

## Chapter 1162 She Still Ended Up Compromising

When Toby saw the glint in Sonia's eyes as she stayed quiet, he lightly nibbled her ear. "It seems like you have finally understood, baby."

She grumpily turned her head sideways. "So what? Even if Grandma and the rest of them don't mind us doing... that here, I won't agree to it no matter what."

"And why is that?" He looked at her with a frown. Her red lips were tightly pressed together before she replied, "This isn't my territory, after all. I am still going to feel embarrassed about it."

So that is why. Toby chuckled. "How is this not your territory? You are the future wife of the Fuller Family's head of household, and the old manor's next mistress. This is definitely your territory. And since it is your territory, what could you possibly be worried about? Are you saying that other married couples don't do the nasty if they live with the rest of their family?"

"This sounds like a straw man fallacy to me," she remarked, the corners of her mouth twitched.

"Not at all." He solemnly shook his head. "I am just stating the facts."

Sonia scoffed in response. "Aren't you saying all this just because you want to do it?"

"So, baby..." Toby chuckled without giving a straightforward answer. "Are we doing it?"

"No—"

Sonia had just uttered one word when her lips were lightly pecked by the man.

As her eyes went wide, Toby caressed her face and teased, "I am sure Grandma wants us to be lovey-dovey by arranging for us to stay in the same room. She will be disappointed if we don't do anything."

His words earned him an eye roll. "Enough, Toby. Don't try to use Grandma as your token of authority. Even if she did make us stay in the same room, she wouldn't concern herself about what we do in the room, and she definitely wouldn't be disappointed. After all, why would she be disappointed about something like this? You are just bringing Grandma into the conversation so that I compromise."

There was no way Sonia didn't know the kind of person Toby was.

Despite his thoughts being exposed, he refused to give up as he let out another laugh. "Fine, I did intentionally bring up Grandma. She wishes for us to be sweet to one another, and she wouldn't ask even if we didn't do anything. However, there is one thing I know for sure."

"What is it?" Sonia blinked curiously.

His gaze suddenly became deeper as he looked at her. "That is, if we really don't do anything, Grandma will surely doubt if I can get the deed done when tomorrow comes. So tell me, Little Leaf—do you want people to doubt your man's abilities?"

She first froze at his answer, and she swiftly giggled. "You think too much. Grandma wouldn't possibly—"

Toby cut her off before she finished her words again. "Of course Grandma would, which is why we shouldn't give her the chance to make fun of your man by proving that I can do it well, hmm?"

After he threw that out, he pulled the quilt over their bodies.

Sonia only saw her vision turn black before she stopped seeing anything. Subconsciously, she pushed the man on her. "Toby Fuller, you—mmph!"

However, he had already made up his mind to shake the sheets with her, so how could he give her the chance to continue whining for him to let go of her?

The moment Sonia opened her mouth, Toby took the chance to steal a kiss, and swallowed all the words that were about to leave her lips.

Indeed, he had no intention of letting her off easy tonight.

He wouldn't let her go no matter what she did.

Toby had decided from the moment he entered Rose's bedroom and saw Sonia's alluring face that he was going to gobble her all up tonight.

After all, her being so deliciously coquettish was a rare sight for him. He didn't even know when was the next time he could see her behaving this way again.

They proceeded to spend the night getting tangled up with each other.

Sonia was reluctant at first. She couldn't ignore the pressure of doing something like this with Toby at the old manor.

However, her layers of defense were gradually lowered after he slowly approached her. She was finally under him by the end of it. It felt as though she was so lost in the pleasure the man brought her she couldn't get out of it anymore.

It went on until the second half of the night when she couldn't even seem to recall where she was.

All that Sonia had in her head was Toby and the sensations he made her feel.

She had to admit that he had good skills.

In fact, it was so good she could do nothing but enjoy it. She didn't even have the energy or sense to care about anything else.

It was a long, long night.

Sonia had passed out and woke up more times than she could remember.

The only thing that she knew was that the man was still not done whenever she woke up.

Even though she had begged him to let her go, he would always reassure her in that gentle voice of his that it was going to be the last round.

But then...

"You liar!" She could no longer hold on this time. With her last ounce of strength left, she squeezed those two words out before she completely lost consciousness.

Toby only raised his eyebrows as his eyes showed a contented smile.

He admitted that he was a liar.

Because if he didn't lie, he wouldn't have gotten to enjoy all the benefits that he had from lying.

So yes, he was proud to be a liar in this case.

Looking at the sleeping woman, he took pity on her while he pressed a kiss on her sweat-drenched forehead. "Sleep tight," he breathed. "This really is the last time."

With that, he sunk his body onto hers again...

At 8.00AM the next day, Mary helped Rose out of the room and into the dining hall to enjoy the day's breakfast.

By the time Rose took her seat, the dining table was already filled with a variety of food. It almost seemed enough for them to open a small breakfast shop.

After Rose took the chamomile tea Mary brought for her and took a sip, she let out a contented smile while looking at the table of breakfast. "Not bad. Zara's cooking skills have improved yet again."

"Indeed. She is from the south, and she is good at making southern-style breakfast. But now she is also good at making pastries from the north." Mary then continued, "We have so many types of food prepared. Miss Reed will be happy when she sees this later. I am sure she will also be moved that you specially asked the kitchen to prepare these for her, Old Mrs. Fuller."

"Sonny and Toby have been divorced for half a year. She and I seldom eat together as well. On top of that, her temperament has changed a lot, so I guess her taste has also changed. Since I don't know what kind of breakfast she likes, I went ahead and asked the chef to make a portion of the most famous breakfast in the north and south. We won't have to worry then. Sonny can eat whatever she wants," Rose said with a smile.

Seeing her smile made Mary let out a smile of her own as well. "Right, but this seems a tad too much. What are we going to do if we can't finish it all?"

"We will just eat as much as we can, and wrap up the clean leftovers for the strays out on the streets. We are not being wasteful that way." Rose proceeded to put down her tea cup. She had had everything planned out.

"Sounds good." Mary nodded in agreement.

As the elderly women chatted, their conversation only revolved around how they prepared the breakfast for Sonia. They hadn't mentioned Toby from the beginning until the end.

In other words, Toby, much to his pleasant surprise, had been forgotten by his own grandmother again.

At this point, she might not even have tried to prepare something Toby liked even if she hadn't forgotten about him.

To Rose, Toby was but a punk who could get by just eating whatever. There was no need for her to specially prepare anything for him.

She couldn't possibly pamper him!

"Oh, it is almost 9.00AM, but Young Master Toby and Miss Reed are still in their room." After placing the teapot back on the table, Mary glanced at the time before looking at Rose to ask, "Old Mrs. Fuller, should I get them to come down for breakfast?"

Rose swiftly grabbed her hand as a knowing smile lingered on her face. "There's no need for that. They probably are still asleep. The youngsters are always so vigorous. I am sure they are tired. We will let them sleep longer."