

When His Eyes Opened by Simple Silence Chapter 51

[/ When His Eyes Opened by Simple Silence](#)
Chapter 51

Avery felt suffocated under Elliot's fiery yet solemn gaze.

"Are you talking about leaving the recital early today?" Avery began to explain after a moment's hesitation. "My friend texted me saying that she wanted to take a photo with you after the show. I figured that you wouldn't like taking photos with strangers, and I didn't want to explain to them why we were there together."

"Why not?" Elliot asked, his voice as cold as ice.

"It wouldn't exactly be a quick conversation, would it? Besides, you and I are too different from each other. Not only in status but also... in age. Would you be willing to hang out with my friends? We can be pretty immature... Wouldn't it be annoying if they bothered you because of our relationship? Wouldn't you rather have one less thing to have to worry about?"

In truth, the true reason why she did not want him to meet her friends was because they could get a divorce at any moment. There was no guarantee that they were going to spend the rest of their lives together.

If Avery revealed her relationship with Elliot to her friends, and they got divorced the next day... How humiliating would that be?

It would be better to wait until everything was settled.

Avery's detailed and patient response calmed Elliot down quite a bit.

Her concern was not unreasonable.

He had no interest in any of her friends.

Apart from Avery, he had no intention of getting to know anyone younger or more immature than he was.

"You should go back to your room," Elliot said through thin lips.

Avery let out a sigh of relief as if she had just received a great pardon.

She peeled a banana, then stubbornly shoved it in his face.

"I got these Goldfinger bananas today. They're my favorite. I think they taste better than normal bananas. Try it," Avery urged with a look of anticipation on her face.

Seeing the bruised skin on the banana made Elliot hesitate, but he did not have the heart to turn her down.

He took the banana from her hand and took a bite.

It tasted a little sour at first, but sweetness slowly filled his mouth as he continued to chew on it.

On the whole, it was sweet, sour, and starchy, and very different from the average banana.

"Don't judge it by its bruised skin. It's completely fine on the inside," Avery said with a sparkle in her eyes, then added, "Thank you for taking me to the recital today. We didn't get to stay until the end, but I still wanted to thank you."

She hurriedly finished her sentence, then rushed back to her room before she could get a response and shut the door.

Elliot was puzzled.

Was this her so-called gratitude?

He might have felt her sincerity, but she could have at least waited until he finished eating before running

It was in the late morning the next day that Mrs. Cooper noticed that Avery had not come down for breakfast, and Elliot was stubbornly waiting in the living room.

He did not say what he was waiting for, but Mrs. Cooper guessed that he wanted to have breakfast with Avery.

When Mrs. Cooper knocked on Avery's door and did not receive a response, she opened the door and walked in.

After taking in the scene in the room, she quickly entered the living room and announced, "Madam Avery is hunched over asleep on her desk. I think she stayed up all night. Maybe you should go ahead and have breakfast without her, Master Elliot."

Before she could finish her sentence, Elliot had already gotten up from the sofa and was making his way toward Avery's bedroom,

He picked Avery up from the chair and lay her down on the bed.

She was in such deep sleep that she had not stirred despite the movement.

It must not have been long since she had fallen asleep.

Why was she going this far for her thesis?

Elliot shifted his gaze to the laptop on the desk.

It was from a brand that had already gone out of business, and the model was at least a few years old.

It was no wonder that it had shut down before, and she was forced to use the computer in his study.

He walked over to her desk and noticed that the laptop's screen was a little blurry, so he hit the power button.

The screen lit up moments later, revealing a home screen with only a few icons on it.

There was Avery's thesis and a file named "The Plan", which Elliot opened up without hesitation.

The document's title was bolded and in all caps, making it stand out greatly. The title was "Three-Month Divorce Plan"!

When His Eyes Opened by Simple Silence Chapter 52

[/ When His Eyes Opened by Simple Silence](#)
Chapter 52

The contents which were below the title were short and simple, for Avery could not figure out exactly how to get out of her situation no matter how much she had thought about it.

There was only one sentence: (Divorce Elliot Foster by the end of the year at all costs.)

A mixture of rage and bitterness swept across Elliot's face.

He was working on himself to change for the better, but she was still hell bent on leaving him.

She had created the document the night before... She had played him for a fool!

While she pretentiously buttered him up with her gifts and her words, she had been planning her escape in her room!

Elliot had thought that Avery was different, but the only thing that was unique about her was that she was a two-faced snake!

He slammed the laptop shut and stormed out of the room.

The people at the executive meeting at Sterling Group noted Elliot's peculiar mood.

From the moment he stepped into the conference room, his brows were furrowed and his expression was icy.

His face emanated a chilling aura that made the people around him shudder.

weathe

All the department managers were seated in stiff, upright positions, and they barely dared to breathe.

The company's performance in the third quarter had exceeded expectations, but why was the president enraged?

Elliot did not say a word throughout the entire meeting and indifferently listened to each department's report.

It was not until the end of the meeting that he said, "Dismissed," then left the room in a flash.

Chad was about to run after him, but he was held back by one of the managers.

"What's wrong with the boss, Mr. Rayner? Is he not happy with our performance this quarter? If he isn't, then he can tell us what he wants, and we will do our best to achieve it!"

"Exactly! It was weird that he didn't say anything the whole time. Does he have some new plans or ideas?"

Everyone surrounded Chad in hopes of getting first-hand news from him.

Chad adjusted his glasses, then said, "The company's performance this quarter was indeed impressive, so I'm sure Mr. Foster is very satisfied. The reason for his bad mood doesn't have anything to do with work, but it is something in his personal life. Just get back to work!"

After that, Chad hurriedly rushed to Elliot's office.

He opened the office doors without knocking, but he did not expect there to be a guest inside the room.

"Long time no see, Mr. Tierney," said Chad.

"Hey, Chad. I'm borrowing your boss for a second," said Charlie with a gentle smile on his face.

Chad took the hint, so he quickly stepped out of the room and shut the door behind him.

As the room returned to its original state of silence, the smile on Charlie's face also vanished.

"I'm here on my parents' orders to take Chelsea home, but she won't come with me no matter what I say to her," Charlie said. "You're the only one she'll listen to, Elliot."

Elliot picked up his phone and dialed Chelsea's number in front of Charlie.

Chelsea answered the call almost right away and said excitedly, "Elliot? Did you need something?"

"Resign and go home with your brother," Elliot said bluntly.

Charlie's brows furrowed at his unexpected straightforwardness.

Chelsea stayed silent for a moment, then exclaimed, "Did Charlie say something to you? Don't listen to him! I'm not going with him!"

She hung up right after she said her piece.

Elliot put down his phone, then shot Charlie an icy glare and snapped, "How many times have I had to deal with her behavior over the years? That was the last time. Don't bother me with your family matters again!"

Noticing his unusually bad mood, Charlie shot to his feet and said, "I'll be leaving, then!"

He bumped into Chad as he walked out of the office and said, "Is your company in the middle of a crisis or something? Elliot is in an exceptionally bad mood today."

"Everything's fine. It's Mr. Foster's love life that's in a crisis," Chad responded.

Charlie raised his brows in curiosity, then asked, "Who's he dating? Why haven't I heard anything about it?"

"His wife."

"Avery Tate?"

"So, you have heard about it."

"I heard it from Chelsea. She's always bringing up Elliot when I talk to her. It hurts my ears," Charlie said, then grinned and added, "So, the great Elliot Foster has fallen in love with a young lady who's barely out of college. Interesting..."

When His Eyes Opened by Simple Silence Chapter 53

[/ When His Eyes Opened by Simple Silence](#)
Chapter 53

"Maybe it's fate," said Chad.

"That's too bad for my baby sister," responded Charlie.

"Forgive me for being forward, Mr. Tierney," Chad said. "Chelsea is an exceptional woman, but despite all the years that she's spent by Mr. Foster's side, he still hasn't fallen in love with her. Even if she spends the next twenty, thirty years next to him... He will never love her."

A hint of malice flashed in Charlie's eyes as he replied, "Thanks for the reminder."

That evening, Elliot took the company's managers out for dinner.

After that, Ben dragged him out for drinks.

Everyone knew that Elliot was in a foul mood, but nobody knew the reason behind it.

Which was why they all decided to work together to get him drunk.

Once drunkenness began to show in Elliot's eyes, Ben took his wine glass away from him.

"You haven't said much today. Isn't it stressful keeping everything inside?" Ben said as he switched Elliot's wine glass out for a glass of juice.

Elliot raised his slender fingers to his head and began to massage his temples.

"Avery wants a divorce," he said in a low voice with his eyes slightly closed. "Am I that pathetic?"

The room froze in stunned silence.

How was it possible for anyone to think their boss was pathetic?!

Was there something wrong with Avery Tate's head?

Not only was Elliot Foster a talented man, but he was also a master of business.

The number of women who love and admire him would line up from here all the way to the south pole!

Who did Avery Tate think she was to hurt him this way?!

"What do you think of Miss Tate, Ben?" Chad asked.

"She's just an average college student," Ben responded, then changed his mind and corrected himself, "Wait, maybe not. She's quite a looker. If Chelsea's looks could kill, then Avery gives off a sweet and friendly girl-next-door vibe."

"I've never met Avery Tate! Should we give her a call and ask her to join us?" someone suggested.

Ben glanced at Elliot, saw that he was still massaging his temples in pain, so reached into his pocket and pulled out his phone.

"I'll get Avery to come take you home, Elliot!" said Ben.

Elliot's breathing turned heavy.

He did not answer the question, so Ben took it as him agreeing to the suggestion.

At the Foster mansion, Avery was sitting at her desk, quietly making revisions to her thesis.

She was surprised when she picked up her ringing phone and saw that it was Elliot calling.

When she answered the call, however, the voice on the other line was not Elliot's.

"Hello, Miss Tate. Are you busy right now?"

"I'm not... Who is it?" Avery said as she felt her heart tighten from anxiety. "Elliot's had a little too much to drink. Could you come get him?"

"Me? Doesn't he have a bodyguard? I doubt the bodyguard is drunk, too?"

Everyone in the room was taken aback by her response.

"The bodyguard isn't with him tonight," Ben responded, "So, are you coming?"

Avery stood from her seat, got her coat from the closet, then said, "Send me the address. I'm on my way."

Ben hung up the phone and sent her their location.

About forty minutes later, Avery and the driver arrived at the restaurant where Elliot and his entourage were gathered

She got out of the car and came face to face with the group of men standing at the restaurant's entrance.

All the men looked at her.

Avery's cheeks flushed as she subconsciously tucked her chin deeper into the collar of her coat.

Ben dragged Elliot toward her, handed him over, then said, "Miss Tate, even if you don't love him, I hope you don't hurt him."

Avery almost lost her balance and dropped Elliot.

"Hurt him?" she asked, bewildered. "I wish I could! I just have no idea how."

Her voice struck a nerve inside Elliot. He shot up, turned around, and pinned her against the car.

When His Eyes Opened by Simple Silence Chapter 54

[2 Comments](#) / [When His Eyes Opened by Simple Silence Chapter 54](#)

Avery smelled the alcohol on Elliot along with the faint scent of tobacco.

Suddenly, she noticed that the group of men behind Ben had pulled out their phones and were aiming their cameras at her.

They must have been in on it with Ben.

Avery gave Elliot a hard shove, but because she was worried about him falling, she reached out and grabbed his arm.

Seeing this, the driver hurried over to help, and the two placed Elliot in the backseat of the car.

Once Avery strapped Elliot in, the driver passed her a bottle of water.

She had worked up a sweat, so she accepted the bottle and took a big gulp of water from it.

"That was for Mr. Foster, Madam," said the driver.

Avery's cheeks turned crimson.

She quickly held the bottle out next to Elliot's arm and asked, "Do you want some water?"

His eyes were closed and his brows furrowed tightly as if he was in a world of discomfort.

He did not respond to her question at all.

Avery was not sure if he did not hear her, or if he did, but chose not to answer her.

"Maybe you can feed it to him, Madam," suggested the driver.

Avery frowned in frustration.

She placed her hand at the back of Elliot's neck in hopes of lifting his head up.

The moment her palm made contact with the skin on his nape, however, Elliot's eyes instantly shot open.

Avery quickly yanked her hand back, threw her head back, and took another big gulp of water.

As Elliot watched her side profile, he recalled the divorce plan he saw on her laptop.

He wondered how she planned to turn her scheme into reality.

The car drove steadily in the night as the atmosphere inside of the vehicle turned stranger and stranger by the minute.

From the corner of her eye, Avery noticed Elliot's unwavering gaze fixed on her, and her heart began to race wildly in her chest.

She finished the bottle of water in record-breaking time.

Elliot snatched the empty bottle out of her hands and tossed it aside, breaking the silence with a bang.

"You want to divorce me because I made you abort that b*st*rd child," he hissed coldly.

Avery had nowhere to run or hide, so she had no choice but to answer him.

"It's your right to not want kids, but you can't forcefully take away my right to be a mother. I want children, and I want to be a mother. Tell me, apart from getting a divorce, how else would I be able to have my own kids?"

This matter was a thorn in their relationship. If it was not resolved, it would continue to stab at them for

the rest of their lives.

"Why do you insist on having kids? Do you like them that much?!" Elliot scoffed as a fiery rage boiled in his eyes.

Avery clenched her teeth as a wave of emotions rose inside of her.

If she were not already pregnant, she could live without children.

However, now that she was pregnant, she had a responsibility to her babies. "Why are you so against having them? You're not the one giving birth to or raising them! Why can't you just give them a chance?" Avery cried in a voice that was louder than Elliot's.

The driver was shocked.

Where did Avery Tate get the guts to raise her voice at Elliot Foster?

Did she really think that his patience with her was limitless?

Just as the driver thought that Elliot would raise his hand, a heavy silence fell upon the backseat.

Avery calmed down slightly after a little while.

Her voice broke through the piercing silence as she said through reddened eyes, "Everyone has something they'd rather not discuss. What's there to fight about?"

"Don't think that you're the only one for me, Avery Tate," Elliot said in a voice that was chilling to the bone, his tone heartless and indifferent.

"We're as different as heaven and hell. I've never hoped to stand on equal ground next to you," Avery responded.

o

"Who's heaven and who's hell?" Elliot asked. His question left Avery baffled.

What kind of a question was that?

She did not answer him. Her head was pounding.

The backseat was drenched in the smell of alcohol. She felt sick to her stomach and rolled down the window.

When His Eyes Opened by Simple Silence Chapter 55

[29 Comments](#) / [When His Eyes Opened by Simple Silence Chapter 55](#)

The cold, night air burst into the car, whipping Avery's hair and calming her nerves.

Elliot had said that he was not the only one for her.

From that, she figured that as long as she remained adamant about the divorce, he might just agree to it one day

The anxiety she felt dulled into relief with that comforting thought.

When they arrived at the mansion, Mrs. Cooper and the driver helped Elliot out of the car.

Avery saw that he was being looked after, so she quietly returned to her room.

It was not long before Mrs. Cooper showed up in her room and said, "Master Elliot won't let anyone touch him, Madam. Maybe you should give it a try! You just need to wipe his face down and help him change his clothes."

Wipe his face and change his clothes?

Avery would have no objections if Elliot were still in a vegetative state, but he was not!

He might have had a little too much to drink, but he was not unconscious.

She had not forgotten the fight that they had in the car on the way home.

"Why not just let him sleep like that?" Avery suggested. "He can take a shower and change himself when he gets up in the morning. Let him be."

"How could we do that, Madam?" Mrs. Cooper exclaimed in shock. "Come and try it out with me! He might protest less if you were the one helping him change."

The door to the master bedroom was wide open when Avery arrived, and Elliot was lying in bed in a silent slumber.

Mrs. Cooper shoved Avery in the direction of the bed and said, "Master Elliot's had too much to drink, so he might wake up in the middle of the night and throw up... It's better if someone stays and looks out for him."

At this point, Avery already knew what Mrs. Cooper was about to suggest.

However, Mrs. Cooper interrupted her before she could refuse, "This is a crucial period in the recovery of his legs. The doctor said that getting hurt right now would severely affect his rehab treatment later. You should just stay with him tonight!"

Avery's face twisted into a deep frown as she held back the words of protests she was about to cough up earlier.

Mrs. Cooper had a point, and she had no reason to refuse.

"You can wait until Master Elliot has slept for a bit before wiping his face... If you can't get him to change into his pajamas, you can just help undress him... And let him sleep like that..." Mrs. Cooper said as she walked towards the room door.

Avery felt like her head was about to explode.

Once Mrs. Cooper was out of the room, she walked to the side of the bed.

Elliot's eyes were shut and his breath was heavy. His cheeks were an unusual shade of pink, and she wondered how much he had to drink.

Avery went into the bathroom, then reemerged with a bowl of warm water,

She placed the bowl on the night stand at the head of the bed, then sat on the side of the bed and began to unbutton Elliot's shirt,

He sensed her touch on his shirt, and his hand clasped around her arm in reflex. At the same time, his eyes shot open, revealing a look of extreme caution.

"Let go," Avery said as she stared into his eyes. "Or take it off yourself,"

Elliot did not want to do anything himself. His head was killing him,

Reason had not yet escaped him, but his body was already numb from the alcohol,

He let go of her arm, and Avery proceeded to successfully remove his shirt and unbuckle his belt.

Just as she was about to take off his trousers, Elliot's large hand grabbed onto her slender wrist.

This time, his grip was tighter,

"Who let you in my room?!" he roared as his chest rose and fell. "Who let you take off my clothes? Have you always been such a loose woman?"

Avery was flummoxed.

Was this the power of alcohol?

It was likely that he would not remember anything about what happened that night when he woke up the next morning

At that thought, Avery released her inhibitions.

She pushed his hand out of the way, grabbed onto the waistband of his trousers, and yanked it off after a couple of hard yanks.

Elliot's brows furrowed tightly as he glared viciously at her."

She paid him no mind and moved on to dumping the clothes in the laundry basket.

She then picked up the face towel from the bowl of warm water, wrung it dry, and proceeded to dab the warm towel on Elliot's furious face.

When His Eyes Opened by Simple Silence Chapter 56

[1 Comment](#) / [When His Eyes Opened by Simple Silence Chapter 56](#)

"Stop acting like a baby," Avery said in a low and gentle voice as she wiped down Elliot's face. "Do you think I want to care for you like this? You stink of booze... Aren't you a clean freak? Was that all an act? I wouldn't even bother helping you if your legs weren't still recovering."

The sound of her voice calmed Elliot's breathing, and he was overcome by a sudden wave of drowsiness.

Her voice was like a hypnotic lullaby.

Once Avery finished wiping Elliot down, she pulled the covers over him and tucked him in.

By the time she cleaned up in the bathroom and returned to the bedroom, he was already fast asleep.

She finally let out a huge sigh of relief.

She sat down on the edge of the bed and glanced around the room.

The memory of how her every move was monitored and recorded by surveillance cameras for the first three months she was there sent a shudder down her body.

The cameras were probably gone by now.

Elliot was erratic and bad-tempered, but he was not a pervert.

Avery got up and retrieved her pillow and blanket from her room.

Elliot had woken up several times during the night.

He was not completely sober, so he did not notice that there was someone else in bed with him.

Avery and Elliot ended up spending the night in peace and quiet.

The next day, the warm morning sun crept in through the large windows, enveloping the room in light.

Avery was sound asleep on the bed. Her arm rested on his chest, her slender leg wrapped around his thigh.

Elliot's splitting headache woke him up and that was when he noticed Avery's peaceful face right next to him.

A strange feeling washed over him.

Less than a minute after he had opened his eyes, Avery's eyes slowly opened as well.

As their eyes met, sparks of embarrassment crackled in the air around them. Elliot's eyes were still bloodshot, but they were much more focused than the night before.

Avery very quickly realized the awkward positions of her arm and leg.

Seeing as he did not seem bothered by it, she decided to casually dismiss the whole thing and slowly raised her leg off of his.

"You're looking well-rested. Did you have a good night's sleep?" Elliot said in a husky voice. Avery's leg froze in midair.

.. "I guess so," she said with flushed cheeks as she immediately moved her leg away, then changed the

subject and said, "You didn't take a shower last night. Aren't you going to have one?"

Her words rescued her from the embarrassing situation.

Elliot got out of bed and walked into the bathroom.

The moment he was out of sight, Avery picked up her pillow and blanket and fled the room.

That was close!

It was a good thing that nothing had happened.

She prayed that he would forget everything from the night before, including their fight in the car.

Otherwise, the rest of her days would surely be a nightmare.

Although, that disruption of the peace might just be what she needed for a divorce.

That weekend, Tammy and Jun went out on a lunch date.

Since it was their second time meeting, they were much more relaxed around each other.

Tammy was wearing a jacket with wide-legged trousers and a pair of sneakers.

She had on light makeup, and her hair was gathered up in a simple ponytail.

Of all the coincidences in the world, Jun had also shown up in a jacket. Although, his was paired with a pair of jeans and casual sandals.

They exchanged warm smiles when they met.

"You were dressed pretty sexy at the party that night. Here I thought that your hotness was all there was to you," Jun said with a grin.

When His Eyes Opened by Simple Silence Chapter 57

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

Chapter 57

Tammy was holding the menu. She glanced at Jun and said, "Your outfit was pretty tight, so I assumed you liked men. Of course, I'm not saying you can't prefer men. I respect everyone's sexual orientation."

Jun almost choked on his water.

"You've greatly misunderstood, Miss Lynch. I'm straight. Very straight."

"And I'm not as promiscuous as you think."

"Alright! Let's start over," Jun said as he reached out his hand for a handshake.

In order to find out his true intentions for Avery, Tammy shook his hand.

Once they had ordered their food, the two of them talked about anything and everything.

An hour and some wine later, Jun's defenses crumbled and he began to ramble.

"I have a friend who had a shotgun marriage. He has feelings for his wife, but he's too scared to show it. When she had gotten into some trouble recently, he had me help her. The funniest thing is that his wife has no idea that I'm friends with her husband. The first time she met me, he had been furious. He didn't think that she should have gone to meet a stranger... Isn't that hilarious?"

Tammy was stunned, then said, "A friend of mine also suddenly told me she had a husband out of nowhere! She won't even tell me who he is because she keeps wanting to get a divorce, but I don't know if she'll be able to get one."

"I guess anything is possible nowadays," Jun said.

"Exactly! One thing's for sure, I'm never jumping into marriage," said Tammy.

"Me, too," responded Jun.

At this point, Tammy had decided that it was time to find out if Jun really had two hundred million in his bank account, and she executed her plan.

"Do you use a digital wallet or a credit card to buy stuff nowadays?" Tammy asked as she tried to behave as casually as possible.

"I use my phone because it's more convenient," Jun replied.

"Isn't there a limit to that?"

"I rarely splurge on things. After all, it hasn't been long since I graduated, I feel bad using too much of my parents' money."

Tammy nodded, then asked bluntly, "How much money do you have in your savings account?"

Jun was taken aback by her the personal nature of her question.

"Are you worried that I'm some penniless loser?" Jun asked, then answered honestly, "I only have under a hundred thousand in there."

Tammy pursed her lips, then shook her head out of politeness.

Should she trust Jun or Avery?

Judging by his expression and tone, it did not seem like he was lying. On the other hand, Avery was her best friend, and she had her unconditional trust.

Tammy changed her strategy and asked, "Does your family delegate some important jobs to you?"

Perhaps the two hundred million belonged to Jun's father?

Could acquiring Tate Industries also be his father's idea?

"No way! My father hopes to pass the family business to me, but I'm not interested in it at all." Jun's answer threw Tammy back into a sea of confusion. She wanted to continue interrogating him, but they were still far from being close enough in their relationship to justify that.

If she asked him now, there was no way that he would answer her truthfully.

It seemed like she had to be a little more ruthless.

"What do you think of me?" Tammy asked with her sweetest smile. "If you like me, I'd like to take things to the next step. What do you think?"

Jun was taken aback.

"Don't you think that's rushing things?"

Tammy's smile faded slightly.

"I don't mean it like that, Miss Lynch!" Jun explained immediately. "I just thought that we could meet a few more times and get to know each other better before we decide on moving things further..."

The more he explained, the more upset Tammy looked.

"Alright! I'm sorry, Miss Lynch. I just didn't expect you to be that interested in me. Since you're willing to take things further with me, then, of course, I'd agree..."

“Don’t call me Miss Lynch anymore, Jun. Call me Tammy,” said Tammy as the smile returned to her face. She had decided to unravel Jun’s true intentions within the next two weeks.

Her magnetic smile made Jun feel like he was in a dream.

Things were going too fast!

He did not expect to get a girlfriend this quickly!

Avery’s jaw dropped when she heard the news of Tammy getting a boyfriend.

Was this not too big a sacrifice?

Just as she was about to send Tammy a text, she received a call from an unknown number.

Her fingers accidentally tapped the answer button on her phone, and the unfamiliar voice of a man came from the other side of the line.

When His Eyes Opened by Simple Silence Chapter 58

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

Chapter 58

“Is this Miss Avery Tate?”

The low, deep voice on the other end was warm and polite.

“Yes, and you are?” Avery asked.

“Hello, I’m Charlie Tierney from Trust Capital. I got your number from your company’s HR department. I’d like to propose a collaboration,” said Charlie.

“Trust Capital?”

“That’s right. Do you have time to meet up today? I’m near your office right now,” Charlie said in an earnest and sincere tone.

After a moment’s consideration, Avery accepted his invitation.

Once they decided on a meeting point, she called the HR manager at Tate Industries.

“Do you know Charlie Tierney from Trust Capital?”

“He’s an impressive investor. Trust Capital is one of the country’s top ten investment banks, which was why I didn’t hesitate to give him your number when he asked for it earlier,” answered the HR manager.

“Got it,” said Avery

“Do you need me to accompany you when you go to your meeting? I’m worried that you’ll get overwhelmed if you go alone,” asked the manager.

Morale at Tate Industries took a huge dip when Shaun left the company. It had also caused a handful of the staff to resign.

If they continued to fail to get investors, it would not be long until the company met its doom.

“It’s fine. It’s the weekend, so you should rest up,” replied Avery.

She looked up Charlie Tierney online on her way to the meeting.

She was stunned when his photo popped up.

He looked much younger than she had expected.

She glanced at his age and discovered that he was indeed rather young.

It was strange. They were the same age, but why did she think Charlie looked younger, but Elliot looked older?

She took another look at Charlie’s photo and found her answer.

Charlie had a dashing smile in the photo while Elliot had a constant poker face.

When Avery walked into Cafe Meadow, Charlie immediately got up and waved to her.

She sat down on the chair across from him and said, “Nice to meet you, Mr. Tierney.”

“There’s no need for formalities here. Call me Charlie.” said Charlie with a warm smile as he passed the menu to her.

Avery awkwardly waved her hand in the air and said, “I don’t drink coffee,” then paused and came up with an excuse, “I’ve been having trouble sleeping, so the doctor told me to quit caffeine.”

Charlie put the menu down and said, “I’m sorry, I had no idea. Let’s go somewhere else!”

"It's fine, I'll just have some water," Avery responded immediately. "You mentioned being interested in a collaboration, Mr. Tierney. Would you mind telling me why you're willing to work with us?"

Charlie ordered a cup of coffee and a slice of cake and passed the menu to the waiter.

"From a business point of view, I want to work with you because I think highly of Tate Industries," he said.

1

Avery stared at him and asked, "Are you interested in our self-driving program?"

Charlie's expression turned unreadable. After pondering for a moment, he said, "Your father wanted to venture into the private vehicle sector with the self-driving program, but I think we can do better than that. We could bring the program into the exploration, search, and rescue, or even the military sectors... Don't you think so?"

The possibilities in Avery's mind suddenly broadened.

"Applying the system to the private sector is too much of a risk," Charlie continued. "If something goes wrong, even just one or two lethal accidents would completely destroy the company's reputation."

Avery nodded and said, "That's a very good point, Mr. Tierney. May I ask what kind of collaboration you're hoping to have with us?"

Charlie adjusted his glasses, put on a light smile, and said, "From what I understand, someone is interested in acquiring Tate Industries." "Yes," Avery responded. "He wants to buy us out."

When His Eyes Opened by Simple Silence Chapter 59

[/ When His Eyes Opened by Simple Silence](#)
Chapter 59

"I heard that you're not interested in selling, which is why I won't bring that up," Charlie said. He decided to cut to the chase and said, "I'd like to become a shareholder."

Avery's eyes instantly lit up.

"Are you serious about this, Mr. Tierney?" she asked.

"Of course, I am. However, there are two things I need to discuss with you before we sign the contract," Charlie said as he pulled out a document. "This is a proposal that my team and I put together. Tate Industries won't make it for long if it continues on its current course. We're running a business, not a charity. Firstly, only profit can ensure a company's sustainability in the long run."

Avery pulled out the documents from the folder and roughly sifted through them, and said, "Can I bring this proposal back and discuss it with my team, Mr. Tierney?"

"Of course."

"Thank you," Avery said as she picked up her glass and took a sip of water.

She then stared earnestly at Charlie and asked, "What was the other matter you wanted to discuss?"

Before she arrived, she did not expect their meeting to go this smoothly.

Now that the most important part of their meeting was settled, she finally felt like a weight was lifted off of her shoulders."

"I'm Chelsea Tierney's brother," Charlie said honestly. "I'm her half-brother, to be exact."

The second those words escaped his mouth, the calmness on Avery's face instantly vanished.

Chelsea Tierney... Charlie Tierney...

It was no wonder that she felt there was something familiar about Charlie.

He was Chelsea's brother all along!

Avery had never gotten along with Chelsea, and now, her brother wanted to invest in her company...

Was this a joke?!

She could not help but wonder about Charlie's true intentions for wanting to invest in Tate Industries.

"I don't have a typical sibling relationship with Chelsea. We have different mothers, and my father made me the heir to the family business..." Charlie explained.

"Are you telling me all of this because you know that I don't get along with your sister, Mr. Tierney? Did she tell you about it?" Avery asked cautiously.

"She's always been obsessed with Elliot Foster. Since I know about your relationship with him, I expected that she has made things difficult for you even without her telling me about it."

"That's right. We have a terrible relationship. Which is why I need to go back and properly think about the possibilities of working with you," Avery said straightforwardly.

Charlie did not expect her to react this fiercely.

"Miss Tate, as the successor of Tate Industries, you should be prioritizing your company's well-being. You have hundreds of employees whose survival is dependent on you. Your affairs with Chelsea are none of my business. You shouldn't fling your frustration with her at me. I'm innocent."

Charlie's tone was soft and gentle. It was difficult to be angry with him no matter what he said. "I'm not a professional leader, Mr. Tierney. Things between Chelsea and I aren't as simple as you think. As her brother, it's only natural for me to have my reservations about you," Avery said.

"Give it some thought, then. I'll be waiting for your answer," Charlie said with a confident grin on his face.

Avery nodded, then got up and left.

The news of Trust Capital's preparations to invest in Tate Industries spread like wildfire in the business world.

Elliot's brows furrowed tightly upon hearing about it.

Charlie was a self-serving egoist.

He was certain that he had ulterior motives for investing in Tate Industries.

Although they had known each other for years, they were not close.

If it were not for Chelsea, they would have lost touch with each other a long time ago.

"Elliot, I called Tate Industries earlier and was told that Avery had met up with Charlie Tierney today and agreed on a collaboration... If he invested a hundred and fifty million, Avery would have a hard time rejecting him, especially because he will purely be an investor and will have no involvement in the company's operations," reported Jun.

Elliot raised his brows, and his voice was chilling as he said, "It looks to me like he wants to use that money to buy Avery, not the company!"

When His Eyes Opened by Simple Silence Chapter 60

[/ When His Eyes Opened by Simple Silence](#)
Chapter 60

"Is Avery worth that much?" Jun asked, slightly shocked.

"She's worth that much because she's my wife," Elliot said as an icy chill rose in his eyes. "If she were not married to me, Charlie Tierney wouldn't bother with any of this."

Jun was even more confused than before.

"If he wants to give Avery the money, then let him! Isn't this just him throwing free money at her?"

"She's my wife!" Elliot snapped.

"Oh, okay... I get it. What do you plan on doing? Increase our offer? She will definitely go with Tierney's offer if we don't."

"Not necessarily."

"If that's the case, then why are you so upset?"

Jun could tell from Elliot's tone that his emotions were all over the place.

Elliot wanted to acquire Tate Industries so that Avery could be free of its debt and troubles.

She was still in college, and she lacked the knowledge and experience when it comes to running a company.

It would be better for her to sell the company, pay off the debt, and make some money while she was at it. That way, her and her mother's lives would be much smoother moving forward.

Elliot came to this decision after considering every aspect, but she did not appreciate any of his efforts.

If Avery accepted Charlie's investment, he would definitely hold the reins to the running of the company in the end.

"I admire you, Jun. Nobody loves you, and you have nobody to love, so you don't have to get your heartbroken," Elliot teased.

"I got a girlfriend today!" Jun responded enthusiastically. "I met her on a blind date. Our fathers know each other, so it's pretty much a solid match."

"That's good. Let me meet her once things are stable," Elliot said.

"Sure!" Jun said, then added, "Anyway, I think you can talk to Avery about this whole thing. She actually has a mind of her own."

"Go see your girlfriend!" Elliot snapped.

Just the sound of Avery's name gave him a headache.

As if he did not know Avery was opinionated.

It was because she was so opinionated that she never listened to anything he had to say.

Meanwhile, Avery was sitting in another cafe and complaining to Tammy on the phone.

"Whether it's Mr. Z, Jun Hertz, or Charlie Tierney... I can't help but think that there's something fishy about them," she rambled. "Jun Hertz came out of nowhere, told you he had no money but came across as a billionaire in front of me. Charlie Tierney, on the other hand, knows full well that I don't get along with his sister but insists on investing in my dad's company. I wouldn't be so suspicious if people were fighting to get a piece of Tate Industries, but nobody is interested in us at all!"

Tammy took a sip of the iced tea in her hand and said, "Let me deal with Jun Hertz. As for Tierney, why don't you pick up the slack with his sister?"

Avery was taken aback.

She had spoken too quickly and let that slip.

"If you don't trust Jun Hertz, then don't work with him! Otherwise, you'd be in a mess if he sells you out in the end. I bet he's a genius, so you won't be able to keep up with him," said Tammy.

It was a good thing that she did not decide to get to the bottom of her earlier question. "I'm sure the company's management will insist on accepting Trust Capital's investment," Avery said. "You're the boss! Who cares what they think?" "I'm not technically the boss. I never signed the contract!"

"Now that your vice president is gone, who would go against you? Just make the decision yourself, Avery. Don't think too much about it... Oh, Jun's here. I'm hanging up now!"

When Avery returned to the Foster mansion that evening, there were guests in the house.

“Miss Tate! It’s the weekend, did you go out to hang out with your friends? Have you had dinner? If not, come join us!” Ben said with a grin as he got up from the couch. The sight of Ben made Avery recall Elliot’s drunken shenanigans the other night. “I’m not hungry... You go ahead! I’ll eat later.”

Avery did not want to join them for dinner at all.

Just then, she caught a whiff of the fragrant scent that drifted from the kitchen.

Her stomach immediately began to growl.

“Hahaha! Join us, Miss Tate!” Ben said as he led Avery into the living room. “I heard that you found an investor today, but why don’t you look happy about it?”

“Do you know Charlie Tierney? He’s Chelsea’s brother,” Avery asked. Since Ben seemed to know about Charlie’s offer, she decided to ask questions.