The billionaire and his son want me back novel

Chapter 279

When Paisley saw Max’s name on the screen, her heart tensed up.

The ringing sounded almost like a death knell.

"Paisley, aren’t you going to answer?" It wasn’t until Linna spoke that Paisley nally picked up the call.

However, before she could say anything, Max spoke rst, "Ms. Sutton, could you come to Brightmoor for a moment?"

His voice sounded urgent—this was the rst time Paisley had ever heard Max like this.

"Did something happen?" Paisley asked.

"Yes. It’s my adoptive father—he’s injured. I can’t call a doctor, so I have no choice but to ask for your help. Please, I’m begging you!" Max’s plea was humble, his dignity cast aside as he desperately sought Paisley’s help to treat his adoptive father.

But Paisley quickly caught onto something. "You can’t call a doctor?"

Paisley felt confused. Brightmoor wasn’t as elite a city as Harrowfell, but its medical resources were still abundant.

Max sighed, "It’s complicated. A lot of people are hoping for my adoptive father to have an accident right now, but he absolutely cannot afford to. If anyone nds out, it won’t just affect me and my adoptive father—the entire Godard family will be thrown into chaos."

Although his explanation was vague, Paisley got the general idea.

In prestigious families, things were either harmonious or lled with power struggles. Clearly, the Vanderbilt family was one of the harmonious ones, whereas the internal strife within the Godard family was likely even worse than that of the Beaumonts in Harrowfell.

After all, the current head had no biological children—only Max, his adoptive son.

That meant if Tyson had an accident, the position of the next family head would be up for grabs.

Max was capable, but without a legitimate claim, it would be easy for others in the Godard family to use that against him and take him down.

Seeing Paisley's hesitation, Max assumed she was reluctant. He reassured her. "I've already sent Leo and the others to Harrowfell to pick you up. As long as you agree to come, I'll protect you. I've also arranged for a group to look after Rena and Maria—they'll be completely safe.

"No matter what happens, even if you can't heal my adoptive father, I won't let you get involved in this mess. I promise, the Godard family won't trouble you."

Max laid out all the potential risks for Paisley. But even so, he couldn't be certain she would agree to help him. And even if she did, there was no guarantee she could actually save his adoptive father.

Regardless, Max thought he had to try. "Ms. Sutton... I—"

"Alright, I'll go." Before Max could continue persuading her, Paisley agreed right away.

In the past, she wouldn’t have agreed. Although she was a doctor, she didn’t have the kind of sincere compassion most doctors did.

If she happened to come across someone in need and her own safety wasn’t at risk, she would offer help for free. But the moment her own safety was involved, no matter how much money was offered, she most likely wouldn’t go.

This time, however, was different—this time, Paisley wanted to con rm something.

Max didn’t know any of this. He simply thought Paisley agreed out of consideration for him. "Thank you. I’m sorry, I already arranged for Leo and the others to head to Harrowfell to nd you before getting your permission."

"It’s ne, I’ll get there as soon as possible."

After hanging up, Paisley told Linna to hurry back home.

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When she arrived, Serena was playing with dolls alongside Maria.

Ever since Maria learned that Serena’s dolls were worth millions, she felt anxious every time she saw Serena casually toss them to the oor.

"Sweetheart, you can’t throw them like that. It hurts the dolls." Maria knew Serena had no concept of money yet, so she could only try to appeal to her sympathy.

Sure enough, after hearing Maria’s words, Serena immediately picked up the doll with a guilty expression. "Oh, oh, I’m sorry."

But the moment she saw Paisley come home, she completely forgot Maria's words, ung the doll aside, and ran toward her.

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Paisley quickly took a few steps forward and caught the little girl in her arms. "What did Mr. Walsh tell you? Didn't he say you're not allowed to run?"

Serena was still in recovery and needed to avoid running and jumping as much as possible.

"Mommy, I missed you! Kiss!" Serena knew she had made a mistake and quickly tried to charm Paisley.

Paisley could never stay mad at her. Her heart softened at the little girl's kisses, but she still kept a stern face and warned, "If you run again, Mommy will punish you."

Paisley had plenty of ways to punish her child. The one Serena feared most was drinking bitter water—it made her shudder every time.

In reality, the "bitter water" was a mix of bitter melon juice and herbal tea that Paisley had specially prepared. It tasted awful but was great for the body.

Just the thought of her mom's punishment made Serena behave immediately. She nodded repeatedly. "I won't run anymore. Never again."

"Good girl." Paisley carried her to the couch. "Once you're fully recovered, Mommy will take you out to play. Then you can run all you want."

"Okay!" Serena's eyes instantly lit up.

After calming Serena down, Paisley turned to Maria and got straight to the point. "Maria, I need to go to Brightmoor today."

"Back to Brightmoor?" Maria thought they were nally moving back and was thrilled.

"No, just me. You and Rena will stay here. I'll have Linna stay behind to take care of you. Try not to leave the villa for the next few days. Even if you have to go out, stay close to Linna at all times. Trust no one except him."

As Paisley continued speaking, Maria's expression grew more serious. "Paisy, you're not lying to me, are you? Did something happen?"

"It's nothing." Paisley patted Maria's hand reassuringly. "I'm just being cautious."

"Then why are you going to Brightmoor? And being all secretive about it?" Brightmoor was essentially Paisley's turf—there was no need to be so mysterious.

"I can't say yet. I'll tell you when I get back." Before everything was settled, Paisley decided not to tell anyone.