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# Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 913 - 920

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 913

Connor immediately released Sharon's hand, pushing her backward. "Go, Sharon! Run back to the villa!"

However, Sharon, who had never witnessed such a scene before, was so frightened she simply burst into tears, unable to even move.

Seeing that, Connor had no other way but to yank her by the hand and run with her toward the villa.

"Huh! Do you really think you could run?" Jacqueline sneered maliciously as she seized their shirt collars from behind.

"Let me go! Let Sharon go, you evil woman!" Connor shrieked as he struggled under her grasp.

He finally broke free, only to turn back and see that Jacqueline had gotten full hold of Sharon.

Panic-stricken, he began to kick and hit Jacqueline frantically in an attempt to save his sister.

However, he was only a child. How could he possibly beat a grownup?

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Thus, although he manages to inflict Jacqueline with a significant amount of pain, she was still able to kick him away effortlessly.

The poor child immediately stumbled backward and fell on his bottom. His eyes reddened as pain shot through his body, but he did not cry.

Instead, he continued glaring fearlessly at Jacqueline.

In fact, he wanted to call out to Mrs. Wilson and the bodyguards nearby for help, but he did not dare to do so.

He was afraid it would only aggravate Jacqueline further, causing her to react by doing something crazy.

Besides, he had heard his father mentioning before that this woman wasn't right in the head. Thus, he knew he could only endure his pain and think of a way to save Sharon as quickly as possible.

Seeing Connor looking daggers at her from the ground, Jacqueline let out another burst of laughter. "There's no need for that look on your face, little brat! Neither you nor your sister is getting away from me today!"

With that, she lifted Sharon higher, and the latter's wails grew louder simultaneously.

Connor's face blanched. "W-What are you trying to do?"

"What am I trying to do?" A maniacal laugh escaped Jacqueline's lips. "I'm just wondering whether your mother would be furious if I smashed your sister on the ground! I guess I can only find out by doing that!"

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As soon as she finished her sentence, she motioned as if she was indeed about to toss the girl on the ground.

“No!” Connor’s pupils constricted at the sight. Ignoring the throbbing pain on his bottom, he sprang up and wrapped his arms around Jacqueline’s legs in an attempt to stop her.

However, Jacqueline kicked him away again, and he fell to the ground a second time, instantly feeling the pain on his bottom doubling in intensity.

Now that Jacqueline had gotten rid of him, she no longer had any obstructions. In the next second, she lifted Sharon above her head and smashed her onto the ground.

“Sharon!” Connor shrieked in despair.

As Sharon crashed, her head hit a rock beside the flower bed, and she lost consciousness before she could even let out even a whimper.

“Ah!” Connor wailed uncontrollably as he crawled toward her.

Standing at their side, Jacqueline laughed so much until tears flowed out of her eyes.

Just then, Mrs. Wilson emerged from the villa upon hearing the commotion.

Seeing Jacqueline standing there, Sharon lying on the ground unconscious, and Connor weeping beside her, Mrs. Wilson immediately sensed that something serious must have happened. She turned to Connor with a panicked expression. “What happened to Sharon?”

“S-She was just t-thrown on the ground,” he choked out through his tears.

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Mrs. Wilson shot a second glance and finally recognized the woman before her eyes. "It's you?"

The smile immediately vanished from Jacqueline's lips. Glaring at Mrs. Wilson through narrowed eyes, she did not dare to stay for another second but turned and fled at once.

Mrs. Wilson was about to go after her when Connor stopped her.

"Mrs. Wilson, we have to send Sharon to the hospital right now. She's lost a lot of blood," he pleaded as he tugged at Mrs. Wilson's hand.

Lowering her gaze to the girl, Mrs. Wilson noticed that he was right.

Sharon was indeed badly injured and looked as if she had just been thrown violently on the ground.

Without further ado, she drove the two children to the nearest hospital.

Sharon was immediately rushed into the emergency room, whereas Mrs. Wilson and Connor stood outside, waiting anxiously.

"Mrs. Wilson, is Sharon going to be all right?" asked Connor as he massaged his bottom and wiped the tears from his face at the same time.

"Of course, she will," Mrs. Wilson reassured him with a smile and bent down to pat him on his head while suppressing the sadness that was surging in her heart.

Clenching his fists tightly, Connor gazed at the red light shining above the door to the operating room, his eyes spilling with hatred.

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Connor thought about Jacqueline and how she had hurt his sister, and he vowed to make her pay for her evil deed.

“I’m going to give your father a call, Connor. He has to know about what just happened to Sharon. You sit here and wait for me, okay?” said Mrs. Wilson as she placed Connor on a bench.

To her surprise, he let out a howl of pain the moment his bottom touched the chair.

A worried look came over her face. “What’s wrong?”

“My butt hurts,” Connor replied with a pained expression.

Tugging his pants downward slightly, she saw his bruised buttocks and instantly let out a horrified gasp. “H-How did this happen?”

“I was kicked by Jacqueline and fell to the ground,” he answered through gritted teeth.

Mrs. Wilson immediately burst into a fit of rage. “That wretched woman! She’ll pay for this someday!”

Then she patted the child’s back lightly and reassured him, “It’s all right, Connor. Let’s get you some ointment for your bottom.”

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With that, she carried him and headed to the surgical department.

After all, Sharon's operation was bound to take some time. She figured she might as well get him treated for those terrible bruises while they were waiting.

After the doctor finished checking Connor's injury, he frowned deeply. "How did this child fall so hard?"

"Is it bad?" Mrs. Wilson asked anxiously.

The doctor nodded. "Yes. All the blood capillaries on his buttocks have ruptured. That's what's causing the swelling. He'll not be able to sit for some time but should instead only lie on his stomach. Fortunately, he had fallen on his bum. The flesh in that area gave good protection to his bones. If not, his bones would surely have fractured considering children typically have weaker bones than adults."

"Damn that b\*tch, Jacqueline!" Mrs. Wilson blurted out angrily upon hearing the seriousness of Connor's injury.

"All right, small man. Come on and lie on your stomach. I'll apply some medication for you." The doctor's tone was kind and gentle when he addressed the boy.

"Go on, Connor. Let the doctor help you," Mrs. Wilson advised as well.

Nodding, Connor obediently pulled down his pants and lay on the couch, blushing in embarrassment.

The doctor then took out some cotton pads and began applying the medication for him.

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Handing the situation over to the doctor, Mrs. Wilson exited the room to give Shane a call, which went through quickly.

Seeing that the call came from Mrs. Wilson, Silas pushed the door to the conference room and went in without hesitation.

Going straight to Shane's side, he handed him the phone. "Mr. Shane, Mrs. Wilson is on the line."

Silas knew she would not call Shane unless there was an emergency.

Thus, he had totally disregarded the fact that Shane was in the midst of a meeting and went to him with the phone.

Taking the phone over, Shane signaled for the meeting to be paused before answering the call. "What's up?"

"Something bad's happened, Mr. Shane. Jacqueline got out." Mrs. Wilson's distressed voice came on the line.

Lifting his chin slightly, Shane responded, "I know that. But how did you find out? Did you just see her?"

He had not told Mrs. Wilson about Jacqueline's release, yet she still knew about it.

That could only mean she had already met her.

"Yes, she came to the villa just now, a-and..." Mrs. Wilson choked up.

Shane's spine immediately stiffened. A serious look washed over his face as he urged her to continue, "And what? What happened?"

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He had a bad feeling about what he was about to hear next.

Wiping her tears, Mrs. Wilson took a deep breath to calm herself down before going on, "She injured Connor by kicking him, and Sharon had it even worse. That woman lifted her and threw her on the ground. She's now undergoing an emergency operation. Could you come over please, Mr. Shane?"

The moment he heard that Shane's mind went completely blank. He felt as if an invisible hand had just reached into his chest and was squeezing his heart. It hurt so much he could barely breathe.

A sharp screech sounded as he pushed his chair back abruptly and leaped onto his feet.

Covering their ears from the sudden piercing sound, the men in the conference room stared in bewilderment at Shane. They had never seen him so flustered before and wondered what had caused him to act so out of character.

"Which hospital? Tell me now!" Shane held his cell phone in a death grip. Although his face remained expressionless, a violent storm was raging in his eyes.

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Everyone could see that Shane was dangerously close to erupting with fury.

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Mrs. Wilson quickly told him the name of the hospital.

After that, he hung up and strode out of the conference room without another word.

Everyone became even more curious about what just happened. They all cast their gazes at Silas, staring at him questioningly.

Silas returned their gazes with a helpless smile. He was, in fact, in the dark just like them.

“Ahem... Well, that’s it for today’s meeting. You’ll be informed of the next meeting after Mr. Shane has finished dealing with his matters. You’re free to leave now.”

With that said, he turned and hurried after Shane, finally catching up with him at the parking lot.

He quickly slipped into the driver’s seat as Shane urged, “Quick! Go to Stanford Hospital!”

The undisguised quiver in his voice showed just how anxious he must have been feeling.

“What’s going on, Mr. Shane?” Silas asked as he started the engine.

Shane gave him a brief summary of the recent events as he drove.

Silas’ expression was completely stunned upon hearing it. “J-Jacqueline actually went to the villa, a-and-”

“Go faster!” Shane growled in an icy tone.

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Gulping nervously, Silas swallowed the rest of his words and slammed his foot onto the gas pedal.

The car whizzed toward the hospital and arrived in no time.

Shane dashed to the entrance of the operating room, where both Mrs. Wilson and Connor were waiting.

Once she saw him, Mrs. Wilson immediately looked as if she had just found her pillar of support. Wiping the tears from her eyes, she went forward with relief. "You're finally here, Mr. Shane."

"How's Sharon doing?" asked Shane in a deep voice.

"We don't know yet. She's already been in there for an hour." Mrs. Wilson's worried gaze darted to the operating room's entrance.

Just then, Connor chimed in, his voice brimming with spite, "Daddy, you must capture Jacqueline!"

Shane turned toward him and saw the little boy sprawled out on the bench on his stomach.

That little face, which looked so much like his own, had no other expression but hatred.

Shane did not like seeing such a negative expression on the child's innocent face at all, but he said nothing and let him take his time to simmer down.

Now that such a terrible thing had happened to Sharon, he simply could not bring himself to ask Connor not to feel angry and resentful.

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“All right. I promise you I’ll catch her.” Walking over to Connor, Shane squatted before the child and stroked his hair.

“What about his injuries?” he asked, looking toward Mrs. Wilson.

“He’s mostly fine, except he’d have to lie on his stomach like this for a while and take care of his bum.” Mrs. Wilson forced a smile as she spoke.

Shane nodded, feeling a weight lifted off his chest.

Standing up, he turned to Silas and ordered grimly, “Review the footage of the security cameras around the villa and trace the route Jacqueline took after she left. Find her, and get Jackson over here as well.”

“Got it.” Silas nodded. Then another thought struck him, and he asked, “Should I notify madam about this incident?”

A look of uncertainty flitted across Shane’s eyes at first, but he eventually shook his head. “Not yet. She’s competing right now. This news will only worry her. I’ll let her know about it later. What do you think, Connor?”

He turned to the child, who nodded in agreement.

“I agree. This competition is really important to Mommy’s career. I don’t want her to give it up because of us either.”

He knew his mother well enough to be certain that if she were to find out about this now, she would drop the competition and fly back to be with them without a second thought.

Tousling Connor’s hair fondly, Shane turned to Silas. “Go on.”

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"All right, Mr. Shane," Silas answered briefly before turning to leave.

"Am I useless, Daddy?" asked Connor suddenly in a dejected tone.

Shane gazed at him. "Why would you say that?"

"I promised Mommy before that I would take good care of Sharon, but I failed." Connor's eyes reddened, and he broke into sobs uncontrollably.

Shane's voice was tender as he answered, "No, you didn't fail. You did great. Didn't you just try your best to protect Sharon? It simply didn't work out as well as you wanted because you're still too young to fight against an adult. But you still did wonderfully nevertheless."

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"Really?" Connor gazed at him through teary eyes.

"Yes." Shane nodded affirmatively.

Beside them, Mrs. Wilson nodded as well. "Of course, your father's right. You were amazing, Connor."

Hearing that, Connor finally smiled through his tears. "But I was still unable to fully protect Sharon."

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“Then, you’ll need to grow up faster and become stronger,” stated Shane as he stood up.

Like a flame, that statement set Connor’s heart ablaze.

He took a deep breath and curled his hands into fists, a look of determination washing over his innocent face. “All right, then. I will grow up and become stronger quickly! Daddy, I want to learn mixed martial arts.”

He reckoned as long as he went for training, he would possess better skills to protect his sister in the future, even if his opponent was an adult.

Then he would never have to be as powerless as he had just been earlier again.

“All right.” Shane nodded in agreement. “I’ll find you a teacher once Shane recovers.”

“Thank you, Daddy,” Connor thanked his father gratefully.

Shane smiled to him in response.

Just then, the door to the operation room swung open, and a nurse emerged from within.

Mrs. Wilson stopped her at once, asking, “How’s the child in there doing, Miss?”

Sweeping her glance over them, the nurse answered quickly, “The patient came in with a fractured arm and a torn scalp, which caused massive blood loss. We’ve fixed her arm and sutured the wound on her scalp. The only thing left to do now is to get her a blood transfusion. However, her blood type is

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Rh-negative. I'll have to run off to the blood bank to check if we still have that in supply."

"You don't have to. Just draw mine," Shane stated at once.

His blood type was Rh-negative as well. Back when Connor got into the car accident, he was all prepared to donate his blood, but Natalie had stopped him and chosen Sean's instead.

However, now was not the time to be jealous. Without another word, Shane took off his jacket and rolled up his shirt sleeves, revealing his muscular forearm.

Seeing that he was all ready to donate his blood, the nurse found no reason to reject his offer either. Just to be safe, she asked, "How are you related to the girl in there? You can't donate blood to her if you're her birth parent."

"I'm not. I'm her stepfather," answered Shane in a solemn tone.

The nurse was rather taken aback. "A stepfather with the same blood type as the girl? What a coincidence indeed. Come with me, then."

"All right. Take good care of Connor," Shane reminded Mrs. Wilson as he went after the nurse.

About ten minutes later, he returned, pressing a ball of cotton wool on the crook of his elbow. It was obvious that he had donated a significant amount of blood, as his complexion looked slightly drained of color compared to before.

"Are you all right, Mr. Shane?" Mrs. Wilson went forward to support him and helped him to be seated on a chair beside Connor.

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“Yes, I’m fine. Just feeling a little light-headed,” Shane rasped out, shaking his head vigorously.

As he gazed at his father, Connor suddenly remembered that he had two sweets in his pocket. He took them out and handed them to Shane. “Here, Daddy. Take these.”

Shane raised his eyebrows at the sight of them.

A wave of sadness washed over Connor’s eyes as he explained, “I kept these with me for Sharon, but she...”

“Don’t worry. Sharon will be fine,” Shane assured, patting Connor’s head gently. He unwrapped one of the sweets and popped it into his mouth, and then peeled open the other one for the boy.

As the father and son duo sucked on the sweets, the turmoil in their hearts began to subside as well.

Just then, Shane’s phone rang.

His eyes immediately widened when he saw the caller’s name displayed on his phone.

Connor noticed it as well. “It’s Mommy,” he stated, blinking at his father.

Shane pursed his lips.

Isn’t it the middle of the night over there? By right, she should be sound asleep at this hour. So why is she calling suddenly? Could she have found out about what just happened to the children? But who would have told her about it?

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Lowering his gaze, he hesitated for a moment but picked up the call anyway.

“Hey, Shane.” Natalie’s voice sounded rather worn out on the phone. “I’m not interrupting your work, am I?”

Hearing that she had not asked about the children right off the bat, Shane’s eyes flickered slightly.

Looks like the bad news hasn’t gotten to her yet.

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“No, you’re not.” Shane held Connor’s hand in his and spoke in his usual calm voice, betraying nothing. “But why are you calling at such a late hour? Is something up?”

Natalie pulled the blankets to herself as she sat up and leaned against the headboard. Her forehead was covered with a sheen of sweat, and her face was rather pale as well. “I had a nightmare.”

“A nightmare?” Shane narrowed his eyes.

“Yes. I had a dream that Connor and Sharon were kidnapped and I was jolted awake. I’ve been feeling dreadful ever since and thought maybe calling and hearing their voices might help me feel better.”

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Shock flashed in Shane's eyes.

The kids just landed in misfortune, and she had a dream that something terrible had befallen them at the same time?

Although the details between her dream and how the events unfolded were different, Shane was astounded by the coincidence nevertheless.

Perhaps this is what people mean when they talk about the natural bond between mothers and their children...

"Don't worry, the children are fine. Dreams are most often the direct opposite of reality," Shane comforted her.

On the other end of the line, Natalie's smiled faintly and let out a small laugh. "I know that, but for some reason, this dream feels different. I can't seem to get over this unsettling feeling it just gave me. Will you put the children on the line please, Shane?"

She reckoned she would not have peace of mind without hearing their voices.

Pursing his lips for a moment, Shane answered, "The children are in the villa. Why don't you call Mrs. Wilson instead? She could put them on the line."

"All right," Natalie responded.

After that, the two proceeded to chitchat about other stuff for a bit before ending the call.

Shane turned to Mrs. Wilson immediately. "Nat's about to call you. Be careful and make sure you cover up."

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“Sure.” Mrs. Wilson nodded.

Then, Shane’s gaze shifted toward Connor.

Before he could say a word, the boy spoke first. “Don’t worry, Daddy. I won’t let Mommy notice a thing.”

An apologetic look swept across Shane’s face as he looked at them both. “I’m so sorry that I have to make you do this.”

Shaking his head, Connor replied, “You don’t have to feel sorry for that, Daddy. We all want to help Mommy achieve her dream. It’s all right.”

Mrs. Wilson’s phone rang as soon as he finished speaking.

“It’s madam,” stated Mrs. Wilson after glimpsing at the caller’s name displayed on her screen. She picked up the call.

“Are Connor and Sharon at home with you, Mrs. Wilson?” Natalie asked the moment the line got through.

She knew the kids should be home since it’s the weekend and they did not need to attend school.

Glancing at Connor, Mrs. Wilson answered, “Yes, they are.”

Natalie let out a sigh of relief at once. “Then could you put them on, please?”

“Yes, but only Connor’s here. Sharon’s gone to bed.”

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A smile graced Natalie's lips. "That's all right. I'd be happy just to hear his voice."

"Okay. Please hold on while I go upstairs." With that, Mrs. Wilson took a few steps on her spot and pretended as if she was indeed going up the stairs.

Hearing the sound of footsteps coming on the line, Natalie could not help but feel something off about it.

However, she did not have much time to mull over it, for Connor's voice soon came on the phone, "Mommy!"

"Baby!" The worry that had been nagging at her finally vanished from her heart after she heard her son's voice. "What's wrong, Mommy?" asked Connor, who was sprawled out across Shane's lap. He faked a yawn as he spoke.

As his sweet but tired voice landed on her ears, Natalie's lips curved into a wee smile. "Nothing's wrong. I just missed you both so much."

"I'm sorry, Mommy, but Daddy's really busy this weekend. That's why he didn't take us to visit you," Connor responded apologetically.

Warmth instantly spread through Natalie's heart. "I understand."

"Well, if that's the case, shall we talk another time? I think I'm going to bed, too." Connor faked another yawn into the phone.

He was desperate to end the call as soon as possible, in case Natalie suddenly changed her mind and asked to change the call to video mode.

Fortunately, Natalie wasn't the least bit suspicious when she heard that Connor was ready for bedtime. "Okay. You go on to bed then. Good night!"

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“Good night, Mommy!”

“Bye!” Natalie hung up.

Connor returned the phone to Mrs. Wilson who took it.

Just then, the sound of hurried footsteps came from afar, and Jackson soon appeared before them, still clad in his white doctor’s coat.

“What happened to Connor and Sharon, Shane?”

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Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 918

Handing Connor over to Mrs. Wilson, Shane stood up and swiftly landed a punch on Jackson’s face.

Caught completely off guard, Jackson was struck right across the corner of his mouth. He immediately fell on the ground, while his glasses were sent flying.

This sudden turn of events left Mrs. Wilson and Connor utterly dumbstruck.

“M-Mr. Shane... Y-You...” Mrs. Wilson stuttered incoherently.

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Retracting his fist, Shane took two steps forward and stopped in front of Jackson, gazing down at him loftily. "It's all because you let Jacqueline out that she went to the villa and hurt the children."

"I-I..." Jackson's eyes widened in shock.

So that's what happened!

Half an hour ago, Silas had gone to him and asked him to come to this hospital.

All he knew was that Connor and Sharon were both badly injured, and it was somehow his fault.

He felt very puzzled at that time and could not figure out how he would fit into the picture, but he came anyway.

He had not expected this to be the reason.

For goodness sake, Jacqueline!

His heart wrenched with regret. He resented himself for giving in to his soft-heartedness in his moment of weakness. By releasing her, he had only enabled her to create this disaster.

"Shane..."

Before he could say another word, Shane sent another kick toward his abdomen, and he fell back onto the floor after only just sitting up.

"Do you see that operating room?" Shane pointed at the entrance to the operating room as he continued glaring at Jackson. "Sharon's been in there for

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almost two hours, and Connor here almost fractured his tailbone. All this happened because of you.”

“I’m sorry.” Jackson bowed his head and did not even attempt to deny Shane’s accusation.

Clenching his fists tightly, Shane went on. “You’re sorry? So what? Your apology does nothing to make up to these kids!”

Jackson remained wordless. He knew Shane was right about this as well.

“If it weren’t for the fact that you and I have been friends since we were young, I would have killed you.” Shane’s voice was cold as ice.

Raising his head toward Shane, Jackson could not see his face clearly, but he could feel the iciness that was radiating from him.

“I admit it’s mostly my fault that all this happened, Shane. I promise I’ll bear the responsibility for the children’s injuries.” Jackson struggled to stand up, his hand clutching at his abdomen.

Shane scoffed and was about to make another remark when suddenly, the red light above the operating room began to flash rapidly.

“What’s going on?” Mrs. Wilson asked in shock.

Connor, too, became anxious. “Daddy?”

Shane squeezed the boy’s hand as a form of reassurance that there was no reason to worry about. Then, he turned toward Jackson. “What does that flashing light mean?”

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Jackson's expression had changed dramatically as well. "Usually, when the red light of the operating room starts flashing, it means the patient, who was in the operation that was just about to end, had just fallen into critical condition."

"What?!" Shane's face instantly paled.

Does that mean Sharon's in critical condition? No, that's impossible. The nurse who came out just now just said that she'll be fine once she receives a blood transfusion! So, what's happening now?

"I'll go in to have a look." With that said, Jackson picked up his crushed glasses and bolted into the operating room.

Seeing him, the doctors and nurses in the operating room reprimanded him at once, "Which hospital are you from? How did you get in here?"

"My name is Jackson Baker. I'm a doctor from Baker Private Hospital," Jackson introduced himself briefly as he glanced at Sharon.

She lay on the operating table, breathing through a ventilator. Both her eyes were shut tight, and her face was completely drained of color. It was a heartbreaking sight.

"How's the girl?" Jackson turned toward the lead surgeon.

Recognizing that Jackson was one of the most renowned surgeons in the country, the lead surgeon dismissed the thought of kicking him out of the room. "She just underwent a blood transfusion but just went into hemolysis."

"Hemolysis?" Jackson immediately frowned at the absurdity of the statement. "But that only occurs if the patient receives a blood transfusion from a parent. Whose blood did she just receive?"

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What are the chances that this hospital's blood bank stores the blood supply that came from the children's birth father? And what are the odds Sharon just received a blood donation from her birth father himself?

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Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 918

Handing Connor over to Mrs. Wilson, Shane stood up and swiftly landed a punch on Jackson's face.

Caught completely off guard, Jackson was struck right across the corner of his mouth. He immediately fell on the ground, while his glasses were sent flying.

This sudden turn of events left Mrs. Wilson and Connor utterly dumbstruck.

"M-Mr. Shane... Y-You..." Mrs. Wilson stuttered incoherently.

Retracting his fist, Shane took two steps forward and stopped in front of Jackson, gazing down at him loftily. "It's all because you let Jacqueline out that she went to the villa and hurt the children."

"I-I..." Jackson's eyes widened in shock.

So that's what happened!

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Half an hour ago, Silas had gone to him and asked him to come to this hospital.

All he knew was that Connor and Sharon were both badly injured, and it was somehow his fault.

He felt very puzzled at that time and could not figure out how he would fit into the picture, but he came anyway.

He had not expected this to be the reason.

For goodness sake, Jacqueline!

His heart wrenched with regret. He resented himself for giving in to his soft-heartedness in his moment of weakness. By releasing her, he had only enabled her to create this disaster.

“Shane...”

Before he could say another word, Shane sent another kick toward his abdomen, and he fell back onto the floor after only just sitting up.

“Do you see that operating room?” Shane pointed at the entrance to the operating room as he continued glaring at Jackson. “Sharon’s been in there for almost two hours, and Connor here almost fractured his tailbone. All this happened because of you.”

“I’m sorry.” Jackson bowed his head and did not even attempt to deny Shane’s accusation.

Clenching his fists tightly, Shane went on. “You’re sorry? So what? Your apology does nothing to make up to these kids!”

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Jackson remained wordless. He knew Shane was right about this as well.

“If it weren’t for the fact that you and I have been friends since we were young, I would have killed you.” Shane’s voice was cold as ice.

Raising his head toward Shane, Jackson could not see his face clearly, but he could feel the iciness that was radiating from him.

“I admit it’s mostly my fault that all this happened, Shane. I promise I’ll bear the responsibility for the children’s injuries.” Jackson struggled to stand up, his hand clutching at his abdomen.

Shane scoffed and was about to make another remark when suddenly, the red light above the operating room began to flash rapidly.

“What’s going on?” Mrs. Wilson asked in shock.

Connor, too, became anxious. “Daddy?”

Shane squeezed the boy’s hand as a form of reassurance that there was no reason to worry about. Then, he turned toward Jackson. “What does that flashing light mean?”

Jackson’s expression had changed dramatically as well. “Usually, when the red light of the operating room starts flashing, it means the patient, who was in the operation that was just about to end, had just fallen into critical condition.”

“What?!” Shane’s face instantly paled.

Does that mean Sharon’s in critical condition? No, that’s impossible. The nurse who came out just now just said that she’ll be fine once she receives a blood transfusion! So, what’s happening now?

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"I'll go in to have a look." With that said, Jackson picked up his crushed glasses and bolted into the operating room.

Seeing him, the doctors and nurses in the operating room reprimanded him at once, "Which hospital are you from? How did you get in here?"

"My name is Jackson Baker. I'm a doctor from Baker Private Hospital," Jackson introduced himself briefly as he glanced at Sharon.

She lay on the operating table, breathing through a ventilator. Both her eyes were shut tight, and her face was completely drained of color. It was a heartbreaking sight.

"How's the girl?" Jackson turned toward the lead surgeon.

Recognizing that Jackson was one of the most renowned surgeons in the country, the lead surgeon dismissed the thought of kicking him out of the room. "She just underwent a blood transfusion but just went into hemolysis."

"Hemolysis?" Jackson immediately frowned at the absurdity of the statement. "But that only occurs if the patient receives a blood transfusion from a parent. Whose blood did she just receive?"

What are the chances that this hospital's blood bank stores the blood supply that came from the children's birth father? And what are the odds Sharon just received a blood donation from her birth father himself?

## Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 919

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Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 919

“The blood donation came from the man outside the operating room,” one of the nurses answered.

Jackson was utterly stunned by her words.

The man outside the operating room? But that’s Shane! Unless...

Taking in a sharp breath, Jackson felt his hand trembling slightly as he spoke the following words. “Will you please perform a DNA paternity test for this child and the man outside?”

“We’ve already informed the testing lab to do so. It’s in the process,” came the lead surgeon’s reply.

The moment the hemolysis occurred, he had asked the nurse to contact the testing lab.

Because Rh-negative blood type was rare to come by, the hospital had taken the liberty of drawing slightly more from Shane earlier for their blood bank, so that it might save other patients’ lives in the future.

Just a moment ago, the nurse had sent Sharon’s blood sample to the testing lab and instructed the lab technicians to perform a DNA paternity test for it with the blood that Shane had just donated. She had also labeled it as an urgent case so that the process could be expedited.

“Good. That’s good.” Jackson’s hands trembled uncontrollably.

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At that moment, a nurse entered the operating room with two bags of blood in her hands. It was the Rh-negative blood that she had just procured from the blood bank. "Here's the supply from another donor."

Seeing the two bags of blood, Jackson felt relieved that there was hope for Sharon after all and left the operating room.

"Dr. Baker, how's Sharon doing?" Mrs. Wilson came to him anxiously.

Jackson opened his mouth to say something but could not seem to find the right words.

What he had just heard was simply astonishing, and he still had not recovered from the shock.

Shane's heart sank when he saw Jackson at such a complete loss for words. "D-Did Sharon..."

Jackson shook his head quickly. "She's fine now."

A glint of joy flashed across Shane's eyes. "Really?"

"Yes," Jackson affirmed with a nod.

A smile broke across Connor's face as well. "Thank goodness she's all right!"

"Yeah!" Mrs. Wilson was so happy that tears of joy poured down her cheeks.

Shane turned to Jackson. "If that's the case, then what happened just now?"

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“Sharon was showing signs of hemolysis after receiving your blood. Do you know what that means?” asked Jackson.

At first, Shane only stared at him with a perplexed look. Then he caught on, his eyes widening in disbelief. “H-Hemolysis... That means S-Sharon...”

Parents and children could not donate their blood to each other, or hemolysis would occur.

That was general knowledge that most people knew.

Thus, Shane was shocked to the core by what this recent turn of events implied.

Nodding, Jackson went on, “That’s right. Sharon is very likely your biological daughter.”

“B-But...” Mrs. Wilson was so astounded her jaw almost dropped to the ground. “D-Dr. Baker, did you just say Sharon is actually Mr. Shane’s daughter?”

“Yes, it’s highly possible. That’s the only way to explain why she went into hemolysis after receiving his blood,” Jackson explained.

Connor stared at them, just as dumbfounded. “No, that’s impossible. If Sharon is Daddy’s biological daughter, then why did the paternity test result between me and Daddy turn out negative?”

It did not make sense to him.

Daddy’s not my birth father, and Sharon is my twin. How could it be possible that we have different dads? There’s no way this could be true unless Mommy lied to us, but she would never have done that.

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Hearing Connor's words, the three adults instantly fell silent.

A moment later, Jackson began mumbling to himself, "He's right. If Sharon is Shane's daughter, then Connor should be his son as well. Then how come both times, the paternity test results came back negative?"

Shane's expression turned somber as if he was suppressing something in his mind.

Glancing at Connor, he asked, "Would you perform another DNA paternity test with me?"

"Yes." Connor nodded.

He wanted to know the answer as much as his father did.

At that, Shane carried him and went to the testing lab.

The lab technicians were in the midst of performing the paternity test between Shane and Sharon.

Seeing Shane bringing another child forward for the same test, they plucked a hair from both father and son, and then promptly took the samples off to carry out the test.

Then all there was left to do was to wait for the results.

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Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 920

Mrs. Wilson went back to wait for Sharon outside the operating room. She was worried about leaving the little girl all alone.

As for Shane, Jackson, and Connor, they stayed outside the testing lab to wait for the test results.

Connor spoke up. "The first time I saw Daddy, I realized we looked very similar and suspected he was my birth father. That's why I plucked two strands of his hair and sent them for a DNA paternity test with a strand of my own."

"Was that during the first time I visited your apartment? The time you pulled my hair with your toy?" Shane glanced at the boy.

Connor looked embarrassed as he gave a small nod. "Uh-huh. I'm sorry, Daddy. I just wanted to--"

"It's fine," Shane reassured him, patting his head. "But the results showed that I'm not your birth father, didn't they?"

"Yeah. After that, I stop believing that you're my birth father anymore."

Shane pursed his lips and admitted, "I've done the DNA paternity test twice as well."

Blinking at him, Connor responded, "I know that. I overheard the argument between you and Mommy the other time. You said you'd done the test twice before, but both the results came back negative."

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“That’s right. Not only did the test results say that you’re not my biological son, but it showed Sharon isn’t my biological daughter either.” Shane narrowed his eyes as he explained that.

Indeed, he had done the test twice before, and both tests had proven that he was not the birth father of Connor and Sharon.

Yet, the hospital was now telling him there was a high possibility that Sharon was his biological daughter.

That could only mean one thing. It means all three DNA paternity tests that had been done previously were questionable.

“Jackson, the two tests that I asked to be done were handled by you. Did you manipulate the results to fool me?” Shane shot a sharp glare at Jackson, almost as if he was trying to pierce through the latter’s entire being with a look.

“I swear, I have never done anything like that,” Jackson answered promptly, a frown forming on his forehead. “I definitely haven’t altered the results of the tests.”

This was what stumped him as well.

He was certain that there was nothing wrong with the tests he had handled before. All three came back showing the same negative results.

However, the hemolysis that had just occurred to Sharon clearly proved otherwise.

He simply could not figure out what went wrong in this entire matter.

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Seeing that Jackson was obviously telling the truth, Shane remained silent for a few seconds before speaking again. "The fact that you haven't done anything to manipulate the test results doesn't mean someone wouldn't do it. But we won't know that for sure until the current test results are out."

With that, he simply lowered his gaze and said nothing else as he waited.

Noticing his tightly clenched fists, Jackson knew Shane was undoubtedly overcome by anxiousness.

Most likely, he was nervous about the test results that would soon be revealed.

In fact, even Jackson felt rather nervous himself.

If the test results that would come out later contradicted the previous results, that would mean the tests he did earlier had indeed been messed with.

It'd mean there's someone around me who has gone to great measures to ensure Shane and the children never find out the truth about their relationship.

At this thought, Jackson felt a wave of cold running down his spine.

They sat there waiting for almost half an hour, but the test results were still pending. Just then, Mrs. Wilson came over.

"Mr. Shane, Sharon's out of the operating room and has just been sent to the ward." She was smiling from ear to ear.

Shane's frown instantly relaxed when he heard the news. He gave her a slight nod, saying, "All right. You go ahead and stay with Sharon. I'll go over once the test results are out."

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“Okay.” Mrs. Wilson nodded briefly before hurrying off.

Soon after she left, the doors to the testing lab swung open, and a nurse appeared in the doorway. “Shane Thompson?”

Shane’s chest tightened slightly when he heard his name called. Handing Connor over to Jackson, he stood up and went over. “I’m here.”

The nurse handed him a document. “This is the report on the DNA paternity test that was just done on you and the two children.”

Glancing at the document in her hand, Shane shut his eyes for a moment and tried to calm himself down before taking it over.

“Flip straight to the last page,” urged Jackson.

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