

Familial Donor

Crimson Rose

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Elaina had just given birth. She watched the doctor pull the infant from her wrecked vagina with her own eyes. At first, she thought the pain was making her eyes deceive her, but when the doctor handed her first child to her, the confusion deepened. And it showed on her face.

“Is something wrong?” Doctor Cynthia Garfield asked.

“I...”

“I know you’re exhausted. Believe me, I know. I have five kids of my own. But you should start breastfeeding her as soon as possible.”

“Right.” Moving the gown aside, Elaina cradled her newborn daughter into position and after a few short seconds, the baby was suckling.

“Do you have a name for her?”

“Kiera. After my late husband’s mother.”

“That’s a beautiful name.”

“For a beautiful baby,” Elaina said as confusion faded to heartbreak and then joy at having brought a new life into the world. *Maybe she’ll be lighter skinned*, she thought as she stared into her daughter’s eyes. *Or maybe she’ll become darker as she grows older.*

“I’m sorry if I’m being too forward, but I can’t help but notice the confusion on your face. If you have any questions please ask.”

“I... I don’t understand... she’s so... white.”

“Okay, now I’m the one that’s confused.

“My late husband was a very dark-skinned black man. I’ve heard of babies being switched at birth, but I literally just watched her coming out of my body. I know what you’re thinking and no, I never cheated on him. He’s the only man I’ve ever been with and his were the only kids I wanted which is why we had his sperm frozen when we first learned of the illness that finally took him.”

“I’m so sorry for your loss.”

“Thank you. Maybe she’ll get darker as she grows older?”

“Possible. If you want we can run a paternity test. We won’t be able to tell you whom the father is, but you’ll at least have something the sperm bank can use to compare to their files.”

“I love her no matter what, but if they gave me someone else’s sperm then I have a right to know. Please run whatever tests are necessary.”

“When you’re finished feeding her I’ll take some samples to be mailed to the lab and you should receive the results within one to three weeks.”

“Thank you.”

“If you need anything else I’ll just be out in the hall.” Giving the new mother a reassuring smile, Dr. Garfield stepped out to fetch the necessary tests.

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Fifteen days after giving birth to her daughter, Elaina was sitting on the couch trying not to fall asleep when a loud knock at the front door snapped her awake. Jumping to her feet, she rushed over and peeked out to see two uniformed officers and a well-dressed woman standing on the porch. Opening the door, she gave them a confused look. “Um, can I help you?”

“Morning ma’am. Are you Mrs. Elaina Holland?” the officer on the left asked.

“I am.”

“We’d like to have a word with you. May we come in?”

“Um, what’s this about?”

“It has come to our attention that you recently gave birth.”

“OH GOD! Wait, how did it come to your attention?”

“That’s what we’re here to discuss. If now’s not a good time then we can make arrangements for you to come down to the station and...”

“No, now’s fine, but I just put her down for a nap so can we please try to keep it quiet?”

“Of course.”

Opening the door, Elaina let the three guests in. “Can I get you something to drink?”

“No thank you,” the officer on the right answered. “I’m officer Rob Burnham. This is my partner Myles Taylor and she’s Jenna Carver with Children’s Protective Services.”

“CPS? What that actual hell? I don’t know what you may have heard, but I love my baby more than life itself and would never do anything to...”

“Please calm down. We’re not here to judge how you may or may not take care of your child,” Jenna said as she looked around a remarkably clean home. “Honestly, if this is how clean you keep your home two weeks after giving birth then you have nothing to worry about.”

“Amen!” Officer Taylor replied. “My house was a complete wreck for weeks after each of my children were born.”

“Why exactly are you here?”

“Is your husband home?”

Barely containing the tears forming in the corner of her eyes, Elaina resisted telling the officer off. “M-My husband bast last year of cancer.”

“I am so sorry!” Officer Taylor apologized.

“Is the father of the child present?”

“I don’t know why the father is. I’ve been waiting on test results to take to the sperm bank so I can confront them on their colossal mistake.”

“Oh! Oh boy! So, you have no idea who the father of your child is?”

“All I know is she’s not my late husband’s.”

“If you don’t mind me asking, how do you know she’s not his?”

“She’s as white as I am. I know, big shocker! White woman gives birth to white baby. It’s the headline of the century. Or at least it should be because my husband was a very dark-skinned black man and she’s as white as her mother without even the tiniest hint that she might be biracial. What I don’t understand is how you knew I gave birth and why it’s the police’s business.”

“There’s no easy way to say this,” Officer Burnham started. “We were sent a copy of your paternity test because the results indicated... are you sure you don’t know who the father is, Mrs. Holland?”

“I’ve only ever been with one man in my entire life and that was my husband!”

“I’m sorry, Ma’am, I’m not trying to upset you but the test... the test indicates that your daughter shares half her genes with her biological mother. That would be you. And... and her uncle. Your brother.”

“WHAT? NO! That’s not even possible. You’ve got the wrong results. I’m an only child.”

“The lab assured us they ran the tests three times to make sure.”

“I don’t have a brother! Or a sister. Biological or otherwise. I’m an only child so the test is wrong.” Temperature rising fast, Elaina felt herself on the brink of losing control. “If you’re thinking about taking my baby...”

“Please calm down. I give you my word no one is here to take your baby,” Jenna said as reassuringly as possible given the circumstances. “Unfortunately, it is their duty to investigate all claims of incest...”

“INCEST! Are you... that’s... get out! Go! Get the hell out of my house and...”

“Ma’am, please calm down. I know it’s a lot to digest but this’ll go so much smoother if you just let the officers do their job. No one is going to take your baby. All they need is for you to answer a few questions and we’ll leave you alone. Please. Just try to breath and relax and when you’re comfortable we’ll continue,” Jenna said all the while giving the two officers the stink eye.

“The test is wrong!” Elaina said as she slumped into the overstuffed chair. “I’m an only child! If you don’t believe me ask my mother!”

“Would you be willing to call her for us?”

“I... if that’s what it takes. If it’s true, and I’m not saying it is because I think I’d know if I had a sibling, but what happens if this mysterious brother is the father? Are you going to take my baby from me?”

“That’s unfortunately not for me to decide.”

“Right.” Sighing, Elaina grabbed her phone from the coffee table and dialed her mother. After the first ring she placed it on speaker.

“Hey hun, everything okay? How’s Kiera?”

“She’s doing great. I just put her down for a nap. Mom, the police are here and I have you on speakerphone. I need to ask you a very serious question and I need you to be completely honest with me.”

“The police! W-Why are the police there? I thought you just told me everything was okay? What...”

“Mom! Shut up and listen. You know that paternity test I took? Yeah, well, apparently it was sent to the police because... because they say... the test results indicate Kiera’s father is my... oh man, I this is so fucked up. They’re saying her father is my brother. But how’s that possible when I’m an only child?”

Silence.

Silence.

“Mom? You there?”

“I’m here.”

“How’s this possible mom?”

“I...”

“I’m an only child, right, mom?”

“I am so sorry!” her mother apologized. “You do have a brother.”

“WHAT?”

“Your father and I were young and not even remotely suited to be parents at the time so when our first child was born... when your brother was born we gave him up for adoption. I’m sorry we hid it from you, but... no, there’s no good excuse. We did what we thought was the right thing. You’ve never met him so how can he possibly be Kiera’s father?”

“The fucking sperm bank! I told you she wasn’t Marcus’ and this proves it.”

“Ma’am, this is Officer Burnham. Are you willing to go on the record to state you’ve never once told your daughter she has brother?”

“Absolutely. We gave him up right after birth and have had no contact with him whatsoever. We don’t even know his name or who adopted him. And if it helps prove my

daughter did nothing wrong and this is all the fault of an incompetent sperm bank I hope Elaina is seriously considering suing, I can provide copies of the birth and adoption records. You can't blame her for something those incompetent bastards screwed up!"

"Mom, please make copies of those records and bring them over as soon as you can."

"I'll get started right away."

"Thanks mom. I'll see you when you get here." Hanging up, Elaina turned to the police. "I told you I didn't have a brother. Or, well, I never knew I had a brother. OH GOD! I have a brother! And he... he's... I'm going to need a copy of that paternity test. I'll also be looking into the legality of the lab sending you my confidential information without consent."

"You can have this copy," Officer Burnham replied. "As for the legality of the lab sending us the results first, when it comes to potentially illegal acts they have the same obligations to report as doctors. That being said, I cannot and will not give you any form of legal advice, but I strongly agree with your mother and suggest hiring an attorney to go after the clinic for everything you can."

"Thanks. If there's nothing else I really need to wrap my head around this so..."

"I'd like a word with you in private if that's okay?"

"Sure."

"Gentlemen, if you don't mind..." Jenna said to the two officers.

"If we need anything else we'll be in contact," Officer Taylor said as he stood up from the couch.

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Once the two men were out of the house and well on their way to their cruiser, Jenna turned to Elaina and offered another reassuring smile. This probably isn't what you want to hear, but given the circumstances, I strongly recommend trying to find your brother and getting to know him as he's every bit the victim as you are and has a right to know just how badly the clinic screwed up. He might be a good man and as messed up as the situation is, doesn't he deserve to know that he has a daughter?"

"I'm not sure how I feel about that. I mean, yeah, he deserves to know the place fucked us both, but at the same time I'm not sure I want him to know he fathered his sister's child. But I also think he deserves to know he has a kid even if by a twisted sense of fate. Honestly, I don't know what to do."

"I completely understand. I'm going to be honest with you, Mrs. Holland. The reason I was brought in on this case is because like your daughter, I was the product of incest. Unlike you, however, my mother was forced into it by a father I hope is burning in the deepest pits of hell. That being said, and I'm not advocating for it in the slightest, but Rhode Island had no laws forbidding incest between consenting partners of at least sixteen years of age. It's also not illegal for said unions to produce children. It is, however, illegal for siblings to marry, but there's nothing stopping you from living together and giving your child the parents and life she deserves."

"I... you want me to... there's no way in hell incest is legal here or in any other state!"

"Actually, it's legal here as well as New Jersey though the laws do vary a bit in the permissible age. Here, I'll Google it for you so you don't have anything incriminating on your phone or computers." And with that, Jenna pulled up the browser on her phone, clicked to the search engine and typed in her query. "Here you go. You can see from the blurb at the top that what I said was true and if you don't believe that feel free to click some of the links. Again, I'm not trying to persuade you one way or the other, but if he's a good man and you get along with

him and you're both consenting then why not give it a try even if it's only to live together for your daughter."

"Do you fuck your brother? Do you have a kid by him?"

"Two brothers and three sisters, actually. And all four of us girls have been knocked up by our brothers multiple times. And I free tell you because I know there's nothing the law can do about it. That being said, I appreciate you keeping it to yourself. Anyways, I'll leave you with that little nugget of truth and if you need anything at all please don't hesitate giving me a call," Jenna said, offering her business card.

Taking the card, Elaina handed the social workers phone back. "Thanks. For the record, I have no desire whatsoever to have sex with my brother or any other family member, but I will at least tell him he has a daughter and leave to him to decide whether he wants to be in her life or not."

"I think that's a very healthy and wise decision. Good luck, Mrs. Holland. And for what it's worth, congratulations."

"Thanks. Um, should I call and tell my mom not to come over, then?"

"Honestly, seeing how exhausted you look, I'd ask if she's okay babysitting a few hours, but that's just me."

"I got a solid five hours. Anyways, if there's nothing else, I need to get ready before my mom shows up."

"Of course. Good luck, Mrs. Holland."

"Thanks. What I don't get is if incest is legal in this state then why would the lab bother sending my results to the police instead of me?"

"While it's legal between consenting adults, there are cases where it's still illegal. The lab has a legal obligation to send all results of incest to the police and leave it to them to investigate. From my understanding, the lab has your information but nothing on your brother so as far as they know it's a potentially illegal case, thus police involvement."

"I guess that makes sense. Thanks."

"No problem. I know it's a lot to take in so if you want to talk I'm here for you, Mrs. Holland. Please call if you have any questions or just need an ear to vent to."

"Thanks. And please call me Elaina."

"And you can call me Jenna," the social worker replied with a wide smile. "I'm gonna go now so you can rest, but my phone is on if you need anything."

"Thanks again."