

# Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 211

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surroundings.

Natalie pursed her lips. "He left."

"Tsk! His biological son is still inside, but he left so quickly." Sean glanced at the emergency operating theatre in disdain.

Her eyes gleamed, but she did not respond to his comment. Glancing at her watch, she started to become anxious.

I've been here for almost an hour. Why hasn't Connor come out yet?

Natalie walked to the operating theatre and pressed her hands against the door. Standing on her tiptoes, she peered through the window, trying to see what was going on inside.

However, she could only see a bunch of doctors and nurses walking around. Connor's body was nowhere in sight.

Natalie stood there for a long while, till her feet became numb and her eyes became tired. Finally, the red light above the operating theatre turned off.

Knowing that Connor was going to come out, Natalie quickly put her hands down and took a few steps back. She did not want to hinder them from exiting.

Soon, the doors of the operating theatre opened, and out walked a middle-aged doctor.

Natalie quickly approached him. Clasping her hands together tightly, she asked anxiously, "Doctor, how's my son?"

Sean looked at the doctor too.

"He's fine now. He just needs to rest for a couple of months, especially his arm. Children's bones are still fragile, so he must avoid any impact before it grows back. Otherwise, he might be crippled," replied the doctor as he took off his mask.

His response was similar to what Sean described earlier. Finally feeling relieved, Natalie nodded eagerly, "Understood, doctor. Thank you."

"You're welcome. Your child will be transferred to an ordinary ward later and you can visit him there."

With that, the doctor left.

"See, I wasn't lying, right?" Sean shot her a smug look as he raised his chin.

Natalie's mind was preoccupied with Connor, so she ignored him. She craned her neck, trying to peer inside the operating theatre.

After a while, a few nurses pushed Connor out on a stretcher.

Natalie saw his tiny body lying on such a huge stretcher, with a huge needle stuck on the back of his palm. All the color had been drained from his face.

At that moment, Natalie could not hold her tears back anymore. However, she bit her lips tightly and forced herself not to cry out loud. She held onto the stretcher and followed him into the hospital ward.

It was only after entering the ward that she remembered Sean.

However, when she was planning to head back to the operating theatre to look for him, she received a message from him, saying that he had already left.

It was good for her too. She could devote all her attention to taking care of Connor, instead of caring about Sean instead. Although that was not a kind thought, she could not be bothered with anyone else if Connor were in such a state.

After the nurses left, Natalie grabbed a chair and sat down beside the bed. Grabbing Connor's hand which was not attached to the IV drip, she gazed at his pale face. Her heart ached when she saw how frail he was. The tears which she had struggled to hold back earlier, streamed down her cheeks.

At that moment, Yulia and Sharon arrived.

When Sharon saw Connor lying on the bed unconscious, she immediately burst into tears and kept calling for her brother.

Heartbroken, Yulia stood beside the bed and pounded her fists on her chest. "Why did this happen to such a nice boy like Connor?"

When Natalie heard that, a sad look crossed her eyes. She wiped her tears away and forced herself to sound as normal as possible. "Mom, how did you find out about Connor's accident?"

She had not told Yulia about it yet.

"Silas informed me. I had just returned from the gala. When I saw him with Sharon, I asked him what happened. He made a call and told me that Connor got into an accident. That's why I rushed over so quickly with Sharon. Oh, right. Is Connor okay?" Yulia stroked Connor's cold face and asked.

"He's passed the critical stage, so he's fine now," replied Natalie as she tucked him in.

"That's good." Yulia heaved a sigh of relief before asking, "Why did he get into a car accident?"

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Natalie released the blanket and gripped the bed rails tightly. Without concealing anything, she coldly relayed what happened to Connor.

After hearing what she said, Yulia seethed with rage. "It's Shane again!"

"That's just my guess. After all, we don't know for sure if the culprit is one of those three," said Natalie as she massaged her temple.

Yulia scoffed, "Hmph! Of course, it's one of them. You didn't experience any of these when you were overseas, let alone Connor's kidnapping. These incidents only happened after you met Shane. Who else can it be other than those three suspects?"

Natalie opened her mouth to rebuke but found herself to be at a loss for words.

Yulia calmed down and sighed. "Nat, let me advise you again. Stay further away from Shane. You'd better not meet him anymore. I don't want to hear about anything bad happening to you, Connor, or Sharon anymore."

"I know, and I will." Natalie smiled bitterly.

She was truly scared this time.

While she did not fear death herself, she did not want Sharon or Connor to be exposed to such risks.

"It's good that you understand." Yulia patted Natalie's shoulder.

She forced out a smile on her face and remained silent.

After a while, Sharon, who was exhausted from all the crying, fell asleep.

Natalie carried her to the sofa and covered her with a blanket from the hospital.

When Yulia was pouring a cup of water, she spotted Natalie sitting beside Sharon and patting her gently. There was a troubled and helpless look on her face.

Yulia placed her cup down, walked over, and flicked Natalie's forehead. "That's enough. Don't keep frowning like a grumpy old lady. Connor's already safe, so all you've got to do is to take good care of him. You must calm down too. If you fall sick, how can you take care of him?"

"But I can't calm down." Natalie massaged her temples.

Yulia fell silent for a while before taking a seat beside the hospital bed. "Let me tell you something happy. Do you know what happened at the gala tonight? Susan humiliated herself big time!"

Natalie shook her head. "Is it because of that bag?"

"Of course. The theme for the charity gala tonight was wildlife protection. All the female guests carried embroidered pouches or those made from synthetic leather. She was the only one who carried a bag made from alligator leather. Someone pointed it out and Mike

was so furious that he instructed someone to chase her out," exclaimed Yulia as she tried to stifle her laughter. Her gaze was filled with a gloating look.

Natalie chuckled too. "Bringing such a bag to that charity gala is a blatant act of disrespect to Mike. He'll naturally be furious."

"Yeah! After Susan got chased away, Harrison had to face everyone's mockery and snide remarks. He was so embarrassed. I'm sure that a huge fight will break out between both of them tonight. It's a pity that I can't witness it." Yulia shrugged in disappointment.

Natalie yawned. "They'll just quarrel and throw things around. There's nothing interesting about it. Mom, I'm going to sleep for a while. Help me look after Connor for the time being."

She was simply too exhausted.

After all, she had been on edge ever since Connor's disappearance. Now that she could finally relax, she was suddenly engulfed by a huge wave of exhaustion. She could barely even keep her eyes open anymore.

Feeling heartbroken, Yulia gazed at her. "Go to sleep, then. I'll wake you up if anything happens."

"Okay." Natalie nodded before lying beside Sharon and falling asleep.

Peering through the window on the door, Shane could see everything that was happening in the hospital ward. He watched as Natalie fell asleep from exhaustion, while Yulia wiped her face with a wet towel.

At the same time, he also saw Connor's tiny body lying on the hospital bed, still in a coma. He felt extremely heartbroken as if someone were violently wrenching his heart.

"Aren't we entering, Mr. Shane?" Silas, who was standing behind him, could feel his gloomy aura. He snuck a glance at him and asked.

Shane shook his head. "No. Before I find out who's monitoring me, the culprit will only target them even more if I enter. I'll just stand here and watch."

He only returned to the hospital because Sean told him over the phone that Connor's surgery failed. It was only after he rushed over and asked the receptionist that he realized Sean had lied to him on purpose and was making a fool out of him.

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If Sean didn't donate his blood to save Connor's life, Shane wouldn't spare him.

"Silas, hire a professional caretaker and recommend her to Natalie under the hospital's name." Looking at Natalie, who was sleeping soundly, Shane spoke softly because he didn't wish to wake her up.

"Why?" Silas was puzzled.

We can just introduce the caretaker to Ms. Smith directly.

Why do we need to make it seemed like we're not involved?

Shane lowered his gaze and spoke indifferently. "Natalie and I both think the three of them are involved in the accident. And she harbors hatred against me, so she won't accept the caretaker I send if she knows."

"I see. I understand. I'll arrange everything." Realization soon dawned on Silas, and he nodded after listening to his boss' words.

Shane hummed in reply and took a glance at Natalie before walking toward the exit. Lowering his voice, he asked, "Did you find out anything about Connor's accident?"

Silas's expression turned serious. "There's something suspicious about it."

"Tell me." Shane pressed on the lift button.

Silas adjusted his glasses while gathering his thoughts. "Sir, you and Ms. Smith both think Jasmine and Susan or the mysterious person who wanted Ms. Smith dead were behind this. So, I investigated the three of them, but the results show no traces of them."

"You're saying that none of them were behind Connor's accident?" Shane squinted his eyes and turned to look at Silas.

Silas turned around and took a glance at Shane. "That's right, Mr. Shane. The most direct evidence is Connor. After you guys left the restaurant, I asked the worker at the front desk and checked the security recordings. I saw Connor left with a man."

Shane understood the underlying meaning behind Silas' words.

Connor's young, but he is exceptionally smart, and vigilant.

And this means Connor knows and trusts the person who appeared at the restaurant. Otherwise, he wouldn't lower his guard and follow that person.

"Check! Look into each and every person within Natalie's social circle." Shane clenched his fists and gave his orders in a cold tone.

Silas agreed to his boss' orders. "Mr. Shane, should I tell Ms. Smith about this?"

Shane waved his hand. "No need. She can't take it right now. She'll only be more triggered if we tell her. Let's wait until after Connor recovers."

"Yes, Mr. Shane." Silas stopped asking.

Ding! The lift had reached the floor they were on.

When the door opened, a man in a doctor's coat from another hospital walked out of the lift.

Shane squinted his eyes when he saw him while Silas blurted out, "Dr. Quinn?"

"Oh? It's Mr. Campbell. Mr. Shane is here too?" Stanley heard somebody called his name, so he turned to look in that direction. He smiled when he saw Silas and Shane.

Silas smiled awkwardly and stayed silent as he took a glance at Shane, who was obviously displeased. What do you mean by Mr. Shane is here too?

Mr. Shane is standing in front of me, and he's way taller than me. But Dr. Quinn deliberately pretended to notice me before Mr. Shane.

Shane knew what Stanley was trying to do, but he ignored him and walked into the lift.

When he passed by Stanley, Stanley suddenly called out to him. "Mr. Shane, you're here to visit Connor?"

Shane swept a glance at Stanley. "Is there any problem?"

"Of course. I'll offer you advice. It's better if you don't come here anymore." Stanley gave him a smile, but his smile didn't reach his eyes.

Shane pursed his lips. "Tell me the reason."

Stanley's glasses reflected the light. "Do I have to spell it out for you? Your presence will only bring sufferings to Nat and her kids, so please stay away from them."

"Dr. Quinn, mind your words!" Silas's expression turned cold.

Stanley lowered his head and cracked a smile. "Is it too much? Why don't you ask yourselves? Who brought Nat all those painful experiences?"

"This..." Silas couldn't think of anything to refute his words.

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Shane beckoned to Silas to stop him from saying anything and put his hand into his pocket as he looked at Stanley with a stony expression. "I admit. I've caused her a lot of trouble, so it's reasonable for you to ask me to stay away from her. But who are you to demand this from me?"

Stanley narrowed his eyes and spoke slowly. "I'm her friend!"

"You're only her friend. I'm afraid you're not worthy enough for me to heed your advice." With that, Shane turned away and walked into the lift.

I'll only stay away from her temporarily.

But this doesn't mean anyone can order me around.

"Mr. Shane, wait for me." Seeing that Shane was entering the lift, Silas hurriedly followed him.



Very quickly, the door closed, and the lift went down.

Staring at the numbers changing on the display, Stanley had a crazy look on his face.

“Am I not worthy enough? It’s alright. I’ll show you!” Stanley lowered his gaze and laughed maniacally.

The next second, he lifted his head and adjusted his glasses. The craziness in his eyes disappeared without a trace, and he returned to normal, behaving gently and politely as he walked toward Connor’s ward. It was as if the behavior and madness he showed just now were an illusion.

He came to the front of Connor’s hospital ward and adjusted his doctor coat before knocking on the door.

Yulia opened the door and smiled when she saw who it was at the door. “Stanley, you’re here!”

“Yeah. I rushed here right after I received your call. Natalie’s asleep?” Stanley walked into the room and saw Natalie sleeping on a sofa with her daughter.

Yulia heaved a sigh. “Yeah. She’s too tired.”

Stanley retreated his gaze and walked toward the hospital bed. Standing beside the bed, he lowered his head to look at Connor. A subtle hint of guilt flashed across his downcast eyes.

Soon, he inquired Yulia about Connor’s current situation.

Yulia replied while pouring him a glass of water.

Knowing that Connor’s life wasn’t in danger and he would recover after a few months of rest, Stanley finally relaxed his grip on the glass of water Yulia handed him.

“Oh, right! Stanley, can you stay here tonight to help Nat? I’ll go home to pack some clothes and broil soup.” Yulia took her bag as she got ready to leave.

Stanley agreed without any hesitation.

In fact, this was what he wanted.

After Yulia left, Stanley observed Natalie, making sure she wouldn't wake up in a short time. Taking off his glasses, he bent down and clapped his hands beside Connor's ears while whispering something to Connor.

He straightened his back and put on his glasses after he was done. Dragging his chair all the way to the sofa, he folded his arms and placed them on his knees while staring at Natalie until she woke up.

"Stanley." Natalie rubbed her eyes and called out to him when her vision became clear.

Stanley helped her up and asked, "Did you get enough sleep?"

"I did." Natalie smiled and went to look at Sharon, who was sleeping on the sofa.

Realizing that Sharon was asleep, she bent down and planted a kiss on her cheeks, and adjusted the blankets.

Looking at this sight, Stanley's eyes darkened, and he touched his lips using his thumb.

"Stanley, when did you come?" Natalie wore her shoes.

Stanley replied gently. "I've been here for a while. Yulia asked me to stay here, and she went back to broil some soup."

Natalie nodded in reply and looked at her phone. It was four in the morning.

It seems I didn't sleep that much. No wonder the sky's still so dark.

She walked to the bed and caressed Connor's face. "Sigh... When will Connor wake up?"

"Don't worry. He'll wake up in the morning as the anesthetic will soon wear off." Stanley stretched his limbs.

Stanley was a doctor, so Natalie believed his words as she clenched her fists in delight. "That's great!"

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Wiping his glasses, Stanley suggested, "Nat, do you want to move Connor to another hospital?"

"Transfer?" Natalie looked at him in surprise.

Stanley nodded and said, "Yeah. Transfer to the hospital I'm working in. I can help you take care of him."

Natalie was slightly tempted, but when she saw Connor's hand in a cast, she rejected Stanley's suggestion. "It's okay. It's too troublesome as Connor's hand might get hurt in the process."

"Is that so? Alright." Stanley's smile faded from his face.

Natalie didn't notice his expression as she was focusing on Connor.

Time flew by, and dawn came.

Stanley went back to the hospital he worked in. After all, he had to work, so he couldn't stay with Natalie and her kids all day.

And Natalie didn't wish to trouble him.

Yulia came back to the hospital ward at eight in the morning. She brought a friendly caretaker and introduced her to Natalie, saying that the hospital recommended her.

Natalie didn't suspect a thing and accepted the caretaker.

When they were drinking the soup Yulia broiled, Connor suddenly coughed.

Natalie's eyes lit up when she heard her son's voice and she immediately put down the spoon, dashing toward the hospital bed while Yulia hurriedly pressed the emergency button.

Soon, a group of doctors and nurses came into the room and gave Connor a checkup.

"Doctor." Natalie clasped her hands together.

One of the doctors knew what she wanted to ask, so he answered while wearing his face mask. "Don't worry. He'll wake up after the anesthetic wears off."

"Alright. Thank you." Her heart relaxed after knowing her son was going to wake up soon.

As expected, Connor opened his eyes after a while. "Mommy..."

"Ay, Mommy's here!" Seeing that her son woke up, tears of joy rolled down on Natalie's cheeks while Sharon, who was sprawling at the side of the bed, called out happily to her brother.

Yulia smiled and wiped her tears as she took out her phone to call the police.

"Baby, are you in pain?" Natalie caressed Connor's face, and her heart ached at the sight of his pale face.

Connor nodded and sobbed. "Pain... Mommy, it hurts..."

At this moment, Connor was just like other children his age, fragile and vulnerable.

Natalie bent over and hugged him softly to prevent hurting him. "I'm sorry, my baby. It's all Mommy's fault. Mommy shouldn't have left you alone in the restaurant."

"Alone? Mommy, what are you talking about? What alone?" Connor blinked his eyes in confusion.

Taking in his reply, Natalie stared at her son blankly and hurriedly turned to look at the doctor.

The doctor furrowed his brows and said, "Ask him some more questions."

"Okay." Natalie forced herself to calm down and asked, "Baby, do you remember how you got into an accident?"

Connor knitted his brows and tried to recall.

However, he shook his head soon after and grimaced. "Mommy, I only know we ate in the restaurant, but everything that happened after, I don't remember."

Natalie gasped in shock.

The doctor stroke his chin and announced, "It seems your son had lost a part of his memories."

"He lost his memories?" Natalie covered her mouth in disbelief.

Connor was surprised he would lose his memories too.

Sharon was the only one who couldn't understand what memory loss was. Tilting her head to a side, she asked, "Mommy, what is memory loss?"

"Connor had forgotten something." Natalie caressed Sharon's head and gave her a straightforward answer.

Sharon understood the meaning and sucked on her thumb. "Why did Connor lose his memories?"

"Yeah, doctor. Why did my son lose his memories?" Natalie asked anxiously.

The doctor didn't answer her question and bent over to check Connor's head.

After the doctor was done examining, he wore a surprised look on his face. "This is odd. Your son didn't suffer any injuries in his head, so he shouldn't lose his memories."

"But he did." Natalie pointed at Connor.

Connor frowned as he tried to recall his memories of the previous night, but no matter how hard he tried, he couldn't remember anything. His head even started hurting.