

# Barren Mother Give Birth To Sextuplets To The Hot CEO Chapter 61

## Chapter 61 Mr. Michael

When Broderick got to the hospital, he was surprised to see an urn in a small bottled glass on the hospital bed. Who could have replaced her dead body with an urn?

“Bring me the chairman of this hospital,” he commanded and Brett immediately took steps away from him and made a call to the chairman of the hospital, commanding him to appear at where they were at the moment.

The chairman immediately suspended what he was doing and appeared immediately at the ward that Broderick and ten other burly men in suits were, they were part of his guards.

“Good evening, Mr. Broderick,” the doctor greeted politely. His mind unsettled as he wondered why the most powerful man in North Hill would have called him urgently.

“The dead body of my mistress was supposed to be here wrapped in white but I got here only to see an urn, how did that happen?”

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Broderick looked at him with a straight gaze and asked in a powerful manner.

The chairman swallowed heavily and also saw the urn on the bed. “I’ll ask those in the computer department to check the CCTV camera to find out what happened.”

“Do that immediately,” Brett chirped in and the chairman quickly placed a call across to the head of the computer department and told him to find out what happened in the ward they were.

“Sir, can you please sit?” The chairman gestured to Broderick after he had hung up the call. “Please don’t anger Mr. Broderick. Did you expect him to sit when the dead body of his mistress is missing?” Brett responded to the chairman angrily. Broderick just ignored him like he was talking nonsense. The doctor dared not to say a word again.

A couple of seconds later, the chairman’s phone rang again and he immediately answered it, “what did you find out?”

“The footage had been deleted, I sincerely don’t know how,” the head of the computer department said.

“What!” The chairman screamed, Sweats had formed quickly on his forehead, “how can you be so careless to let such footage get deleted!”

“Sir, I just don’t know how but I’m currently investigating. I’m so sorry, sir?” The head of security pleaded.

“You can’t find a record of how Mr. Broderick’s wife dead body got out of here, right?” Brett asked the chairman. He was able to deduce his questions from the chairman’s response to whom he was on phone with.

The chairman lowered his hand and said, “sir! I don’t know how our head of security couldn’t find the CCTV footage...” He almost wanted to start crying.

Broderick picked up the glass of urn on the bed and wondered if it was her family that

could have done this. He knew quite well that Amy and her family were not in good terms, perhaps, they had taken her dead body away but how dare they do that without his knowledge? "Get him fired," Broderick declared, referring to the chairman.

"Got it, sir," Brett immediately placed a few calls across to the shareholders of the company and told them what Broderick said. They immediately agreed to appoint a new chairman. Majority of the families in North Hill always want to be in the good book of the Alessandro's family. How dare they refute Broderick Alessandro's command?

The doctor fell to his knees and began to plead with tears but Broderick already left the ward with his escorts.

Brett almost walked out but turned to the doctor pityfully.

"Please sir, I have been hardworking, I don't want to lose my job this way," the doctor pleaded.

"If you can find the footage that got deleted, I'll speak to Mr. Broderick on your behalf and you can get your job back." Brett said

then quickly walked out to catch up with Broderick and his escorts.

Whereas, Amy stood before her mirror with a sharp gaze. She was thinking seriously about the mysterious man that saw her when she was secretly sneaking out of the hospital. Even though she covered her face when walking out, a man had called her by her name but she didn't turn to see whom the man was.

Amy didn't want anyone at all to know she was alive but there was one man who knew. The man could leak the revelation, hence, she was worried about it.

While she was in deep thought, she heard a knock on her door. A knock? Whom could that be? She quickly covered her face and walked towards the door, she opened it and without lifting her head up, she asked, "how can I help you?"

"Amy Owen, you don't have to hide your face," the man said and Amy's heart skipped fearfully. She removed what she used in

hiding her face and raised her gaze up only to see a handsome man before her.

Was this the same man who called her by her name at the hospital?

As if the man could read her thought, he responded, "I'm the one who called you when you were sneaking out of the hospital. I mean no harm, please let me in."

Amy wanted to know more about this man and sincerely, he doesn't look scary. He looked calm and gentle.

Amy gestured for him to walk in and in a jiffy, they were both seated before each other at her living room.

"How did you know my name? Are you stalking me? Who are you, please?" Amy asked. She was very curious and she didn't hide it at all.

"I know that you are Broderick's mistress. I had just returned from abroad and I won't really say I'm stalking you, I only came after you because I have an offer to make to you," he said.

Amy sat upright and asked, "your name, please?"

"Michael Alessandro," he answered and the last name he mentioned made Amy's heart sink.

She almost stood but remain seated, "excuse me! Are you related to the Alessandro's family? I mean the real Alessandro?" "My father is an elder brother to Broderick's father.

So, you could refer to me as Broderick's uncle." "Shouldn't you be referred to as a cousin? Your father can be regarded as Broderick's uncle but you are Broderick's cousin, anyways, that's not what matters. Tell me what offer you have," Amy requested. "Everyone believed you are dead except me of course. I can help you keep it a secret and ... grant whatever request you have but you have to do what I want," he said.

Amy relaxed back to the chair and thoughtfully asked, "what did you want?" "I won't state what I want until I am done granting your request. Just think deep and ask me whatever you need the most in your life. No matter how hard it is, I'll do it for you. After I am done granting your request, only then can I state my request. My request is not complicated at all, it's just a single request." "Mr. Michael, can you help me find out what really killed my mother? My father told me that my mother died in the house of a gigolo. I know my mother is not a cheat and even more, she would never stoop so low to cheat on my father with a gigolo. She was clearly set up," Amy said.

"I'll do that for you. Is that all you want from me?" Michael Alessandro asked. Amy thought and then said quickly, "not just that, my stepsister and my stepmother wants me dead. They are powerful now because they are related to my father, if my father can cut them off from the Owen's family, they will be as powerless as a bird without feathers. I want you to break the relationship between my father and my stepmother."

"You have made two requests and I'll do both," Michael said and stood, he took out his business card from his suit jacket and handed it over to her.

Amy received it slowly and then he said, "I'll get to work."

As he attempted to leave, Amy stood and said, "I can't pretend to be dead forever, for the sake of my children, I have to return to Broderick's mansion once one month has passed. So can you do all these for me within one month?"

"Yes, in fact, two to three weeks should be enough. However, don't forget you have to grant my request too," he said. "I will," Amy said carelessly. It was hard for her to guess what he may want to ask but when she gets to the river, she will cross it boldly.

"And one more thing," she said and Michael gave her more attention, "Please don't tell anyone I'm alive," she said "Of course, I'm not so dumb to reveal such a truth. Bye, Miss Amy," he smiled and walked away.

Amy sighed as he watched him walk away then quickly walked over to where her phone was, she placed a call across to Joan and once she answered, she said, "tomorrow is Friday, don't forget to bring my children to the beach."

"Sure, miss Amy. The children have been able to convince Mr. Broderick that they want to come and play at the beach tomorrow," she said.

"Great," Amy smiled. She can't wait to see her kids.

"Miss Amy..."

"Yes?"

Joan sighed and said, "I hope we don't get caught tomorrow. I found out Mr. Broderick's men are watching all of my move. I'm scared."

Amy was quiet for a while, reasoning with what she said. Broderick is very powerful and may find out about her tomorrow if she's not careful.

Amy remembered Michael and thought he could help, "don't worry, I've got it covered."

"Okay, miss Amy. I'll trust you.

Broderick sat on a big chair in his room with the bottle of urn in his hand, from his research, the Owen's family didn't have Amy's corpse with them.

And from what he found out, Amy didn't even have a friend. So how did her dead body disappear into a urn. Someone was most definitely behind it but he had not been able to find out whom that person is. Seeing her urn makes his heart shrink into sadness. Ever since Amy died, he had not been able to sleep and he had only been eating beans since then. He just didn't have appetite to eat good food again.

Loosing Amy was like loosing a part of him. He stood and went to place the bottle of urn gently on the wardrobe. He placed a call across to Brett and commaded, "My children are going to the beach tomorrow with the maid, ensure they are save."

"Definitely, sir. But sir, I need to tell you something," Brett said.

"Your cousin, Mr. Michael is back in North Hill," Brett said.

"Hello, sir! Are you there?"

Brett didn't know why Broderick wasn't responding and then proceeded,

"Erm...secondly, sir. Someone informed us that Miss. Amy's old apartment seems to be occupied by someone." "Tell my head of guards to prepare, we are heading there,"

Broderick hung the call and immediately dressed well then walked quickly outside,

In a jiffy, he was being escorted to Amy's old apartment where Amy currently is.

Who could suddenly move in there at a time when Amy is dead? Whoever that person is must be aware of how Amy's dead body disappeared,

Once the cars pulled over at the mansion, Broderick sighted a land rover parked with

tinted window. The Land Rover had a tinted window and it was a latest edition,

Broderick knew that whoever owns the jeep must be extremely wealthy. This area isn't

where the wealthy people of North Hill lives. He wondered what the person could be doing here.

He wanted to tell his head of guard to keep an eye on the land rover but he thought it was unnecessary so he walked over to the door of Amy's flat and knocked on it. There were seven burly men around him, prepared and ready to attack anyone who may want to harm him.

Ever since Amy died of poison, Broderick had immensely increased the security measures around him and the children.

A few seconds after he knocked, he suddenly started hearing steps approaching after which the door opened.

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## Chapter 62 A Ghost

Broderick saw a strange woman standing before her, the woman looked fearless and had a different skin color implying that she was a foreigner.

"Who are you?" Broderick asked.

"I'm Dr. Charlotte, I have just moved in to this neighborhood, is there a way I can help you, sir?" The woman asked politely. "Did you have an idea who was living here before?" Broderick asked and the woman shook her head in response.

Judging from the woman's look, Broderick assumed the woman was innocent. He turned from her and sighed in frustration. He promised himself not to rest until he finds Amy's dead body. He, at the very least have to give Amy a proper burial.

A few minutes before Broderick arrived at Amy's apartment, Michael placed a call across to Amy telling her to evacuate the building as Broderick was coming there then he sent someone to occupy the place in her absence.

Amy was the first to call him telling him to ensure that she would not be exposed tomorrow when meeting with her children.

Michael walked back to his living room where Amy sat and said, "Broderick had left your apartment, you can leave now. I'm sure he would not see any reason to come back to your apartment."

"Thank you, Mr. Michael," Amy walked out and took a cab home. Before she arrived home, the woman that Michael sent to occupy Amy's mansion had already left.

Once Broderick arrived at his mansion, one of the guards present at home informed him about the presence of Nell.

Why would Nell come over to his mansion unannounced?

He walked inside nevertheless and once Nell saw him walked in, she stood and greeted with a smile, "son, how are you coping?"

"I'm trying to be fine. But mother, why are you here without informing me?" He asked.

"Can't I come to visit my son anytime I like?" Nell asked jokingly and quickly added, "I'm sorry, son. I just have something pressing to discuss with you and I don't want to bother you by telling you to come over."

Broderick sighed and went to sit after which Nell sat. Truth was, he didn't like how Nell appeared unannounced. She could have just called him to come over.

"What's the matter?" He asked coldly.

"It's about Theresa. She told me you haven't even come to check on her ever since she came back home. Are you aware that her sickness is getting worse?" Nell asked.

"I'm disturbed cause I can't find Amy's dead body. As for Theresa, she will be fine over time. And mother, don't worry about her, okay? She's my wife after all so it's my sole responsibility to ensure she's fine," he said.

"You haven't even formalized your marriage yet, I think you should and also organize a grand wedding with her," Nell said. Nell had reasoned that even though Broderick is identifying himself publicly with Theresa, he can still dismiss her anytime but once they get married legally, it will take Theresa to sign a divorce agreement before he can dismiss her as his wife and organizing a grand wedding with her will seal their marriage publicly. "It's 100 early for that," Broderick said. "Broderick!" A soft and weak voice

sounded and as Broderick raised his head up towards the direction of the voice, he saw Theresa walking weakly towards him. She looked sick and then sat on the chair slowly. "My life is miserable." She added pityfully. Broderick maintained his straight gaze and observed Theresa keenly.

"When would you ever love me back? You haven't even fulfilled your promise of marrying me, for all I know, I am just a shadow of your wife at the moment. Broderick, did you still doubt me or did you think we can't get along anymore?" Theresa began to cry.

Broderick turned to Nell who also had a pityful look on her face, "she had been waiting for you all her life and now that she's with you, is this all she will get?" Nell asked.

Broderick stilled his mind, although he had made a promise when he was naive, he wouldn't rush to fulfil such promise. Its too dangerous. It was enough that he brought her into his house.

Broderick suddenly saw a figure appeared and walking behind the couch that Nell and Theresa both sat. How did this person even

get access into his room. The shape and figure of the person looked like that of Amy. The figure covered her face with a veil so it was impossible to see her face.

He stood immediately and walked towards her but the figure soon faded into the hallway. He ran after her but suddenly couldn't

find her anymore. He searched all the available rooms but couldn't find her.

He placed a call across to the head of guards and commanded him to fish out whoever has entered after which he returned back to the living room.

"What's wrong, Broderick?" Nell asked.

"Someone suspicious entered. Don't worry mother, I'll fish the person out," Broderick said confidently. He was so certain that his men will fish out whoever it was. But he was more disturbed as to why the person looked like Amy.

"If you can help me find Amy's dead body, I'll consider having a public wedding with Theresa," Broderick declared.

"Oh! That... I'll immediately begin to make findings," Nell said.

Broderick stood and excused himself from the two women in the living room then walked outside.

"Mother, how do we find Amy's dead body?" Theresa immediately asked. "The main question should be, who kidnapped her body? And for what reason? Your mother and I are the only persons who hate Amy and we didn't even kidnap her dead body. Her dead body is useless to us. We are more satisfied that she's dead." Nell said. "I may be dead but can you also kill my ghost?" A voice suddenly sounded behind Theresa and Nell and they suddenly jerked back in fear.

Seeing a human whose face was covered with a veil, their heart skipped and they watch as the woman unveiled her face, seeing Amy, they both screamed as if seeing a ghost and ran out of the house, wounding themselves mercilessly in the process.

"Miss Amy, are you done?" The head of guards asked.

"Yes, lead me out," Amy commanded and the head of guard ordered the two men that were with him to lead Amy out of the house through the backdoor.

The head of guard was once in dire need of money, his mother was sick and he needed money so badly, the money for her treatment was huge and it was Michael Alessandro

who helped him then. Ever since then, he had always wish to pay his debt through any means he can. He was the one always giving Michael Alessandro all information about Broderick's movement, then Michael would in turn communicate it to Amy. This was how Michael was able to tell Amy to evacuate her apartment at a time when Broderick and his men were coming to visit.

Once Ary got lead out of the house through the backdoor, the head of guard began to walk outside.

Whereas, Theresa and Nell stumbled outside and even fell to the floor, Theresa scratched her knees to the floor while Nell used her forehead to hit the ground.

Broderick who was standing and waiting for the head of guard to appear with the suspicious woman who entered his house was stunned to see his godmother and Theresa stumbling out of the house in utmost fear. "What's wrong?" He asked concernedly,

"Inside inside a ghost," Nell said, her head bleeding.

"A ghost?" Broderick asked.

"We saw Amy yes, Amy, she's inside." Theresa said, panting heavily,

Does a ghost exist? Broderick never beleived In fairy tales, he only beleived what he sees. But then, he also saw a woman whose shape looked like that of Amy.

The head of guard appeared at that moment and said, panting heavily as if he had done a thorough search," sir, we can't find anyone."

"Did you search every where? Broderick asked.

"We searched every single space in the mansion but could not find anyone," the head of guard said.

This was the second time in all of Broderick's entire life that he would be confused," take my mother and my wife to the hospital."

He commanded and walked back inside.

He went ahead and search himself but couldn't find anyone.

Theresa and Nell were in the VIP ward of the hospital, they were both on different bed but in the same ward.

Once the guards by the door of the ward let Edith inside the ward, she barged inside the ward and ran towards Theresa," Martha, oh my gosh! What happened." She then turned to Nell and asked," mother, what happened?" Nell sat upright and spoke with anger," did you beleive Amy is dead?"

"Of course she is, mother. I watched her eat the poisoned food and saw her when she began to foam." Theresa sat upright and answered.

"Mum, we saw Amy's ghost," Theresa answered her mother.

Edith furrowed her brow," that's not happening. The drug I told you to put inside that food can kill anyone in just three minutes after getting to the stomach, there is no way Amy can survive that and does ghost really exist?" Edith became very troubled.

"I think she survived it. First her dead body was missing, secondly, she appeared to us... I don't think she's dead," Nell said. Nell had thought deeply about it and come to the conclusion, though not absolutely sure yet.

"But how could she survive such?" Martha asked no one in particular then faced

Theresa,” Theresa, is it the exact drug that you put in Amy’s food?”

“Yes, of course. I don’t have any other drug that can kill,” Theresa responded. The three women in the room were totally devoid of peace and were in confusion. “If Amy is truly alive, she will expose us all to Broderick. If that happens, Broderick will let us all die a painful death,” Nell said. Her heart beating.

Theresa was very restless too that she almost couldn’t breathe anymore. Her phone chirped all of a sudden and she picked it up. Seeing that a message entered her phone, she quickly checked and saw an unknown number sent a video.

Before she checked the video, she raised her face up and looked at Edith and Nell, “an anonymous somebody sent me a video.”

Nell collected the phone from her and Theresa and Edith quickly came around her, ready to watch the video together. Once Nell pressed the play button on the video, they all watched as Theresa poisoned Amy’s food in the video.

“What!” Edith screamed.

Theresa pulled back slowly and stood, her two hands on her hair, “mum, we are doomed.”

Nell dialed that number that sent the video severally but it wasn’t responding.

“Mum, what do we do? Someone has the evidence that I poisoned Amy?” Theresa asked, almost crying.

“Mother Nell, what do we do? You were the one who came to us to enter this deal, now it seems we are in trouble,” Edith herself was now helpless. “You people should shut up and let me think,” Nell scolded and began to think.

“Apart from Amy, Broderick and the kids, who else was in the house?” Nell asked.

“Just the maid, but I don’t think she suspect anything,” Theresa answered.

“I’ll get to the root of this matter, you all should just be calm for now,” Nell said, even though her mind was far from being calm herself.

Theresa and Edith were scared, very scared.

Whereas, Amy was in her house eating happily after sending the video to Theresa. She chuckled as she remembered how those evil women stumbled away from her and even get themselves wounded while thinking she was a ghost.

“Hahaha,” Amy chuckled then a knock sounded on her door, before she could even stand from where she sat, she received a text.

“It’s me- Michael, you can open the door,” the text reads and Amy stood and walked up to the door.

Once she opened it, she saw Michael standing with an averagely tall man. Once Michael saw the look of confusion on his face, he said, “this man here was the gigolo that lied to your father that your mother always sleep with him and that he was your father.”

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## Chapter 63 The Gigolo is Her Father

"I can't let him inside my house, you are the one that made my father hate me, you vile man," Amy rebuked the man as she shot him a very disgusting look.

"Fine, then he will have to confess here," Michael said then turned to the gigolo," speak the truth." "I was paid by Mrs. Edith to..." He swallowed, a look of guilt was glaring on his face. He knew he dared not to hide any word cause he's well aware of how powerful Michael Alessandro was. Only few people know the secrete underground power that Michael Alessandro wills and he happens to be one of the few people. "I was paid to kidnap your mother and kill her, then place her dead body in my house and lied that she died under me during a sex session," the gigolo said. "You killed my mother?" Amy asked in shock. Until today, she thought her mother died by accident.

"I did," he confessed. He knew he had already reached his dead end. He was ready to accept whatever his fate would be after this but he only agreed to confess the truth so that his family can be spared.

Tears streamed down from Amy's face, she felt terribly pained that her heart clutched tightly together as if it would stop beating. "One more thing that I must say before Mr. Michael would decide my fate, I'm Martha's biological father," he declared.

Amy furrowed his brow in shock," so Edith was cheating on my father with you? And lied that it was my mother who was cheating?" Amy said, feeling an excruciating pain and anger in her bones and marrows. "Edith never loved your father in the first place, she's only with him because of the money and so many properties she would inherit after his death," the gigolo revealed. This was not the time to cry, Amy cleaned the tears on her face and said," Mr. Michael, before you decide his fate, I want you to take him to my father to confess to him."

"It's easy for you to beleive but your father has being deceived by your stepmother, hence, the gigolo will need more evidence to tender as a prove to convince your father," Michael said.

"I have a DNA result that proved that Edith is mine, I can present that before the mayor," the gigolo said.

Amy wondered why the gigolo was corporating. Wasn't he supposed to be stubborn and reluctant to spill the truth. Amy had no idea that the man was only trying to save his family. Michael had told him that as long as he corporate and reveals the whole truth, he would spare his family. "Oh! That's enough evidence, right?" Amy asked Michael. "Yes, shall we go now?" Michael asked.

"Hold on, let me put on my veil," Amy said and walked inside. She came back with her veil and in a jiffy, they were all inside

Michael's car

As Michael drives, Amy wondered why he wasn't living a flashy life like Broderick. The Alessandro's family are known for their affluence yet Michael looked so calm. Even his car was moderate and it will be hard for anyone to guess that he's a billionaire. Or maybe he's not

She had demanded two things from Michael, first was for Michael to find out the truth about her mother's death, second was for

him to break the relationship between her father and her stepmother. The first request has been done in less than one week that

she made the request if the gigolo reveal the truth with evidence to her father, that will

automatically break the relationship between her father and her stepmother. Then it will be her turn to grant his request. Amy wondered what this man may want. Anyways, she will find out. Nobody said a word while they were inside the car, it was like three strangers were inside the car. The car soon pulled over before the Owen's mansion and they all stepped down one after the other. The two men alongside Amy walked towards the door of the mansion and Michael planted a knock on the door. In a jiffy, the door was opened and Edith appeared, Not recognizing Michael, she judged from the cloth he was wearing that he may not be among the first class citizen of the country and then spoke rashly, "who are you?" She soon sighted a man behind him and another woman behind him. Since Amy was wearing a veil, Edith couldn't recognize her. She hasn't recognize the man behind Michael too cause he had his head lowered. "My name is Michael Alessandro," Michael declared. Edith furrowed her brow in shock. Seeing that the man before her was connected to the Alessandro's family, she quickly humbled herself and said, "Oh my! So nice to meet you, Mr. Michael. Did you come to see me?" Her voice was now humble. "I'm here to meet the mayor," he said. "Oh! Erm...the mayor is sick but you can still come in," Edith gestured and the three people before her walked inside. Edith perceived a familiar smell and then watched the back of the two people behind Michael and thought to herself, why did the woman looked like Amy and why did the man looked like her secrete boyfriend? Her heart began to palpitate and she quickly closed the door and ran towards the three people that were now standing at the center of the living room. Edith was now very curious to see the faces of the two people behind Michael. Once she got before the three people again, the gigolo raised his head and as his face met with that of Edith, her heart fell into a bottomless abyss. "You!" Edith shouted, she almost fainted. "What are you doing here?" "Why are you surprised to see the father of your daughter?" The gigolo asked with a smirk, "where is the mayor?" Edith's heart began to thump in fear, it looked as if he was here to spill the entire truth that she had kept hiding over the years. This will not only break the relationship between her and the Mayor, but the Mayor will punish her and her daughter severely. Will she be able to stand such punishment. "What are you here for?" Edith asked the gigolo. To reveal the truth. "Take us quick to the mayor," the gigolo requested. "Do that quick or you will be a victim of my anger," Michael spoke to Edith with power. Edith dared not to oblige, she began to take the three people to the mayor's room. Her heart beating abnormally. Infact, one could hear the sound of her heart that was thumping heavily. Sweats had immediately covered her forehead. Was this how the secrete she had been hiding will be revealed? Haaa! When they got before the door, she placed her sweaty and shivering hand on the door, the aftermath of the revelation will not be good at all for her. She swiftly removed the pin on her hair and hit the gigolo with it right on his neck. The gigolo began to bleed immediately, his hand on his neck. Michael didn't foresee such

a vile move.

“Woman? How dare you do this before me?” Michael asked, his face turning into a murderous one.

“I’ll rather die with the secret buried than to live with the secret exposed,” she said and the door opened at that moment. The

sick mayor had heard of the commotion before his door and had come to see for himself. But not only did he see a tall man lying on the bed and bleeding, he also saw his ‘wife,’ Edith, on the floor, dead. – “Edith? Edith?” The mayor called and immediately squatted before her.

Michael was surprised to see Edith on the floor pretending to be dead. He didn’t lay hands on her at all yet she pretended to be dead.

Oh! How venomous is this woman! He thought to himself.

Amy never expected for things to turn this way, Amy was scared that the gigolo will die. Though the gigolo deserves death for killing her mother but not now, he is the only one who knows the truth and can reveal it. If the gigolo dies, it’s like the secret will remain buried for life.

“Who are you? What are you doing here?” The Mayor screamed at Michael and quickly called the ambulance for his wife. While waiting for the ambulance, he asked brokenheartedly, “what did you do to my wife? I’ll get you arrested. You are one of my enemies, right?” When the mayor was about dialing the call of the chief of police, Michael spoke. “My name is Michael Alessandro

The mayor paused, he knew when Michael was young as Michael lived his early days here at North Hill, he travelled abroad after

he was done with college, Michael’s father and the mayor were business partners.

He stood and examined his face well only then did he confirm, Where they were was a bit dark so he had not been able to figure out his identity by a mere glance.

“Michael! You are back in the city. What happened to my wife?” He asked, almost crying. Michael shook his head and thought, how can a man be this deceived? He was even almost crying for a woman who was clearly a gold digger.

The ambulance team came and carried the gigolo and Edith away.

Amy felt very bad but trusted that Michael will get her out of here without complications.

“We didn’t do anything to your wife, otherwise, we would have been on the run. Or did you see any blood in any part of her body hurt? The man who was spilling blood was one of us and…” Michael wanted to say that it was Edith who hit the gigolo but he understood that the mayor trusted his wife so much and will never believe.

“Go on,” the mayor was curious.

“How is your health, mayor? My team and I came to check on you cause I heard you are not fine,” Michael ignored his question and asked.

“Oh! But I kept my sickness away from the public, anyways, please come to the living room,” the mayor gestured.

“We have to be on our way cause of one of us that is seriously struggling between life and death. See you some other time, Mr. Carlton Owen,” Michael said but quickly

added. "And...how is your daughter, Amy?" Carlton's face fell into that of sadness and he answered, "she's dead." "Dead? It must be your fault that she's dead. Why aren't you protective of her?" Michael asked. Carlton sighed, "it's very complicated. Sometimes I think she's my daughter cause I love her. Sometimes I think she's not cause have many evidences that she's not my daughter. But when I heard about her death, I felt like a part of me died, I was hurt to the brim that I couldn't eat nor sleep anymore. See me growing lean! Did you know that I fell sick because of her death?" Carlton already had tears on his face. Amy began to cry underneath her veil, she couldn't control herself. She had always loved her father despite how cruel her father had been to her over the years, what she didn't know was that her father still loved her secretly but as long as he's with Edith, it will be impossible for him to admit her as his daughter. "It hurts so bad!" Carlton cried, unashamed of the presence of the two people before him. "Did you love your wife, Mr. Carlton? Or...should I say your new wife?" He asked. Carlton looked at Michael and sighed, "I do. I love Edith." it now makes sense to Michael why Carlton could be easily deceived. Anyone in love is blind. No wonder they say love is blind. "We will talk some other time, Mr. Carlton," Michael said and gestured for Amy that they should leave only then did Carlton have a look of Amy. Why was this woman standing like Amy and why is her face covered with a veil? Carlton thought. "Can I ask whom this person is?" Carlton asked Michael, motioning to Amy. "She is my personal assistant. She had an accident in her face, ever since then, she had been covering her face," once Michael finished saying this, Amy coughed. It was a reflex action that she didn't have control over. "Amy?"

## **Barren Mother Give Birth To Sextuplets To The Hot CEO Chapter 64**

### **Chapter 64 I Miss My Children**

"Excuse me!" Michael exclaimed, whereas, Amy's heart thumped heavily when she heard her father call her by her name. Of course, he was her father so it would be easy for him to identify her with her cough. Only that she wasn't ready to reveal the fact that she's alive yet.

"This is Amy," Carlton pointed to Amy who just remained quiet.

"Didn't you just tell me your daughter is dead? Yet you are referring to my personal assistant as your daughter. I understand that you are not well at the moment, but please control yourself. We will take our leave," Michael then lead Amy out to his car and quickly drove off.

'Wasn't that Amy?' Carlton thought. Why does her voice looked almost the same as Amy? He sighed and concluded that he might be thinking too far, afterall, he had been in sadness ever since the death of Amy. ; Broderick received a knock on the door to his room at a time when he laid still on his

bed, meditating and thinking of Amy. It was just impossible for him to stop thinking about her.

"Who is it?" His loud and hard voice penetrated through the door.

"It's me, Theresa," a tiny voice responded.

"I'm busy," he said angrily, his face turning into a frown. "Mother and I have been able to find Amy's dead body," she said. Broderick processed what she said twice to be sure he heard the right word. He stood from the bed and walked to the door, he opened it and and on seeing Theresa, he asked to be sure," what did you say?" "Mother has found Amy's dead body. It's presently at the mortuary, will you come to see it?" Theresa asked.

his head of guards to get the cars ready. In a jiffy, Broderick was in the mortuary with Nell and Theresa. They both walked inside a special room and Broderick was stunned to see Amy's dead body. His heart sunk into a bottomless abyss and tears struggled to fall from his eyes, he held her hand and said," Amy! How could you die and leave your six kids? Even our son, Moses fought death and overcame yet you died. You didn't give me the chance to make up fully for how I had treated you." Broderick was very heartbroken. He knelt beside the bed and placed his hand on her forehead.

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He now beleived that Amy was truly dead. He shut his eyes and absorb the intense pain that was feasting mercilessly on his heart after which he stood and walked out.

Once he got to his car, he leaned on it dejectedly and looked at Theresa and Nell as they approached. He wanted to ask Nell where she find Amy's dead body but he didn't have strength too. He just needed somewhere personal to groan in pain.

When the two women got before him and he saw that Nell was about to speak, he placed his right hand on Nell's shoulder and said," the wedding between Theresa and I will hold on Saturday at B Hotel." Afterall, that was why they did everything they could to find Amy's dead body, "Please understand my plight at the moment. I need my space for now." Broderick got inside the car and got driven away leaving both women there. Once Broderick left with his escorts, Theresa turned to Nell and Jubilated," mother, I'll be having a wedding with the most powerful man in NorthHill" She even jumped merrily. "Let the wedding happen first and get the ring, then you can Jubilate," Nell said and sighed.

While Broderick's cars were moving, the car that Broderick was, the tire of it screeched hard making all escorts to pause their cars.

"Didn't you check the fucking car before taking it out," Broderick screamed on his head of guard who was driving. He was already in a bad mood

He stepped out, same with the driver and all his escorts, the guards gathered around the car trying to find what was wrong and

Broderick suddenly sighted a land rover parked on the other side of the road. It was that same land rover he saw at Amy's old

apartment the day he went to see who had newly occupied Amy's apartment. He set his eyes keenly on it and a few seconds after the landrover had packed, the door opened and a tall figure appeared. "Michael!" Broderick exclaimed as he watched his brother standing behind the door of his car. The other side of the car opened and another figure

appeared, it was until the figure came to stand beside Michael that Broderick was able to see clearly. The woman beside Michael was putting on a shade and she looked exactly like Amy. Even her facial features was like that of Amy. Broderick's heart skipped. He watched as Michael whispered some words gently to the woman then they both began to approach him.

This was the first time that Broderick will have his heart shaken because of someone's presence. "Broderick!" Michael called calmly after he got before him but he didn't even spare his brother a glance at all. His gaze was particularly fixed on the woman with shade.

"Hi, Mr. Broderick," the woman suddenly spoke, it almost sent Broderick's heart sprawling off his chest.

What was going on? Was he hallucinating or what? Wasn't the woman standing before him Amy?

"Broderick! For how long do we act like strangers?" Michael asked him.

Broderick shot him an angry look and asked, "You are not supposed to be back yet in North Hill according to the family's command, you know that?"

"Of course, I do. But both of our fathers are dead. We are the ruling mogule now," Michael said.

"Not me and You!" Broderick shot him a disgusting look. Eventhough they are both from the Alessandro's family, they both had a secrete contention that they can't disclose to anyone outside of the Alessandro's family. It was this contention that made the family send Michael out of NorthHill to continue schooling. "Who is this woman?" Broderick pointed at the woman standing beside him. "My personal assistant, Mrs. Cleo," Michael responded.

Broderick observed her even more, if not that he had seen the dead body of Amy a few minutes ago, he would have forcefully remove the shade that covered her eyes.

Perhaps, she only has the same resemblance as Amy.

"I heard of the death of your mistress, Mr. Broderick. I hope you find comfort soon," she said. "Thank you," Broderick replied her and then said to Michael, " what are you here for?"

"We were just passing by and saw that your car had fault, as a brother, I decided to stop by in concern," Michael said.

"You can leave, my men will handle it. Thanks for your concern," Broderick doesn't like to see Michael at all. He darted his face back at the woman beside him and asked, " can I have a moment with you?"

"Sure, Mr. Broderick," the woman said and walked with Broderick towards a quiet place. Broderick stood before her for a while and requested, " can you take your shade off?"

"No, please. I have my reasons. You called me over here for a reason, right?"

Broderick felt like his head was about to blow off, the more she speaks is the more she sounded like Amy. Were some people trying to play games on him? He grabbed her hand all of a sudden and pulled her closer, he swiftly buried his head on her shoulder and when he perceived her scent, it was like that of Amy,

"Mr Broderick, what sort of molestation is this?" Amy asked, all this while, she had been struggling to free herself but he was stronger than her

"Are you so heartless that you don't even care about your kids anymore? Trying to make me believe you are dead for whatever silly reason," Broderick said, "Excuse me!" The woman exclaimed, feigning ignorance. "I think the death of your wife has really affected you, I should take my leave." Amy said and turned, "If you leave, you will never get to see your kids again," Broderick threatened but the woman simply walked back to Michael.

Was she not really Amy? Broderick thought and by the time he turned to where Michael was, he saw that their car had already driven off.

Was this a dream? Was Amy trying to hurt him intentionally? She had said she wasn't going to forgive him unless he fell in love with her. Was this her way or torturing him? Or was she actually dead?

Broderick was very confused and was very suspicious of Miss Cleo, Michael's personal assistant.

Once Michael started driving, Amy who had pretended as Cleo a few minutes back spoke, "he is smart. He almost found out."

"Isn't that what you want? Letting him almost find out the truth but never finding the truth," Michael said.

Michael had told the head of guard to pretend as though Broderick's car broke down in the middle of the road so that Amy could reveal herself to Broderick.

So

Since the gigolo; who was the only person who could convince the mayor that Edith was a bitch who wasn't loyal to him but was merely after his money, who could also convince the mayor that Amy was his biological daughter turned out to be dead, Amy knew she had no choice but to fall back to Broderick. It's only Broderick who can help now.

But for Broderick to help, he has to fall in love with her. Didn't they say love is blind? If Broderick falls in love with her, he may blindly do whatever he wants.

Amy knew that for her family and Broderick to believe she's truly dead, they have to see her dead body so with the help of Michael, they found a dead female body and covered its face with a facial skin mask that looked exactly like hers. This was why she could now appear before Broderick fearlessly.

"Mr. Michael, you have only granted a request out of the two requests I made, implying that I'm not obligated to do what you want, right?" She asked. "If you think I didn't deserve a reward for helping you find the Gigolo who revealed the hidden truth to you, then fine," Michael said. Amy could discern the hidden meaning of his words and then said, "I won't like to take advantage of you. Indeed, you have helped.

So tell me what you want in return?"

"Did you really want to pay me back my help to you?" Michael asked, glanced at her and continued driving.

"Sure and don't worry, after now, I'll not ask for your help again. We can both be on our own," she said.

"Alright. I'll make my request known at the right time," Michael said.

Why not now? I'm really curious," Amy demanded.

"Please don't pressure me, Miss Amy. My request is not complicated at all. I'll make my

demand known at the right time," he said, this time, his car had pulled over before Amy's house.

Before Amy stepped down, she said, "okay, whenever you are ready to make your request known, you can tell me. But please stop stalking me and stay away from me from now henceforth." "Is that what you want?" Michael asked, now looking at her gently. "Yes, please."

"Then you have my word," Michael said after which Amy stepped down and walked inside her apartment.

She sunk into her bed with a heavy heart, she had missed her kids so much. She was supposed to meet with the kids at the beach few days back but Michael informed her that Broderick's men will find out so she had to postpone it.

She was tired of talking with her children on video call, she needs to see them, touch them, play with them. A week without them is already like hell. Yet, she needs Broderick's love and pretending to be dead and making him miss her greatly and at the same time, getting him confused about whether she is dead or not is the only method that can break his rigid and cold heart.

A knock landed on her door all of a sudden and before she could even stand to see who was at the door, the door opened and a majestic and noble figure appeared.

"Mr. Broderick?" Amy almost choked to death on seeing him.

## **Barren Mother Give Birth To Sextuplets To The Hot CEO Chapter 65**

### **Chapter 65 Made Him Topsy**

"Mr. Broderick, what are you doing here?" Amy asked with a palpitating heart, though she still has her shade on, she couldn't help the fear lingering in her heart. She felt very exposed before him. "I'm not here for you, I am here to see the woman who lives here," Broderick said. Once Michael drove off from where his car broke down, Broderick wrote the plate number of Michael's car and sent it to Brett, telling him to track the final destination of the car. Once Brett informed him that the final destination of the car was Amy's old apartment. He drove there himself without informing anyone since it was almost getting dark.

Amy knew the woman Broderick was talking about. It was the woman that Michael sent to temporarily occupy this place when Broderick was coming here few days back.

"Oh! She's out of town. Are you guys friends?" Amy asked.

"I should ask you instead if you are friend with her. Or should I rather say roommate," Broderick said with a sardonic smirk on his lips.

He added, "even inside your house, you still put on shade." "I can't see clearly without the shade," Amy said. Since it was only her and Broderick in the house, she knew that Broderick may forcefully take the shade away from her so she had to come up with a reason behind the shade in her eyes.

Broderick nodded and took two steps inside, he looked around the room then set his gaze back at her, he didn't say a word for another five seconds, as if thinking deeply

about something. "Miss Cleo, can we be friends?" Broderick asked. He had thought that keeping Amy close will solve the mystery hanging on his head. Seeing Amy's dead body and someone who looked exactly like Amy with his brother on the same day was so hard, a mystery. To get it solved, he needs her to be close with him. "Why, please? We met today and you literally assaulted me, yet you want us to be friend," Amy said flatly. Her voice was totally devoid of emotions unlike the emotional Amy that Broderick use to know.

Broderick walked closer to her and said, "I'm sorry for assaulting you. The sudden death of my mistress didn't let me be in the right frame of mind, that was why I misbehaved to you."

Amy looked at his cute face and sighed, "I still think it's too early for us to be friend. We have just met for less than twenty four hours."

"Did you have any idea of who I am?" He asked.

"Broderick Alessandro, the most powerful man in North Hill," Amy said. She needs time to think of the possible advantage and disadvantages of agreeing to be friend with him. Why would Broderick suddenly show up and want to be friend with her?

"Good. Are you also aware that I'll be having a grand wedding with my wife in five days time," Broderick said, purposely to see her reaction. Amy almost coughed her heart out when she heard this.

When did this development suddenly starts? Getting married officially to Theresa may jeopardize her children's life. Theresa will be given the right to mother them since she will now be the official wife of Broderick Alessandro. Infact, she would be impossible for her to be dismissed easily by Broderick as it would literally take her to sign Broderick's divorce paper,

And what will become of her? She would probably be thrown out of North Hill without her kids, Was it not better for her to die than to experience such a horrible fate?

The look of shock was glaring on Amy's face. No matter how she tried to hide it, it was still glaring.

Broderick continued, "once I'm married to my wife, Theresa She will become the most powerful woman in North Hill and she will be feared just like I'm feared. Respected just like I'm respected. Like a queen, she can easily send anyone out of Northhill."

Amy looked at Brodenck fearfully as he said this. She knew Broderick was saying all these on purpose and it was really having an effect on her

Truth was that although Broderick was identifying himself with Theresa in public, many powerful and influential people in North Mill didn't accord full respect to Theresa. In their culture, unless a grand wedding is done, and a ring is given by the groom by the bride, then whatever was between the two people of opposite sex was just a mirage.

Theresa knew how much power she will have once the wedding is done, infact, Theresa could easily orchestrated Amy's disappearance from North Hill.

"You seem shocked, why, Miss. Cleo?" Broderick asked with a smirk.

Amy smirked despite having a heavily beating heart and a grossly disturbed heart, "Why shouldn't I be shocked? Everyone knows

that Mr. Broderick has grown so cold towards women ever since the death of his late wife. Who would have expected that that Mr. Broderick would have a grand wedding with another woman. Congratulations, Mr. Broderick." The congratulatory message was the opposite of what was in her heart. She was seriously storming her head for how to stop the wedding from taking place.

Broderick hummed and walked to the center of the living room, "can I sit?"

Amy sighed heavily and answered, "sure!"

Once Broderick sat, she also sat. "You have barely get over the death of your mistress and you are already marrying another woman. I really can't understand that. You told me earlier that you are not in the right frame of mind because of the death of your mistress yet you will be having a grand wedding with another woman in five days time."

Amy said. "I've having a wedding with her because I love her," Broderick said, observing Amy intently. If this woman was truly Amy, she will definitely react. Afterall, what Amy wanted the most from him was his love so if Amy heard that he had fallen in love with someone else, she must feel an intense pain that will even be glaring on her look.

Broderick didn't love Theresa at all. Theresa wasn't even occupying the smallest part of his heart. He only said that to see Amy's reaction. Amy's heart exploded that she doubt if her heart was still in her chest, her blood freezed and her bones and marrow became as rigid as a stone, she was looking still like a statue and immediately wished she heard the wrong words. But just few weeks ago when she was present in Broderick's mansion, it was clear that Broderick never loved Theresa eventhough he kept her as a wife.

"Didn't you love your mistress? Or did you love both your mistress and your wife?" Amy asked.

Broderick wondered why she was curious but responded nevertheless, "As for my mistress, I just felt pity for her kids that she left behind."

Amy began to feel headache immediately after he said this. Of course, she knew he doesn't love her, it was just that he was too blunt with his words.

"Do you agree to be my friend, Miss Cleo?" Broderick asked. "Not a problem," she agreed cause she realized that she needs to stay close to him in order to be able to reach her children often and also stop the wedding between him and Theresa from holding, 'if she can.' "Since my children don't have a mother anymore, I have to play both roles of a mother and a father in order for them not to feel lonely, I need to leave now," Broderick said and stood. "Goodnight, Mr. Broderick," Amy said.

Broderick paused and looked at her. Seeing how indifferent she was about his attempt to leave after all he said makes him wonder if she was not really Amy.

Broderick handed over his business card to her and said, "you can reach me anytime."

"Sure," Amy received the card and watched him walk out.

Amy immediately placed a call across to Michael and he answered, "Mr. Michael, I'm sorry to disturb you during this hour, I know I said I wouldn't bother you anymore but I need to see my kids, I have missed them so much."

Michael was quiet for two seconds then he spoke, "I'll speak to Broderick's head of guard to let you in secretly after confirming that Broderick had retired for the night."

"Oh, thank you," Amy said,

"But I can't guarantee that you wouldn't get caught," Michael added.

"Don't worry about that, I just need to see my kids," Amy said, "Alright. Expect my call in a jiffy," Michael said, Amy thanked him and hung up.

Broderick sat before Theresa at the dining room, as they both ate, he wondered if Theresa was really the woman he promised to marry when he was young. If she was the one, why can't he find the feelings he has for her anymore? Why? He didn't even have slightest feeling for her or could it be because he was dead to love?

"When will you stop playing games, Theresa? We both know you are not the little girl I promised to marry when I was young," Broderick said with confidence.

Theresa lost all appetite immediately and fear gripped her heart tightly. 'Has he found out her true identity?' Theresa thought. If he has, he wouldn't confront her this way, Theresa concluded and expressed a pathetic look.

"Mr. Broderick, you still have doubts for me? Oh my gosh!" Her face immediately became like one that was about to start crying. "The first time we met, you don't even know what to reply with when I said cupcake? If you have been waiting for me all these years as you have claimed, how could you forget our pet names?" Broderick asked "Oh my? I told you it skipped my mind that day...I... When you say cupcake, I reply with sweetheart, isn't that the pet name we call ourselves?" Theresa asked. She had already read all of the diary.

Broderick was surprised that she got it right. Was she really Theresa? All of a sudden, he began to feel very dizzy, he struggled to open his eyes but he was feeling very light and then suddenly faded into slumber. "Mr. Broderick! Mr. Broderick!" Theresa quickly stood as she saw his head lay on the table, "are you alright? What's wrong?" Broderick could hear her faint voice but he didn't have much control over his body.

"I'll help you to your room so you can take some rest," she immediately helped him up and began to lead him to his room. "I hope this works out," Theresa prayed in her mind as she lead Broderick to his room. This was her riskiest move and according to Nell and Edith, they assured her that it will definitely work out. The only person who could hinder such plan is Amy and she's dead.

Once she helped him to his bed, she said, "please rest, Mr. Broderick, I'll leave now."

However, Broderick's dick was already very hard, he felt very aroused and can't control himself but to fuck this woman before her

He grabbed her hand and mumbled, "let's have sex."

This time, Theresa was already recording the both of them on a an audio recorder, "No, Mr. Broderick. You are not feeling to well, I can't do this."

Broderick longed earnestly for his dick to penetrate inside a warm and wet pussy, that was all he was imagining and he didn't even have control over it.

Broderick pulled her closer to himself and begged, "please, let's have sex." As much as he didn't have control over himself, h.

didn't want a scandal to his name such as someone saying, 'Mr. Broderick raped her.'

He hate to hear the word 'rape.'

Theresa moaned as she perceived his scent, "ouuu...aww...oh my! No, Mr. Broderick." Broderick let go of her arms and began to unbuckle his belt while Theresa watch. Theresa also began to secretly pull off he gown. She can't wait for him to have sex and release his seed inside him, once she has his baby, she will be stuck with hir forever