

Read A Life Debt Repaid Chapter 1341-1350

A Life Debt Repaid Chapter 1341-“Ahhh!!!” Quinn suddenly yelped, and a bowl shattered audibly on the floor.

Sam quickly said, “Don’t touch it-“

“Ahhh!!!” Quinn gasped, getting a cut just as she dropped down to pick up the pieces.

Sam hurried into the kitchen and watched her crouching and frowning in pain and grief.

“Honestly, why are you so dull?” He huffed grumpily.

“It’s all your fault!” Quinn retorted, her eyes puffy just then.

Sam’s heart skipped a beat-anyone would fall for that doleful look of Quinn’s!

“I can’t multitask or I’d mess up,” Quinn continued unhappily just then. “I would’ve been fine, let alone cut my finger, if you didn’t talk to me. And there you stand, all gleeful.’

Sam’s smile actually broadened—was that why she was always so engrossed in everything she did? Because she was not that sharp?

“Honestly, what have I done that I have to slave away for you like this?” Quinn huffed unhappily.

Sam chuckled and scooped Quinn up in his arms, causing her to exclaim in surprise, “What are you doing?!”

Sam did not answer and simply put her on the living couch before leaving to bring the first aid kit over.

Quinn frowned as she stared at him. “You’re bandaging me?”

Sam frowned too. “Why not?”

“Well... it’s not like something you’d do.”

“And what do you think I’d do?” Sam asked as he took out a bottle of iodine to disinfect the cut.

Quinn gritted her teeth, ready for the pain... and did a double take as Sam touched her.

It did not hurt at all, since Sam touched her so gently and without a hint of roughness.

“Does it hurt?” he asked.

“No,” she replied, feeling warmth in her chest to see him being so careful.

Suddenly, she said earnestly, “I’m really surprised you know how to bandage.”

“What, doesn’t everyone know how to do it?” Sam said with cool composure. “Or what, did you presume all I can do is hump?”

He has no shame at all!

Quinn was left biting her lip, unable to muster a response.

As for Sam, he bandaged her after disinfecting, making such a big fuss over the tiny cut it looked as if she had broken a finger.

Still, she had to admit that she quite liked that.

Then, after Sam put away the first aid kit, he walked straight to the kitchen, leaving Quinn doing a double take again. “What are you doing, Sam?”

“Can’t you tell?” Sam retorted as he walked straight to the sink.

It was not as if Quinn could not-she just could not imagine Sam doing the dishes.

Unable to stop herself from going over to him, she watched as he rolled up his sleeves and asked, “Do you know how to do it?”

“What, are you going to do it instead?” Sam asked in return.

They actually had a dishwasher-she just did not think it necessary since there were not that many dirty dishes, and she did not hate doing it.

Now, however... Quinn pursed her lips.

A Life Debt Repaid Chapter 1342-However, just as Quinn thought she could afford to let Sam shape up, he told her, "Help me with the apron. It's more expensive than these bowls and plates."

Quinn was left speechless-was he really up for this?

Still, she took out the apron.

However, she could not reach up to his neck despite standing on her toes and skipping.

"You can tell me to bend my knees, silly." Sam looked at her in amusement.

"I'm not that short," Quinn huffed even as she wrapped it around her neck. "My height is typical for the ladies. It's your fault for being too tall."

"That means you're too short," Sam repeated determinedly.

"Fine, it's my fault." Quinn gave up right then. "Though there's research that proves tall people never outlive short people. You're going to die early, Sam."
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Sam was washing the dishes and paused at that, turning on her and snapping, "Don't worry. I'll live longer than you will."

"That's not up to you! Nobody chooses when they die!"

"What's it going to be? Do you want me to die early so you can die early?!"
Sam growled through his teeth.

"No," Quinn replied. ' But if you're really going to die in front of me, I'll visit your grave every year-I'm going to die so that you can see, or you'd forget about me soon enough...'

"I wont," Sam suddenly said.

"What?"

"Is this how you wash this thing?" Sam asked, glossing over the subject right then.

“Yes. rinse it when you’re done, then put it in the disinfection cabinet,” Quinn told him.

He nodded and went to work.

Still, Quinn had to admit that he was slick-he appeared a little clumsy at first but became good at it soon enough.

He was such a good learner, so why did he have bad grades when he was younger?

That said, he probably did not pay any mind to study properly...

After washing the dishes, they returned to the living room together.

Suddenly, things got uncomfortable as they were suddenly alone together under one roof.

Not keen on uncomfortable stares, Sam whipped out his phone to play a game, when Quinn asked, “Could you teach me how to play it?”

Sam frowned. “You play video games? I thought you hated it.’

He certainly remembered how she persistently told her to cut out on gaming, saying that it was a distraction.

The more they rebuked him, the more he played-even at his age, it was a good pastime.

“I was just young and unknowledgeable-I’d believe anything anyone said,” Quinn shrugged. “There’s no harm in gaming now that I think about it. Why can’t I use it as a pastime too?”

Sam rolled his eyes-she really got the last say in everything!

“Let’s get you an account first,” Sam told her.

“What are we playing?”

“PUBG.”

“What?”

“You’ll get it when you play.”

“Okay.”

Quinn waited patiently before logging in to join Sam in a game, but she was a total novice since she never played anything.

All she did was tag along with Sam, becoming a burden as she did not know how to take cover and did not shoot when she saw enemies.

As such, both were dead soon enough.

“Am I... stupid?’ Quinn asked guiltily, staring at Sam.

“Not just your average stupid either.” Sam snorted-chivalry was dead with him.

As Quinn pouted, he threatened, “I’ll punish you if you keep feeding!”

A Life Debt Repaid Chapter 1343-Quinn was fully focused in her second game, not daring to get distracted at all in fear of burdening Sam or he would get upset again.

However, she was really terrible at doing two things at once—with Sam yapping endlessly beside her, she had to listen, which meant she was distracted.

Hence, she ended up dead just a second before Sam did.

Quinn bit her lip and turned gingerly toward Sam, who was blue with shock. “I can stop playing... you can do it alone while I watch.”

“I told you. I’ll punish you.’

“Guh...” Quinn winced unhappily.

“Lean your head toward me,’ Sam demanded.

“What are you doing?”

Sam raised a hand, holding his middle finger with his thumb. ‘Forehead flick.”

Quinn was actually afraid—she had played with Sam as a child. He often bugged her to play his games, and she always seemed to lose, after which he would punish her with forehead flicks too.

He would leave her crying every time, which was why she was still traumatized even now... and was the reason why she started to turn down his invitations to play.

It had certainly been a while, and she forgot about the pain.

“Hurry up,” Sam urged, looking menacing and clearly not sparing her from this.

Quinn gave in, and beat her lips as she leaned in, her eyes tightly shut in obvious fear.

She was shuddering as Sam leveled his hand against her head.

Sam’s flicks used to leave bruises for days, and given his current strength, he would leave a swelling!

On the other hand, Sam watched as Quinn resigned herself to her fate.

It reminded him of that one time she played with him, and he flicked her forehead for amusement like he always did—he would feel accomplished to see her cry back then.

But the next day, there was a large bruise left on her head, and he realized then that her tears were real and that he had flicked her too hard.

He regretted it so much at the time, but he could not bring himself to apologize because of his pride. Though he thought about deliberately losing to let her flick him, she refused to play with him anymore.

His parents and Ryan lectured him for forcing her to do what she was reluctant to, even accusing him of beating her up—which in turn caused a rift between them.

Back at the present, he flicked her on the forehead anyway.

Quinn winced, only to realize in a second that it did not hurt at all—it was no more than a tap against her forehead.

As she gaped at Sam in surprise, he snapped, “What’s that look for? Should I have gone harder?”

“N-No.” Quinn quickly shook her head and soon smiled. “It just hit me that you’ve changed a lot...’

“Everyone changes, don’t they?” Sam replied nonchalantly as he started another game. “That goes for you too, doesn’t it?”

“Yeah,” Quinn nodded—she was convinced their relationship and marriage would improve too.

With that, she sat quietly beside Sam and watched her play solo-she was getting immersed after playing a few rounds herself, and her juices were flowing as she watched Sam take out enemies with single shots until he emerged victorious.

“That’s amazing!” she exclaimed excitedly.

Sam grinned, feeling smug just then-others aside, gaming was his speciality.

“Don’t I get a reward?” he asked.

A Life Debt Repaid Chapter 1344-Sam asked it without meaning it, while Quinn paused for a moment before leaning in to give him a peck on the cheek.

That more or less counted as a reward, after all.

Sam, however, stiffened as he turned toward her, and she was clearly still thrilled.

She blushed when she saw the look in Sam’s eyes, realizing that she was doing it too naturally.

But she really thought he was amazing just then and felt the impulse to kiss him...

She certainly felt a little uncomfortable as Sam stared fixedly at her-he never did like her getting close...

“Mmmph.”

She suddenly widened her eyes nonetheless as she stared at Sam in disbelief.

His face was inches away as he kissed her ferociously and urgently.

“Mmmph...”

She then felt him lifting her, putting her on his lap to better hold the back of her head and kiss her even deeper. She felt all her senses converging between their tongue and lips, and all she could smell was his scent—his male hormones that she could not help getting engrossed in...

There was no telling how long had passed after that.

When she almost felt like she would run out of breath, Sam finally released her.

Her lips were red and swollen, while he rasped with an indescribable ambiguity, “Now that’s a reward, Quinn.”

Quinn flushed as their eyes met.

Then, Sam had started to lean in again when his phone suddenly started ringing.

“Someone’s calling you,” Quinn told him.

“Don’t care,” he replied right then.

Quinn stared at him, but for Sam, nothing mattered more than what he wanted to do just then.

However, while he left his call unanswered, Quinn’s phone started ringing soon enough.

“That’s mine,” she said.

“There’s no end to it—don’t answer it,” Sam growled impatiently.

Was wanting to kiss his own wife that difficult?!

“It might be your parents,” she said—no one else would call him and then her, so something must have come up.

“Can’t they wait a little?”

“What if it’s something serious?” Quinn pointed out, getting off his lap just then and brushing against something right then.

Sam stiffened, while Quinn flushed when she saw it and hurried to pick up her phone from the couch.

She used the quietness to calm herself and check the caller—it really was from Saunders Mansion.

She answered, “Mrs. Saunders-’

“Are you with Sam?” Lindsay Pond asked immediately.

“He is. What’s wrong?” Quinn had a foreboding sensation right then—Sam’s mother would not be that flustered otherwise.

“Bring him to the hospital right now! His father was just rushed to the hospital after suffering a stroke!” Lindsay sounded on the verge of tears.

Quinn tensed up too.

“Alright, we’ll be right there,” she said, tensing up right then before hanging up.

Turning to Sam, she said, “We need to go. Your father had a stroke and was rushed to the hospital!”

A Life Debt Repaid Chapter 1345—Sam and Quinn hurried to the hospital and found Lindsay in the hallway, where she was on the verge of a nervous breakdown.

“Mom!” Sam called out to her loudly.

Lindsay’s eyes went red as soon as she saw Sam. “Y—Your father... he suddenly had a stroke. He had already lost consciousness when they rushed him to the hospital...”

“Calm down. He’ll be alright,” Sam said, gathering her in his arms. “He’ll be fine.”

“Hngh... How am I going to live if something happens to him ...” Lindsay kept sobbing nonetheless.

Quinn's eyes welled up with tears-she had been living with Saunders for years and knew how close Marvin and Lindsay were. She could not imagine what it would be like if something really happened to either of them...

They waited quietly outside the surgery room, jumping at the faintest sound.

There was no telling how long had passed when rushed footsteps could be heard.

Everyone turned to find Ryan hurrying toward them.

"Mom," he called out to the sobbing Lindsay immediately, asking urgently, "What happened to Dad? Why would he suddenly have a stroke? Didn't he have frequent checkups?"

"Are you sure he's been taking his blood pressure medicine every day?"

"He fell unconscious at the office. His secretary said a partnership left him so furious he blacked out..."

Lindsay trailed off, choking with tears and unable to continue.

"The questions can wait until Dad wakes up," Sam told Ryan just then.

Ryan pursed his lips as he stared at Sam and promptly pulled Lindsay away from Sam's grasp, holding a hand around her shoulder as he assured her, "Don't worry. Dad will definitely be fine."

Lindsay nodded in silence and could not help leaning against Ryan just then.

Quinn turned toward Sam in turn, watching as Sam stared at Ryan and Lindsay.

He sensed her looking then and averted his eyes in turn.

Quinn was hence left wondering if she had imagined it, but Sam was being ignored...

She pursed her lips but walked up to Sam and took his hand, interlocking their fingers.

Though he appeared taken aback, Sam gave her hand a squeeze.

Ryan happened to see that, and there was a brief cold flash in his eyes just then.

Nonetheless, the hallway was once again silent, and there was no telling how long had passed when the doors to the operating room opened.

Lindsay could only stand and stare as the doctors came out, too afraid to approach them.

Sam and Ryan hurried over, while Quinn stayed to give Lindsay a supporting hand.

“How’s my father?” Ryan asked loudly, looking clearly worried...

Sam appeared calm as he stood beside him, but Quinn noticed that his fingers were shaking.

She bit her lip and held on firmly to Lindsay’s arm...

A Life Debt Repaid Chapter 1346-“The patient was fortunate that he was brought in when he was. A second slower and he might have ended up in a vegetative state,” the doctor said. “He’s stable now, but he would need to be kept in an ICU for further observation after a craniotomy. Visits are inadvisable for now.”

Everyone quickly heaved a sigh of relief, with Ryan quickly turning toward Lindsay. “Don’t worry, Mom. Dad’s fine.”

Lindsay burst into tears at those words-she had been keeping it in for a while and could no longer do so.

“It’s alright, now. The doctor said that he is going to be alright,” Quinn assured her.

Lindsay nodded repeatedly, but there was no stopping her tears.

Fortunately, Marvin was wheeled out just then, and everyone hurried to his side.

Marvin was still unconscious, and his head bandaged while he looked enfeebled.

Lindsay called out to him softly in fear of startling him, and they walked with him as he was brought to the ICU.

They could see from the window as Marvin was attached with various tubes and instruments, while Lindsay continued to sob hysterically.

“You should watch out for your own health too, Mom,” Ryan

assured her. “Dad made it against all odds. Don’t hurt yourself from stress.”

“I know, I know...” Lindsay nodded, but her heart still ached for Marvin who had to be in there alone.

“Get some rest for now,” Ryan told her. “You must be tired— Dad’s surgery took a while.”

Lindsay appeared reluctant to leave, however, so Quinn reasoned with her as well. “There’s no point in staying with Mr. Saunders right now-the medical staff will take care of him anyway. You need to stay healthy in the meantime since you have to take care of Mr. Saunders when he gets better.”

Lindsay nodded at Quinn’s words, and they left the ICU, heading to a VIP ward-they had arranged for Lindsay to stay there for the time being since Lindsay was obviously not going to leave. They would also move Marvin straight there once he recovered and was taken out of the ICU.

Lindsay was obviously tired, as she lay in bed as soon as she got to the ward. Still, she looked enfeebled and clearly worried-there was no way she would relax until her husband left the ICU.

Nonetheless, Ryan suddenly demanded, “Is this how you take care of your own parents, Sam?!”

As everyone turned toward Ryan, he continued furiously, “Have you ever shown an ounce of responsibility in all the years you’ve spent with the family? Forget freeloading-at least treat Mom and Dad better! See what you’ve done now?! Dad’s in surgery, and Mom’s overwrought with worry!”

Sam clenched his fists in clear restraint.

However, Quinn noticed his emotions flaring and hurried over to hold his hand down-Sam always had a tendency to resort to violence!

Sensing the tense atmosphere in the room, Lindsay quickly tried to calm things down. “Ryan, this has nothing to do with Sam-your dad just got a little upset at work. Don’t blame Sam... None of us expected this, and he had no idea this would happen.”

However, Ryan was dead set that it was all Sam’s fault.” Nothing to do with him?! He’s a thirty-year-old freeloader! If he actually worked and Dad didn’t have to do everything on his own, Dad wouldn’t have to be hospitalized for work stress! Can’t you shape up already, Sam?! You’d actually be useless if you go on like this!”

“Ryan!” Lindsay snapped, having heard enough.

Sam’s knuckles were clenched pale white, and Quinn nervously clung on, stopping him.

She knew that Sam was at the limit of his patience, and he would rather fight than talk it out!

A Life Debt Repaid Chapter 1347-“Are you done?!” Sam bellowed, glaring at Ryan a coldness swirling around him just then.

He had one hand held in place by Quinn, and he knew Quinn was worried that he and Ryan would come to blows.

In fact, he had to admit to himself that was exactly what he wanted ever since he was a child!

Even so, he was aware that whether he wins or loses, their parents would ultimately only care about Ryan.

Moreover, Ryan would never stoop to his level-all he needed was a few careless whispers for their parents to side with Ryan, beat Sam up, and scold Sam.

Meanwhile, Ryan refused to listen to everyone telling him to stop. “Words can’t even describe how disappointed I am-“

“That’s enough, Ryan!” Lindsay snapped sternly.

“Mom, he’s thirty, not three or thirteen! You’d be hurting him if you keep tolerating him like this!” Ryan snapped vindictively in turn.

Lindsay, however, ignored him and turned to Quinn. "Take Sam home for now. I'll keep an eye on my husband—I'll call if anything comes up."

In the end, Lindsay knew her son-she knew very well that if Ryan kept talking, her sons would inevitably come to blows.

That was what Quinn feared too, so she quickly nodded." Okay."

Even if she did not like what Ryan was saying just then, no good would come of this no matter who came out on top.

Still, as she pulled Sam along, he refused to budge like a piece of metal.

"Come on, Sam," she tried to reason, as Ryan watched her do her best to lead Sam away.

Ryan's eyes were flaring with jealousy-he was dead certain that Quinn would never fall for someone else.

Even if she did, he would never believe that it would ever be Sam.

After all, he never thought Sam to be significant. In fact, one might say that their entire family never cared about Sam. As Ryan's second best, Sam seemed not to exist whenever Ryan was around.

And yet, here Quinn was, rejecting his offer of reconciliation for Sam's sake.

He certainly could not stop talking with all that pent-up frustration inside!

"Just ignore him, Quinn," he scoffed. "He's not worthy of you 11

Pow!

Sam had suddenly pushed Quinn away, knocking her to the wall as he caught her off guard while he leapt up at Ryan and punched him squarely in the face!

Caught off the guard as well, Ryan was sent dropping to the floor even as Lindsay gasped in shock.

"Anyone in the family has the right to lecture me-but not you!" Sam growled slowly and clearly then.

Ryan slowly rose from the floor, bleeding from the corner of his lips.

“Are you alright, Ryan?!” Lindsay was looking at him worriedly.

“Stay away, Mom,” Ryan told her. He then swung a punch at Sam’s face, only for Sam to catch it squarely with a vice-like grip, and Ryan could not even move his hand.

After all, not only was Sam heads and shoulders taller than Ryan, but he had also practiced martial arts-Ryan was never going to win.

“Let me go!” Ryan glowered, but it was obvious that he was being embarrassed when Sam restrained him to the point that he could not move!

Still, Sam shoved him off, leaving him stumbling backward.

“Don’t push me!” Ryan screamed.

He had never been humiliated like that in his family, ever!

A Life Debt Repaid Chapter 1348-Ryan simply could not accept the fact that Sam was absolutely lording over him, and he gritted his teeth as he leapt up to throw another punch... only for Sam to catch him again and answer with a punch squarely in his stomach.

Ryan was left hunching over, the pain actually preventing him from straightening.

“Stop it, Sam!” Lindsay screamed.

However, Sam’s eyes were blood red with rage, and he had always wanted to beat up Ryan anyway.

He walked toward Ryan and kicked him squarely in the thigh, catching him off guard and flooring him again.

“Stop it, Sam! I’m telling you to stop!”

Lindsay hurried to them to try to pull Sam away, but Sam shoved her gently and sent her stumbling backward, and Quinn had to catch her.

Her eyes welled up with tears as she cried from fear, “Stop Sam! Stop him! He’s going to hurt Ryan!”

In fact, Sam was on top of Ryan again and sent another jab in his face.

Ryan eventually got up, seething from being given a beat down!

He swung punches in retaliation at Sam's face, missing his mark again while Sam's every hit made contact.

If this went on...

Gritting her teeth, Quinn ran up between Sam and Ryan." Sam!"

However, the brothers seemed not to hear her and were about to throw a punch again. Realizing it was hopeless, Quinn clenched her jaw, ready to take the blow!

"Oof."

That was when Sam suddenly withdrew his knuckle just as he was about to hit Ryan, while Ryan hit him squarely on his left eye, causing his vision to black out for a moment.

"Sam!" Quinn cried out in panic, clearly feeling that Ryan had really put his back into that punch.

She also clearly saw Sam flinching and knew that he was the stubborn type who refused to give in. Still, it was clearly serious or he would not have reacted to a hit at all.

However, Ryan caught her before she could go to Sam to look at his face. "Don't go!"

"Let me go!" Quinn snapped, flustered just then.

"Don't go to him! He has a violent streak-he'll hurt you!" Ryan held onto her hand firmly nonetheless, preventing her from getting away.

Quinn wheeled on Ryan-he certainly was one to talk!

Sam was the one who stopped right away when she ran between them, whereas Ryan launched a punch without slowing down! If he had missed by an inch, he would be hitting Quinn instead!

Moreover, Quinn clearly felt Sam quickly pulling her away with his other hand. It denied him time and space to dodge Ryan's punch, forcing him to take it in the face!

Sam glared at Ryan as he held Quinn just then, an icy smile creeping over his lips at Ryan's words.

"Yes, I have a violent streak—so stay away from me, Quinn!" he snapped.

A Life Debt Repaid Chapter 1349—With those words, Sam turned to leave.

Quinn quickly tried to follow, but Ryan firmly held her in place. "Don't!"

Forced to watch as Sam left, Quinn gritted her teeth and wheeled on Ryan. "Let me go!"

Ryan was clearly furious too. "You'll get hurt if you get close to him now!"

"Yes, but he's my husband and I should be with him whatever happens," Quinn retorted determinedly. "Let me go!"

"When did you become so stubborn?!" Ryan frowned, his tone clearly upset.

"Quinn," Lindsay called out to her just then.

Quinn's agitation finally eased slightly, and she turned toward Lindsay.

She had returned to her bed, looking enfeebled and there were clear tear stains on her cheeks. "Ryan's right—it's dangerous to be around Sam right now. Let him calm down before going to him."

"Exactly—he's not calm right now. I'm worried he'll do something—"

"He's fine!" Ryan snapped, cutting her short. "He always causes trouble for everyone anyway! It's never changed ever since we were children!"

"You really should stop it with that attitude, Ryan. You're his brother," Quinn argued for Sam's sake, having had enough just then.

Ryan did a double take, stunned that Quinn would snap at him.

She was always on his side before... but she was now siding with Sam?! But he was not worthy of her—not one bit!

Quinn shook her wrist. "Let me go. I need to find Sam."

Doing so only made Ryan clench on her wrist so firmly it hurt her.

“Ow...” She gasped, and it was only then that Ryan realized what was happening and let her go.

He became flustered to see the tears in her eyes, stunned that he would hurt her.

However, he had definitely thought of breaking her wrist when she insisted on going to Sam-he surprised himself that he would think that!

“I’m sorry, Quinn,” he quickly apologized. “I didn’t mean to hurt you-I’m just really worried Sam would hurt you.’

“No, he wouldn’t-“

“Even my mom says so! Why can’t you believe us?!” Ryan bellowed right then. “You know him better than we do.”

“Quinn,” Lindsay spoke again. “Just listen to Ryan. Sam really needs time to himself and calm down.”

Seeing Quinn pursing her lips, she added, “I need company here too.”

“Okay,” Quinn gave in and sat by Lindsay’s bed.

Quinn could certainly tell that Lindsay was hurting-her husband was in ICU, while her sons just had a huge fight. And Lindsay had always been good to her, taking care of her like she was Lindsay’s daughter ever since she was a child.

“You should sleep. I’ll wake you if there’s any developments with Mr. Saunders,” Quinn assured her softly.

Lindsay nodded, fatigue showing all over her face after a long day.

A Life Debt Repaid Chapter 1350-Quinn started with Lindsay until she really fell asleep and gently tucked her under her blanket.

She turned to find Ryan on the couch, still clearly furious after what happened with Sam.

In reality, Quinn did not get Ryan-how could he accuse Sam for neglecting their parents when Ryan himself never stayed at their side?

Still, she could only purse her lips.

She was unable to say anything damning because of the years of sentiment she harbored for Ryan-he was definitely good to her when they were children.

She was always grateful toward the Saunder family too, aside from Sam, since she always thought he did not like her.

As such, she asked Ryan softly, "Shouldn't you get your face looked at by a doctor, Ryan?"

The bruise and swelling on his face was certainly obvious...

Ryan looked up at her in turn, but he said, "I'm fine."

Quinn could tell that it was all just flesh wounds-she had no idea when it started, but she had this growing feeling that Sam actually showed propriety despite what everyone thought.

This was a case in point-Sam was definitely holding back his punches, or Ryan would not be getting on his feet.

On the other hand, that one punch Ryan managed to land...

Still, Quinn was a little concerned and reasoned, "You

should get that checked. Don't you have to go to work? It'd be awkward if your colleagues and bosses saw it."

Ryan was silent, but Quinn took it as him giving in. "Come on, let's get you to a doctor. Your mom's asleep now-she won't be waking up soon."

Ryan glanced at Quinn and followed her out of the VIP ward.

The doctor who examined Ryan confirmed that his injuries were no issue, though it looked gruesome since they were all in the face.

After simple treatment and some prescription, they left the clinic and returned to the VIP ward.

They were tip-toeing since Lindsay was still asleep in the silent ward.

Quinn hesitated for a moment before asking Ryan, "You're not leaving, right?"

“No. I don’t know how things will turn out with Dad, so I used my annual leave.”

“Okay. Then you stay here with mom-I’m going now.”

“Quinn…” Ryan growled a little too loudly just then and gritted his teeth when he noticed Lindsay twitching in turn.

Lowering his voice, he demanded, “Are you going to Sam?”

“It’s been hours,” she reasoned. “He would’ve calmed down by now.”

Ryan only looked disappointed. “How could you be so stubborn?!”

“He’s my husband,” Quinn replied. “We should be together come what may, and it’s all the more reason I should be with him since he’s in a bad mood.”

“Your husband?!” Ryan snorted in unspeakable agitation. “How is that a marriage? You wouldn’t have been with him if I wasn’t forced to leave! And did either of you behave like you were married over the years?! Has he shown you any respect when he messed around with other women?! Why would you want to go to him now?!”

“Sam and I—”

“I’ll talk to my parents personally once my dad’s better. I won’t let you continue to suffer because of my family,” Ryan assured her.