I don't think so," Cold replied. "She couldn't find her father, so she probably only mistook me for him out of fear."

The little girl's adorable face popped into Cole's mind once again, and he felt there was something strangely familiar about her.

"Now that I think about it, the kid really reminded me of someone..." he mused.

When it finally hit him, he exclaimed, "I got it! She looked like Avery Tate! The more I think about it, the more alike they look!"

The moment Henry heard Avery's name, he let out a cough as a warning to Cole.

It was an unspoken rule to never mention Avery Tate in front of Elliot.

It was a slip of the tongue on Cole's part.

"I'm sorry, Uncle Elliot. I didn't mean to, but that little girl really was the spitting image of Avery-" Cole explained to Elliot.

"That's enough from you!" Henry roared. "Finish your food! We're going to the Gibsons' to explain things later!"

Cole admitted defeat and continued eating his food in silence.

On the other side of town, Avery's family of four were having dinner at home.

After a short while, the children put down their forks and rushed into their room.

"They ate at school before coming home, so they're not that hungry," Laura said, then smiled and added, "I still can't believe that Hayden finally chose a school he likes."

Avery checked that the door to the children's room was closed, then whispered softly, "It's a special needs school, so it's different from an average school. Hayden doesn't have classmates there. It's just him and two teachers."

"Classmates aren't that important. What's important is that he gets to have an education, which will end up giving him some advantage in life. It would be even better if he could find a stable job and take care of himself," Laura said with a heavy heart.

“Don’t get ahead of yourself, Mom,” Avery said as she tried to cheer Laura up. “His good health is the best happiness we can hope for.”

Laura nodded in agreement.

In the children’s room, Hayden and Layla were having a secret conversation by the window.

“Daddy’s a dirtbag,” Layla grumbled, rolling her bright eyes as her cheeks puffed in anger. “I don’t want a dirtbag for a dad, Hayden.”

Hayden’s eyes were filled with rage as he exclaimed, “Dirtbags aren’t worthy!”

“Exactly! A dirtbag isn’t worthy of being our daddy! I’d rather not have a daddy at all!” Layla huffed furiously. “Let’s teach him a lesson, Hayden! Just thinking about how he was following that lady like a puppy tonight makes me so mad!”

Hayden hopped off the bay window and said, “I’ll show him!”

At 10 p.m. that night, Avery was pacing back and forth in her room after she had taken a shower.

Even if she did not want to see Elliot, it looked like she did not have a choice in the matter. She would have to contact him soon.

Fred had contacted Tate Industries' former employees, and everyone expressed that they were willing to join the company again.

It was imperative that she reclaimed Tate Tower as soon as possible.

If Elliot refused to sell, Avery would have to give up and find another building.

She had tapped on Elliot's contact multiple times, but she had yet to find the courage to push

the call button.

They had not broken up because she had wronged him, so why was she this nervous?

Avery went downstairs and out. She bought a bottle of wine and took it home.

By the time she was halfway through the bottle, her cheeks had a rosy tint to them.

Her eyes were slightly glazed from the alcohol, but her mind was clear.

Avery dialed Elliot's number, then stared at her phone screen with cold eyes. Her call was answered about ten seconds later.

**When His Eyes Opened by Simple Silence Chapter 149**

Chapter 149

Avery spoke first

“Tomorrow is a weekend. Are you free?”

“In the morning or afternoon?” Elliot asked.

His voice sounded low and hoarse, yet it was still filled with the same magnetism and was just as attractive as it had been four years ago.

“In the morning!” Avery answered.

Her judgment was impaired by the alcohol. She felt particularly brave, and so, she spoke without thinking things through.

“Remember to bring along your ID and marriage certificate. If our meeting goes well, we could sign the divorce papers tomorrow morning itself!”

Elliot had not expected Avery to be this aggressive.

It was completely different from what Chad described.

“You’ll regret this, Avery,” Elliot said as his Adam’s apple bobbed in his throat, and his grip around his phone tightened.

“I won’t f\*cking regret it!”

Elliot’s words had struck a chord in Avery.

“If the divorce goes through tomorrow, I’m getting some fireworks and setting them off for the next twenty-four hours!” Avery said, then burst into laughter.

As Elliot listened to her charming laugh, he realized that something was off.

“Did you drink, Avery?” he asked.

She had never even used to touch a drop of alcohol!

Not only was she drinking now, but she was drunk.

A raging fury ignited in Elliot.

“What can you do about it?! I’ll drink when I want to. No one can control me!” Avery yelled arrogantly.

“We’re getting a divorce tomorrow!” Elliot hissed through gritted teeth.

It was true that nobody could control Avery.

As the head of Alpha Technologies, she was worth billions.

They may be husband and wife, but that was purely in name.

No, their relationship no longer existed even in name!

Everyone around them knew that they had broken up.

Since that was the case, then it was time to put a full stop to this marriage!

Avery was clapping her hands.

Elliot was livid and hung up on her.

If he stayed on the phone, his blood pressure would reach a breaking point.

When her phone screen turned dark, Avery let out a dry laugh, then fell back heavily on the bed.

“I’m finally free! We’re finally getting a divorce!”

Avery chuckled, staring at the ceiling as hot tears rolled down from the corners of her eyes.

“Elliot... I do feel regret... I regret meeting you. I regret marrying you. I regret falling for you...”

The next day, as sunlight poured in through the windows, Avery rubbed her tired eyes as she lay in bed.

Her head was pounding from all the alcohol she had consumed the night before.

She reached out to grab her phone, then saw a text message from Elliot.

He had sent her the meeting location at midnight.

Avery put her phone down and massaged her aching temples.

Once the pain began to subside, she got out of bed.

Avery arrived at the cafe that Elliot reserved at ten in the morning.

She wore a black dress with her hair pulled back. She had even dabbed on some light makeup.

However, her exquisite makeup did not manage to cover her fatigued and bloodshot eyes.

She ordered a cup of black coffee.

Half an hour later, she was finished with it.

Avery glanced at the time, then ordered another cup.

By eleven in the morning, she had already finished her second cup of coffee. She did not order a third.

Avery pulled out her phone and dialed Elliot's number.

They had agreed to meet at ten, but why was he nowhere to be seen? Did he change his mind about the divorce, or did something happen?

**When His Eyes Opened by Simple Silence Chapter 150**

Chapter 150 A black car came to a stop at the front yard of the Foster mansion.

When the door to the car opened, a familiar, exquisite face appeared.

“Long time no see, Miss Tierney,” said Mrs. Cooper.

Chelsea flashed a smile and said, “Long time no see, Mrs. Cooper. Is Elliot home?”

Mrs. Cooper nodded, then said, “Master Elliot has been waiting inside since he received your call this morning.”

Chelsea nodded contentedly.

Soon after, another woman emerged from the car.

“Watch your step, Miss Sanford,” Chelsea said as she helped the woman out of the car.

Miss Sanford looked to be thirty. She looked mature and had a dignified air about her. She gave people the impression that she was a professor.

She looked up and took in the mansion standing before her.

One could not tell her emotion from her eyes.

Mrs. Cooper did not dare to ask questions. She walked in front and led the two women to the living room.

When Elliot saw them walk in, he immediately got up from the couch.

Chelsea called him that morning and told him that she had found the student that Professor Hough said would be able to help him.

The fact that Elliot was the last person the professor had talked to on the phone prior to his death had made the local news.

Some money and connections were all it took to find out the contents of the phone call between Elliot and Professor Hough.

It had taken Chelsea a long time to find Miss Sanford.

She went through the trouble of escorting Miss Sanford to Elliot just so she could be by his side once again.

It had been almost five years since she had last seen Elliot!

Chelsea had spent all those years away from Elliot, living abroad.

Now that she had the chance to return to his side once more, she immediately reached out and grabbed it.

Elliot's familiar face and his cold, restrained aura made Chelsea even more attracted to him than she had been five years ago.

Her eyes instantly reddened. .

Elliot, however, merely glanced at Chelsea before he turned his attention to Zoe Sanford.

"Hello, Miss Sanford," Elliot said as he offered his hand to Zoe.

"Hello, Mr. Foster," Zoe said as she shook Elliot's hand.

Elliot released his grip, then offered Zoe a seat.

“I’ve looked through your resume, Miss Sanford. Is it true that you’re the youngest professor at Mercy Medical Center?” Elliot asked with a twinkle in his eyes.

Chelsea drank Elliot in, but he did not pay her any attention at all.

However, Chelsea did not care even if Elliot did not see her.

She had no regrets as long as she could stay by his side.

The only thing she did not understand was why he was looking for Professor Hough and Zoe Sanford.

Elliot was healthy, and Rosalie was also in good health for her age.

Who was he seeking out medical help for?

Zoe nodded, then answered, “I am. You should have a good idea about my overall background if you’ve read my resume. I got into medical school at the age of fifteen, and I have devoted all my time since then to medicine and the sick.”

“I see,” Elliot said, then added, “I’ve arranged a place for you to stay, so you can get some rest for now. Let’s talk once you’re rested.”

“Alright,” Zoe responded with a nod.

Once Zoe was gone, Chelsea said, "Elliot..."

After watching Zoe leave, Elliot turned around and thanked Chelsea.

"Thank you, Chelsea. If you hadn't found her, it would have taken me a long time to find her."

There were simply too many of Professor Hough's students to filter through.

On top of that, every single one of them had an impressive resume.

"It's my pleasure," Chelsea replied, then added, "Can I come back to Sterling Group, Elliot? I haven't just sat around the past few years. I studied abroad for a year, then worked for over two years..."

She wanted to express that she was qualified for a managerial position at Sterling Group's PR

department

Elliot did not like owing favors, and Chelsea had done him a huge favor.

He was not particularly fond of her suggestion, but it was something that he could consent to.

"I'll grant your request, but if you return to Sterling Group, our relationship should remain purely that of superior and subordinate."

Elliot might as well have told Chelsea to keep her distance.

Chelsea's heart ached, but she nodded her head.

Before she left, she asked cautiously, "Elliot, could I ask who you're seeking medical help for? I 'm not trying to invade your privacy. I'm just worried about you."