

The More The Merrier

Chapter 862



Chapter 862 Drink From The Same Glass

While looking at the pictures on the menu, Tim shook his head. “I don’t know which one is nice, so you go ahead and order, Ms.

York!”

Arissa stroked his head indulgently. He’s the easiest to satisfy when it comes to eating, contented as long as there’s food, and never once a picky eater.

“Order this, Mommy!” Zachary chimed in. “Sure!”

Arissa agreed. Oliver then interjected, “I’d like to eat this, Mommy!”

“Okay!” Arissa concurred. Flipping through the menu, Jasper also ordered a dish. “I want to eat this, Mommy!”

“Order it, then,” Arissa replied. “Mommy, Mommy, don’t forget me!” Jesse exclaimed. Arissa regarded her with a grin. “What would you like to eat?”

“This sausage!” Jesse pointed at the picture. Kingsley burst into raucous laughter. “What sausage?”

He wanted to lean over in curiosity, but Benjamin kicked at him with his long leg. Immediately dodging, Kingsley eyed him with a smirk. “Let me have a look at it.”

“Behave!” Benjamin chided. Sticking his hands into his pockets, Kingsley regarded them all with a wide smile.

“Boss, shouldn’t we be ordering first since it’s your treat?”

“You can order when they’re done,” Benjamin countered mildly. Arissa also ordered dishes favored by Jesse, Gavin, and Tim.

Then, she handed the menu to the men.

“We’re done. You guys go ahead and order.”

“Eh, but you seemingly haven’t ordered anything, Arissa.” Kingsley stared at her. At that, Arissa chuckled. “My tastes align with theirs quite closely.”

“Hurry up and order. Do you still want to eat?”

Benjamin warned in a terse voice. Kingsley didn’t dare speak further. With the menu in hand, he crossed his legs and ordered while sitting on the couch.

“I ordered a few dishes. Here, it’s your turn, Shaun.” He tossed the menu over. Catching it, Shaun ordered two dishes.

When they had all finished placing their orders, Benjamin took the menu and ordered a few more dishes. Subsequently, he commanded Kingsley, “Go and tell the kitchen to hurry it up!”

“Okay!” Kingsley diligently stood up and summoned a server, handing the menu to her. “Hurry up and prepare the dishes

indicated. Also, bring the red wine we saved!”

“Understood, Mr. Watts. I’ll go and make the arrangements right away!” The server hastily left to rush their order. “When are

Jonathan and the rest coming over?” Benjamin asked Kingsley.

In response, Kingsley arched a brow. “He said he’ll be a bit late. As for Aaron, he has already departed.”

Nodding, Benjamin instructed, “Give Ethen a call and ask whether he’s coming over.” “I’ll do it right this instant!” Kingsley swiftly phoned Ethen.

After the call had been answered, Kingsley merely put a question forth before hanging up the phone. Chortling, he announced,

“Ethen and Jack have arrived at the restaurant entrance.”

A smile bloomed on Arissa's face. Ah, they've both arrived as well. "Mr. Frank and Uncle Jack are quite fast!" Zachary quipped

with a snigger, his eyes trained at the door.

Benjamin leaned over and poured a few glasses of water for Arissa and the children. "Have some water."

"Okay." Taking the glass with a smile, Arissa urged the children to drink some water. "Sweethearts, visit the restroom and wash

your hands after you've taken some water. Dinner will be served in a while!"

"Okay!" The six children bobbed their heads. "Thank you for the water, Daddy (Mr. Graham)!"

They didn't forget to also thank Benjamin. "Hurry up and drink!" Benjamin jerked his chin, motioning the children to drink the water without delay.

"Aren't you going to have some too?" Arissa turned to the man.

Benjamin's gaze alighted on her exquisite face. "After you."

Arissa merely took a few sips, for she wasn't thirsty. Only then did she put the glass down. Right away, the man snagged it and drank from it.

For a moment, she was stunned.

Benjamin swept his gaze over, his voice deep and his aura imposing.

“Why are you staring at me?”

The corners of her mouth twitching, Arissa reminded in a whisper, “I drank from that glass.”

“Can’t I drink from the same glass?”

All domineering, Benjamin continued guzzling the water until there was none left.

Arissa was promptly rendered speechless.

Doesn’t he have germaphobia? Does he not mind drinking from my glass?

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