

QUADRUPLETS UNITE: MOTHER'S WORDS ARE LAW!

Chapter 1091 The Shrewd Merchant, Not the Mediocre Doctor

Doris couldn't help but be curious about this enigmatic man before her, a true mix of charm and mystery.

"Curiosity killed the pig," Waylon seemed to guess her thoughts.

"Enough with the insults," Doris rolled her eyes.

"Calling me a cat sounds better than calling me a pig."

"Look at your manners," Waylon scoffed. "Is your family cat as uncouth as you? Aren't cats supposed to be graceful?"

Doris blinked at him, her cheeks puffing up like a pufferfish.

She felt a thousand reasons to challenge him, to fire back with a sharp retort.

What's wrong with being uncouth?

And you shouldn't call me a pig!

You're the pig, and your whole family except for Emmeline!

But she kept those thoughts to herself, fearing that if she said them out loud, he might smash her with the barbecue grill.

"No need to engage in insults," Doris said, grabbing her beer can and taking a couple of hearty swigs.

"You don't talk about yourself, so why should I talk about myself?" Waylon replied.

"Do you consider yourself a businessman or a doctor?" Doris retorted.

"Care to guess?" he replied.

"A shrewd merchant," Doris raised an eyebrow, "but not a mediocre doctor."

"No commerce without cunning, no profit without early rising," Waylon shrugged. "The essence of a businessman is not charity; it's about making profits."

"So, you won't share your story for free. You want to trade it for mine?" Doris asked.

"I didn't even want to hear your story," Waylon said, "but if you want to hear mine, I certainly won't share it for free."

"Then you go first," Doris said, "and I'll talk about mine when you're done, consider it paid."

"What if you renege?" Waylon snorted coldly, "Can I still take my words back?"

"You're pretty steady," Doris bristled disdainfully, "I'll tell you, it's not like this is something people can't hear?"

Waylon's lips curved slightly, barely noticeable.

This woman couldn't resist being provoked.

"I'm born and raised in Struyria," he began, "from elementary school to high school and even university, I've always been here."

"A frog in the well," Waylon interjected.

Doris ignored him.

"My parents were blue-collar workers and civil

servants. It's just my sister and me in the family. Three years ago, my parents arranged for me to marry into the Wharton family. You've met Josiah already."

"Yeah," Waylon grunted.

"But Josiah..." Doris's face reddened. "He's not a man. To put it plainly, he's inhumane. So, after over a year of marriage, I'm still... you know, intact. You should understand."

The topic became sensitive, and Waylon felt a hint of discomfort on his face.

But Doris calmly continued, and he could only listen in the same manner.

It seemed that this was a story she had long suppressed, so she started with it.

He couldn't change the topic now.

"Yeah," Waylon replied, indicating that he understood.

"So, Josiah's parents insulted me, calling me a hen that couldn't lay eggs. Can I be blamed for that? Shouldn't they blame their son?" Doris spoke with a tinge of emotion.

At that time, she endured insults and abuse from her in-laws.

"I didn't want to stay in that house anymore. I wanted a divorce, but my parents vehemently disagreed. They said if I divorced, they would disown me as their daughter."

"Other than my parents, I only have my sister, but she has her own family business. What control does she

have over me? So, I didn't dare bring up the topic of divorce at that time. Fortunately, Josiah felt guilty and treated me somewhat well. I thought maybe I could have a test-tube baby. With a child, everything would be fine, right?"

"Yeah," Waylon responded again, encouraging her to continue.

"But Josiah... he doesn't even have... you know... the seed. I was truly caught in a dilemma."

"I wanted a child, but how could I have one without a partner? Even with fertile soil, crops won't grow without seeds."

Waylon thought to himself, "That's the truth."

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