The billionaire and his son want me back novel

Chapter 8

Chapter 8 y the time Paisley arrived home , the house was quiet , steeped in the serenity of the late evening .

By Serena was already fast asleep , curled up in her little bed with her favorite plush toy tucked snugly under her arm .

Her tiny lips were slightly parted , her breathing soft and even , the picture of pure innocence .

Paisley leaned against the door frame , her heart swelling with a ection at the sight .

For a moment , she fought the overwhelming urge to kiss her daughter on the cheeks .

But she restrained herself , not wanting to disturb Serenas peaceful slumber .

In the dining room , the warm , inviting aroma of freshly prepared food wafted from the kitchen .

Maria was there , bustling about as she laid out a light late night snack .

I guried you wouldnt e knowing smile .

want anything heavy after a night out , so I made something easy on the stomach , Maria said , beckoning Paisley over with a Grateful .

Paisley sat down as Maria placed a steaming bowl of oatmeal in front of her .

Although she hadnt drunk much during dinner , her stomach still felt unsettled , and the soothing warmth of the oatmeal was a welcome relict .

How was Renas day at preschool ? Paisley asked , her tone casual , though her mind lingered on her earlier promise to be the nd parent to pick Serena up after school a promise she hadnt been able to keep thanks to Carys unexpected dinner invitation .

Maria hesitated , her brow creasing slightly as she recalled the scarre at pick up time with a heavy heart .

When I got there , she didnt look too happy .

Her eyes were a little red , like shed been crying .

I asked her what was wrong , but she didnt say anything Crying ? Paisleys chest tightened , a pang of guilt and worry uring her simultaneously .

Did you ask the teacher about it ? Maria nodded , her voice gentle but tinged with sympathy .

I did .

The teacher said Rena was probably just homesick .

Once she gets more comfortable with the other kids , it should get better .

Paisley let out a soft sigh , running her ngers absently along the edge of the table .

Anything else ? should know ? she asked , though a nagging guilt pricked at her .

Ive been far from the perfect mom lately , she thought Maria tilted her head , replaying the teachers words in her mind .

Oh , right .

Today , Rena met a boy , a little older than her .

But he didnt want to play with her .

Her tone sharpened as she wiped the already spotless table with unnecessary force .

Didnt want to play with Rena ? If anything .

Rena wouldnt want to play with him Rena is our little princess .

Whats that boy got thats so special , huh ? Paisley chuckled so ly , eaving Maria indignation was pure bias .

Still , she didnt stop her from venting .

After all , there was no one else around to judge It was right oclock in the morning , and the golden sunlight filtered through the leaves , casting playful dappled shadows on the pavement .

A gentle breeze carried the faint scent of blooming owers , filing the air with the promise of a beautiful day .

Marissa had just pulled her car into the kindergartens parking lot when her niece Stellas curious voice a Whats wrong , sweetheart ? Marissa asked , glancing at her through the rearview mirror .

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piped up from the backseat .

Typically , the routine was seamless the Vanderbilt family's chau eur would nt pick up Grayson from their estate , and then swing by Prescott Villa to collect Stella .

The two children would arrive together , a tiny duo of morning camaraderie .

But today , Grayson had overslept and the chau eur couldnt pick up Stella .

Stella pointed toward the entrance , her small nger hovering in the air .

Its that lady again .

Hmmm ? What about her ? asked Marissa , following Stellas gaze .

There was something oddly familiar about the relaxed but her aura commanding .

gure near the gates , her posture Stella crossed her arms , a pout forming on her lips .

Yesterday , Sonny saw that lady with her little girl and got all upset thinking about his mom Marissa raised an eyebrow .

Kids could be so unpredictable , she thought , just like Stella , who now seemed to dislike someone she hadnt even met face to face .

At that moment , a gust of wind swept through ru ing the womans hair .

She turned slightly , tucking the windswept strands back into place with graceful motion .

1/2 Chapter 8 And in that eeting instant , Marissa caught sight of her face .

Paisley ? she exclaimed , her voice tinged with disbelief .

Stella tilted her head and pointed at Paisley , puzzled by her aunts reaction .

Aunt Marissa , what did you say ? Do you know that lady ? That lady in perky .

Prettier than Aunt Marissa , she thought to herself with the brutal honesty of a child .

Her mind spun with curiosity as she glanced at Paisley It was then that Stella noticed the little girl in Paisleys arms .

The child clung to Paisley and Paisley seemed reluctant to let go of her .

Recognition ashed in Stellas wide eyes .

Its her , Stella blurted out , her tone a mix of surprise and something resembling disapproval .