

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.