

When His Eyes Opened by Simple Silence Chapter 4

Chapter 4

“It’s hard to say. If we’re lucky, it would take three to four months. Otherwise, it might take forever,” said the doctor.

She paused, then added, “You’re young, so I’m sure this will go smoothly.”

Time flew by in an instant. An autumn shower later, fall had arrived in Avonsville.

Avery emerged from the bathroom after a shower.

She sat by the bed, took out the new face cream she had bought that day, and massaged it onto her skin.

“Hey, Elliot, do you want me to put some of this on you? The weather has been dry lately,” Avery said as she walked over to Elliot’s side.

She sat on the edge of the bed, then spread the cream on Elliot’s face with her fingers.

Elliot’s eyes suddenly shot open. His eyes were a deep shade of amber, and they shone like gemstones.

The sparkle in his gaze shocked Avery so much that her breathing turned heavy.

It was not unusual for her to see Elliot open his eyes every day, but she was still startled every time it happened.

“Am I rubbing too hard? I’m not using that much pressure, though!” Avery said as she continued to gently massage his face.

At the same time, she began to mumble to herself.

“I read online that the reason you’ve never had a girlfriend before must be because of your body... But I don’t think you’re that bad! You have strong arms... and these muscular legs...”

Once she was done putting the cream on him, she tapped her hands on Elliot’s arms and legs.

Her touch was light and was not enough to get a reaction out of anyone.

However, Elliot’s reaction made her eyes instantly widen.

This was because... She thought she heard the sound of a man’s voice.

“Was that you, Elliot? Did you say something just now?” Avery exclaimed as she sprung off the bed. Her almond-shaped eyes fixed themselves on him in an intense stare.

Elliot stared back at her.

There was something different about his gaze. When he used to open his eyes before, they were lifeless and empty. This time, the eyes

staring at Avery had emotion in them, even if those emotions bore a hint of anger, hatred, and suspicion.

“Mrs. Cooper!” Avery cried as she rushed downstairs like a cat whose tail had been stepped on. “Mrs. Cooper, Elliot’s awake! He just spoke! He’s really awake!”

Her cheeks were flushed, her heartbeat was irregular, and her chest rose and fell rapidly.

Elliot was awake.

Avery was sure that he was awake. Not only were his eyes open, but he had also spoken to her.

Even though his voice was husky and he spoke slowly, it was threatening.

Elliot had asked her who she was.

Avery’s mind instantly went blank.

Everyone around her had told her that he was going to die soon, so she had never thought about what she would do if he ever woke up.

Mrs. Cooper, the doctor, and the bodyguard rushed over upon hearing Avery’s cries.

The mansion was filled with people half an hour later.

Everyone was in shock. None of them thought that Elliot would ever wake up.

“I knew you would wake up, Elliot!” Rosalie exclaimed through tears of happiness.

“It’s good that you’re awake now, Elliot,” said Henry. “You have no idea how worried all of us were, especially Mother. She was so upset that all of her hair turned gray.”

After the doctor was done checking on Elliot’s condition, he turned to Rosalie and said, “This truly is a miracle! There were no signs of recovery when I checked on him last time. Now that Mr. Foster can speak, we just have to follow up with rehabilitation treatment, and he will be back to normal in no time.”

The good news came so suddenly that Rosalie could not bear it. Her legs buckled, and she fainted from shock.

Henry caught his mother and carried her out of the room.

The doctor, Mrs. Cooper, and the bodyguard remained in the room while Avery stood at the door in stunned silence. She was too afraid to enter.

The chilling aura that Elliot exuded upon regaining consciousness was terrifying.

He was sitting up with his back against the headboard. His eyes were as sharp as a hawk’s as they shot an icy glare at Avery.

“Who is she?” he said in a powerful, deep voice filled with contempt.

The doctor was so scared that he barely had the courage to take a breath.

Mrs. Cooper bowed her head and explained, “Master Elliot, she is the wife that Madam Rosalie arranged for you while you were sick. Her name is—”

Elliot’s thin lips parted slightly, and his voice was dull and indifferent as he spoke, “Get her out of here!”