

# The IVF Secret That Shook a Dynasty

## Chapter 5

Vivica, frantic to find her son, didn't even notice the men standing beside the elevator. The rush of air as she ran past grazed Joseph's face, and he frowned, unconsciously glancing after her. He caught a glimpse of a tall, slender, beautiful silhouette.

But he was never short of beautiful women in his life.

"Looks like the little guy's mom found him," Roderic commented, watching her go. "She's very pretty."

Joseph said nothing and stepped into the elevator. As the doors closed, he gave his assistant a quiet order. "Cancel my morning appointments tomorrow. I'm going to the fire station to pick up Lennon's things."

"Of course," Roderic confirmed.

In the midst of their grief, the family hadn't yet had the chance to collect Lennon's personal effects from his workplace. The thought of what lay ahead tomorrow brought a fresh wave of pain, and Joseph, the stoic head of the Baird family, silently felt his eyes burn.

"Chaim, you scared Mommy to death! Don't ever run off like that again, okay?" Vivica found her son and knelt, pulling him into a fierce hug.

Chaim pouted, his voice full of guilt. "I'm sorry, Mommy. I came to find you, but the hospital is so big, I got lost..."

"I know, sweetie. I know." Vivica nodded, kissing his cheek before lifting him into her arms. She turned to Dr. Tyson and thanked him profusely.

Dr. Tyson studied Vivica, struck by her captivating beauty.

"Ma'am, if you don't mind me asking, are you here visiting or are you admitted?" he asked, his curiosity getting the better of him.

"We're admitted," Vivica replied with polite reserve.

"I see... Which department?"

"Hematology."

After answering, Vivica glanced at his name tag and saw he was a chief physician, which earned her respect. “Why do you ask?”

Dr. Tyson smiled. “No reason. He’s just a charming little boy. I couldn’t help but be concerned.” He reached out and ruffled Chaim’s hair. “Get well soon, little man.”

“Thank you, Doctor. I hope you have a good day at work,” Chaim replied instantly, his emotional intelligence on full display.

Vivica said her goodbyes and turned to leave, her son nestled in her arms.

“Mommy, was that Daddy on the phone? Is he coming to see me?” the little boy asked, his arms wrapped around her neck.

A bitter smile touched Vivica’s lips. “Daddy will be here as soon as he’s done with work,” she said softly.

Behind them, Dr. Tyson overheard the exchange and shook his head thoughtfully. “He has a father... I guess the resemblance was just a coincidence after all.”

Vivica had only said it to comfort her son, but to her surprise, Fletcher actually showed up shortly after they returned to the room, and he’d brought her parents with him.

“Chaim, I’m so sorry. Daddy got held up with something last night. I came as soon as I could,” Fletcher said, making a beeline for his son.

Vivica’s face was a mask of fury, but she held her tongue in front of Chaim. She turned her glare on her parents as they followed Fletcher in.

“Mom, I specifically told you not to tell him. Why did you bring him here?”

“Now, don’t be angry,” Evelyn said, taking her daughter’s hand. “It’s only natural for a father to be with his sick child. You can’t let a little argument keep him away.”

Her father, Zebulon Lynn, chimed in with a scolding tone. “Fletcher is a good man. Vivica, you shouldn’t be starting fights all the time. It’s hard for a man to run a business. You need to be more gentle and understanding.”

“He’s right,” Evelyn added. “Look at the life you have. You don’t have to work, you have a nanny to help with the child, and you get a generous monthly allowance. You have it so good.”

Vivica had always known her parents held traditional views, and in the past, she could brush off their comments. But now...