

The billionaire and his son want me back novel

Chapter 85

Chapter 85 Serena wasn't too happy about Paisley's late return, making her displeasure crystal clear.

It took Paisley ages to calm her down, including an impromptu performance as the evil witch before Serena finally agreed to go to sleep.

Maria, exhausted from the long day, crashed soon after Serena did.

Finally having a moment to herself.

Paisley started going through Lucy's work messages.

She'd just gotten out of the shower and was ready to call it a night when the doorbell rang. Paisley glanced at the time past ten thirty at night.

Who in their right mind would be dropping by at this hour? She thought, making her way to the door.

Paisley checked the video display.

To her surprise, it was Dominick standing there.

Seriously? What's this jerk doing here at this hour? She muttered under her breath, not bothering to answer the door.

Dominick seemed dead certain she was watching through the door, so he planted his face right in front of the video doorbell.

Paisley, let me in. Paisley stared at the stupidly handsome face filling up her screen and let out a resigned sigh.

She had no clue what his deal was, but Serena and had just crashed for the night, and she didn't want to wake them.

Reluctantly, she buzzed Dominick in.

The moment Paisley opened the door, his tall frame practically collapsed on her.

Are you drunk? She caught him instinctively.

Dominick leaned heavily against her, his usually sharp, intense eyes now completely unfocused.

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He just stared at her with this lost expression.

Paisley, don't teach him equestrian. It took Paisley a moment to realize Dominick was talking about Nathaniel.

She hadn't planned on taking Nathaniel as her student, but hearing it from Dominick just made her want to argue.

That's my business, not yours.

You should head home.

You're drunk. Paisley added, trying to usher him out.

No, I'm not..

Dominick brushed off her attempt to guide him away, making his way to the couch and sinking into it.

Paisley, I feel awful.

His voice dropped to barely above a whisper, probably remembering the kid and nanny were asleep.

Dominick leaned back against cushions, his breathing heavy. Lit. Suring he was genuinely unwell, Paisley dug through her bag for a hangover pill.

She dropped it in some water and handed him the glass.

Here, drink this.

It'll help you feel better.

Dominick obediently took the glass and sipped the water, his movements slow and deliberate.

The veins in his neck stood out slightly, his Adam's apple bobbing with each swallow beneath the warm glow of the living room lights.

He looked beautifully wrecked, all sharp edges and vulnerability.

Dominick drained the glass quickly, then ran his tongue across his bottom lip like he was chasing the taste.

This favor... I remember it. Of course he did. Paisley had developed the se hangover pills specifically for him back then. It felt like forever ago when Dominick had just taken over the company and was drowning in a sea of business meetings and networking events.

Every time Dominick stumbled home from those business dinners, she'd have a glass of water ready with the medicine dissolved in it.

These days.

Paisley never left town without packing an assortment of pills in her bag just in case. Leave now, Paisley said coldly, dismissing him for the second. Dominick stayed put on the couch, suddenly giving her that puppy dog look, his eyes getting slightly red at the corners.

The air of vulnerability around him was even stronger than before.

Player, Pandey thought, and once the idea popped into her head, she couldn't shake it out.

Why do you keep pushing me away, Paisley? Dominick's eyes were intense, glistening with what looked suspiciously like tears. Paisley froze, completely thrown off guard.

Is this man actually pulling the puppy dog eyes on me? Seriously! She thought.