

When His Eyes Opened by Simple Silence Chapter 9

Chapter 9

There was no sign of two gestational sacs during the last checkup.

Avery could not believe that there were two babies inside of her a short week later.

She held the ultrasound scan in her hands as she sat in a quiet daze on one of the benches in the hospital corridor.

The doctor told her that the probability of being pregnant with twins was extremely low.

If she had an abortion now, she might never be able to have twins again.

Avery chuckled bitterly. All of this was the work of the Fosters' private doctors.

When they had implanted the fertilized eggs into her, they had not mentioned that she was going to have twins.

Perhaps in their eyes, she was nothing but a birthing tool for the Fosters from the beginning.

When she began to bleed the week before, she thought that her period had arrived. When the Fosters' doctors found out, they thought that the procedure had failed. When Elliot said that he would

divorce her after he had woken up, the doctors had never seen her again.

The decision to give birth or not was now solely on her shoulders.

Avery's phone rang in her bag. She had been in the hospital for over an hour.

She pulled out her phone, stood up, and walked toward the hospital's exit.

“Avery, your father's dying! Come home right away!”

Her mother's hoarse voice came from the other side of the line.

Avery was stunned.

Dad was dying? How could this be?

She knew that her father had been hospitalized after his company got in trouble. He could not even attend her wedding.

She did not know that his condition was this serious. Avery's mind was a mess.

She did not have a good relationship with her father. She could never forgive him for having an affair.

However, her heart stung painfully upon suddenly hearing the news of his serious illness.

.....

The living room of the Tate house was a chaotic mess when Avery arrived.

Laura took her straight to the master bedroom.

Jack Tate was lying on the bed. His breathing was shallow and his eyes were barely open. When he saw Avery, he raised his arm in her direction.

“Dad, why didn’t you go to the hospital if you’re this sick?” Avery said as she held her father’s cold hand. Tears welled up in her eyes.

“That’s easy for you to say! Where would we get the money to take your father to the hospital?” Wanda snapped frostily.

Avery’s head shot up as she said, “Didn’t you get a large sum of money from the Fosters? Why didn’t you use that to help Dad?”

Wanda pouted and said, “We used that money to pay off the debts! Do you know how much money your father’s company owes? Don’t look at me like I ate your money up, Avery! Besides, your father’s illness can’t be cured! He’s better off dead!”

After saying such cruel words, Wanda heartlessly stormed out of the room.

Avery did not leave with her.

At the end of the day, Jack was still her father. He had always loved her, and she did not want to lose her father.

“Don’t be mad at her, Dad. It’s not that she didn’t want to get you treated, but the family really doesn’t have much money,” Avery sniffled as she stood crying by the bed. “Dad, I really hope you get through this...”

Jack turned a deaf ear to Avery’s words.

Instead, he looked at her with eyes filled with tears. His lips trembled and his voice was low as he said, “Avery... My darling girl... I’ve failed you... I’ve failed your mother... I’ll make it up to both of you in the next life...”

The large hand holding hers suddenly let go.

A shrill cry tore through the house.

Avery’s heart throbbed in pain.

Overnight, her world underwent an earth-shattering change.

She was married and pregnant, and her father was gone.

She had thought that she was just still just a child herself, but life swept her up and pushed her into a lonely, hopeless corner.

The day of the funeral was a gloomy and rainy one.

Not many people attended the funeral, not since the fall of the Tates.

After the service, Wanda went to a hotel with the guests.

The crowd scattered like a flock of wild birds.

Before long, Avery and Laura were the only ones left at the cemetery.

Their moods were as dark as the gray skies.

“Do you hate Dad, Mom?” Avery asked as she stared at her father’s gravestone through teary eyes.

Laura lowered her gaze and said in a dull voice, “I do. Even if he’s dead, I will never forgive him.”

Avery did not understand.

“Then, why are you crying?” she asked.

“Because I loved him,” Laura sighed. “Relationships are complicated, Avery. It isn’t just a matter of love or hate. It could also be a love-hate relationship.”

That night, Avery dragged her worn out body back to Elliot’s mansion.

From the day of Jack’s death to the end of the funeral, the process had taken three days.

She did not return to the mansion at all during the three days.

Nobody from the Foster family contacted her either.

She did not tell anyone in the Foster house about her father’s passing.

The relationship with Elliot was colder than ice and frostier than snow.

When Avery stepped into the courtyard, she noticed the mansion's lights were lit, and the living room was filled with guests.

Everyone was dressed to the nines and chatting away merrily with wine glasses in their hands.

Avery paused in her tracks.

“Madam!” Mrs. Cooper noticed her and rushed over.

Perhaps it was because Avery's cold and pitiful expression stood in stark contrast to the liveliness of the living room, but the smile on Mrs. Cooper's face tensed as she hesitated.

“It's raining outside. Come on in!” Mrs. Cooper said as she held Avery's arm and pulled her into the living room.

Avery was dressed in a black trench coat with her slender, fair calves peeping out from underneath the hem. On her feet were a pair of black, low-heeled leather shoes.

Her aura was chilly, which was different from her usual demeanor.

Mrs. Cooper brought her a pair of pink, plush house slippers.

Avery changed into the slippers and inadvertently glanced at the living room.

Elliot's guests were evaluating her with meaningful eyes as if she was an animal in a zoo's enclosure.

Their eyes were bold and disrespectful.

Avery used the same gaze to look at Elliot, who was sitting at the center of the couch.

He was holding a lit cigarette between his fingers, and he was surrounded by smoke. Behind the veil of smoke, his stone-cold face looked almost like a dream.

The reason she looked at him was because of the woman sitting next to him.

The woman had a beautiful head of long, black hair. She was dressed in a body-hugging white dress with a face of exquisite makeup. She looked gorgeous without being vulgar.

The upper half of her body was stuck closely to Elliot as she held a cigarette between her fingers.

It was obvious that this woman's relationship with Elliot was anything but ordinary.

A few seconds after Avery's gaze fell on the woman, her brows furrowed slightly.

"You're Avery Tate, right?" the woman said as she got up from the couch and provocatively walked over to Avery. "I heard that you were the wife that Madam Rosalie picked for Elliot. She has pretty

good taste. You're quite pretty, just a little small... Oh, I didn't mean your age. I was talking about your body..."

Avery pursed her lips and said, "You're beautiful, and you have curves. Everything about you is better than me... So, when is Elliot marrying you?"

Her nonchalant tone drove the woman into a furious rage.

"How dare you talk to me like that? Do you know how long I've been by Elliot's side? Even if you're his wife, if I were to slap you in the face right now, he wouldn't even bat an eye!"

Just as the woman finished speaking, she raised her arm.

The sound of glass smashing filled the air.

Avery had picked up an expensive bottle of wine and smashed it against the coffee table!

Bright red liquid splashed and trickled down the edge of the table, dripping onto the carpet underneath.

Avery's eyes were bloodshot as she clenched her fingers tightly around the bottle, pointing the jagged edge at the arrogant woman.

"You want to hit me? Come on! If you dare touch me, I'll kill you!" she yelled as she approached the woman with the broken bottle.

Everyone in the room was dumbfounded.

It was said that the eldest daughter of the Tate family was a low-profile introvert, but it turned out... She was insane!

Elliot's hawk-like eyes narrowed as smoke escaped his thin lips.

His fiery gaze was fixed on Avery's pained but ruthless little face.