The IVF Secret That Shook a Dynasty

Chapter 13

Joseph held his phone, listening as Roderic finished speaking. He considered his schedule for the following week and said in a deep voice, "Next Monday is fine. Tell her not to be late. I won't wait."

Before he finished, the elevator arrived and the doors slid open.

Vivica stepped in first and, out of courtesy, held the 'open door' button. When she glanced up, she saw a tall, imposing man with a chilly aura step inside. Her heart skipped a beat—it was the cold sunglasses guy again, though he wasn't wearing them indoors today. His presence was so intimidating that she didn't dare look at his face for long, her gaze flicking away almost immediately.

Joseph finished his call and lowered his phone, his expression stern. Not two seconds later, it rang again.

He glanced at the screen before answering. "Hello, Harvey. Any news?"

"You were right," Harvey replied from the other end. "Lennon's sample has been used."

Joseph's face tightened. "And the person?"

"Still looking into it."

"Notify me as soon as you have anything."

"Don't worry, I'll definitely have something in the next two days, max."

When the elevator reached the ground floor, Vivica stepped out. Joseph ended his call and lowered his phone, a faint agitation stirring within him. The thought that his brother might have left a child in this world made his breath catch. If he could find that child, he would do whatever it took, meet whatever conditions were demanded, to bring the child to see his parents. If the two families could form a connection, it would be the perfect outcome.

On the way home, Vivica called Fletcher, but the call went straight to voicemail. She figured he knew why she was calling and was deliberately ignoring her to avoid giving her money.

Her first instinct was to go straight to his office and confront him. But time was short. The hospital was waiting for the deposit before starting treatment, and if she went to his office only to come back empty-handed, it would just be a waste of precious time. The best

course of action was to sell her jewelry and bags first, pay the initial fees, and then deal with that scumbag later.

Once home, Vivica went straight to her walk-in closet. She gathered all the luxury goods she had bought over the years, stuffed them into large bags, and drove directly to the mall.

The owner of the luxury consignment shop was taken aback. "Ma'am, are you sure you want to sell all of this?"

Vivica nodded. "Please take a look and give me a good price. My child is sick and I need the money urgently."

The owner, skeptical but professional, put on a pair of gloves and began appraising the bags.

Outside the shop, a young couple was walking by when the girl suddenly stopped and looked inside.

"Hey, isn't that my sister-in-law? What is she doing in a second-hand shop? It looks like she's selling her bags..." Loretta Sanford muttered in surprise.

Her boyfriend, Matthew Hyde, suggested, "Why don't you go in and ask?"

"I don't want to talk to her. She's so annoying. I'll just call my brother and find out."

With a look of disdain, Loretta pulled out her phone and dialed Fletcher. It took a while for him to answer.

"Hey, bro, is something wrong with your company?"

On the other end, Fletcher, who had just finished a meeting, was confused. "The company's fine. What's up?"

"I thought you'd gone bankrupt or something."

"Why?"

"Matthew and I were shopping and we saw Vivica in a consignment shop with a ton of designer bags. Looked like she was selling them."

Fletcher held the phone, silent.

"If your company is fine, why would Vivica be selling her bags? Did you two have a fight? Did you cut off her allowance?"

That was the only explanation Loretta could think of.

Fletcher had seen Vivica's missed call earlier. Combined with what his sister was telling him now, he pieced it together. It seemed the child really did have leukemia. Vivica must be desperate for the medical fees to resort to something so humiliating.

But he gave her tens of thousands of dollars in allowance every month. Over the years, she should have saved at least a hundred thousand, right? How could she have fallen so low?

He never considered that those “tens of thousands" had to cover all household expenses, the costs of raising a child, the nanny's salary, and gifts for holidays and special occasions. Vivica was already quite frugal, occasionally earning extra money by writing code for classmates, which allowed her to build a small nest egg. But that nest egg never lasted long before her parents would come up with some sob story to get it from her.

"Bro, what's wrong? What's going on with you two?" Loretta pressed when he remained silent.

Figuring she would find out sooner or later, Fletcher explained, "I'm planning to divorce Vivica."

"Divorce? Why? I mean, I don't really like her, but everything seemed fine between you," Loretta exclaimed, shocked.

"Riley's back," Fletcher said.

"Who? Riley?" Loretta was stunned. "What is she doing back? She's the one who dumped you for being poor and married some rich kid. Now that you're successful, she regrets it?"

"She had her reasons for that marriage. It was complicated. I've already forgiven her."

Loretta scoffed. "Reasons? What reasons could she have? She was just a gold-digger."

Riley's story was that her mother had been diagnosed with cancer and needed a huge sum for medical bills. As a recent graduate with no money, she had accepted a significant marriage settlement and married the rich heir to save her mother. But Fletcher didn't share this detail with his sister, fearing her cynical response.

"So if you divorce, what about the kid? He's staying with you, right?" Loretta asked.