Swapping a Broken Heart for a New Start

Chapter 20

Camila Davis hadn't planned on bringing up everything that had gone wrong lately.

But tonight, in the state she was in, she knew Sarah would be seriously worried.

If she didn't spill, Sarah would just keep poking and prodding until she got to the bottom of it anyway.

So Camila tried to keep it short and simple, just giving Sarah the broad strokes.

She didn't go into too much detail, but Sarah Brown was no fool—she put two and two together pretty quick.

Sarah could practically picture it all: what had happened, and what Camila must have gone through.

She shot up from her seat, slamming her hand down on the kitchen table. "Jordan Smith did what?! Are you kidding me? Does he seriously not remember who took care of him when he couldn't even walk? If it wasn't for you, he'd still be laid up like a sack of potatoes! And now he's just out in the open, treating you like crap, flirting around with his ex while you're still married? Unbelievable! I used to think he was just reserved—turns out he's just a jerk. God, I wish I'd never given him the benefit of the doubt. He makes me sick!"

After she'd finished her rant, Sarah plopped back down beside Camila and wrapped her arms around her, her heart breaking. "Camila, have you been holding all this in? Why didn't you tell me sooner?"

She knew she couldn't magically fix everything, but she could at least be there, offer a shoulder to cry on, or a place to crash if Camila needed it.

Camila felt the warmth and care from her best friend, and some of the ice around her heart started to melt.

She shook her head and said quietly, "It's really nothing worth talking about... Anyway, I've just quit from the R&D department at The Smith Group. Maybe it's for the best. I can finally focus on something I actually care about."

She looked at Sarah, her voice rough with emotion. "Sarah, I... I think I'm going to divorce Jordan. You were right all along—it's never worth giving up your own dreams for a guy. I get that now. I really messed up."

Sarah's heart ached hearing her say it.

She pulled Camila even closer and said, "Camila, you didn't mess up—Jordan did. He's the one who screwed up, not you. But listen, whatever you decide—divorce, new career, anything—I'm with you. You're a damn good doctor. Even if you've been out of practice for a while, you'll still knock it out of the park when you go back. I believe in you, always."

Camila nodded, feeling a little better.

While they talked, she finished her mug of hot ginger tea. The warmth seeped through her, and she started to feel more human again.

Sarah took the empty mug, set it aside, and asked gently, "Feeling any better? Still cold? Anything hurting?"

Camila shook her head. "I'm okay now. Thank you."

"Don't thank me. That's what friends are for."

Sarah let out a breath of relief, then said, "Why don't you just stay here tonight? Don't think about anything else, just get some sleep, and deal with the rest tomorrow."

Camila smiled at the offer, but shook her head. "I appreciate it, but I can't. Lillian's home alone, and with the storm outside... She's terrified of thunder. If I'm not there, she probably won't sleep at all."

Sarah glanced out the window.

The rain was pouring, thunder rattling the panes. She knew Lillian's situation—no way would she leave her alone on a night like this.

"Okay," Sarah said, not pushing any further. "But I'm driving you home. I'm not letting you go alone in this weather."

"Alright," Camila agreed this time.

Half an hour later, Sarah dropped her off at her front door, giving her a tight hug. "Camila, promise me this—if anything happens, you call me, okay? Don't try to handle everything by yourself. I'm here, always. Worst case, we'll raise Lillian together, like Thelma and Louise, alright?"

Camila managed a small, grateful smile. "Alright. Thank you, Sarah."

Let me know if you need it expanded or adjusted further!