Swapping a Broken Heart for a New Start

Chapter 15

Half an hour later, Camila Davis was led back into the office.

When Jordan Smith finally let go of her arm, there was an angry red mark around her wrist. It stung, but not nearly as much as the ache in her chest.

No matter how hard she tried to pull away on the way over, his grip didn't loosen at all. Now that they were back, he seemed even colder—like some emotionless machine, all business as he said, "This time, I'll supervise you personally to make sure the handover gets finished. No exceptions."

Camila felt a wave of ice settle over her. Her hands and feet had gone numb.

She knew exactly what this was about. Jordan was terrified that his darling first love would be "mistreated" by her.

Right on cue, Sandra Taylor breezed into the room. She hurried over to Jordan's side, her tone full of fake concern. "Jordan, aren't you being a bit harsh with Camila? Maybe try a gentler touch— I'm sure she didn't mean to leave anything out."

Jordan didn't soften one bit. His brow was drawn tight as he replied, "This is the only way she'll take it seriously and do the handover properly. You don't have to defend her. If she had half your sense, I wouldn't have to waste my time coming down here myself."

Camila's hands trembled with anger as she listened to the two of them.

Just when she thought he couldn't surprise her anymore, he found new ways to disappoint her.

Sandra put on her best "I feel so bad" act, tugging at Jordan's sleeve. "Don't talk about Camila like that!" she chided, then turned to Camila, her voice all sugar. "Camila, don't take it personally. You know how Jordan is—he's always a perfectionist when it comes to work. Just finish up properly, and he won't hold it against you!"

The whole thing made Camila want to gag. Sandra looked so innocent, but there was a flash of smug satisfaction in her eyes—a look she was sure Jordan would never notice.

And of course, Jordan fell for it every time.

Camila was stuck, unable to defend herself. She could explain until she was blue in the face—it wouldn't matter. He was never going to believe her.

She just wanted to be out of there.

Determined to get it over with, she buried her feelings and powered through the handover, ticking every box, double-checking every file. She barely looked up, just wanting to be done.

When it was over, she kept her voice flat and distant. “Are we finished now, Mr. Smith?”

Jordan didn’t even flinch at the formal address. After all, in the office, they were just boss and employee.

He replied coolly, “As long as you’ve left nothing out, you’re free to go.”

Camila didn’t waste another word. She turned on her heel and walked away.

Passing through the workspace, her heart twisted painfully. She’d poured so much sweat and effort into this place, and now, not only was she being tossed aside like yesterday’s coffee grounds—she was paving the way for someone else.

She could barely breathe, so she hurried her steps, desperate to leave.

As she waited for the elevator, the team she’d worked with, side by side, came rushing after her.

Their faces were full of reluctance and regret.

“Ms. Davis, you’re really leaving?”

“Please, can’t you stay? We’ll miss you so much.”

“That new Ms. Taylor... she seems a little, I don’t know, arrogant. I kind of don’t like her.”

“Keep your voice down,” someone muttered. “She’s Ms. Taylor, the CEO’s childhood friend. And it looks like they’re... close. Even Lucas came by this morning to check on her...”