

The IVF Secret That Shook a Dynasty

Chapter 10

“Joseph, I understand how you feel, but...”

Joseph had no patience for debate. He stood up. “Can you help me or not? If you can’t, I’ll find another way.”

With his resources as a top lawyer, he could get the information one way or another.

Harvey sighed in resignation, knowing his friend wouldn’t be deterred. “Alright, fine. I’ll see what I can find.”

As Joseph turned to leave, Harvey suddenly remembered something. “Hey! Do you remember when I was an intern and I convinced you to donate sperm for a study?”

Joseph froze, his eyes narrowing. “I told you to destroy that sample.”

Harvey hesitated. “Right, of course... I destroyed it. I was just thinking, if you want to give your mother a reason to live, why don’t you get married and have a child of your own? It would be a lot less complicated than digging through sperm bank records.”

“My child and Lennon’s child are two different things.”

“Alright, I get it.”

After Joseph left, Harvey muttered to himself, “For all you know, your kid could be in preschool by now.”

Vivica’s job search was a resounding success. Her skills spoke for themselves. She stood out from the other candidates by fixing a notoriously difficult programming bug with incredible speed, earning her unanimous praise from the interviewers. Her striking looks were also a rare commodity in the tech industry. They offered her the job on the spot and asked her to start the following Monday.

Vivica was in high spirits on her way back to the hospital. She instinctively reached for her phone to share the good news with her parents, but the smile on her face vanished as soon as she had it in her hand.

What was the point? They would just say something like, “Is this really the time to be looking for a job? You should be at home, trying to win your husband back.”

She dismissed the thought and sent a message to Quintina on WhatsApp instead. Half an hour later, as she neared the hospital, a voice message came through from Quintina.

“That’s amazing! I knew you’d nail it!”

Quintina’s exuberant joy was so genuine it made Vivica smile.

Just then, her phone rang. It was from her son’s smartwatch. She answered immediately.

“Hey, sweetie. Mommy’s almost there. I’m just downstairs grabbing some lunch for you. I’ll be up in a minute.”

Chaim’s voice was confused. “Mommy, there’s a lady here. She brought me lots of presents…”

“A lady?” Vivica was puzzled.

“Yeah. She said her name is Zuniga.”

Zuniga? Riley Zuniga?

Vivica’s face hardened. Forgetting the lunch she had just ordered, she turned and sprinted back into the hospital.

Inside the hospital room, the nanny, Ruby, stood by Chaim’s bed, her expression one of clear disdain for the fashionably dressed woman whose perfume choked the air.

“Chaim, I made these pastries just for you. Have a taste, they’re delicious,” Riley said, holding out a small cake with a perfectly manicured hand.

“No, thank you. Mommy says I shouldn’t take food from strangers,” Chaim said, leaning away.

“But I’m not a stranger, sweetie. I’m an old friend of your mommy and daddy’s.”

Riley insisted, moving closer. But the cloying scent of her perfume tickled the boy’s nose. He felt a powerful itch, and just as he opened his mouth to protest, he let out a massive sneeze, spraying saliva and mucus all over the pastry in her hand.

Ruby, unable to watch any longer, stepped forward. “He doesn’t want it, don’t force him. It’s almost time for lunch anyway.”

Riley spun on her. “This has nothing to do with you! You’re just a maid, so mind your own business.”

She turned back to Chaim, ready to try again, but the door flew open and Vivica stormed in, her face like a thundercloud.

Riley looked up, her expression instantly shifting to a saccharine smile. “Vivica, you’re here! I heard Chaim was sick, so I came to...”

Before she could finish, Vivica lunged forward. She snatched the pastry from Riley’s hand, grabbed the back of her head with the other, and shoved the entire contaminated thing into her mouth.

“Mmph! Mmph!”

Riley, caught completely off guard, gagged on the pastry, instinctively trying to spit it out—the one covered in Chaim’s snot.