

The More The Merrier

Chapter 868



Chapter 868 Intentional

“How’s the food? Good?” Benjamin asked gently. Arissa smiled and nodded. “Yes, it’s delicious! You should eat more too!”

Just as she was about to send a spoonful of food into her mouth, Benjamin suddenly grabbed her hand and ate from her spoon instead.

Going red in the face, Arissa glared at her husband. The latter, however, was unbothered and happily chewed away. Seeing how

intimate they were, Rosetta was green with envy.

“It looks like you haven’t changed at all, Benjamin. You still love eating steak, huh? Since my mother misses you too, you should visit her sometime. I’ll tell her to make you your favorite dish.”

With Rosetta’s words being so suggestive, it was easy for anyone who didn’t know better to get the wrong idea.

Arissa, however, merely put on a polite smile and stayed silent.

Hah! Of course, I know what Rosetta's trying to play at, but I won't fall for it. Benjamin has already made things clear to her, yet she still said that on purpose, thinking I'd misunderstand the situation. Why should I walk into her trap? If Benjamin has ever had feelings for her, I might still feel a tinge of jealousy, but the truth is he doesn't like her at all. Besides, what's the big deal about him going to the Adams family for a meal? He's friends with Aaron, isn't he?

By then, even Aaron had had enough of his sister and regretted bringing her along.

She's a woman of privilege and status, for goodness' sake! Why does she have to act so desperate? The only person she's embarrassing is herself!

"Rosetta!" Aaron scolded before Benjamin could blow his top. "Go home right now if you can't behave yourself!"

"Aaron!"

Seeing how her own brother had lashed out at her in public, Rosetta seethed with anger.

She couldn't stand how lovey-dovey Benjamin and Arissa were, and even the slightest bit of it made her want to ruin everything.

“Get out if you can’t shut up. Stop embarrassing yourself!” Aaron bellowed.

“Ms. Adams, we’ve tried your mother’s steak before, and there’s no doubt it’s delicious. But if we had to compare, I must say

Arissa’s cooking is way better. Therefore, I don’t see the need to disturb your mother when we can enjoy good food right here in

Yaleview!” Kingsley said smilingly before turning to Arissa. “Isn’t that right, Arissa?”

Arissa merely glanced at Kingsley and smiled.

“Oh? You can make his favorite dish too, Ms. York?”

Rosetta said through gritted teeth.

“That’s right! I have no problem making simple home-cooked dishes.”

“In that case, I look forward to trying your cooking someday, Ms. York!” Rosetta answered.

Arissa nodded, but this time, she said nothing more.

As more dishes were served, Kingsley drummed up the enthusiasm once again. “Come on, let’s tuck in! Arissa, please help yourself!”

With that, Kingsley passed the dishes to Benjamin and Arissa so they could get first dibs.

After scooping out some food for Arissa, Benjamin promptly handed the dishes back. “Eat up!”

Thankfully, the rest of the dinner went on pretty smoothly.

Even as Benjamin drank with his friends, he'd still get food for Arissa and the kids from time to time.

The six children were understandably upset with Rosetta, but they behaved themselves and ate their food quietly.

Arissa, too, no longer bothered Benjamin and let him catch up with his friends.

"Hey, Benjamin, when are you and Arissa holding the wedding? Have you fixed a date?" Jonathan asked.

"Yes, it'll be on the sixth of next month. Remember to keep the date free!"

"No problem!" Kingsley and Shaun replied while Aaron nodded enthusiastically.

Rosetta stared at the happy couple, unable to banish the bitterness she felt.

D*mn it! They really are getting married!

"Benjamin, I'll be your best man!" Kingsley suddenly shouted excitedly.

Benjamin cast an impassive glance at him.

"You won't go wrong choosing me, Benjamin," Kingsley added. "I'm sure there will be a lot of drinking, and you know how good of a drinker I am!"

"We'll talk about it again," Benjamin said flatly.

“Benjamin, don’t tell me you’re picking Shaun instead?” Kingsley asked, his voice tinged with sadness.

“He won’t be able to drink on your behalf. You know how weak his alcohol tolerance is!”

Upon hearing that, Shaun glared at him.

Jonathan couldn’t help but burst into laughter. “Oh, please. Do you think you can hold your liquor well? Let’s be honest. No one can beat Benjamin at drinking!”

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