

## The billionaire and his son want me back novel

### Chapter 282

Paisley nodded slightly. She could tell that the car behind them was merely trailing them and didn't seem hostile.

It was as if they didn't care about being noticed and were just following them symbolically.

"Who are they?" Paisley asked.

Leo thought for a moment and decided not to hide it. "Most likely, someone from the Godard family arranged for them to be here. Their goal is probably to see who Max sent me to pick up. If it's a doctor, they'll likely try to stop us."

The reason they hadn't taken any action yet was that they assumed Paisley wasn't a doctor but someone close to Max. That was why they showed no concern.

At that moment, Paisley began to understand why Max had gone so far as to bring her across cities to treat Tyson.

If they had needed a doctor, Brightmoor had plenty. They could have also taken Tyson straight to a hospital. But neither Max nor Tyson had chosen that option, proving they had a compelling reason for their decision.

Now, Paisley couldn't help but doubt Max. She thought, "What exactly is Tyson's condition? Has he refused hospital treatment on his own, or has Max deliberately kept him away to secure his position within the Godard family?"

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Bringing her here might have just been a way to buy time and offer an explanation to the Godard family. If the Godard family pressed the issue, Max could simply use her as a scapegoat. There were too many unknowns for Paisley to dwell on.

The most crucial question remained: Tyson's true condition.

Regardless, she had to come to Brightmoor. She needed to see Tyson and find the answers herself.

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In an old mansion in Brightmoor, Tyson lay in bed, his face deathly pale. In just a short time, his eye sockets had sunken in. His eyes were cloudy, lifeless.

He struggled to breathe, as if no matter how hard he tried, he couldn't get enough air.

Max sat beside him, his brows slightly furrowed, the usual steadiness in his eyes completely gone.

Nearby, Tyson's right-hand man, Ocean Lynn, was pacing anxiously by the bedside like a cat on a hot tin roof.

Ocean was Leo's uncle. The two of them had always served by Tyson and Max's side.

"Didn't Leo go out to find a doctor? Why isn't he back yet? If he doesn't come back soon—" Ocean glanced at Tyson and swallowed the rest of his sentence.

His eyes were red with worry, but there was nothing he could do.

"Ocean, stop pacing. You're making me dizzy," Tyson said weakly. After saying that, he took a deep breath before continuing, "Sit down and chat with me."

Ocean was too anxious to sit still. Even when he finally did, he couldn't hide his restlessness. "Come on, now's not the time for chatting. You need to rest—that's the most important thing right now."

Tyson shook his head. "Just talk to me. If we don't talk now, I might not get another chance."

His gaze dimmed as he looked at Max, his eyes full of guilt. "Max, I don't think I'll make it until that doctor of yours arrives."

Max felt a bitter ache in his heart, but he kept a smile on his face. He tucked Tyson's blanket in gently. "Dad, don't say that. Just hang on a little longer. The doctor is almost here."

Tears welled up in Tyson's eyes. If he had a choice, he wouldn't want to leave like this. He hadn't even reunited with his daughter yet.