

QUADRUPLETS UNITE: MOTHER'S WORDS ARE LAW!

Chapter 1092 The Child of Uncertainty

Doris continued her tale, her voice filled with a mix of frustration and resignation. "So, I talked to Josiah about it. We figured, why not choose from a sperm bank? After all, we wouldn't know who the donor was. When the child is born, wouldn't it be just like yours?"

"Josiah agreed at the time," she continued, "so I went to the Struyria First People's Hospital. And it was a success. That's how Una and Nessa came into this world."

"Hmm," Waylon nodded, indicating his familiarity with the story.

"But guess what?" Doris chuckled bitterly. "Suddenly, Josiah was able to perform his duties. And at that time, I was still breastfeeding, so he couldn't touch me. It was like he had an affair with someone outside,

you know? Isn't that the darkest joke of all?"

"You should consider yourself lucky that the children aren't his!" Waylon sneered. "What kind of children do you think you would have had with the Wharton family? Genes, genes, don't you understand? The sperm bank is filled with elites!"

"I know that," Doris said. "But I consider it a blessing that I have two wonderful children. They are my life, my treasures! Just think about it, 'Like father, like son,' and 'The apple doesn't fall far from the tree.' Una and Nessa, luckily don't carry the Wharton family's attitude."

The child of uncertainty.

Waylon took a sip of his beer and uttered a thoughtful "Hmm" in agreement.

"I've finished my story," Doris resumed, reaching for another skewer of lamb kebabs. "It's your turn for an exchange."

Waylon handed her a plate of grilled potato slices, generously brushed with chili sauce.

His gaze was profound, contemplating which part of his own story to share.

After a couple of seconds, he began, "Let me tell you about when I was twelve."

"Hmm," Doris responded, taking a bite of a potato slice.

The warm and tender texture, combined with the chili sauce, brought satisfaction to her taste buds and warmth to her heart.

"When I was twelve," Waylon started again, "one day, my father dropped me off alone in the mountains."

"Hmm?" Doris raised her head in surprise. "Was that your biological father?"

"Don't interrupt," Waylon shot her a glance.

"Tell me first, was that your biological father?" Doris was concerned.

"Of course he was. Otherwise, why would I bother?" Waylon replied with annoyance.

"Then continue. I'm listening," Doris hastily reassured him, handing him a skewer of Enoki mushrooms.

She had figured it out. This seemingly unruly man was someone you could deal with by stroking his ego. If you crossed him, you'd probably get kicked.

The image of a provoked donkey kicking someone flashed through Doris's mind, and she suppressed her laughter.

"When I was twelve," Waylon began again, "my father abandoned me in the mountains. It was our own family's land, filled with all sorts of medicinal herbs...over a hundred different kinds."

Doris wanted to ask why he was abandoned there, but she didn't dare interrupt.

She was afraid Waylon would quit talking if she did.

Just as the grilled lamb kidney was ready, the kind that had been cooked to perfection.

All it needed was a sprinkle of cumin powder and chili powder, and it was ready to be enjoyed.

She immersed herself in the pleasure of eating the succulent grilled kidney while Waylon spoke in a calm tone.

"My father left me in the mountains to force me to taste the herbs, to learn how to distinguish their properties, smells, meridians, effects, and their compatibility and antagonism with other herbs. At first, I didn't have any problems with it. I would taste them and make notes. If I encountered a poisonous one, I would quickly find another one that could serve as an antidote and record the process of poisoning and detoxification."

Doris glanced at him, feeling a sense of admiration. Learning traditional medicine was truly not an easy task.

Like Nicholas Culpeper, tasting a hundred herbs.

"As I continued this trial into the afternoon, as evening approached, I came across a highly toxic plant. My stomach was in excruciating pain. I hurriedly looked for the detoxifying plant described in the book, and the description was clear. However, no matter how hard I searched in the mountains, I couldn't find it."

As Doris listened to his story, her heart couldn't help but race, and she couldn't resist asking, "Didn't it hurt you terribly?"

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