Swapping a Broken Heart for a New Start

Chapter 5

That night, Jordan Smith never came home.

Camila Davis sat up with little Lillian all night, her heart sinking lower with each passing hour.

It was as if that man had already forgotten he even had a daughter—let alone one who was sick.

Lillian had barely slept the night before, tossing and turning. By the time morning came, she looked completely drained, listless and pale.

Worried Lillian's autism might be getting worse, Camila didn't waste a second—she called the psychologist right away.

This psychologist was someone Jordan had pulled a lot of strings (and money) to hire. Dr. Nora Lewis, a PhD from Oxford, came highly recommended by all the top clinics in the city.

They'd agreed to meet at 8:00.

But Nora didn't bother showing up till almost 9:00, breezing in like she owned the place, her heels clicking on the hardwood floors. She barely glanced at Camila before snapping, "Didn't I tell you to avoid giving the child any strong emotional shocks? Every time Lillian has a meltdown, it's because you're not taking proper care of her. As her mother, you need to take some responsibility!"

Camila blinked in surprise, still not used to the doctor's arrogance, though it was far from the first time. But for Lillian's sake, she bit her tongue, pretending not to hear.

She scooped Lillian into her arms and brought her out so Dr. Lewis could check her.

Nora did a quick once-over and then tried to talk to Lillian, but the little girl just stared at the floor, silent, her eyes empty.

Dr. Lewis's patience wore thin in seconds—her voice rising, sharp and cold. "Lillian, answer me now!"

Lillian flinched, her tiny shoulders trembling.

Camila frowned. She couldn't remember ever seeing a therapist act like this. She spoke up, struggling to keep her voice steady, "Dr. Lewis, Lillian's really fragile right now. Could you please not be so harsh?"

Nora shot her a glare, her tone icy. "Ms. Davis, don't interrupt me when I'm working. I know what I'm doing. Understood?"

She turned back to Lillian, barking, "Answer me. Right now."

Camila's worry turned to anger. "Dr. Lewis, you've been working with Lillian for a while now. Honestly, I haven't seen any improvement. Are you sure your methods are working?"

That did it. Dr. Lewis's face went red. She snapped, "Who's the psychologist here, you or me? Remember, Mr. Smith hired me personally. What gives you the right to question my expertise?"

Camila's patience finally snapped. "I didn't want to doubt you, but as Lillian's mother, it's my job to look out for her. If you're a professional, why isn't she getting better?"

That last line hit a nerve.

Dr. Lewis stood up so fast her chair nearly tipped over. "Fine, Camila Davis. If you don't trust me, find someone else for your daughter! I'm done here. But don't come crawling back to me when you regret this."

With that, she stormed out, heels pounding, leaving a trail of anger in her wake.

Camila didn't try to stop her.

She could see now that Dr. Lewis had never cared about Lillian's well-being at all. Keeping that woman around would only do more harm than good.

Besides, the open hostility she felt from the doctor was just bizarre.

Shaking it off, Camila turned her attention back to Lillian—and her heart broke.

Lillian was trembling, her lips quivering, looking so small and scared.

Camila rushed over, scooping her daughter into her arms, holding her tight, wishing she could shield her from the world.