The IVF Secret That Shook a Dynasty

Chapter 9

“Okay, that’s fine. There’s no rush. I need to get a job first anyway. I have an interview this morning,” Vivica replied in a low voice.

“Alright, well, good luck! I’ve got to run.”

“Okay, bye.”

The elevator reached the ground floor. Vivica gave Roderic a polite nod. As her eyes swept past Joseph, she felt a sudden shiver and quickly looked away, hurrying out.

The doors closed, and the elevator continued its descent.

“That was the mother of the lost boy from yesterday,” Roderic noted to his boss.

“What does that have to do with me?” Joseph retorted.

“Nothing... Nothing at all,” Roderic said, a chill running down his spine.

When Joseph’s car arrived at the fire station, his brother’s commanding officer was already there waiting. After a formal handshake and exchange of condolences, the officer led Joseph to the dormitory building.

“Mr. Baird, this was Lennon’s room. All of his personal effects have been packed. They’re all here.”

Looking at the boxes containing his brother’s belongings, Joseph’s resolve wavered, his heart aching.

“Could I have a moment alone in here?” he asked the officer.

“Of course,” the officer said, understanding his need for privacy. He and his subordinate quietly left, and Roderic followed them out.

Joseph sat down on the edge of the bed and looked around the neat, tidy room. He ran his hand over the perfectly folded blanket, and his eyes welled up again.

A square box sat on the desk. Joseph picked it up and opened it. Inside were various small items and a collection of certificates and awards. He leafed through the commendations one by one, a heavy weight settling in his chest.

At the very bottom, a peculiar document caught his eye. Joseph stared at the “Sperm Donation Qualification Notice,” his brow furrowing. When had Lennon donated sperm?

Surprised and confused, Joseph picked up the document and read it carefully. It stated that his brother had successfully donated sperm to the national sperm bank four years ago.

Why would he have done that?

Joseph was baffled, but that wasn’t the most important thing. What mattered was Roderic’s words from the day before—“If Mrs. Baird knew she had a grandson, I’m sure she’d recover in no time.”

With that thought, Joseph stood up, gathered his brother’s belongings, and left the fire station immediately.

Once in the car, Joseph called his friend, Harvey Murphy.

“Joseph, what’s up?”

“Are you at the hospital? I’m on my way to see you.”

Harvey was one of Riverdale’s leading fertility specialists, known for his success in treating infertility. He had a reputation as a miracle worker.

“What, are you finally ready to have a kid?” Harvey joked.

“I’m not in the mood for jokes.”

Harvey’s tone sobered, aware of his friend’s recent loss. “Alright. So what’s this about? Your mother’s illness is from grief. The only thing you can do is be there for her.”

“It’s not about my mother. I’ll explain when I get there.”

Half an hour later, Joseph arrived at his friend’s hospital. Harvey greeted him, noting how much weight he’d lost, and offered his condolences.

Joseph acknowledged his concern, then got straight to the point, handing him Lennon’s qualification notice. “Take a look at this.”

Harvey’s eyes widened in surprise, but he quickly understood. “In recent years, with infertility rates on the rise, there’s been a national campaign encouraging university students and firefighters to donate to the sperm bank. I imagine Lennon was just answering the call.”

“I just found out about it.”

“So... what are you thinking?” Harvey asked, puzzled.

Joseph’s brow was deeply furrowed. He paused, then said, “My mother is overwhelmed by grief. Her health is declining by the day, and nothing we do seems to help. But if Lennon had a child out there somewhere...”

“Whoa, hold on!” Harvey interrupted. “You know the rules. Donations are double-blind. That sample might still be in storage, but even if it’s been used, we’re legally barred from investigating the recipient’s identity, let alone contacting them”

“I know that. But I still want you to look into it. If there is a child, even just a picture could be enough to give my mother a reason to fight.”