

Chapter 1172 The Soup Has a Terrible Taste

Sonia put her spoon down and turned to Toby. Pursing his thin lips in conflict, he spoke after a while. "It's not like that."

"If so, why do you keep staring at it and not drinking?" The smile dropped from Rose's face, to which he replied in resignation, "Grandma, does the soup look edible to you?"

He pointed to the bowl in front of him. Rose, however, only replied in dismissal, "The soup is made for you, so what do you think?" Toby took a deep breath upon hearing that. "If it is as you say, then why is my soup different from Little Leaf's?"

"He's right, Grandma." Sonia nodded. "It is obvious that mine is chicken soup, but I can't tell what his soup is, and it's weird. Why can't we get the same soup?"

Judging by its smell, Sonia could tell it must have a terrible taste without drinking it. Besides, it had an unnatural color. I wonder why Grandma made Toby this kind of soup. I doubt it is useful to the body. Sonia was utterly suspicious about the soup.

Hearing Sonia take his side, Toby was touched. That's my wife! She's showing consideration for me the whole time, unlike Grandma. Watching the soup in the bowl, Toby felt his stomach churn.

He doubted that Rose wanted to help him nourish his body. Instead, he was sure she wanted to poison him.

Taking note of the young ones' suspicion and confusion, Rose sighed. "You're good at imagining things. I didn't give you the same soup because they have different effects. Sonny is a woman, and a female's body is different from a man's, which is why she's drinking the chicken soup. It was good to have the chicken soup after the menstruation phase or exhaustion. You, being a man, have no need to drink it."

As she finished her words, Rose rolled her eyes at him. Toby pursed his thin lips before he muttered, "I don't mind what hers is. What I'm curious about is mine. Did I get served the water to wash the pot that cooked the chicken soup?"

Sonia choked at his words before she coughed heavily until her cheeks flushed and tears hung on her eyelashes, which made others worried about her. "What's wrong, Sonny?" Feeling worried, Rose put her cup aside before she attempted to rise to her feet and check on Sonia.

However, Mary was more worried about Rose. As the latter stood, Mary pressed Rose's shoulder to put her back in the seat. "Don't worry, Madam. Just sit here. I'll check on her."

At that, Mary walked toward Sonia. On her side, Sonia's well-being occupied Toby's mind. As soon as she coughed, he left his seat and embraced her in his arms. He patted her back to help her with her breathing.

After a moment, Sonia's breath finally calmed down, and relaxed with his help. At that moment, Mary handed over something to her. "Here you go, Miss Reed. Have this."

"What is this?" As he released her, Sonia sat upright in her seat to look at Mary's eyes. After coughing, she had a raspy voice, and it sounded pitiful to the onlookers.

Mary stared at her with a distressed look and replied, "This is a medicine effective for a sudden cough. Miss Reed, you must feel the discomfort of your lungs after the cough a moment ago. This pill will help you to get better soon."

Sonia smiled at Mary's words. "Thank you, Madam Mary. That's exactly what I need right now."

"Here. you go, then" Mary's smile grew wider.

Sonia hummed before she took the pill from Mary and put it in her mouth as she raised her chin.

Toby passed her a glass of water.

Shooting daggers at him, Sonia took the glass and drank the pill with water.

Scratching the bridge of his nose, Toby shifted his eyes away in guilt as he knew the reason why she choked. Thus, he was avoiding her.

Noticing his guilty look, Rose scoffed in disdain. "You should've minded your words. What do you mean by 'the water to wash pot'? That's nonsense! Look what you've done to Sonny."

Sonia nodded hastily in agreement. "That's right! Don't you think you're too creative?"

Goodness knows how astonished she was when she heard Toby's description of the soup.

At first, she never thought about that. However, his words were echoing in her mind, and the impression of the soup was a bowl of water to wash the pot popped up in her mind.

As such, Sonia had no idea about what her response should be.

On the side, Toby cast her a glance before he turned back to Rose. "Don't tell me you don't think they look the same."

"They don't." Rose's expression sank at his words. "Mary helped me to ask the family chef to prepare this. How dare you degrade it? It is made with various ingredients and hard work."

"Oh?" Toby raised his brows. "Grandma, what was the wate—I mean, nourishing soup made of, pray tell? Why does it smell odd?"

"Well, the soup—"

Before Mary could finish, Rose tugged her pants under the stone table to stop her.

The gesture was telling her something. Mary's eyes shifted quick-wittedly before she smiled. "There are basic ingredients for soup, but we added some animal organs. They have high calories, and are good for men."

"Mary is right. Enough with your nonsense; just drink it." Rose scowled, impatiently urging Toby and sounding as if she would feed him the whole bowl of soup in one gulp if he hesitated longer.

Sonia then turned to Toby and tugged his sleeve. "Why don't you just drink it? Indeed, it has an odd smell, and I don't think its taste would be any better. However, it certainly won't be the water that cleaned the pot. You're Grandma's grandson, and she won't harm you."

Nodding in agreement, Mary chimed in, "Miss Reed is right. Young Master Toby, you should drink it. It's good for your health."

Rose didn't speak, but her eyes were staring at Toby intensely.

Facing the three pairs of eyes watching them, Toby had no choice but to compromise. He grabbed the bowl with furrowed brows, taking a breath before he shut his eyes and took the first sip.

He decided to take the risk. After all, no matter the appearance, the soup was a kind gesture from his grandmother. Thus, he must drink it, regardless of the ingredients of the soup.

When Toby was drinking the soup, the three women were watching him with intensifying glances. Contrary to Rose and Mary's relieved faces, Sonia was worried about him.

Truth be told, she was worried that the unidentified liquid would cause harm to him.

I hope I'm wrong about that. Tightening her grip on the spoon, she watched in anticipation.

As the thought occurred in her mind, she heard him making a sound and spitting out the soup.

She was surprised to see him in such a state.

"What's wrong?" Sonia leaned forward to check on him.

Toby's body was half turned to her while he had one hand around his throat and another one to grab the side of the table. He was spitting out the contents from his stomach, and the discomfort flushed his handsome face, indicating his struggle.

Sonia could see his fingers tightening around the table with force as the veins on the back of his hand popped up, showing that he wasn't in his best state.

Other than Sonia, Rose and Mary were also taken aback by his reaction.

"Young Master Toby, are you all right?" Mary walked over and asked in concern.

Even though Rose wasn't speaking, her eyes betrayed her worries. After all, he was her eldest grandson, and she wasn't that heartless to see him suffer.

However, Toby was not feeling well at the moment and had no scope to answer their questions.

Watching his face contorted in pain, Sonia felt bad for him. She stood at his side and patted his back, just like he did a moment ago.

Watching the scene unfold, Rose and Mary looked at each other.

"Madam, we made a mistake, haven't we?" Mary began with mixed feelings.