

# Feel the Way You Feel, My Love

## Chapter 216

Looking at Connor's pain-etched face, Natalie hurriedly placed her hand on his forehead and stopped him. "Baby, don't think anymore. It's fine if you can't remember anything."

"I'm sorry, Mommy." Lowering his head, Connor pouted and apologized.

Natalie took her hand away and leaned down, pressing her forehead against his gently. She gave his son a warm smile and said, "You don't have to apologize. Mommy's the one at fault."

"No. Mommy did nothing wrong." Connor shook his head in disagreement when he looked at her.

Receiving her son's understanding, Natalie felt even remorseful over her actions. She rubbed his forehead and stood up. "Doctor, have you come to a conclusion?"

The doctor mulled over it for a while. "I've thought of a possibility. It can be that the shock from the accident made your son lose his memories. This is a type of defense mechanism in the human brain. I've seen similar cases before."

"Will he recover?" Natalie stared at the doctor.

The doctor shook his head, as he wasn't sure. "I can't tell. Maybe he'll recover his memories after a few days, but there's a possibility that he will never remember. But on the positive side, the child won't have to relive those terrifying moments."

"You're right." Natalie nodded after hearing his words, as she finally felt a sense of relief.

Connor only lost parts of his memory, and his life is way more important than anything else. It'll be best if he recalls, but if he doesn't, it's fine either way.

After the doctor left, Yulia came back to the ward with the two police from the previous day. They were here to inquire about the situation before the accident.

However, Connor lost his memories, so he couldn't answer their questions.

The polices returned empty-handed, and the trail had gone cold.

Yulia sat on the sofa, furrowing her brows. "Damn! Now we can't catch the culprit, just like those two other times."

Natalie chuckled helplessly and fell silent.

There wasn't anyone who would understand this frustration more than Natalie.

"Baby Girl. Don't you think Connor's memory loss is too much of a coincidence?" Yulia's eyes flickered as she thought of something. She turned to look at Connor, who fell asleep after taking his meds and narrowed her eyes.

"Mom, what do you mean?" Natalie was cleaning Connor's body before freezing on the spot when she heard her mother's words.

Yulia pursed her lips. "I'm saying that Connor's memory loss is too spot-on. The memories lost by Connor were after you, and Sharon went to the restroom. It just feels like the culprit wiped off his memories to hide the truth."

"Now that you mention it, it does feel odd. But is there anyone who can control others' memories? Maybe this time's really a coincidence." Natalie continued to clean Connor's body.

Yulia waved her hand. "Who knows? The hypnotist I saw on TV has this power."

"You said it was on TV. I've never heard of someone with this ability in real life." Natalie broke into laughter as she thought her mother had gone mad, and she heeded little attention to her words.

Feeling that she was overthinking, Yulia shrugged and left to buy lunch.

Soon, a week went by in the blink of an eye.

Children had rapid self-recovery abilities. Connor could walk around with no problem, so he would get discharged from the hospital soon. But his memory still hadn't returned.

Maybe it was just like how the doctor had said. His memories wouldn't recover.

"Baby, be good and listen to Grandma and Ms. Carter's words. Mommy will come to see you in the afternoon." Natalie kissed Connor's cheeks, as she was reluctant to part with him.

Natalie wouldn't leave her son in the hospital if it weren't for Joyce's call, informing her to take part in a bidding exercise.

At least it would have to wait until her son discharged from the hospital.

"Yeah. I understand. I'll obey their words." Connor took a glance at the caretaker behind Natalie and nodded.

Natalie stroke Connor's head lovingly and turned around to the caretaker. "Ms. Carter, I'll have to trouble you to take care of Connor. My Mom will return after she sends Sharon to the kindergarten."

The caretaker waved her hand and replied politely, "You're too polite, Ms. Smith. Taking care of your child is my responsibility, so it's not a hassle."