Swapping a Broken Heart for a New Start

Chapter 11

Camila Davis could barely think straight. All that mattered was her little girl.

“Lillian, sweetheart, are you hurt?” She anxiously scanned her daughter from head to toe, heart thumping wildly.

Lillian just stood there, dazed, her tiny voice trembling as she finally managed to whisper, “Da...ddy...”

Camila’s chest tightened. She thought Lillian was scared and wanted Jordan Smith. That hurt more than she cared to admit.

Jordan had never cared much about their daughter. Maybe because Lillian was autistic, and the whole Smith family seemed embarrassed by her. The only one who’d ever truly loved Lillian was Jordan’s late grandmother.

But even now, when she was scared, Lillian wanted her dad...

If she could, Camila would never have called Jordan. But Lillian was still shaken, and Camila just couldn’t bring herself to let her down. So, with a sigh, she pulled out her phone and dialed his number.

He picked up almost immediately, his voice cool and impatient. “Changed your mind?”

Camila ignored the jab, keeping her tone steady. “Lillian and I ran into some trouble. She’s really upset and wants you. Can you come pick her up?”

On the other end, Jordan’s tone turned cold. “Camila, I’m busy. I don’t have time for these games. Don’t think using Lillian as an excuse is going to change my mind. You need to come to the office tomorrow to hand over your work. If you don’t come home tonight, that’s your decision. Don’t expect any sympathy.”

And just like that, he hung up.

Camila stared at her phone, hand suddenly freezing cold. He hadn’t even asked what had happened. He just assumed she was playing some trick, using their daughter as leverage.

Swallowing the bitter lump in her throat, Camila hugged Lillian close. “It’s okay, baby. You’ve got Mommy here. That’s all we need, alright? Mommy’s got you.”

With her soothing words, Lillian slowly calmed down, snuggling into her mother’s arms.

Later that evening, Camila decided not to linger. She bundled Lillian up and took her home.

The next morning, Camila kept her promise and went to the Smith Group headquarters to finalize her exit.

When she arrived at the research department, the first thing she saw was Sandra Taylor sitting at her desk. Sandra looked sharp and sophisticated in a crisp white blazer, like she'd just stepped out of a magazine—composed, elegant, perfect.

Camila clenched her fingers. She'd only gotten into this field for Jordan, pouring her heart and soul into work she'd never even wanted. She never expected gratitude, but she also never thought it would end with her being shown the door. And now, she was expected to hand over all her hard-earned work.

She forced herself to breathe. Whatever. Nothing tied to Jordan Smith was worth holding onto anymore.

With that, Camila straightened her shoulders and strode into the office.

Sandra looked up at the sound of her footsteps. Her face, usually so poised and gentle, now twisted into something colder, with a hint of smugness in her voice. "You're late. Didn't know time management was a problem for you, Ms. Davis."

Camila blinked, caught off guard by her attitude. They'd barely spoken before, but she'd seen Sandra around—always so gracious and polite. Guess she had two faces after all.

No wonder her bratty kid was so insufferable—clearly ran in the family.

Camila recovered quickly, her own voice cool and measured. "Office hours start at nine. It's eight fifty-eight. If you're in such a rush, you didn't have to wait."

Sandra let out a mocking little laugh, her smile tinged with disdain. "Jordan told me I'd be taking over this lab today. Did you really think a snappy comeback would make me leave?"