Swapping a Broken Heart for a New Start

Chapter 4

The worst part was that Lillian's Lego castle—the one she'd spent days building, all by herself—had completely collapsed. Thousands of tiny pieces were scattered across the playroom floor, a bright, chaotic mess.

Camila Davis remembered how happy Lillian had been about that castle. She'd talked about it for days, beaming with pride every time she looked at it.-

Now...

Camila's anger flared as she stormed into the room, locking eyes with Daniel. Her voice was sharp and cold. "Who told you to come in here? This isn't your home! Didn't anyone ever teach you to have some manners when you're at someone else's place?"

Daniel just shrugged, not looking the least bit sorry. He even stuck out his tongue, making a silly face. "Dad Jordan said I could! You're not the boss of me! Anyway, this place is gonna be mine soon, so there!"

Camila was stunned. She'd never met a kid so utterly lacking in respect. And the way he kept calling Jordan "Dad Jordan," as if they were family already, and even claiming the house would be his someday...

Did Jordan Smith really think that too?

Camila felt a hot wave of anger and disbelief. But whether Jordan agreed or not, she was still the lady of this house—and she wasn't about to let some brat run wild.

"Out. You're not welcome here!" she snapped, marching over and grabbing Daniel by the wrist to lead him out.

He kicked and squirmed immediately, whining, "Let go! I don't want to leave! You can't make me!"

Then he started to yell at the top of his lungs, "Uncle Jordan!"

Jordan Smith, hearing the commotion from his study, came out to see what was going on. He found Camila and Daniel struggling in the hallway.

"What on earth is happening here?" Jordan demanded, frowning.

Before Camila could even open her mouth, Daniel ran over to him, eyes brimming with fake tears. "Uncle Jordan, Camila won't let me play in there. She's kicking me out!"

Jordan's face went cold, his blue eyes narrowing. "Camila Davis, really? You're an adult—picking on a three-year-old? Isn't that a little much?"

Camila gritted her teeth, trying to keep her temper in check. "Maybe you should take a look at what he just did to Lillian's things."

Jordan sighed and went to see for himself. The playroom was a disaster zone—nothing like the tidy space it usually was.

He turned to Daniel, his voice stern. "Daniel, that's not okay."

Daniel instantly switched to his innocent act. "I didn't mean to, Uncle. It was an accident. But I can fix it! Please don't be mad or make me leave, okay?" His voice was all soft and pitiful, completely different from how he'd been with Camila.

Jordan's attitude softened immediately. He gave Camila a dismissive look. "Boys will be boys, Camila. He said he was sorry. There's no need to get so worked up over something so small."

He ruffled Daniel's hair. "You don't need to clean up, buddy. I'll have the housekeeper take care of it."

Watching Jordan brush everything off so easily, Camila felt something heavy and painful settle in her chest. She was so disappointed in him she could barely stand it.

Without another word, Camila closed her eyes briefly, then went to her room to check on Lillian. She figured it was better not to see the mess—or Daniel—a second longer.

By the time she came out again, Jordan had already sent Daniel home.