The billionaire and his son want me back novel
Chapter 61

Paisleys little brown horse was small and slow, so they assumed it wasnt a good horse.

But that was exactly why she chose it because it was small and gentle.

an excellent horse.

Chapter 61 Everyone present had thought.

After all , in the beginning , she just wanted to Serena for a leisurely ride .

aws they were its

gure in the

There was no need to pick a top tier horse : However , that didnt mean the little brown horse was inferior .

On the contrary , its small stature and calm demeanor werent

Strengths.

The true measure of a horses quality wasnt in its appearance but in a balanced evaluation of its overall traits .

Sure , this tile brown horse didnt look as striking as Marissas tall and stunning one .

But because it was smaller , it had better balance .

Its legs were compact and muscular , built for stability .

Paisley had already noticed the horses hidden potential during her rst trial ride.

Despite its calm demeanor , the horse had incredible bursts of power .

Such impressive strength , combined with its gentle temperament , made it undeniably

Paisley had only challenged Marissa after thoroughly understanding the capabilities of

the little brown horse and relying on her own skills to back her up .

After all, Paisley was never one to ght a battle she wasnt prepared for Now, that once mocked little brown horse was charging forward like an unstoppable force, Its determined whinnies seemed to echo as a rebuttal to everyone who had laughed at it On the horses back sat Paisley, reins in hand, exuding quiet con dence.

She wasnt dressed in anything fancy just a simple T shirt that clung to her

Her loosely tied ponytail whipped in the wind , making the audience stunned .

His eyes re ected a mix of shock and admiration that he couldnt suppress .

moment, no one else existed in his gaze only Paisley.

From start to nish, it was always Paisley.

could ride a horse, let alone this well.

Julian was equally stunned.

ringing out loud and clear.

disappeared altogether.

ahead of Marissa.

Grayson mused.

Paisley wasnt lying after all .

Shes truly impressive.

Marissa thought anxiously.

If this keeps up , Im de

ahead .

No.

Grayson.

wind , outlining her e ortlessly sensual curves , Her sharp , focused eyes stayed locked on the path ahead .

Occasionally , a stray gaze .

ay strand of her hair brushed her face , softening the edge of her erce When Dominick realized that Paisley could actually ride , the tension in his furrowed brow eased instantly .

with every brat.

At that very moment .

The rhythmic pounding of hoodbeats seemed to echo in his chest, striking his heart

Did she learn after we split up , or ... has she always frown , and I just never noticed ? Behind him .

He couldnt reconcile this Paisley with the housewife he once knew .

Meanwhile, the once noisy crowd began to quiet down.

After his initial shock, Dominick was left in a daze as he pondered, I didnt know Paisley

Some even felt an inexplicable twinge of embarrassment creeping over them At that

moment, no one dared to glance back at Marissa, who was falling further behind.

Even Grayson, who had been loudly cheering Marissa on, grew quieter until his voice

He stood there with his mouth slightly open , his eyes wide with disbelief He blinked

They couldnt help but feel secondlund embarrassment for her .

For a moment , the only sound was Serenas proud cheers for her mom , her voice

once , then again , as if trying to convince himself it wasnt an illusion .

But every time he looked , it was the same Paisley and her little brown horse pulling far

Even more impressive than Marissa , at that Marissa was panicking on the racetrack .

She had watched with her own eyes as Paisley overtook her , pulling further and further

I cant lose .

I wont lose .

Marissa couldnt a ord to lose to Paisley, especially not in front of Dominick and

nitely going to lose.

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As the nish line loomed closer, her mind became increasingly chaotic, Suddenly, an

she just couldnt catch up .

idea struck Marissa.

Marissas chest tightened, but no matter what she tried.