The IVF Secret That Shook a Dynasty

Chapter 11

But Vivica had anticipated this. After stuffing the pastry in, she clamped a hand over Riley's mouth, preventing her from spitting it out.

It all happened in a flash, so suddenly that the little boy on the bed and the nanny standing beside him could only stare, stunned.

"Riley, I can live with you stealing my husband. In fact, I'd be glad if you'd take out that trashy man for me. But harassing my son and flaunting your victory in my face? You're asking for it!"

Poor Riley, with her mouth covered, couldn't spit out the pastry and had no choice but to swallow it down. But it was too dry, getting stuck in her chest halfway down. Her face turned crimson as she craned her neck, struggling to breathe.

Vivica wasn't finished. She grabbed the glass of water from the table and poured it straight into Riley's mouth. The gulp of water felt like it would split her chest open. Her eyes bulged with pain.

"Vivica! What are you doing?" Fletcher suddenly appeared at the doorway. Seeing the scene, he roared and rushed in.

Vivica stepped back before he could grab her, her face a cold mask as she watched from the side.

"Riley, Riley, are you okay?" Fletcher was frantic. He supported Riley with one arm while his other hand rubbed her chest soothingly, moving up and down over her full bust without a hint of reservation.

Vivica just shrugged and let out a soft, mocking laugh. He was so worried; she must be quite the treasure to him.

When Chaim had first seen his father arrive, a flicker of hope had lit up his eyes. But now, seeing his father's attention focused solely on this strange woman, his expression froze and the light in his eyes dimmed. He suddenly seemed to understand why his father hadn't defended his mother when his grandpa had slapped her yesterday.

"How could you do that to Riley? What if she had choked?" Fletcher demanded, turning on his wife once the woman in his arms had caught her breath.

Vivica was nonchalant. "We're in a hospital. If she choked, the doctors could just cut her throat open. She wouldn't die."

Fletcher looked at her as if she were a stranger. "Vivica, when did you become so cold and heartless?"

Before Vivica could respond, Riley, now recovered, began to sob. "Fletcher... I just came here with good intentions to see Chaim. I even baked him pastries myself, and Vivica just attacked me. I thought I was going to die..."

"Good intentions? I already said I didn't want any, but you kept trying to shove it in my mouth," Chaim's small, clear voice cut in from the bed. Though he spoke in short bursts, his logic was sound and his rebuttal forceful. "Mom was just letting you feel what it's like to have something forced on you. Otherwise, I would have been the one who almost choked to death."

Vivica looked at her son, her heart swelling with a mixture of comfort and pride.

Fletcher also looked at his son, his expression a complex, unreadable mask. He wanted a divorce, and he wanted this child, but now the boy was sick...

The atmosphere in the room grew tense. Vivica had no energy to waste on these people.

"Get out," she said coldly. "And don't come back. I'll hit you every time I see you."

Fletcher helped Riley to her feet, his eyes lingering on Vivica. After a moment, he asked in a low voice, "Are Chaim's test results back yet?"

Vivica understood immediately, a cold sneer spreading across her face.

"What, you want to know if Chaim is actually sick so you can decide whether to fight me for custody?"

"Vivica!" Fletcher's face flushed with anger. "I'm his father. Shouldn't I be concerned about my son?"

"Concerned? Fine. Give me a million dollars first to cover his medical expenses," Vivica said, holding out her hand.

"A million?" Riley gasped. "Even if he does have leukemia, it wouldn't cost a million dollars!"

"What, Fletcher hasn't even married you yet and you're already worried about his money? We're still husband and wife, so everything he earns is our shared property. Forget a million, he should give me ten million if I asked for it."

Riley glanced at Fletcher, her expression clearly signaling that she didn't want him to pay a cent.

Fletcher ignored the topic of money and asked again, "So, Chaim really has leukemia?"

Vivica pressed her lips together, saying nothing. The test results weren't back yet, but the doctors here had said it was highly probable. The thought alone was like a knife twisting in her heart.

Riley watched Fletcher's face, afraid he would soften out of pity for the child, and secretly pinched his arm.

Fletcher snapped back to reality. He looked from Riley to Vivica and said, "All my savings are tied up in the company's R&D. I don't have any cash on hand right now."

Vivica stared at him, not believing a word. "You two have been sneaking around for half a year. Don't tell me you've already started transferring assets?" she guessed.

"You need evidence to make accusations like that. Otherwise, it's just slander," Riley shot back, a little too quickly, which only made her look more suspicious.

Vivica’s eyes narrowed on her. Suddenly, a thought occurred to her, and she couldn't help but smile.

Riley was unsettled. "What are you smiling at?"

"Riley, you came back for his money, didn't you? Surely you didn't come back for his impotence and low sperm count?"

"Vivica!" Fletcher erupted in a rage, his sore spot having been struck with surgical precision.

Riley froze, her face a picture of disbelief. She frowned, slowly turning to the man beside her. "Fletcher... what does she mean by that? Are you...?"

As she asked, her gaze drifted downward toward his crotch.

"It means not only can he not have children, he can barely even get it up. And you, so young, tying yourself to a useless..."

Vivica, now holding all the cards, spoke with casual cruelty, deliberately leaving the sentence unfinished to watch Riley’s reaction.