

Barren Mother Give Birth To Sextuplets To The Hot CEO Chapter 216

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Broderick tucked his phone in his pocket and said to her, "I'm so sorry, I'll definitely rebuke her for this."

"Rebuking her is all you would do? This woman almost killed me. What if I didn't faint but died?" Martha asked.

"Trust me when I say I'll rebuke her. Not in a light way but I will rebuke her in such a way that she will never make an attempt to lay hands on you again," Broderick said and wanted to turn.

"Wait! You have to do it before me. Only then can I be sure that you rebuked her truly," Martha said.

"But you are sick, you can't even follow me to meet her," Martha said.

Martha removed what was connected to her arms and stood, though her face had been labelled with marks of slaps and her beauty had dropped, nonetheless, she felt like if she was not there when Broderick would be rebuking her, he may eventually not rebuke her at all.

Broderick walked up to her and held her two hands, while looking into her face, she said, "you are the mother of my children, did you really think that I will not defend you?"

"I just want to witness it," she said.

Broderick nodded and turned, "let's go."

"I'm weak, please hold me," Martha said.

Martha wanted everyone in the hospital to see Broderick holding her in a gentle manner so they can believe that there is love in their marriage. Broderick obliged and held her hand then began to walk with her outside.

When patients and workers of the hospital saw Martha and Broderick walking together, many blushed and were glad to see the couple get along. A lot of people even envied their marriage while some took pictures of them. It was because some medias had been carrying rumours that there was no love in the marriage of Broderick and Martha.

Amy had gone out of the hospital and had called Joan to come and pick her so she was waiting. She was in a very bad mood. "Amy!" Amy heard a majestic voice called her name and she turned and saw Broderick and Martha holding hands. What stunned her more was the hard face on Broderick's look, she wasn't surprised at the pathetic look on Martha's face. She already knew to be a pretentious and ever cunning bitch. "Amy, you dare to slap my wife," Broderick said. He was displeased that she slapped Martha but he wasn't angry. It was a totally different feeling.

"I did. As a matter of fact, I slapped her repeatedly for calling my mother a bitch." Amy said.

"Ha!" Martha exclaimed as if shocked, "Amy, is there no conscience left in you? What business do I have with your mother? Why would I ever refer to your mother as a ...oh my days! I can't even pronounce such curse word."

"Keep your stinking mouth shut and stop pretending," Amy rebuked Martha. "Amy, I understand that we have grown close in just a few days but please know your boundary."

Don't ever, I repeat, don't ever lay your hands on my wife again." Broderick said in defense of Martha.

Amy felt an heavy pain in her heart seeing Broderick speak in defense of Martha. It was already clear to her that Broderick didn't love her, he was just acting this way cause he thinks Martha was the mother of the six kids nonetheless, it was impossible for her not to feel pained about this.

"Also warn her not to cross my paths," Amy said fearlessly to Broderick and truned.

"Broderick, she didn't feel remorseful at all. Will you really let her go this way? What's the essence of rebuking someone when the person didn't even show any act of changing. How will our children feel when they heard that you couldn't do anything to the person who slapped their mother till she fainted?" Martha said, trying so hard to provoke Broderick to anger.

"Amy!" Broderick called in an harder tone and Amy turned to him, she heard everything that Martha said and all she just wish was to teach her some hard lessons.

"What did you want to do, Broderick? Slap me back?" Amy asked. This woman has never been scared of him, Broderick thought, and it was really disturbing and surprising at the same time. "Did you think I can't, don't dare my anger," Broderick said. "Why don't you slap me back for her then?" Amy dared him.

Broderick walked up to her and raised his hand as if he wanted to slap her but someone held his hand from behind and pushed him.

That was unexpected, Broderick staggered to a side and eventually balanced himself, on setting his gaze at the person, he saw Michael. "You acted like an hero just because I slapped her but you are about to do the same thing, what's the difference between you and I then? I thought grandfather taught us never to lay hands on women no matter what happen but the both of us have disobeyed. None of us deserve Amy, agreed?" Michael asked. Broderick clenched his fist hard, he hated Michael to the gut. He lost his memory, how could he remember what any grandfather taught him when he was young?

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"Amy, please give me the honour of driving you home?" Michael requested. Amy was already angry that Broderick dared to make an attempt to slap her, in order to get back to him, she accepted Michael's offer.

"Sure," Amy smiled and Broderick watched as Michael opened the door of his car gentlemanly for Amy while he went to sit at the driver's seat and drove away.

"Bitch!" Martha cursed angrily. She really wished Broderick slapped Amy hard.

Broderick felt bad. Not like he wanted to slap her, he would never do that. He only wanted to scare her and see if she would be scared but before he could let his real intention known, the bastard Michael appeared.

"You should go back to the hospital to rest," Broderick said.

"Please lead me back inside," Martha pleaded.

Broderick wanted to bluntly refuse at first cause he just loathed this woman. Even him did not know why. He was only forcing himself to stay with her in this marriage cause of 'their' six kids.

"Sure," Broderick suppressed all the emotions he was feeling and led her back to the ward. After she had laid back on the bed, he excused himself and went to the children but he was surprised that they were still sleeping.

Were they given a sleeping pill? Broderick thought as he starred at the kids who were laying on the bed. Cause how can they be asleep for hours? "Dad!" Debby suddenly called and he immediately walked towards her, "my baby, you are awake." He caressed her head gently and kissed her forehead lovingly. "do you feel any pain?"

When Debby saw the bandage in her hand, she asked, "No dad what happened to me?" "You and your sisters had an accident," Broderick said.

Debby furrowed her brow in shock and sat upright, she looked to the left and right and saw her sisters laying quietly on the bed, "are they fine?" She asked about her sisters from Broderick

"Yes, but they are asleep. We will just wait for them to wake up," Broderick said. She heaved a sigh of relief and said, "dad, I had a dream." "A dream?" Broderick sat on the edge of her bed and requested, "please tell me about it?"

"Did you remember that woman that came to our house a couple of weeks ago? The one we were scared of?" Debby asked.

"Yes, I do." Broderick responded. "I saw her in our dream, she was... It was like she was our mother. She was living with us in the same house," Debby said. Broderick furrowed his brow in surprise, "oh! How did you know she's your mother in the dream?"

"*My brothers and my sisters and I were calling her 'mum.' I saw us playing together with her," Debby said, trying to recollect every details of her dream. "oh! Dream can be somehow, don't worry about it, okay?" Debby thought about her dream for a couple of seconds and said to Broderick, "but what if she's our mother truly? No one knows who our mother truly is since we lost our memories."

"She can't be your mother, trust me. Have you ever doubted Martha as your mother?" Debby thought quietly and said, "she's a nice woman." "*A nice woman?" Broderick was stupefied at how Debby described Martha.

"Has Martha hurt you in any way?"

"Not that I can remember of but there is one question that she will never be able to answer," Debby said.

"Tell me about it."

"Mum can't provide our pictures of when we were young. Is it possible for us not to take pictures when we were little? Of course not. Every parents always take their children's picture when they are young and as they grow. How come she doesn't have any of our young pictures?" Broderick thought about what Debby said and saw that it really made sense. "Dad, you also lost your memory so you can not really be so sure of the truth. Don't you see that none of us has any resemblance whatsoever with mum?" Debby asked. Debby and the girls and the boys had deliberated about this matter a number of times, they didn't trust Martha hundred percent that she was their mother no matter how much Martha tried to be good to them

Now that Broderick thinks about what Debby said, none of the children had any

similarities to Martha.

"How about a DNA test?" Debby asked.

What did you know about DNA?" Broderick asked his little girl. He was even surprised that she was talking maturely. Not many kids of her age can speak in the same way that she was speaking. Speaking with Debby was like he was speaking with an adult. And now, his daughter even knows what DNA IS.

"I made research about how a child can confirm whom her biological parents are and apart from resemblance, one of the ways listed was to perform a DNA test. Since we are all in the hospital now, why don't we perform a DNA?" Debby asked.

Everything was coming so fast to Broderick. "From the day you saw that woman who came to our house, you haven't thought about her, right?" Broderick asked

"I was even scared of her. How can I think about her?" She asked.

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Then how can she dream about someone she was not thinking about? Was this dream part of her lost memories?

Earlier, Amy had told her that she was the mother of the kids and now, Debby also had a dream about her. If Debby had not been asleep, he would have assumed that Amy probably find a way to reach her to make up the dream.

Broderick stood and wondered if Amy was actually the mother of her kids? "Let me speak to your mother," Broderick said and Debby nodded. Broderick left the girl's ward and walked to the ward that Martha was.

Martha was having a communication with the owner of the building that Amy was staying when she suddenly noticed Broderick walked in.

She dropped her phone and called weakly, "Broderick!" Broderick took few more steps closer to her and said, "I would be performing a DNA test on you and the kids."

Martha felt as if a bomb exploded in her heart, her vision became blurry for a second and she prayed quickly that this will be a dream but on pinching herself, she realized that this was reality.

She sat upright and said, "I am confused. What is going on?"

"Nothing. Remember I lost my memory, the kids also lost theirs. We have been living based on what you told us and the evidences you provided. Now it is time for us to confirm. I need to be sure that you are really the mother of my kids," Broderick said.

Broderick didn't have to doubt the fact that the kids were his, it was so obvious. The resemblance was too glaring that anyone can easily identify him and the kids as father and son or father and daughter but the kids has no similarities to Martha.

"A DNA test?" Martha scoffed, "Is this a joke? What suddenly happened? Did that woman get into your head again? Broderick, I keep telling you that you need to stay away from that woman but you won't listen to me. Now see what she has done, trying to cause a problem between us."

"A problem between us? Performing a DNA test will not cause a problem between us, will it? Plus she didn't get to my head. After I left here, I went to the kid's ward and I

have not even called her since then,” Broderick said.

“Broderick, are you being serious here?”

“Why are you acting suspicious? If you are truly the mother of the kids then you should not be disturbed about it at all. Infact, you should cheer me up to perform it so it can solidify my conviction, Broderick said. Martha didn’t foresee this at all, otherwise, she could have partnered with a doctor to fake a result but this was unexpected and unprepared for. After a period of silence, Broderick placed a call across to the doctor and said,” I need you to perform a DNA test on my wife and the kids. I just need to be sure she’s their mother.”

Martha’s heart kept thumping heavily, nonetheless, she managed to say, “if that will solidify your conviction, then no problem”

Martha tried to hide the fear in her face. If Broderick finds out the truth, he will definitely chase her away. She will lose everything that she had worked for. The door soon opened and the doctor appeared. After he had greeted Broderick, he said to him,” both Miss Martha and the kids are in a delicate state, it may not be advisable to withdraw blood from them now. We can do it a couple of days later.”

Martha felt as if a heavy weight was suddenly lifted off her, she quickly said to the doctor,” no, please take my blood. Even if I faint afterwards, you can wake me again, right? I need you to perform the DNA so my husband can be sure.”

Broderick looked at Martha and became even more confused. First, she was acting suspicious and now she was acting as if she was more than certain the kids were hers.

“How many days will it take the kids and their mother to recover?” Broderick asked.

“At least, three days. You can bring them back after three days and we will perform a DNA in them,” the doctor said and Broderick dismissed him.

“We would be coming back here in four days time for the DNA test, understood!”

Broderick asked Martha. “Sure, my man. Can I ask why you suddenly began to doubt that I’m not the mother of the kids?” Martha wants to know the root of the matter. “Don’t worry about it,” Broderick said and turned. As he began to walk towards the door, Martha called weakly,” Broderick!” Once he turned, she said to her,” please kiss me before you leave.” “I’m not in the mood, I’m sorry,” Broderick opened the door and walked out. He needed somewhere to be alone and think. Was she really the mother of her kids? It was hard to know. Well, in the next four days, he will find out what the truth really is.

Amy remained quiet on the seat beside the driver’s seat of Michael’s car and after twenty seconds of driving, Michael glanced at her beautiful side profile and said, “Amy, I’m so sorry for forcefully taking you away to America.”

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“I won’t forgive you no matter how much you plead.” “I love you and it’s driving me crazy, you can’t really blame me. People do crazy things for love.” Michael said. “Are you aware you made me lose my love and my kids? Now I’m trying so hard to get back what belongs to me. And don’t even say you can help, God forbid I need your help,”

Amy said.

Michael was quiet for another five seconds, he was certain that she was angry and as a matter of fact was nurturing grudges against him.

“Is there anything I can do to make up for my wrongs?”

“Stop disturbing me to marry you? Stop forcing yourself on me? Stop doing that and get another woman to fall in love with then I can consider forgiving you,” Amy said.

“How about the love I have for you? Should I kill it?”

“Please do. Infact, bury it in the deepest places.” Amy responded. “Unfortunately, I can’t.” Michael said, “the only part of my body I do not have control over is my heart.

There are other women but you are the only one who sparks a fire in me. I really want to spend the rest of my life with you,” Michael said. “Now you will say I’m insulting and slapping you again. I can’t wait to drop at my house and please don’t ever appear before me again,” Amy said harshly. Michael eventually pulled over before her house, when Amy was about opening the door, Michael called affectionately, “Amy!”.

Amy turned to him and asked, “what?” “Can you come over to D club this night? Just to have fun, you know?” Michael asked. Amy thought about it and said, “yes, I will come.”

Michael was not expecting her to agree that easily. Infact, he had thought she would reply with a blunt ‘no’ “Why did you agree so easily?” Michael asked. He had only tried his luck by asking. “I don’t want to sleep in my house this night, it will be boring. Not after what Broderick did to me, I need to drink my sorrows out,” Amy let out truthfully.

“You are sad?”

“Very sad but I don’t need your comfort,” Amy opened the door of the car and walked out.

Once Amy got inside her apartment, she saw Joan holding a letter in her hand.

“Welcome Amy,” Joan said with a low voice.

“What’s the letter about?”

“We were asked to evacuate this place before month ends,” Joan said with a low voice.

Amy sat and said, “is that why you are sad?” Amy scoffed, “we can literally buy a mansion

and that’s exactly what we will do.” “I thought we are keeping a low key profile? People did not know that we are the CEO of Meedaq’s group,” Joan said. “It’s time for them to know so people like Michael can start putting some respect on my name,” Amy said.

“Well, then.” Joan succumbed and cheered up again. “You look sad, though. What’s wrong?” Joan asked. “So many things,” Amy responded. “Tell me about it,” Joan walked up to her and sat beside her. Amy began to narrate everything that happened to her, as she does, she felt light and lighter until she started feeling sleepy. Joan helped her to sleep and covered her with a duvet. “It’s really being so tough on you, Amy but you have been a strong woman and I’m sure you will overcome this,” Joan said with tears streaming gently down her face. She felt so sad for Amy who lost her parents, her love, and her children. It takes a strong woman to loose them all and still be willing to fight to get them all back. Later that same night, Amy pulled over at the underground garage of D club then stepped down from her Bentley alongside Joan.

She had taken Joan along as an accompany, club can be wild sometimes and it’s always better to go with someone. She already knows this a long time ago.

They stepped in adorably in no time and had their sits. “Joan, you can dance and have fun if you want to,” Amy said. . This was the first time that Joan would be coming to a

club cause her family had always served the Alessandro's family so she never really had time for herself but now that life had favored her and made a personal assistant to Amy, she wanted to explore so much. "Alright, if you need anything, hit me up, okay?" She asked and Amy nodded with a smile. She watched Joan as she walked away and soon began to dance. She chuckled briefly and turned back to the empty seat before her. When she remembered how Broderick defended Martha and was about to slap her just because of Martha, she felt a very sharp pain in her heart. She called on a waitress and demanded for a drink, soon, she was served a bottle of drink alongside two empty glass cups. Amy opened the bottle of drink and thought, 'where is Michael though? Didn't he invite her over? Amy looked around the club and when she couldn't find her, she poured the drink from the opened bottle to one of the glass cups before her.

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"Please pour the second one too for me," a male voice sounded behind her and she turned and saw Michael with a glittering face.

"Hey Michael," she greeted and Michael came to sit before her.

She poured the drink to the second cup and handed it over to him with a sad smile. When Amy was about gulping her drink, he requested, "a toast please?" Amy had a toast with him and they both drank.

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Amy dropped the bottom of the cup on the table heavily that it almost crashed. "Take it easy, Amy," Michael said. Amy's boring smile widened and she held the bottle and began to pour the drink into her mouth.

"Hey, you are drinking too much," Michael tried to collect the bottle from her but Amy refused.

"Did you know what it means to loose everything?" Amy asked Michael as she held onto the bottle like she was holding onto her dear life. She had a sorrowful spirit and was grossly dejected.

"Amy!"

Amy laughed painfully, "who lost their mother, lost their father, lost their true love and even lost their kids? I... I ..Amy," Amy lamented very sadly and drank even more from the bottle.

Her eyes could barely see but she just need to escape this sad world in some sort of way.

"Amy, we can find a solution to this. Please stop drinking," Michael forcefully snatched the bottle from her.

Anger could be seeing on Amy's face, she was now so drunk and then pointed to Michael, "you! How dare you take my kids away from me? Give them back to me now."

"Amy, you are drunk. Can I drive you home?" Michael asked but Amy couldn't process any words from what he said.

She laughed and she started seeing images of her kids, like a woman going crazy, she said, "Debby...oh Debby, I missed you. Where are your sisters?" "Hahaha...Queen,

Angel, come and hug me,” Amy kept on soliloquizing. Michael stood and decided to take her home, he had invited her to the club so she can have fun with him but he didn’t know that she will get seriously drunk.

He carried her up by placing her weak hand on his shoulder, Amy could barely walk as her legs were now jelly, nonetheless, he was carrying her still. When he eventually got outside, an image appeared before him and demanded, “where are you taking her to?” “Callan, get out of my way,” Michael warned.

“What! You wicked nincompoop. You don’t have a heart anymore, how can I trust Amy with you?” Callan asked and Amy suddenly vommitted on Callan’s cloth. : “Good for you, now will you get the fuck out of my way?” Michael asked. “You fucking got her drunk. No, I won’t let you take her away,” Callan said. Two men immediately ran to Callan and offered new cloth to him, right there and then, he changed into a new shirt and a new suit since it was only the top cloth that was stained.

“I’m the most powerful man in NorthHill, don’t let me punish you?” Michael warned. Callan laughed, “you want to kill her the same way your father killed her mother, right?” “Callan!” Michael called angrily, “you are crossing your boundaries now. Amy is weak and I need to take her home.”

“We both know secretes that no other person knows, yet you pay those silly cops to punish me at the prison. What were you thinking? That I will not reveal the secretes of C50? That I will not reveal all the secretes of your father? And infact, your own secretes,” Callan threatened.

“We will talk about this next time, get out of my way,” Michael said. “No. You fucking leave Amy for me and I’ll take her to her house,” Callan insisted. When Michael saw that they were driving attention towards them, he gave up and handed over Amy to Callan. Callan gestured to his men and two of them ran towards him and helped Amy to the backseat of the car...

“Stay away from Amy, you son of a murderer,” Callan said and went to his car, he told the driver and his escorts to go home then he drove Amy back to her house.

On getting to the house, he firstly went to see if he could open the door to her apartment but it was locked. Amy was already fast asleep.

He then picked up her phone from her pocket and checked her last dial, seeing the words “Joan’ as the last person she called, Callan placed a call across to Joan and Joan answered it.

“Hey Joan, this is Callan, who are you to Amy?” Callan asked.

Joan processed who Callan was quickly and answered, “a friend.” “Did you know she went to the club?”

“Yes, we went together, What’s wrong?” Joan asked. She had got lost in having a conversation with an handsome man that approached her that she hadn’t thought about Amy. “Well, she got drunk and is now before her house, did you have the key to her apartment?” Callan asked. “Oh my! I’ll be there now,” Joan immediately excused herself from the man before her and sped out, she drove Amy’s car as fast she could away from the club and in a jiffy, she pulled over before at Amy’s apartment.