Swapping a Broken Heart for a New Start

Chapter 6

“Lillian, sweetheart, don’t be scared. Mommy’s right here. I’ll protect you, I promise.”

She pressed a soft kiss to her little one’s cheek, her voice gentle as she continued, “We’re not going to see the doctor anymore, okay? How about I make you something yummy instead?”

Under her careful comfort, Lillian slowly calmed down, her tiny head snuggling trustingly into her mother’s arms as she gave a shy little nod.

Camila Davis let out a relieved breath and scooped her daughter up, heading straight for the kitchen to bake a fresh batch of homemade chocolate chip cookies.

Cookies were Lillian’s absolute favorite treat.

Later, just as the sweet smell of cookies filled the air and Camila was pulling the last tray from the oven, the front door opened—and in walked Jordan Smith.

He hadn’t come home the whole night, and now he was dressed in a crisp black tailored shirt and matching slacks—sharp, broad-shouldered, and tall, with that chiseled jaw and impossibly handsome face. He radiated the kind of confidence and charm that made people stop and stare.

On the surface, this wasn’t much different from his usual appearance. But Camila noticed immediately—those clothes weren’t his. Or at least, not the ones she knew. Where they came from, she didn't want to know.

But Jordan clearly had something on his mind.

He strode over, the faint scent of unfamiliar cologne drifting with him, and wasted no time, his tone frosty, “Camila, what the hell are you trying to do? Why did you drive Ms. Lewis away?”

That all-too-familiar chill in his voice made Camila’s heart clench.

Her own voice turned cold. “Her therapy wasn’t working. I said so, and she couldn’t handle it. She stormed off. That’s not my fault, is it?”

Jordan’s eyes narrowed, his tone all reprimand. “You’re being completely unreasonable. Ms. Lewis is one of the best in her field. Everyone respects her—except you. Don’t you want Lillian to get better? Right now, call Ms. Lewis and apologize. Ask her to come back.”

Camila felt like she'd been stabbed. Not once had he asked about Lillian. No concern, no questions—just orders.

She gripped the cookie plate a little tighter, her voice icy. "I'm not apologizing. I'm Lillian's mother. I have every right to choose who treats my daughter."

He looked at her like she was beyond help, his face darkening. "Unbelievable. You really think you're doing this for Lillian? Just look at yourself."

With that, he turned and stalked away, not a word about where he'd been, coming and going as if this house were just a hotel he stopped by whenever he pleased.

Camila watched him go, a heavy ache settling in her chest. She remembered what Sandra Taylor's son had said—maybe the place Jordan truly cared about was somewhere else, with someone else.

She was lost in thought when suddenly, a warm little body pressed close to her side.

Her babygirl, soft and sweet, still smelling faintly of milk and sugar, looked up at her.

Lillian held up a cookie with both hands, her voice sweet and earnest, "Cookie...yummy...Mommy, you eat..."

Camila's eyes filled with tears. She forced a smile, her heart swelling. "Okay, sweetheart. Mommy will eat. Thank you, Lillian."

Lillian's eyes sparkled, her little face lighting up with happiness. She looked like she had swallowed pure starlight, her smile making her delicate features come alive.