The IVF Secret That Shook a Dynasty

Chapter 20

The team applauded warmly, and someone joked, "Boss, are you sure you two are just alums?"

"Get out of here!" Zavier retorted good-naturedly. "Don't start any rumors. She was snapped up early. Her kid's already old enough to walk and talk."

He made sure to announce her marital status to ward off any hopeful bachelors on his team.

Vivica felt a little awkward but managed a polite smile and nod. Re-entering the workforce after several years was an adjustment, and having a familiar face around was a relief.

"Zavier, I never expected to see you at Q-Cloud. Thanks for the welcome. I'll be counting on your guidance," Vivica said.

She remembered him well—he had always been one of the brightest in their program. As top students, they had often collaborated on projects for their professors and had become acquainted despite being in different years.

"Don't worry about it. You're on my turf now. This is your chance to shine," Zavier said heartily, fully aware of her capabilities.

After getting settled, Vivica was assigned her first task by the assistant manager. Immersing herself in work helped her temporarily forget her pain, and the time passed quickly.

Her phone rang, breaking her concentration. She glanced at the screen and saw it was Quintina. She had a good idea what the call was about.

"Hey, Quintina."

"Vivica, just reminding you about your appointment today at twelve-thirty at Merit Law Firm to see Mr. Baird. Don't be late. His time is very valuable."

Knowing it was Vivica's first day of work, Quintina had called to make sure she hadn't forgotten.

"I remember. I'm about to head out now," Vivica confirmed.

After hanging up, she submitted her completed work to the assistant manager, explained she had a personal matter to attend to, and left half an hour early.

On the way, she did a quick search for "Joseph Baird" on her phone. There was plenty of information about him online, but not a single photograph. His professional bio, however, listed two full pages of accolades and titles that left Vivica stunned.

She suddenly understood why he had such a high threshold for divorce cases. With his reputation, even with such a steep requirement, the wealthy must be lining up at his door.

Filled with gratitude, she sent a message to Quintina, insisting that she treat them to a nice dinner to thank them, whether the meeting was successful or not.

Quintina replied: [Don't worry about it. It's nothing.]

When Vivica arrived at Merit Law Firm, she was struck by the stately, imposing building. She had never known a law firm could be so grand. It was another testament to its prestige.

"You must be Vivica Lynn. Please have a seat. I'll let Mr. Baird know you're here," a poised and elegant secretary said before heading up a grand wooden staircase.

Vivica took in her surroundings. Even during the lunch hour, the office was a hive of activity, a clear sign of the firm's booming business.

The secretary went upstairs and knocked on an office door. "Mr. Baird, the Ms. Lynn referred by Prof. Christie is here."

Joseph was focused on his laptop screen and didn't look up. "Send her in."

"Yes, sir."

The secretary, Fannie, returned downstairs. "Ms. Lynn, please follow me."

"Thank you." Vivica stood, smoothed her clothes, ran a hand through her hair, and took a deep breath before ascending the stairs.

"Ms. Lynn, please go in." Fannie knocked, then opened the heavy wooden door and gestured for her to enter.

Vivica nodded her thanks, stepped into the office, and put on a polite, professional smile. "Mr. Baird, hello. My name is Vivica—"

Her words caught in her throat. Her smile froze on her face.