

The IVF Secret That Shook a Dynasty

Chapter 4

The news had devastated the Baird family. Now, just after the funeral, the family matriarch, Melanie, had collapsed from grief and been hospitalized.

Reeling from two major tragedies in such a short time, even Joseph, a man known for his unshakeable composure and sharp intellect, couldn't hide the exhaustion and pain in his eyes.-

As the three of them rounded a corner, the doctor spotted the small, crying boy in the hallway. "Whose child is this?" he murmured. "He's all by himself."

He walked over and crouched down. "Hey there, little guy. Where are your mom and dad?"

Chaim's lower lip trembled. "I was looking for my mommy," he sniffled.

Joseph had no interest in the matter and was about to leave when his assistant, Roderic, suddenly gasped. "Mr. Baird, that little boy... he looks just like you!"

Joseph, who had already started to walk away, stopped and turned, his gaze falling on the child's face. After a few seconds, his cool expression hardened with focus.

The doctor noticed it too, his eyes darting back and forth between the boy and Joseph. "He's right! The boy's eyes, his features... the resemblance to Mr. Baird is uncanny."

Joseph's gaze shifted away. "If your eyes are useless, you can donate them," he said coldly.

The doctor muttered under his breath, "I'm not mistaken, he really does look like you. It's like he's your long-lost..."

"Ahem!" Roderic cut him off before he could finish. "Dr. Tyson, don't be ridiculous. Mr. Baird has always been a gentleman. He's currently single."

"Oh..." Dr. Tyson quickly backtracked with an apologetic smile. "My apologies, Mr. Baird. I must have been seeing things."

Chaim stopped crying and looked up curiously at the three men surrounding him and speaking in hushed, strange tones. Although the doctor was crouched right in front of him, Chaim's gaze drifted past him to Joseph.

"Excuse me," he said politely, "can I please borrow your phone? I need to call my mom."

Joseph, who had been about to leave, turned back once more to look at the boy.

“Here, you can use mine,” Dr. Tyson said quickly, holding out his phone.

“Mr. Baird, I know you’re a busy man. Please, don’t let us keep you,” the doctor added, standing up with a respectful nod.

“Hmph. He’s so stingy,” Chaim muttered as he took the phone and started dialing his mother’s number.

His voice wasn’t loud, but it was just audible enough for all three men to hear, and their expressions shifted.

Roderic shot a nervous glance at his boss, who simply cast one last, unreadable look at the boy before turning and heading for the elevator.

As they waited, Roderic couldn’t help but remark, “Boss, you know, it would be wonderful if that little boy really was yours. If Mrs. Baird knew she had a grandson, I’m sure she’d recover in no time.”

The comment only seemed to deepen the sorrow on Joseph’s face. His brother had died without leaving any children behind, a fact that grieved his mother deeply.

The elevator doors opened. Roderic moved to hold them for his boss, but a woman burst out from inside before he could.

“Chaim? Chaim!”