

The More the Merrier Chapter 541

Chapter 541 He Cannot Show Too Much Attention

When the five children saw Tim nod, all of them hugged him and gave him a peck on his cheek.

“We knew you wouldn’t blame Mommy.”

Tim stood frozen after being showered by everyone’s warm attention.

“I’ll inform Mommy right away. She’ll definitely be delighted to hear it!”

Unable to contain her elation, Jesse slipped out at once.

When Zachary saw how stunned Tim was, he burst into laughter and teased, “Tim, don’t be shy. Mommy will be overjoyed to know that you don’t blame her.”

“Mmm-hmm,” Tim grunted softly.

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“Tim, if you call her Mommy instead of Ms. York, she’ll be even happier!” Oliver gave him a mischievous look.

“I…” Tim was tongue-tied, as he hadn’t gotten used to it yet.

“Take your time. It’s fine to address her as Ms. York for the time being.”

Beaming, Zachary gestured for Oliver to stop harping on the topic.

“Tim, let’s go and see Mommy too!” Gavin pulled him along.

“Mmm-hmm!”

Just as he nodded, Tim’s tanned face began to blush.

At that moment, Jesse returned to the group. “Mommy isn’t around.”

Jasper asked, “Where did she go?”

“Grandma mentioned that she has gone to tailor some clothes.”

Jesse scratched her head.

“Tailor some clothes?” Oliver asked curiously.

Tim explained, "Perhaps, the clothes I'm wearing are too big for me."

"In that case, let's go and see Grandma."

Gavin ushered all his younger siblings over to Mary's ward.

With Tim's clothes in hand, Arissa managed to find a tailor near the hospital to alter them into one size smaller.

Recalling that Tim's shoes were also too big, she got the driver to send her to the closest mall after searching for one on the internet.

Once she arrived, she rushed to the children's section to shop for clothes.

When Benjamin returned from the doctor's office, he only saw the children in Mary's ward. "Where's Mommy?"

All six children looked at him in unison.

"Mommy went to alter Tim's clothes," Gavin replied.

Benjamin left the room and asked the bodyguard. "Has Arissa gone out?"

"Yes, Mr. Graham."

Pursing his lips, Benjamin went to the next room to work.

Given that she's unfamiliar with the place, where did she manage to find a tailor? Why is she taking so long?

When Darius called, Benjamin waited for a while before answering.

"Why haven't you sent me the address after I asked you to? Send it over at once!"

"You had better not come." Benjamin pinched his forehead. This old man...

"I want to see my grandson! Send it over!" Darius roared in a resonating voice.

After throwing his phone aside, Benjamin continued with his work.

The next second, he picked up his phone and gave Arissa a call.

When she didn't pick up, Benjamin pursed his lips tighter.

What is she doing? Why isn't she answering her phone?

Growing frustrated, Benjamin furrowed his brows.

Do I care too much about his woman?

The moment he realized the phenomenon, Benjamin's face darkened.

I can't show that I care so much about her. Or else, she will be too full of herself, especially when she's barely bothered about me.

After managing to calm down, Benjamin got back to work.

Back at home in Dellmoor, Darius was fuming.

"That little punk is growing more insolent by the day. How dare he refuse to give me the address!"

"Old Mr. Graham, please calm down. Perhaps, Mr. Graham will bring your grandchildren home soon," William reassured Darius.

Darius snorted in displeasure, "Go now and find out where they are."

Just as he gave out his instructions, he stopped William, "Wait, let me ask Issa. She is definitely with them."

William was amused.

"You can also give the children a call. They would probably be there too."

"I'm going to give my daughter-in-law a call, for there's no way she would say no to me. Besides, even my grandchildren might not be willing to reveal their location."

After letting out an arrogant grunt, Darius gave Arissa a call.

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Chapter 542 Protect My Daughter In Law

After leaving the children's section, Arissa received Darius' call just when she wanted to get some new clothes for Mary.

"Issa, are you with the children?"

"I was, but I left them to go out shopping. What is it, Mr. Graham?"

She headed toward the floor that sold clothes for the elderly.

“I want to ask you if you are with the child?” Darius couldn’t hide his excitement.

“Mmm-hmm. Tim is together with us,” Arissa replied with a smile as she walked.

Just when she entered one of the shops, she was jolted by a familiar voice.

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“Issa, where is he? I’ll go over to visit,” Darius pressed on.

When there was no response, Darius shouted anxiously, “Issa? Issa!”

“Arissa!”

Just when he heard an unfamiliar voice ring out, the call ended at once.

Knitting his brows, Darius grew concerned.

“That sounds bad. Something must have happened to Issa. Hurry, give Benjamin a call and get him to check on her. Don’t let anyone harm my daughter-in-law!” Darius instructed William.

“Yes, Old Mr. Graham!” William gave Benjamin a call.

Thinking that Darius had ordered William to come asking for the address, Benjamin didn’t answer.

Subsequently, Darius himself called the second time.

“Dad-”

“Issa is in trouble. You should check on her at once!” Benjamin roared before ending the call.

With a darkened gaze, Benjamin called Arissa at once.

“Arissa, why are you here?”

Finley Durden rolled her eyes at the sight of Arissa. What an unlucky day to run into her today.

Arissa’s expression turned grim at the unexpected encounter. After all, the York family had broken ties with her a long time ago.

Meanwhile, Finley scrutinized Arissa with a resentful look in her eye.

When she noticed that they were in the elderly clothing section, the thought of Arissa buying a present further infuriated her.

“Don’t think that just because you buy some clothes for your granduncle, you will be welcomed to the birthday banquet. Instead of getting him a present, you should just give me the money. I’ll buy my own brother some clothes.”

When she saw how the shameless old lady extended her hand for money, Arissa’s eyes flashed with disdain. “It’s not what you think!”

Arissa recalled that Northstream was Finley’s hometown. No wonder she’s here buying a present for her brother’s birthday.

“What’s there to misunderstand? Aren’t you here to buy clothes for your granduncle? Since you don’t know what suits him, you should just give me the money. In fact, you don’t even have to attend the banquet and jinx the occasion. Anyway, be quick about it. I still need to rush over.”

Assuming that Arissa was there to buy her brother clothes, Finley demanded money matter-of-factly.

“That’s right, Issa. You don’t know how to choose clothes for the elderly. Hence, you had better give your grandma the money, and we’ll just buy it for you,” Finley’s younger sister, Morgan Durden, added.

Giving Arissa a resentful look, she felt her grandniece was nothing but a nuisance.

Therefore, they didn’t dare invite her to the birthday banquet.

After ending her call, Arissa ignored the two old ladies and walk straight into the shop.

“Hello, can you get me a set of this and another one with that design? Both have to be in medium.”

Ignored by Arissa, Finley and Morgan were outraged.

Suddenly, they saw Arissa instructing the staff to wrap up the clothes she bought.

“Finley, is Issa buying us clothes? Not bad!”

Delighted by what she saw, Morgan softly praised Arissa in front of Finley, “Looks like she still has some respect for us. Not only is she buying clothes for Adrian, but she’s also buying a set for us.”

Finley, too, was elated. She commented smugly, "I like the designs she picked, and the clothes cost quite a bit too. Looks like it's your lucky day to be able to bask in my glory."

Morgan added with a smile, "That's right. Under normal circumstances, I can't bring myself to buy a set of clothes that cost a few hundred."

As Morgan wasn't as rich as Finley, she had to rely on the latter and naturally ingratiated herself with her all the time.

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Chapter 543 It Is Not For You

When Arissa overheard their conversation, she cracked a mocking smile.

Even though a few years have gone by, nothing has changed. They're just as thick-skinned as ever.

Subsequently, she went to pay for the clothes and waited for the staff to wrap them.

When her phone rang again, she saw that it was from Benjamin. The moment she was about to answer, Morgan came over to take the clothes away.

"Issa, I'll be accepting the gift. Thank you for the thoughtful gesture. It's been a few years since we last saw you. Have you just returned recently?"

In the meantime, Finley instructed the staff to pack some men's clothes.

"We'll have eight sets. She'll be paying for all of them."

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As a gloomy expression descended upon her face, Arissa snatched the clothes back from Morgan's hands. "Who says I'm buying them for you?"

"What?"

Finley and Morgan glared at Arissa.

"Issa, you don't have to be shy. These clothes are obviously for us. Even the sizes are a perfect match."

When Morgan came over to snatch the clothes away, Arissa avoided her with a scowl.

“Are you trying to rob from me?”

“You...” Morgan pointed at Arissa with her face red in anger.

“Insolence! How dare you speak to your grandaunt that way?”

Even though her expression drastically changed, the severity of her tone didn't reflect her anger.

If she isn't buying them for Morgan, she must be getting them for me. Why else would she be buying clothes for the elderly?

“You can give your grandaunt one set, as one will be enough for me.”

Arissa sneered, “Didn't I just say that I wasn't buying them for you?”

When Finley realized she was being humiliated in front of a bunch of onlookers, her face turned grim. The cordial tone she adopted earlier was replaced by one that was hostile.

“You unfilial girl! Are you playing games with me? Considering that the York family has raised you, what's the big deal about buying some clothes for your grandma? Give them to me!”

After dodging Finley's hands, Arissa stood by the side, staring coldly at her.

“Arissa!” With her eyes spitting fire, Finley scolded, “How can you treat your own grandma this way?”

“Grandma? You're not worthy!”

When Arissa saw that a crowd had gathered and were gossiping about them, she didn't mind exposing Finley at all.

“If I had a choice, I wouldn't want to be born in the York family. What have you given me ever since I was born? All you did was steal my mom's assets and kicked me out. When I was older, you persuaded me to come back just to have me sold. Have you forgotten what you did to me back then? Did you even remember that I am your granddaughter when you plotted against me with your son and was happily counting the money you made from it?”

Outraged by what they heard, the crowd began to disparage Finley. “What an evil grandmother you are! How can she be so cruel as to sell her own granddaughter for profit?”

“She’s so shameless. The moment I saw her trying to snatch something, I knew she was up to no good. I didn’t expect her to have the cheek to ask for a gift after all the terrible things she had done. If I had a grandmother like her, I would give her a verbal lashing every time I see her.”

“Exactly. I have no idea how they can be so thick-skinned. After treating her granddaughter so badly, how can she still expect the latter to be filial?”

“Lady, you should call the police. There’s no way you can allow them to get away scot-free after selling you off. Only the law can punish people like them. Therefore, don’t hold back on the account of familial ties, as they have never treated you as their granddaughter at all.”

With her face red with anger, Finley glared at the onlookers and snapped, “What do all of you know? How can you believe her slander just like that? We didn’t sell her at all. Instead, she was being promiscuous and slept around. After we reprimanded her a few times, she ran away from home. As elders, isn’t it our responsibility to teach her? And now, she’s laying the blame on us instead.

“You jinx, my son shouldn’t have married your mother who brought nothing but bad luck. Once she married into our family, she caused my husband to die. After she gave birth to you, I ended up in an accident. Luckily, I was tough enough; or else, I would have been cursed to death by you! My family was extremely unlucky to have met a mother and daughter like you. Now, you end up hurling baseless accusations at us. How much more terrible can my life be?”

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Chapter 544 Benjamin Orders Finley To Be Beaten

Finley began to cry and scream at the top of her lungs, making for a miserable sight.

“Now that you’re all grown up, you have the cheek to bully an old lady like me. It’s fine if you don’t acknowledge me as your grandma, but is it necessary to humiliate me this way?”

Arissa watched Finley putting on an act with an icy expression.

“My mom is unlucky to have met your useless son. Not only did you steal her assets, but you also caused her death.”

“That is nothing but lies! My son isn’t responsible for her death. Your mom died of disease due to how despicable she is. In fact...”

Finley’s gaze grew cold. “It’s you who jinxed her to her death!”

Clenching her fist, Arissa retorted furiously, "If I'm a jinx, why are you still alive?"

"You b*tch!"

A vicious glint flashed in Finley's eye as she swung her hand in Arissa's direction.

Suddenly, another hand appeared and grabbed Finley's hand.

"Who is it?"

Just as Finley turned her head, her eyes met with a piercing gaze, sending a chill down her spine.

Benjamin threw her hand aside.

Obviously, Finley's strength was no match for a man. After staggering a few steps back, she ended up crashing onto the ground.

"Are you all right?"

Benjamin pulled Arissa into his arms to protect her.

Shocked at his sudden appearance, Arissa stared blankly at him and shook her head. "I'm fine. Why did you come?"

Benjamin stared at her. "If I hadn't, wouldn't you be hit for nothing?"

Arissa felt her heart warm.

"Oh my! After painstakingly raising you, Arissa, is this how you treat your own grandma? How can you be so ungrateful to get a brute to hit your elderly?"

Finley began crying and screaming on the ground.

Morgan ran up to her. "Finley, are you all right?"

Finley held onto her leg as she cried, "Both of them bullied me and even hit me. I'm sure my bone is broken."

Narrowing his gaze, Benjamin was filled with murderous intent.

After giving his bodyguards a look, they knowingly approached Finley and gave her a few slaps.

She was consequently smacked into a daze with blood oozing out the corner of her lips and her face swollen all over. In fact, she even lost a few teeth from the impact.

Terrified, Morgan began to shriek, "Help! Help!"

"Shut up!" the bodyguard threatened, causing Morgan to gape in fear. All she could do was watch her sister being beaten up in silence.

Even Arissa was taken aback at how brutal Benjamin was.

The crowd was equally shocked by the scene.

Holding Arissa in his arms, Benjamin fumed angrily, "You deserve a beating to cleanse that filthy mouth of yours!"

"Y-You... You despicable couple. How dare you get someone to strike me? I'll never let you go for this... Ah!"

Finley had never been beaten in her life. When she couldn't resist scolding Benjamin and Arissa, the bodyguard gave her another slap, causing her to scream in agony.

Benjamin's expression was terrifyingly gloomy. "If she dares to continue ranting, beat her until she shuts up!"

"Yes, Mr. Graham!"

Standing in front of Finley, the bodyguard gave her an expressionless stare.

When her eyes met with Benjamin's murderous gaze, Finley finally realized that he wasn't someone to be trifled with.

This da*n girl! When did she get to know such a fearsome man? No wonder she dares to disrespect me.

Despite cursing in her mind, Finley didn't dare utter a sound.

"Have you gotten what you came for?"

Benjamin lowered his gaze at her. Even though his tone was still frosty, there was a tinge of warmth to it still.

Arissa nodded. "I have."

"In that case, let's go." Benjamin left while wrapping her in his arms.

"Arissa, you're not allowed to go. Are you going to leave your own grandma here just like that? Also, you haven't paid for your granduncle's clothes."

Finley was so shameless that she called out to Arissa when she remembered the clothes.

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Chapter 545 Just Hit Her Next Time

Arissa stopped in her tracks abruptly.

Furrowing his brows, Benjamin lowered his gaze at her. "She's your grandma?"

Arissa had a sullen look on her face. "No!"

Turning around, she sneered, "I don't have a grandma like you, so stop playing victim just because you're an elder. You don't deserve it at all. Also, don't call me your granddaughter just because you want me to pay for your things, as it has nothing to do with me at all!"

Finley stared at her in disbelief. "Aren't you my granddaughter?"

Arissa was amused. "Am I only your granddaughter whenever you need money? When you don't, do I turn into a jinx? Given how vicious you are, shouldn't you learn to have a heart if you want me to show you some respect?"

By then, a scowl had replaced the smile on her face.

More From The Web

"From the day you sold me off five years ago, I no longer have anything to do with all of you. In fact, I will make sure you are punished by the law for what you have done. Go back and tell your son that it's just a matter of time before I settle this score with him!"

Even though Danna was unforgivable, Regan was worse.

If he hadn't plotted against her, Danna wouldn't have had the opportunity to do the same later. Also, she and her children wouldn't have had a close shave with death.

"You, how can you be so cruel?"

Finley's eyes opened so wide that they could pop out anytime.

Just when the bodyguard stepped forward to slap her, Finley held onto her cheeks frantically. "Don't hit me!"

"If you dare continue ranting, it will be more than just a slap!" the bodyguard warned.

When she saw the usually arrogant Finley terrified into silence, Arissa averted her gaze.

“Let’s go.”

She didn’t want to spend another moment together with Finley, for the latter disgusted her.

After giving his bodyguard a look, Benjamin left together with Arissa.

Inside the car, she put the shopping bags aside.

She had intended to get Mary some shoes, but her mood was spoiled by her encounter with Finley. Hence, she decided to get them next time.

Benjamin handed her a water bottle. “Drink some hot water.”

Arissa received it and took a few mouthfuls.

When she saw him staring at her, she turned to look at him.

“I’m fine!”

Benjamin’s eyes glistened slightly. “Has that old lady always treated you that way?”

His expression was exceptionally gloomy.

“Other than having a filthy mouth, she’s all right,” Arissa replied in a nonchalant tone, for she had gotten used to it.

It was only when Finley disparaged her mother that she lost her temper.

In response, Benjamin pulled her into his embrace and patted her on the head.

“When someone derides you like that the next time, you should strike first instead of standing there cluelessly, waiting to be hit.”

Arissa felt a jolt in a heart.

“Mmm-hmm!”

Benjamin stared at her intently, cognizant of her bad mood. “What did you buy?”

“I bought clothes for both Tim and Mdm. Mary. Also, I got Tim a pair of shoes.”

“Let me see.”

Benjamin brought the bags over and took out the top she bought for Tim. “Mmm-hmm, this suits him. He looks good in white given how tan he is.”

Arissa glanced at him.

After Benjamin put it back, Arissa took it out to fold it when she noticed he didn't do so.

“Is that necessary?”

Benjamin stared earnestly at her.

“It will be crumpled if I don't fold it.”

After wiping the creases away, Arissa folded it carefully.

“Once we take it back, we'll have to wash it before letting our son wear it,” Benjamin reminded.

“I know. Even then, it still needs to be folded.”

Arissa put the clothes back into the bag once she was done.

“The children mentioned that you went out to alter some clothes, so I didn't expect you to be running around buying them too. Why didn't you tell me?”

In response to his complaint, Arissa looked at him and smiled. “Aren't you supposed to be busy? There's no point in telling you, as I would be heading back once I am done. By the way, how did you find me?”

When Benjamin leaned back into his seat, he pulled Arissa along, who then adjusted her posture upright.

“Dad called me, as he was worried that you were in trouble. Tracking you down was the easy part.”

Arissa's heart warmed to learn of it. “That's really nice of Old Mr. Graham!”

Frowning, Benjamin snapped, “Why are you praising him when I was the one who came to your aid?”