

## 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.

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"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!”