

Read Novel Barren Mother Give Birth To Sextuplets To The Hot Ceo Chapter 316

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It was easy for Brett to guess that Irvin and his men probably lodged in the abandoned house and Michael probably laid

an ambush and bombed the house.

Does that mean Irvin is dead? Brett thought sadly. He was still in Amy's house as he couldn't leave her alone during this

tough times that she was going through.

In the room that Brett was, he was far from being happy.

He then left his room and went to Joan's room in a bit to seek for advice.

On getting there, he knocked on the door three times before it got opened. Joan appeared with a dull face and asked,

what are you doing here?"

"Erm... I want to talk to you."

"We can't have sex yet, we haven't even started dating yet," Joan said. Actually, she was still sleepy.

"Ha!" Brett covered his mouth. That wasn't his intention of coming here at all. So he quickly went straight to the point,

Irvin may be dead and I do not know how to tell this to Amy."

The sleep on Joan's face vanished at once, "come in," she immediately welcomed Brett and once he walked in, Joan

peeped through each side of the door to be sure Amy wasn't around. The last thing she wants is to make Amy sadder than she already was.

Then she locked the door and went to sit on her bed. "Sit,

please. How did you know that Irvin is dead?" Joan was very curious.

Brett sat and explained it all to her.

“Gosh! This Michael is evil. But we can’t be so sure that Irvin is dead so it’s not good that we tell Amy yet. Let your

men keep investigating while we pretend like everything is okay to Amy. I don’t want Amy to be sadder than she already

is,” Joan said.

“I understand. This was why I came to ask for your advise.

We will just pretend as if everything is okay.”

“Got it,” Joan said. Praying inwardly that evil will not befall Irvin.

Neither of Joan nor Brett could sleep until it was day break. They just remained in that state of sadness.

“If Amy sees me here, she would misjudge the situation, I need to leave to my room plus I must go to work this morn-

ing,” Brett said.

“Okay, same here. I need to start dressing up for work,”

Joan said.

Brett was fully managing Broderick’s company while Joan was of course trying her best to manage Amy’s company.

Brett then walked out and soon went to work.

Joan left for work too while Amy took the children to the school. She didn’t have the strength to go to work today as

the thought about Broderick and Irvin has filled her heart.

While she was inside the house alone, her phone chirped and seeing Michael was the caller ID, she didn’t know whether

to answer the call or not.

If she had not gotten close to Michael, all these wouldn’t have happened. What if Michael was only pretending?

She didn’t pick that very call but she may pick up if he calls again but Michael didn’t call back.

She slept off on the chair and woke up after four hours.

She felt pain in her neck cause of how she slept, she stood, stretched her neck and walked to her room.

She slumped to the bed sadly again and the tears she had been trying to hold eventually fell from her eyes. Her children

were already asking for Broderick and she just kept telling them he travelled?

What if he had been killed and thrown somewhere? How about Brett? She tried to be optimistic but it was hard, she

kept having negative thoughts in her mind.

Her phone then rang again, she picked it this time even-though it was Michael who called.

“Hey Amy, it’s been a while we spoke, hope you are good?”

It took a while before she responded, “yes.”

Michael knew she can’t be fine since both the father of her childre and her brother are not in sight. In order not to be

regarded as a suspect, he decided not to act too desperate.

“Are you sure? You sound somehow?” Michael asked.

Amy took the phone far away from her and sniffed in her tears then she put the phone back in her ear, “I had just wo-

ken up. Trust me, I’m good.”

“Okay then, as long as you are good then I’m happy. Talk to you later,” Michael said.

Oh! Amy had thought he was going to ask for them to meet somewhere but surprisingly, he just wanted to check up

on her.

“Thank you. Hope you are good today?”

“Trying to,” Michael answered.

“Okay, be good. Bye,” Amy said and hung the call up.

That was strange or was it not? Amy thought.

Amy suddenly heard the sound of the doorbell. Who could be at the door? Amy checked the time on her phone and realized that it was just 1AM in the afternoon.

The children would still be in school during this time. Joan and Brett would also be in their place of work so who could be knocking?

What if it was Broderick or Irvin? At the thought of this, she ran out of her room, straight to the door and immedi-

ately opened the door.

To her greatest surprise, she saw Brett.

“Brett! This is just 1AM? What’s wrong?”

“Come with me,” Brett lead her to the living room and af-ter they had sat, Brett said, “my men found Elva’s dead body

today.”

“What!” Amy exclaimed in shock.

“Yeah, that’s very strange,” Brett said.

“Oh my gosh! Who could have killed her?” Yes Amy hated Elva but she never wished anyone death.

“We are yet to get any news from Ora country but the sit-uations are really getting very complicated. I want to go my-

self to Ora country,” Brett was tempted to go and check him-self.

“Please don’t go. We don’t know the fate of Broderick and Irvin and you want to leave too? Ora seems to be a cursed

country that eats up legend. Please don’t leave Joan, I and the kids,” Amy pleaded.

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"I'll be smart, trust me, and I'll come back," Brett said.

"No, no please. Stay. At least, Joan, the kids and I feel se-cured with your presence. Broderick and Irvin are just as

smart or even more smarter than you are, no insult intended yet we don't know their whereabouts," she said.

Brett stood and said," Amy, you have to trust me on this,"

Brett then began to walk away.

Amy was scared. If Brett leaves, she will feel very vurnera-ble. "Brett, please don't leave. Please, please."

Brett turned to her and said," listen to me, I already fell in love with Joan yet I'm leaving her. Try and understand that

this situation is very serious and I do not trust anyone with it anymore. I must save Broderick and Irvin, bye!" Brett immedi-ately ran away from the room.

Amy ran after him, "stop! Don't go...please! Please!"

Brett had brought a power bike so he just climbed his bike and drove off.

"Brett! Brett! Brett!" Amy cried out loud.

She fell to her knees and sobbed.

Why is all these happened to her? Who would protect her and the kids now?

Brett took off in his private jet alone to Ora city.

Whereas, news had immediately reached Michael that Brett had flown over to Ora city.

"He is never returning back to North Hill again," Michael said on phone to the person who gave him the news. "Bomb

his plane as soon as it lands on Ora."

"Got it, sir," the one on the other end said and then,

Michael hung the call up.

Michael laughed out loud wickedly and said, " it is time. It is fucking my time...hahaha."

Michael then stood and drove over to Amy's house, a few minutes after he had pressed the doorbell, Amy appeared.

"Michael! I wasn't expecting you," Amy said.

"Yes, I had to come. Let me in," Michael said.

"Michael, you should have informed me before you came here, I'm kind of busy at the moment," Amy said.

A hard slap immediately landed on Amy's cheek making her fall backward. That slap was from Michael.

Amy felt like she was dreaming. Michael walked in and closed the door behind him, he looked at her with an evil

smirk and giggled.

"Michael? Did you just slap me?" She asked, still trying to grasp the reality of what just happened.

Michael laughed and pulled her up with her hair then slapped her hard again. Amy fell to the wall, a hard pain

stung through her cheek. She could immediately feel a metallic taste of blood in her mouth. Infact, for some seconds,

she was seeing everything in double.

Was this Michael or someone else?

"I'll be your new husband," Michael declared.

"What! Have you gone mad? How dare you treat me this way?" Amy was very angry. But her hand was still on her burn-

ing cheek.

"Cause from today, you will be my pet only." Michael grinned evilly, "Broderick, Irvin and Brett are no more." He

walked to her and grabbed her neck, "you are mine now and you don't have a fucken choice but do all I have said."

"So this is who you really are?" Amy was stunned. Irvin was right afterall, an enemy will always be an enemy.

She tried to push him away but she ended up receiving a blow in the stomach. Amy screamed out loud as she felt as if

all her lungs and intestine had been ruptured. Tears immediately rushed down her cheek.

“You beast!”

Slap!

Another slap landed on her neck sending her sprawling to the floor then he kicked her in the mouth with his leather

pointed shoe making blood drool from her mouth.

“You bastard! You are mine,” Michael said. “As for Joan, I have sent her and her mother away from North Hill. Forget

about seeing every seeing them again in this lifetime.”

Amy cried out loud, it seems as if her life had finally spoilt up until a point of no repair.

“You evil man,” Amy cried out in pain.

“Your children are safe with me but until I’m sure you have accepted your new fate as my wife then you will never get to

see them,” Michael said.

“Don’t you dare hurt my kids! Who are you to stop me from seeing my kids!” Amy shouted but he sent her another

kick in the head.

Her head banged and it as was if blood rushed towards her brain. She almost fainted.

“Don’t speak to me anyhow cause I’ll make your life miserable and more miserable. This is the real Michael. The charac-

ter I have been putting on in the past is not me at all. I was the one that sent Elva to seduce Broderick so she can infect him with HIV but that stupid Elva was too slow. When she dared to threaten me, I killed her.” Michael said.

Amy looked around the house then immediately stood and ran to the kitchen, she picked up a knife and while run-

ning outside of the kitchen, she saw him and threw the knife towards his neck.

He grabbed the knife easily and smirked, Amy looked back and picked up two forks, “move near me and I’ll kill you.

with this.””

Amy wished that there was another knife in the kitchen but that was the only knife present.

He walked towards her and Amy ruthlessly attempt to plunge the knife to his shoulder but he gave her a blow in both

of her arms in quick successions. Her muscle weakened and the forks in her hand dropped at once.

He grabbed her neck with a hand and slashed her left cheek deep with a knife, blood immediately spilled out like a

rushing water. Amy screamed out in pain but Michael slashed her second cheek too.

Amy shook her body aggressively, crying out in pain,

blood kept gushing out of her cheek. It was like a ram being slaughtered.

Michael rubbed the blood on both of her cheek with his hand and once his hands were filled with Amy’s blood, he

sucked on his hands and laughed.

He then kicked her in the legs making her fall with her head to the floor. Amy cried out heavily in pain.

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“Until you learn to obey me and admit that you are my wife and at the same time my pet then I will not stop showing

you what pain is,” he dragged her with her hair outside of the house. Her scalp almost removed her from her head cause of how hard he was dragging her with her hair.

At the end, he took her bloody self away.

Today was the sixth day that Broderick had been in a coma. It was hard to tell whether he was breathing or not.

The woman who had always been checking on him and had gone to another country to find someone who could help

heal Broderick eventually entered with two old physicians. The men were old but had vast knowledge when it comes to

medicine.

"This is he, please do something fast that can help him recover," the woman pleaded.

The two old physicians stood by the sides of Broderick and examined him, seeing that he was close to a being a dead

man, they extracted his blood and saw that it was dark.

"He was poisoned," one of the physicians said.

"What do we do now?" She asked.

"We need to purify his blood," one of the old physician said.

"Do it quick and stop speaking one after the other, just do whatever can heal him," the woman was desperate.

"We need someone with a special type of blood, if we can get such blood, then we can inject it to his body and his blood

will be purified. Sadly, less than one percent of people in the world has such blood," one of the old physician said.

"So what do we do? Test my blood, I may be one of the people with such blood," the woman said.

"You are too old and your blood can't be used. There is this woman who got popular amidst the world physicians

some months back for having a rare blood type. We can immediately invite her over but you must have enough money to pay her," the second old physician said.

"We will pay any amount the woman want," the woman said even though she doesn't really have much. But she be-

lieved that if Broderick recovers from his state of coma, he can easily food off the bill.

“Fine,” the first physician made a call across and spoke to the woman and after he was done with the call, he said to the

woman that was with Broderick,” this woman with the rare blood type had agree to come over here. She said she would

be here in three hours time. Let’s hope that this man would still be alive before then.” The two physicians then went to

find somewhere to sit while the woman sat beside Broderick,

examining him.

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examining him.

“Broderick, you are strong. Even if death is calling you.

You must not yeild. I heard that you had six kids at our home town, if you die, your children will become fatherless. Please be alive. Stay alive.” The woman kept encouraging Broderick to fight death. Afterall, his chest wasn’t even beating any- more, just a few air was coming from his nose.

One should just say, he was half dead.

Three hours later, a knock landed on the door and one of the physicians went to open the door.

“Are you the woman with that rare blood type?” One of the physicians asked.

“Yes, my name is Martha, what’s yours?”

“Paul,” the physician before her answered and let her in,

he pointed to the second physician in the room and said,” and that is my twin brother, Silas. We have both being in the busi-ness of saving lives since we were young. I’m glad you agree to come and save this man.”

“Sure,” Martha walked up to Broderick’s table, seeing Broderick this way broke her heart, as for the woman seated

beside her, she didn’t know whom the woman was, nonethe-less, she greeted politely.

“Dear, don’t worry, my son will pay you any amount you want as soon as he is awake,” the old woman that had always

been with Broderick said.

asked.

“What’s your name, grandma? Mine is Martha?” Martha “Alberta is my name, my daughter. Please save my grand-son,” Alberta said.

“Okay, grandma,” Martha said,” however, I don’t want money, you must promise me that after Broderick had wake,

you will make sure he grant whatever request I make.”

“Any request whatsoever, he will grant it,” the old woman that had always been checking on Broderick, Alberta didn’t

even think twice before answering.

Martha turned to the two old physicians, Paul and Silas and said "let's get to work."

A portion of her blood was immediately extracted and administered carefully into Broderick's body.

After thirty minutes, Alberta asked, "why is he still the same way? Nothing has changed."

"Blood purification takes hours, please be patient." Paul said to Alberta.

The room fell into a deep silence again for another one hour. All of a sudden, someone's upper body stood upright.

Everyone's eyes lit up. This person was Broderick. He was now sitting upright, with an opened eyes and a very sick and calm look.

He threw his legs to the floor and looked at all the strangers in the room. The only person he identified was Martha.

Alberta had tears of joy streamed down her face on seeing Broderick. She was so happy that Broderick made it. God must have loved her grandson so much that he didn't let him die even when death was close to taking his life.

"Martha!" Broderick called in surprise.

"Broderick!" Martha called. Still seated calmly.

"What am I doing here?" He asked.

"Broderick, I'm Elizabeth's mother," Alberta said and opened the cloth that covered her stomach. "Did you see the

birthmark ?"

Broderick was stunned when he saw the Alessandro's birth mark on her stomach, as a matter of fact, she had the

same resemblance with his mother.

"Grandma," Broderick could feel the connection between himself and the old woman.

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Alberta explained how he found him here and how she had been doing everything to revive him from his state of coma.

But the last thing Broderick remembered was Michael hitting him in the stomach and then, he was carried away.

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"How many days have I spent here?" He asked in the dead-ly silent room.

Alberta checked her wrist watch and seeing that it was 12:30AM, a new day already, she answered," today is the sev-

enth day." Alberta explained how it was Martha who only had the power to save him.

"Martha, you have saved my life twice. Thank you so much," Broderick said.

“Thanks to God who gave me the healing blood as a gift, “

Martha said.

Broderick nodded and said, “ what do you want in return?”

“Broderick, please grant whatever request she makes no matter how ridiculous it is. She had made me promise her that

you must grant whatever request she makes. For my sake son,

please grant her request,” Alberta said.

Broderick had always known what Martha wanted the most so he asked her, “ you want me to marry you, right?”

Huh?

Even Alberta wasn't expecting such request.

Martha was quiet for a while, intentionally leaving every- one in suspense then she said, “Broderick, I gave up on you a

long time ago.”

The atmosphere in the room then eased. Everyone sighed.

Marriage is a very complicated situation.

“I won't want to force myself on a man who clearly doesn't love me. I just need you to tell me that you won't keep any

grudges against me cause of all that I had done to you, Amy and your kids in the past?” Martha asked.

“I won't keep grudges against you. I already promised Lu-cifer but I'm promising you too now!” Broderick said.

“Thank you, that's all I want. I need to return to EastHill now,” Martha said and stood.

Alberta stood and said to her, “ my daughter, thank you so much, I'll never forget how you saved my son.”

Martha hugged the woman, waved Broderick a bye and waved a bye to Paul and Silas then stepped out.

She soon got inside the plane that brought her to Ora and was taken away.

“Wow! That woman was obsessed with me in the past. I’m surprised she gave up already,” Broderick said to everyone left in the room.

Paul and Silas stood and said, “Mr. Broderick, we are glad you are fine now.” They dropped a card that had their bank

account details before him and said, “we know you may not have access to your money for now, whenever you have ac-

cess to it, please remember us and send us our payment.”

“Sure, thank you so much,” Broderick said to the physi-cians.

Paul and Silas bowed before Alberta before walking away.

Alberta went to touch Broderick’s cheek and said, “Brod-erick, are you fully fine?”

“No but I’ll in days,” Broderick said and looked at the old woman affectionately, “grandma, where is this place?”

“This is Ora country. My second husband and I eloped here a long time ago. My family threatened to kill my husband

cause he came from a poor family, they didn’t want me to marry him so we have to run over here.”

“Grandma, no one can bully you here again. I’ll take your back to North Hill with your husband.” Broderick said.

“Ha! My husband is already dead and even me, I’m already seeing death close to me. I’m old. I guess God kept me alive so I can be used to save you. I think my purpose on earth is al- ready accomplished.” Alberta said.

“Grandma, stop talking like that, okay? My mother died early, I want you to stay with me for a long time. I’ll take you

back to North Hill and you will enjoy the rest of your life. I as-sure you,” Broderick said.

The woman looked deeply at Broderick and nodded,”

okay, my son.”

“Come to my house. Those people who kept you here may come for you again,” the woman said and Broderick stood im-

mediately and left the house with Alberta.

Broderick could already tell that it must be Michael who brought him here.

How about his kids? How is Amy? How is Brett, Irvin? How is the underworld? He had so many concerns about his loved

ones.

When he and Alberta finally settled at Alberta's house, he asked her, "grandma, can I get a phone?"

"Electricity here is poor so I have not been able to charge my phone for days. But there is a landline at the junction by

the left," Albert said.

"Okay, I need to call home to know how they are doing. I'll be back grandma," Broderick stood.

"Wait! Cover your face cause of your enemies," Alberta took her scarf and covered his head and face with it.

Broderick smiled. He loved how protective his grandma was.

"Thank you, grandma. He kissed the woman on her fore-head and walked out.

A few minutes after he left, the door broke open and Michael and two men appeared, "old woman, where is Broder-ick?"

"Broderick? Who is that?" The old woman feigned ignorance.

"Don't even pretend. Our lead pointed that you lead him from where I kept him to your house," Michael said angrily. He

immediately commanded his to search the entire house.

The entire house was searched but Broderick can't be found.

"Where is he? Tell me before I shoot you?" Michael pointed the gun at Alberta.

Alberta knelt and cried, "I'll tell you. I helped him from where you kept him and took him into a plane that took him to

North Hill." The woman lied. He wanted Michael and his men to leave here before Broderick arrives cause if Broderick arrives now, he might just be killed.

North Hill? What if he finds Amy before he returns?

Michael thought.

“How dare you send him away?” Michael was furious, he released a bullet into Alberta’s forehead and ran speedily out

of the house with his men. He immediately stepped inside his plane and it began to fly over to North Hill.

Broderick came back a few minutes later dejectedly. All his efforts to reach Irvin, Brett and Amy were futile. Their lines

were just dropping. I and never going through.

Unexpectedly, he saw blood streaming at the entrance of the house.

“Grandma!” He screamed as he pushed the door open, he was stunned to see his grandmother laid in a pool of blood.

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Broderick continue to sob for so many hours, again, he could guess that the person who did this was Michael. He

knew he wasn’t safe here but even if he was going to leave, he has to take the dead body of his grandmother along so she can give her a proper burial.

But how safe is North Hill for him? No matter how unsure he was about the state of North Hill, he still had to leave.

He carried the dead body of his grandmother in a bridal style and began to carry her outside even as the tears on his

face litered the woman’s body.

As he opened the door, he saw someone running towards the door, he wanted to drop his grandmother so he can de-

fend himself but a familiar voice stopped him,” boss! Boss!”

Broderick waited until the figure appeared and it turned out to be Brett.

“Boss!” Brett had goosebumps all over him on seeing Broderick and he cried. He thought that Broderick had died.

“I’m so happy to see you.”

Brett immediately collected the dead body he was carrying from his hand and said, “boss, come with me.”

Broderick just followed him quietly and soon, they were all inside the plane.

“Who is that dead woman, sir?” Brett asked. The plane was yet to move.

“She’s my grandmother,” Broderick said and further explained how he found himself here and the role of his grand-

mother in saving him.

“I think she sacrificed her life to save me,” Broderick said this as tears streamed down his face.

Brett barely sees tears on Broderick’s face. Seeing him cry breaks his heart so hard. He loved Broderick so much.

“Sir, I’m so sorry. Michael is the reason behind all these calamities. He bombed the first plane I sent here, I was smart

enough not to come through that plane. He is so desperate,”

Brett said. He added, “he even killed Elva.”

“Elva? Elva is dead?” Broderick asked.

“Yes. Basically, Michael killed Callan, killed Elva and now killed your grandmother. Boss, he deserves the worse kind of

death ever.” Brett said.

“You shouldn’t have left Amy and the kids behind,” Broderick said.

“Boss, saving you is more important. Plus I don’t think Michael will hurt Amy cause he loved her. He will be doing ev-

erything to win her heart now that he thinks you are off. This was my calculation,” Brett said.

“Did you know where Irvin is?” He asked.

“Yes, sir. I found out he was kept in the zoo.”

“Zoo?”

“Yes, sir. He was made to live with the animals. Michael was behind this also. Irvin had come here with about three

hundred soldiers from the underworld to save you but Michael bombed them all and kept Irvin in the zoo,” Brett said.

“We need to get him out,” Broderick said.

“Unless we send for men from North Hill to help. The zoo has over one thousand men protecting it and these men are all soldiers of Michael. Also, there are numerous soldiers of Michael still roaming around here.” Brett said.

“Sending for men will only make us loose more men, we will infiltrate their midst and save Irvin this night,” Broderick

said.

“Boss, let me do it then. You can stay back,” Brett thought that it will be too risky for him and Broderick to leave alone.

“Your life is just as important as mine. We are going together. Start preparing,” Broderick commanded and Brett

concurred.

When it was night, Brett and Broderick infiltrated the midst of the men guarding the zoo. They were wearing the

same uniform that the men were wearing. After much study and calculation, they walked to Irvin’s cage in the middle of

the night and smuggled in a uniform for him to wear.

They dared not to say a word cause the environment was quiet, Irvin was quick to catch the signal that one of the two

men who came to deliver a uniform to him was surely Broder-ick.

Brett unlocked the gate and then quickly went back to stay in his post. Broderick also stood in his post, watching Irvin

closely.

Once Irvin was done changing into a uniform that made him look like one of the soldiers guarding the zoo, he removed

the big padlock and opened the door then began to walk out.

“Where are you going?” Another soldier asked Irvin. All soldiers were supposed to be standing at this moment not

moving around.

Brett pressed the remote in his hand and the two bombs that had been set on opposite sides of the zoo exploded. That

caused a massive commotion, in the process, Broderick, Irvin and Brett ran away and soon got inside the jet.

The jet took off at once and began to fly, going towards North Hill. Brett was the one piloting the jet.

“Thank you so much, boss,” Irvin said, happy that he was freed.

When Michael’s men saw a plane took off from Ora, they have immediately informed Michael.

Michael on the other end had searched the entire North-Hill for Broderick but he couldn’t find him. It had dawned on

him that the old woman lied to him that Broderick had taken off to North Hill. So when he got a call that a plane took off

from Ora and was heading towards North Hill, he didn’t need a magician to tell him that Broderick would be inside the plane.

He immediately ordered his men to stay in the direction that any plane coming from Ora through air would pass

through.

As soon a strange plane was sighted, a big bomb was re-released to the plane and it hit the front of the plane.

“Boss! The plane is about to explode!” Brett screamed. He immediately threw the parachute to Irvin and Broderick,

opened the backdoor of the plane whose front was already burning and whose body was dangling in the air. It had lost

balance and would soon start falling.

Irvin was the first to jump with the parachute then Broder-ick, then Brett. As if God had specially reserved their life, the

entire plane exploded as soon as the three men were off the plane.

Irvin, Broderick and Brett landed inside a large blue sea.

The sea was as cold as ice and although the three men could swim, the cold of the sea was torturing them.