

When His Eyes Opened by Simple Silence Chapter 721

Chapter 721

Inspiration struck Wesley's mind when he heard Shea's voice.

If memory served him right, Shea's blood type was RH negative...

When Avery operated on her two years ago, Wesley was the one who was in charge of her pre op checkup-up.

As he gazed at Shea's face, his chest began to rise and fall rapidly.

"Why are you looking at me, Wesley?" Shea asked confusedly as she blinked her eyes. "Say something! What exactly is going on?"

Wesley wanted to speak, but his words were stuck in his throat and did not escape his lips.

If Shea was a regular person, he would definitely tell her about the situation without reservations.

That was because he knew that she would certainly be willing to help Robert with the blood transfusion.

However, Shea was not a normal person.

Her body had gone through many major surgeries, and she was only able to maintain her current lifestyle with the help of meticulous care and nursing.

Wesley would not be able to handle the responsibility of Shea's body having any adverse reactions to the blood transfusion if she were to go through with it.

Robert was important to Elliot, but so was Shea.

"It's nothing.

I'm just very worried about Robert." Wesley averted his gaze from Shea's face, then said, "Let's check the blood bank first to see if there are any suitable blood types there."

Shea nodded and said, "Do you think my blood would be suitable for

Robert, Wesley? I want to help him... I'm his aunt. I'd be very sad if there was nothing I could do."

Her words moved Wesley to tears.

After Avery gave birth, Shea learned to cook just so she could be helpful.

She did not even complain when she cut her finger.

Now that Robert was in critical condition, she instinctively wondered if her blood could be used to help him.

"Don't be sad, Shea. Let's check out the blood bank first.

You never know, we might just find a suitable blood type!" Wesley could not help but reach out and hold Shea's hand. "Have I ever told you that I like you a lot, Shea?"

Shea shook her head and said, "You've never said it, but I know. You didn't take my brother's money, but you're still kind to me. I like you, too, Wesley. Apart from my brother, Avery, Layla, Hayden, GLJIBT!a Robert, you're my favorite person."

"Then, let's be best friends for the rest of our lives, okay?"

Shea thought about it, then felt slightly troubled.

"That'd be great, but Mrs. Scarlet told me that you'll be just like Avery and my brother one day. You'll find a girl to marry and have children with.

I won't be able to see you every day when that happens, because your wife would be upset."

"I won't get married," Wesley said.

Shea's eyes widened as she asked in confusion, "Why not?"

"My goal in life isn't to get married or have kids. I'm happy for every single day that I get to spend with you, Shea." Wesley's eyes were deep with his sincere feelings.

Shea looked at him and said blankly, “Why do you just want to be best friends with me, then? How about you marry me?”

Wesley was speechless. He had never hoped for that much.

Apart from Avery, Shea was the most important person to Elliot. Wesley was certain that Elliot would never let his sister marry any man.

After all, Shea was different from regular people. Elliot would not easily hand her over to anybody else.

Wesley completely understood how Elliot felt. If he were him, he would feel the same way.

“I can’t figure out what you’re thinking if you don’t speak, Wesley.”

Shea sighed softly. “You know I’m not very smart.”

“Your brother won’t let you marry anyone, Shea. Being by his side is the safest option for you. Wesley did not want to lie to her.

She would be devastated if he lied and said that he did not want to marry her.

“I’ll talk to my brother about it. If he doesn’t agree, then I’ll go to Avery.

She’ll definitely help us,” Shea said, then smiled and continued, “I’ll talk to my brother about it once Robert’s all better.”

The most crucial matter right now was Robert’s health.

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Chapter 722 At the hospital, the result had come out that Elliot’s blood was not a match for Robert.

Thanks to his connections, the search for RH negative blood types expanded to all the major hospitals, who then released requests to the public for RH negative blood donors.

When Mike rushed to the hospital and saw Elliot, he asked, “What happened?”

What's wrong with Robert? Why does he suddenly need a blood transfusion?"

The doctor, who was standing on the side, replied to his question, "It's typical for premature babies to have a series of complications from the premature birth..."

"So, this is all because of the premature birth!" Mike gritted his teeth. "Avery wouldn't have had to give birth prematurely if it weren't for Chelsea Tierney! D*mn her!"

The doctor did not understand what he was cursing about, but continued to explain things from a professional point of view, "Robert's symptoms aren't quite the same as other premature babies.

There's a possibility that he might still have this disease even if he was born at full term."

"Bullsh*t! Avery goes to her prenatal check-ups on time every month, and there was never anything wrong with her test results. Robert wouldn't be sick if it weren't for the premature birth!"

Mike roared furiously.

The doctor stepped back closer toward Elliot and said, "Sir, please. Prenatal check-ups won't necessarily detect rare diseases."

"Oh... Robert has a rare disease?"

"That's right. We're not sure what caused it, but Miss Tate is investigating it right now," answered the doctor. "Those with rare blood types typically develop rare diseases more easily.

There are very few people in the medical field that understand these rare blood types."

"What a f*cking mess! Layla and Hayden are completely fine. How could Robert be sick?"

"Are you saying that Miss Tate has other children?"

Mike placed his hands on his waist and said, "Avery has two more kids who are very healthy.

Would they be able to help Robert with the blood transfusion ?”

“How old are the children ?” asked the doctor.

“They’re six.”

“I’m afraid that won’t work. Even if the children’s blood types were a match for Robert, they still would not be able to help him.

They’re far too young, so their bodies would not be able to handle getting that large amount of blood drawn,” said the doctor. “Only those aged 18 and above are allowed to get their blood drawn for this.”

“Then, what do we do ?” Mike asked dejectedly. “How’s Robert doing now ?”

“He’s unconscious right now,” answered the doctor.

“If we don’t start the blood transfusion as soon as possible, his body will get weaker and weaker, and there’s a possibility that he might never wake up again.”

Mike gritted his teeth as all the rage he felt got stuck in his throat, rendering him speechless.

He wanted to save Robert, but there was nothing that he could do.

“Elliot Foster!

Come up with something, d*mn it!” he hollered angrily at Elliot. “You’re the one who wanted this baby! You also indirectly caused the premature birth! If you’re not going to think of a solution, then are you just going to stand around like an idiot and wait for your son’s death?!”

Mike’s words were so awful that it made the doctor walk away in fear. Elliot’s bodyguard was about to charge at Mike and knock him out after hearing what he said, but Elliot stopped him.

“If my blood was a match for Robert, then I’d let them suck my blood dry!” Elliot said as he endured Mike’s attack. “I’ve already sent people

out to find the blood. If I don't wait here at the hospital, then where do you think I should go?"

Mike did not expect him to hold back his anger, let alone answer his question in such an orderly manner.

"I'll kill Chelsea Tierney if anything happens to Robert," he said as he glared coldly at Elliot." Your fight with Avery last night must be because you didn't plan to deal with Chelsea.

Chad didn't give me the whole story, and Avery won't tell me anything, but I could guess that much.

"Chelsea's brother said she has a mental illness."

"That's even more reason for her to die!"

Are we supposed to leave her be and let her torment even more people?!"

Mike mocked. "Just because her brother said she's mentally ill, does that mean it's true? You just believed him blindly? I'm starting to suspect that you're the one who taught them this trick! Ha!"

Elliot tightly clenched his fists.

Mike just said that those with mental illnesses deserved to die!

This was his behavior towards mentally ill patients. When Chad arrived at the hospital, he heard from the doctor about Mike and Elliot's fight.

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Chapter 723

Elliot was originally waiting at the neonatal unit, but nobody knew where he ran off to after being chastised by Mike.

Chad dragged Mike by the collar and led him toward the exit.

"Are you f*cking insane?! Mr. Foster is worried enough about Robert as it is. Why did you have to bring up that crap with Chelsea?!"

Chad had spent all morning contacting blood banks all over the country, and only now managed to find time to drop by.

“Avery wouldn’t have given birth prematurely if it weren’t for Chelsea Tierney! If he weren’t born prematurely, then Robert would probably be completely fine!” Mike was still furious, to the point that his pale skin turned red with rage.

“Mr. Foster didn’t plan on letting Chelsea go.

It was that phone call with her brother that made him change his mind,” Chad said through gritted teeth. “I suspect Charlie has something on Mr. Foster. Otherwise, he wouldn’t have changed his mind!”

“Charlie Tierney said his sister has a mental illness. That’s why your boss went soft!”

“That’s impossible!

Mr. Foster wouldn’t go soft on her even if she had an incurable disease, let alone mental illness,” Chad retorted. “It’s fine if you won’t believe him, but are you not going to trust me either?”

Mike clenched his teeth and turned silent.

Moments later, he asked, “Why do you think that someone else might have something on him? Did he do something bad?”

“Can you say you’re a saint?”

You told me that you did a bunch of bad stuff when you were young and only started to turn into a better person after meeting Avery.”

“Well...” Mike touched his nose, still disgruntled. “Avery must really be blind to have chosen that boss of yours!”

“What’s the point of saying any of that?”

The most crucial thing right now is finding the right blood type as soon as possible... If you’ve got nothing to do, then go and contact the major blood banks in Bridgedale and see if any of them carry it...”

“Got it! I’ll start right away.”

Elliot met up with Aryadelle’s top pediatric and hematology experts.

After analyzing the blood DLPIAQ;d some investigative research, they believed Robert had a rare blood disorder.

With Robert's current condition, there might be a way to quickly relieve his symptoms.

It was to completely change his blood type.

The procedure required a large amount of blood.

They could not even get their hands on a small amount of blood, so where were they supposed to find a large amount of it?

Over at Elizabeth Hospital, Wesley and Sheas were sitting on a bench outside the blood bank.

As Wesley had expected, the blood bank did not carry any blood that matched Robert's.

Shea already found out what Robert's blood type was. She heard about it while Wesley was speaking to the blood bank's staff.

"What's my blood type, Wesley?"

Shea asked, suddenly breaking the silence.

Wesley was taken aback. He turned to her, and his lips moved, but he did not say a word.

"Don't you know what it is? Should I go check right now?" Shea asked.

"What if I could save Robert?"

Shea had RH negative Type O blood. It was different from Robert's, but Shea's blood type was a universal donor for all RH negative blood types.

"Don't be hasty, Shea. Let's first see if your brother manages to find it."

Wesley's voice was strained. "We'll talk about it if we have no other choice."

Wesley's phone buzzed half an hour later.

He pulled it out and read Avery's text message.

(Wesley. Robert's anemia is pathological. He needs a blood change.)

Wesley dejectedly took in a deep breath and tightly clenched his fists.

Moments later, he heard the unfamiliarity of his own voice as he said,

"Are you willing to donate your blood to Robert, Shea?"

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Chapter 724 At the same time, Elliot was out in the cool breeze on the hospital's veranda.

It took Chad forever to finally locate him.

He felt awful as he watched Elliot's lonely silhouette in the night.

"What are you doing here by yourself, Sir?" Chad said after composing himself. "It's time for dinner."

"I can't eat," Elliot responded. His voice was cold and hoarse.

Robert needed a blood change, but due to his peculiar blood type, they had yet to find a suitable source of blood.

This was only the first of his woes.

The second was that he knew there was a possibility that Shea's blood type could be a match for Robert.

However, he could not reveal this matter.

He could not allow Shea to donate blood to Robert.

It took him 20 years to turn Shea's life from that of someone with a mental disability to one where she could gradually begin to care for herself like a regular person.

All he hopes for was for Shea to maintain her current condition and continue to live her life normally.

How could he possibly ask her to donate blood to Robert? What if something happened to her because of that?

However, how could he have the heart to watch as Robert dies from anemia?

He had to deal with all of his agonies by himself, and could not speak a word of it to others.

“Even if you can’t eat, you shouldn’t be out here. It’s freezing out here. You have to be careful not to catch a cold,” Chad said. “Avery is still recovering from the birth. She and the kids need you to take care of them.”

His words woke Elliot up, and he made his way to the neonatal unit. When the doctor noticed Avery’s sickly complexion, he advised her to go home and get some rest.

“You’re still a patient, Miss Tate. You would probably still be hospitalized if you hadn’t insisted on being discharged,” the doctor said sternly. “You’ll get sick if you don’t get enough rest now. The experts that Mr. Foster hired will watch over Robert. Once we find the blood, we will immediately start the blood transfusion...”

Elliot was standing nearby when he witnessed this scene. He quickened his footsteps. He arrived in front of Avery.

He did not speak to her, because she would not listen to anything he had to say anyway.

He just picked her up in his arms and carried her toward the elevators. “I’m not going home!” Avery’s eyes reddened as she pounded his chest with her clenched fists. “I want to stay here with Robert!”

“Who’s going to be with Layla and Hayden if you broke down from fatigue?” Elliot did not stop walking. “Don’t punish yourself because of my mistakes, Avery!”

Avery almost thought that she had heard wrongly.

Did Elliot just say that it was his fault?

He finally admitted that he was in the wrong!

Once they entered the elevator, she pushed herself out of his arms.

“What’s the point of you admitting your mistakes now? The baby’s already born. He’s already a living being. If he dies, then you and I won’t meet again for the rest of our lives!” Avery said these brutal words as her eyes glistened with tears.

If it were not for the premature birth, there was a possibility that Robert would have been born as healthy as Hayden and Layla.

Even so, Elliot was still unwilling to punish the person behind Robert’s premature birth!

His tolerance is exactly why Chelsea Tierney had the courage to act so insolently!

Avery had seen right through it! Even if she had given Elliot three children, she was still no match for Chelsea who had been by his side for over a decade!

Everything around her was a constant reminder that she was forced into getting pregnant with Robert by the heartless man standing in front of her. It was also that madwoman, Chelsea, and her incessant harassment that led to Robert’s premature birth!

Elliot stared at Avery in stunned silence. His thin lips parted for a moment, but no words escaped them.

Avery met his gaze with fury. When she saw the glisten of tears at the corner of his eyes, the elevator chimed, and its doors opened immediately after.

“I’ll get home myself. You don’t have to send me.”

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Chapter 725

Avery left the hospital in her car.

Her tears began to blur her line of vision without warning. She finally could no longer hold back and burst into gut-wrenching sobs.

Before she allowed herself to cry, she brought the car to a halt by the

street.

If she had known that a premature birth would lead to such severe consequences for Robert, she would have controlled her emotions and avoided all of this pain.

Seeing how Robert had to endure such torture at a young age was agonizing for Avery.

She was willing to give up everything to take the suffering in her child's place!

In a certain mansion, Wanda was holding a glass of wine in her hand. The red liquid swished in the glass along with the movement of her wrist. She was holding her phone in her other hand and talking on the phone.

"You won, Chelsea." Her tone was especially pleasant. "Avery Tate's son is about to die. He probably could have been born healthy if it weren't for the premature birth."

Chelsea had already found out about this from Charlie earlier that afternoon.

However, Charlie had only said that the child was seriously ill, and did not mention anything about him being close to death.

"Is he really dying?"

Chelsea was a little excited.

"That's right. The child's blood type is extremely rare. It'd take a miracle for them to find a suitable donor!" Wanda said carefreely. "The heavens must dislike her as well, and decided to let her suffer this retribution! Hahahaha!"

"That's perfect! Knowing she's suffering makes the pain I'm enduring feel like nothing!" Chelsea said as she felt relieved.

"What's going on with you right now?"

"I heard you went abroad," Wanda asked.

"I'm traveling abroad. Elliot and I had a complete falling out. He wants me dead. It's too bad he can't kill me," Chelsea mocked.

“Why not? Don’t tell me you plan on hiding for the rest of your life?”

“You underestimate me!”

Chelsea said arrogantly. “Without him, I still have Trust Capital and my brother to support me. I’m living a much better life than I was when I was with him!”

“Is your brother that amazing? Set up a meeting for me one day so I can get to know him!” WGJMLDSIba said.

“Sure. I’ll introduce the two of you when I’m back in Aryadelle.”

“In that case, I’ll do one more thing for you to show my sincerity!”

Wanda cackled wickedly.

“It’s no wonder you’re successful, Wanda. Of all the people I know, you’re the only one who’s so considerate of me.”

Chelsea was in a fantastic mood.

“That’s because Avery Tate is my enemy. The enemy of my enemy is my friend. Our friendship was meant to be.”

Avery had cried against the steering wheel for what seemed like an eternity when her phone rang in her bag

She let out a heavy sigh, then wiped her tears away and pulled her phone out.

She did not recognize the number flashing on the screen.

Normally, she would think before she answered an unknown number.

Since Robert got sick, she had given her contact information to several blood banks, so she answered the call without hesitation.

“Hello, is this Miss Tate?”

I have a package delivery for you. Should I drop it off at the package collection point or send it to your home?”

Avery froze for a moment, then said, “Send it to my house. There are people at home.”

She had not purchased anything online recently, so she wondered who

the package was from.

Once the call ended, she composed herself, then stepped on the gas and drove off.

Avery arrived at home about half an hour later.

When she got out of the car, she felt a searing pain on her abdomen. She had cried too hard in the car earlier and strained her wound. Her stitches had most likely ripped open.

She walked into the living room and was about to tend to her wound when Mrs. Cooper appeared, pointed at the package on the floor and said, “That’s for you, Avery. I don’t know what’s inside. It’s very heavy.”

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Chapter 726

Mrs. Cooper thought about how Avery should not be handling heavy items right now, so she said thoughtfully, “Should I bring it up to your room for you?”

Avery stared at the package in front of her, then shook her head and said, “I didn’t buy anything, so I don’t know what’s inside. Please open it up for me.”

“Alright. I’ll go get some scissors.”

When Mrs. Cooper went to get the scissors, Hayden and Layla walked over.

Avery was in incredible pain from her wound, so she sat down on the couch.

“What’s in the package, Mommy?” Layla asked as she arrived next to Avery.

“I don’t know, either,” Avery said.

“I didn’t buy anything recently.”

Hayden’s brow furrowed. “Could it be something scary like the last

time?” he guessed.

His words sent alarms ringing in Avery’s mind.

Mrs. Cooper had said that the box was heavy. Could there be things like bricks or cement inside?

“Take your sister to your room, Hayden.”

Avery was worried that there really was something horrifying in the package. It would be awful if it scared the children.

Hayden glanced at the package for a moment, then grabbed a hold of Layla and dragged her toward the stairs.

“I want to see what it is, Hayden!” Layla huffed quietly.

“You’ll have nightmares if it’s something scary.”

“I still want to see!”

“We’ll take a look after Mommy opens it.”

“Okay! Why isn’t Uncle Mike home yet? Didn’t he say he’d stay at home for the next few days to take care of us? He even said that Mommy needs to be taken care of!”

Hayden also did not know why Mike had not returned. He also had a feeling that something was something off about his mother’s mood. He had originally thought that everyone except Layla and himself would be happy about Robert’s birth.

In the end, it felt like everyone was upset apart from him and his sister. Did they not say that Robert would be able to come home after a month or so? Why was everyone so unhappy?

“I’ll give him a call.” Hayden led Layla into their room, then used his smartwatch to call Mike.

When Mike answered the call, he asked, “Hayden, is your mom home yet?”

“Yes. Why aren’t you back yet?”

“I’m at the hospital. I’ll be back later.”

“What are you doing there? Didn’t they say Robert can’t have visitors?”

Mike hesitated for a few seconds as he felt extremely torn.

Even if he kept things from Hayden right now, he was bound to find out if Robert did not make it through this.

“Your brother’s sick. Things aren’t looking good.” Mike tried his best to keep his tone light. “Take care of your sister, Hayden.”

“What’s wrong with him?” Hayden’s expression instantly turned gloomy.

“Can’t they just treat him if he’s sick?”

“He needs a blood change.

We can’t find a source right now, so they can’t give him a blood transfusion. If he doesn’t get one soon, he’ll die. This isn’t something that can be settled with money, nor is it something that your mother’s medical skills can solve. That’s why you FIULEY;f Layla need to be alright.

The two of you are the reason for your mother to keep living.

In the living room downstairs, when Mrs. Cooper opened up the package, a black headstone appeared before her eyes.

She let out a scream of horror and stumbled back several steps!

Avery saw the headstone from the couch and shot to her feet.

Who would send her a headstone? Whose was it?! Her blood instantly boiled as a strong hunch rose inside of her.

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Chapter 727

Avery trembled as she walked toward the black headstone...

“Avery! Don’t look!” Mrs. Cooper snapped out of her shock and quickly blocked the headstone from view, not letting Avery catch a glimpse.

Avery quickly rushed over to Mrs. Cooper and shoved her aside.

“I want to see it... Show me!”

Before Mrs. Cooper blocked the headstone, she had already clearly seen the white text engraved on it.

The words read “Here Lies Robert Foster”!

Robert was still alive! Who would send such a thing to disgust her?!

“Avery... Whoever sent this must have had cruel intentions! Let’s call the police!”

Mrs. Cooper held onto Avery’s trembling yet rigid body as she consoled her. “You would be falling for their trap if you got too upset! You have to stay clear-headed, Avery! Robert is still alive! No matter what anyone says, he’s still perfectly alive!”

Mrs. Cooper’s words instantly shattered Avery’s emotions that she fought so hard to control.

She held onto Mrs. Cooper and cried hoarsely, “Robert’s in critical condition... I can’t save Robert... I can’t save him... I let him down... I won’t forgive myself if he dies...”

Mrs. Cooper’s eyes reddened as she said, “Life and death are unavoidable, Avery. If Robert truly doesn’t make it, it must be because heaven awaits him with a better life. Don’t blame yourself. Whoever’s fault it is, it can’t possibly be yours. Nobody loves Robert more than you do.”

Over at the hospital, Elliot’s emotions instantly crumbled the moment he saw his son.

With reddened eyes, he held back his tears and found the doctor.

“Why won’t my blood work?” he asked in a strained voice. “Why would twins have different blood types? Even if they weren’t the same type, the difference shouldn’t be that large...”

“Mr. Foster, twins are categorized into identical and fraternal twins.

In the case of the latter, there is indeed a possibility of the twins having different blood types. As long as their blood types are different, there will be huge discrepancies,” answered the doctor. “I know you are very upset, Mr. Foster, but not every premature child gets to live. You
CJIKDP<e Miss Tate are still young, you could stil...”
“I won’t give up on Robert!”

Elliot snapped, cutting him off.

The doctor pursed his lips and did not know how to continue.

Just because they did not give up, did not mean that a miracle would happen. If Robert did not get a blood transfusion tonight, there is a possibility that he would not make it to see tomorrow.

At that moment, Elliot’s phone rang.

When he saw that the call was from Mrs. Cooper, he immediately answered it.

“Master Elliot! Someone just sent Avery a headstone with Robert’s name on it! We don’t know who sent it! It’s too cruel! Avery cried so much that she passed out,” Mrs. Cooper sobbed.

Elliot’s fingers tightened around his phone.

A headstone with Robert’s name on it?!

Of course, Avery would not be able to stand it. If he had seen it himself, he probably would be furious enough to kill the person who made it!

“I’m on my way!”

Elliot hurried toward the elevator.

As he approached the elevator doors, a terrifying gut feeling suddenly rose inside of him.

He stopped in his tracks, then turned and walked toward the doctor’s office.

“Doctor, would someone who once had a serious illness and underwent several brain surgeries be able to donate blood?”

He refused to give up on Robert! He was terrified that Avery would not be able to handle his death.

This was why the idea of allowing Shea to donate her blood to Robert materialized in his head.

However, his idea was quickly shot down by the doctor.

“Of course not! The blood donor must be in good health. Someone who’s had a severe illness won’t have the same physical fitness as a regular person.

Rashly donating blood like that could cause serious damage to the donor’s body!”

The little light that was left in Elliot’s eyes instantly vanished.

He would not let Shea take that risk.

As for Robert, he felt extremely guilty.

It was his dream to be a good father. In the end, he was the one who would directly cause the death of his own son!

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Chapter 728

Perhaps it was just as Avery had said. He was not worthy of raising children or being a father!

With his own life in shambles, how was he supposed to care for a child? By the time Wesley rushed over, only Mike and Chad were left waiting at the neonatal unit.

“What’s that, Wesley?”

Mike asked when he noticed the case Wesley was holding.

The words “Blood Transfusion Kit” was printed on the case.

“Blood,” Wesley responded, then made his way toward the attending doctor’s office.

Mike and Chad followed him.

“Is that blood that Robert could use? Is it that RH negative stuff?”

“Yes, but there isn’t much,” Wesley said.

Mike and Chad were dumbfounded.

“Where did you manage to get it, Wesley?”

Wesley did not answer that question. His heart was heavy.

When he asked Shea if she was willing to donate blood to Robert, she nodded her head without hesitation.

After that, he ran a series of basic tests to see if Shea was in suitable condition to donate blood.

The results showed that she was not in good shape.

Wesley regretted bringing this matter up to Shea because she had insisted on donating her blood to Robert when she found out that she could save him.

Wesley could not argue against her and ended up drawing a quarter of a pint of blood first.

After getting her blood drawn, Shea’s complexion instantly turned pale.

Wesley quickly took her home before rushing to the hospital with the blood.

After he handed the blood over to the doctor, Mike and Chad surrounded him and asked, “Where did you get the blood, Wesley? We didn’t hear anything about a source being found!”

Wesley gave them the excuse he had come up with earlier and said, “A good samaritan donated it at my dad’s hospital.”

“A good samaritan? You’re saying they didn’t ask for money?” Mike was in disbelief.

“We should give them some money even if they didn’t want it. How could we just let them sacrifice like that for free? Not only should we pay them, but we should be paying them a lot.” At this point, Chad lowered his voice and added, “If we don’t have enough blood, we’ll need them to donate more... We should pay them now so they can properly

recover their health.”

“That’s right!

Give me the good samaritan’s contact information, Wesley. I’ll pay them!”

Wesley’s heart was heavy as he said, “They specifically said that they did not want any payment. They just wanted quietly to do something kind BMrIBS ?b stay anonymous.”

“That’s weird. Are they really rich?”

Mike said in confusion. “Do you have their contact information? If the blood isn’t enough, then you should contact them again. We’ll give them anything as long as they’re willing to donate the blood...”

Wesley was not one to easily lose his temper, but Mike and Chad’s behavior made him clench his teeth.

“An adult can only donate blood again six months after the first donation! Even if Robert needed the blood, it can’t just be drawn from one person... The most urgent matter now is to find more sources!”

“Don’t be mad, Wesley. We don’t know much about this stuff, so we might say something dumb. We just want Robert to get well soon.”

Wesley composed himself, then said, “It’s fine. I’m also anxious. I hope Robert recovers soon, too.”

“Thank you, Wesley!” Mike said.

“Don’t thank me. You should thank the blood donor.” Wesley glanced around them, then asked, “Where are Avery and Elliot?”

“Avery isn’t in good shape, so she went home to rest. Mr. Foster got a call earlier. It seemed like it was something urgent, so he left,” said Chad. “I’ll call him right now. He’ll be relieved when he finds out we got the blood.”

Wesley turned slightly to the side as his expression turned heavy. He did not dare face Elliot. He could not imagine how he would react if he found out that the blood came from Shea.

Over at the Starry River Villa, Elliot's phone rang as he got out of the car.

When he answered the call and heard what Chad told him, the tightness between his brows loosened.

It was as if a ray of light had appeared before him.

He strode into the villa's living room.

"Wesley was the one who brought the blood over. He said a good samaritan donated it at his father's hospital. He left after sending the blood," Chad reported. "The doctor is testing the blood right now. If it's a match, they'll immediately start the blood transfusion for Robert." Elliot had no doubts, and let out a long sigh of relief.

When His Eyes Opened by Simple Silence Chapter 729

Chapter 729 Elliot's pace quickened as he made his way up to the master bedroom.

When he opened the door, the lamp on the nightstand was turned on. Avery was sitting with her eyes wide open. They were blank globes of emptiness as if someone had taken her soul away.

"We found the blood, Avery," Elliot said as he walked into the room.

This news was more useful than any of his consolation.

Avery immediately sat up when he heard his words.

Elliot quickly rushed over and held her.

"Stay home and rest, Avery. I'll go to the hospital right now and see." He saw the light gradually return to her face and comforted, "Robert will be better."

“Have they started the blood transfusion?” Avery grabbed Elliot’s arm and gazed at him with an expression of anticipation.

“The doctor is testing the blood right now. Wesley brought it over, so there shouldn’t be any issues,” he said hoarsely. “You don’t look too good. Get some rest. I’ll let you know right away if I get any news from the hospital.”

Avery let out a huge sigh of relief.

The knot in her heart unraveled slightly.

“Go to the hospital, then!”

“Okay.”

Elliot helped Avery lie down, watched her close her eyes, then left the room.

When he arrived in the living room, a frosty chill appeared in his eyes as he asked Mrs. Cooper, “Where’s the headstone?”

“I threw it in the trash,” Mrs. Cooper answered with furrowed brows.

“Whoever sent it is too vile!”

Elliot strode out of the house.

He pulled the headstone out from the garbage bin outside.

Under the streetlights, the white engraving on the headstone stabbed at his heart.

When the bodyguard saw Elliot pull the headstone out of the trash, he asked in confusion,

“Where do you plan on taking that awful thing, Sir?”

He wanted to take the headstone from him, but Elliot did not let go.

“Open the trunk.”

The bodyguard immediately opened up the trunk.

Elliot placed the headstone in the trunk, then got in the car.

After that, they made their way to the police station.

Elliot dropped the headstone at the police station FKTkFQ=d requested,
“Test this headstone for fingerprints and find out who’s behind it.”

He was not going to let anyone involved in this go!

He arrived at the hospital at ten that night.

The blood that Wesley brought was a match for Robert, and they had already begun the blood transfusion.

Elliot urgently wanted to know who the blood donor was.

“Sir, Wesley said that the good samaritan who donated the blood did not want any payment and did not want to reveal their identity,”

Chad said. “Also, after an adult donates blood, they have to wait six months until they can donate blood again. That’s why we can’t ask the good samaritan to donate again anytime soon.”

“Let’s hope Robert gets well soon!” Mike said.

“I’m just worried that a quarter of a pint isn’t enough,” said Chad with concern.

Elliot felt that there was something strange about this.

A regular person probably would not reject a handsome compensation.

He could not help but feel uneasy.

He found the doctor and asked about the donated blood type.

The doctor answered, “The donated blood is RH negative Type O blood.

This blood type is a universal donor for all RH negative blood types.”

Elliot did not hear the latter of the doctor’s explanation.

It was because Shea’s blood type was exactly the one that the doctor mentioned. Could it be that Shea was the blood donor?!

When His Eyes Opened by Simple Silence Chapter 730

Chapter 730 With furrowed brows, Elliot pulled out his phone and dialed Wesley’s number.

A few seconds after the call was made, he heard Wesley's exhausted voice.

"How's Robert doing?"

"Where did you get the blood, Wesley?"

Elliot walked over to a secluded corner, then raised his voice and demanded, "You should know what I'm asking about!"

Shea spent every single day with Wesley. There was a high possibility that the blood that he brought belonged to Shea.

Wesley did not want to lie, nor did he want to tell him the truth right away.

"I don't think we have a trusting relationship, Elliot Foster," Wesley said calmly.

"Would you trust what I say? Did you ever believe me back when I explained that there was nothing going on between Avery and me?"

"This is a separate matter entirely."

"I've had a long day." Wesley did not want to continue speaking to him.

"If you want to know if the blood was Shea's, then you can ask her directly. I'm sure she will answer your question."

"You don't think I'll ask her?"

"It's late. I don't want to wake her," Elliot said.

"That's right. It's late, and I need to rest, too." Before Wesley hung up the phone, he pressured him and said, "I'm afraid the blood that I sent to the hospital tonight won't be enough. We need to find more as soon as possible. Robert's sickness can't be dragged on any further."

"Don't you think I want to save my son?"

After Elliot said this, the words he wanted to say afterward got stuck in his throat and did not escape his lips.

He knew that Wesley was working hard to find more sources, so he could not lose his temper with him.

After a moment of silence, Wesley said, "Avery's wound can't handle too much stress. Take care of her."

"Got it."

"I'm hanging out." Wesley quietly sighed.

He knew that Elliot was going through a hard time. Not only did he have to carry the responsibilities of a father, but he also had to prepare for the pain of losing his son at any time. On top of that, there was Avery...

If anything happened to Robert, it would put a strain on his relationship with Avery.

Once the call ended, Elliot opened up his contacts and found Shea's number.

It was half-past ten, and Shea would usually be asleep by now.

He decided to call her tomorrow instead.

Just as he was about to put his phone away and go check on Robert, his phone screen suddenly lit up

When he saw that it was a call from Shea, his heart began to race.

Was it telepathy? She was still awake at this time of night.

Elliot answered the call.

"Why are you still up, Shea?"

"I had a dream about Robert... How is he? I'm so worried about him!"

Shea's voice was drowsy.

"Wesley brought a bag of blood here tonight. They're doing the blood transfusion right now," Elliot said, then asked, "Shea, was the blood that Wesley brought yours?"

Shea never lied to him, so he was very nervous about her answer.

"It isn't mine," Shea said, then asked, "Could my blood save Robert?"

Big Brother, if my..."

Hearing her words, Elliot immediately interjected and said, “That’s not it. Your blood can’t save Robert. Your health isn’t in good condition, so you can’t donate blood. Remember what I’m saying to you.”

Shea responded obediently, then said, “It’s late, Big Brother.

You should get some sleep, too. Your health will get worse if you don’t get enough sleep.”

“I’ll see if Robert will wake up tonight. I’ll sleep if he wakes up.” Elliot was much more relaxed than before. “Go back to sleep, Shea. Turn on the lights if you’re scared.”

“Okay. Can I go to the hospital tomorrow? I’m worried about Robert.”

“You can come if you want.” “Okay. I’ll go tomorrow morning.”