

## Barren Mother Give Birth To Sextuplets To The Hot CEO Chapter 51

### Chapter 51 Not In A Good Mood

Amy's heart thumped heavily that she almost choked to death. "Oh my! you are kidnapper!" Amy knew she had to do something, when she attempt to jump on the man's hand so he can loose control of the steering, the man just took his hand from the gear and picked up a small bottle and sprayed the content on her face. Amy lost consciousness at once. The driver glanced at Amy's face and saw how very pretty she looked. Once he parked before the uncompleted house, he Jubilated," fucking hurray, we'll get to fuck a pretty angel." He screamed and other men inside began to walk out to see the new catch. A call came through on the man's phone immediately and seeing that the caller ID was the woman who gave them the job to kidnap Amy, he answered the call while asking for one of his men to help him light the cigarette he had just brought from his pocket. "Have you got her?" Theresa's voice came through. "Yes, she's here. Send my money already," he said and smoked hard from his cigarette. "Send me a picture of her being tied to a chair first," Theresa demanded. She was with her mother during this period. "Expect it in two minutes," the driver said and brought the call to an end.. After Theresa called Edith, Edith told her to charter a cab that will trail after Broderick's car secretly and she did. Once she got to where Broderick's escort parked, she paid the cab man an huge sum of money so he wouldn't go and leak out the information that his cab was used to trail after Broderick's Alessandro's car. She saw when Broderick and Amy went away from the cars and she felt greatly jealous, she hid behind a tree waiting for when they will return back to the car but to her surprise, she saw only Amy walking towards the car, seeing Amy walking away from the car, she quickly called Edith and explained the situation to her. Edith immediately sent a man's number to her who can arrange her kidnap perfectly. Once she saw the number, she called and made deal with the man after which she went to Owen's mansion where her mother is.

She couldn't afford to go home alone cause her mind wasn't at rest. What if things didn't go as planned and she got exposed as the one behind her kidnap. "Let's wait for the picture. Those men are really good in their job, trust me," Edith said, trying to calm her daughter down. "I'm just so restless," Theresa said and heaved a heavy breath. She received a message on her phone a few seconds later and saw a picture of Amy being tied to a chair. "Mum, mum," she quickly showed the picture to Edith, once Edith saw it, she smiled and said, "did I not tell you?" "Oh! so I can forward the money to them now?" she asked. "You don't send money from your account to a kidnapper's account. When they eventually get caught, the police will be able to link you up with them. We'll send it to them by cash," Edith said. "Going to their warehouse will be so scary, mum. I can't go." "Who says you will, call Mike and tell him to do it for you," Edith said. "Mike? you want Mike to risk his life and go to their den?" Edith smirked, she knew that there were many things her daughter did not know, "They know whom Mike is and Mike knows whom they are, just call him to do it for you. He will." Theresa wondered why her mother was speaking with so much confidence. She placed a call across to Mike and once he answered the call, she explained everything to him and Mike promised to come to the

Owen's mansion to receive the cash. "Mum, he is really coming?" "I told you," Edith said. Theresa couldn't understand this mystery but maybe in the future, she will understand. A couple of minutes later, a car pulled over before the Owen's mansion. Once Theresa heard the sound of the car, she walked out with the cash and went to deliver it to Mike. "See you soon," Mike dropped the bag of money on the seat beside the driver's seat and drove off. She wanted to ask him many questions but since this was urgent, she let him off and suspend this to when next they will meet. "Don't forget that you can't think about Mike anymore, Broderick is the target now," Edith suddenly appeared beside her and said. "Yes, I know mother." she said. "Have you gotten him to cuddle you, yet? It maybe too early to have sex but you should have been seducing him to touch you in some special parts of your body," Edith said. "Broderick Alessandro is not an easy man. He's too tough and ruthless. I once pretended my stomach hurts before his room and he carried me inside his room and laid me on the bed but he went to sit. Mum, did you beleive he was on the chair all through the night?" "What? He didn't join you in the bed to sleep at all?" Edith was stunned. "Yes, mother." She breathed heavily out. "Well, we still have time. Just keep trying, we will get him. As for Amy, consider her dead already. She actually has to be out of the way for you to win Mr. Broderick's heart," Edith said but Theresa was a little disturbed. What if Broderick Alessandro was angry and decided to investigate her death? Broderick literally owns the city and nothing anywhere in the city can be hidden from him. Edith tapped Theresa's shoulder and said, "you have to trust me. As long as I'm alive, then there is no secretes hidden that will be revealed. Infact, there are many hidden secretes in the past that has and will never be revealed or exposed, so just trust me." Theresa leaned on her mother's shoulder and nodded. Once she confirms that Amy is dead, she will plot a new game to win his heart cause there won't be any competition with anyone then. Amy watched five burly scary men standing before her with with a face full of lust. "Will you agree to let us fuck you one after the other or did you want us to force you?" The man who seems to be the leader asked. He was the tallest among them. "I am Broderick Alessandro's.... property, he will find me and you all will not escape," Amy threatened and the men began to scoff hard "Property? Property? hahaha..." the man laughed even harder. Amy didn't know how else to describe herself in connection to Broderick. "It doesn't matter who you are, infact, we should have killed you now, we just want to satisfy our lustful desires before killing you. I'm advising you, don't make your death a painful one," the leader of the men said. "So if I agree to have sex with you all one after the other, my death will not be painful, right?" "Exactly," two men replied quickly in unison. A very hard bulge could be seeing on their trouser. "Fine," Amy said and the men looked at themselves surprisingly. They have never seen any of their victims agree to be willingly raped before. "This will be more enjoyable," one of the men whispered to another. "Untie her," the leader of the men said and two men approached her and untied her quickly. Amy spoke immediately she stood up, "please can you let me defecate, I'm so pressed right now." "Of course we can, but just so you know, it's impossible for you to escape from here incase you are thinking there would be a means of escape in the toilet." their leader said and gestured for one of the men to lead Amy to the toilet. Once Amy got to the toilet, she ensured the door was locked on herself and began to think of how to escape five heavy men. Whereas, Broderick Alessandro had returned home and even eaten with the kids. When

the kids asked of their mother, he assured them she would be back soon. But while eating, he was grossly disturbed about her whereabouts. After he had ensured the kids went to their room, he began to regret his actions that he couldn't even sit. How could he have let her go alone in that quiet environment. Could she have gone somewhere or could something bad had happened to her? Thinking that she got shot lately, he wondered if some people were really trying to kill her. How could he behave in such manner? He could have brought Amy home and then punish her whichever way he wanted not abandoning her somewhere that looked almost like a desert. He kept walking to and fro the living room, then he placed a call across to Brett, "Search the entire North Hill and find out the whereabouts of Amy." "Alright, sir," Brett knew this was very urgent and he got to work immediately. It was at this moment that the door got opened and Theresa walked in. "Good evening," she greeted with a smile and catwalked towards him. "Why are you just coming?" "I branched to my mother's house, I should have told you but it was urgent," she said. He nodded and looked away from her. She walked even closer to him that she could now perceive his breath and said, "What's wrong, you look very disturbed. Although she was having a guess that it could be about Amy's disappearance.

"I can't find my mistress, did you know her whereabouts?" Broderick set his gaze on her and asked. His gaze was so deep that she was scared and felt like he was seeing the truth right inside her heart. But she had to act strong, "not at all. She even left the office before me. I thought she should have been home?" "She's not. You can leave," Broderick said and Theresa felt so frustrated. How could Broderick be very concerned about Amy this way? Was it because she was the mother of his children or was he already having feelings for her? She didn't want to think it's the later. Shouldn't a man like Broderick be only interested in her six kids alone, why bother about their mother? Theresa was not happy about this at all. "Have you tried her number?" she asked. "Theresa, I'm not in a good mood. please go to your room." Theresa felt insulted. So he was not in a good mood because of that bitch? She sighed and walked away. Making him angry was the last thing she wanted. Amy removed one of her high heels and opened the door to the bathroom, once the man guarding the bathroom turned to her, she hit him hard on the forehead with the shoe. It was unexpected for the man that he fell immediately flat to the floor. Amy stood still and hoped that others didn't hear sounds of the man falling to the ground, she looked around to see if there was an escape route but there was none. To escape, she will have to pass through the rooms that those men were

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### **Chapter 52 My Woman**

One of the men appeared all of a sudden and saw one of them on the floor, "What! Bitch!" he shouted and others began to ran towards him, she threw her shoe towards the man and while the man was guiding the shoe from hitting him, she ran speedily towards the room. The three men in the room ignored her and ran speedily away, she was confused and wondered if she was a ghost, before she could take another step,

she saw Broderick appeared. "Find and bring me those men," he commanded and his guards ran after them immediately. Amy was still trying to catch her breath cause she had just ran, trying to escape death. She looked at Broderick blankly and wondered how he found her. He walked towards her and wanted to grab her wrist but she pulled her hand away. She didn't want him to touch her. Was he not the one who sent her away and let her get kidnapped? He punishes and always makes up for a mistake. What if she had been raped and killed before he find her? She was angry. Broderick then said, "let's go home." "I will find my way home," she said without daring to look at his face, she was scared of him but she still had to let him know that she was angry. He grabbed her arms all of a sudden and say again, "let's go home." "No, I'll find my way home myself," she said, twisting her hand that was in his grip as if trying hard to free herself. "I'm sorry," he said and Amy looked up to his face in shock. Of course, she expected him to apologize but she was still shocked he did. They both looked into each other's face for another three seconds when Broderick spoke again, "I shouldn't have abandoned you there. I'm sorry." Amy lowered her head slowly, only then was he able to take her to where his cars were parked. Once they got inside the car, the driver started the ignition of the car, drawled up the partition of the car and began to drive. "Do you know those people?" "Not at all. They are strangers. I was trying to look for taxi after you have sent me away when I suddenly saw a car speeding, I wouldn't have thought that it was a kidnapper's car cause with the way the car was speeding, I thought it was going it's own way. Never knew it was all in the plan," Amy said. "Were you hurt?" "Except that I was tied, nothing else happened to me," Amy said. Broderick heaved a sigh, relieved that those uncultured men haven't raped her, he would never have forgiven himself. "My anger!" "Sir!" Amy looked at his side profile and exclaimed. "I need to work on my anger," he said and relaxed to the seat. Neither of them said any more word again until they arrived home. Theresa was chatting happily with her mum, her mum was assuring her that Amy was dead and she was so happy about it. She was so lost in the chatting that she didn't even know that Broderick and Amy had entered. "The children have been expecting you, you can go and check on them," it was only after Broderick said this to Amy that Theresa became aware of her environment. She was shocked to the brim when she saw Amy standing close to Broderick. She's alive? How? She stood at once and quickly faked a smile, "oh! Amy is finally here. Where you have been, Mr. Broderick was very disturbed about you." "I branched somewhere, I'm sorry I made everyone worried, I need to check on my children," Amy said and walked away from the living room leaving Broderick and Theresa behind. Theresa was scared, as though Broderick had found out that she was the one behind the kidnap. Broderick simply glanced at her with a straight look and walked away from her. He didn't find out, did he? she wondered and quickly placed a call across to her mother. "She's not dead... she just came back home with Mr. Broderick," she said to Edith's surprise. "I don't think we leave any traces behind, i'll look into it, just be calm, okay?" Edith said. Calm? How can she be calm when there is an high chance that the kidnappers may be caught and they will definitely reveal the phone number of the person who sent them to do the work. Amy walked inside the Gold resturant of B Hotel, she went to sit majestically before her father. Her father had requested to see her and that he had something pressing to discuss with her. Despite the hatred her father had towards her, and although he didn't

regard her as his daughter anymore, she still regard him as his father. She didn't know what came upon him that made him believe that her mother cheated on him and that she was a product of her mother sleeping with another man even while married to him. "Amy, I understand how tough things had really been for you in Broderick's house. It's all my fault. I shouldn't have agreed to honour the agreement I made with Elizabeth when you were young, I hate to see that I'm letting you experience hell of a life," Carlton Owen, her father said. Amy maintained a straight gaze still. How does someone who hates her suddenly become pityful for her? She won't be deceived. He has a purpose of inviting her over here and sooner or later, he would let it out. When Carlton saw that she wouldn't say anything, he said, "Amy, with my power, I can help you escape NorthHill with all your six kids. You can go and live your life and be free of Broderick's trouble. When I heard that he ripped you off your position of a wife as soon as his mother died and made you his mistress, I felt so terrible." Terrible? Terrible indeed. She knew her father was only concerned about his stepsister, Martha. "Was that why you called me here?" Amy asked to her father's surprise. "Yes, my daughter. You deserve better. You deserve a better and peaceful life," he said. "You called me your daughter?" Amy smirked painfully, "when did I become one again? You literally denied me in public. Neither of my husband nor my father can associate themselves with me in public," she said this from a sorrowful heart and almost cried. Carlton placed his hand on hers and said, "I'm sorry. Are you willing to leave so I can start arranging how you will escape without Broderick's knowledge?" "I'm not leaving. Broderick is the father of my children. I may be his mistress now but it's only a matter of time, I'll become his wife," Amy said purposely to see her father's reaction. She understands that her father had thought that the relationship between her and Broderick will be sour but he sure does not like the ways things are unfolding between Broderick and her. And this pityful act he was suddenly putting on seems so fake. He was her father, how can she not know him better than anyone. Carlton removed her hand from hers and said, "you have to leave, Amy." "Why is it sounding like you really wanted me to leave. I thought you are advising me to leave for my sake? If you are worried about me, then you don't have to. I'm fine. As you can see, do I look like someone suffering?" Carlton was angry that he clenched his fist into a ball, "Amy, don't be as stubborn as your mother. Here is a chance that you must seize. Leave and never return again. Oh! If it's money, I'll give you more than enough." Amy felt sorrowful seeing her father wanting her to leave her own home town so bad, "but why?" she can't understand her father's purpose. After Edith was informed that Amy wasn't dead, she immediately went to talk to Carlton and cleverly convince him to send Amy away from NorthHill. He had told him to do that for the sake of their daughter, Martha who is currently a wife to Broderick. She tried to make him see that as long as Amy is in Broderick's sight, it will be impossible for Martha to win Broderick's heart and most importantly, get him to have sex with her. Since killing her doesn't work, sending her away from the city should. "Because I want the best for you and your kids," Carlton tried to sound soft again. "No, you don't. You don't even see me as your daughter. If that's the only reason why you invite me here, then I guess I'll just take my leave," Amy said. "I'm the mayor of this City and I can make you regret living here if you don't leave," Carlton's voice became stern again. There was no point pretending to her anymore. Being gentle with her doesn't work, then threatening her should probably work. "Do whatever you want...dad," she said with tears already streaming down her

face, stood and walked out. The only family left for her was her father but he hated her. He most definitely wanted her to leave this city for his selfish desires.

“Who made you cry?” As soon as Amy stepped out of the hotel, she heard a familiar voice behind her and she turned, Seeing Broderick, she quickly cleaned her tears. “I’m fine,” she sighed and lowered her head slightly as she must always look up to behold his handsome face.

“Tell me who make my woman cry and I’ll make them and their entire family cry to death,” Broderick said with rage. Amy could feel him getting angry again. Whenever he’s angry, he can do and undo. The sad truth is, although her father didn’t love her anymore nor regard her as his daughter, she still loved him and regard him as his father. “People can’t see us together in public or they would have wrong impression,” she said, trying to change the conversation. “Is it a man bom of a woman that made you cry? or a woman like you?” Broderick asked. He was always informed about Amy’s whereabouts by his second personal assistant that he assigned to be secretly protecting her. He had just arrived at the hotel and saw her coming out, he had no idea whom she went to meet and he was curious and angry at the same time. “Please don’t worry about it, it’s family matter,” she said and added, “I’ll take my leave. Thanks for your concern, Mr. Broderick.” Amy turned and began to walk away. As she walked away, the word , ‘my woman!’ kept resounding in her ear. Was she his woman? she was his woman huh? she didn’t know whether to blush. What did he mean by she was his woman? It’s not like she didn’t know but overthinking about it gives her joy.

## **Barren Mother Give Birth To Sextuplets To The Hot CEO Chapter 53**

### **Chapter 53 You Love To Bully**

Theresa walked towards the boy’s room and knocked on it gently, the knob twisted and the door gave way. It was Elijah who opened the door and he had to look up to see the tall woman before them. Theresa smiled and said, “hey!” Instead of replying, Elijah turned to his brothers and signalled for them to come over. Moses and Elijah strolled over to him and also saw Theresa. “Hey...can I come in?” Moses shrugged and the boys looked at themselves as if meditating on whether to let her come in or not, Elisha opened the door wide for her and then she walked in. She looked around the room and found it so adorable then she went to sit on the couch in the room,” I’m so sorry I had to disturb you.”

The boys went to sit on their bed and were facing her but didn’t say a word. “Don’t you like me? Why are you guys giving me that look?” she asked. “Can I ask who you are to our dad?” Elijah asked.

“Oh! that...erm... In the past, your dad and I were friends, very close friend then he promised that we will marry me when we grow up to become adult but somehow we lost contact. Now that we meet again, he had to fulfil the promise he made then,” she said. “You do realize that he’s already with our mum yet you let him make you his wife?” Elisha asked. The kids wanted their mum and dad to be together as husband and wife. They had no knowledge of the whole temporal marriage agreement between Broderick

and Amy but with the little things they see, they can tell that Broderick doesn't really like their mother.

"I told him not to but he insisted, saying that he's a man that keeps to his promise. Since I'll be living here for now, I will like us to be friend. I can buy you whatever you want," she said. "There is only one thing you can do for us to make us happy," Moses said.

"Oh! please tell me dear," Theresa said. "Leave this mansion," Moses declared and she furrowed her brow in shock. This little ones just have the same mind as their mother, how could they dislike her presence here before even getting to know her? "Did you dislike me that much?" Theresa said with a pityful look. "We did not dislike you but you should just do what we want," Elisha said. "Even if I want to go, Mr. Broderick will not let me. I just need you guys to understand me," Theresa said. Even her adored the little ones and coveted them. He wished that these little ones were hers. How can Amy be so favoured to have six beautiful kids? "Well, that's all we want, Mrs. Theresa," Moses said and picked up his notebook then continue his assignment. The others ignored Theresa and picked up their books then continued with what they were doing before she came.

Theresa felt so insignificant, how can these little ones be so rude? "I'll have Broderick for myself but I'll also have you all for myself, that I'm sure of," she mumbled and began to think of ways to get the children to adore her.

She stood and said, "it seems you guys don't want to talk to me, I'll take my leave now." The children ignored her still and she walked out shamefully, she paused when she saw Amy. Amy had just left the girl's room and when she was about entering the girl's room, she was surprised to see Theresa standing before the door.

"What! what the fuck are you doing in my children's room?" Amy asked. "Calm down, I just went to check on them," she said. Amy pushed her away from the door and walked inside, seeing the boys busy with their assignment, she asked, "did she hurt you?" "Mrs. Theresa?" Moses dropped his pen and asked and Amy nodded. "No, she did not. She just came here to talk." "What did she talk to you guys about?" Amy asked curiously.

"Who even remembers?" Elisha asked his brother. "We just knew she was talking, we were not really paying attention," Elijah said and Amy walked out of the room and saw Theresa still standing still. "Don't ever check on my children again, I repeat, don't ever," Amy said. She needed no one to tell her that Theresa was a vile woman who sure has something up her sleeves. "If anything dares to happen to my children, I swear, I'll not spare you." Theresa smirked, "If I want to hurt your children, I would have. But I didn't hurt them so be calm." "Get away from here now," Amy commanded. "Or what?"

"Theresa asked, "I hope you remember that you are just a mistress here and I'm the one who has the final say over here? I'm the wife of Mr. Broderick Alessandro while you are just a shameless mistress." Amy wanted to slap her but cautioned, she doesn't have to feel hurt by her words. She had what she doesn't have- six kids. So she can understand why she was so jealous of her. Amy wanted to walk inside the boy's room and lock the door with the assumption that she would leave when she get tired staying but she remembered that she might actually go to the girl's room. "I took Broderick from you already, guess what? I'll take your kids from you too," she smirked. "Thinking of kidnapping Broderick's kids? you must be playing with your life," Amy said. "Who says anything about kidnap? I'll be married to Broderick still and the kids will only know me as their mother, you just watch," she smirked wickedly and began to walk away. Amy wishes that she could evacuate the mansion, she was worried that Theresa has a plan

of hurting her child and it was impossible for her to be with her children always. She sighed and wondered if she should agree to her father's offer of helping her to escape from NorthHill. Her father was the Mayor of the city and despite the fact that Broderick was the most powerful here in NorthHill, her father could surely pull some strings that can let her escape from here. That, she was sure of. She brought out her phone from her pocket and searched for her father's contact. She sighed when she thought of Broderick, her children's father. How would he feel when he finds out that she had escaped with the kids? Well, guess it's high time for her to start putting herself first instead of other people. She wouldn't have even get into a marriage with him in the first place if not that she put Elizabeth's feeling before hers. But her father sure has a selfish reason for wanting her to leave NorthHill, her father obviously doesn't have her interest at heart. Anyways, it's better to just escape here with her kids. Just as she was about dialing her father's contact, she perceived a heavy steps approaching her, she turned and saw Broderick Alessandro, tall and dressed in his black tailored suit. She quickly kept the phone back inside her pocket and looked at him blankly, wondering if he wanted to check on the children. When Broderick got before her, he paused and raised his hand slowly then place it on her cheek, "Why is your face pale?" "I'm fine." Amy quickly replied. But she was so nervous on the inside and felt a heat on the inside of her with his gentle and warm touch.

He took his hands off, turned to the door. that leads to the boy's room, twisted the knob and walked inside. Apparently, he was coming to check on the kids.

Amy sighed and didn't know whether to call her father again for escape. She wasn't so sure if things can ever work out between Broderick and her. Broderick looks too tough and high for her to reach. Can a day come when they could be lovers? Can that day ever come? Broderick doesn't give a fuck about her before but now, he was asking why her face was pale. Should she fight here and dethrone that bitch who is currently occupying the position of his wife. Amy was sure that Theresa has an ulterior motive for getting married to Broderick, her intentions can not be sincere. Since Amy was already weirdly taking interest in Broderick, she decided to give it more time and see if there is a possibility of them ending up as lovers. She sighed.

She would not be able to check on her boys anymore since Broderick had already walked inside the boy's room. When she was about turning to leave, she suddenly remembered her mother's jewelry that she was bullied off by her stepmother. She wondered if she could tell Broderick about it, perhaps, he could help her. Afterall, he even helped her with money when she needed it.

Amy decided to check on him at night when he would be less busy and tell him about it. She then walked away from there.

Once it was night, she walked to Broderick's room and knocked on it. "Come in," his voice sounded sternly from inside and she opened the door and walked in. "I'm sorry to disturb you, I just want to discuss something with you," she requested.

Broderick shut the laptop that was on his stretched lap and placed it beside him then he looked up at her, "Sit."

She sat on a couch that was a distance away from his bed but was facing his bed," actually..." "Is it sex that you want?" Broderick interrupted. "What! Sex?"

"Yes, sex. You are an adult and you don't have to feel ashamed of it. I know you feel starved of sex and you are probably jealous as the thought of the fact that I had sex with



Theresa yesterday” “You had sex with Theresa?” Amy find herself asking. A feeling of jealousy befell her. Broderick didn’t have sex with Theresa but they were both in his room all night. He just wanted to see her reaction. “Yes, what about it? I’m asking if you are here to demand for yours,” Broderick asked. Amy was so enraged, she didn’t even know why. She stood and turned as she take steps towards the door, Broderick spoke, “woman! don’t dare to walk out on me.” Amy turned to him and screamed out of frustration, “Or what?” she felt a sharp pain in her heart knowing that Broderick had sex with Theresa but she didn’t even know why. It wasn’t like she loved him or did she? “Or I will not spare you,” Broderick said sternly and stood. “Stay away from me and don’t call me ‘your woman’ anymore,” Amy said and that made Broderick to smile briefly. Did he not know that calling her pet names will make her overthink? If he hates her, he should be straight forward about it and if he was liking her, he should be... can he even ever like her? When Amy saw him smile, she wondered what was funny. Actually, Broderick was satisfied at her reaction. The fact that she reacted this way speaks a volume about her feelings for him. But isn’t it weird that this woman will develop feelings for her after all the torture he had made her go through. He even warned her or was it a feeling that one can not control? Broderick thought. “Are you jealous that I have sex with my wife? Have I done something wrong?” Broderick asked, in a rather calm voice. “I’m not jealous. Do I look like someone that is jealous? She’s your wife, you can have sex with her all you want. I even wonder why she’s not here already or maybe she’s on her way. Keep having fun , Mr. Broderick Alessandro,” Amy turned and wanted to leave but he grabbed her arm and pulled her closer to himself. The pull was a forceful and sudden one that she collapses on his firm chest, “Ouch!” she winced slightly in pain. “I said, no one dares to walk away from me. Are you a stubborn woman?” Broderick asked, his hand guarding her back firmly not giving her the opportunity to even adjust back. “You love to bully cause of how big you are,” Amy said angrily but she hated the fact that she was loving his alluring smell. She even weirdly felt uncomfortable in his chest. Is it weird to say she actually wanted to remain in his arms. In the arms of a bully. Broderick smirked, he also loved the sweet smell of her dark long hair and loved the way her breast was firmly pressed on his chest. “Although you claim you are not jealous, I can tell you are,” Broderick said.

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### **Chapter 54 Cute Sleepy Face**

“What are you trying to insinuate, Mr. Broderick Alessandro?” she asked. “It’s not like you can stand a guy with me not to talk of you standing me having sex with another man.” “I don’t love you,” Broderick said. “You don’t have to say that,” she replied. But those words made her feel so much pain that her heart clenched. She closed her eyes trying to absorb the pain her heart was currently being subjected to. Why does she even have to feel pained hearing that he didn’t love her. He already told her he was not capable of love, so? “So should I grant your request?” he asked. “My reason for coming here isn’t to have sex with you,” she used all her strength to free herself from his grip. Even all her strength wouldn’t help, he just let his hand off her. Amy breathed unevenly

and then said, "I need to leave, please." She didn't want to walk away just like that since he might consider it rude to him and may get angry cause of that. "What did you come for?" Broderick asked. "Don't worry, I'll fix it myself. I'm sorry for coming here, I won't come here anymore, can I leave please?" she asked. "Why are you sounding like this place has fire in it? Isn't my room cool and comfortable enough! Did you really wish deep down inside of you to spend the night here?" "No, please. Yes, it's being a long time since I have sex but please understand that I'm not a cheap woman that is desperate to get fucked. I want to leave cause I don't feel comfortable here anymore."

"Fine," Broderick said and she turned quickly to the door, as her hand landed on the knob of the door, a knock was heard on it. Amy retracted her hand and thought that this person may be Theresa. "Such a slut" she mumbled angrily. "Come in," Broderick said and the door opened. Theresa opened the door and walked in. When she saw Amy, she was angry and wondered what was going on between them. Amy intentionally stood and not ready to leave anymore. "Oh! I'm sorry I barged in," Theresa said and Broderick only nodded, "Erm... Amy, are you done here?" "No," Amy responded to Broderick's surprise. "Amy, you know it's not right for you to be in Mr. Broderick's room. You are just a mistress given the privilege to live with us. You don't have to seduce him," she said. Amy smirked and told her, "not everyone is like you." Theresa's face got dried of blood and she angrily pointed at her, "you!" "I'm not here to seduce him, I came for something more important and I'm not done. Maybe you should check back," Amy said. "Mr. Broderick, imagine her? Please tell her to excuse us," Theresa said. Broderick had never imagined that a time will come when he will have two women living with him in the same house. "Theresa, I only let you into my room yesterday cause you were not fine. Our marriage isn't signed yet, I need to be sure we are compatible as we were when we were young before our marriage become legalized, hence, it's important for you to stop coming to my room." "Are you telling me to leave? Just because of her?" Theresa asked and began to cry, "Oh my!" she placed her hand on her heart, "this is not you, Broderick. You have allowed this woman to have effect on you." Theresa cried even more. "Bitch!" Amy mumbled, she was not moved by her tears at all cause she knew she was only faking it. Broderick placed his hand around Theresa and petted her, "stop crying, please. I didn't intend to hurt you." "Oh! I feel so hurt. How can you attempt to send me out of your room just because of her?" Theresa cried. Amy actually felt relieved when she heard that the marriage between Broderick and Theresa was not even formalized but she hated how Broderick was petting her. Broderick lead her to his bed while Amy watched heartbrokenly, she watched with a painful heart as he helped her lay on his bed then he covered her with a duvet. Amy's heart sunk to her belly. Broderick was never for him and he will never be. Amy painfully twisted the knob and walked out, she had barely walked a few steps towards her room when she perceived someone walking behind her. She turned and saw Broderick.

"What are ..." Broderick drawled her closer and shut her up with a kiss, he kissed her so hard, he hugged her dearly and kissed her possessively, taking control of her lips and her tongue then he let her go slowly. Both of them breathing erratically. Amy was shocked yet still managed to speak, "why don't you stay in the same room with your wife?" "I'm not sleeping in there this night. Since she wants to sleep in my room, she can have it all to herself," Broderick said. "Oh!" Amy almost smiled, she suddenly became happy cause she knew that will hurt Theresa so much. Theresa will be

expecting Broderick all night and wouldn't even see him. hahaha...so smart of him. "Where did you want to sleep then?" Although Amy knew there are many rooms in the mansion that he could sleep, nonetheless, she still asked. She was almost thinking something absurd but she quickly waved the thought away. She thought it was impossible plus she didn't want to give herself high hopes and get disappointed later on. "What did you think?" Broderick asked. Amy shrugged and said, "perhaps, one of the rooms in the mansion." "Your room," he said. Amy blushed and almost smiled, she had to look away cause her facial expression that was stern was almost turning into a smiling one. If he sees that she was happy, he would think that she had always wished for it. But was there a woman in the world who would deny Broderick Alessandro to sleep in her room? She eventually managed to frown and said, "No." Actually, her heart was screaming yes. How beautiful would it be sleeping on his big firm chest all night. "I won't sleep in any other room in this mansion except your room," Broderick said. "Mr. Broderick, I think you should learn to respect people's choice. If I say I didn't want you in my room, please respect it. Please go to your wife's room and have fun," Amy said and then added, "I'll leave now." Broderick nodded and then Amy walked away. Why does he have to agree easily? Wasn't he a bully who always make her do whatever he wants? She actually like a type of man who forces her to do what she doesn't even want to do, she finds those type of men sweet. Weird but that was just her. That was her preference. She didn't bother to turn back until she got inside her room, she locked the door but instead of walking to the bed, she slumped to the door. Would he really go back to his room to and spend a night with Theresa? What if they had sex? Not like she care though. But why was she thinking about it? She gritted her teeth angrily and then walked towards where her bed was, she slumped on her bed and kept thinking about Broderick. Would he go to one of the rooms in the mansion to sleep or back to his room where Theresa was. It was obvious Broderick does not have slightest feelings for Theresa, he just had to keep her for the sake of the promise he made to her. But how long can he live with someone he did not love? 4 Theresa repeated the scene that just happened a few minutes ago in her head. She repeated where Broderick was saying he wants to come and sleep in her room, she then imagined herself shyly answering with yes. Why can't she just let him come to sleep with her? After all, he was the father of her children. That was the only relationship between them for now. She couldn't even sleep for another two hours, she was just having a lot of sweet fantasy about Broderick in her head and was rolling to and fro the bed. When she couldn't bare to think of whether Broderick went back to sleep in his room or in one of the rooms in the mansion, she decided to confirm once and for all. She walked towards the door and opened the door carefully since it was the middle of the night, any sound she makes can reach a major part of the mansion. Once she stepped outside, she almost ran back when she saw someone on a white shirt and black trouser seated on a chair before her room. But his head was rested on the headrest of the chair. She walked carefully towards him and saw that it was Broderick. "Oh my!" she almost screamed. She looked around and saw that everywhere was so quiet. The way Broderick was resting his head was so uncomfortable. She took advantage of that to look at his beautiful and cute face. She ran inside and came back with her phone, she took a few picture of his cute face. Although there were many of his pictures on Google and Instagram, they can't be as clear as the one she took herself. "How can a man be this cute? He was most definitely

specially molded by God," she mumbled and tucked her phone in her back pocket as she was putting on a tight black jean trouser and a red light browse that revealed her navel. : Should she wake him or? It will be unfair for him to sleep this way. She felt bad for denying him the opportunity to come and sleep in her room.

## **Barren Mother Give Birth To Sextuplets To The Hot CEO Chapter 55**

### **Chapter 55 Tasteless Wine**

She tapped him in his big hand that was resting calmly on the armrest of the chair and he fluttered his eyes opened. His eyes met with her and he adjusted upright. He felt a slight pain in his neck cause of the way he had positioned his neck, he twisted his neck and it cracked a little. "What are you doing outside?" Broderick asked. "I should be asking you that... You really don't want to sleep in any other room in the mansion?" Amy asked. "I'm a man of my world," Broderick said, "go in and sleep." "Come inside," Amy said shyly, Broderick still had his straight but cute gaze on, he stood tall from the seat and walked inside the room with her. Amy blushed greatly and closed the door. "Erm... you can sleep on that side, I'll sleep on this side of the bed," Amy gestured. Broderick nodded and turned from her then walked to where the mirror was. Since there was light in the room, it was easy to see himself. He began to unbutton his shirt slowly and eventually took his shirt off leaving him with a singlet. He walked to the wardrobe and hung it there then Amy watched as he removed his singlet. He looked so large in the back and when he turned to her, she salivated on his big chest and six packs, he looked very fit and clean. His small dark nipples was firm on his big chest. Amy almost licked her lips but cautioned. She wanted to look away but she couldn't dare to. Mere looking at him was driving her crazy and even her vagina surprisingly reacted, it was clenching together and was becoming wet. If he dared to touch her, she might just jump on him and force him to have sex her. That's how horny she was. Broderick went to lay on the other side of the bed, covered himself with a duvet and turned from her. Amy just stood still, she laid on the bed gently and imagined herself moving closer to him and placing her hand on his big muscle then rubbing it slowly, she imagined him facing her and suddenly jumping on her, devouring her lips like an hungry beast like he used to and tearing off her pant. Then sliding his big cock right inside her repeatedly while she keeps screaming out in pleasure purposely for Theresa to hear. However, she couldn't dare to do that to a man like Broderick Alessandro. At least not yet. For him to have enough self control to be with her and not seduce her to have sex with him, she should also learn self control. In the past, he had judged her repeatedly as a shameless and promiscuous woman but she was eventually able to make him see that she only jumped on him to have sex with her at the club only because she was so heartbroken. If she tried to seduce him now, won't he misjudge her again? She covered herself with a duvet and turned from him," goodnight, Mr. Broderick Alessandro."

Broderick went to a function organized by a family friend, this family friend of his were amidst the first class citizen of North Hill and they were very powerful too but they love to keep a low profile. They avoid the media as much as they could. Broderick honored their invitation cause he heard of how the Jacob's family were amidst the people who

helped his father at a trying time for Alessandro's Corporation in the past. Plus he had a deal with Mr. Jacob, head of the Jacob's family a few years back and it was a successful one. They both profited greatly from the business. Hence, when he received their invitation, he decided to honour it. His presence would mean a lot there. He went with Theresa, his wife. He had already made Theresa's relationship with him public and there were rumours that they were probably married but he actually didn't mind. He discerned that what Theresa wanted the most was for him to associate himself with her in public and he wouldn't mind doing just that. The location was B Hotel's central Hall, as B Hotel was the most luxurious hotel in the club and only the first class citizen of the country can book it.

Once Broderick and Theresa walked inside the beautifully designed hall that had tables and royal seats around them, all eyes set on them immediately. "Is that Mr. Broderick's new wife?" someone whispered to the other.

"I think so but I don't really like this woman, she's not so beautiful and glamorous, I wonder what Mr. Broderick's see in her."

Another random person said to the person on their table, "Thought there were rumours that Mr. Broderick swore not to have anything to do with women again after the death of his wife?"

"Did you not hear that Mr. Broderick has identical triplets, perhaps, that's their mother. That woman must have find her way to 14:47

00

him in one way or the other. The woman's smile seems fake plus she's not even beautiful."

Theresa heard some of the rumours about her and it made her so enraged and ashamed at the same time. Theresa applied a heavy make up today cause today was the first time she would be going to a function with Broderick and she want to look her best. Even her cloth was a limited edition, her mother had sent it to her a day before but rather than people taking note of the limited edition dress that she was wearing, they were rather taking note of how ugly she was. Theresa was angry at the identity she was putting on, the real her was Martha and her face was sure beautiful than the stupid face she was putting on. Theresa felt like tearing the silly mask off her face. Broderick also heard but he ignored, he had never been attracted to Theresa in even the slightest way. He was only bound by his promise, Jacob and his wife walked up to him immediately and once they got before him, they greeted, "oh my! Mr. Broderick, thanks for honouring our invitation." "It's my pleasure to be here, meet my wife, Theresa," Broderick said and Theresa blushed so greatly. "Oh! Mrs. Theresa, it's so nice meeting you," Jacob said. "We are so happy to meet with you, Mrs. Theresa," Jacob's wife said. "My pleasure," She greeted Jacob and his wife back. These were people she had only heard of, she never knew a time will come when she will meet this people "Please come and have your sit," Jacob led Broderick and Theresa to a specially reserved seat. There were all sorts of delicious and beautiful looking foods and fruits on the table with many drinks on it. A few minutes after they had sat, Broderick saw Carlton Owen and a woman he assumed to be his wife walked in. 'This was the man who hated his daughter, Broderick thought. He wondered why Carlton will be nurturing grudges with Amy. Theresa wasn't surprised cause she knew the mayor was invited and that he was going to attend with her mother. But a few seconds after they had sat, Broderick sighted a slim figure walked

in, dressed in a simple cloth, carrying a tray containing food and drink in her hand, some other people also walked in with a tray of food and water in their hand and then began to serve people. The first woman who walked in was Amy. The fuck! What was Amy doing here? Broderick wondered. Did he not give her a cheque of thousands of dollars recently yet she came here to serve. What nonsense! Was she so greedy for money that she can not even wait until the end of the month for her salary? Broderick was so angry that he lost his calm mood, his eyes was fixed on her but Amy was not looking at him, he watched as Amy went to serve her father's table. What nonsense! Why would she serve her father on this occasion? This man hated her yet she was here serving him? This woman was the mother of his children... did she realize this? "Why in the world would you bring a tasteless wine," Edith suddenly shouted, diverting the attention of everyone to them. She was referring to Amy. "A tasteless wine?" Amy asked surprisingly. "Please taste it," Edith gestured for Carlton and he took from the wine that was served, He spat out and said, "why would you serve us this wine? Did you buy a fake wine instead of an original wine?" Carlton shouted on Amy. Jacob and his wife soon appeared, they do not like the sudden chaos in the hall," Mr. Carlton, Mrs. Edith , please don't be angry," Jacob said and when he raised his gaze at Amy, he turned back to Carlton and said," but you were the one who sent her to us that you want her to serve you on this occasion." "Yes, that's right. She complained to me that she's too broke and I had to tell her of a job opportunity here, just trying to help her, I didn't expect that she will be too wicked to serve us a tasteless drink," Carlton said. Amy almost cried hearing her father spilling all these lies just to tarnish her image, she felt her heart tear into peices. She felt so much excruciating pain and just looked into her father's eyes. How could her father say all these to her? Why did he become this heartless to her?