

## Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 262

What the heck is this?

I clearly remember that kid has a blood type A. That's the result I got when I did a paternity test for him and Shane!

Jackson was completely dumbfounded. He blinked his eyes hard and looked at the report again carefully. Yes, it's Rh-negative. I'm not seeing things.

Jackson's grip tightened as he tried to process what he was seeing. His heart thumped rapidly in his chest, and the surroundings suddenly became muted.

Connor looks exactly like Shane—this is a fact. If they even have the same blood type, this can only mean one thing!

His frown deepened on his brows, and he sprinted back towards his hospital.

He simply had to get to the bottom of this. Something must have gone wrong when he was doing the test last time. There was no way the test result showed Connor had blood type A unless he got the wrong blood sample.

Once he reached the hospital, he darted towards Jacqueline's ward and knocked on the door impatiently.

Silas opened the door and greeted him, "Dr. Baker, you're back."

But Jackson totally ignored him and pushed his way in. "Shane, I need you here for a moment."

Beside Jacqueline's bed, Shane cut off the conversation he had been having with her and stood up, alerted. "What's the matter?"

"Just come out, right now," Jackson hurried him as he beckoned Shane over.

Shane left his seat and went over to Jackson.

When he reached the door, Jackson pulled him by his arm out of the ward.

Over on the bed, Jacqueline was clearly annoyed. Not only had Jackson call Shane away abruptly, but he also barged into the room without even acknowledging her.

I can't believe that's how he treats me after saying he likes me. How dare he acts as if I'm not even here!

Just wait and see, Jackson Baker. I'll make sure you regret what you did.

Jacqueline shut her eyes and let off a disgruntled scoff.

Over on the outside, Jackson tugged Shane along until they entered his office. Without saying a word, Jackson took up a syringe and stabbed it in Shane's arm.

"What are you doing?" Shane shouted, retracting his hand.

“I’m doing the DNA test for you and Connor again,” Jackson replied in a severe tone.

Shane straightened his back and looked at his friend intently.

He knew Jackson was not an irrational person and had an absolute serious attitude when it comes to his work.

There must be a reason why he was doing this.

“Why?” Shane asked.

Jackson took out the report from his pocket and slammed it on the table.

Shane took it over and read the name on the report. “Connor?”

“Yes, that’s right. Look at the report we got last time. The blood type is clearly different,” Jackson pointed out as he showed Shane the result of the earlier report on his laptop.

Shane trailed his gaze and looked at the blood-type column. He jerked and stared at his friend, confounded. “Why are the results different?”

“I have no idea. I was at Stanford Hospital trying to get hold of a backup cornea for Jacqueline when I ran into Natalie. I was struck when I saw this report myself. We have to redo this test!” Jackson cried out.

Shane clenched his fists, and the determination in his eyes intensified. Underneath his calm facade, thousands of thoughts were running across his mind as his chest contracted.

“I have to do another test to see if Connor is A or Rh-negative,” Jackson explained.

“Sean donated blood to Connor after the accident, and Sean’s blood type is the same as mine. So I’m a hundred percent sure Connor’s Rh-negative,” Shane said.

A brief silence followed, and the two men looked at each other. “But the blood sample I got the last time was of type A. This can only mean two things. Either someone made an inadvertent mistake, or...”

“Or someone changed the blood sample on purpose!” Shane interjected and finished Jackson’s sentence.