

# When His Eyes Opened by Simple Silence Chapter 3

## Chapter 3

Avery felt restless and uneasy.

“You’re still in school, right, Avery? Your studies will be affected if you get pregnant now,” said Henry’s wife.

Henry immediately agreed and said, “That’s right! Avery is still young. I doubt she’s willing to give up on her studies and raise a child at home!”

Rosalie knew what her son and daughter-in-law were thinking. This was also the reason why she was adamant about ensuring Elliot had an heir.

“Are you willing to have Elliot’s child, Avery?” Rosalie asked Avery. She did not hold back. “You should know that you and the child will inherit all of Elliot’s estate in the future. It’s a fortune large enough for you and the child to live a comfortable life.”

“I’ll do it,” Avery responded without hesitation.

She was willing to try anything to ensure Cole did not get a dime of Elliot’s money.

Besides, even if she was unwilling, the Foster family was powerful enough to force her into it.

Rosalie beamed from ear to ear after hearing Avery’s answer.

“That’s wonderful! I knew you were different from the other stupid women out there. They thought that they wouldn’t be able to benefit if Eliot was dying! Ha!”

Once tea was over, Avery walked out of the old mansion and prepared to return home.

Cole stopped her before she could leave.

The morning sun was shining, and the cicadas were chirping.

Avery felt sick to her stomach at the sight of Cole’s face.

“Please take the gifts home first, Mrs. Cooper,” Avery said.

Mrs. Cooper nodded, then walked off with the gifts.

Cole made sure no one was around, then said, “You’re breaking my heart, Avery! You never let me touch you the entire time we were dating, but now you’ve agreed to give birth to Uncle Elliot’s kid!”

“Giving him a child means getting his estate. Why wouldn’t I do it?” Avery snickered as she deliberately chose words that would hurt him.

Sure enough, Cole was agitated.

“It’s not a bad idea, but you can have my kid instead and say it’s Uncle Elliot’s. It would still be a Foster. Even if my grandmother gets angry, she would never make you abort it.”

The sneer on Avery's face instantly vanished.

“It's good to be ambitious, Cole, but ambition without brains can be a dangerous thing,” Avery warned. “I heard that the people by Elliot's side are a ruthless bunch. As long as he's breathing, his minions will be waiting for him to wake up. Do you really think they'll let you go if they find out that I was pregnant with your child?”

Avery's words were like a wave of ice-cold water, chilling Cole to his core.

He knew better than anyone how heartless his uncle's people could be.

They kept a low profile after Elliot's accident, but it did not mean that they were gone.

“I'm just kidding! Whether it's his or mine, the kid will still be a Foster. When Uncle Elliot dies, I will definitely treat his child like my own,” Cole said as he desperately tried to defend himself.

Avery sighed, then said, “Your uncle's child would be your cousin.”

Cole looked like he had just swallowed a fly.

“Let's not fight about this now, Avery. We'll talk after Uncle Elliot's dead.”

“What if he never dies? Will you wait for me forever?” Avery retorted.

Her question left Cole speechless.

Seeing him speechless, Avery chuckled mockingly and said, “I’m off. Your grandmother’s sent a doctor to see me to your uncle’s place.”

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When Avery returned to Elliot’s mansion, she was immediately taken to the hospital for a medical checkup by two doctors.

If she was ovulating, they would extract the eggs from her body. Otherwise, they would give her a shot to stimulate ovulation.

“There’s no need to worry, Mrs. Foster. This might hurt a little, but once you give birth to Mr. Foster’s child, your position in the Foster family will be secured,” consoled one of the female doctors.

Avery lay on the bed as her heartbeat quickened.

“How long will it take to make that happen?”