

The IVF Secret That Shook a Dynasty

Chapter 16

"Leukemia? How old is he?" Melanie asked.

"He looks to be about three."

"The poor thing, so young," she lamented, which only strengthened her resolve. "I promise, I'll just look from a distance. I won't disturb them."

Dr. Tyson considered it. If seeing the boy could bring the old woman some comfort, it might be more effective than any medicine. It couldn't hurt.

"Alright, then. Let me go check the boy's information and find out which room he's in."

As Dr. Tyson left, Melanie caressed the photo of her son, whispering through her tears, "Lennon, did you miss Mommy too? Is that why you've come back to see us?"

When Vivica returned to the room, she found her son obediently eating his meal, which brought her a small measure of comfort.

"Ruby, you go get some lunch. I'll stay with him."

Ruby nodded and left.

Vivica had brought clippers with her, planning to shave her son's head. His hair would fall out once treatment began anyway.

Chaim was remarkably understanding. When she told him she was going to shave his head, he didn't question it. Instead, he tried to comfort her. "I'm so handsome, I'll still look good with a bald head."

Vivica managed a smile. "You're right. Our Chaim looks handsome with any hairstyle."

Despite her words, her eyes welled up as she watched his thick hair fall away.

Unaware of his mother's sadness, Chaim chattered on. "Mom, is Dad never coming to see me again?"

"Do you want him to come?"

If her son truly wanted to see that scoundrel, she would be willing to ask.

"Never mind. If he doesn't want to come, he won't be nice to me even if he's forced to."

The child's wisdom was heart-wrenching. Vivica felt a sharp pang in her chest and tried to lighten the mood with a joke. "When you get better, how about Mommy finds you a new dad who's handsome and gentle?"

"No, Mommy. You need to find a dad who's good to you and can protect you!"

Her son's perceptive words brought fresh tears to her eyes.

Outside the room, Melanie, supported by several people, stood shakily by the door, peering through the glass window at the child inside.

"It's him... it looks just like Lennon. He's the spitting image of Lennon as a child. It must be my Lennon. He's come back, he's come back..." Melanie murmured, overwhelmed with emotion.

Sheridan was skeptical. "How could it be such a coincidence? You happen to be in the hospital, and there's a boy here who looks just like Lennon? Let me see—"

Voicing his doubts, he leaned in for a look. A moment later, his eyes widened and he froze.

"He does! He really does! Even his spirit is just like Lennon's! Do you remember when Lennon was little and he cut his own hair with scissors, making a huge mess? I had to shave his head, and he looked exactly like this!"

Sheridan's voice trembled with excitement. He slapped his thighs, looking like he might burst into the room at any moment.

Dr. Tyson quickly held them back. "Mr. Baird, please, calm down. You've seen the child now. Let's go back."

But Melanie couldn't tear her eyes away. "Just a little longer," she pleaded, her eyes filled with tears. "My Lennon..."

From the other end of the hallway, Zebulon and Evelyn approached, carrying bags and walking briskly.

"That damn girl has really grown some wings. She won't even answer my calls. Does she plan to cut ties with us?" Zebulon grumbled, his tone aggressive.

Seeing them approach, Dr. Tyson urgently tugged on Sheridan's sleeve. "Mr. Baird, we should go. If the family sees us, they'll get the wrong idea."

But it was too late. Evelyn had already spotted them.

"Who are you?" she called out. "What are you doing crowding around our room?"

