

# The More The Merrier

Chapter 921



Chapter 921 Is He Not Simply Too Picky

“Thank you, Zachary. I’ve already got a lot, so you don’t need to give me more. You eat, too!” Tim urged with a smile.

When he noticed that Oliver, Jasper, and Jesse also wanted to give him their tripes, he hurriedly shook his head.

“Don’t give them to me. Just have them. The food will only be delicious if everyone eats together!”

Oliver, Jasper, and Jesse grinned so widely that their eyes became mere slits.

“In that case, we’ll eat them ourselves!” In response, Tim bobbed his head.

Meanwhile, Arissa observed the children with affection written all over her face.

At that precise moment, Edwin came out with a few plates of buns.

“Wow, there are buns!”

All six children were over the moon.

Edwin gave them one each. “You can have more after you finish eating.”

“Thank you, Mr. Whitley!” the children uttered in a cute voice.

Nodding smilingly, Edwin also gave Arissa a bun.

“Eat this while it’s hot, Mrs. Graham. It’s delicious!”

“Thank you, Edwin!” Arissa quickly took it from him.

Just then, Benjamin also came out of the kitchen with a plate of fried eggs and ham sandwiches.

Putting down the ham sandwiches, he took a fried egg for Arissa before doing the same for the children, giving them one each.

“Thank you, Daddy (Mr. Graham)!” the children exclaimed, one after another.

“Thank you, Mr. Graham!” Arissa glanced at the man who was bustling around.

Similarly, Benjamin swept his gaze over her before taking his seat.

Then, he started munching on a sandwich.

Needless to say, the children couldn’t help directing their gazes at the man.

Unable to hold his silence, Jasper asked in a murmur, “Why aren’t you having soup, Mr. Graham?”

Lifting his eyes, Benjamin looked Jasper in the eye. “I don’t like soup.”

At that, Jasper curled his lips. “This is yummy. Won’t you try some?”

The rest of the children likewise had their eyes trained on Benjamin, finding it a pity that he wasn’t having the soup.

“The soup Mommy cooked is delicious!” Gavin seconded.

Eyeing the children, Benjamin declined gently, “You guys go ahead.”

Right then, Arissa took a gander at the man. “Try some. It’s really delicious!”

Shifting his gaze to her, Benjamin scoffed critically, “How delicious could it be when you added a ton of things in?”

Arissa was rendered speechless.

“It’s delicious precisely because of the ingredients.”

While saying that, she ate another spoonful.

At the sight of her eating in relish, Benjamin’s brows furrowed imperceptibly.

Well, it indeed smells great.

“Mommy, Daddy doesn’t like celery or parsley. Nor had he ever tried offal,” Gavin said to Arissa.

As Arissa listened, her lips twitched. Isn’t he simply too picky?

“I didn’t expect there to be so many things you don’t eat!” she teased Benjamin.

Benjamin’s expression stiffened slightly, but he continued eating his sandwich.

Arissa eyed the sandwiches in front of him, finding them unappetizing however much she looked at them.

Scooping a spoonful of soup, she brought it to his lips.

“Try a sip, Benjamin. If you find it awful, I won’t cook this anymore.”

“No, Mommy! We like it! Mr. Graham can skip eating it if he doesn’t like it. We love it!” Jasper protested at once.

“I love it, too! You can’t sacrifice us, Mommy!”

Oliver was likewise worried that Arissa wasn’t going to cook the soup anymore.

Gavin, Zachary, Tim, and Jesse also hastily chimed in, “We all love it, Mommy! This is really delicious!”

Benjamin studied Arissa’s confident expression before sweeping a gaze over the protesting children. Then, he dipped his eyes

and stared down at the soup before him.

“Give it a try!” Arissa gazed at him in anticipation.

Benjamin’s gaze flickered. Ultimately, he opened his mouth and drank it.

His brows knitted together deeply. I thought I wouldn’t be able to accept the taste, but it actually stimulated my taste buds with an

indescribable scrumptiousness to it.

Glimpsing the frown on his face, Arissa mistakenly thought that he found it awful.

Anxiety deluged her. “Does it not taste good?”

I’ve already made that promise earlier, so should I really not cook this soup for the kids anymore if he truly doesn’t like it?

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