

The billionaire and his son want me back novel

Chapter 271

Paisley accepted Diana's invitation and went to the Beaumont Villa.

In the lower hall, Diana held a photo album, eagerly flipping through the pages as she told stories with great enthusiasm.

"Paisy, look at this one. This was taken when Nathaniel was in kindergarten. See how adorable he was back then?" Diana gazed at the photo of Nathaniel, her eyes filled with affection.

Her manicured fingers gently brushed over the picture, a trace of longing and nostalgia appearing in her eyes.

Paisley took in the scene, a faint smile on her lips as she glanced at the photo.

In the picture, Nathaniel was dressed in a little suit, posing coolly like a miniature adult. But even so, he still looked as cute as a little girl.

Thinking that, Paisley said aloud, "Yeah, he's really cute. Like a little girl."

Diana looked up and met Paisley's gaze, her tone lively. "Right? Nathaniel has been handsome since he was little. I used to love dressing him up. But I guess too many people said he looked like a girl, and he got upset about it.

"After that, he never let me dress him up again. When taking pictures, he always insisted on striking these cool poses."

Paisley could easily imagine a younger Nathaniel trying to act tough while struggling with his awkwardness.

But in the next second, Diana, as his mother, suddenly changed the subject. "Who would've thought? Now he dresses himself up all the time. Always looking flashy, like a peacock in full display."

Paisley nodded in agreement.

As Diana flipped through Nathaniel's photos, she discreetly observed Paisley's reactions. Seeing that Paisley wasn't put off but instead had a smile on her face the whole time, Diana felt relieved. Her speech and actions became more relaxed.

As they neared the end of the album, Diana said, "These are from Nathaniel's high school years."

"Huh? We're already at his high school photos?" asked Paisley. Just a page ago, they were looking at his elementary school pictures.

"Yeah, there was a time when he was ridiculously rebellious. He hated taking pictures and spent his days—" Diana suddenly realized she shouldn't be badmouthing Nathaniel in front of Paisley. She quickly changed her words.

"You know how boys are. Once they grow up, they don't like taking pictures anymore. This one here—I had to force him to take it at his high school graduation ceremony."

Diana happily stroked the photo. "See? He still looked great back then, didn't he? So many girls had a crush on him."

In the picture, Nathaniel clearly looked impatient. His hands were on his hips, his brows slightly furrowed, and every strand of his hair seemed to scream reluctance. But undeniably, even with that attitude, Nathaniel was still handsome.

Just then, out of the corner of her eye, Paisley noticed a familiar figure at the edge of the photo. It was Dominick.

Paisley's expression froze for a moment before she quickly looked away. She thought they were high school classmates. It was normal for him to be in the picture.

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Diana had also noticed Dominick in the photo. His face was expressionless, as if talking to someone. Even at eighteen or nineteen, he already carried a natural air of authority.

It was a stark contrast to her son, Nathaniel, who was standing beside him, looking annoyed just because he had to take a picture.

Diana suddenly felt a pang of frustration. She had originally intended to talk up her son to Paisley, but it felt like she had ended up promoting Dominick instead.

Frustrated, Diana abruptly closed the album and flashed Paisley a bright smile. "Paisy, Nathaniel should be resting right now. How about we video call him?"

As she spoke, Diana seemed to be asking for Paisley's opinion, but in reality, her fingers had already dialed the call.

After a moment of ringing, Nathaniel finally picked up. His face filled the entire screen. He looked exhausted, with dark circles under his eyes and noticeable stubble around his mouth. Gone was the usual image of a carefree, amboyant nepo baby—the showy peacock.

"Mom, why are you calling me at this hour?" Even his voice sounded lazy and lifeless.

Seeing her son's disheveled appearance, Diana's face immediately darkened. "What's with this look?"

Nathaniel still had no idea why Diana was upset. He blinked innocently. "What do you mean? What else am I supposed to look like? This damn place is killing me! And Grandpa won't even let me come back... Mom, I—"

Just then, Diana's hand trembled slightly, and Paisley, who had been sitting beside her, accidentally appeared on screen.

Nathaniel, who had been complaining nonstop, immediately went silent. The entire screen seemed to freeze for a second, as if the call had lagged.