

When His Eyes Opened by Simple Silence

Chapter 726

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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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 CJKDP 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.

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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

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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.

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"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.

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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?!

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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 BKMMCW<c 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.”