

The IVF Secret That Shook a Dynasty

Chapter 6

Now, with Fletcher's betrayal still fresh, their words felt like daggers.

"Dad, Mom, I'm your daughter. Why do you always take Fletcher's side?"

"We—"

She cut them off. "And is it my fault I don't work? It was Fletcher who begged me to quit my job and stay home. If I had stayed in my career, I'd be just as successful as he is by now, if not more."

Vivica had been a star student her whole life, earning a master's in computer science by twenty-three and landing a job at a major tech firm right out of school through a professor's recommendation. Within a year, she was a project lead with a brilliant future ahead of her. If it hadn't been for Fletcher's sweet-talking and relentless pleading, she never would have been soft-hearted enough to give it all up to become a homemaker.

Her bosses and professors had all lamented her decision. And even during her years "hidden away" at home, whenever Fletcher's tech company ran into a difficult problem, she was the one who solved it. She was never a trophy wife living off a man; she had simply been willing to shed her own spotlight for love.

Seeing their daughter's temper flare, Evelyn exchanged a look with her husband. They decided not to push her further.

"We know you sacrificed your career for the family," Evelyn soothed. "It's normal to feel resentful sometimes. We'll have Fletcher apologize to you properly later."

"It's pointless," Vivica said coldly.

"Then what do you want?" Zebulon's face hardened at her stubbornness. "Don't tell me you want a divorce over this."

"I want a divorce?" Vivica looked at her father and let out a cold laugh. "Did Fletcher not tell you why I didn't want him to see Chaim?"

"Why?"

Vivica's icy gaze shifted to the man by the hospital bed. "Because he wants a divorce. His true love is back in the country with her daughter, and she's asked him to take them in."

“What?” Evelyn’s voice shot up. She turned to stare at the scene by the bed, where her son-in-law was sitting with her grandson, the two of them laughing and talking.

“That... that can’t be right,” she said, turning back to her daughter, her old habit of defending her son-in-law kicking in. “Did you do something to make him angry? Maybe he just said it to spite you.”

Vivica looked at her parents and suddenly felt she had nothing left to say. More painful than her husband’s betrayal was her parents’ constant doubt and dismissal of her. Her entire life, no matter how much she achieved, how brightly she shone, she never earned a single word of praise from them.

Even when she got into a top university, then a prestigious graduate program, and all the neighbors were singing her praises, her parents would just say, “The more you study, the dumber you get. It’s a waste of money for a girl to get so much education when she’s just going to get married anyway.”

But for her brother, six years her junior, it was nothing but praise. He was at the bottom of his class, and even when the glutton ballooned to 250 pounds, they’d just say, “A big appetite is a blessing.”

Thinking of it all, Vivica’s eyes reddened, and a wave of sorrow rose in her chest, nearly suffocating her.

Fletcher, who had been watching Vivica and her parents from the corner of his eye, saw the tense atmosphere. He settled Chaim on the bed and walked over.

“Dad, Mom, could you sit with Chaim for a minute? Vivica and I need to talk alone,” he said quietly.

Zebulon looked at him. “Fletcher, Vivica said you want a divorce?”

Fletcher knew he couldn’t avoid it. He nodded. “Yes. I’m prepared to compensate Vivica, but Chaim needs to stay with me.”

Vivica’s eyes blazed with fury. She looked straight at her husband and said, “If Chaim has leukemia, will you still want him?”

“What did you say?” Fletcher’s face was a mask of shock.