

The IVF Secret That Shook a Dynasty

Chapter 8

“Seriously? Fletcher is that much of a scumbag? How does he have the nerve? He’s the one who chased after you, and now he pulls this?”

“And your parents! I’m starting to wonder if you’re even their biological daughter! Who tears down their own child while sucking up to their son-in-law like that?”

Vivica just gave a faint smile. The bitterness of it all was something only she could truly understand.

“So what’s your plan now?” Quintina asked, her anger giving way to practicality.

“First, we get Chaim’s final diagnosis. If it is leukemia, we start treatment immediately,” Vivica said. “Second, I need to find a job. Otherwise, I’ll be at a disadvantage in the custody battle. And third, I need to hire a good divorce lawyer.”

Quintina nodded, a look of admiration on her face. “Now that’s the Vivica I know. You don’t get tangled up in messes with trashy people. You always know exactly what you need to do.”

Vivica gave a wry laugh. “It’s not like I have a choice.”

She wanted to fall apart, to just give up. But her son’s health couldn’t wait. They say motherhood makes you strong, and in that moment, she understood. No matter how chaotic or painful things were, she had to stand tall, find her direction, and fight her way through.

Quintina was silent for a moment, then pulled out her phone. “By the way, there’s something I wanted to show you. I was hesitant to bring it up earlier because I thought Fletcher would be here and it might upset him, but now it doesn’t matter.”

“What is it?” Vivica asked, curious.

“Look at this.” Quintina opened an official news channel on her phone and pulled up an article. “This was posted this morning. Take a look at this firefighter who died. Does he look familiar to you?”

Quintina handed her the phone, watching her reaction closely. Vivica frowned and focused on the news story. A moment later, she froze.

The article reported the tragic death of a heroic firefighter, a story that was deeply moving. But what shocked her was that the man’s face was uncannily familiar.

“The look in his eyes... it’s like Chaim’s!” Vivica exclaimed, her eyes wide with astonishment.

“Right? It’s so strange. And if you look closely, his mouth is similar too,” Quintina said, pointing at the picture.

“It’s such a shame, though. He wasn’t even twenty-six. He has such an honorable face, and he died saving his comrades. It’s just heartbreaking,” Quintina sighed.

Vivica stared at the firefighter’s photo for a long time, a heavy feeling settling in her chest.

“Do you think,” Quintina mused, “if he ever donated sperm, that he could be Chaim’s biological father?”

Vivica shook her head. “That would be too much of a coincidence. There are plenty of people in the world who look alike.”

“True...”

After a moment of shared sorrow, their conversation returned to the divorce.

“I’ll talk to my uncle later tonight,” Quintina said. “I’ll ask him to recommend a reliable divorce lawyer.”

Quintina’s uncle was a law professor at the university with extensive connections in the legal community.

“Thank you. I really don’t know what I’d do without you.”

“Don’t be silly.”

Later that afternoon, just after Vivica had brought Chaim back to the room from his bone marrow aspiration, Quintina called.

“Vivica, the best lawyer in Riverdale City is a man named Joseph Baird. He mostly handles criminal cases, but he’s a shark when it comes to divorces too. My uncle says he only takes on cases for the ultra-wealthy, you know, divorces involving public companies and at least five hundred million in assets, so...”

Quintina didn’t have to finish. Vivica understood. Although Fletcher’s tech company had done well, it wasn’t publicly traded, and their marital assets were nowhere near five hundred million.

“I get it. It’s okay, I’ll find another lawyer,” Vivica said, trying to sound reassuring.

“Don’t give up yet! Mr. Baird’s standards are high, but it’s not impossible. I pleaded with my uncle, and he agreed to try and pull some strings for you. Just wait for my call!”

Quintina was a friend in a million. Vivica was overcome with gratitude.

“Okay. Whatever happens, thank you. And please thank your uncle for me.”

Early the next morning, Joseph was back at the hospital to see his mother, Melanie. When Melanie learned that he was going to the fire station to collect her younger son’s belongings, she broke down in tears again.

Joseph comforted her as best he could, gave instructions to her caretaker, then put on his sunglasses to hide his own red-rimmed eyes and left the room. Roderic was waiting for him and fell into step beside him.

“Boss, Prof. Christie called about that divorce case he wanted you to take on,” Roderic reported quietly.

Joseph was in no mood for it. “I’m not talking about work today. We can discuss it in a few days.”

“Understood.”

While waiting for the elevator, Roderic took out his phone to carefully craft a reply to Prof. Christie. A moment later, the elevator arrived, and they stepped inside.

Just as the doors were about to close, someone rushed toward them. “Wait!”

Roderic held the door open. Vivica hurried in, and the sight of the two tall, imposing men made her unconsciously hold her breath. “Thank you,” she said, nodding politely to Roderic.

Roderic recognized her as the mother of the lost boy from the day before and offered a small smile in return.

The elevator descended in silence. Vivica glanced at the stoic Joseph and felt a chill. His presence was so cold and powerful. The fact that he was wearing sunglasses indoors only made him seem more aloof and unapproachable. Holding her breath, she watched the floor numbers light up, willing the elevator to reach the ground floor faster.

Suddenly, her phone rang, shattering the quiet. She quickly answered. “Hello, Quintina.”

“Vivica, my uncle said we’ll have to wait a couple of days. The lawyer is on leave due to a family matter.”