

The IVF Secret That Shook a Dynasty

Chapter 12

Riley panicked, grabbing Fletcher's arm for confirmation. "Fletcher, is what she's saying true?"

Vivica twisted the knife. "Is it true? Haven't you tried? You've been sneaking around for so long, have you ever done it?"

Riley was stunned into silence. They had been seeing each other secretly for nearly six months, and there had been a few opportunities for a night of passion. But every time she was ready and willing, Fletcher would only peel off her top. At most, they would kiss and cuddle, but it never went further. She had thought...

"You didn't actually think he was being a gentleman, that he was cherishing and respecting you, did you?" Vivica voiced the very thought in Riley's mind.

Hit squarely where it hurt, Riley's face changed. "Fletcher, say something..."

"Riley, I—" Fletcher stammered, but his expression said it all.

Riley turned and ran.

"Riley! Riley!" Fletcher called after her anxiously before whirling back to his wife. "Vivica, how could you say those things in front of our son? Have you no shame?!"

Before Vivica could answer, Chaim shot back defiantly, "You wronged Mom. Are you even a man?!"

Fletcher looked at his son, utterly astonished. But he had no time to argue; he turned and chased after his one true love.

Vivica was equally surprised. She gently stroked her son's head. "Honey, do you understand what we were talking about?"

The little boy blinked his big eyes up at his mother. "Not really. But I know Dad likes that bad lady now. He doesn't want us anymore."

Vivica's heart clenched. She hadn't figured out how to tell her son about the divorce, but he had already understood everything.

"Mom, I don't want Dad either. I only want you."

A lump formed in Vivica's throat. She pulled her son into a tight hug. "That's right. Chaim will always be Mommy's baby."

Though taking down the cheating couple felt good, the reality that followed was still brutal.

The next day, the doctor called Vivica into his office. The results of the bone marrow aspiration were in.

"Mrs. Sanford, I'm very sorry to inform you that your son does indeed have leukemia. You and your family will need to decide on a course of treatment as soon as possible."

Even though Vivica had been prepared for this outcome, the final verdict still shattered her. Tears streamed down her face.

"Mrs. Sanford, you need to be strong. With current medical technology, the five-year, even ten-year survival rates are very high with proactive treatment."

The doctor handed her a tissue, offering what comfort he could.

Vivica pressed the tissue to her face, sobbing uncontrollably. She didn't want five years or ten years. She wanted her baby to be healthy forever, to always be by her side.

After a few moments, she took a deep breath and composed herself. "Please tell me about the treatment options, and how much money I'll need to prepare."

The doctor, surprised by how quickly she had regained her composure, nodded and began to explain the pros and cons of various treatment plans in detail.

Quintina arrived just as Vivica was leaving the doctor's office.

"Vivica, how did it go? What did the doctor say?" Quintina asked, pulling her red-eyed friend into a hug.

Vivica looked at her. "It's okay. The doctor said there's hope for recovery if we follow the treatment plan. I need to start raising money."

"How much do you need? I have some savings," Quintina offered without hesitation.

"You have your own financial pressures. Don't worry about it for now. I'll ask if I'm truly desperate."

Quintina had just bought a house a few months ago, draining her savings and leaving her with a monthly mortgage. With recent pay cuts across the board, Vivica knew she was also stretched thin. The money for Chaim's treatment would have to come mainly from Fletcher; he couldn't just shirk his fatherly duties.

Quintina nodded. "Alright, but you have to promise you'll tell me if you need it."

As they walked toward the hospital room, Quintina suddenly remembered something. "By the way, my uncle said he reached out to that Mr. Baird again, and he's agreed to meet with you. See when you're free next week to visit his law firm."

"Really? That's great," Vivica said, surprised. Thinking of her new job starting next week, she added, "I'll figure out my schedule and let you know."

"Okay. Don't worry. The ones who should be worried now are that cheating pair."

Speaking of the cheating couple, Vivica was reminded of their disgusting visit the day before, and the possibility that Fletcher had already hidden their marital assets. Even if she didn't want a dime for herself, she had to get the money for her son's treatment. The divorce couldn't wait; the sooner, the better.

Making a snap decision, she turned to her friend. "Quintina, let's make it next Monday at noon. I'll go see Mr. Baird then."

"So soon? Okay, I'll let my uncle know."

"Thanks. I really owe you for this."

Back in the room, Vivica saw that her son was still asleep. She asked the nanny to watch over him while she went home for a bit.

The doctor had said the initial treatment would require about five hundred thousand dollars. If it went well, that might be enough. But if things didn't go as planned, the costs could be a bottomless pit.

She hadn't saved much over the years, partly because of high household expenses, and partly because her parents were always asking her for money. Just three months ago, her father, Zebulon, had said he was starting a restaurant with a partner and asked her for two hundred thousand dollars, which had wiped out her savings.

Now her only option was to go home, gather her designer bags and jewelry, and take them to a luxury consignment shop to get some cash for the initial medical fees.

As she waited for the elevator, someone walked up beside her. She was looking down at her phone and didn't pay much attention until his phone rang and a cold, authoritative voice filled the air.