

The More The Merrier

Chapter 919



Chapter 919 Benjamin Cooks Breakfast

Casting a glance at Benjamin, Arissa turned her head to the side and giggled furtively. Benjamin cut his gaze over and stared at

her. Lifting his hand, he pinched her cheek.

However, Arissa dodged and gazed at him innocently.

“You’re not allowed to pinch Mommy’s cheek, Mr. Graham!” Oliver shouted

at Benjamin, sticking his hands on his hips.

Verily, he did seem somewhat intimidating while all irate and somber. “Why?” Benjamin teased, his interest piqued. “No reason!

It’ll be painful for her if you pinch her cheek!”

Oliver scowled at him. Quirking a brow, Benjamin lifted his hand and pinched his son’s petite cheek. “Is it painful?”

Oliver merely blinked. It isn’t painful, but he obviously pinched Mommy hard just now. “It’s a different story!”

At that, Benjamin

twisted his body sideways and glanced at Arissa. “Was it painful earlier?”

In response, Arissa blinked. “A tiny bit.” Words eluded Benjamin. “Look, Mommy’s face had turned red from your pinch!” Jasper

exclaimed.

Stricken, Benjamin swung his gaze at Arissa. When he saw that her cheek was a tad red, he kneaded it for a bit.

“Does it still hurt?”

His tenderness had warmth suffusing Arissa. “A tiny bit.”

She turned her face to the side, signaling him to knead it further. Benjamin’s gaze darkened, a spark of desire igniting within his

eyes. Throughout it all, the six children looked on intently.

Noticing their stares, Arissa said to them, “Go to the dining room and get ready to have breakfast.” The children looked at her

before glancing at Benjamin warily.

Pinning his eyes on Arissa, Benjamin jested, “The kids care about you so much that they regard me as a villain though I’m their daddy.”

In turn, Arissa flashed him a sheepish smile. “Serves you right for doing something they would misunderstand.”

Harrumphing softly, Benjamin shifted his gaze to the children. “Come with me for breakfast.”

Gavin eyed him dubiously. “Breakfast isn’t ready yet.”

Benjamin's eyes remained fixated on the children.

"Then, are you all hungry now?"

The children looked at each other before they nodded honestly.

"Yeah."

"Go and sit down. I'll cook for you all!"

After saying that, Benjamin headed to the kitchen.

Surprise flooded Arissa. He's making breakfast?

She quickly followed after him. Her jaw dropped when she saw that he was really cooking.

At her expression, Benjamin arched a brow. "Just wait with the kids outside."

Truly, it was rare that he was in the mood to cook.

Noticing that he seemed to handle things well, Arissa queried, "You can cook?"

"Yeah," Benjamin grunted in reply without taking his eyes off the pot.

Edwin was also in the kitchen, assisting him.

"Wait outside with the kids first, Mrs. Graham. Mr. Graham's cooking skills are pretty good, so he'll have no problems preparing breakfast."

Arissa chuckled before studying Benjamin again.

Clocking his skillful movements, she walked in.

"This soup of mine should be ready."

Turning, Benjamin cast a look at her. "Have you added any seasoning?"

“Nope.”

Benjamin proceeded to uncover the lid of the pot and add some seasoning.

Subsequently, he sampled it.

“You can add the ingredients now,” Arissa reminded, shooting him a glance.

Thus, Benjamin carried the plate of offal at the side over. The instant he made out what it was, his brows creased deeply.

“Where did this come from?”

Arissa threw a look at him. “From the market.”

“We’re eating this?” Snapping his head over, Benjamin glared at her.

Arissa blinked. Clocking his aversion, she hurriedly took it from him, afraid he would chuck them away.

“Why not? It’s delicious!”

Pressing his lips into a thin line, Benjamin turned and admonished Edwin. “You bought it for her?”

“Mrs. Graham loves this, so I prepared some,” Edwin hastily explained.

“Why are you criticizing Edwin? This soup is scrumptious! Go away! I’ll do it myself!”

Disregarding Benjamin’s pickiness, Arissa poured the plate of offal into the pot and stirred it, keeping it simmering at low heat.

A frown marred Benjamin’s face, for he never ate offal.

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