

When His Eyes Opened by Simple Silence Chapter 12

Chapter 12

It was nine at night.

Dry leaves rustled on the ground in the fall wind.

Avery emerged from a cab and winced at the sudden chill.

She clutched her purse and quickly rushed toward the front door of the Foster mansion.

In the dark of night, she donned a strappy red dress which was sexy yet enchanting.

When she left the house that morning, she was wearing a t-shirt and casual pants.

The thought that she had deliberately dressed that way to entertain other men made Elliot clench his fists.

Avery only noticed Elliot sitting in the living room couch when she was changing her shoes in the foyer.

He was wearing a black shirt, which made him appear even more gloomy and cold.

The expression on his face was as indifferent as ever, so she did not look at him for long.

Once she had changed her shoes, she hesitated. She did not know whether she should greet him or not.

He did give her that pack of tissues that morning.

Avery walked uneasily into the living room and looked at Elliot.

The atmosphere was different that night. Mrs. Cooper would usually come out to greet her when she arrived home.

Was Mrs. Cooper out?

She took a deep breath as her heart thumped in her chest. She decided to avoid him.

“Come here,” Elliot said icily.

Since they were the only ones in the living room, she could not pretend like she did not hear him.

“What is it?” Avery said as she stopped and glanced at him.

“I said, come here,” Elliot said in a terrifyingly forceful voice.

Avery’s heart tightened, and she involuntarily walked over to him.

She did not dare disobey him even if he was in a wheelchair and did not pose as big of a threat to her.

She walked to his side, looked at his handsome but stern face, and took a deep breath.

“What is it? Is it time for us to get divorced?”

Elliot’s brows furrowed upon hearing her words.

He smelled the faint smell of alcohol emanating from her hair.

She had drunk wine.

Elliot suddenly looked up as he no longer tried to hide the disgust in his eyes.

His large hand gripped her slender wrist as he snarled, “Did you drink with someone? Did you have a good time?”

Avery felt like Elliot was about to break her wrist. She wanted to pull her hand back but could not move a muscle.

“Let go! You’re hurting me!” she cried as her eyes welled up with tears. The more she struggled, the harder his grip became.

It was as if he was deliberately trying to hurt her and make her cry.

“I asked if you had a good time. Answer me!” Elliot snapped. Seeing her face twist in agony further angered him.

“What good time? I don’t know what you’re talking about!”

Avery gave up struggling. By the time she registered the first question, streams of hot tears ran down her cheeks.

“I didn’t drink, Elliot! I didn’t!” she said with eyes filled with tears and fear.

Elliot's adam's apple bobbed up and down his throat. The next second, he yanked her into his arms.

She said that she had not drunk, but he clearly smelled alcohol on her.

The cold tip of his nose landed on the crook of her neck.

Avery's soft and delicate skin carried a warm, milky scent.

It was odd.

He could not smell alcohol on her body.

Avery stayed completely still as she felt Elliot's nose on her skin, gently tickling her.

She leaned against his wide chest. She was so nervous that she forgot to breathe, and her heart forgot to beat.

It was a good thing that he stopped treating her violently.

He had let go of her wrist, but the pain was still there. The thought of being abused by him angered Avery.

She knew that his legs had not fully recovered, and he might not have any feeling in them yet. She placed her hand on his trousers and gave him a hard pinch.

The reason she was brave enough to do this was because she was prepared to deal with the consequences.

However, Elliot did not seem to realize that she had pinched him.

When he lifted his head from her neck, his dark eyes looked puzzled.

“Your clothes smell like another man’s alcohol. Are you going to take it off, or should I?” Elliot said in a hoarse voice that carried a seemingly unstoppable force.

Avery froze in stunned silence.

Did she smell like another man’s alcohol?

Hold on...

He wanted her to take her clothes off?

Right now?

When she snapped back to reality, she pushed her hands against his chest and tried to escape.

Elliot did not give her a chance to get away and tightened his arms around her.

He picked Avery up and violently tore the back of her dress in half.

“Ah!”

Without the protection of her dress, Avery felt a sudden chill on her back.

The blood in her body boiled as she scowled, “Elliot Foster! You maniac!”

Elliot tossed her on the couch and stared coldly at her exposed shoulders and back.

“Remember your place, Mrs. Foster!”

Avery held on to the high-end dress that Elliot had just ripped and held back her tears.

Shaun was the one who had arranged the meeting that night.

The dress had also been Shaun’s idea.

It was true that the two bank managers tried to get her drunk, and they would not let her go even when she tried to come up with excuses.

She ended up turning them down and left the bar.

She was pregnant, so she could not drink.

There was no way that she would be out drinking with other men.

“I don’t care about being Mrs. Foster! Don’t pin your ridiculous standards on me!”

Avery pushed her disheveled hair behind her ears and rose from the couch as she held onto her dress.

“I hate you!” she cried.

Under normal circumstances, she would never tear into other people like this.

It was Elliot's persistent bullying that had made her lose all control.

She returned to her room and slammed the door shut.

A glimmer of emotion flashed by in Elliot's stone-cold face.

He had lost control of his emotions earlier.

He had waited all afternoon thinking that Avery would ask him for help, but she had not.

Not only did she not go to him, but she also went out and drank with other men.

All the anger that he had accumulated that day exploded at that moment.

Even if she had not said out loud that she hated him, he knew that. He knew that he was more terrifying to Avery than the Devil himself.

Elliot's phone screen lit up.

He picked it up and read Chad's message.

[Mr. Foster, did Miss Tate get home safely? I was out drinking with Ben when we bumped into her. She got into a riff with the two old geezers and left before dinner even started.]

A wave of gloom washed over Elliot.

Even if Avery had not drunk with the two sleazebags, to him, she had been in the wrong to attend the meeting in the first place.

She also should not have dressed so provocatively.

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Avery opened her door when she heard a knock from the other side.

“Madam, Master Elliot asked me to bring you something to eat. I didn’t know what you wanted, so I made you a bowl of soup,” Mrs. Cooper said as she placed a tray on the desk in the room.

Avery had taken a shower to force herself to forget everything that b*st*rd Elliot had done to her that night.

“What does he mean by this?” she said as she stared cautiously at the bowl of soup.

She was hungry, but she did not dare eat.

“Master Elliot must feel bad for being so cruel to you earlier. His mood has been quite bad ever since you went to your room,” Mrs. Cooper said.

She picked up the red dress on the bed and added, “Do you need me to get this mended?”

“It’s fine. I borrowed it. Take the tag to him,” Avery said.

“Oh...” responded Mrs. Cooper.

Avery took a deep breath, then sat on a chair and said hoarsely, “I can’t afford to pay for it.”

“Alright,” Mrs. Cooper said. “Get some rest after you’re done with the soup. Madam Rosalie is being discharged tomorrow, so Master Elliot will be taking you to the old mansion with him.”