

Barren Mother Give Birth To Sextuplets To The Hot CEO Chapter 226

Chapter 226

A brief knock landed on the door at this moment and the door opened, revealing Michael. "Good morning, grandfather," Michael said and walked towards them. "Why did you attempt to kill your brother?" Lord Douglas asked before he could even sit.

"I?" Michael asked with a fake innocent look. "Why would I ever make such an attempt?" Broderick stood with rage and walked up to him, "Are you trying to deny the fact that you aimed your gun at me in an attempt to kill me, huh?"

"I don't understand what you are talking about, sincerely," Michael said and Broderick threw a heavy blow to his 'healing nose.'

Michael had not recovered fully yet from the injury Broderick caused him the day he saw him slap Amy and now he broke his nose again. Michael winced in pain and staggered back, blood began to stream down his nose and he felt an excruciating pain.

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"Broderick, did you respect me at all? How can you hit your brother before me?" Lord Douglas asked this while sitting, "He dared to deny it," Broderick turned to Lord Douglas. "Prove that he was the one that made an attempt to shoot you?" Lord Douglas asked. "I have my men investigate."

"What if your men came up with a false news?" Lord Douglas asked.

Broderick was so sure that Brett can't give him an unconfirmed news. Who else could have attempted to kill him if not Michael?

"Grandfather, if not for your presence, I would have dealt with this guy," Michael boasted. "Please give him the punishment he deserved for hitting me before you. He doesn't even have a prove of the allegations he had against me."

"The both of you should sit," Lord Douglas commanded and Michael went to sit while cleaning the blood on his nose with his handkerchief.

Broderick remained standing and said, "you are not my father, Lord Douglas."

"What do you mean?" Lord Douglas frowned.

"I meant that you may be a father to my father but not my father. I think I owe my father respect because he was responsible for my growth in all areas of life but how did I owe you respect? You have never played any role in my life. I only had to respect you because you are the head of the clan but I tell you, I alone can fight with all the clan if they try me." Broderick said,

"You are crossing your boundaries. Your memory loss really affected you, I know but I know many things about you that nobody else knows," Lord Douglas said.

"You know nothing about me," Broderick said and Lord Douglas smirked.

"I know that you are the anonymous and secrete god of the underworld. I doubt if you remember this about yourself," Lord Douglas said. Broderick remembered how he was taken to the underworld and treated with so much respect after he was taken from prison. He didn't see any of their faces cause they all covered their faces with mask. But after they had injected him with what could make him recover his memory, they got him dressed up and assured him that he won't get arrested again after which they dropped him before his mansion and drove away. He had always wondered what connection he

had with people of the underworld. Michael was shocked to hear his grandfather say this. Now he understood the mystery behind the 'assumed terrorists' that came to make him escape from prison. "Michael, I won't let you go unpunished," Broderick said and walked out. "Grandfather, is he really the god of the underworld?" Michael asked after Broderick had left the mansion. The old man slapped Michael angrily, "you bastard, what else do you want from him? You said you wanted to become the most powerful man in NorthHill and I helped you eventhough you don't deserve it. He stepped down for you and let you have that position and how do you want to pay him back, by killing him? How heartless have you become, Michael?" Michael held his cheek and swallowed. Lord Douglas has a special favor for Michael than he does for Broderick. He never really liked Broderick's father.

"Grandfather, Broderick may have stepped down as the most powerful man in Northhill but he's still a threat to me. He's stopping me from getting what I want to get," Michael said.

"Broderick is the god of the underworld. Eventhough you are now the most powerful man in NorthHill, don't doubt how miserable he can make your life become," Lord Douglas said and stood angrily, he added, "don't ask for my help when he start dealing with you." He then walked inside angrily. Michael sighed after he had walked away. Now that he knows the mystery behind Broderick, he will work hard into stripping Broderick off his position in the underworld too. If he can do that, he should be able to get rid of Broderick easily." Michael stood and decided to go to Amy's place to sympathize with her about the death of Callan. He knew that Amy would definitely feel bad about Callan's death.

It was not his plan to kill Callan but things unexpected happen. He walked out of the Alessandro's mansion and as soon as he got inside his car, he started the ignition of his car but noticed the the tire was making a loud noice. He turned off the ignition of the car and stepped down only to realize that the tire of the car had become flat.

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His face suddenly got covered and before he could make a meaning of what was going on, he became unconscious and by the time he became conscious, he realized he was in a different large room. He was only on a pant and was tied from the chest to the foot of the pole behind him.

He thought this was a dream. How could he, the most powerful man in NorthHill be treated in this manner? Who dared to do this to him?

The light in the room suddenly shone brighter and Broderick walked in with an angry face.

"You! How dare you?" Michael shouted angrily.

"You killed an innocent man. Did you really think I will let you go? How did you expect me to feel about the fact that an innocent man died on my behalf?" Broderick asked as he walked over to him. "I will make your life a living hell. I tell you this, you will regret the day you were born."

Broderick commanded two of his men to appear and once they do, he commanded them to give Michael a hundred strokes each.

Broderick sat on a wooden chair as he watched his men flog Michael mercilessly.

Michael kept screaming in pain as the men flogged him. Michael was feeling an excruciating pain in his body as the canes hit him on different part of his body.

By the time the men were done, he had almost given up on life. He coughed a number of times, thick saliva pouring by itself from his mouth. He had scars all over his body and was feeling terribly hurt in his body.

Broderick dismissed the men that just flogged him and crossed his legs, "we are just getting started."

Michael was too weak to even speak, he just lowered his head like someone that would die the next moment.

Broderick received a call during this period and seeing that the caller ID was Jane, he answered it and Jane's voice came through, "sir, miss Amy is having a serious fever and headache. I have persuaded her to let us go to the hospital but she refused."

"I'll be there," Broderick said and stood. As Broderick made an attempt to walk out, Michael spoke, "If I ever get out of here alive, not only will you suffer, your children will pay earnestly for it?"

"It's smart you used the word 'if to start your sentence cause actually, a murderer like you will never make it out of here alive," Broderick said and walked out.

He went to Amy's mansion with his escorts. He can't afford to drive alone during this period cause he had to be security conscious now.

He stepped down quickly and walked towards Amy's apartment. The door wasn't fully locked so he simply pushed the door open and once he saw Joan, he asked, "Is she in her room?"

"Yes."

Broderick immediately walked inside the room and saw how weak Amy looked.

"Amy!" Broderick called caringly and Amy looked at him, she swallowed and said, "I don't know why I feel so hurt about Callan's death. I have not been able to eat!"

"It was Michael who killed him," Broderick broke the news to her.

Amy adjusted to sit while Broderick went to sit beside her, "will you lay your head on my chest?"

Amy laid her head on his chest and curved her arms around him, "Michael is such a heartless beast. So he actually wanted to kill you."

"Yes but don't worry, he will beg for death," Broderick said and added, "let me bath you, please."

Amy didn't respond, she couldn't stop thinking about how cruel Michael was, yet he had presented himself to her as a gentleman when they newly met. She hated Michael even more. She hated how desperate Michael was, how could he even think of murdering Broderick? His own brother.

Broderick pushed her away gently and positioned himself in such a way that he will be able to carry her, he carried her and took her to the bathroom then began to undress her. Amy was not shy at all, maybe because they already saw each other's nakedness a few days ago. After she was naked before him, Broderick placed her in the bathtub and began to bath for her like a father bathing his daughter. After he was done bathing her, Amy felt refreshed and the heavy burden she felt on her became light. Broderick

helped her out of the bathtub and dried her body with the towel. Afterwards, he carried her on the bed and laid her gently on the bed, "I don't think you have a plan of going out today?" "I don't. I couldn't sleep all night but I think I feel better now," Amy said Broderick smiled. He was also happy seeing her. As if they were each other's dose of happiness. When Amy saw him smiling, she also smiled. Broderick laid beside her and covered both of them with the duvet. "Who sleeps with a suit on?" Amy chuckled. Broderick giggled, "I just want to help you to sleep then I'll leave." "You want to leave me after I have slept?" Amy expressed a sad but playful face. Broderick caressed her cheek and said, "I'll be here with you until you let me go."

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Amy cuddled herself around him and closed her eyes, she felt so comfortable around him that she fell asleep in no time.

Broderick had a bright smile on his face, he loved how she rested her beautiful body on him. His phone rang fifteen minutes later and he carefully brought it out from his pocket so that Amy wouldn't be disturbed and wake from her sleep.

Seeing that it was Lord Douglas, he answered the call but kept quiet. He was still displeased at the man. "If you don't release Michael from wherever you kept him, you and your kids will suffer earnestly for it" the old man's hard and stern voice came through.

In order not to awake Amy with his voice, he laid her head down gently on the pillow and carefully stood then walked out of the room.

When Lord Douglas saw that he was quiet, he yelled angrily, "did you dare you keep quiet on me? Are you seeking for the rage of the entire clan?"

"I'm not scared of you and the entire clan," Broderick said with a calm but warning voice. The man smirked angrily, "then I guess you are ready to accept whatever happens to your kids?"

Before Broderick would say another word, Lord Douglas hung the call up. Broderick immediately placed a call across to Brett and commanded as soon as he answered the call, "ensure that my children are safe. My clans are after them." "I'll keep them protected," Brett assured. Broderick then went back to lay beside Amy.

Two days later, Broderick walked over to Martha's room around 10AM in the morning and knocked gently, once she opened the door, he said to her, "it's time for us to go to the hospital."

"Oh! For the DNA? Sure," Martha said and turned.

"Have you bathed yet?"

Martha turned back to him and responded, "not at all. But I promise I would not keep you waiting. I'll be done dressing up in no time." "Alright," Broderick said and walked away from her.

The children were already dressed up but were still in their rooms, while Broderick sat calmly in his living room, waiting for Martha to get done, his head of guard placed a call

across to him and he answered. "Sir, about sixteen men here from the Alessandro's Clan are here to see you," he said. "Tell them I don't have the time to see anyone," Broderick said and hung the call up, Martha soon appeared, dressed in a bright red gown that had stones all over it. She smiled at Broderick and expected Broderick to comment on the cloth she was wearing as it was one of the limited edition clothes that the designer company delivered to her two days earlier. Broderick looked away from her casually and called on the maids to inform the kids that it was time to go to the hospital, The six kids soon appeared, dressed beautifully, they had a bright face on. "Hey, my babies...you all are looking adorable," she hugged them all and then held Angel and Queen by the hands and said to Broderick, "can we get going now?" "Sure," Broderick said and everyone began to walk out. Soon, they all sat inside one of Broderick's Lamborghini. Broderick wanted to know the outcome of the DNA test before he would tell Amy to come over. Since Martha was seated right beside Broderick, he placed her hand on his and said, "why did you look moody, hubby?" Broderick immediately smiled and asked her, "did I?" "Yes, is there something I can help with?" Martha asked and Broderick shook his head in response, still smiling. "Not at all, I'm fine." Broderick said. He had quickly put on the act of smiling only because of the presence of the kids. Martha laid her head on his shoulder and then said, "I'm happy to have you, Broderick." Broderick wondered why she was suddenly making such confession, he replied bluntly, "I love you too." His words carries no affection at all. The children soon got engaged in their own conversations. The car pulled over before Chospital, one of the biggest hospital in North Hill. When they all stepped down, Martha was shocked to see that the DNA test was about to be performed in a different hospital. She had thought that the DNA test would be performed at B hospital but to her surprise, it would be done at C hospital.; She turned to Broderick and asked, "why do we come here? Why don't we use B hospital, it's the biggest." "I know that but the test we are performing is sensitive, I need to be sure that there is no gimmick played," Broderick said as they walked inside the hospital. "Gimmick? Who will play the gimmick?" Martha asked, wondering if Broderick was suspecting her. Broderick paused and turned to her, "all these questions are unnecessary, the most important thing is that we are here for the DNA test." He then turn away from her and continued walking inside. In a jiffy, the kids and Martha were taken into the laboratory where their blood samples will be collected by the doctor. In order to ensure the legitimacy of the test, Broderick also went with them to the laboratory. Martha told the doctor that was with them in the laboratory, "why don't you tell my husband to wait for us outside?".

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"It's not really necessary, ma. It's just a blood collection, nothing more," the doctor said and brought out his tools then began to extract blood from her. Martha vommitted all of

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The doctor almost caused her injury cause he flinched eventhough he had his tools inside her body,

“So sorry, Mrs. Martha,” the doctor apologized and hoped that he didn’t hurt her then he brought out his tools.

“What happened to her?” Broderick asked the doctor from where he stood.

The doctor turned to him and responded, “I can not really say, yet sir but I’ll perform some test with her blood to find out what’s wrong.” “Okay, do that,” Broderick said and the doctor gestured politely for everyone to walk out of the laboratory. The kids sat gently in a special room with Martha while Broderick stood. Martha was not happy that the kids didn’t even bother to care about what was wrong with her neither did Broderick. Ever since they walked out of the laboratory, neither of the kids nor Broderick said any word to her. “Broderick, I feel so weak,” Martha said weakly.

Broderick looked at her emotionlessly and said, “just hold on, dear. We are in the hospital and you can get treated but let the doctor find out what is wrong first.”

“Okay,” Martha nodded and a few seconds later, the doctor walked towards them.

“Sir...” The doctor was holding a letter headed letter that had the result of what was wrong with Martha.

“Speak!” Broderick demanded.

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“She ...She’s pregnant, sir,” the doctor answered. The kids looked at eachother in shock. ‘Pregnant?’ they all mumbled one after the other as if they weren’t expecting her to get pregnant despite being married to Broderick. Broderick turned to her and and asked Martha, “You are pregnant! For who?”

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Martha stood up weakly and began to cry, “I feel ashamed that you asked me that type of question before the doctor and the kids. Did you think I’ll stoop so low to cheat on you? I’ve been faithfully in love with you. I didn’t know that the sex we had when you were drunk a few days ago will lead to my pregnancy, I should have taken a pill after sex but I forgot. Please forgive me.”

“You are now pregnant for me?” Broderick asked and Martha nodded. “I can abort it if you want. Please Broderick, don’t be angry with me,” Martha began to cry even more aggressively. Broderick remembered a day he woke only to find himself naked beside Martha. He can’t say for sure if he had sex with her cause he got drunk in the night of the previous day.

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Actually, Martha was also naked beside him then.

“How many weeks pregnant is she?” Broderick asked and the doctor quickly responded, “three weeks pregnant, sir.” “You can leave,” Broderick dismissed the doctor and he walked away

Their purpose of coming here became nullified. His mood became flat and he felt like a heavy stone was placed on his heart... He was trying to make his complicated life easy and here comes another complication. Broderick clenched his fist in anger but couldn’t do anything in front of the kids. “Let’s leave,” he said and lead the kids to the car while Martha followed behind. Once they got back to his mansion and he had ensured the kids had gone to their room, Broderick grabbed Martha’s neck and said, “why did you

take advantage of me?" "I didn't, you were drunk and had sex with me. I tried to stop you but you would not listen."

Thinking of how she helped him when he newly lost his memory, he let go of his arms on her neck slowly. Martha had cared so much for him after his loss of memory and he sometimes thinks he owes her for how good she was to him. He thought that without Martha, he would not be able to remember many things about himself. Martha slumped to the floor and began to cry, "I will just abort it." "Don't dare to," Broderick commanded. Martha looked at him from the floor that she sat and said, "I shouldn't dare to, huh?" With her teary face, she added, "but you almost strangled me just now. Are we not husband and wife? And our kids are six years old? Why can't I, as your wife get pregnant for you? Is it forbidden? You use to take a good care of me before not until that woman called Amy show up. Ever since you became friend with Amy, you stopped giving me attention and stopped showing me love and at the hospital, you even asked me publicly if I was pregnant for someone else?" Martha shook her head like someone that is badly hurt, "I feel so much pain in my heart." She placed her hand on her heart and continued crying. "My life is meaningless, I just wish I'm dead," she lowered her head and let her tears fall to the floor.

Broderick had pity on her and knelt before her, he said very softly, "I'm sorry." Nonetheless, Martha kept her head lowered, tears kept dropping from her eyes like rain. "Martha, I was wrong for trying to strangle you in anger, It's true that I have not given you the attention I use to give you ever since I became close to Amy. Now that you are pregnant with my child, I'll change."

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"Will you?" Martha raised her face up to him and asked. "Yes, I will," Broderick responded. "Is that a promise?" Martha asked.

Broderick hesitated before he responded, "yes, it's a promise. Don't ever think of aborting the child, okay?"

Martha nodded and Broderick pulled her closer to himself and kissed her on her forehead.

He helped her up and said, "let's go inside."

Martha leaned on him as he lead her inside, he helped her to the bathroom and then walked back to the room.

Broderick sighed and slump to the bed, his phone chirped and seeing that it was Amy, he hesitated before answering the call.

"Hey Broderick, isn't today the day you said we would perform the DNA test or have you forgotten?" Amy asked. Broderick replied with a heavy heart, "I didn't forget. It's just that..." He sighed heavily, "plans changed."

"Oh!" Amy became very dissapointed. She had thought that today would be the day when she will put Martha to shame and claim her children back. She had anticipated so much for this day. "Please let me prove that I am not lying and that the kids are really

mine,” Amy requested confidently. “Amy, Martha is pregnant for me,” Broderick broke the news to her and Amy went quiet for what looked like forever.

Amy checked the screen of her phone to be sure that the person who just spoke was Broderick, also, she wondered if she heard the right word so she asked, “you said Martha is what?”

“She’s pregnant for me. She had threatened to abort the baby if I didn’t give her the attention I use to give her before we became close. Amy, I’m sorry but I would not really be available for you anymore. I think you have feelings for me but try to kill the feelings and forget about me. I want to only focus on my wife and kids. I do not want to have to doubt the mother of my kids. I just want to live a simple life devoid of trouble. You can move on with your life, please,” Broderick said with a painful heart and hung the call up. Tears struggled to fall from his eyes after he said this. Martha appeared with only a towel wrapped around her body, she looked hot as her fresh laps were revealed and a major part of her cleavage were so revealing. She had water dripping down her wet hair that fell loosely to her back. She knew Broderick was a type of man who keeps to promise so if he promise her, he was going to fulfill it so she was not bothered anymore about Amy anymore.

She walked towards Broderick with a bright smile on her face and said, “come and dress me up in my house gown.” Broderick smiled eventhough his heart was hurting so badly, it was as though some bees were stinging it so hard. He loosened the towel around her and went to her wardrobe the picked a white light gown then helped her to wear it. Martha turned around and then slump to the bed happily.

“Broderick, will you sleep in my room this night? As a pregnant woman, I need all the attention. Our child that’s in me can only stay healthy if you make me happy.”

Broderick pulled off his suit and hung it then laid beside her, “I’m here for you.” “Thank you, my husband,” Martha cuddled herself around him and asked, “why don’t you loosen the button on your shirt?”

“You can do that,” Broderick said and Martha gleefully began to loosen the button on his shirt.

Amy’s heart ripped apart mercilessly as she heard Broderick spill those words. Although they were not in a relationship, his words sounds like that of a break up. Tears rushed down her face like an heavy downpour of rain. She picked up her pillow and hugged it dearly, crying so hard inside her pillow until it became very soaked.

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Amy’s door opened at that moment and Joan ran inside with her laptop, screaming, “America’s richest man had made an offer to become one of the shareholder of our company.”

But when Joan noticed the tears on Amy’s face, the laptop in her hand almost dropped. She went ahead and dropped the laptop on the stool and went to her, “Amy, what happened?”

Amy cried even more, she wanted to speak but the more she tried to, the more words get stuck in her throat.

Joan hugged her dearly and didn’t say any word, Joan’s eyes became litered with tears too eventhough she didn’t know what was making Amy cry. She could just feel her pain.

“Broderick said he doesn’t want to have anything to do with me again,” Amy eventually

was able to speak. However, she had stopped crying out loud but was rather sobbing. Her heart was sour and she doubt if she can ever heal from the pain. This was the man she had fallen hard for.

“How could he?” Joan was angry at Broderick and walked out. She placed a call across to Broderick and once he answered the call, Joan spoke, “oh! So now, you don’t want to have anything to do with Amy again, right? Fine, she already has another man comforting her anyways, I can’t wait for me to start hearing means of ‘love making’ from their room.”