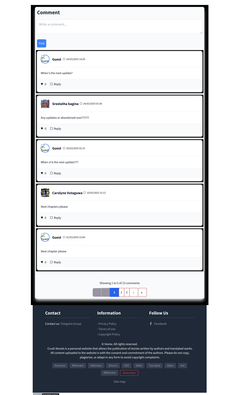

The billionaire and his son want me back novel

Chapter 284

Max’s embrace came without warning, and Paisley’s body tensed up instinctively.

It had been a long time since she had been this close to a man, and she wasn’t used to it at all, especially when it was someone like Max.

Feeling her stiffness, Max subtly scanned their surroundings. His lips, however, pressed lightly against her ear as he whispered, "I’m sorry. This is just for show. Please bear with it for a moment."

Paisley knew he was putting on an act for the lookouts watching them. Otherwise, she would have slapped him the moment he touched her.

"Alright, I understand," she responded softly, unaware that as she spoke, her lips brushed against the edge of Max’s ear.

The lookouts outside couldn’t hear what they were saying. To them, it simply looked like a couple whispering sweet nothings.

Over the years, countless people had tried to break apart Max and Tyson’s hold over the Godard family from within. But this father and son pair were both notoriously disciplined. Not a single woman had ever successfully gotten close to them.

They gossiped, "Who would’ve thought? Max usually acts puritanical, but now he’s all lovey-dovey with a woman."

"I thought Max and Tyson had some deep bond, but it looks like that’s not the case. Tyson’s on his deathbed, and Max is still lingering at the door with his girlfriend."

"Adoptive father and son? Please, it's just a relationship of mutual exploitation."

Max had always been Tyson's pawn, used to balance out the other members of the Godard family. And Max, in turn, had hoped to use Tyson to climb the ranks.

In this world, even biological fathers and sons could turn against each other for personal gain—let alone an adoptive father and son with no blood ties.

Seeing Max and his girlfriend embracing, those who were watching became even more convinced that Tyson's days were numbered.

At first, they had thought Max brought his girlfriend to see Tyson one last time. But now, it seemed more like he knew Tyson was no longer of use and had simply brought her along so they could leave together.

After all, once Tyson's death was confirmed, Max, as his adopted son, would have no place in the Godard family. He might even be in danger. Anyone in his position would use this time to prepare for an escape.

*****

Meanwhile, elsewhere in Brightmoor, the second son of the Godard family, Edmond Godard, had just received the news. His ambition swelled within his chest. Still, his demeanor remained elegant.

He slowly raised his wine glass, standing by the window as he offered a toast to the distance. His voice was warm and smooth. "Have a safe journey."

With that, he downed the drink in one gulp.

The liquor was crisp and fragrant, sending a wave of warmth from his throat to his stomach before spreading through his entire body.

"Perfect," he remarked, picking up the bottle from the side table and glancing at the label. "No wonder my brother liked this premium craft wine. The taste really is exceptional."

Behind him, his subordinate chimed in with flattery. "I heard the Cloud Crest Winery that makes it is right here in Brightmoor. If you like it, Mr. Godard, I'll contact them immediately and have this year's entire stock delivered to you."

Edmond turned to look at his subordinate with a smile. "You just don't get it. Premium craft wine is only produced once a year, and the quantity is extremely limited. Besides—"

His tone shifted, and a cold glint flashed in his eyes. "How could a new batch ever compare to my brother's collection, aged for years?"

His subordinate immediately caught on and grinned obsequiously, thinking that before long, the entire Godard family would belong to Edmond.

Edmond poured himself another glass and turned to his subordinate. "Are the doctors in place?"

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The man nodded repeatedly. "Rest assured, Mr. Godard. They're all renowned physicians from Montera."

"Good," Edmond beamed and downed his drink in satisfaction. "That's enough for today. Tomorrow morning, we'll go visit my dear brother and, while we're at it, expose Max for the fraud he is."

He let out a cold chuckle. "That outsider, who isn't even related to the Godard family by blood—why should he be above me? He's had his time. Now, it's time for him to pay the price."

Back at the mansion, after their brief embrace, Paisley followed Max inside.

This was a classic early 20th-century manor. Though renovated, its structure remained sturdy. The interior still retained its old-world charm—simple and understated, yet undeniably luxurious.

A vintage house like this was not cheap in Brightmoor, and not just anyone could own one. Even Paisley, who was practically a local powerhouse in Brightmoor, had never owned such a house.

First, she wasn't particularly interested in vintage houses—she found maintenance and renovations too much of a hassle. Second, these houses were usually located in old districts or bustling areas, where tourists often showed up and treated them as sightseeing spots. She thought it was too noisy.

A vintage house in such a quiet environment, like the one owned by the Godard family, was rare. Naturally, that made it even more expensive.

The house had three floors, with an attic at the top. Paisley followed Max, stepping onto the redwood staircase as they made their way up to the third floor.

At this moment, Max no longer looked as relaxed as before. His brows were tightly furrowed, his eyes were slightly red, and his breathing had grown heavy. "Ms. Sutton, my foster father’s condition is bad. He’s already..."

Max’s voice choked, as if a knife was slicing through his throat. "His days may be numbered."

Max just didn’t want to put it that way—it felt like saying it out loud would be a death sentence for Tyson Tyson.

Hearing this, Paisley felt a wave of dizziness. She lost her footing and almost fell down the stairs.

"Careful." Luckily, Leo had been following behind them. Seeing Paisley stumble, he quickly reached out to steady her.

Max thought she was feeling pressured by what he had just said. His heart sank, but he could only offer some reassurance. "Don’t stress about it. Just do your best."

As they spoke, they reached the third floor.

Paisley followed Max into the central room. As soon as she stepped in, she saw Tyson lying in bed—his complexion was ashen, his eyes had rolled back, his breathing was labored, and he was coughing up blood.

Even though she had prepared herself before entering, seeing Tyson’s condition in person still made her heart clench involuntarily.

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