

# Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 261

"I've already eaten on the plane," Natalie replied as she let go of Connor.

Sensing that his mother's grip had relaxed, Connor pulled his thick blanket and snuggled back into bed.

The caretaker pulled down the bed table and put the thermal food jar on it.

Connor took up the spoon and ate away happily.

Natalie sat beside him, looking at her son lovingly as she wiped away the food at the corner of his tiny lips.

"Ms. Smith, have some water," the caretaker said, offering her a cup of water.

Natalie put down the napkin in her hand and reached for the glass. "Thank you, Ms. Carter."

"Sure thing," she replied with a smile, "I met Connor's doctor on the way back, and he told me that Connor could be discharged soon. I actually wanted to inform Ms. Lawrence, but since you're back, I think I'll just let you know."

"Oh, that's great. I'll go to the receptionist and get it settled then." Natalie put aside her glass of water and got ready to leave.

Connor was happy as a lark when he found out he could leave the hospital. He clapped his hands cheerily and exclaimed, "I'm going home at last!"

Natalie knew the little one had been bored out of his mind confined within these walls, so she tapped his nose in a pampering gesture, suppressing a smile that was spreading on her face. She took up Connor's medical record and walked out of the room.

After clearing all the paperwork, Natalie picked up her things and headed back to the ward.

Just as she was going into the elevator, a tall man in white ran right into her.

Natalie sprang back and barely managed to keep her balance. All the stuff in her hand slipped and scattered on the ground.

The man was not any better himself. He stumbled a few steps back, and his glasses fell on the floor.

He picked up his glasses, putting them back on in a haphazard manner, and started apologizing profusely. "I'm terribly sorry. Are you okay?"

Natalie was picking up the receipts on the floor when the familiar voice piqued her curiosity. "Dr. Baker?"

Jackson hadn't expected to meet someone familiar in this setting, and he adjusted the glasses on his face as he looked at Natalie with a smile. "Oh, hi! What a coincidence!"

"Yeah, what a coincidence! What brings you here, Dr. Baker? I thought you'd be at your hospital," Natalie asked, standing up.

The doctor wiped off the sweat on his forehead and sighed. "I'm here to see if there is any backup cornea available."

"Oh, why?" Natalie was surprised.

Jackson shrugged, "Well, I have a tricky patient. She's adamant about replacing her corneas with the ones she secured herself. But she refused to reveal the donor. So I have no choice but to look for backups just in case the transplant doesn't work."

"Hm, that's difficult indeed. But I thought corneas are all the same. Why is the patient so picky?" Natalie asked.

Jackson breathed a long breath and shrugged his shoulders. "How would I know? I don't understand what she's thinking. By the way, why are you here, Ms. Smith?"

"Oh, my son is admitted to this hospital," Natalie replied, showing him the receipt.

"Ah, I remember. I think Silas mentioned that car accident once. I hope your son is fine now."

"Yeah, he's doing better now."

Jackson smiled widely and nodded in approval. "That's a relief. I'm glad to hear that."

"No worries, Dr. Baker. He'll be fine," Natalie replied with a smile as she gestured towards the elevator. Jackson bid her goodbye, and she went in.

But just as Natalie walked in, Jackson spotted a piece of paper on the ground.

He quickly picked it up and called out to her. But he was too late. The elevator door had already closed, and Natalie was nowhere in sight.

Jackson looked at the document and flipped it over. It was Connor's health examination record.

He scanned through every item on the list and his pupils dilated the moment he saw Connor's blood type. "Rh-negative?" Jackson exclaimed in disbelief.

## Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 262

What the heck is this?

I clearly remember that kid has a blood type A. That's the result I got when I did a paternity test for him and Shane!

Jackson was completely dumbfounded. He blinked his eyes hard and looked at the report again carefully. Yes, it's Rh-negative. I'm not seeing things.

Jackson's grip tightened as he tried to process what he was seeing. His heart thumped rapidly in his chest, and the surroundings suddenly became muted.

Connor looks exactly like Shane—this is a fact. If they even have the same blood type, this can only mean one thing!

His frown deepened on his brows, and he sprinted back towards his hospital.

He simply had to get to the bottom of this. Something must have gone wrong when he was doing the test last time. There was no way the test result showed Connor had blood type A unless he got the wrong blood sample.

Once he reached the hospital, he darted towards Jacqueline's ward and knocked on the door impatiently.

Silas opened the door and greeted him, "Dr. Baker, you're back."

But Jackson totally ignored him and pushed his way in. "Shane, I need you here for a moment."

Beside Jacqueline's bed, Shane cut off the conversation he had been having with her and stood up, alerted. "What's the matter?"

"Just come out, right now," Jackson hurried him as he beckoned Shane over.

Shane left his seat and went over to Jackson.

When he reached the door, Jackson pulled him by his arm out of the ward.

Over on the bed, Jacqueline was clearly annoyed. Not only had Jackson call Shane away abruptly, but he also barged into the room without even acknowledging her.

I can't believe that's how he treats me after saying he likes me. How dare he acts as if I'm not even here!

Just wait and see, Jackson Baker. I'll make sure you regret what you did.

Jacqueline shut her eyes and let off a disgruntled scoff.

Over on the outside, Jackson tugged Shane along until they entered his office. Without saying a word, Jackson took up a syringe and stabbed it in Shane's arm.

"What are you doing?" Shane shouted, retracting his hand.

"I'm doing the DNA test for you and Connor again," Jackson replied in a severe tone.

Shane straightened his back and looked at his friend intently.

He knew Jackson was not an irrational person and had an absolute serious attitude when it comes to his work.

There must be a reason why he was doing this.

"Why?" Shane asked.

Jackson took out the report from his pocket and slammed it on the table.

Shane took it over and read the name on the report. "Connor?"

"Yes, that's right. Look at the report we got last time. The blood type is clearly different," Jackson pointed out as he showed Shane the result of the earlier report on his laptop.

Shane trailed his gaze and looked at the blood-type column. He jerked and stared at his friend, confounded. "Why are the results different?"

"I have no idea. I was at Stanford Hospital trying to get hold of a backup cornea for Jacqueline when I ran into Natalie. I was struck when I saw this report myself. We have to redo this test!" Jackson cried out.

Shane clenched his fists, and the determination in his eyes intensified. Underneath his calm facade, thousands of thoughts were running across his mind as his chest contracted.

"I have to do another test to see if Connor is A or Rh-negative," Jackson explained.

"Sean donated blood to Connor after the accident, and Sean's blood type is the same as mine. So I'm a hundred percent sure Connor's Rh-negative," Shane said.

A brief silence followed, and the two men looked at each other. "But the blood sample I got the last time was of type A. This can only mean two things. Either someone made an inadvertent mistake, or..."

"Or someone changed the blood sample on purpose!" Shane interjected and finished Jackson's sentence.

# Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 263

Jackson nodded in agreement. "But regardless of Connor's blood type, I still think he's your son just from his looks."

Shane did not reply but rubbed his hands nervously. His breathing became heavier as he tried to suppress his feelings. He finally heaved a sigh and rolled up his sleeves. "Just do another blood test."

"That's my man!" A smile broke out on Jackson's face, and he took up the syringe again to draw Shane's blood.

But Shane soon realized something was off. "Do you really need that much blood for a DNA test?" he questioned.

Jackson giggled and replied, "Well, you're blessed with a rare blood type. I'd better take more just in case some people need it over here at the hospital. Just take it as a chance to contribute to the community."

A wry expression settled on Shane's face, and he shook his head.

After all, there was nothing he could do. It was not like he could ask Jackson to put the blood back in.

After Jackson was done, he placed the test tubes in the fridge carefully before coming back to his seat.

"As for Connor's sample, I shall leave that to you. I heard from Silas that you hired a caretaker for Connor. You might want to ask her to help to get his sample. But you had better be quick. He's getting discharged soon," Jackson reminded.

"I'll get it done in two hours," Shane said, fishing his phone out of his pocket.

He punched a series of numbers and headed out of Jackson's office to talk to the caretaker.

Just as he got out, a person dressed in a patient's attire quickly shirked back into the corner and fled the scene.

Over at Stanford Hospital, the caretaker answered the phone in a low voice. "Yes, Mr. Shane. I will make sure Ms. Smith doesn't find out about it."

She peered around cautiously and headed back to the ward.

"Ms. Smith, are you done packing everything already?" she asked.

"Yeah, I'm done."

"I'll see y'all out then," the caretaker offered.

Natalie nodded with an appreciative smile, and the three went out together.

"Why not I carry Connor, Ms. Smith? You're wearing heels anyway. I'll make sure to look out for his injured hand," the caretaker said as she walked towards Connor, who was sucking a lollipop on the bed.

Connor smiled at her and hugged her using his other hand.

The caretaker caressed his head fondly and picked him up.

Natalie hailed a taxi after they reached the entrance and proceeded to upload the luggage to the car trunk. While she was everywhere trying to make sure she did not leave out anything, Connor suddenly let out a shriek from inside the car.

Natalie's hand froze on the hood, and she rushed over instantly to check on her son.

"What happened?" Natalie was panicked.

Connor had his hands on his head, and his big eyes were wet in tears. "Mommy... "

Natalie scooped him up in her arms and coaxed him tenderly. "What happened, Connor?"

But before Connor could tell her anything, the caretaker started apologizing. "I'm so sorry, Ms. Smith. It's all my fault. Connor's hair got caught in my shirt's zip."

"His hair?" Natalie repeated as she rubbed Connor's head and then looked at the caretaker's zip. A few strands of short hair hung on the caretaker's zip as she kept apologizing.

"I really shouldn't have offered to carry him, Ms. Smith. Please forgive me."

"It's okay. It's not like you did it on purpose," Natalie reassured her with a rigid smile on her face.

The teeth on the zipper were indeed huge, and no one would be surprised if Connor's hair got caught in it accidentally.

The caretaker looked at Natalie indebtedly and thanked her with her hands clasped tightly together. "Thank you for forgiving me, Ms. Smith!"

## Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 264

"Don't worry about it, Ms. Carter. We'll make a move first. See you," Natalie said as she nudged Connor to move into the car.

Connor moved aside, and Natalie got in after slamming the hood closed.

She held out a piece of paper with the address written on it, and the taxi sped off immediately.

After sending them off, the caretaker breathed a relieved sigh and carefully put the hairs into a transparent sealable plastic bag.

Right after she was done, a bodyguard steered his car towards her and winded the window down.

"Did you get his hair?" he asked monotonously.

"Yes, I did," the caretaker answered, holding out the plastic packet towards him.

The bodyguard took it over swiftly and nodded mechanically back at her before driving off.

Within half an hour, the packet was delivered to Jackson.

Back at the consultation room, Jackson was already waiting anxiously with Shane and Jacqueline.

"The hair!" Seeing the bodyguard returned, Jackson stood up and went over.

The bodyguard looked at Shane and passed Jackson the packet after Shane gave him a nod.

Jackson looked at the few strands of hair and paced over to the fridge to retrieve the test tube he had deposited earlier on.

"I'll get going, then. I've got to get this test running." He went out of the room in a hurry without turning back.

Jacqueline watched him leave and rolled her eyes defiantly. But she soon collected herself and turned towards Shane.

"Shane, is Jackie doing another DNA test?" Jacqueline asked as she rested her hand on Shane's arm. Her fingers drummed across the spot where Shane just had his blood drawn.

"I don't know what he's gonna do," Shane replied as he pushed her hand away. He stood up and unrolled his sleeves, changing the topic. "You're getting discharged soon. Do you fancy a celebratory present?"

Knowing full well that Shane was trying to deflect her question, a hint of mischief glimmered in her eyes. "I want a piano. As you know, I was the champion of the International Youth Piano Competition before I got injured. I've been thinking about playing the piano again."

"Sure," Shane replied readily, "I'll ask Silas to get you one from abroad."

"Thank you, Shane!" Jacqueline jumped to her feet and hugged him from behind in excitement. She rested her face on his back and a warm and satisfied smile curved her lips.

Shane was startled at Jacqueline's sudden reaction. He was not used to her touching him.

But he stood there without moving and waited for Jacqueline to let him go.

Just as she was finally loosening her arms around Shane's waist, a knock came from the door and the nurse came in.

"Hi, Ms. Graham. It's time for your checkup," the nurse said.

"Go on," Shane tilted his chin briefly and looked at Jacqueline.

But her face crumpled in unwillingness. "Shane, I really don't want to do another checkup. You have no idea how painful it is."

"I know. But this is what you have to do if you want to get well soon. Come on, go with the nurse." Shane patted her on her head and adjusted her wig gently.

Jacqueline finally relented and followed the nurse out.

Right after she vanished around the corner with the nurse, Shane dashed over to the testing lab.

He waited for a good half an hour restlessly before Jackson finally came out of the lab.

Seeing Jackson's gloomy face, Shane expected bad news.

"What's the result?"

Instead of answering him directly, Jackson handed him the blood test report and asked him to take a look himself.

Shane snatched the report over, and his gaze ran frantically through the document in search of a definitive answer. The words "Excluded as the biological father" popped up to Shane, and he closed his eyes in disappointment. Before long, he looked up again with an inexplicable expression on his face.

## Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 265

Jackson sighed deeply and placed a hand on Shane's shoulder. "Shane, it's disappointing, but I must inform you that it's a mere coincidence that both of you share the same blood type."

Which guy had Natalie slept with? How could she have produced a child that looked exactly like Shane and even had the same blood type as him?

Jackson desperately wanted to know what that mysterious man looked like.

Shane swallowed and said thickly, "It doesn't matter. Even if he isn't my biological child, I'll claim him as my own in the future."

Hearing this, Jackson felt rather stunned. "Shane, don't tell me you're planning to pursue Natalie!"

Shane tore up the paternity test report with an indifferent expression.

Jackson gaped at him in disbelief. "Are you being serious?"

"You know how I'm like. If I want something, I'll do whatever it takes to get my hands on it."

Jackson grabbed his collar. "Well, what about Jacqueline, then?"

Shane hated it when people treated him like this. He narrowed his eyes and pushed Jackson away. "What does this have to do with Jacqueline?"

Jackson stumbled backward before steadying himself. "Everything!" Fury was written all over his delicate, doll-like features. "Don't you know that she has feelings towards you?"

Shane patted down his collar and said expressionlessly, "I know, but what about it? I've never had any feelings towards her. As for why I've always been so unconditionally kind towards her, you should know the reason yourself!"

Jackson snorted loudly. After a while, he bowed his head and said quietly, "But Jacqueline has waited for you for ten years..."

"So what if she has? Does that mean I have to accept her? Besides, you've waited for Jacqueline for ten years, and she knows about your feelings towards her. But has she given you a chance? I don't think so!" Shane shot him an icy look.

Something flashed in Jackson's eyes. He laughed bitterly and said, "Whatever, let's not talk about this anymore. I understand what you mean now. I won't stop you from pursuing

Natalie, but you mustn't let Jacqueline know that you've fallen for another woman before she is discharged. I'm afraid she might not be able to take it."

Shane jerked his chin at him and grunted, which Jackson took to be a sign of his agreement.

Suddenly, Shane's phone started to ring.

Shane turned around and checked who was calling. Bringing his phone to his ear, he asked, "What now?"

"Mr. Shane, we have a meeting with the Design Association today," Silas reminded him.

Shane pinched his temples in exasperation. He had completely forgotten about that.

In a voice that was close to a whisper, Shane said, "Come and pick me up in your car. I'll go there immediately."

"Yes, sir," Silas replied.

Shane hung up and left the hospital immediately.

The meeting location was at the office building of the Design Association. Silas parked the car in the parking spot in front of the entrance and rushed out of the vehicle to open the door for Shane.

Just as Shane was getting out of the car, a taxi came speeding towards them. It pulled up right next to Silas's car.

The car door swung open, and a slender, fair-skinned leg stepped out of the vehicle. The person was wearing an exquisite pair of eight-inch heels, and right above that was the lily-white skin of her calves without a single blemish on them.

Even the sight of those legs triggered one's curiosity about their owner. Could she possibly be as beautiful as her legs?

Very quickly, the owner of the pair of legs revealed her face. As she stuck her head out from the car, Shane could tell that hers was a beautiful face that carried a hint of aggression beneath its sweet veneer.

Silas's face brightened. As he glanced excitedly at Natalie, who was paying the cab driver, he whispered, "Mr. Shane, it's Ms. Smith!"

Shane shot him a look and turned his gaze to Natalie.

Her head was bowed as she sorted out the cab fare with the driver—thus, she didn't see the both of them.

Eventually, the taxi drove away. Without it in the way, she finally spotted Shane and Silas standing right across from her.

Natalie had just sent the kids back to the flat before heading directly to the office for a meeting. She never expected that she would see Shane there. As she gazed at his face, she couldn't help but feel a little disoriented.

However, she regained her composure immediately and nodded to him by way of greeting.

Slinging her bag over her shoulder, she took off towards the building entrance on her pair of fair-skinned legs. Her attitude towards him seemed rather cold.

Shane frowned slightly, feeling a little unhappy. He pursed his lips as he stared after her retreating figure, his mind going at a mile an hour.