

The IVF Secret That Shook a Dynasty

Chapter 2

“If you’re going to be this difficult, Vivica, then I’ll have no choice but to let my lawyer handle the divorce,” Fletcher threatened.

“Fine, you—” Vivica was about to fire back when her phone buzzed in her purse. She pulled it out. It was their nanny.

“Hello, Ruby.”

“Mrs. Sanford, Chaim has a nosebleed, and I can’t get it to stop! Chad is driving us to the hospital now. You and Mr. Sanford need to come quickly!”

Vivica had planned a quiet evening for just the two of them for their anniversary, leaving their son at home with the nanny. She never expected this.

Panic seized her, and she was already moving toward the door. “Okay, I’m on my way. Keep me updated.”

Hearing that his son was sick, Fletcher shot up from his seat and grabbed her arm as she rushed past. “What’s wrong with Chaim? What happened?”

Vivica’s eyes were red with unshed tears. Losing control, she spun around and swung her handbag at him with all her might. “Go be with your precious Riley! Whether my son lives or dies is none of your business!”

Fletcher staggered back, shielding his face as she rained blows on him, muttering, “You’re insane, insane!”

After venting her fury, Vivica, consumed with worry for her son, stormed out.

At the hospital, the nanny, Ruby, met her and quickly explained the situation. Vivica’s heart hammered against her ribs, a terrible premonition taking hold.

Soon, a doctor emerged.

“Mrs. Sanford, we’ve managed to stop the bleeding for now,” the doctor said. “The initial bloodwork shows a problem with his coagulation function. For his safety, I recommend we admit him for observation and run more detailed tests tomorrow.”

Vivica’s face went pale. “Yes, okay. We’ll admit him,” she nodded numbly.

She walked into the emergency room and saw her little boy. The sight tore her heart to pieces. Her son, not even three years old, had his shirtfront stained with a shocking amount of blood.

“Mommy...” Chaim Sanford held out his small arms, wanting a hug.

Vivica immediately pulled herself together, rushing forward to scoop him up and stroke his soft hair. “Oh, my sweet boy, were you scared? It’s all Mommy’s fault. I shouldn’t have left you at home.”

Chaim’s bright eyes blinked up at her. “Mommy’s with me every day,” he said, wise beyond his years. “You have to spend time with Daddy sometimes, or he’ll get jealous.”

On any other day, his words would have filled her with warmth and happiness. Now, they were just a bitter, ironic reminder of the truth. The responsible, gentle, family man was all a facade. His heart had always belonged to the woman who abandoned him, and he was more than willing to play the white knight for her now, without a moment’s hesitation.

Seeing her son’s sweet smile, Vivica couldn’t help but kiss his cheek and praise him. She wasn’t just being a proud mother; the boy was stunning. Even with his delicate, childish features, he had deep-set eyes, a high-bridged nose, and thick hair. It was easy to imagine how handsome he would be when he grew up.

Vivica had often thought that even if Fletcher had been able to have children, their biological child would never have been as beautiful as this one. In a way, she had been lucky to have picked a winner from the sperm bank.

After completing the admission paperwork, Vivica had just settled Chaim into his room when her phone rang.

It was Fletcher. She glanced at the screen, declined the call, and silenced her phone. But he kept calling, relentlessly. Even Chaim noticed and asked if it was Daddy.

Vivica had no choice but to wait until her son was dozing off before stepping out of the room.

“What do you want?” she answered, her voice cold.

Fletcher’s tone was urgent. “How is Chaim? Does he have a cold? A fever?”

“If you’re so concerned, why don’t you come to the hospital and see for yourself?” she snapped, thinking of how her son was still so considerate of him.

Fletcher stammered, about to reply, when the sound of a little girl’s voice came through the phone.

Vivica knew instantly. “You’re with Riley, aren’t you?”

“Well... Riley wasn’t feeling well, and there was no one to look after her daughter. As soon as I get them settled, I’ll head to the hospital to see—”

Vivica hung up before he could finish.

A heavy weight settled in her chest, squeezing her organs until they ached. She still couldn’t believe that the man everyone saw as the perfect husband had become so unrecognizable overnight. A divorce was non-negotiable. She couldn’t stand another second of this rotten, fractured marriage!

But she could lose the deadbeat husband; she would not lose her son. If Fletcher dared to fight her for custody, she would expose his humiliating secret to the world.

Vivica stayed with her son at the hospital all night. Fletcher never showed up, likely held captive by whatever new drama Riley had concocted.

But Vivica had no time to dwell on that. The next morning, she was with her son, ready for more tests.

Soon, some of the results came back.

“Mrs. Sanford, the lab report shows a massive proliferation of white blood cells. Under the microscope, we can see immature cells, which is a very dangerous sign,” the doctor explained, his face grim and serious.

Vivica didn’t know what “immature cells” meant, but the mention of a high white blood cell count immediately made her think of one thing: leukemia.

The doctor nodded grimly. “My initial suspicion is leukemia. If you’d like a second opinion, you can transfer him to the Riverdale Children’s Hospital for a bone marrow aspiration.”