

Barren Mother Give Birth To Sextuplets To The Hot CEO Chapter 36

Chapter 36

It's Not What You Think

The following day was weekend, since Amy wasn't really busy, she thought she could go and pay Mike a visit and most importantly tell him that he would be reinstated back and that she would stop working there. She would have called him on phone but she thought it would be more proper to pay him a visit. Plus, she doesn't plan on visiting him again after today.

The maids were with the kids at the backyard of the house, playing with them, since Amy doesn't have a plan of coming back late, she did not really see any reason to inform the maids and the kids. As for Broderick, it would be better to inform him cause she doesn't want any trouble with him. He might not understand her true intentions of going so it's better she made it clear to him before leaving. She walked over to his room and planted a knock on the door severally but soon realized that the door was locked, implying that there was no one inside. He checked his study room and knocked, she knew that he doesn't like to be disturbed but she would rather disturb him than to get to his trouble later on. She knocked again and again but didn't get a response. She twisted the knob and saw him sitting before his desk. His study room was like a library with so many books. He had a cup of coffee before him and seemed to be seriously studying. He must hear that someone was knocking on the door yet he did not respond, was he so engrossed in what he was doing? Infact, ever since she had opened the door, Broderick had not raised his head towards her to see who it was. Amy assumed that he must be so busy and then closed the door back gently and walked out. She has not asked Broderick yet if she could use any of his car and she did not even plan on asking cause she doesn't want to feel like she owes him anything. Though trekking from his mansion to where she could get a cab daily can be very tiring. Broderick on the other end hasn't ever offered her a car either. Wondered what sort of his husband he is. This was someone who had more than fifteen latest and most expensive car in his garage. Once Amy got to where she could take a cab, she took one that transported her to Mike's house. Once she got there, she allighted and walked to the entrance of the bongalow, she pressed on the doorbell and in a jiffy, the door opened. Mike furrowed his brow in shock when he saw her, "oh my gosh! Amy, I never expect that I would see you." Amy was all smiles and then he gestured for her to walk in after which she did, "please have your sit." He said, very happy to see her. "Thank you," Amy sat gently. "What would you like to take? I can get whatever you want for you," he said. "Well... How would I tell you I'm okay? I kind of ate before I came. But thank you. If I feel hungry or need a drink before I leave, trust me, I'll tell you," Amy said. "It's fine," Mike smiled and sat, "so how are you doing?" "Well, I'm fine. I've got a good news for you, you will be employed again," she said. "I was about to tell you that I was asked to resume work on Monday. You can't imagine how happy I was when I found out, how did you know though?" "Well, I have someone as a friend who is close to the bosses, I had to plead with her to tell those the bosses to forgive whatever your offence is and to my surprise,

she informed me hours later that you will be reconsidered," she said. "Oh my days! All thanks belongs to you," Mike said. "So what have you been doing at home? Isn't it boring being here alone?" Amy asked. "My girlfriend and I haven't been in a good term, she's likely to break up with me," Mike said. "That's quiet sad, I'm so sorry. Would you mind me asking what you did to her that wants her to break up with you?"

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"I didn't cheat," Mike answered and giggled.

"Like you know that's what many men do," Amy chuckled back,

"Well... She told me her family doesn't want me, I really don't know why. She said she can't be on the bad side of her family just because of me as her family means everything to her. Her actions and reactions since then have been flat and dry, and I'm just here waiting for her to break our relationship," Mike said.

"Won't the break up hurt you?" She asked. "It will hurt me so bad but I am getting prepared for it. I can't tell her to choose me just to be on the bad side of her family. Maybe our relationship aren't just meant to work out," she said.

"Maybe, or is there something you could do for her family to accept you?" She asked and before Mike answered, a call came through to her phone. Seeing that the caller ID was Broderick Alessandro, her heart thumped loudly and she swallowed the saliva she didn't even know was stored in her mouth. "Are you fine?" It was impossible for Mike not to notice her nervousness. "I am, a second please," she requested.

Once she answered the call, Broderick's voice came through, "in Mike's house, huh?

You have three minutes to return here." The call came to an end before she could even say a word. "There is an emergency, I need to leave," Amy said and stood immediately.

"Oh! Please be fine, okay?" Mike asked and also stood. "Sure," Amy answered as she walked swiftly to the door and opened it, "bye Mike." "Bye, Amy," Amy walked out and quickly prayed to get a cab, while waiting for a cab, she turned and saw that Mike had walked back inside. Mike must be wondering why she was suddenly this nervous, well, they won't even get to meet again after this so he can think whatever he wants. She suddenly sighted a cab approaching her, before the cab could get to her, she felt a hand scratch her neck with it's fingers and she winced in pain as she turned only to see the person running away. What? Who the hell is this? She didn't have time to think of why a random stranger will scrub her neck and run away, she quickly got inside the cab and was being transported to Broderick's house. Perhaps, the person who harassed her in the neck escaped a psychiatrist institution, it was absurd to her. She checked her wrist watch and saw that three minutes had passed, oops! She paid the cab driver immediately the cab arrived at Broderick's mansion. She didn't even know why she was nervous. It's not as if Broderick will hurt her, or maybe she was just concerned about Mike, Broderick may actually hurt him. If he can fire him just for eating with her, what will he do then since she went to his house? Amy walked inside but couldn't find anyone at the living room, also, the house seemed extraordinary quiet and that gave her goosebumps. She dialed his number but it was only dropping, she walked quickly to his room and saw that the door was slightly opened, she pushed the door open but didn't see anyone in the room. A figure appeared behind her and suddenly slammed the door closed, making her heart almost jump off her throat. She turned and saw

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Chapter 37 Hickeys

“What did I think?” Broderick asked and grabbed her hair all of a sudden then pulled it to the back in a very hard way. His eyes on his neck. “Did you think I was joking when I said you are mine?” there was danger in his eyes as he said these words. She winced in pain cause she felt like her hair was about to be pluck off her head, “Please, stop hurting me.” “You deserve to die you promiscuous woman. You dared to have sex with another man yet pretending not to be intimidated by my charm?” .

“Huh? sex? Never! I didn’t do... anything of such,” Amy said in the middle of her pain. “You liar!” he pushed her angrily to the bed and tore her skirt away like a beast. He tore her pant away like it was nothing revealing her vagina. “I promise to fuck you till death. Ya’ll women are fucking the same.” he separated her legs and Amy began to cry She didn’t mind having sex with him but not in this situation, “I swear with my life, I didn’t have sex with him.” Broderick threw away the belt he had just removed from his waist and said, “the hickeys on your neck are enough prove that he fucked the hell out of you.”

Broderick removed his trouser leaving him naked. “Hickeys! I don’t have hickeys on my neck,” Amy said innocently. “I beg of you, for the sake of our children, don’t have sex with me in this manner.”

“You think I can’t satisfy you, huh? But that motherfucker can satisfy you, right?”

Broderick asked, his dick hard and ready to push it in inside of her. He stood all of a sudden and dragged her up with her arms then took her roughly before the mirror, “see for yourself, you fucking have sex. Why are you still pretending, you slut?” Broderick was very angry that she dared to have sex with someone else.

When Amy checked the mirror, she indeed saw marks that looked like a hickey on her neck. She furrowed her brow in shock, she touched it to be sure and immediately realized that the hickeys was as a result of the person who scrubbed her on her neck when she was finding a cab before Mike’s house. Could it be that the person wasn’t a psychiatrist but rather someone who was trying to set her up. More tears rushed down her face as she thought of the fact that there was no way Broderick can ever beleive her. Of course, the hickeys on her neck looked like one that was created when having sex. She turned slowly to Broderick who was beside her and said with a shivering mouth, “I didn’t have sex with him.” Broderick stood still, his face not calming down at all. Veins were visible both on his hard dick and on his forehead. He looked like one that can crush her into nothing. He was large, tall and muscular while she has a slender body and was averagely tall.

Broderick received a call from Brett and once he answered it, Brett said, “He has been tied to the chair as commanded, sir. Should we commence the torture?” “Hold on, I’ll be there,” Broderick said. Cause of how close Broderick was to Amy, Amy heard what the other party said on phone.

“Who is tied to the chair?” Amy asked concernedly hoping that it wasn’t Mike. “The man you had sex with. It’s surprising how you cared so much for an ordinary colleague that you have not even known for a month. What sort of a woman are you? I almost forgot

all women are the same.” Broderick said with so much rage boiling in his bloods. “He’s innocent, I know I have no prove but if you are punishing him, know that you are punishing an innocent man,” she said, Broderick got dressed without saying any more word and walked out, A few minutes later, he was standing in a large room before Mike who was tied to the chair,” Speak the truth and I’ll let you die peacefully but lie and I’ll let you beg for death. Watch how your hands will wither away like a dried leaf, you will.

Hickeys – watch your legs grow lean and wither away into nothingness, flies will feast on the numerous scars I’ll create on your body yet your hand will not be functional to chase the flies away. I’ll let saliva drool from your mouth uncontrollably, I’ll remove one of your eyes and place it on your non-functional hand, you will watch your eyes get destroyed with your second eyes, you would also never be able to taste food nor drink water for the next ninety days when life will crawl slowly out of your body.” Broderick threatened and he meant every single word he said. “Mr. Broderick, although I did not know that you have a relationship with with Amy, but I swear with my life, I did not even touch her. Not even a hug, I really wish I have a CCTV camera that covers my sitting room, I would have have justify myself with that,” Mike said sincerely. Broderick stood and commanded Brett,” let him experience all I have stated.” As he walked outside, Mike shouted,” Mr. Broderick, I swear with my life, I didn’t have sex with her. I don’t know where she got the hickeys from, please sir. Please sir...” Mike cried but Broderick turned deaf ears and walked out. Broderick placed a call across to Brett once he walked out and once Brett answered it, he said,” don’t touch him, release him by night but keep a close eyes on him. Also, get me all necessarily information about him.” “Alright, sir,” Brett answered. Broderick doesn’t punish people he hadn’t confirmed are guilty otherwise, he would have angrily fucked Amy until she can no longer breath. He soon arrived inside his car and as he was being driven home, he thought on whether what Amy said was true. Why would anyone want to draw an hickey on her neck? For what? Did that woman and Mike not really have sex? Once he arrived home, Amy ran quickly to him, “I can’t find my children and the maid in the house, where are they?” Amy had searched for her children everywhere in the house after Broderick left but she couldn’t find any of them. He put a call across to him severally but the call wasn’t even going through. She wondered if he blocked her line. “Until you tell me the truth about what happened, I won’t let you see your children. As for your silly Mike, I have ordered for him to be tortured to death,” Broderick said. “What! you want to kill an innocent man who knows nothing about what happened? And you won’t even let me see my. kids? What sort of an insane man are you? Are you a psycho?” Amy screamed atop her voice. “You dared to insult me?” Broderick asked. “Yes, I do. You are insane. Very insane. What will you do? Kill me too? Okay go ahead, kill me... What are you waiting for... kill me,” Amy said, crying vigorously. She was going crazy. “You slut and liar, you keep throwing yourself on different men to have sex with you. Why are you women never satisfied?” Broderick asked. Amy slapped him hard on the cheek,” I’m not a fucking slut. Get that into your skull, you wicked beast. I regret the day I jumped on you and made you have sex with me. I regret coming back to North Hill, I could have just stayed back in Southhill and live a peaceful life with my kids.” “Not only did you insult me, you even slapped me. I, Broderick Alessandro, get slapped by an ordinary

commoner and a slut who sleeps around with all her colleagues.” Amy’s anger knew no boundary at this moment that she raised her hands up to slap him again but he grabbed it and said, “I will teach you that I’m not to be dared.” He carried her like a baby, Amy struggled to free herself but no matter how she tried, he was way stronger than her and he carried her very tightly. He carried her inside her room and dropped her on the bed, before Amy could stand, he already walked out and locked the door on her.

“You beast! I curse the day I meet you,” Amy kept slapping her hand hard on the locked door with hot tears streaming down her face, when her hand start to hurt, she cried even harder and squatted slowly to the floor, she sat on her ass night before the door and sobbed.

“My children!” she screamed like she was going crazy,” give me my children.” she screamed again..

Broderick was right behind the door, listening to her cries. He felt a heavy guilt in his heart. What if he was punishing an innocent woman?

Her sobs and screams kept penetrating his ear, he turned to the door and wanted to unlock it, but paused.

Hickeys Locking her up here was just an unnecessary punishment, not seeing her children was enough punishment, he unlocked the door and pushed the door open.

Amy stood weakly and quickly walked towards him, she looked at his face pityfully, she almost doesn’t have any strength anymore. The earlier she realized that fighting with a man whose single command can send her to the grave won’t yeild anything, the better for her.

She sunk to her knees and said,” your majesty, I beg of you, please let me see my children. I was stupid for slapping you, I take back all my insults, I was the insane one here.” she cried.

Broderick just watched her with a straight gaze.

“What punishment do you think is fair to give a woman who slapped me?” he asked.

“Think properly and answer.”

“You can punish me all you want, just let me see my children. I’m going crazy here,” she said. “I won’t let you see your children until there is no more need for this marriage,” he said and her head almost exploded. “Broderick, please don’t do this to me. I know I’m stupid and I acted out of anger. How can I even dare to slap the most powerful man in NorthHill? Even an insane woman will not dare that. You have broken me enough, please don’t destroy me. I’ll die if I did not see my children in twenty four hours. They are the reasons why I leave. My children must have missed me greatly too, please don’t do this to me.”

“Tell me the truth maybe I can consider,” Broderick requested. There was no pity or emotions on his face at all. He looked

like an handsome heartless beast. He stood majestically like one unbothered about her tears. Amy who was still kneeling before him look up to his broad chest then to his firm and emotionless face, his looks exudes so much danger and she can’t beleive that he had not even kicked her away to death, he must be trying so hard to control his anger, Amy thought and then said,” I... swear on my children’s life, I did not have se type of woman.” She swallowed the air trapped in her mouth since there was no more saliva again, her throat was dried and she looked exhausted, she continued,” I came to your study room to inform you that I was going to Mike’s place, that was because I was trying

to avoid this kind of trouble but you were so busy, you were engrossed in the book you were reading. I don't want to disturb you that was why I left. I went there purposely to tell him that he would be employed again so he would stop being depressed. Cause I do have a feeling he was depressed after being sacked and thinking that it was my fault, I thought it was proper to go to his house rather than calling him."

She added with the little strength left in her, "I swear with my life that I did not have sex with anyone. I have six kids, what more did I want from life?"

"Until I find a logical explanation behind the hickeys on your neck, I won't let you see your kid," he said, turned but before he could take a step, she crawled and held onto his leg, sobbing aggressively on his shoe.

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Chapter 38

Her Father Broderick turned to her and watched as she held onto his trouser, "let me go." "No, you are torturing me. Please, my children are my reason for living," she pleaded with tears rushing down her cheek. "No," he declared, "My reputation matters a lot and I don't joke with it. Although I have not announced you to the world as my wife, I still expect for you to honour this marriage," Broderick said and withdrew his leg from her grip. As he began to walk away, Amy felt her heart clutch together in bitterness, she hurriedly stood and followed after him. What can she do convince this man who has a heart as rigid as a stone. He was too big for her that she felt very insignificant before him. She trailed after him as he walked towards his room. He held the knob of his door and twisted it, he walked in and turned to the entrance

it, he walked in and turned to the entrance then he saw Amy standing with a weak and pitiful face. "Please!" Amy pleaded. She knew that once he closes the door, she won't be able to have access to him anymore, "I want to see my children. I feel empty without them." "Did the hickeys disappear to your neck or did you think I'm a fool?" He asked. He wasn't hurt that she had sex with someone else, it was his ego that was hurt. He felt like his pride was trampled upon. How can a woman whom he regard as a wife for the time being go to another man to have sex with him? "When I was outside of Mike's house and was waiting for a cab, someone scrubbed my neck with God knows what, I indeed saw the person running off but I didn't see any reason to pursue him or her because I thought it was just an accident or maybe the person was a psycho," she said. 'This woman really thought she can deceive me,' Broderick finds what she said to be really ridiculous and then slammed the door.

Amy actually felt as though the door was slammed on her heart, her heart banged heavily like it was being hit with a pestle. She cried out loud as she fell to the wall beside the door. "How would she see her children?" She thought but couldn't think of anything solid. After crying for hours, she felt so exhausted and walked to her room in pain. She went to stand before the mirror again and examined the hickeys in her neck, whoever drew this to her neck sure had it all planned out. The marks looked exactly like an hickey. Who could be trying to set her up? First someone shot at her, now someone

tried to set he up for cheating. Could it be that someone was trying to set her up? She went to the bathroom and washed her face with water, but that didn't make the headache she was feeling to stop neither did it reduce the pain in her heart. She picked up her phone and called Mike, the call was almost coming to an end when Mike answered it. "I'm sorry, Amy. I just left the bathroom, are you home now?" "Don't pretend like you don't know I'm fine. Why did you draw an hickey in my neck?" She asked. Although she wasn't sure he was the one but she really couldn't think of anyone else. No matter how much Gallan hates her, he wouldn't try to kill her plus Callan was still in the prison. She planned on apologizing to Mike after he had refuted her accusation. However, Mike surprisingly kept quiet. She had to speak, "why are you quiet? Are you surprised I find out?" "I didn't draw the hickies to your neck," he said but added three seconds later, "but I know who did."

Amy furrowed her brow in shock, she wasn't expecting the last statement. She was so shocked that she had to sit upright on her bed and pressed her phone on her ear so she wouldn't miss any words of what he was about to say,

"Who is the person?" She asked, trying to hide how overly curious she was.

"Your stepsister," he answered briefly. "Martha? How did you get to know her?" Amy asked. Wondering why Martha would be trying to set her up before Brodenck. She was never on good terms with her stepmother and her stepdaughter. They hated her from the onset and she doesn't like them neither. Her father was always indifferent of their cruel attitude towards her when she was living Her Father with them that was why she left and she has never regarded herself as someone who has a family.

Why would her Stepsister suddenly show up now?

"What I told you about my girlfriend and I almosty breaking up was a lie, my girlfriend and I are in good terms."

"How does this have anything to do with my question?" Amy asked. "Martha is my girlfriend and..." He paused while Amy listened keenly, she was shocked at his first statement but then was waiting for what's next, "Callan is my elder brother." "The fuck!" Her head almost blew away with the revelation. Amy knew that Callan has a younger brother who was living abroad but he didn't know his name neither did she bothered too. So Mike was his younger brother?

"You do realize that the company we met was our family's company's, right? Though Broderick acquired it recently but fifty percent of workers there are members of our family. I came back from abroad three years ago and started working there. After you and Broderick sent my brother to prison and even bought off our company, I asked for workers to be paired together, and that you and I should be paired together so I can take revenge on you and Broderick," Mike said. Amy's heart just kept beating as he heard him speak, she was dumbfounded. Mike looked very gentle and looked like one that can't even hurt a fly. "I wanted to hide it from you for long but I thought there was no need for that anymore. But as for your stepsister, she had a different purpose, when you meet with her, you can ask her," Mike said. "Were you the one that shot me?" She asked. "The plan is not to kill you. I wasn't the one," Mike answered. "I haven't even started my revenge yet, Amy." Then it would probably be her stepsister who tried to kill her. She can understand why Mike is seeking revenge but what in the world has she done for Martha?

“But you were the one who sent Martha to draw the hickeys in my neck, right?” Amy asked. “I just said I haven’t made any move yet. And I’ve done a great job by telling you who drew the hickeys to you neck. Like I said, you can contact your stepsister to know why. Can I hang up?” Mike asked. “What did you plan to do to me?” She asked. “Why don’t you just watch,”; Mike said and added, “bye, Amy.” He then hung the call. Everything suddenly made sense to Amy but the revelation he delivered now was too much for her to bear. Callan was wrong and was sent to prison, why was his family coming for her? She has no one to protect her and the kids, how can she possibly survive? She didn’t have the contact of her stepsister neither did she have that of her stepmother. The only way to contact them was to go to her father’s house. Her father’s house always remind her of how she was abused in the past. She have to get to the root of this matter to be able to convince Broderick that she had more enemies than she thinks and that it was her enemy who was trying to set her up. She walked out of her room and went outside to take a cab, she chattered it quickly to her father’s house and was soon dropped before her father’s house in no time. She walked into the house calmly despite raging in anger and burning in pain, she planted a knock on the door and it gave way in no time.

Seeing her Stepsister, Martha, she frowned very deeply and asked,” why are you after my life?” “Excuse me!” Martha feigned ignorance, “I asked why you are after my life. You tried to shoot me and put an hickey on my neck to frame me up, what did you want from me? Last I remember, I left this place many years ago hoping not to have anything to do with you and this family anymore.”

“Who is that?” Someone’s voice sounded from inside as soon Amy finished speaking, “The bitch is here,” Martha answered the woman that just asked a question. “The bitch? You called me a bitch?” She raised her hand and sent a resounding slap to her cheek, Martha fell at once as if she had been waiting for the slap. Steps rushed towards the door and an aged woman appeared, she was Martha’s mother and Amy’s stepmother.

“You! What did you do to my daughter?” Edith shouted on Amy who just stood still, Edith immediately called on her husband, Carlton. Carlton appeared in a jiffy and saw Martha lying on the floor, he frowned and said to Amy,” how dare you come over here to cause trouble? What did you do to her?” “You can rebuke her later, please let’s find a way of taking my daughter to the hospital,” Martha said and Carlton quickly placed a call across to an ambulance. Carlton squatted before Martha and began to examine her face, then she saw marks on her cheek that depicts that she was slapped. “Amy, you dared to slap her,” Carlton was so angry that he stood and sent Amy a resounding slap.

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Chapter 39

A Hard Punch In The Cheek

Amy furrowed her brow in shock. She have seen her father shown indifferent attitude towards the abuse that Martha and Edith inflicted on her in the past, but she had never

been abused directly by her father. But today, her own father slapped her because of the daughter of a mistress.

"Dad, you slapped me?" She asked. Was it not her who honour his call few months ago and even agree to enter into the misery arranged marriage that she was at the moment. Yet he slapped her.

"You slapped me for your mistress's daughter?" She asked with a broken heart. Amy's mother was his legal wife, but it was after her mother died that she found out that her father had kept a secret mistress all these years and what's worse, he even brought them home to live with him. Carlton was not as rich as the Alessandro's family but he was the Mayor of the city and hence, was influential. He was regarded as a king and adored and treated like one. Amy was supposed to have the perfect and most enjoyable life seeing how influential her father was in NorthHill but her father stopped prioritizing her but rather prioritized his mistress and her daughter.

"Carlton, you shouldn't have slapped her. She probably slapped Martha out of anger and frustration," Edith said. It was during this period that the ambulance came, Martha who was pretending to be unconscious was suddenly transported to the ambulance and carried away. "Don't call me dad ever again. Infact, I should just tell you the truth now, you are never my biological daughter. Martha is my biological daughter. Leave now and never return to my house ever again," Carlton was angry that Amy came to his house and before she could even enter, she had already caused trouble. Amy felt like a sharp knife peirced into her heart as she heard her father speak. What was her father trying to say? That her mother has a child for another man or? Was he trying to call her mother is a cheat. She struggled so much not to let the tears in her eyes fall off, she turned from her father and his mistress and began to walk away, if she tries to say any more word, the tears she had been holding would fall. As soon as she tumed from them, tears started pouring from her face like pregnant cloud emptying rains. She had barely taken few steps when the rain began to fall heavily. She looked around for where she could hide but there was no place. She turned back to her father's house and saw that the door had been locked. She had come here to challenge her stepsister and ask why she was trying to hurt her and make her look like a cheat before Broderick but she wasn't even allowed to take a step inside her father's house and what's worst, her father who had never laid hands on her slapped her.

Not knowing where she could hide, she decided to see if she can find a taxi that will take her home. She was going through so much pain at the moment. She wasn't even allowed to see her children. She began to saunter towards the street despite the heavy rain beating her. Her clothes were wet and she was literally gnashing her teeth in pain. The fact that her father does not care about the rain beating her hurts her to the gut, the intensity of the rain increased and she allowed more tears fell from her eyes. Her heart was so heavy that she leaned by a pole and almost squatted there.

While in her devastating state, a black land rover packed before her. Once she set her eyes on the tinted window of the glass, she wondered if this was Broderick, the tinted window slide down and she saw Mike inside the car.

"Come in," Mike said from inside the car, "No," Amy responded. He just exposed himself as his enemy yet he showed up as if trying to save her. Even if he saved her, he must have other odd purposes. Did he really think she would be foolish to step inside the car just because the rain was heavily pouring on her

Mike pushed the door open and stepped down, he walked over to her and didn't mind the rain beating him at all," Yes, I want revenge for my brother but I can do that without hurting you." "How else do you plan on revenging for your brother without hurting me? Stop pretending like a ..." she gnashed her teeth as a result of the cold, "like a sheep when in fact you are a wolf."

– Chapter 39 A Hard Punch In The Cheek Mike smirked, "If I want to hurt you, I would have when you come to my house. Please come inside my car." "Listen Mike, stay away from me and tell your girlfriend to stay away from me too," she said and carried her heavy legs away from him. "There is no taxi around, how long can you endure the cold, you will fall sick," Mike said as he walked beside her. "It's better to fall sick than to enter my enemy's car. You do realize that it was Callan who was wrong, right? He cheated on me in the past and tried to steal my kids away from me yet you are seeking for revenge, how pathetic," Amy said angrily "My brother never stopped loving you, getting the kids from you was an attempt to force you to come back to him," he said.

"Get away from me?" she screamed. She doesn't want to have anything to do with Mike anymore. "No, you are still Callan's wife cause he never signed the divorce papers before he went to prison so literally, you are still part of our family and it's my responsibility to ensure that I protect you," he said. "Don't put me into more trouble than I am. Broderick is already punishing me for coming to your place, if he sees us together, it won't be good for both of us, you know that?" she said and paused walking. Anyone who sees her walking with Mike would think they were two lovers talking. The fear that one of Broderick's men could be watching her filled her heart. "Come back to our family, Amy. Broderick will only keep hurting you if you are with him," Mike said. "Fucking leave me or do you want me to scream," she said, the intensity of the rain didn't reduce at all. It was beating the both of them heavily and she was almost tempted to get inside his car. Mike wasn't ready to leave here unless she gets inside his car," Please get inside the car and let me drive you to Broderick's house." Amy sighed in utmost frustration when she saw that he was not ready to leave her. She tried to push him away but he grabbed her two arms and rested it on his firm chest. "Let go of my arms," she screamed as she tried to withdraw her arms but Mike pulled her over to himself. A heavy blow landed on Mike's cheek all of a sudden making him let go of Amy's arm and fell to the gutter beside the road. Amy furrowed his brow when he saw Broderick standing tall and mighty. He looked at her with an aloof face, "get inside the car!" She quickly got inside his car that was parked right behind Mike's car while Broderick also stepped in. The driver drawled the partition up enclosing the duo in the backseat space. "I don't know how he came...I don't know how he find me. I went to ..." he turned to her and placed his finger on her mouth. He drawled her closer to himself and pressed her body on his, "let me warm you until we get home." Amy curved her two arms around his body and pressed her chest on his tightly as if finding comfort and Broderick didn't mind at all.

Once the car gets home, the backseat door was opened at once. Broderick carried her like a father carrying a daughter inside the room.

He placed her on the bathtub and when she wanted to unbutton her shirt, he said to her, "I'll do that for you." She looked at him surprisingly and set her eyes on him as he unbuttoned her shirt slowly. Then he helped her to remove her top leaving her with her brassier. He pulled her towards himself then took his hand to her back, he unhooked the

brassier in no time and took it off. Seeing her firm breast, his face was immediately full of lust, he helped her take away her skirt and then her pant very gently. He increased the temperature of the water so it can be warm a little, Amy remained in the warm bathtub and felt warm but her eyes were still fixed on him, "My children, please let me see them," she pleaded, Broderick who was now standing still said to her, "the children are now in their room. When you feel better, you can check on them."

Amy was very happy to hear this. What made him change his mind? "Thank you so much," Amy said. "Don't forget you are resuming as my secretary on Monday, dress like one and learn faster," he said. "Sure, I'll perform diligently. Do I need to submit an application?" Amy asked. "Not necessarily. This is your husband's company," Broderick said and when he was about walking out of the bathroom, he turned to her and said, "you went to your father's house right?" "Yes, I do." "Why don't you return there when the rain started falling?" he asked as if he was concerned. When Amy remembered the way her father slapped her, she felt a sharp pain in her heart and said, "my family and I are not in good terms."

Barren Mother Give Birth To Sextuplets To The Hot CEO Chapter 40

Chapter 40

Arrange A Meeting

Broderick only took his face away from her and walked out. Amy got out of the bathtub at once and immediately went to get dressed then went to her children's room. She had been dying to see them.

She opened the girl's room as soon as she got to the entrance of their room but she saw that they were already asleep. She woke them one after the other and they all hugged her as soon as they saw her. "Mum, we didn't see you when we came back?" Angel asked. "I didn't even know where you went nor when you will be coming back," Amy said sincerely. "We went with mama Hannah to an amusement park, didn't dad tell you?" Queen asked.

"He didn't. But I'm glad you all are home now. I need to check on your brothers too."

"Okay," Angel and Queen said. "Mum, did dad bully you again?" Debby asked, Although there was no traces of tears on Amy's face, nonetheless, Debby could sense a hint of unhappiness on her face. Actually, Amy wasn't even sad because of Broderick, to her, Broderick was just a psycho but what's hurting her deeply at the moment was her father that slapped her. He actually slapped her for his mistress and an illegitimate daughter. "No, I'm fine, trust me," Amy said and smiled. Debby leaned on her shoulder and said, "please be fine, mummy." "I have to be fine because of you all," she said and then petted the children to sleep again after which she left their room. She went to the boy's room and saw how scattered they were on the bed. They must have played very rough at where they went so she decided to check on them the following morning since they seemed very sound asleep. She returned back to her room and laid, the scene of how her Stepsister pretended to be unconscious flashed across her mind and how her father

slapped her because of it. Until now, she still didn't understand why her step sister suddenly want bad for her. She just have to be very careful. Amy resumed as the secretary to the CEO of Alessandro's corporation. Her office was the medium sized office that anyone would get to before getting to the CEO's office. She was relieved that she did not have her desk in Broderick's office cause that would be so uncomfortable for her. Joan, the former secretary to the CEO walked in and said, "congratulations on your new appointment."

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"Thank you, Joan. And congratulations on your promotion too," she said. Joan wasn't demoted, infact, her salary was increased as she was now the executive managing director of the company. Joan was naturally hardworking and very loyal. Although she has a secret crush on Broderick Alessandro, but she knew it will only remain as a crush. It will be impossible for anything to stem up between the her and Broderick. She knew that so she never stressed herself in getting his attention. "Can I sit?" Joan asked.

"Of course," Amy replied humbly with a smile. Joan then placed a long sheet before her, " here are the basic duties of a secretary. You will be the one to arrange meeting with stakeholders at his command, or personal meetings with some powerful men in the cities. You would serve him coffee by 8AM and 12PM, always serve it one or two minutes before this time, you must never be late." "Got it,"

"You should also let him know about the presence of anyone before allowing them inside his office. Those are your primary duties, other duties like writing down what's being talked about in his meetings and many others are listed in this sheet. Overall, I wish you the very best." "Thank you so much, Joan. I hope I will be able to work hard like you," she said. She smiled and then stood, "oh! one more thing." "What's that?" Amy asked. "This is kind of personal but everyone knows that Mr. Broderick Alessandro is a very handsome man, including you.

— Chapter 40 Arrange A Meeting — Crushing is allowed but don't ever show it. Let him see your hardworking side alone. You can fantasize on him all you want but don't ever make an attempt to even seduce him cause he gets angry easily and can fire you if you misbehave. Just be hardworking and you will last long as his secretary." If only Joan knew that she was married to Broderick, she wouldn't bother giving her such advise.

"Thank you, I'm grateful for the advise," she said and watched Joan walked away. Since today was the day Amy resumed work, it was Joan who prepared the 8AM coffee.

When it was 11:30AM, Amy stood and went to the kitchen to prepare a warm coffee. She prepared it in her own style and didn't know if he was going to like it or not.

She carried it well and walked back to her office then to his door, her heart thumped as she wanted to knock on the door. How can she be scared of her boss this much? Her boss or her husband? Both! She swallowed and knocked, a majestic voice came from inside immediately, " come in." She twisted the knob and walked in, then as soon as she appeared, she said, " your coffee, sir." ∴ This was work and she must follow all work ethics irrespective of their relationship at home. "Place it on the table and thank you," he said. He had a glass on his face this time and a newspaper in his arm. He looked like an ancient king and his aura exudes so much nobility. She felt as if he was staring at her and that made her conscious of every single thing she was doing, she placed the cup of

coffee on the table and then turned. She was so happy that she was able to do that. "Arrange a meeting with the mayor and other city chancellors by 5PM this evening at B hotel, ensure that everything goes smoothly. This will be your first assignment." The mayor? The mayor of the city was her father. What sort of a hard task is this? She turned to him and wanted to speak but her mouth shiver, he dropped the newspaper on a pile of books on his table and picked up the cup of coffee then drank from it. Amy watched his reaction, she wanted to know if he likes it or not. "You prepared this?" "Yes, I did. Do you like it, sir?" she asked. Broderick placed the cup of coffee on the table and answered, "No!" His answer was like a bucket of water being poured on her, her body was drenched, she felt sweaty immediately. "...I...I'm sorry, I'll ask Joan how she prepare hers, sir. I prepared it using my own style, I just think you might want to try something new. "Since you prepare a bitter coffee for me, then you must let me taste something sweet from your body," Broderick said. Amy was confused. Something sweet from her body. Was there anything sweet in her body? "I didn't understand what you meant, sir," she managed to speak. She was so nervous that she wished she had evacuated this place. What sort of a man is this? How could he look calm yet exudes so much fear. He had never even slapped her before nor lay hands on her to beat her yet, she was still scared of him. Not only was he her boss, he was her husband and even the father of her six kids.

"Come over here," he commanded.

She dared not to refuse so she walked slowly towards him but she didn't want to stay too close to him. "Mrs Amy, sit down on the desk right before me," he said. First time he will be addressing her formally. Did he forgot they were husband and wife? "Sir, it's not right."

"Will you be the one to tell me what is right or what is wrong? Sit now!" he commanded.

Amy wondered why he wanted her to sit before him for, she turned to the door and realized it wasn't closed then turned back to him.

Broderick checked his wrist watch and say, "We shouldn't waste both of our time, should we?"

Amy then sat on his desk, right before him. She was wearing an office shirt and suit plus an office black skirt that stopped right above her knees. She clenched her laps tightly together and kept looking at his face to see what he was up to.

He trailed her with his eyes from her face down to her neck, he paused when his face got to her breast and then trailed her down to her belly then down to her skirt.. "Why is your laps clenched?" he suddenly asked. Amy shook her head and answered, "nothing, sir." "Separate them." "Sir!"

"I don't have to say those words twice, do it," he demanded and her heart began to thump, she separated her laps slowly. He placed his palm on her knee then pushed her skirt roughly but gently upward, his second palm joined and in a jiffy, her fresh laps were exposed. Amy felt embarassed but quickly remembered that she was his husband. But was this right in his office. He pushed her skirt up til it revealed her red pant. "Red pant!" he mumbled while Amy's heart only kept thumping. He placed his hand on the hem of the pant and wanted to pull it down but Amy wasn't raising her butt. "You prepared a bitter coffee for me, don't you want to make up for ruining my taste?" he asked. She raised her butt up for him to remove the pant and he did. He sniffed in the

pant and smiled," what a nice smell."

What sort of a psycho boss is this? Amy thought but then, the door was not locked. The both of them didn't want the world to know what sort of relationship they shared but if someone was to barge in on them now, it will be exposed.

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Broderick placed the pant on the arm rest of his chair and looked up to her," why are yo
"Someone may walk in," she said. "That person, who can barge into my office
unannounced has not been born," he said as if he was angry. Amy swallowed and
dared not to say a word again, he parted her laps and buried his head slowly, between
her laps, Amy furrowed her brow at the thought of what was about to happen. He wants
to eat her out or? When his lips collided on the skin of her vagina, she jerked as if she
was electrocuted but his lips began to lick around the area of her vagina. A rage of
pleasure surged through her that she dug her nails deep inside her palm absorbing the
pleasure and trying not to scream. Her vagina became wet in no time and his lips began
to slide into her vagina, licking the wetness and eating her out seriously. She was
moaning out loud and louder but was cautioning herself. The pleasure increased so
much all of a sudden that she was scared that she might cum. It had not even been up
to four minutes yet that he had started eating her out and she was about to cum. Her
legs shiver but he wouldn't stop eating her out so she cummed mercilessly when she
couldn't hold it anymore. He raised his face that had a messy mouth up and said," this is
sweet."

He wore her pant back for her and helped her climb the table down gently," remember
the meeting I told you to arrange." She wanted to remind him that his father was the
Mayor he told him to arrange meeting with but on the other hand, he thought that he
already knew that. Afterall, he knew whom her father is.

Amy felt very satisfied and happy, she felt relaxed because of how good he ate her out.
4:40PM at B Hotel- VIP Hall. The Mayor of B City and other chancellors who reside over
different areas of the city all sat down in their majesty.