

The IVF Secret That Shook a Dynasty

Chapter 15

"Are you trying to bargain with me?" Vivica laughed, a bitter sound. "Fine. If you agree to leave with nothing, I'll sign the papers right now."

"Impossible. I earned everything we have. Why should I give it all to you?"

"Then there's nothing to discuss. With our child sick, it's a special circumstance. The court is unlikely to grant you a divorce. They might even charge you with abandonment."

"I can get custody and a divorce," Fletcher shot back, his mind racing. "You have no source of income and can't afford his treatment. The court will side with me."

"Is that so?" Vivica didn't tell him she'd already found a job. She just gave a cold laugh. "Go ahead and try. Let's see who the court sides with."

The call ended on a sour note, with Vivica no closer to getting the money. But she wasn't worried. Once she met the renowned Mr. Baird on Monday, she was confident she would find a way to crush this scumbag!

At the hospital, Ruby took Chaim downstairs for some fresh air and sunshine. On their way back up, Chaim ran into a familiar face in the elevator.

"Hey there, little guy. Are you feeling any better?" Dr. Tyson smiled, instinctively reaching out to pat his head.

Chaim shook his little head. "No, my sickness is pretty serious."

Dr. Tyson's smile faltered. He glanced at the nanny. "Excuse me, what exactly is wrong with your child?"

Ruby held the boy's hand, her face etched with sorrow. "Leukemia. It was just confirmed."

A jolt went through Dr. Tyson. He stared at the child's face, momentarily at a loss for words.

When the elevator reached their floor, Chaim waved. "Goodbye."

"Goodbye. I'll come visit you when I have a chance."

Watching the small boy walk away, Dr. Tyson sighed. "Such a young child, so bright and adorable. Life can be so cruel..."

He was still feeling heavy-hearted when he arrived at Melanie's room. The old woman was holding a photo of her youngest son, tears streaming down her face as she gazed at it.

Looking at the photograph, Dr. Tyson's mind conjured the image of the little boy again. He murmured to himself, "That child looks so much like Lennon..."

Melanie looked up at him. "What did you say?"

"Oh, it's just..." Dr. Tyson collected himself. "I met a little boy in the hospital, on this floor actually, in the south wing. He bears a striking resemblance to Lennon."

Melanie, her silver hair framing a haggard face, suddenly focused her gaze, her eyes sharp. "You're saying there's a child who looks like Lennon?"

"Yes, and a bit like Joseph, too." Dr. Tyson studied the photo in her hands, then nodded as if confirming it to himself. "But looking at the picture, I'd say he looks more like Lennon..."

The old woman was stunned into silence. Dr. Tyson sighed again. "It's such a shame. Lennon was single, never married, didn't even leave behind a child... Otherwise, you and your husband would have someone to find comfort in."

His words struck a raw nerve. Fresh tears welled in Melanie's eyes. "My poor Lennon," she choked out. "So young, oh..."

After a few sobs, she looked at Dr. Tyson with red-rimmed eyes. "Where is this child? Could you... could you take me to see him?"

Her husband, Sheridan Baird, who had been peeling fruit for her, immediately stopped her. "See him? Are you out of your mind? You'll scare his parents. They'll think we have some ulterior motive."

"I just want to look, I won't do anything... Maybe... maybe it's Lennon, reincarnated."

"You're getting senile. If he were reincarnated, he'd be a baby, not a little boy," Sheridan retorted bluntly.

But his wife was stubborn. She insisted on seeing the boy.

Dr. Tyson began to regret his words. He shouldn't have mentioned it.

"Mrs. Baird," he tried to reason, "that child has leukemia. His family is surely worried sick. If we just show up unannounced..."