

Read A Life Debt Repaid Chapter 1371-1380

A Life Debt Repaid Chapter 1371-After Sam and Quinn returned to their office from the board conference room, Sam promptly dropped on his chair and started to shake from head to toe.

Quinn could not help giggling just then. "You were actually scared? Could have fooled me, especially when you rendered Gilbert speechless."

"I'm a boss, aren't I?! I should at least show I have the spine," Sam said, taking a deep breath to calm himself. "Those gloomy geezers are somehow still scary... by the way, how did I do? Don't you think those geezers would hold a grudge and try to get back at me somehow?"

"No," Quinn assured him. "They would only think that there's finally someone worthy enough to keep Saunderia going."

"Really?" Sam remained skeptical. "Are you sure Gilbert wouldn't stab me in the back after I embarrassed him so much?"

"He's just concerned you'd fail. If you succeed, they'll think highly of you and come to trust you," Quinn told him.

"That mean I did well?" Sam's lips were clearly curling up just then.

"Very." Quinn was never stingy with her praise.

While Sam's grin broadened, Quinn's expression turned serious. "But now's not the time to celebrate yet.

Saunderia's still caught in a crisis, and we can't let our guard down."

Sam knew that too-unifying the company was pointless if they could not resolve the external issue. "Well, what are you going to do now?"

While Quinn stared at him, his eyes twinkled, "You know I've been goofing off before coming here. I have no idea how to manage a company or what I should be doing now."

"That's why I'm so pleased about this," Quinn said, flashing a tender smile. "If you can put your heart into leading Saunderia, your parents would be pleased too."

Sam was certainly pleased-Quinn was really learning how to sweet-talk these days.

Feeling really motivated just then, he asked, "So, what should we do?"

"Since we only have to wait for John to deliver, we basically don't have to worry about the capital shortage," Quinn explained. "And since the board basically acknowledged you as the chairman, we're safe against internal power struggles for the time being as well. The only challenge is to get Damian Craig to agree to a joint venture."

"Let's go look for him." Sam made up his mind right then.

As Quinn looked up at him, he frowned. "Or is that a no?"

Quinn simply smiled. "Actually, that's a good idea. Let's go right now."

Sam may tend to rush things along, but she had to admit that he was deadly efficient.

In reality, one just had to try occasionally-brainstorming and analyzing in offices all the time would only fail.

"I'll have Peter book us tickets right away," Quinn said. "Well also need someone to oversee company matters, or chaos might ensue in your absence."

"But who can we ask for help?" Sam was at a loss.

"We can just go with Gilbert."

"What?!" Sam exclaimed, clearly disapproving. "That geezer's been in my face the whole time. There's no way I'd let him."

"That's because he cares about Saunderia," Quinn reasoned. "Moreover, letting him manage Saunderia provisionally presents your magnanimity, showing that you're not taking it personally. It's going to help you build a positive impression in the company."

Sam nodded at that. "Alright, let's go with that."

Quinn beamed, feeling that having Sam settle down and lead the company just might work.

Early next morning, they both traveled to Minerva and headed straight to TSL, but they were turned down at the door because they did not have an appointment, and Damian was busy with work.

They had no choice but to ask for a meeting the next day.

On the next day, however, they were informed that Damian would not be coming in because of a meeting elsewhere.

Then, on the third day, they were told he had taken his annual leave.

Sam finally had enough. "Are you messing with me?!"

He was a tall man and looked all the more frightening when he got upset!

A Life Debt Repaid Chapter 1372

Frightened, the front desk receptionist promptly called for security.

At the same time, Quinn stopped Sam while cordially apologizing to the front desk receptionist.

With that, both of them were forced to leave, and Sam kicked on the pavement when he arrived outside, clearly furious.

Quinn was certainly frustrated as well. Damian could have at least met them once when they visited them earnestly over for days, but he never showed up at all.

"We're leaving." Sam suddenly strode off.

Quinn quickly hurried after him. "Calm down, Sam. We can't give up, or there won't be any hope left-"

He suddenly stopped. "Who said we're giving up?!"

Quinn was running too quickly to stop in time, and her face slammed squarely into Sam's back.

His body was very stiff, and it hurt her nose so much she could not stop the tears.

When Sam turned to find her clutching her nose and in tears, he asked nervously, "What's wrong? Does it hurt?"

Quinn quickly shook her head, but Sam pried her hand off." Let me see. Are you bleeding?"

Her small nose and eyes were reddish, and she looked quite miserable.

Sam's fingers against her neck as he snorted. "It's your fault for not watching where you're going. You should feel lucky you've never done your nose or it'd be deformed by now!"

Quinn bit her lip-he was the one who stopped out of the blue!

As she glared at him, he suddenly nodded in apology. "Yeah, my bad. I'm sorry."

Quinn was stunned-did he just give in?! He was the type who would rather bleed than yield!

Feeling embarrassed from her stare, Sam quickly changed the subject. "Let's find Damian Craig at his home."

"What?"

"If he's not coming to work, we'll look for him at home. If he's not home, we'll look for him in his office. I doubt we'd ever reach him," Sam growled through his teeth.

"Yeah." Quinn agreed right away.

She was convinced for a second that Sam had given up, since he had always been that impatient and was persistently shown the door for days now.

"Well, do you know where he lives?" Quinn asked.

"No, but we can ask," Sam replied.

"How?" Quinn was confused.

"Let's have lunch for now. We've been waiting since this morning, and I'm starving." Sam did answer directly.

Quinn did not complain. Even their sleep schedule was a mess just from waiting for Damian, and she seemed to realize that she was hungry after Sam mentioned it.

“Come on,” Sam said as he walked ahead.

However, he stopped again after he walked a few steps, startling Quinn who almost ran into him again.

Still, she watched, stunned as he suddenly reached out to take her hand.

A Life Debt Repaid Chapter 1373-Quinn stared at Sam’s hand, suddenly a little flustered since he had never taken the lead like this.

There were times he walked so quickly she really had to jog just to keep up, and he always kept his own pace, not caring that she was wearing heels.

“Come on,” he said, turning to look at her just then.

Quinn came to her senses, and gave his hand a squeeze, prompting his heart to skip a beat.

He turned his face aside, obviously flushing up to his ears.

After lunch they returned to TSL’s headquarters in the afternoon.

This time, Sam told her to sit in a corner and watch him put on a performance.

She hence watched as he walked over to the front desk, and the receptionist appeared clearly impatient when she saw Sam.

“I’m sorry, but I can’t help you,” she explained nonetheless.” Mr. Craig really isn’t in, and he’d usually be away for a week while on leave. He doesn’t like talking about work in that period either, so I can only suggest that you return after a few days.”

“Wasn’t looking for him,” Sam said with a roguish smile. ”I came looking for you.”

“Sorry, but I’m busy with work-“

Sam suddenly whipped out a bottle of perfume-the latest product from a top fashion brand.

The receptionist was clearly interested after just one glance but said seriously nonetheless, “We don’t accept bribes, sir. You’d make me lose my job if you keep this up.”

“What are you talking about? This is for myself,” Sam said, promptly picking up the bottle and puffing it once over himself.

The scent was simply bewitching, and the receptionist could barely hide her interest. As such, Sam deliberately angled the bottle slightly away from himself, so that some of the perfume was sprayed over her.

Nonetheless, she told him sternly, “Sir, I’m working. Please don’t disturb me.”

Sam calmly whipped out a business card for her instead.” Here’s my number. Let’s have dinner if you’re interested.”

“You won’t be seeing me.”

“But I just flew into Minerva,” Sam groaned. “I don’t know much about this place, so what do you have to worry about?”

I can’t do anything to you when we’re in your stomping ground. Call your besties if you’re still concerned—I’ll be waiting outside when you leave work.”

“Oh, and I really don’t like this perfume,” he added, leaving the bottle of perfume on the front desk. “It’s my gift to TSL. You can use it to keep a fresh scent in the lobby.”

With that, he turned to leave.

Seeing that, Quinn quickly ran after him, asking, “How did it go?”

Although she was too far to hear what they were discussing, it somehow felt like Sam was hitting on the receptionist!

Moreover, she had gone with him to a nearby mall to check out the latest line of perfumes after lunch...

“We’ll see,” Sam replied.

While he was not a hundred percent sure, he knew women well enough to tell that it was no issue.

Around 6 PM, Sam was staring at his phone.

It was not ringing even as TSL employees were leaving work.

However, just as he was starting to get restless, an unfamiliar number flashed on his screen.

Sam took a deep breath and answered it. "Hello."

"It's Anna, TSL's front desk receptionist. Where are you?"

Sam looked toward the front door of the office building, grinning. "To your right, Anna."

Anna turned in his direction...

A Life Debt Repaid Chapter 1374-As Sam waved at Anna, she approached him with three other ladies.

"Hello ladies," he greeted them. "I'm Sam-pleasure to meet you."

After everyone briefly introduced themselves, Sam turned toward Anna. "Do you happen to know any nice restaurants? Please give me a recommendation."

"Sure-there's one with specialty dishes at a mall nearby," Anna said.

"You don't mind my friend joining us?" Sam gestured at Quinn just then.

Seeing that it was a woman, Anna nodded right away. "Of course not."

"Very well. Please lead the way, Anna."

As they headed to the restaurant together, Sam was having a fun time chatting up the ladies even with Quinn at his side.

Quinn pursed her lips, feeling miffed since he used to mess around with Saunderia employees before as well.

Truly, a leopard never changes its spots.

She scowled as she followed them into a restaurant, where Sam passed Anna the menu in a chivalrous manner. "Order whatever you like."

“Anything goes?” Anna asked for confirmation, obviously warming up to him already and a lot less cagey than the typical Zidonian woman.

“Of course.” Sam nodded cheerfully, and the women excitedly made their order.

As they waited for dinner to be served afterward, Sam presented each of them with a bottle of the same perfume from before.

While they traded glances, hesitating to accept it, Sam shrugged nonchalantly. “It’s really nothing. It’s so cheap that it won’t even count as a bribe.”

The women ultimately gave in to temptation and accepted the perfume, although Anna hesitantly returned it to Sam.” You already gave me one at the lobby.”

“Are you kidding me?!” Sam exclaimed with exaggerated shock. “Why would I give something I used to you as a gift? Look, I’m serious that the earlier bottle was for the lobby. I know there’s cameras, so let’s err on the side of caution. Just tell your bosses that a client left it if they asked.”

Anna was obviously touched by Sam’s words—he was actually so thoughtful!

In reality, she had already kept that bottle in her handbag, and her superiors would punish her if they were to find out. However, if she ‘confiscated’ it, they surely could not say anything about that.

“Thank you,” she said then.

Sam flashed a dashing smile at her.

His looks fit even the aesthetic values of those from abroad, what with his thick brows, large eyes, a high nose bridge, chiseled facial features, his muscular figure, and six foot four frame.

Quinn was left feeling grumpy even as he watched the women sliding peeks at Sam on occasion, even though she knew that Sam was doing this for his work.

As such, she turned away and kept her eyes glued to her phone even though she could hear Sam having a fun time with the ladies.

The man was truly a pick-up artist.

Nonetheless, when everyone ate and sipped on their wine, Anna finally asked, “Sam, could you tell us what you’re scheming by buying us dinner and presents?”

“Nothing, really. Just making friends.”

“Really?” Anna looked him in the eye before adding bluntly, “You want me to help you set up a meeting with Mr. Craig, don’t you? It’s not like I don’t want to help you, but there’s only that much I can do as a receptionist.”

“Why would I trouble a beautiful woman like you? I’m not like that,” Sam said with the air of a perfect gentleman.

Anna giggled, clearly amused.

Seeing that the timing was right, Sam finally got down to business. “I’d just like to know the man’s interests and his address.”

A Life Debt Repaid Chapter 1375-Anna was a little surprised. “Is that it?” “What, do I look like the type who troubles others?” Sam shrugged.

Anna and the other women were certainly having a pleasant time with him, and they began to tell him everything.

“Damian Craig’s a family man through and through. Loves his wife and babies his two sons-they go on a trip together every year.”

“He doesn’t have a hobby... or at least, we’ve not heard anything about it in the office anyway. He doesn’t drink much or socialize-he heads straight home after work. His family is what he cares most about.”

“And his house is...” Anna thought about it, and said, “Why don’t we trade numbers? I can send you the location-it’d be more accurate.”

Sam quickly did so as Quinn looked on.

She had not seen him smile as much as he did now.

After dinner, Sam picked up the check and sent off the ladies in taxis.

It was finally over then, and Sam was grinning with a sense of accomplishment even as he checked the address Anna sent. 'Alright. This means we can visit Damian at his own house tomorrow.'

"Yeah," Quinn replied.

As they took a taxi back to their hotel, Sam was in such a good mood that he was humming a song, completely oblivious that Quinn was feeling depressed.

Suddenly remembering something, he turned toward Quinn and said, "Let's buy some presents before visiting him tomorrow."

"Yeah."

"Since he's a family man, we should get presents for his wife and sons too," Sam suggested.

"Yeah."

"Let's get a handbag for the wife," Sam said, making up his mind just then. "As for his sons... we could get toy guns and toy cars."

"Yeah."

After that, Sam continued to talk endlessly even after they reached their hotel.

Quinn sighed—she really should not be petty, since Sam had never ever been that talkative around her.

She could certainly feel his sudden passion for work.

After taking a bath and changing, she went to lay in bed within her room—they had booked the presidential suite, which had two separate rooms.

However, she had barely gotten into bed when she heard a knock on her door. "Come out, Quinn."

Quinn opened the door, frowning. "What?"

"Supper."

"Huh?"

“Over here,” Sam said, and headed straight to the dining table by the window.

It was actually a candlelight dinner, with steaks, red wine, and the romantic vibes as well.

And yet, Quinn was perplexed. “Didn’t you already have dinner?”

“I did, but you didn’t,” Sam said bluntly.

While Quinn was left taken aback, he added rather critically, “You should have told me if you don’t like the food and didn’t eat your fill. You’re already skinny.”

Quinn was a little miffed at that, her gratitude vaporizing immediately.

Still, she sat down and started eating the steak, while Sam sat opposite her and slowly ate his.

“Didn’t you have your fill too?” Quinn asked.

“Nope.”

“I guess. You were so busy drinking with those pretty faces flocking around you that you didn’t have time to eat!” Quinn snapped sourly then.

“Where’s your conscience, woman? I was chatting them up to get the information on Damian, wasn’t I? Also, I didn’t eat much because...”

Sam was huffing but suddenly trailed off.

While Quinn stared at him, he said grumpily, “Finish your steak already. You’re not going to bed unless you finish.”

Quinn pouted—he was always pleasant around any other woman, while he was always snapping at her.

A Life Debt Repaid Chapter 1376—While both Sam and Quinn kept their heads lowered and ate their steaks, Sam was complaining inwardly throughout.

How unconscientious could Quinn be?

He had noticed that she was not eating much and followed suit so that they could eat together here in the hotel.

And yet, not only did she prove less than understanding but she was accusing him of flirting with the ladies?!

Did he even need to do that?! Ladies flocked to him anyway!

The only one he wanted to flirt with was her!

Nonetheless, they both returned to their rooms after finishing their steaks.

There was still work to be done tomorrow, so they had to go to bed without delay.

Naturally, that meant someone like Sam who was used to having night life had to force himself to sleep.

Early next morning, Quinn had just gotten out of bed when she found Sam already out in the living area, dressed smartly in a suit.

“You’re up already?!” she exclaimed in surprise. “It’s only seven...”

“Sleeping in is a taboo for a dutiful working man.” Sam snorted. “We still have a discussion with Damian Craig, don’t we? I need to revise the details, or he’d find me unprofessional when we meet.”

Quinn stared at him as he went through the papers on the couch with a serious look, wondering for a moment if he was still the Sam Saunders she knew.

Could people really change that dramatically? Was the prodigal son truly repentant, and would his atonement last?

Suddenly, he said without turning, “I know I’m handsome, but you’re going to affect me if you keep ogling me like that.”

Quinn came to her senses and hurried off to wash up.

After changing and putting on makeup, room service had already brought them breakfast.

Sam and Quinn had a little before heading straight to the luxury goods department at a mall.

Even as Sam was chatting with the shop assistant, he looked through the handbags seriously.

The man seemed to know what women liked, though there was no way he could not after all the women he had been with.

It was certainly frustrating for Quinn to think that she only ever had him while he had countless others.

She simply strolled around the store, glancing through the handbags. Though she did go shopping from time to time, she was actually not at all interested in this stuff.

"I'm done, Quinn," Sam suddenly called out to her.

Quinn stared at the handbag he picked for a moment, feeling an impulse to ask the shop assistant for another, but only to give up.

She pursed her lips, staying silent even as she joined Sam at the checkout counter, watching as he made the payment.

They both left afterward, going to the children's department this time to buy toys for the children.

Suddenly, Sam said, "Hold on a moment. I need the restroom."

"Okay."

As Sam hurried away, Quinn was left staring at the shopping bags she was holding and sighed softly.

There was no telling how long it would take for Sam to really take notice of her-it might be hopeless, even.

After all, he was never the type who paid attention to details.

Even his motivation to work over the past week was compelled by circumstances-a whim, even.

She had no assurance that Sam would persevere at all.

"Alright, let's go," Sam said when he returned, taking back the shopping bags as if it was only natural.

Quinn followed as he walked, feeling a little disappointed.

She did not have high hopes, but she was still slightly expectant nonetheless...

A Life Debt Repaid Chapter 1377-Quinn followed Sam distractedly-she definitely saw him watching her staring at those bags, but he really did not care

Nonetheless, they were soon in their car again, heading straight to Damian's house, which was a huge mansion in the outskirts.

The weather was just fine, even therapeutic, with the bright blue skies and peaceful clouds.

Quinn sighed. "I'd like a place like this too when I'm older... away from the bustle and spending the rest of my years with the people I love."

"You're into this sort of place?" Sam said with slight contempt-it was so quiet that there were no traces of night life at all.

"Just saying." Quinn sighed-she certainly knew that Sam would not like a place like this, since he seemed innately drawn to liveliness.

They pressed on the doorbell without delay, and a servant approached them before returning inside.

Then, she returned after a long while, inviting them inside as the gates opened.

It was all green inside, with two children running along the lawn as several gardeners tended to the shrubs-a warm and harmonious sight.

As they followed the servant into the drawing room, they found Damian on the couch with his wife Judith. They smiled politely upon their arrival, but it was just a gesture of courtesy-they were not especially welcoming since no one would like to be bothered on a family day.

In fact, once they had introduced themselves, Damian said bluntly, "I'm not really interested in a joint venture. Moreover, I'm not feeling too well to be hospitalized or discuss work- it's mainly why I applied for leave."

“Yes, we’ve been imposing,” Sam quickly said. “In that case, I’ll make it short. I’ll leave the proposal of our joint venture here with you, so go through it whenever you’re free. If you’re interested, we will be waiting for your call 24/7.”

Damian nodded slightly, and Sam started to leave without taking the presents away.

“You don’t have to,” Damian told him. “We’re not that close- it’s just a waste.”

“It’s not a waste-it’s just a token of our sincerity to your wife and children, not to you personally. It’s nothing that valuable either, and your servants can hand it if your wife and children aren’t interested. It’s taxing if we have to carry it back home anyway.”

Damian did not press the issue at that, though it was more likely that he did not want to waste his time on them.

“We shall be going now,” Sam said as he led Quinn, who was frowning, away.

He was leaving a little too quickly, was he not? They could at least show some sincerity for the joint venture-if they left so quickly, Damian would think that they were just going through the motions instead.

Sam, however, did not seem to understand the look she was giving him and strode off.

He paused just as they left the drawing room-a soccer ball rolled beside his feet, and he spared it a glance before kicking it straight into the crude goalpost in the lawn.

Both boys stared at him in shock, since the stranger had hit it with his first attempt while they failed for so long.

The elder one mustered his courage then and asked, “Can you play with us?”

Sam agreed to it happily. “Sure, but for just ten minutes.”

“Okay!” Both children were chipper.

Behind him, Quinn looked on, mystified as Sam took off his jacket and joined the children... leaving them on the verge of tears before long.

A Life Debt Repaid Chapter 1378-Quinn was panicking even as she watched-Sam could afford to let the children win a little, and Damian might even have a reason to accept the joint venture.

But Sam just could not bring himself to lose anything!

In fact, Quinn could see Damian and his wife standing by the door now, watching as Sam played with their sons. It certainly put Quinn in an awkward position, as there was no talking their way out of this.

As she looked on, flustered, the children stole the ball from Sam.

But just as she thought the boys would score a goal, Sam easily caught up and stole it back, leaving one of the boys on the verge of tears. However, he gritted his teeth and gave chase with his brother instead of giving up.

It was certainly a peaceful picture with them having the two dogs running along them over the lawn.

Quinn then saw Sam raise his foot, ready to fire another shot ... when one of the boys knocked the ball away from him, puffed himself up, and shot instead.

Quinn almost could cheer as the ball struck home, while Damian and Judith generously applauded their sons, who were skipping around excitedly and not hiding their happiness and all.

Sam gave them a thumbs up and said, "That's ten minutes. I have to go now."

"Do you have to?" The two boys were reluctant to see him go.

"Yes. Keep playing-you're both amazing."

"Will we see each other again?"

"If I'm able to."

With that, Sam walked straight toward Quinn and took his jacket back before heading for the gates without another interaction with Damian.

Quinn followed him, though a servant hurried after them just as they reached the gates. "Mr. Saunders, Mr. and Mrs.

Damian are asking you to stay for lunch."

Quinn turned toward Sam, who could hardly hide his delight, in surprise-they both knew what that meant.

“Sure,” Sam said nonetheless, and they returned to the drawing room.

Sam’s face was covered in sweat since he had too much fun with Damian’s sons.

“Our guest room has been sorted for you, Mr. Saunders,” Damian told him politely. “You can have a shower there if you don’t mind.”

“Thank you, but I’d like to play with the boys again if I may,” Sam said. “It’s been a while since I’ve run that much, and I haven’t had enough.”

“Of course.” Damian agreed to it immediately.

Quinn was impressed by Sam’s composure in turn. Most others would be eagerly mentioning the joint venture at this point, whereas Sam kept a cool head and kept his promise with the children.

As Sam headed to the lawn, the boys were thrilled and started playing with him again.

Judith walked up to Quinn, who was watching nearby. “Your husband is amazing.”

Quinn smiled, not bragging about Sam or denying it. “He has always been the active type.”

“No, I mean he knows what the children want,” Judith explained. “Not in an excessively flattering manner but so that they would work hard and be rewarded when they do. That’s what really brings them joy while they learn the importance of working hard.”

A Life Debt Repaid Chapter 1379-As Quinn did a double take, she soon understood that Sam did not immediately lose in order to pique the boys’ interest so they would understand the joy of their hard work paying off.

She seemed to have made it a habit of denouncing him.

Meanwhile, Sam and the boys kept playing for a while until Damian called for them. As the boys reluctantly left the lawn, they asked if they could play with Sam again.

Sam headed to the room Damian prepared for him and took a shower, since he would be in no state to discuss anything when he was sweating all over.

Feeling refreshed afterward, he and Quinn had lunch together with everyone in Damian's home.

The boys liked Sam and kept chatting him up as he ate.

Sam was patient with them as well and had a good sense of humor. The two children hence kept hovering around him until Judith took them to their rooms for a siesta.

The drawing room turned quiet without the boys, and Damian led Sam and Quinn to his study.

Damian took out their proposal and explained right then." I've read through it, but I can't say yes to the joint venture just then. The company has policies, and I don't decide on everything. I'm sure you're not hoping to only partner with myself either."

"Yes," Sam quickly said. "We'd prefer a joint venture with your company, and we wouldn't ask you to compromise your professional integrity for our sake."

Damian nodded. "In that case, I'll present your proposal to the company once my leave is over. I can tell your sincerity from this proposal, and our company is interested in a venture into foreign markets and establishing branches. The pressure would be squarely on our own shoulders, and a joint venture through technological exchange is ideal in this case. That said, there would be some appropriate adjustments to the final revenue ratio if the company asks."

"Of course," Sam said right away. "We'll be waiting for a response from you whenever."

They started to move on to the technical portions of the proposal.

Though Sam crammed as much knowledge as he could, he was still lacking on that front, so Quinn picked up where he left off.

They were the perfect duo, and Damian's satisfaction after their discussion was clear.

Later, when they were on the way back to the hotel after leaving Damian's mansion, Quinn remained concerned. "Do you think he'll agree to the joint venture?"

"More or less," Sam said confidently.

"I can't rest easy until the deal is sealed."

"It's not a problem. Don't worry," Sam assured her.

He was in a fine state of mind, and Quinn thought just then that he was suited for work that entailed monumental pressure like this one.

"So, when are we going back?" Quinn asked.

"Damian said that he'll only go back to work in a week, and it's another two weeks or a month before his company decides. It's pointless if we wait here, so we can book our flight back today."

"Okay." Quinn nodded-she agreed that waiting here was a waste of time, and they could not let their guard down when Saunderia's crisis was not over yet.

"If you like it here, let's come again when we have the time," Sam said casually just then.

"Yeah." Quinn smiled, surprised that Sam noticed her fondness of this place.

A Life Debt Repaid Chapter 1380-Quinn stared out of the window and smiled in relief-she really did not have to demand too much from Sam. He was never that meticulous, and the fact that his attitude toward her changed was already good enough.

They had all the time they needed, after all.

Once back at the hotel, they packed their bags and headed to the airport, though it was a ten-hour flight for them to finally get home.

They headed straight to the hospital after they returned, where Marvin was already transferred to a normal ward, and Lindsay was feeding him when they arrived.

Ryan was there too-he had probably returned after finishing work at the capital, and he was scowling when he saw Sam and Quinn. "You two went

abroad for days while Dad wasn't even fit enough to leave ICU. How carefree."

Sam stayed silent, clearly not caring to answer.

Ryan could tell that much as well, but he always thought Sam insignificant and did not care how Sam reacted to him.

Nonetheless, Quinn stepped up and explained, "We had your parents' permission. Things aren't looking good at

Saunderia, so Sam and I are trying to secure a joint venture that could help turn things around."

She was starting to defend Sam often these days, almost as if she considered herself his—Ryan's derisive words for him certainly upset her.

"So what?" Ryan snorted contemptuously, though he was only more annoyed that Quinn was clearly siding with Sam.

Before this, he always felt that Quinn cared about him, but that feeling was fading even more now.

But the more Quinn behaved that way, the more he wanted her back—she was his in the first place!

"This will take time—we're waiting for their response at the moment," Quinn replied patiently nonetheless. "Agreements aren't decided on the same day, and the more important it is, the more time it would take."

"So you believe in Sam now?" Ryan laughed coolly. "You think he has what it takes to turn things around?! You disappoint me, Quinn."

Sam glowered at Ryan and snapped right then, "Come at me if you have a problem. Stop trying to put the moves on Quinn like some pickup artist!"

Quinn's heart skipped a beat—not because Sam was standing up for her, but because his words struck here with a sudden realization.

Ever since a child, she never showed confidence around Ryan. In fact, she was always convinced that everything

Ryan said was right, and it had to be her fault if he got upset.

She never thought that Ryan was just putting the moves on her from the start.

All he talked about was what he would love most from her.

He always praised her for never holding a grudge because she was kind and understanding.

He always told her that she was obedient and never unreasonable.

She certainly had no idea when she had lost her sense of self and became that woman Ryan always spoke of.

She never noticed that until what Sam said made her reevaluate her relationship with Ryan...