

Mistaking a Magnate for a Male Escort chapter 49

"I'm sorry. I've been calling over ten times, but her phone is switched off. I'm still trying to call her," Ms. Longman nervously uttered. "I've just been transferred here, and I'm not familiar with the students yet. But I'll give you my full cooperation."

"Mr. Nacht, can you show me the video?" Lexie asked tentatively.

Ben then handed her the phone.

After looking at the video, Lexie remarked, "This boy isn't Robbie; it's Jamie. Although they look identical, they carry themselves differently."

"Jamie?" Ben was stunned. "Are they twins?"

"They're triplets," Lexie explained. "The oldest is Robbie, and the middle child is Jamie. These two look the same. The youngest is a girl called Ellie."

"Ellie should be the kid who came up our car chasing after the parrot the last time." Ben finally realized what was going on. "I was wondering why both kids have parrots. They come from the same family."

"Hurry up and bring Jamie here," Ms. Longman instructed Lexie.

"Jamie's is in the field now. I'll look for him right away." Lexie hurried out.

Ms. Longman then crouched down and patiently said to Robbie, "Robbie, trust me. They're not bad guys. If you know where the chip is, just tell them, all right?"

Robbie was already hesitating by now. If the man in black really gave the chip to Jamie, that meant these people were not lying. If they were not lying, that meant they were not evil.

“Kid,” Ben started. “The blueprint for our company’s new technology is in that chip, but the bad guy has stolen our chip. If we can’t get it back, someone will use our blueprint. Not only will our company suffer a loss, but it’ll also cause trouble in the public.”

“All right.” In the end, Robbie chose to believe them. He raised his head and uttered seriously, “Fifi ate that chip, but it hasn’t pooped it out yet. When it poops it out, I can give it back to you.”

“What do you mean? Can you say that again?” Ben urged. “Who is Fifi?”

“You’re dumb. Fifi’s our pet parrot.”

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Those words were spoken at the same time, just in different places. Those were the words Jamie said to the man in black at a corner of the field.

“Do you mean your pet parrot ate the chip?” The man’s brows were knitted.

“That’s right.” Jamie nodded.

Then, he continued in great detail. “It lost its appetite after eating the chip, and it’s been depressed too. Moreover, it keeps plucking its own feathers. Mommy, Mrs. Berry, Robbie, Ellie, and I brought it to the vet, and the vet said it has indigestion. So, he gave Fifi some medication and said it’ll be all fine once it poops. That’s why I’m watching it poop every day. I wonder if it’ll poop that golden thingy out.”

“Well, has it poop it out?” the man questioned.

Jamie took out a box from his bag and handed it to him. "Take a look for yourself."

The man then took it and opened the box. In it was a beautifully wrapped package.

Delighted, he promptly tore the package...

It was another layer beneath the first layer. Sweating buckets, he continued to tear through the layers until there were none left. When he pulled the last layer away, he found a pile of poop. What?

"This..." The man stared at the pile of feces as the corner of his mouth twitched.

"I'm scared it'll poop it out while I'm not home, and Mrs. Berry will throw the poop and the golden thingy away, so I've been wrapping its poop every morning. Then, I'll check the poop when I'm in school."

As he spoke, Jamie grabbed a stick from under the tree and crouched down. He then started checking the pile of feces.

"Move aside. I'll do it."

Looking at Jamie's slow actions, the man snatched his twig and started stabbing the feces. In a few seconds, he broke the stick.