

The More The Merrier

Chapter 873



Chapter 873 No Need For A Jerk

In truth, it was the fact that Arissa would give him away so calmly that made Benjamin furious.

“It’s your fault that I’m crazy!” he roared.

“Daddy, come out! What are you doing with Mommy in there?”

Gavin’s voice rang out.

Blushing and panting, Arissa hissed, “Move aside!”

Benjamin stared at her. “Do you really not want to fight for me?”

Arissa rolled her eyes at his words. I can’t believe he bit me because of this.

Annoyed, she snapped, “What’s the point of fighting for you if you want to marry someone else? Why would I want a jerk?”

Benjamin stared at her fixedly.

That makes sense...

Regardless, he still felt displeased.

“How can you give me up so easily?”

Arissa glared at Benjamin, who would not give up on the topic. She taunted, “What do you want me to do? Are you only going to

be satisfied when I put on exaggerated acts? If I do that, will the jerk change his mind and feel bad for me? I think all you'll feel then is disgust."

She poked his chest firmly.

"I'm not a jerk!" Benjamin grabbed her hand, looking utterly serious.

Arissa stared intently at him, speechless.

"Are you satisfied, Mr. Graham? Are you satisfied with my answer now?" she asked.

It's just a hypothetical situation. Does he really have to be so petty?

"No!" Benjamin spat.

His answer left Arissa exasperated.

"Mommy... Mommy..." the children cried out anxiously outside the restroom.

Hearing that, Arissa attempted to push Benjamin away, but to no avail.

"I want to go out!" she shouted.

Benjamin pinned her tightly and fixed his eyes on her face.

Arissa was at a loss for words. "Just what are you trying to do?"

Benjamin leaned forward, placed his chin on her shoulder, and breathed into her ear, "Arissa, I thought long and hard before

deciding to marry you. I'll never let you go in this lifetime."

Arissa felt her heart skip a beat.

What a jerk! He forced a kiss on me a while ago. Now, his sweet words have managed to douse my anger.

She softened her tone, saying, "It was just a hypothetical situation. Why are you so serious?"

If he had told her that in a different location, she would have been more touched.

"No hypothetical situations are allowed!" Benjamin argued stubbornly, biting her ear.

Arissa shuddered.

This is so embarrassing! The children are still outside, and we're only separated by a door. Besides, the guys are still eating out there. What will they think of us?

"Let's go out. Everyone's still out there. They'll start wondering what we're up to," she reminded him while pushing him away from her.

Benjamin lifted his head and gazed at her. "Don't you ever come up with such hypothetical situations again when someone talks to you that way. You're just condoning other women to take me away from you, you know that?"

Arissa stared at his serious expression, feeling a little amused.

She patted his chest, asking, “Can anyone take you away from me when your heart is with me?”

“Arissa York!” Benjamin growled, glaring at her.

“You’re my wife. You cannot shrink back when you’re dealing with those women.

You should fight back.”

“I did!” Arissa looked at him innocently.

“Mommy!”

“Daddy!”

“I’m going to teach you a lesson if you bully Mommy, Mr. Graham!”

The children banged on the door.

Arissa was getting impatient. “Let me go now! The kids are panicking.”

Glowering at the man who still did not release her, she warned, “The guys are going to get the wrong idea if we continue staying here.”

Benjamin’s gaze bored into hers as he said confidently, “That has already happened.”

Arissa was dumbfounded.

The children were extremely worried about Arissa when the door did not open no matter how much they yelled. Thus, they went looking for Ethen to open the door.

“Mr. Frank, please open the door. Daddy must be bullying Mommy now.” Gavin tugged at Ethen’s arm.

Of course, Ethen did not dare to approach the restroom.
“Haha! Gavin, it’s normal for your daddy to bully her.
Come on, dig in. I promise they’ll come out in one
piece.” Kingsley giggled
indecently.

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