

## Barren Mother Give Birth To Sextuplets To The Hot CEO Chapter 10

Amy wanted to scream but the hand covered her mouth in a quick pace, she calmed and tried to look at the person's face, seeing that this person was Callan, she pushed him away angrily, "why did you draw me here?" She walked out of the dark space and shot him a disgusting look. "Don't pretend like you don't miss me," Callan smirked. "Disgusting. After six years, did you still think I'll not have get over what happened?" She asked. "It's not my fault that you are barren," Callan scoffed, "and... your pretense about Broderick being your hubby is just a joke, you think I don't know? Broderick and I are childhood friends and we use to be best of friends but over the years, we have grown apart and are not in good terms anymore. Nevertheless, I still know many things about him. You of all people can never be Broderick's taste," Callan said. "Either I'm his taste or not, can I know why you are concerned? You are with your secret already and I hope you have married her and she has given birth to countless children for you, you disgusting piece of shit..." Amy said, feeling like slapping him. He was her ex loving husband who betrayed her heartlessly yet he still has the face to be appearing before her. "As long as you are in North Hill, do you think you will be able to avoid me? I'm that powerful," Callan bragged. "What's your purpose exactly? Why are you here? Cause it seemed to me like you are the one finding it hard to move on," Amy said. "We use to work together in my company, there is still a chance cause sooner or later, Broderick will fire you. He fires people carelessly and you won't be an exemption, so take on the offer now and come to work for me," Callan said. Amy looked at him from head to toe disgustingly and cursed, "to hell with you and your damned company." She turned but Callan stretch his hand to grab her, she was quick to yank her hand to escape his grip as his touch disgust her so much. However, another hand held her second hand. She turned and saw Broderick holding her hand but not in a rough way, it's gentle and she felt his warmth. She didn't understand why he held her but she began to walk away with him without saying any word. Amy was happy that this happened at the right time, Callan who believed that she would never be his taste Broderick's will now see for himself. Once they both appeared at his office, his grip tightened on her small hand that she felt like her bone was going to break, she winced in pain wondering why he suddenly gripped his hand so tight whereas he has been gentle all along. He left her hand and she let out a heavy sigh of relief but the part of her hand that he held tight had changed color as a result of how he tightened his grip around it. Nevertheless, she was relieved that he let go of her arms,

"Patience, woman!" He said, standing still before her. "Bonnie informed me that you might spend hours at the conference room, this was why I decided to show up there," Amy said.

Broderick turned from her and went to sit, what he said next almost made her fall to the ground, "you are fired,"

What

did she do wrong? Her heart sunk into a pit of sadness and she didn't know whether to plead or even if the pleading will work. "Please, I don't want to lose this job. I shouldn't have showed up there, I really need this job, I'm so sorry. I'll be patient next time." "Didn't you want to resign from your work prior? Now I'm giving you the chance to leave. Why are you begging?" He asked, his aura filled with peril making the time inside the room stand still.

Amy's mouth shook and she quickly walked towards the table and said, "please, sir. I really need the money." "So you will do anything to get the money?" He asked, Amy understood the sarcasm in his words and quickly objected, "not anything but I will work harder and try not to offend you anymore." Why was this woman pretending? She was so desperate to get closer to him, desperate for money and she was here pretending like she wouldn't do anything for money. She must be really smart. "Get out of my office and never return," he declared and placed a call across, "Get someone in my office out now." Amy knew that he had called the securities to take her out, if they meet her here, they would be so rough with her and she doesn't want that. She walked out quickly and soon arrived outside of the building. Tears find their way down her cheeks, why was she getting unfortunate again and again. She should have just waited for hours inside the office rather than lose this high paying job. She felt very devastated. But it was impossible

for her to understand Broderick, first he wouldn't let her resign, then he promoted her although she was finding favour with him then all of a sudden, fire her again. He was indeed a psycho and a very mean and heartless one. She turned back to the very big and magnificent building and cried as the thought of the fact that she may not be able to enter this place again filled her heart. Won't her children be disappointed if they couldn't commence school eventually by the end of the month? Callan's prediction was right, he had said that Broderick would fire her and he did just that, there was no point staying around the company, she needs to go home now and think of what next to do with her life. She walked towards where she could get a cab and before she could enter, one of her colleague at work ran towards her, "Amy!" Amy turned and when the lady finally got before her, she asked, "you look sad, have you been fired?" Although she and the lady standing before were colleagues, they have never spoken before. Why does she suddenly act concerned. Did she want to mock her? Well, even if she does, it will only be for today,

The lady's face dropped into that of sadness and she said, "I'm so sorry...so sorry! I really hope you get a better job."  
"

## Chapter

iu You Arelid “Thank you,” Amy said. “Can I have your number, I’ll also let you know of I get any job opportunity for you,” the lady requested and Amy gave her the mobile number she was using. “Thank you,” the lady said and walked away. Amy sighed and got inside the cab, at least, she didn’t mock her. Her phone rang just few seconds after the cab had started moving, the caller ID was an unknown number and she thought that it was probably the lady who was calling her. But when she answered the call, she heard a male voice on the other end, “Amy, how are you?” Amy knew the voice was familiar but couldn’t recognize it, “who am I speaking with, please?” “Your dad. Please come home, we need to talk,” Amy’s father, Carlton said. Amy disliked her father with passion and they have not even spoken for the past twelve years that she had not gone home, yet he had the gut to tell her to come home. How did she even get her contact? She was so angry that she wanted to hang up. “I don’t have time, bye,” she said but before she could hang up, her father spoke up, “it’s a matter of life and death.” Life and death? She placed the phone back properly to her ear and after a few seconds of silence, she said, “I’ll come over.” She then hung up. She told the cab driver to change the route as she was now heading to a new location. When the cab arrived at her father’s house, she paid the cab driver and stepped down, walking here reminded her of all her trauma in the past and her heart bled again. But she dared not to cry, she needed these people to know that she had grown strong and moved on with her life. Although nothing is working in her life yet, but her children were enough for her to believe that she’s not entirely useless on earth. Otherwise, being divorced, jobless and barren would have sent her into an eternal pit of sadness and depression. But she has six children, to her, she has what many people do not have, she valued her children so much and to her, they meant everything to her. Although her dress was not the expensive one, it was averagely decent. When she got before the gigantic house, she pressed the doorbell and a few seconds later, the door opened and there was a man standing tall before her. The man was her father. He smiled and said, “welcome, daughter.” “Amy is my name, please,” she corrected angrily and walked inside. She sat on the couch in the living room and in no time, her father was seated on the couch before her. “Shall I tell the cook to prepare a delicious meal for you?” The man asked. “I’m not hungry, can you please go straight to the matter of life and death situation you called me here for?” Amy asked curiously. She was not here for some unreasonable kind gestures. Sitting on the couch inside this house was as though she was sitting on thorns. The memories of the past stung her like a wicked bee would do to its angry prey.