

When His Eyes Opened by Simple Silence Chapter 111

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"I don't think the reason why Elliot won't see Avery is that he's upset..." Jun said. "His bodyguard told me that his face was covered in scratches from the fall. I doubt someone as proud as him would want anyone seeing him in that condition."

"So, that's what it is! I have to tell Avery before she overthinks things," Tammy said, then sent Avery a text telling her what she just heard from Jun.

Avery simply replied with a smiling emoji.

Tammy: (Elliot's birthday is coming up in a couple of weeks. Have you thought about what you're getting him?)

Avery: (Not yet. I don't know what to give him.)

Tammy: (Since it's getting cold out, you should try knitting him a sweater!)

Avery: (Are you serious? Who wears knitted sweaters anymore?!)

Tammy: (Just do it. Men like stuff like that.)

Avery: (Problem is, I don't know a thing about knitting!)

Tammy: (The people selling the yarn would teach you! Or you could look for tutorials online You're a smart girl. You'll figure it out!)

Avery: (Why are you insisting that I knit him a sweater?)

Tammy: (Because men always fall for that stuff! Jun told me that he still can't forget his first love because she knitted a sweater for him. He's kept it all this time... It drives me nuts, but I refuse to knit him one myself!)

Avery stood puzzled in the snow as she read her best friend's text.

She only snapped back to reality when the cab she had called earlier came to a halt in front of

her.

She arrived at her mother's apartment with a bag of yarn in her hand an hour later.

Laura noticed the bag in her hand and asked, "Are you knitting a scarf?"

Avery's cheeks flushed as she answered, "I'm thinking of making a sweater."

Laura gave her a meaningful look and asked, "For whom? It can't be for me, right? Are you knitting it for Elliot?"

"It's for you, Mom..." Avery said, then added, "Elliot's birthday is coming up, so I'm making one for him first. That way, the one I make for you later would be much better."

"I'm just messing with you!" Laura chuckled. "Is it still popular to knit sweaters for someone

you like now? I thought that was just back in my day..."

"Tammy said it's a thing."

"I see. I guess this old trend is making a comeback! Do you know how to knit? It's going to take quite some time. Do you need my help?"

Avery shook her head and said, "I've got two weeks to go. I should be able to manage."

Elliot was sitting in his wheelchair on the second-floor balcony of his mansion. He was staring at the falling snow.

His mind had been blank for the past few days. His heart also felt empty.

It was as if all of the pain and agony before had come to a pause.

He did not feel like seeing anyone, nor did he want to hear a sound.

The only thought that crossed his mind came when his aching body made him think of how things would have turned out if he had fallen to his death.

It was clear to him that nothing would have changed.

The earth would continue to turn.

Those who cried for him would slowly return to their daily lives.

There was nobody in the world who would not be able to live on if someone left.

However, at the end of the day, there was still something that he could not let go of.

He had to stay alive.

His hands tightened around the armrests of his wheelchair as his entire body stiffened.

A tear escaped from the corner of his eye and rolled down his cheek.

Rosalie was sitting in the living room with the doctor standing by her side.

"I'm afraid the accident has caused a recurrence of Elliot's depression," reported the doctor.

Rosalie let out a heavy sigh and said, "I thought so. He refuses to talk, and now he's locked himself up."

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"I prescribed some medication to help, but he won't take them," said the doctor with a frown. "He won't get better if he continues to refuse help.",

"I'll talk to him tomorrow," said Rosalie.

"I heard that he listens to Miss Avery. Maybe we should—"

"Absolutely not!" Rosalie snapped furiously. "She's the reason my son is like this. That woman brings nothing but bad luck!"

The doctor did not argue.

His only responsibility was to Elliot's health.

"I know you didn't mean to take her side..." Rosalie said as she tried to quickly reach a compromise. "Let's see if he listens to me tomorrow."

She only hoped for her son's speedy recovery.

Everything else could wait.

After Avery took a shower, she walked to the window and looked outside.

The snow on the ground looked like a layer of silver powder that illuminated the night.

She felt a strange compulsion rise within her.

She picked up her phone and wanted so badly to give Elliot a call.

She wanted to hear his voice.

After some thought, she was afraid that he would not answer her call, so she decided to send him a voice message instead.

Even if she could not hear his voice, she wanted him to hear hers and know that she was thinking of him.

Avery sent the message, then walked to the living room, took out the bag of yarn, and began to knit.

With the world around her stuck in silence, she became immersed in her task.

Elliot was startled awake from a nightmare in the middle of the night.

His forehead was covered in sweat and his eyes were filled with an unusual restlessness.

These days, he was having nightmares of himself dying every night.

The most terrifying part of the dreams was that he was always an incomplete corpse that was reduced to an unrecognizable mess of blood and flesh.

In those dreams, he was rotting away, surrounded by flies and maggots.

He hated himself more every time he woke up.

Elliot picked up his phone and looked at the time.

His fingers accidentally opened the text message notification on the home page, and his eyes met Avery's profile picture.

He opened the message with trembling hands and played her voice message.

"It's snowing outside, Elliot. Did you see? I heard you went home today. I hope you get well soon! I wanted to call, but I was afraid of bothering you. Which is why I'm sending this instead. Here's a photo of the snow on our side!"

Elliot clicked on the photo she had sent and saw the beautiful, snowy scenery.

His throat tightened as the revulsion from the trauma subsided, temporarily.

He played Avery's voice message over and over again and allowed the gentle ring of her voice to slowly chase away the demons in his heart.

A week later, Elliot showed up at the headquarters of Sterling Group.

He was in his wheelchair with a light blanket over his legs.

His face was as aloof and regal as ever, while he emanated an unapproachable aura.

Other than the fact that he was wheelchair-bound, there was almost no evidence that he had a near-death experience only a few weeks ago.

When Elliot entered his office, his assistant, Chad immediately briefed him on his work schedule.

Once he was briefed, Chad asked, "Do you want anything to drink, sir? Coffee? Some milk, maybe?" "Coffee," Elliot said, then added, "Call Chelsea over."

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Soon after, a cup of coffee was placed in front of Elliot.

As Chad exited the room, he bumped into Chelsea who was on her way over.

She was not wearing any makeup, and her face looked unusually haggard.

Chat approached her, intending to speak to her, but in the end, he said nothing.

Chelsea entered Elliot's office and shut the door behind her.

"I'm sorry, Elliot," she said in a hoarse voice as she stood in front of Elliot. "This was all due to my brother's scheme. He knew that you were still recovering, so he made you go up that hill. It's an especially steep hill. We don't usually go up there ourselves. He wanted you dead."

Elliot stared silently at her pale face, then said, "I know."

"I'm sorry. He won't apologize to you. He already left the country," Chelsea said through the lump in her throat. "Please forgive my family, Elliot. My father's getting old, and I'm afraid he won't be able to handle the backlash. If you have to punish someone, then punish me. I'll take it all without question."

Elliot continued to stare at her in silence.

It was as if he was seeing her for the first time.

She always had on the most immaculate makeup and only presented her best self to him.

"I appreciate how you've stayed by my side all these years, Chelsea," he finally said in a soft voice that was void of emotion. "Leave the company and never appear in front of me again. If you can do that, then I'll leave your family alone."

Tears streamed down Chelsea's face as she digested Elliot's words.

It was over!

Things were completely over between them!

She took a deep breath and tried to hold back her tears, but they were uncontrollable, and they continued to escape her eyes.

She took one final, deep look at Elliot, then turned and ran out of the room.

Once Chelsea was out of the building, it was Ben's turn to walk into Elliot's office.

He knew that Elliot would not want to hear a word about Chelsea, so he did not mention her.

"Your birthday is coming up next week, Elliot. If you don't want to have a party at a hotel,

then let's organize something small at home," Ben suggested.

Elliot took a sip of his coffee, then said coldly, "Forget it."

He hated crowds and never celebrated his birthday.

"Avery already prepared your birthday present, though. How is she supposed to give it to you if you don't have a party? You should know that what she's giving you isn't something you can get with money," Ben said, throwing out the bait.

Elliot wanted to pretend like he did not care, but the look in his eyes gave him away

"She knitted a sweater for you! She's been working on it all day and all night just so she could get it ready in time for your birthday," Ben continued. "Don't you want to see it for yourself? I don't think any girl has ever knitted you a sweater with their own hands before!"

Elliot did not like wearing sweaters because he found them troublesome.

The long process of knitting a whole sweater was even more troublesome!

In his eyes, it was foolish of anyone to do something like that.

However, he would never call Avery foolish.

If she gave him a sweater, he would accept it.

"I know you don't like crowds," Ben said. "It'll just be lunch with a few of the guys."

Elliot's brows furrowed, and Ben realized that he had forgotten to mention the most important guest.

"Oh, of course, Avery would be there, too," he added quickly. "Since she's already prepared a gift for you, she'll definitely join us. Should we do it at your place or at a restaurant?"

"Restaurant," Elliot replied curtly.

"Got it! I'll go make the reservation right away! Should I let Avery know or will you?"

"You do it."

Ben stroked his chin and said, "Haven't you two been in touch at all? Why not? Jun told me that she kept wanting to go see you..."

"She never did," Elliot said in a muffled voice.

One could tell just from his breathing that he was upset.

Ben never expected that Elliot was always waiting for Avery to make the first move.

"I bet she's been busy knitting your sweater! It's not exactly an easy task, plus it's her first time making one... Now that I think about it, didn't you hate wearing sweaters?" At that thought, Ben let his thoughts run wild and added, "Why don't you give it to me once

she's done knitting it? I've never worn a hand-knitted sweater before!"

Elliot's expression remained still as he said, "You remembered wrong. I love wearing sweaters.

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Elliot was lying through his teeth, but Ben had no reply.

of all the years they had known each other, Ben had never once seen Elliot in a sweater.

Although, perhaps a sweater that Avery knitted for him was much more meaningful than one that was bought with money,

“Your mom called me saying your nephew was discharged from the hospital,” Ben said. “She wants you to go home for dinner tonight.”

“She can tell me that herself,” Elliot said.

“Did she upset you recently? She was pretty cautious when she talked to me earlier. Don’t be mad at your mom, Elliot. There’s nothing like a mother’s love in this world”

“Please stop talking.”

Ben burst into laughter.

“Do you want to go back to the old mansion for dinner with Avery?”

Elliot thought for a moment, then said, “Didn’t you say she’s been busy knitting?”

“That’s true! There’s only a week left. I wonder how she’s doing.”

When Elliot arrived at the old mansion that night, Rosalie was beside herself with joy.

Everyone else, on the other hand, had different levels of caution on their faces.

Elliot’s cold gaze fell on Cassandra.

“She’s Avery’s sister, Cassandra Tate...” Rosalie explained when she saw her son staring at their guest. “I didn’t like her at first, but she’s been taking care of Cole after he got hurt...”

Cassandra grew apprehensive under Elliot’s unwavering gaze.

She mustered up the courage to greet him and said, “Nice to meet you, Sir. I’m Avery’s sister. I thought that you’d be coming with her tonight!”

Elliot ignored her and shifted his gaze to Cole’s haggard and sluggish face.

The time he had spent at the hospital was the most agonizing period of his life.

"I broke up with Avery half a year ago, Uncle Elliot. She hated me after she found out that I was seeing Cassandra. There was no way that I would be able to devise a plot to keep her by your side," explained Cole desperately.

"I could tell," Elliot said, then added after a brief pause, "I'm afraid you don't have the ability

to rule Avery Tate."

Avery's unique personality prevented anyone from controlling her.

"Insult me however you want. As long as you're happy," Cole said humbly.

"I'd be happy if you shut your mouth," Elliot said bluntly.

Cole remained silent.

His finger reattachment surgery went well, but he was not fully recovered yet and had to depend on Cassandra to feed him.

The tension remained strained throughout the night's dinner.

Noticing the rigid silence, Cassandra decided to lighten the atmosphere.

"We had a credible fortune teller predict Avery's future for us before," she said. "They told us that Avery would bring bad luck to her husband... I bet your recent accident was because of her.

As Elliot raised his eyes to look at her, his gaze chilled her to the bone.

"I'm a pretty good fortune teller myself. I'll predict your future right now... You won't live long."

Cassandra's fork fell from her hands and clattered to the floor.

Sensing her son's rage, Rosalie called for the bodyguard and said, "Throw her out!"

Cole was upset that Cassandra was being kicked out.

"Grandma—"

"Shut up! Feed yourself or don't eat at all! I never liked that girl! She'll be nothing but trouble for you!"

Cole did not say another word and proceeded to try his best to pick up his fork with his injured hand.

Elliot pulled out a check from his pocket, slid it across the table to his brother, and said, "This is for taking care of Mother, Henry. Take it."

•Rosalie lived with Henry, so Elliot would regularly give his brother some money to cover expenses.

Henry was hesitant.

He wanted to accept the money, but he could not help but feel humiliated. It was a child's duty to take care of their mother, after all.

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Chapter 115 Cole's previous run-in with loan sharks had forced Henry to cough up a huge sum of money.

"Since Elliot's offering, just accept it!" Henry's wife, Olivia, chimed in. "We're all family here. There's no need to be so formal with Elliot."

Henry's face turned crimson. He picked up the check and said, "You don't need to do this again, Elliot."

"I'm done eating," Elliot said. "I'll leave now."

Rosalie got up and sent him off.

Once they were out of the house, Cole's fork fell heavily onto the floor.

"Dad! Why did you take his money?!"

He felt humiliated.

He hated being treated like charity.

"How dare you, you spineless piece of sh*t?!" Henry roared furiously. "Return to me all the money that I had spent to discharge your loans if you can!"

Olivia joined her husband in chastising her son and said, "Your uncle may look down on us, but there's no reason why we shouldn't accept free money! Do you know how much he just gave us? Eight hundred thousand dollars! Your dad's company wouldn't even be able to make that much in a year!"

"Are our finances really that bad?" Cole asked with bloodshot eyes.

“What did you expect? Most of our customers only work with us as a favor to your uncle. They stopped working with us during the second half of the year...” Olivia sighed. “It’s a good thing for you that Cassandra has no clue as to our situation. I’m afraid she won’t be rushing to take care of you if she finds out we’re barely getting by.”

This was a huge blow to Cole.

His injured hand clenched into a tight fist, but he felt no pain.

He had been living in his own fantasy the entire time.

Now that the walls of that dream world were crumbling, he had no choice but to face the cruel reality.

In the blink of an eye, it was the day of Elliot’s birthday party.

Avery woke up early in the morning, checked on the gift she prepared, then began to get ready

for the day.

On the other side of the city, Elliot was taking out a t-shirt from his closet.

It would not be convenient to wear a sweater over a button-down shirt.

What if the sweater Avery made was fitted?

Elliot and Avery arrived at the restaurant at ten in the morning.

They were there early because Ben had called them individually beforehand.

He had told them to hurry as the other party had arrived.

It was not until they had arrived did they realize that they were the only ones there.

Avery secretly gave Elliot a once-over.

The bruises on his face had already healed, and he looked rather handsome.

She could not tell how his legs were doing since he was in his wheelchair.

He was dressed in nothing but a t-shirt and a light jacket.

As Avery was examining him, Elliot was also inspecting her.

She was wearing makeup, but it did not cover the dark circles under her eyes.

It appeared that she had truly dedicated herself to knitting the sweater.

"I knitted a sweater for you... I wasn't sure about your measurements so I made it a little bigger..." Avery said as she passed him the paper bag she was holding.

Elliot lowered his gaze, took the bag from her, and pulled out the sweater.

It was a cream-colored sweater made from thick yarn, so it felt slightly heavy in his hands.

It would probably feel extra warm on him.

He took off his jacket and put the sweater on in front of her.

Avery's cheeks flushed slightly.

Not only did Elliot not find her gift lame, but he had also chosen to wear it the moment she gave it to him. "Happy birthday, Elliot Foster."

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Chapter 116 Elliot glanced up at Avery's face, then said in a hoarse voice, "Thank you."

The sweater felt more comfortable and warm than he had expected.

Avery was shocked by how good he looked in it.

She could not decide if it was the quality of the sweater, or if he was just that good looking. She picked up the paper bag and pulled out a gift box.

"I also got you this just in case you didn't like the sweater," she said.

Elliot stared at the box in her hand.

"It's a lighter," Avery explained quickly. "I didn't know what else to get you so I got this. It's practical and you could probably use it. You shouldn't smoke too much, though. It's bad for you."

Then, she placed the box in Elliot's hands.

Elliot opened the box, pulled out the lighter, and sparked a light.

"I'm not a heavy smoker," he said in a sultry voice. "I only smoke when I'm stressed out."

Avery's brows raised in surprise as she said, "You were always smoking when I was living at your place."

"That's because you were always driving me mad," Elliot answered.

Avery had no answer for that.

"Let's go out for some air," Elliot said.

He was feeling a little warm.

The heater was on in the restaurant and drops of sweat were beginning to form on his forehead.

"Sure. Let me help," Avery said as she made her way behind Elliot's wheelchair.

"It's fine. It's an electric wheelchair," Elliot said as he began to roll out of the building at the push of a button.

Avery caught up to him and said, "You always had your bodyguard wheel you around before."

"There was no need for me to do anything while they were around."

"I could help you, too..."

"It's fine."

"I want to," Avery said, then grabbed onto the handles of the wheelchair and pushed Elliot outside. "How are your legs? What did the doctors say?"

"The right one's bruised, and the left one's broken."

Avery felt a sharp pang in her heart.

"Did it hurt a lot?"

"It was okay."

The cold air welcomed them as they exited the building.

Avery wheeled Elliot to the side of the road, then placed her coat over his legs.

"Why didn't you reply to my message?" she said after finally finding the courage.

She had found it hard to sleep for a few nights when she had not received a reply to her

message.

Their faces were close, and their breaths intermingled.

Elliot did not want to tell Avery that he had a relapse and that he had only recently become stable after a few weeks of antidepressants.

After that, he found out from Ben that Avery was busy knitting a sweater for him, so he did not want to bother her.

"Forget it. I guess it didn't warrant a reply anyway. It was the first snow of the year, so I impulsively sent you a message," Avery said.

She got to her feet, then moved to the back of the wheelchair and wheeled it along the street.

"Why didn't you come to see me?" Elliot asked suddenly.

"Jun said you were too proud. I was afraid that you wouldn't want to see me until the scratches on your face recovered."

"You only sent me one message the whole time."

"You didn't respond the first time, so I thought you didn't want to hear from me."

"I did, though," Elliot croaked.

"What?" Avery asked in bewilderment as her heart began to race. "Elliot, what did you—"

"There's a bakery over there," Elliot interrupted as he pointed at a store in front of them, changing the subject. "I feel like eating cake."

Avery's attention was successfully diverted.

"Oh, let's go get a cake, then!" she said, then added after a brief pause, "Didn't you hate dessert?"

"It's fine to have some on my birthday."

"That's true. Birthdays should be a little more special."

At the bakery, the shop readily offered her assistance and asked them to pick a cake. Elliot glanced at Avery and said, "You pick."

“Should we get a mousse cake?” Avery asked. “A butter cake might be too sweet.”

Elliot turned to the shop assistant and said, “We’ll take the mousse cake.”

“Of course, Sir,” responded the shop assistant. “What size would you like?”

Elliot turned back to Avery again and asked, “What size should we get?” “How many people are coming to the party?” Avery asked.

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“I have no idea,” Elliot said. “Don’t worry about them.”

“Let’s get a bigger one, then!” Avery said. “Ten inches, maybe?”

Elliot turned to the shop assistant and said, “Ten inches.”

“Sure thing. Are you guys on a date? You look cute together,” said the shop assistant with a smile.

A wave of embarrassment washed over Avery’s face, turning her porcelain skin ruby red.

On the other hand, Elliot glanced at the desserts on display and asked, “Do you want to get anything else to bring home?”

“It’s fine...” Avery answered.

“Go ahead and get something for your mother.” Avery noticed the rosy tint in Elliot’s cheeks, chuckled to herself, then said, “Sure! I’ll get something.”

They left the bakery an hour later.

Elliot was holding the cake with an uneasy expression on his face.

There were not many people out on the streets.

The weather was cold, but the warmth that surrounded him helped him fight the chill.

When they arrived at the restaurant, all the other guests were waiting for them in the private

room.

Upon Avery and Elliot's arrival, the noisy atmosphere instantly turned silent.

Elliot's cream sweater took years off of his age.

The cake he was holding also clashed with his image.

Everyone knew that he never ate dessert.

Ben cleared his throat and approached the couple.

"Did you guys go and get a cake? I brought one, too, but it's not as big as this one."

Avery felt uncomfortable under the crowd's gaze and explained; "He said he felt like eating cake, so we went and got one."

Ben coughed and asked, "Elliot said he wanted to eat cake?"

"Yes," Avery said. "Is everyone here? I'll unbox the cake, then."

While Avery walked off with the cake, Ben reached out to touch Elliot's sweater and said, "It feels pretty soft. Miss Tate is quite talented! Don't you feel a little warm wearing that in here? Let me take it off for you."

Elliot slapped Ben's hand awake and hissed, "Don't touch me."

Ben grinned, then wheeled Elliot to his seat at the table.

After Avery placed the cake on the table, Ben instructed the waiters to serve their food.

Elliot picked up the candles in the cake box and arranged them on the cake one by one.

The whole room watched him in awed silence.

When did Elliot Foster become this carefree?

Did he not say that he hated birthdays?

The way he was behaving, it looked like he was actually enjoying himself!

Once he was done arranging the candles, Elliot pulled out a lighter and lit it.

Everyone stared at the spark in a daze.

“Don’t people usually light candles at night?” Avery asked awkwardly.

Ben walked over to the windows and drew the curtains, then said, “No worries! Anytime is fine as long as Elliot feels like it!”

The room was drowned in darkness the moment the curtains were drawn.

Ben was an expert at analyzing Elliot’s thoughts and emotions, so once Elliot had lit the candles on the cake, Ben asked, “Is that a new lighter, Elliot? Let me light a cigarette.”

Elliot shoved the lighter back in his pocket, then responded childishly, “It’s from Avery.”

“You gave him two presents, Miss Tate? How sweet!” praised Ben.

Avery was flushed with embarrassment.

She changed the subject and said, “Let’s sing a birthday song!”

As she began to sing, the rest of the crowd joined in.

At the end of the song, Elliot shut his eyes and made a wish.

Avery was lost in thought as she stared at Elliot’s handsome face illuminated in candlelight. She wondered what wish he would make.

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Chapter 118 Soon after, Elliot opened his eyes and blew out the candles on the cake.

The curtains were pulled back, and light flooded the room once more.

“What did you wish for, Elliot?” Ben asked with a grin.

“Do you always reveal your birthday wishes to people?” Elliot countered.

The room burst into laughter.

Elliot cut a slice of cake and placed it in front of Avery.

"You should eat the first slice," Avery said as she pushed the cake back to him.

"I can't eat that much," Elliot replied.

He picked up a fork, took a bite out of the slice, and pushed it back to Avery.

It was as if they were immersed in their own world, separate from the rest of the room.

The crowd began to roar and make fun of them.

"Should we start calling Miss Tate Mrs. Foster now?"

"Why don't you give it a try? I don't think the boss would mind!"

"Hahaha! Miss Tate wouldn't mind either, right?"

Avery was so embarrassed and uncomfortable that her ears and the back of her neck turned red.

"Quit it, all of you," Elliot ordered.

"Sure, sure... Let's eat cake!"

The cake was moved to the other side of the table, sliced up, and distributed.

Once they were done with the cake, lunch officially began.

"Would you like some wine, Miss Tate?" Ben asked as he held up a bottle of wine.

Avery shook her head and said, "Water is good enough for me."

"We can't have that! What about juice or a glass of milk?"

"Water is fine."

Avery felt a little dizzy.

It was likely due to the fact that she had woken up too early that morning.

On top of that, since everyone else was drinking, the faint scent of alcohol permeated the entire room.

After Ben poured Avery a glass of water, he noticed that she was not eating.

"Are you feeling uncomfortable, Miss Tate? There's no need for that. Everyone here has known Elliot for a long time. We're like a band of brothers!" Ben said in an attempt to help Avery relax.

Avery lifted her heavy eyelids and said truthfully, "That's not it. I'm just feeling a little tired after all of that cake."

Ben shot to his feet and said warmly, "I'll take you to the guest room to rest."

Elliot placed his hand on top of hers that was resting on the table, stared straight at Ben, and said, "I'll take her."

Someone yanked Ben away and dropped him back in his seat.

Ben was a mess of laughter and tears. "Don't forget to come back! I still plan on having a drink with you, Elliot!"

Avery withdrew her hand from Elliot's warm grasp and said, "The waiter can take me. You stay and eat."

"I'll take you," Elliot insisted in an especially stubborn tone.

Avery felt that there was something different about him after the accident.

She used to despise his domineering and obsessive behavior, but she now found herself unable to refuse him.

She knew that no matter how bad he looked, he would never hurt her.

Avery wheeled Elliot out the door, and the two quickly disappeared from the room.

"Who would've thought that the boss could be so caring toward a woman? I always thought that he had no interest in women at all!"

"He just never met the right woman before this. Avery Tate's got him wrapped around her finger!"

"Are you sure it isn't the other way around? Why would she knit him a sweater otherwise? I doubt many women are willing to do that nowadays."

"What are you guys going on about?" Ben exclaimed, interrupting the heated debate. "They're hooked on each other. I bet Elliot's developed feelings for Avery, and Avery's started to pay more attention to him, too... If Avery decided to be a little more selfish, Tate Industries wouldn't have gone bankrupt. Elliot wanted to give her three hundred million dollars to help, but she

rejected it. Would any of you be able to refuse that amount of money?"

Everyone shook their heads violently.

“No wonder the boss likes her so much. He might never find another woman who treats money like it’s nothing but sh*t!”

“Watch your mouth! What are you doing talking about sh*t while we’re eating?!”

“Hahaha! Let’s bet on whether or not Elliot’s coming back to lunch,” Ben proposed. “I bet he won’t!”

The rest of the room agreed and said, “I bet the same.” How were they supposed to carry on with a bet like this?

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At the door to the guest room, Avery said, “I’ll take you back to the room. I can come back here to rest after that. I’ll join you after I wake up.”

Elliot entered the room and said, “I’m tired, too.”

Avery was stunned.

“You didn’t eat anything! You should go eat,”

“Drop it. Get some rest.”

How could Avery possibly drop this?

She did not feel good about letting him starve on his birthday.

She rushed back to the private room to get Elliot something to eat.

Everyone in the room happily helped her.

“Get some more meat, Miss Tate! You have to make sure he eats it all! He lost so much weight

“We’ll leave the boss to you, Miss Tate! Take care of him for us!”

“Get some rest after you eat, Miss Tate. We won’t bother you at all!”

Avery left the room with flushed cheeks and returned to the guest room with a tray of food.

Elliot was texting someone.

Avery placed the tray of food in front of him.

"Don't you want to take the sweater off? It looks like you're sweating," she said. "I shouldn't have used such thick yarn."

Elliot placed his phone down, then took off his sweater.

"I can use it as a coat."

Avery took the sweater from him and hung it in the closet.

"I got a bunch of food for you," she said. "Eat as much as you can."

She then sat down on the bed and watched his slender back.

It was true that he had lost quite a bit of weight. On the other hand, her own weight was steadily increasing.

She was already five months pregnant at this point,

Her appetite was getting better. She was watching her diet, but she could not prevent her weight from increasing, not with the two growing babies within her.

Avery had planned on helping Elliot get in bed after he was done eating, but she fell asleep before he was done.

Elliot finished his food, then made his way over to the bed.

He watched Avery's tired, sleeping face, and could not help but gently caress her cheeks.

By the time Avery woke up from her deep slumber, it was dark outside.

She shot up and saw Elliot sitting in his wheelchair, with his deep, dark eyes staring straight at her.

Avery blushed, then took a deep breath and asked, "Don't... Don't tell me you were watching me sleep the whole time?"

A tint of redness appeared on Elliot's face.

He changed the subject and said, "Are you hungry? It's seven now. I told them to carry on with dinner. Let's eat something else."

Avery agreed, then went to the bathroom to wash her face.

The night brought with it a drastic drop in temperature in Avonsville.

Avery felt chilled to the bone as she wheeled Elliot outside.

"Let's get some ribs!"

"Sure," Elliot responded.

There were not many people on the streets, but they were surrounded by a plethora of restaurants.

Avery, who did not have lunch earlier, was now suddenly overcome by a wave of hunger.

"Look, it's cotton candy! Wait here. I'm going to go get one. I haven't had it in forever!" Avery said, then made her way toward the cotton candy stall up ahead.

Elliot smiled softly at the sight of Avery's excitement.

Moments later, Avery was grinning from ear to ear as she held the cotton candy in her hands.

Suddenly, she saw a black car speeding at an alarming rate from the corner of her eye, and it was clearly charging in Elliot's direction!

The cotton candy fell from her hands as she ran with all her might towards Elliot, her shrilling

cry echoing in the cold air... "Elliot! Look out!"

When His Eyes Opened by Simple Silence Chapter 120

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

Chapter 120 The boom of a gunshot pierced through the night followed immediately by the sound of car tires coming to a screeching halt.

Avery felt like her eardrums were about to burst as she held tightly onto Elliot.

Tears were streaming down her face as her body shook uncontrollably.

The tires of the black sedan had been blown up.

It had swerved and crashed into the cotton candy stand that Avery had purchased cotton candy from.

Elliot had his arms wrapped around Avery as he watched the car from the corner of his eyes.

Someone was trying to kill him but had failed.

Then came the sound of another gunshot.

This time the gun had been pointed at the driver's seat.

Avery and Elliot were surrounded by cries of terror as people scattered and sought shelter from the danger

Avery's skin was cold to the touch.

Elliot cradled her face in his hands, stared at her terrified face, and said hoarsely, "Don't be scared. It's over now."

Avery's chest rose and fell at a frantic pace. Uncertainty flickered in her eyes, but she kept her gaze fixed on his face.

"Elliot... Elliot..."

There was so much that she wanted to say, but nothing except his name escaped her lips.

"I'm fine, Avery."

Elliot picked up her hand and placed her palm against his cheek, then said, "It's warm, isn't it?"

Avery nodded and tears continued to stream down her face.

"I'm so scared... I don't want you to die..."

"I'm invincible! Nobody can take my life away unless I allow them," Elliot said as he held her hand tightly in his. "Let's go for ribs."

Avery grabbed onto the handles of his wheelchair and quickly wheeled him into a nearby

restaurant.

They had not been sitting for long before Ben and the others rushed over.

"Are you okay, Elliot?" he asked as he sat down next to Elliot. "I knew someone was coming for you when I heard that d*mned gunshot!"

"I'm fine," Elliot answered. "Let's eat."

He picked up a piece of meat and placed it on Avery's plate.

She was much more settled than she had been earlier.

"Who shot the gun?" she asked as she glanced at Elliot.

She probably would not be having ribs here with Elliot if someone had not blown up the tires on that black sedan.

"We buffed up security after Elliot's last accident. There was a bodyguard on the roof of the building where we were eating earlier," Ben explained.

"I see..."

"You must have been terrified, Miss Tate," Ben said, then passed her a bowl of soup and said, "This will calm you down."

"I'm not hungry."

All of the hunger Avery felt earlier had escaped her body.

"I bet you aren't." Ben chuckled, then said, "Let's get the driver to send two home!"

Elliot glanced over at Avery.

"Why are you looking at me?" Avery asked.

Elliot pulled out his phone and began typing.

As Avery was wondering about his strange behavior, she received a text message on her phone.

She picked it up and read his text.

(Do you want to know what I wished for earlier?)

Avery felt like her phone was heating up in her hand!

They were sitting right across from each other, but he sent her a text?!

She wanted to look up at him, but she was too embarrassed with all eyes on the both of them.

Avery: (Tell me if you want.)

Elliot: (I wished that you would come home with me.)

Avery was baffled.

Elliot: [My birthday wish is that you would come home with me.]