Swapping a Broken Heart for a New Start

Chapter 14

This means that, going forward, we should try to guide things more in this direction, and even use it as part of her treatment.

Just as Camila was starting to feel a little better, Jordan Smith walked back into the house.

Jordan carried with him that ever-present, icy authority. He barely glanced at the housekeeper before ordering, “Take Lillian downstairs for a bit.”

Then, his steely gaze landed on Camila. “You—come with me to the study,” he said, making it clear there was no room for argument.

Camila blinked in surprise.

The way he was acting... Was he here to pick a fight with her?

What on earth had she supposedly done wrong this time?

Confused, but not wanting to make a scene in front of their daughter, Camila handed Lillian over to the housekeeper and followed Jordan down the hallway.

Once they were alone in the study, she cut straight to the chase. “What is this about?”

With Lillian out of earshot, Jordan didn’t bother hiding his frustration.

He snapped, voice cold, “You really have the nerve to ask me that? Camila, do you think this is funny? Deliberately making things difficult for Sandra, refusing to properly hand over your responsibilities! Are you trying to sabotage the partnership between our families? Do you have any idea how important this project is to both companies?”

Camila stared at him, stunned by the accusation.

When had she ever tried to make things hard for Sandra Taylor?

She replied, her tone icy, “I did everything I was supposed to. I followed protocol, handed everything over. It was Sandra who insisted she could handle things and told me to leave.”

“Enough!” Jordan barked.

“We’re not doing this. Stop slandering Sandra. She’s not that kind of person, and you know it!”

His eyes flashed with anger, not a shred of trust in them.

He had already made up his mind—she was the villain here.

The words hit Camila harder than she’d expected, draining the color from her face.

So, Sandra is the innocent one, and I’m the one who’s clueless? she thought bitterly.

All these years, she’d given her all to the company, never once treating it as a joke.

But Jordan? He never even bothered to ask her side—just jumped to conclusions and lashed out.

Apparently, years of marriage meant less to him than a few words from someone else.

Camila Davis... what a joke you’ve become.

She felt too tired to even argue anymore.

What was the point? He wouldn’t believe her anyway.

A wave of exhaustion swept over her.

It’s time to get those divorce papers ready, she reminded herself. Don’t forget.

Jordan, seeing her fall silent, assumed she was guilty and at a loss for words. His expression grew even colder.

He issued another command, his voice low and firm: “Camila, this collaboration between Smith Enterprises and Taylor Incorporated is crucial to both families. You’d better not create any more trouble for Sandra. Just hand over your position and step aside.”

He didn’t even give her a chance to respond—just kept going. “Now, come with me to the office and do the handover again. After that, you’ll stay home, take care of Lillian, and stop getting involved in any business matters.”

There was no room for negotiation; he’d already decided.

Camila didn’t want to go.

She pictured Sandra Taylor’s smug, superior face—the way she strutted around in front of others, always stirring up drama behind their backs.

Was she supposed to crawl back and beg Sandra for forgiveness? Was she really that pathetic?

Camila pushed back, “I’ve already finished my work. If there’s a problem, it’s because of Sandra, not me.”

With that, she turned to leave, wanting nothing more than to have lunch with Lillian—maybe grilled cheese sandwiches or mac and cheese, something comforting.

But Jordan was quicker. He strode forward, grabbed her wrist in a vise-like grip. “Camila, this isn’t up for debate!”

Ignoring her protests, he practically dragged her out of the house.

Lillian, hearing the commotion, peeked around the corner, still waiting for her mom to join her for lunch.

Camila felt her heart clench. She stopped struggling so hard, not wanting to scare her sweet little girl.

Jordan, meanwhile, didn’t even look at Lillian—didn’t pause for a second, totally focused on his own agenda.