

The IVF Secret That Shook a Dynasty

Chapter 3

The words struck Vivica like a physical blow, leaving her mind a complete blank. Her son had been perfectly healthy since birth. How could he suddenly have leukemia? She sat frozen, her hands and feet like ice as the world spun around her. It felt like her entire life was collapsing.

After a few moments, the doctor's voice brought her back. She stood up immediately, unwilling to waste another second, and arranged for her son to be transferred.-

Riverdale Children's Hospital was where Chaim had been born. She knew several doctors there, and her best friend, Quintina, was an obstetrician on staff.

On the way, Fletcher called again. Overwhelmed and irritated, Vivica simply blocked his contact and his phone number.

When she arrived at the hospital, Quintina was already waiting for her. They had been texting, and the moment Quintina saw her, her own eyes welled up. She pulled Vivica into a tight hug. "Don't panic yet. It could be a mistake. Let's wait for the test results."

Vivica had only confided in her best friend, not even telling her own parents yet. Quintina's comforting presence was a lifeline, and she forced herself to pull together.

"Auntie Tina, are you off today?" Chaim asked, looking up at Quintina curiously.

Quintina knelt, stroking the little boy's head, her heart aching. "I'm working, but I missed you so much I had to come see you."

"I missed you too," the little boy replied sweetly.

Quintina's department was busy, so after helping them get checked in and settled, she had to leave.

Vivica had just gotten Chaim to his room when her phone rang. It was a call from her home.

"Vivica, what's wrong with Chaim? Fletcher called me. He said Chaim was taken to the hospital last night and he hasn't heard anything since. He also said you blocked his number. Did you two have a fight?" her mother, Evelyn, asked worriedly.

The question made Vivica's blood boil. "That bastard had the nerve to call you and complain?"

Glancing back at her son, she lowered her voice and stepped out of the room.

Chaim sat obediently on the bed for a moment, but boredom quickly set in. He slid off the mattress to go find his mom.

“Mommy...”

The little boy wandered down the hallway, but he couldn’t find her anywhere. When he tried to go back to the room, he got turned around and couldn't remember which way to go. He guessed and picked a direction. Soon, he was completely lost. Fear crept in, and he started to cry, whimpering “Mommy” between sobs.

At the end of the corridor, the door to a luxury suite opened, and two men and a doctor in a white coat stepped out.

“Mr. Baird, your mother’s condition is still primarily due to her grief,” the doctor said to the man in front. “Losing a child is a terrible blow for any parent to endure.”

Joseph Baird’s expression was grim. He wore a custom-tailored black suit that accentuated his tall, imposing frame, radiating an aura of cold authority that was palpable even from a distance.

“I understand. Please continue to do everything you can for her. I’ll try to visit more often,” Joseph replied, his handsome face etched with sorrow.

The Bairds, one of Riverdale City’s most prominent families, had just suffered a terrible loss. Joseph’s younger brother, Lennon Baird, was a fire captain. Ten days ago, during a rescue mission, an explosion at the scene had taken his life as he shielded a fellow firefighter. He had died a hero.