

The More the Merrier Chapter 421

[/ The More the Merrier Novel](#) / By

Chapter 421 Threatened By His Son

In the end, Gavin had no choice but to bring snacks to Benjamin by himself.

He stopped by their bedroom to take a peep but did not see his father. He then went to the master bedroom.

When he noticed Benjamin was in the master bedroom, Gavin intentionally walked toward him in heavy steps. "Mommy told me to bring you this."

Benjamin froze for a minute and took a glance at his son.

Gavin's face flushed instantly. He felt awkward and avoided making eye contact with his father.

Benjamin's eyes glinted. He reached out his hand to touch Gavin's forehead.

That unexpected move rendered Gavin speechless.

"Are you still feeling unwell?" Benjamin expressed his concern in a much gentler voice.

Gavin shook his head. "No. I'm okay now. Remember to eat the snacks. I'll be going downstairs now. Bye."

Just when he was about to leave the room, he heard Benjamin say, "Ask your mommy to bring snacks over next time."

Gavin turned around, frowned, and replied with a snort, "Stop asking Mommy to do all these trivial tasks for you! She's not feeling well!"

Benjamin could not help but feel jealous when the son he single-handedly brought up was so protective of Arissa.

Gavin snorted again and ran downstairs.

Benjamin raised his brows and glanced at the snacks his son brought. He carried the plate over and took a few bites of the snacks.

Meanwhile, Arissa froze for a second when she saw Gavin running down the stairs huffing in frustration.

What's wrong with the father and son again?

"Come here, Sweetheart!" Arissa looked in his direction.

Gavin ran toward her. "Mommy!"

Arissa embraced him and gently pinched his puffy cheeks. "What's wrong?"

"Mommy! Daddy wants you to bring food for him. He keeps asking for you to serve him. He's too much!" A towering rage blazed in Gavin's big round eyes.

Arissa was touched to see how much her son cared for her.

She carried him in her arms and gave his forehead a gentle peck.

"Don't get mad, Sweetheart. Mommy's the one who decided to work here anyway," she comforted Gavin.

"But he's bullying you!" Somehow, the boy firmly believed that Benjamin was giving her a hard time.

Arissa felt loved. "It's okay. It's not a big problem for me. Besides, your daddy would occasionally show that he cares about me too, right?"

Gavin continued to pout.

Zachary glanced at his brother, thinking that what he said made sense. "But Mr. Graham didn't show his care as often as how he bullied you!"

Arissa almost choked on her saliva. Since Benjamin did not know her well in the first place, it was not unusual for him to treat her differently from time to time.

"Well, no matter what, he's still your daddy. So let's not talk about this anymore. All right, kids. Go and have some fun, okay? I have to make a call."

Just when Arissa was about to head upstairs to take her phone, Zachary got ahead of her. "I'll get it for you, Mommy!"

Arissa grinned and waited downstairs for him.

Zachary ran upstairs and sneaked a glance at Benjamin, who was still in the master bedroom.

He said, "Mr. Graham, I'm coming in to take my mommy's phone!"

Benjamin looked at the boy and grunted his approval.

Zachary ran into the room. After finding the phone, he grabbed it and was ready to leave.

Before leaving, he even threatened Benjamin, "Mr. Graham, if you dare order my mommy to work nonstop, we'll move out right away."

Zachary's threat left Benjamin speechless.

By the time he turned around, the boy had already run out of the room.

Benjamin knitted his brows. Why is everyone so protective of her? Ugh!

Benjamin packed his things and went to his study. He walked past the living room but did not see Arissa.

He took a sidelong glance around the house. "Where's your mommy?"

The five children who were sitting by the coffee table tilted their heads to look at Benjamin.

"Mommy went out to make a call," Jesse said softly.

Benjamin looked out of the house. After seeing Arissa standing by the door, he returned to his study.

The moment Benjamin entered his study, Jesse immediately asked her brothers. "How did the investigation go?"

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Chapter 422 Should We Tell Mommy About It

Upon hearing that, Gavin, Zachary, Oliver, and Jasper immediately fell silent.

The smiles on their faces vanished, and they all looked disheartened.

Jesse's heart sank when she saw their reaction. Her eyes and nose began to turn red. "Is there no trace of him?"

The four boys looked at Jesse and did not know what to say.

"He..."

Words caught in Jasper's throat. He could not finish the sentence.

"Stop asking about it, Jesse. Talking about it will only upset Mommy further," Oliver sniffled and said.

Jesse bit her lip, and tears welled up in her eyes. She had a bad feeling about it.

When Zachary noticed Arissa was coming into the house, he immediately reminded his siblings, "Go and wash your faces! Mommy's coming in!"

Jasper, Oliver, and Jesse immediately dashed into the bathroom to freshen up.

Gavin sniffled and went to clean up his face as well. So did Zachary.

Arissa saw the children running to the bathroom but did not question their odd behavior.

She went upstairs directly to get her notebook and was ready to track her missing son's whereabouts.

The five children gathered in the bathroom to regain their composure. They only got out of the bathroom after reminding each other not to act weird in front of Arissa.

Yet, the minute they stepped out of the bathroom, they bumped into Benjamin. All of them froze on the spot and did not know how to react.

Zachary snapped out of his daze and greeted him, "Hey, Mr. Graham!"

Oliver, Jasper, and Jesse followed suit.

Benjamin shot a glance at them. Am I really that scary in these kids' eyes?

He nodded and let out a deep grunt. Although he tried to tone down his voice, he still sounded intimidating.

Gavin sneaked a glance at Benjamin and turned to his siblings. "Let's go and play over there!"

In the blink of an eye, all five children ran off.

Benjamin narrowed his eyes. Why do I feel like that kid is becoming more and more hostile toward me?

He sighed and went to the bathroom.

None of the five children were in the mood to play.

Apart from Jesse who didn't see it, the four boys were all upset because the image of their brother being thrown into a dumpster kept replaying in their minds.

Meanwhile, Darius was done preparing dinner for everyone. He told Shaun to call them to the dining table.

Shaun came into the living room and noticed the dejected mood that everyone was in. "What's wrong, kids? Where are your daddy and mommy?"

The five little ones looked at him and responded in a dispirited voice, "Mommy's upstairs, and Mr. Graham's in his study."

"Well, dinner's ready. Are you ready to dig in? I'm sure you're all famished." Shaun stroked their heads gently.

"I'll go and get Mommy." Zachary ran upstairs.

When he reached the door, he overheard the conversation between Arissa and Bradley.

"The footage from the surveillance camera is gone? Can you find out when it got deleted?" Arissa asked.

Zachary bit his lip. So Mr. Hinton knew about it too?

"Mommy, time for dinner!"

Arissa turned around and waved at Zachary. She then continued her conversation on the phone, "Bradley, try to retrieve the footage for me if possible. I'm sure we'll be able to find a clue or two since someone intentionally deleted it."

She ended the call after instructing Bradley to continue with the investigation. Who's the culprit who deleted the footage? Could it be Danna? If she's not the culprit, then who else? Did the person delete the footage recently or years ago?

Still having no idea where her missing son was, she could only sigh helplessly.

She was deathly afraid that Danna might have harmed her son.

What if she becomes desperate and decides to kill my boy?

"Mommy, it's dinner time," Zachary reminded her once again when he saw how worried she looked.

Only then did Arissa return to her senses and walked out of the room. "All right. Come on, let's go."

She walked down the stairs with Zachary, feeling down in the dumps.

Zachary took a few glances at her, but she did not notice.

He, too, was feeling miserable. Should I tell Mommy about it? But Mommy might not take it well if I tell her that our brother is gone. But if I keep it a secret, Mommy will continue to track him down.

Zachary bit his lower lip and knitted his brows. The complicated situation had put him in a quandary.

This is all Danna's fault. That wicked woman will pay the price for her actions one day!

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Chapter 423 The Meal Prepared By Darius

"Mommy, he must still be waiting for us. We will find him eventually," Zachary put away his own feelings of sadness and consoled his mother.

Arissa looked at her son as she replied softly, "Yeah, you're right."

After going down the stairs, she called out to her other children, "Sweethearts, come on, let's have dinner!"

"Mommy!" Jesse ran toward her and hugged her leg.

Arissa stroked her hair. "What's the matter?"

Zachary signaled to his sister not to leak the secret.

"Mommy, I'm hungry..." Jesse pouted.

Arissa laughed softly at that. She then took her daughter's hand and led her toward the dining room. "Come on, let's go and fill up your little tummy right now."

"Issa, bring the kids over. It's time for dinner!" Darius took off his apron and greeted Arissa cordially.

"Got it!" she responded cheerfully.

"Mommy, let's wash our hands before we eat!" Gavin reminded Arissa.

"Sure." Arissa led the five kids to wash their hands.

"Benjamin, it's time for dinner!"

From the dining room, Darius yelled in the direction of the study.

Shaun had already gone to get Benjamin, but when he saw that the man was busy, he waited for a while.

"Benjamin, it's time to eat."

"Yeah, got it," Benjamin replied before he packed his things and got up from his seat.

"You know, I saw Gavin and the others in a bad mood earlier. I'm not sure if it's because of hunger or something else," Shaun casually informed him.

Benjamin tilted his head and looked at him. "Wasn't Arissa together with them?"

"No. When I told them it was meal time just now, they said Arissa was upstairs."

Shaun followed Benjamin out of the study.

They just happened to see Arissa coming out with the five kids after washing their hands.

Benjamin studied the faces of Arissa and the five children and noticed the sullen look on Arissa.

He frowned. "Are you still not feeling well?"

Arissa stiffened and replied, "I'm fine. Go wash your hands, Old Mr. Graham said it's time for dinner."

"You go ahead first," Benjamin replied and went with Shaun to wash up before going to the dining hall.

The five children sat down with Arissa.

When Darius saw them, he urged, "Come, it's time to eat!"

He then pulled out the seat at the head of the table and sat down.

When Benjamin saw there was no space left on Arissa's side, he went to sit on the chair that was on Darius' left side, and opposite Arissa.

Shaun sat next to him.

"All right. Let's start!"

As Darius spoke, he picked up his spoon and served some food to Arissa. Then, he served his five grandchildren as well.

"Thank you, Old Mr. Graham," Arissa said.

"Don't mention it. Hurry up and dig in," Darius said adoringly. He was in bliss seeing all his grandchildren present at the table.

"Grandpa, since you're the one who prepared the meal, you should be the first to eat!"

All five children started serving food to Darius and then to Arissa.

Seeing how filial his grandchildren were, Darius beamed from ear to ear. "Sure, I'll start digging in then!"

He picked up his fork and took a mouthful of food before he urged the others to start.

"Go ahead and eat. The food will taste different once it gets cold. Issa, you too. Try it and see if the dishes suit your taste!"

Still grinning, Darius looked at Arissa expectantly.

Arissa smiled and swept her gaze at the spread of sumptuous dishes on the table.

“Old Mr. Graham, did you really cook all these? Your cooking skills are pretty good!”

Darius was delighted to hear that and he smiled, saying, “Well, don’t just look at it. The most important thing is that it tastes good when you eat it!”

As he spoke, he placed another piece of steak on her plate.

She took a bite of the food. Nodding, she affirmed, “It tastes great! Old Mr. Graham, your culinary skills are amazing!”

Darius laughed aloud. “Since it’s good, you should eat more. Look at you, you’re so slim! It’s no wonder you are malnourished. You need to eat more to keep your body healthy, you hear?”

He proceeded to pile more food onto her plate.

Seeing how her plate was getting full to the brim with food, Arissa looked at Benjamin who was seated opposite her.

However, the man was engrossed in eating and paid no attention to those around him. Left without a choice, she had to try and stop Darius herself.

“That’s too much, Old Mr. Graham. I can’t possibly finish all that.”

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Chapter 424 A Heavy Atmosphere

Darius laughed and put down his fork.

"Take your time to eat. There's no hurry. Since Benjamin doesn't know how to look after you all. In the future, I shall come often to cook good food for you guys."

Arissa was surprised to hear that.

"Dad, can't you just let her eat in peace? You're talking too much."

Benjamin raised his eyes and glanced at his father with a look of displeasure.

Darius frowned and said in a low voice, "I'm not talking too much. Not everyone behaves like you, you know? With your mouth clammed up and hardly speaking at all."

Arissa let out a snort. Old Mr. Graham sure knows his son well.

Benjamin swept his gaze to her, only to see her looking away.

The five kids were snickering as well.

Benjamin kept his gaze on Arissa for a while before he continued to eat silently.

Darius shot a glare at his son before serving more food to the five kids and then digging in himself.

Edwin and the help stood behind the children, ready to serve them.

Shaun watched the five children as they ate. Their mannerisms were so cute that he could not take his eyes away.

Just then, Gavin looked up and frowned when he saw Shaun's engrossed expression.

"Mr. Bailey, why are you staring at us?"

Shaun snapped back to his senses and smirked. "Because you guys are just too adorable!"

The five kids were left speechless.

Darius looked at them lovingly.

Shaun's right. They are really adorable!

If only we could find the other child... then everything will be perfect.

Concerned about his missing grandchild, Darius turned toward his son to enquire, "Benjamin, is there any news about the kid?"

Benjamin cast a glance at him. "No, not yet."

The atmosphere in the dining hall seemed to turn heavy.

Instantly, the food in Arissa's mouth seemed tasteless.

Her heart ached as she looked at the sumptuous dishes in front of her. Here I am eating good food while my son is still out there going through all kinds of suffering God knows where.

The five children were no longer in the mood to eat, their little faces looked dejected and they seemed dispirited. It was a heartbreaking sight to behold

Benjamin narrowed his eyes.

"Arissa."

Startled, Arissa lifted her eyes and stared blankly at Benjamin.

"Go on, eat."

Glancing at the five children, Benjamin spoke in a solemn voice.

Arissa turned and looked at her children who appeared sad and troubled.

She quickly cheered herself up and put away the feelings of guilt.

Serving the children with more food, she told them, "Eat up, my sweethearts!"

"Okay!"

They ate obediently but it was obvious that they no longer had the appetite they had just now.

Darius saw the change in their mood and regretted asking the question.

"Issa, with our family's connections, I believe the child will be found soon enough!"

"Yeah." Arissa nodded and lowered her head to eat.

Every now and then, Benjamin would cast a glance at her. He was aware that she was worried and had lost her appetite.

"Edwin, bring her some soup."

"Right away, Mr. Graham."

Edwin quickly served Arissa a bowl of mushroom soup. "Here you go, Miss York."

"Thank you."

Feeling grateful and not wanting the others to worry, Arissa finished the bowl of soup.

However, the moment she did, Edwin served her with a second bowl.

"Edwin, I can't finish that..." She told him softly.

"You should drink more. It's good for you. If you faint again, the kids would be worried."

Benjamin's tone was stern, and his request sounded more like an order.

Darius took note of his son's oppressive behavior and could not help saying, "Can't you speak more gently to show your concern? This tone of yours would upset even an old man like me."

Benjamin frowned.

Shaun was snickering as he whispered to Benjamin, "Benjamin, if you want a woman to accept you, you've got to be gentle!"

Arissa's cheeks burned when she heard their whispered conversation.

He's asking Benjamin to be gentle with me?

She imagined what it would be like and shuddered instinctively.

It's better if he isn't gentle. Otherwise, I would find him irresistible.

Benjamin noticed the expression on her face and narrowed his eyes while thoughts flooded his mind.

What is this woman thinking about? Does she despise me now?

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Chapter 425 Child Abuse

At this very moment, in a remote mountain village, a dirty child could be seen squatting in a thatched hut with a blackened face. He was in the midst of fanning a fire and preparing dinner. The kid's name was Tim.

His beautiful ebony eyes lacked the child-like innocence a kid should have and in its place was a look of tenacity uncharacteristic of someone his age.

This was a child who was forced to take on the responsibility of caring for his family too early.

Methodically, Tim fanned the fire before washing the pot and started cooking the food.

After a while, a strong smell of food wafted out of the hut.

On a table in the humble kitchen, there was only a plate of fried bacon.

Tim laid the table with eating utensils and was about to bring his grandma to the table when a shirtless man sauntered in.

Raphael bent over and took a sniff of the food. "Oh? We're eating meat today?"

Then, he moved a chair into position with his leg, sat down and immediately started eating.

"Tastes good!"

Tim quickly took the plate away and glared at the man defensively. "Grandma hasn't eaten yet. This is for Grandma!"

Raphael lifted his eyes to look at the child. "Tim, put it down. I'm starving. I haven't eaten for the whole day."

Tim held on tight to the food.

Raphael got angry and scolded sharply, "Put it down! You trying to go against me or something?"

"You can't eat until Grandma has eaten!"

Tim knitted his brows without the slightest inclination of giving up the food.

"D*mn it! You b*stard. How dare you use this tone with me. Give it to me!"

Raphael cursed angrily and made a move to snatch the food from him.

"If you're hungry, just eat the pickled vegetables!" Tim was furious as well.

"Why should I? Why should I eat pickles when you can eat meat? Do you have a death wish?"

Seeing how Tim was unwilling to let go of the plate, Raphael grabbed it with one hand and kicked the boy roughly.

No matter how strong a child can be, Tim was definitely no match for an adult.

He was sent flying backward before landing on the floor and hitting his elbow.

Raphael put the plate of food back on the table and cursed as he ate.

"You grew up eating my food. How dare you keep the meat from me? Everything in this home belongs to me!"

Tim's eyes were red with tears as he shouted at the man, "Those things were bought with the money I earned!"

"So what? We're the ones who raised you. It is your duty to earn money to repay us."

Raphael suddenly stopped and glared at Tim. "Hey, have you gotten your pay already?"

Putting his guard up and shrinking back to a corner, Tim roared, "No!"

"You'd better give it to me or I'll beat you up!"

Raphael was a gambling addict who would often snatch Tim's money to gamble. Realizing that the kid must have received his pay, Raphael started demanding the money.

"I don't have any money!" Tim glared at him furiously.

This money is to pay for Grandma's medical bill. I can't let this jerk snatch it away again.

Just then, an old lady with a walking stick came over. Leaning heavily on her stick, Mary trembled with anger when she saw her son bullying Tim again.

"You... you... treacherous son! How can you bully Tim again?"

"Mom, I'm not bullying him. He's the bully here! He won't let me eat meat. We have raised him in vain!" Raphael shouted angrily at the top of his voice.

"You scoundrel! I was the one who raise Tim. You never did care about him. You only ever kept pushing him around."

Seeing Tim's bleeding elbow, Mary was heartbroken.

She held Tim in her arms. "Tim is bleeding! You're a beast for bullying a child who is just a few years old!"

Turning to look at the boy, she said, "Come, Tim, let me stop the bleeding for you."

"You, dying old hag! If I'm a beast, then the two of you aren't human either! After all, you're the ones hogging all the good food for yourselves and treating me like an outsider! It's a good thing I came back early, or I'd have nothing to eat!"

"You..."

With anger surging through her veins, Mary nearly fainted. Quickly, Tim held her and steadied her.

"Grandma, are you all right?"

Tim was very worried about the old lady.

"I'm fine, dear, I'm okay."

Mary tried her best to tamp down her raging emotions. With her heart aching, she stopped Tim's bleeding gently.

"Tim, I'm sorry I didn't protect you well."

Her words and actions moved Tim deeply, and he raised his hand to wipe away her tears.

"It's okay, Grandma. I'll protect myself. I'm fine. It's just a scratch. Come on, let's have our meal!"

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Chapter 426 I Will Give You The Money

As Mary looked at the sensible Tim and then at the useless toxic son she had, sorrow filled her heart.

She turned around to get the medicine.

Tim followed closely after her. "Grandma, where are you going?"

"I'm going to get some medicine. Your wound must be treated, otherwise, it could become serious."

Mary looked at the bloody wound and was very worried.

"Grandma, you go ahead and eat, I'll apply the medicine myself!"

With that, Tim ran to the house nearby to find a Band-Aid.

He was accustomed to getting injured during work. After cleaning away the blood, he put on the Band-Aid and ran back out.

As Mary watched on, she wiped away a tear.

She was rather regretful about bringing Tim home back then.

I should have sent him to an orphanage. Perhaps, he would have had a better life there.

"Tim, you must apply medicine before putting on the Band-Aid. The way that you did it will not stop the bleeding.

"Grandma, I've already smeared some medicine on it earlier."

Tim nodded vigorously to convince Mary.

"Let me see it, then."

Mary pulled him close and checked his arm. She only stopped worrying when she saw that the bleeding had stopped.

"Tim, you must avoid getting water on the wound until it's healed, okay?"

"All right, I got it. Grandma, I'm fine. Come on, we have to go and eat our meal or Uncle Raphael is going to finish it all!"

Tim steadied Mary and led her over to the dining table.

"Okay, let's eat."

They went into the kitchen together, only to see that Raphael had finished eating. All that was left on the table were empty plates.

"I never would have thought that you can cook so well, kid. Remember to cook more next time, you hear?"

Raphael threw down his fork, kicked his chair away, and walked toward them.

Boiling with rage, Mary instinctively pushed Tim behind her back.

She glared at her son. "I can't believe you just ate everything! You didn't leave a little for Tim!"

Tim was very angry as well, not because he had nothing to eat, but rather because Mary did not get any food.

"You are really too much! Why didn't you leave some for Grandma?"

Raphael glanced at them with disgust. "You know, people who don't know us might think you two are the related ones here while I was the one picked up from the bin!"

Furious upon hearing that, Mary spat, "It would have been better if I didn't give birth to you! You are nothing compared to Tim! It's bad enough that you're lazy but you're a gambling addict as well. Look at you, you've gambled away every item we own. You even let a child work to support you. Don't you think that you're shameless?"

"What is so shameful about that? I am able to earn money, too. Old hag, you are the one who is lazy and does not work. I only gamble to earn more money. Since you have the time to nag at me about it, why don't you go to work and earn some money instead? Just shut up and go away!"

Raphael's curses were unbearable to hear. Completely ignoring the fact that she was his mother, he shoved Mary away. Then, he grabbed Tim.

"Grandma..." Tim uttered, his heart aching for the older woman.

"Give me your money!" Raphael spat.

Tim struggled hard. He glared at the man and stood his ground stubbornly.

"I don't have any money!"

"D*mn you! Do you want to die?"

Raphael lifted his hand, about to give the boy a slap.

Mary, who had just steadied herself, was horrified and rushed over.

"Don't you dare lay your hand on Tim! You're nothing but a heartless beast with no conscience!"

Mary slammed her body hard into Raphael while Tim lowered his head and bit his arm. The pain caused him to let go of Tim.

"You son of a b*tch! How dare you bite me!"

Anger surging within him, Raphael started throwing punches and kicks.

Mary ran over to Tim and held him tight, protecting him with her body.

"Get out of the way!"

With a vicious expression, Raphael kicked at his aged mother.

Regardless, Mary continued holding on to Tim tightly.

"Grandma... Grandma..."

Tim was so frightened that he started bawling.

"Uncle Raphael, stop it! Grandma can't take such a beating! I'll give you the money, okay?"

If you keep on beating her, Grandma will die.

Raphael finally stopped upon hearing that. Hmph! Seems like this is still the best way to get this son of a b*tch to submit.

"You should have just given me the money earlier, then you could have avoided this beating."

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Chapter 427 Please Do Not Send Me Away

On the verge of blowing her top off, Mary could taste blood in her mouth.

"Grandma..." Tim wailed in shock when he saw the old lady spitting out blood.

"Are you okay, Grandma? Let me take you to the hospital!"

"Tim, run! I'm afraid I can't hold on any longer..." Mary said, panting heavily.

Seeing that Mary was on the brink of death, Raphael was stunned.

"Don't you blame me for this, old hag! It's all your fault."

With that, Raphael gave up on extorting money from Tim and scurried away in fear.

"Grandma!" Tim cried loudly.

The seemingly lifeless Mary suddenly held his hand and consoled him, "Don't cry... I'm fine..."

Although she was beaten to a pulp, her life was not at stake. She only put on a show to scare her unfilial son to his wits.

I can't allow that ungrateful b*stard to gamble away Tim's hard-earned money.

"Grandma!"

Tim scrutinized her thoroughly to confirm that she was really all right.

"I was acting just now." Her breath was still uneven.

"But you spewed blood, Grandma."

As he spoke, he stretched out his hand and wiped off the blood stain from the corner of Mary's mouth. This is definitely not acting.

"Don't worry, I'm fine..."

Mary tried to prop herself up. "Come on, Tim. Let's have dinner first. Thereafter, I've got something to tell you."

Still worried about the older woman, Tim proposed otherwise, "Grandma, I think it's best if I bring you to the hospital for a check-up. I earned enough today for you to consult a doctor."

"You're such a good boy, Tim." An inexplicable sadness washed over Mary as she wiped off the tears that came streaming down her face.

"But I'm hungry. So let's have dinner first, okay?"

She could not bear the thought to let the boy go hungry because of her.

Her heart sank when she glanced at his scrawny body.

Ever since the passing of her husband, her son's behavior worsened.

Not only did Raphael keep threatening her, but he also bullied the young Tim.

If she had known that this would happen, she would not have redeemed her heartless son back then.

"Okay, sure, let's eat something before heading to the hospital then."

Tim assisted Mary to the dining table.

We'd better eat quick and then go to the hospital, or else that wicked uncle of mine would return to snatch my money again. I must hurry and spend the money on medication so that there's none left for him to take.

Subsequently, the elderly and the young had a pathetic dinner with only pasta and sauce.

Looking at how Tim was willing to lead a simple and impecunious life without any grumbling, Mary was pleased and sad at the same time.

"Eat more, Grandma! I'll buy you some meat tomorrow and hide it from Uncle Raphael."

He gave his grandmother the rest of his pasta and added some more sauce on top.

"You should have more too, Tim."

She scooped some pasta from her plate, wanting to share it with him. "I can't finish them."

Worried, Tim stared at her for a moment and quickly lowered his head to continue eating. When we get to the city later, I must buy something nice for Grandma.

Immediately after dinner, he began to clear the table.

"Tim, stop what you're doing and come over here. I have something to tell you."

Mary was afraid that Raphael would make a reappearance.

"What is it, Grandma?" The boy rushed over.

"Tim, take this money and leave this place at once."

Mary sniffled. As much as she would miss him dearly, she was determined to send him away instead of having him live a life of torture with her.

"Are we leaving together?" Tim wanted to be sure.

"No, you should leave on your own and go to a place far away. Never ever let your good-for-nothing uncle find you. I'm old and useless. So don't waste your hard-earned money on me. Go to Dellmoor. Perhaps you might meet your parents there. Or, you can start anew at the orphanage. I bet it's a hundred times better than living here," Mary explained.

Soon, Tim began to weep profusely.

"Grandma, don't leave me alone. I don't want to go. I want to stay by your side. Please don't send me away..."

The More the Merrier Chapter 428

Chapter 428 Busted

"I'll work harder and earn more money to pay for your medical expenses. Don't worry, okay? Didn't you say that I was picked up from a pile of garbage? That goes to show that my parents have abandoned me. In that case, you're my only family member. So please don't send me away."

Since the day Tim heard Raphael address him as an adopted b*stard, the boy knew that Mary was not related to him by blood.

With a heavy heart, he persistently pursued the matter and bombarded Mary with a series of questions. Left with no choice, Mary told him the truth.

Therefore, Tim was well aware of his background all along.

The heartbroken Mary hugged him and wiped away his tears.

"I know that you worried about me. But you'll lose your life one day if you continue staying here. Raphael has lost his mind and turned despicable. He would hit his own mother, let alone you who aren't related to him at all. You're still so young and I can't let you suffer like this. So please, leave this place now. I'll ask the village chief to send you off so that you can start anew elsewhere." Mary tried to convince him.

This street-smart boy has great survival skills. He won't starve to death even if he has no place to go. Conversely, his life will be at stake if he stays here with me.

"I'm not going anywhere, Grandma. I'm not afraid of him! Let's leave together, okay? I'll never leave you behind."

It's not that Grandma doesn't want me, it's just that she has desperate reasons to force me to leave her side.

He sniffled and wiped his tears dry at that thought, trying not to be sad anymore.

An unwavering look flashed across his eyes.

"Grandma, let's head to the hospital now. Otherwise, when Uncle Raphael returns, it'd be too late then."

As Tim spoke, he hurried back to the bedroom and picked up several important documents, clothes, and the money that he had been hiding.

Initially, Mary did not want to spend Tim's money. However, upon a few rounds of pestering and persuading, she finally acquiesced to the boy's decision.

Their house was located quite a distance from the other neighbors. As such, no one heard the ruckus raised earlier on.

Shortly after their departure, someone from the village came looking for Mary.

The villager wanted to inform her that the kid on television looked very much like Tim and wanted to check if they were the same person, only to see that no one was home.

Unexpectedly, Raphael found out about the news.

When he was hanging out at the village's sundry shop, the missing notice came on the television. Instantly, he was astounded.

Why does the kid on TV look almost identical to that b*stard?

"I wonder whose child is that. Whoever finds him hits the jackpot. Oh, by the way, isn't he around Tim's age? Hmm... The more I look at his picture, the more I think he looks like Tim..." the lady boss at the sundry shop shared her views.

She was not certain if Tim was the missing boy. After all, the kid was always covered with dirt and looked exceptionally disheveled whenever they saw him.

Unbeknownst to the villagers, Raphael had lived with Tim for years. Although he was never home much, he had actually seen the boy's cleaned face clearly.

Attracted by the lucrative reward announced on the television, a sense of excitement brewed within Raphael.

He ran as fast as he could in the direction of his house.

"Hey, I was just joking. Are you taking it seriously? How is it possible that Tim was born with a silver spoon?" the lady boss dissed.

Other customers chimed in one after another, "I bet he's thinking about asking Tim to impersonate the missing boy and exchange him for money to gamble!"

"That sounds very likely. Oh dear, is he really going to do so? Poor Tim, he's such a sweetheart."

"A scoundrel like him will have the guts to do anything, including using Tim for his own benefits. Come on, let's go have a look at what's going to happen."

“Yes, quick, let’s go! Even if he’s not using Tim, he might kidnap him and sell him off for profit. When that happens, the boy will be gone forever.”

Tim had been a filial and thoughtful boy. Everyone in the village loved him.

With trepidation, the villagers quickened their steps and followed after Raphael.

Raphael searched high and low for his mother and Tim, but they were nowhere to be seen.

“What? How did they run away so fast? Hmph! She must have fooled me just now. It’s impossible for her to die so easily,” Raphael cursed madly.

The villagers who rushed over heard him loud and clear.

“What? Who died?”