Swapping a Broken Heart for a New Start

Chapter 7

Camila Davis couldn't help but go soft inside. Whatever grudges or worries she had, she pushed them aside and sat with Lillian, sharing cookies until the plate was empty.

She'd thought she'd finally have a quiet moment, but to her surprise, Jordan Smith returned not long after—only this time, he brought Nora Lewis with him.

Nora chatted politely with Jordan, her voice calm and professional. "I checked on Lillian earlier this morning, confirmed my previous diagnosis. She still needs to continue her treatment, otherwise her condition could keep getting worse..."

She talked about Lillian's situation, not sparing so much as a glance at Camila. Camila could feel the disdain in the air—and, honestly, she had no intention of acknowledging Nora either.

Jordan still seemed annoyed about how Camila had driven Nora off earlier. He shot her a disapproving look. "You heard what Dr. Lewis said. I need to go handle some work upstairs. Please cooperate with her this time. Don't make the same mistake as before."

With that, he disappeared into his office without another word.

As soon as he was gone, Nora's polite mask slipped. Her tone sharpened, her posture stiffened, and she turned to Camila with that familiar, condescending look.

"Camila, let me be clear: I only came back because of Mr. Smith. Otherwise, you could get down on your knees and beg, and I still wouldn't have set foot in this house ever again."

Camila didn't even bother responding. Beg her? Not in a million years.

Nora, clearly pleased with herself, took a seat next to Lillian and started talking to her again, this time in a much gentler tone.

But Camila could tell—Lillian didn't want anything to do with this woman. The sparkle in her eyes from eating cookies earlier had faded completely.

Something wasn't right. Camila watched closely, but Nora just took notes on Lillian's mood, tried some light therapeutic exercises, and prescribed some medication. Nothing seemed obviously suspicious.

Jordan finished his work just as Nora wrapped up. She turned to him with a gracious smile. "Mr. Smith, that's all for today's session. These meds need to be taken daily, or Lillian might have another episode—tantrums, meltdowns, you know how it is."

Jordan nodded, his voice cool and businesslike. “Thank you, Dr. Lewis.”

Nora flashed him a coy smile. “Of course. You trust me, so I’ll do my best for your family. That’s it for today—I’ll see myself out.”

Jordan nodded again, but his gaze landed on Camila, pointed and cold. “Camila, show Dr. Lewis to the door.”

Camila had no intention of doing that. Pretending not to hear, she picked up the pill bottle. “Come on, Lillian, let’s go take your medicine, honey.”

Jordan, already irritated, looked like he might say something, but just then his phone buzzed. He checked the caller ID, his whole demeanor softening as he answered and stepped aside.

He was back in a minute, grabbing his keys. “Something came up at the office. I’ll be out for a while.”

And just like that, he was gone again.

Camila barely spared him a thought as she poured a glass of water, ready to coax Lillian into taking her pills. But as she twisted open the bottle and shook out the medication, a strange sense of unease crept over her.

She brought the pills closer, sniffing them. The scent was unmistakable—tranquilizers.

Her heart dropped. That explained everything: why Lillian always seemed calm and drowsy after Nora’s sessions, why Nora’s “treatment” seemed so effective.

But Lillian didn’t need anything this strong. Prescribing psychiatric meds to a child for mild issues? The side effects could be brutal.

Camila’s hands shook as she stared at the pills, her mind racing. Was Nora really the expert she claimed to be? Or was she something far more dangerous?