

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 55

Mrs. Berry bolted to the doorway to block the door with a table, fearing someone else would try to barge in again.

At the same time, Robbie darted into the kitchen to bring two knives for Mrs. Berry.

With one knife in each hand, Mrs. Berry stood by the entrance like a battle angel.

Meanwhile, Jamie grabbed the broomstick, mop, and everything that could be turned into weapons for the rest of the family.

He then took out nun chucks and started swinging them, copying the moves from the man he saw on television.

The family was geared from head to toe in preparation for battle.

However, time ticked away, and no odd noises came from the outside.

Ellie was pouting as she shook, her large eyes full of tears.

“Don’t be scared. Mommy will protect all of you.” Hugging Ellie, Charlotte discussed with Mrs. Berry, “Mrs. Berry, why don’t we call the cops?”

“That’s a great idea.” Mrs. Berry quickly went to grab her phone.

“Right now, our priority is to let Fifi poop out the chip.”

Robbie’s eyes narrowed as he analyzed like a detective, “Otherwise, the cops will take Fifi. In fact, they might even open up Fifi’s stomach to find it.”

Hearing Robbie’s words, Ellie burst into tears. “No! Don’t let them take Fifi away. Don’t let them open up its stomach.”

“Don’t be scared, Ellie. I’ll protect you and Fifi.”

Jamie promptly reached out to wipe Ellie's tears away.

"Robbie's right. We should let Fifi poop out the chip first," Charlotte muttered. Then, she pursed her lips. "But it's been many days, and Fifi still hasn't pooped it out. What are we going to do?"

"Why don't we try this?" Mrs. Berry took out a small green bottle from the room.

"What's that?" Everybody turned to look at it.

"I always have constipation, so the doctor gave me this," Mrs. Berry explained, feeling a little embarrassed. "It works very well."

"Then what are we waiting for? Let's hurry."

"We have to give it a smaller dose, or else Fifi can't take it."

"We'll give it one-tenth of the usual dose."

Half an hour later, the entire family waited for Fifi poop.

Fifi drooped its head and called out miserably first before it started pacing in the cage.

At that, Ellie frowned. "Can Fifi's stomach take it? It looks unwell."

"I feel unwell before I poop too." Jamie rubbed his stomach as he looked at Fifi pitifully. "Fifi, hold on for a little while. You'll feel better when you poop. Otherwise, those bad men will open up your stomach--"

“Stop it!” Ellie shrieked as she interrupted Jamie. She had always been a scaredy cat, and she was frightened after hearing Jamie’s words.

“Okay, okay. I’ll stop.”

Right as Jamie’s words left his mouth, Robbie cried out, “It’s pooping! It’s pooping! Look!”

The whole family then returned their focus back on Fifi; they stared at its butt, waiting for the results.

“God, please let Fifi poop out the chip.”

As Ellie prayed, Fifi finally pooped out a pile of watery poop.

This time, they did not even need to use a twig to search through the poop. With one glance, they could see the golden chip.

The entire family was cheering as they gave each other high-fives. They were thrilled as if they had won the jackpot.

Mrs. Berry quickly took out the chip and cleaned it before giving it to Robbie.

Robbie then placed the chip into a black box and handed it to Charlotte. “Mommy, you can call the cops now.”

Taking the box, Charlotte was about to call the cops, when some knocking noises came from the door.

Almost everyone in the house jumped in shock.

Instantly, Mrs. Berry sprinted to the door with the kitchen knives.

Meanwhile, both Robbie and Jamie were both standing behind the door with weapons.

At the same time, Ellie was hiding behind Charlotte, her hand grabbing her mother's shirt as she trembled.

"Don't be scared," Charlotte consoled. She then sucked in a deep breath and said, "W-Who is it?"