

## QUADRUPLETS UNITE: MOTHER'S WORDS ARE LAW!

### Chapter 1093 You'll Marry Me When You Grow Up

"So, you're sitting in front of a ghost right now, huh?"  
Waylon was caught up in his memories and was interrupted by her, full of displeasure.

"I'm sorry, I did it again!" Doris hastily clasped her hands together and raised them above her head, offering an apology to Waylon.

She quickly added, "You're not a ghost, you're an immortal being!"

Waylon gave her a white-eyed glance and continued his narrative.

Doris stuffed a piece of roasted pork into her mouth, fearing that she might inadvertently blurt out something again.

"As I was writhing in pain, on the verge of losing consciousness, unable to find the antidote herb, I lay down in the grass, squinting at the sky. It was adorned with a beautiful sunset, full of vibrant colors. I began to wonder if I was going to die, if I was about to ascend to heaven..."

Doris let out a gasp, clearly taken aback.

Even the roasted pork couldn't go down anymore, as she stared at Waylon, waiting to hear if he made it to heaven.

"...Then, I must have blacked out. In my hazy state, I saw a little girl, about six or seven years old. She had fair skin, big eyes, and two braided pigtails..."

Waylon recollected his memories as he spoke, "The little girl shook my arm and said in a sweet voice, 'Waylon, you can't die. You need to wake up for me.

When you grow up, you're going to marry me. How can you die now?"

At this point, Doris interrupted, her forehead covered in sweat, asking cautiously, "Is that all?"

"Yes," Waylon replied, "that's all."

"What happened next?" Doris inquired.

"What do you mean, 'what happened next?'" Waylon retorted.

"About the little girl," Doris said, "she said you would marry her when you grew up!"

"Have you lost your mind? Did you sprinkle some cumin on yourself?" Waylon responded. "I already said it was just a hallucination."

"But you described it so vividly," Doris insisted, "six or seven years old, fair skin, big eyes, braided pigtails."

"And then I realized there are plenty of girls who fit that description," Waylon remarked.

Doris pondered for a moment and nodded, realizing the same.

She had braided pigtails when she was five or six years old.

The little girl from the neighbor's house did too.

There was nothing particularly strange about it.

"It's a pity," Doris shook her head with a sigh, "if it were true, I would have loved to hear your romantic love story afterward!"

"I do have a romantic story afterward," Waylon said, eating his golden needles of mushrooms with his head lowered, "after that incident, that little girl's image filled my mind. I couldn't see any other girl in reality. It lasted until now, so many people think there's something wrong with me. But what's wrong with me? I just haven't found the person of my dreams."

"Where can you find the person from your dreams?" Doris asked, "Does losing a dream consume half of your life?"

"Not really," Waylon replied softly, "I've seen many people tormented by love, but being unattached makes life easier."

"I agree," Doris nodded, "Although I've been married before, hehe, I've never been tormented by love because I never loved that man, haha!"

She seemed quite cheerful.

"What about your parents?" Waylon asked, "It seems it's just you and your sister now?"

Doris's smile quickly faded, and her voice trembled as she said, "Afterwards, my parents got into a car accident, and that's how it ended."

Waylon quietly uttered, "I'm sorry."

"I'm fine," Doris sniffled, "They still live on in my dreams."

Waylon didn't respond.

He didn't know how to respond, and her words touched a tender spot in his heart as well.

He had never seen his mother, so she had always lived in his dreams.

And of course, there was that little girl from his childhood.

He just wondered if she had grown up.

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