

# When His Eyes Opened by Simple Silence Chapter 19

## Chapter 19

It was Sunday, and Avery did not get out of bed until it was ten thirty in the morning.

It was the first time she had slept in at Elliot's house.

When she walked out of the room, the group of men in the living room shifted their gaze toward her.

Avery was dressed in a loose nightgown with her disheveled hair falling to her shoulders, framing her clean, spotless face.

She did not expect Elliot to have guests that day.

Elliot and his guests stared sternly at her as if they did not expect her to suddenly appear.

Something snapped in Avery's head.

When she realized the awkward situation she was in, she instantly turned around and made her way back to her room.

At that moment, Mrs. Cooper walked over and pulled her in the direction of the dining room.

“You must be hungry, Madam. You were sleeping soundly when I went to your room earlier, so I didn't wake you.”

“Those people... Who are they?” Avery stammered.

“They’re friends of Master Elliot. They came to visit him. Don’t worry. It’s fine even if you don’t greet them,” answered Mrs. Cooper.

“Okay,” Avery responded.

She did not even greet Elliot when she saw him, why would she greet his friends?

If she had known that he was having guests over, however, she would have woken early and spent the whole day out.

Elliot’s friends in the living room were very interested in Avery.

“Elliot, why’s that young girl staying with you? Is she a caretaker? Or maybe...”

“We’re all adults here. Elliot is a man, after all. It’s normal to have a young lady in his house! Ha ha!”

When Elliot did not respond, everyone shut their mouths and dropped the subject.

“Do you guys know Avery Tate from Tate Industries? They say she’s Jack Tate’s daughter—”

“I know. She called me Friday night asking for an investment, but I hung up before she could finish talking.”

“She really is something. What does her father’s debt have to do with her? She must be insane for jumping into this mess!”

“Young people are reckless like that! I looked into their new product, but it’s a total bust! A self-driving system might sound cool, but the conditions are complicated and uncontrollable. Whoever invests in it would be an idiot!”

.....

In the dining room, Avery listened to the discussion in the living room with mixed feelings.

Once she was done with breakfast, she took her laptop and went to a nearby cafe to work on her thesis.

At the moment, she had limited abilities. She needed to focus on her studies and life.

She received a new email around four in the afternoon.

She placed her cup of coffee on the table after reading its contents and then read the email once more.

It was signed ‘Mr. Z’.

The contents stated his interest in Tate Industries’ new product. He wanted to learn more about it and would invest if the meeting went well.

Avery’s mind was filled with questions.

She knew nothing about this person apart from the fact that he went by Mr. Z.

If he was really interested in working with Tate Industries, he could have just set up a meeting at the office.

After some consideration, Avery replied to the email.

[Is this a new scam?]

Mr. Z's reply came shortly after.

[You have quite the sense of humor, Miss Tate. Here's proof of my assets.]

There was an image file attached to the email.

When Avery opened the file, her eyes instantly widened in shock.

The image was a screenshot of a bank account showing he had close to two hundred million dollars in his checking account.

As it was a tremendous sum, Avery stared at the image and did the calculations in her head many times before she was able to confirm the amount.

Her cheeks flushed and her heart raced. Her hands were trembling as she typed her reply.

[You're pretty good at editing pictures, but isn't this going overboard? Who would have two hundred million in their checking account?]

[What would it take for you to believe me? How about you send over your bank account number, and I'll bank in a deposit of intent of cooperation to you?]

[Is this what scamming techniques have advanced into? All you need is a bank account number to steal all of someone's money?]

Mr. Z did not respond to Avery's last email.

After pondering for a while, Avery sent him a screenshot of an account number.

It was an account that could only receive funds, so it did not matter if he turned out to be a scammer.

Avery pursed her lips and waited for a reply.

She received a transfer notification on her phone shortly after.

She opened up the notification and saw that Mr. Z had wired over eight hundred thousand dollars.

...

Shaun arrived at the cafe that Avery was at half an hour later.

“What's going on, Avery? Did this Mr. Z really send you eight hundred thousand dollars?”

Avery showed her phone screen to Shaun and said, “This balance of eight hundred thousand is from him.”

Shaun was ecstatic.

“Which company is he from? You should set an appointment with him and talk face to face!”

Avery had an uneasy expression on her face as she said, “All he gave me was an address and asked me to meet him on Friday night.”

“That’s great! Send the address to me, too. I’ll go with you on Friday,” Shaun said.

“Okay,” Avery responded.

Mr. Z’s appearance allowed Avery to temporarily put the issue of Tate Industries’ impending doom aside.

However, she could not help but wonder about the identity of Mr. Z, and where he came from.

He had given her eight hundred thousand dollars, and he had never even met her. Did he have too much money on his hands, or was he really that interested in Tate Industries?

Whatever it was, Avery thought it was incredible.

Friday arrived in the blink of an eye.

At breakfast, Elliot said, “Do you have time for dinner at the old mansion tonight?”

Avery stayed silent for a few seconds, then thought of an excuse and said, “I’ve got something to do on campus today, so I’ll be back a little later tonight.”

Elliot frowned slightly. He pursed his lips but said nothing.

Avery let out a sigh of relief.

She was meeting Mr. Z at six that evening.

The fate of Tate Industries depended on that meeting that night.

“You’re still my wife for now,” Elliot said as he placed his cup of coffee on the table. “If I ever find out that you’re lying to me, you’re dead.”

His dark eyes dug into her, but his voice was neutral.

Avery’s entire body went cold.

They had some pleasant interactions in the past few days.

She thought it was nice to continue that type of relationship, but why would he suddenly say something like that?

She was about to say something when he left the dining room.

She watched his back and mumbled to herself, “Weirdo.”

.....

Avery arrived at the Twilight Bar at five forty in the evening.

She gave Shaun a call, only to hear his frantic voice on the other end of the line.

“I’m stuck in traffic and I don’t know when I’ll get there. Go on in without me! I’ll get there as soon as I can.”

Anxiety suddenly washed over Avery.

The meeting was set up a week ago, and Mr. Z was the one who booked the private room.

An attendant escorted her to the entrance of private room V606.

She took a deep breath and opened the door.

Unexpectedly, Mr. Z was already there.

She could vaguely make out the silhouette of a man in a wheelchair in the dark room.

Her eyes suddenly widened.

It... It was Elliot!

What was he doing here?!

Could it be that he...