

The IVF Secret That Shook a Dynasty

Chapter 14

"I wanted him, but now—"

Seeing him hesitate, Loretta pushed, "What now? Riley won't let you keep him?"

"No," Fletcher said, finally admitting, "Chaim has leukemia. It's going to cost a lot to treat him. Vivica selling her bags... it must be to raise money for his medical bills."

"What? Chaim has leukemia? Why didn't you tell us any of this? So much has happened!" Loretta's voice rose, drawing glances from passersby.

Just then, Vivica walked out of the consignment shop and saw her sister-in-law standing off to the side. She paused for a moment. Their eyes met.

Loretta dropped her phone, her expression a mix of emotions.

Knowing Loretta had never liked her, Vivica had no intention of greeting her and turned to leave, pretending she hadn't seen her.

But Loretta chased after her. "Hey, Vivica!" she called out, blocking her path.

Vivica's dislike for Fletcher now extended to his entire family. She stopped and gave Loretta a cold glance. "What is it?"

"Is it true Chaim has leukemia?" Loretta asked.

Vivica didn't answer and tried to walk around her.

Loretta blocked her again. "Don't go! I'm not done. Are you really divorcing my brother?"

Vivica still ignored her, pushing her aside to keep walking.

Loretta followed, pestering her. "So how are you splitting the assets? The house, the cars, the company shares? You're not going to be like one of those gold-diggers online who uses my brother's mistake to take him for everything he's worth, are you?"

Vivica let out a cold laugh. "You finally said something that makes sense. You know it's your brother's mistake."

"Hey, what's that supposed to mean? Even if my brother made a mistake, you should reflect on yourself too! You're always so domineering, wanting to control everything at home and outside. Men like gentle, understanding women, you know?"

Vivica was speechless at the accusation. But instead of arguing, she glanced back at the man standing near the shop entrance.

"So, according to you, as long as a woman is gentle and understanding, a man will love her and be faithful?" she asked Loretta.

Loretta followed her gaze to her own boyfriend and lifted her chin. "Of course! My Matthew adores me."

Vivica smiled, then casually dropped a bombshell. "Then why don't you ask him who the redhead was that he had his arm around at the jewelry store in New Horizon last month?"

Loretta's eyes widened. "What are you talking about?"

Vivica didn't answer. She just took out her phone, pulled up a photo, and showed it to her. Loretta craned her neck to look, and her eyes filled with shock. She reached for the phone, but Vivica pulled it back, offered a meaningful smile, and walked away.

Last month, she'd been shopping with Quintina at New Horizon when she saw Loretta's boyfriend with a redhead, the two of them acting incredibly intimate. She had mentioned it subtly to Fletcher later, suggesting he, as an older brother figure, should keep an eye on the guy. But Fletcher had dismissed her concerns, saying the young man seemed like a good person.

Since he wouldn't listen, she had dropped it. Sometimes, the best thing you can do is respect people's choices and not interfere with their karma. If Loretta hadn't provoked her today, she wouldn't have brought it up.

As Vivica reached the elevator, she heard a furious argument break out behind her. She glanced back to see Loretta furiously hitting her boyfriend with her purse, screaming "cheater" at him. The man dodged and tried to explain, even attempting to hug her.

The elevator arrived. Vivica had no interest in the drama and stepped inside. She had her own problems to deal with.

The bags and jewelry, which had cost her hundreds of thousands over the years, had only fetched a little over one hundred thousand. She was still far from the five hundred thousand she needed.

She was racking her brain for other ways to get money when her phone rang. It was Fletcher calling back. Vivica's expression hardened. She hesitated for a moment before answering.

"You called? I was in a meeting, my phone was on silent." Fletcher's tone was much colder now, lacking its usual warmth.

The change still stung. They had been married for years, and she had given so much, believing they would grow old together. But now...

After a moment of turmoil, she composed herself, her voice equally detached. "Chaim needs money for his treatment. Transfer five hundred thousand to me."

"Is it confirmed?"

His persistence on this point made her scoff. "What, do you think I'm using our sick child as an excuse to get money from you?"

Fletcher was silent for a moment, because that was exactly what he had thought.

"Fletcher, I know the company's financial situation. Don't tell me you don't even have five hundred thousand. If you push me, I can ruin your reputation and leave you with nothing."

Vivica was no fool. The only reason she hadn't resorted to scorched-earth tactics yet was because her son's illness was consuming all her energy. But if those two pushed her too far, she wouldn't hesitate to expose them and make them public pariahs.

Fletcher knew her well enough to believe the threat. After a moment, he said, "I can give you the money, but can you sign the divorce papers first?"