

The IVF Secret That Shook a Dynasty

Chapter 7

Zebulon and Evelyn were equally stunned.

“Vivica, how could Chaim have something like that? Has the doctor confirmed it? Are you sure it’s not a mistake?” Evelyn asked in a rush.

Vivica’s heart was breaking, but her expression remained steady. “That’s why I brought him here, for a second opinion. We’ll know for sure after the bone marrow aspiration.”

“Oh, my God... How could this happen?” Zebulon wrung his hands.

Fletcher, after a long, stunned silence, turned on Vivica, his face a mixture of pain and accusation. “Did you feed him something you shouldn’t have? He’s been perfectly healthy his whole life, how could he suddenly...”

His words were cut off by his phone ringing. Vivica watched him pull it from his pocket.

“Is that your true love calling again?” she asked, her voice eerily calm. “Since she needs you so badly, why don’t we get the divorce papers signed right away? Then you can devote all your time to her.”

Fletcher ignored the call, silencing his phone.

Evelyn, studying her son-in-law’s expression, finally seemed to believe her daughter.

“Fletcher, are you really doing this?” she pleaded. “Women like that are only after your money. You have to be smart about this.”

After trying to reason with Fletcher, Evelyn turned back to her daughter. “Vivica, it’s normal for men to be tempted sometimes. If you just coax him a little, I’m sure he’ll come back to his senses.”

Vivica stared at her mother’s earnest face and was struck by how alien and terrifying her own family could be.

“Mom, by that logic, does that mean Dad did the same thing, and you just coaxed him back?” she blurted out, unable to contain her grief.

The very next moment, the sharp crack of a slap echoed through the room.

Zebulon stood over her, his hand still raised. “You insolent girl! Is that any way to speak to your parents?”

Chaim, frightened by the scene, scrambled off the bed. “Grandpa! Don’t you hit my mommy!”

Barefoot, the little boy rushed to his mother’s side and threw his arms out protectively, glaring up at the adults.

After holding it in for so long, Vivica’s emotions finally broke. Shielded by her son, she knelt and hugged him, tears streaming down her face like a broken dam.

“Don’t cry, Mommy,” Chaim cooed, cupping her face in his small hands. “I will blow on it for you. Whoosh... whoosh... it won’t hurt anymore.”

His gentle cooing and impossibly mature comfort melted Vivica’s heart.

After comforting his mom, Chaim turned and glared at his father. “Fletcher, what kind of husband are you? Mommy got hit and you didn’t even say anything!” he scolded, his tone that of a miniature adult.

But Fletcher was still reeling from the news of Chaim’s possible leukemia and didn’t react. In his mind, a son was for carrying on the family name and for support in old age. That was why he had to have custody, even if the boy wasn’t biologically his. In the eyes of the law and society, Chaim was his son.

But if that son was seriously ill, possibly incurable, what good was he?

“Chaim, you will not speak to your father like that. It’s disrespectful,” Evelyn said sternly, trying to discipline her grandson.

Chaim stared at his grandmother for a moment, then declared, “Hmph! I don’t like you. I don’t want you to visit me anymore. All of you, just go away!”

Vivica stood up, holding her son tightly. Her eyes were still red, but her voice was steady. “You heard him. Chaim wants you to leave.”

Fletcher finally snapped back to the present. He looked at them and asked, his voice flat, “If he’s really diagnosed with that disease... do you still want him?”

Vivica’s glare was murderous. She didn’t even bother to answer, instead spitting out, “Fletcher, I’ll see you in court. And I’ve changed my mind. You want a divorce? Fine. You can have one after you give up every last cent you own.”

How could he ask such a cruel question? Sick or not, Chaim was her flesh and blood, the most precious thing in her world. How could she ever not want him?

As the tension thickened, Fletcher’s phone rang again. This time, he answered. His expression shifted as he listened. Without another word, he turned and walked out.

“I always said you were too educated for your own good. Look at this mess!” Zebulon shot his daughter a furious look before chasing after his son-in-law. “Fletcher...”

Evelyn followed, adding her own parting shot. “Look at the child you’ve raised! No manners at all! Just keep it up, see if you don’t destroy your own family!”

When they were all gone, Vivica let out a long, shuddering breath and hugged her son tighter. He was all she had left.

“Don’t be sad, Mommy. Chaim will always be with you.”

“Yes, my love. And Mommy will always be with you.”

Vivica kissed his little cheek, making a silent vow. No matter what illness her son had, no matter how much it cost or what she had to do, she would move heaven and earth to save him.

After Chaim fell asleep, Vivica started researching the divorce process on her phone.

Just then, a light knock came at the door. It was Quintina.

“Chaim’s asleep?” Quintina whispered, peeking in. “I’m on my lunch break, so I came to check on you.”

Not wanting to wake her son, Vivica motioned for Quintina to join her in the hallway. Once the door was closed, Quintina asked, “Where’s Fletcher? Isn’t he worried about his son? He always seemed so fond of Chaim.”

With the constant barrage of bad news, Vivica hadn't had a chance to tell her friend everything. But she knew she would need Quintina’s help with Chaim’s treatment, so she took a deep breath and recounted the events of the last two days.

Quintina was seething before she was even halfway through the story.