Swapping a Broken Heart for a New Start

Chapter 8

She couldn't believe it!

No way—she had to get Lillian a new therapist immediately.

Camila Davis grabbed her laptop and started frantically searching for reputable doctors nearby.

It wasn't easy.

Lillian had been diagnosed with autism when she was just one year old.

Over the past two years, the Smith family had scoured the country, reaching out to every renowned specialist they could find, inviting them for consultations—yet nothing seemed to help.

After half an hour of clicking through endless lists of doctors with suspiciously perfect ratings, Camila still hadn't found anyone she could trust.

Just then, her phone rang. It was her best friend, Sarah Brown, calling all the way from Cabinda.

Sarah had just heard about Mrs. Smith's passing and was checking in to comfort her.

"Camila, I'm so sorry for your loss. Don't be too hard on yourself. I'm sure Grandma Smith wouldn't want you to be so heartbroken."

Camila felt her throat tighten, guilt prickling her as she remembered slipping out of the funeral before it was over—she hadn't even said a proper goodbye. But she swallowed her emotions and tried to sound strong. "Yeah, I know."

"Hey, don't get all teary on me," Sarah said gently. "You might have lost Grandma Smith, but you still have me—and you have Lillian too..."

Sarah paused, then asked, "By the way, how's Lillian doing these days?"

Camila shook her head, even though Sarah couldn't see it. "Not great, honestly. Actually, I'm glad you called. You know everyone—do you happen to know any really good child psychologists? Lillian's not getting better and I'm honestly kind of scared."

Sarah went quiet for a few seconds, thinking hard. Then, her voice turned a little excited. "Actually, I might know someone!"

Camila perked up. “Really? Can you introduce me?”

“Here’s the thing,” Sarah said quickly, “I don’t actually know him personally—I just heard about him. Apparently, he’s incredible. Countries are fighting to hire this guy, even the military tried to recruit him. But he’s super mysterious, always on the move. I don’t even know how to contact him.”

Sarah hesitated, but added, “Still, if anyone could help Lillian, it’d be him. I’m sure of it.”

Camila’s flicker of hope snuffed out just as quickly as it had sparked.

If this mystery doctor was really that legendary, how could she ever get in touch with him?

Sarah seemed to sense her disappointment. “Don’t worry, Camila. I’ll ask around, see if anyone I know has a lead. If I hear anything, you’ll be the first to know, okay?”

“Okay...” Camila sighed, trying to muster a little optimism.

For now, all she could do was wait.

Since Nora Lewis’s prescription had been ruled out, Camila devoted more time to being with Lillian.

The next morning, after a quick breakfast of scrambled eggs and toast, Camila took Lillian to the indoor play center for some sensory therapy.

While Lillian busied herself in the ball pit, Camila absentmindedly scrolled through her phone—until something caught her eye.

Jordan Smith and Sandra Taylor. Their names were right there in the headline.

Her brows knitted together as she clicked on the news story.

In bold letters, the headline read: “Smith Group and Taylor Group Announce Strategic Partnership.”

Camila blinked in surprise.

If she remembered correctly, Sandra Taylor was the head of the Taylor family, and she’d just returned to the country. How had she not heard a word about this?

In the video, Jordan and Sandra stood together, surrounded by cameras and reporters, looking every bit the power couple.

It was just like the day of the funeral, Camila thought, a familiar ache stirring in her chest.

She scrolled through the comments:

“Smiths and Taylors—absolute match made in heaven!!”

“This is what a real power couple looks like. Talk about a golden partnership.”

“I could watch these two all day—can we get more of this real-life love story, please?”