

When His Eyes Opened by Simple Silence

Chapter 885

While passing by a fine dining place, Tammy's eyes were attracted by a luxury car parked outside the restaurant.

Tammy had an idea. "Avery, let's splurge on a nice meal!" Avery was looking at her phone when she responded, "Sure thing. Let me treat you." Tammy drove the car near the entrance of the upscale restaurant and stopped the engine. After getting off, she gave the key to the valet.

Avery put away her phone and noticed the restaurant. "Oh, this place. I've been here before. The food is really good."

"When was it? I haven't had the chance to visit it much! Not only is the price high, but we also have to make a reservation in advance. Otherwise, you won't even get the chance to taste their signature dishes."

Avery thought about it, and her face was hiding her feelings. "It was with Elliot."

"Oh, no wonder! A person like him would visit all the expensive spots. I guess when the two of you were dating, you have checked in at every single high-end place in town."

"Not to that extent. There are only a bunch of restaurants that he likes."

It dawned on Tammy.

"Who knows if Elliot is having his meal right here, right now! After all, this is one of his favorite restaurants," she thought.

She saw his car outside and that was the reason for her choice.

She wasn't interested in meeting him. Rather, she was curious about who he was having a meal with.

Upon entering the restaurant, Tammy wasn't able to locate Elliot. After some thought, she told herself that it sounded right. People of his class valued privacy. Even if he came to a high-end restaurant, he would certainly book a private room. After the two sat down by the window, the waiter handed them the menu. "Is the signature dish available?"

"Sorry Ma'am, our signature dish has to be ordered in advance." The waiter explained with a smile.

Tammy must have been out of her mind. She was craving the signature dish more than ever.

"Why are some guests having them without pre-ordering?"

The waiter blushed. "I'm not sure about this! Nevertheless, we usually require reservations."

"If Elliot Foster came here without a reservation and he insisted on your signature dish, would you be refusing as well?" Tammy's question spooked the waiter, who ran to his manager¹⁸

immediately. "Tammy, do you really want the lobster that badly?" Avery saw that she was in a foul mood and held her hand. "Then let's make a reservation now. We can have it when they are ready. How does that sound?" "I just want to have it now." Tammy knew that she was spoiled, but she wasn't able to control her³ emotions. Soon, the manager came. When the manager saw that it was Avery Tate, his eyes lit up. "Miss Tate, are you here^c too?" Avery didn't realize why the manager had said: 'here too'. She discussed with the manager, "I'm ordering the little red lobster now. Can we have it today? I can pay more." Struggling, the manager said, "If it's still available, I would make it for you. Sadly, there is no more. Otherwise, shall I go and have a look again?" "It's alright. Sorry to bother you." Less than five minutes after the manager left, he returned with a plate of the signature red lobster. Avery was confused. "Didn't you say there's no more? How come it's ready so quickly?" Tammy looked at the dish in front of her and questioned, "This lobster is gigantic, is it a giant red lobster?"

The manager raised his hands to wipe off his sweat. "Ma'am, I can assure you that this is the best lobster we have caught this year, and it is reserved for the most distinguished guest..." "The most distinguished guest?" Avery looked at the manager and raised her eyebrows. "Who are you referring to?" Tammy organized her thoughts. "Could it be that you brought this from Elliot's table?" The manager nodded in embarrassment and explained to Avery, "Miss Tate, we really didn't have any lobster left in the house. So I went to Mr. Foster's table to ask about the matter. Mr. Foster gave me clear instructions to bring his dish to you right that second. He even said that he hadn't laid a finger on it yet!"