

When His Eyes Opened by Simple Silence Chapter 20

Chapter 20

Avery felt like someone was strangling her.

She felt suffocated as the world began to spin around her.

How could Elliot be Mr. Z?!

Mr. Z sent her eight hundred thousand dollars and wanted to invest in Tate Industries. How was it possible that Elliot would do that?

However, if he was not Mr. Z, then what was he doing there?

Her mind spun as she looked at the man before her. His wheelchair, dark shirt, and unusually fair skin told her that the man in front of her was no other than Elliot Foster.

Avery let out a cold breath and subconsciously took a few steps back, but the door to the private room was closed.

“Leaving before saying hello?”

Seeing her so nervous made Elliot press his lips into a thin line.

“What are you doing in a place like this?”

Avery raised her hand to push a strand of hair behind her ear. She forced herself to stay calm as she said, “I... I’m here to have dinner with some friends.”

“This is a bar.”

“Oh...”

Avery glanced around the private room. It was a large room that was lavishly decorated, but she felt like she was in hell and could not settle down.

“I... I think I came to the wrong place. I’ll go look for them now.”

“Avery Tate,” Elliot hissed. His voice was as cold as ice. “Did you not take what I said this morning seriously?”

“I heard you,” Avery said, “but I have no reason to live my life by your words.”

She remembered what happened last time like it was yesterday.

She had not drunk that night, but he had insisted that she had dressed like a prostitute so that she might go out drinking with other men.

Avery’s reply made Elliot raise his thick brows.

He knew she was different from other women. She had her own opinions, and she did not back down in the face of power. Most importantly, no matter how sternly he warned her, she would never take his threats seriously.

Which also meant that she did not take him seriously at all.

Elliot picked up a glass of wine and took a sip.

Avery took a deep breath and asked, “What are you doing here? Didn’t you say you were going to the old mansion for dinner?”

She wanted to ask what he was doing in the room that Mr. Z had booked.

She wanted to ask if he was Mr. Z, but she did not dare be so straightforward.

This was because she had no idea what his answer would be.

If he was Mr. Z, how would they proceed to discuss business matters?

If he was not, how would she deal with the blatant lie she had told him that morning?

“Come and drink with me,” Elliot ordered as he glared at her with bloodshot eyes.

Avery raised her brows.

What was he trying to do?

“I told you I don’t drink,” she replied. She could not read his eyes, nor could she read his heart. All she wanted to do was leave that place. “Enjoy yourself. I’m leaving!”

She tried to open the door but noticed that it was locked from the outside.

There was no way of opening that door no matter how much strength she put into it.

“What’s going on, Elliot? Let me out!” she snapped as her cheeks flushed with anger.

“I told you to drink with me,” Elliot said in a threatening tone. “Did you not hear me, or are you feigning ignorance?”

Avery’s cold sweat dripped down her back, and her ankles shook.

If she could drink, then she would drink with him to his heart’s content.

However, she could not drink right now!

She could not drink even if he strangled her.

The door was locked, so there was no way out.

She could only walk toward him and try to reason with him.

“I lied to you this morning,” Avery said as she stood next to him and lowered her gaze. “I had something to do today, but it wasn’t something on campus. I made an appointment to meet someone tonight. He agreed to invest in my father’s company.”

“Who is he?” Elliot asked as he raised his gaze and stared at her flushed cheeks.

“I don’t know his name.”

“You don’t even know his name, but you came to meet him?”

“Shaun came with me.”

“Where is he, then?”

“Stuck in traffic.”

Avery took a deep breath, looked straight at Elliot with her watery eyes, and said, “I’m not a child. Even if I am your wife, I have my own space and social life. You have no right to interfere in my affairs.”

While she spoke, Elliot picked up his glass and took another sip.

She could not help but be distracted by the sensual movements of his throat.

Would he get drunk, drinking like this?

How would he get home if he got drunk?

Just as she was lost in thought, Elliot’s big hand clasped around her arm.

By the time she noticed the pain, he had already yanked her over and thrown her onto the couch.

The couch was soft, but Avery was still upset.

What did he think she was?

Was she a toy that he could throw around as he pleased?!

Was she not allowed to have her own thoughts and opinions?

She gritted her teeth and got up from the couch.

Since he was unwilling to reason with her, then there was no point in holding back!

Just as Avery was preparing to stand up, from the corner of her eye, she saw a tall figure looming over her and blocking the light in front of her.

Elliot was standing up!

He stood up from the wheelchair!

She stared at him in stunned silence as her mind went blank.

She forgot about her anger. She forgot about getting up. She forgot about everything that she had wanted to say or do.

Her lips moved as if she wanted to say something, but she was at a loss for words.

The next moment, Elliot threw himself over Avery and pressed her down onto the couch.

“Men take women here to drink. If you’re not here for that, then why are you here?!”

He reached out his long, slender fingers and grabbed her chin tightly.

Her red lips parted from the pressure he exerted.

With his other hand, Elliot picked up the wine glass on the table. The red liquid in the glass shook slightly back and forth.

Fear took over Avery.

Tears began to stream down her face. She tried to escape, but he was pressing down on her with such force that she could not move a muscle.

“You come here when a stranger invites you... You need to learn your lesson properly,” Elliot said coldly before he poured the wine into Avery’s open mouth.

Avery grabbed onto his arms and tried to push him away, but he did not budge no matter how hard she tried.

He had just recovered from a long-term illness, but he was horrifyingly strong.

The sight of Elliot standing up from the wheelchair suddenly popped into her head.

He was taller and more terrifying than she had thought.

The deep red liquid entered her mouth. She did not swallow it, but the bitterness of the alcohol choked her and made her cough violently.

It felt like she was drowning.

In a time of desperation, a person's body will act on instinct to save itself.

Avery grabbed Elliot's shirt collar in panic and yanked it so hard that its button snapped off.

The button rolled onto the ground, and he felt a wave of cold air hit his bare chest.

Elliot looked at the face of the woman in front of him. It was flushed with agony. His chest tightened, and his heart suddenly softened.

He let go of her chin.

Avery immediately turned her head and spat the wine out of her mouth.

“I hate you, Elliot Foster!” she cried through teary eyes and clenched fists.

“It was just one drink. Was that so hard?”

The pity in his eyes disappeared. His slender fingers fell onto her collar and unbuttoned her shirt, exposing her exquisite collar bone.

“If it weren't me, another man would be doing this to you! These are the consequences of your lies!”