

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.

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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

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

hDKwIGT;ale 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

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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. EJJLDW:e 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 glint 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

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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!" WGJMLDS>ba 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."