

Read A Life Debt Repaid Chapter 1301-1310

A Life Debt Repaid Chapter 1301-Quinn stared at the text from Ryan for a long while and eventually texted,”

A miss is a miss.”

She did not want to start over.

Ryan did not text her back after that, and Quinn put away her phone.

She reclined against the chaise lounge and kept staring at the city skyline.

She was really sleepy, but did not want to go to bed for some reason.

She simply lay there, letting herself space out and eventually falling asleep before long.

Sam found her on the chaise lounge when he entered, rolling his eyes disapprovingly at her inability to take care of herself.

She fell asleep on the couch in the afternoon and somehow neglected to use the two blankets nearby-did she think cellphones could be used for blankets?

Slightly irked, he strode over, arched his back, and scooped her up in his arms.

Quinn sensed his touch and frowned, shaking her body in discomfort.

Sam’s heart skipped a beat as he stared at her nervously, as she looked like she could wake up at any moment.

He had no idea why he picked her up, even-was he too upset that he did not notice what he was doing? It was only then that he realized he had her in his arms.

If she woke up now...

He froze as if petrified, but he soon saw Quinn snuggling against his chest, seemingly to get more comfortable before falling asleep again.

Seeing that she was sleeping peacefully again, Sam heaved a huge sigh of relief.

They always said lawyers were sharp, but he could sell this one off to slavers and she would not know any better.

Nonetheless, he carried her to bed and tucked her in, heaving another sigh of relief when it was all done... as if he was feeling guilty.

Wait, why was he feeling guilty?

It was just a gesture of courtesy, and anyone would do the same in his place.

With that in mind, he turned and headed to the bathroom.

As soon as he was gone, Quinn opened her eyes and stared silently as he left.

She had actually woken up, startled as she could suddenly feel her body rising into the air.

But now that she calmed down, she had an idea who it was, especially with that familiar scent of his.

That was why she pretended to sleep, since she could predict that Sam would not hesitate to drop her on the floor.

The man was vain and would never accept being exposed like that.

Naturally, she did not consider carrying her to bed a change in their relationship—it might be just a matter of courtesy to him.

In fact, anyone with a conscience would do it if they could.

Even so, she had to admit to herself that she felt warmth in her chest.

Who knew if maybe Sam was slowly changing his perception of her too.

As such, she closed her eyes, waited for him in bed, and slept in the same bed.

She did not expect anything to happen, but it had been a while since they shared a bed.

And this was where a couple could start nurturing their relationship, no? Hence, Quinn waited for over ten minutes.

A Life Debt Repaid Chapter 1302-As Sam left the bathroom, Quinn could smell the faint scent of soap from his body.

She could not help being nervous.

The first time they did it had been unpleasant, and they were only intimate for a handful of times.

She stayed beneath the blanket, her body stiffened as she stopped herself from breathing too loudly.

However, she kept waiting for a while, but he never got into bed.

In fact, the scent of scent was gone, and the lights were turned off.

She discreetly opened her eyes and peeked around, and she found Sam reclining on the chaise lounge where she was earlier.

So...

He was never going to share the bed with her, and he was just kind enough to carry her to bed because she was sleeping where he would sleep.

A man should always show chivalry-no matter how hopeless he was, Sam should never let her sleep on the couch.

Her heart felt doused, her faint spark of hope vaporized.

All she presumed turned out to be nothing but presumptions.

She did not sleep well that night, though it was the same for Sam.

With his towering, burly form, sleeping on the couch was always going to be a torture.

He was afraid to turn in fear that he would fall off, and not getting to extend his legs was certainly uncomfortable.

Most importantly, Quinn was on the bed, and any slight movement from her would put him on edge.

Bob was right-all his years of philandering was pointless!

The next day, Quinn was woken up by her phone ringing.

She quickly silenced it and became hesitant when she saw that it was a call from Ryan.

Sam was woken up by the ringing too-not that he had been sleeping.

In fact, he was just thinking that he could close his eyes when the ringing came, and he snapped grumpily at Quinn, "Answer your phone outside. I need to sleep!"

Quinn glanced at him as he turned his back to her.

His face was hidden, but his rage was palpable.

Still, she got out of bed and left the room to answer the call. "Ryan."

"Did I wake you?"

"No," Quinn had a peek at the time before going outside, but it was already past nine.

She usually would never sleep in that late, but there was too much on her mind for her to fall asleep.

"I'm downstairs. Come on down.'

"What?" Quinn was left stumped right then.

"I said I would take you around the capital last night."

"But..." Quinn glanced at his room. "I never said yes.'

"So you're not coming?" Ryan asked. "I drove an hour to get there-the morning traffic in the capital is the worst..."

Quinn could not say no-she never had been able to reject his niceties ever since she was a child.

"Come on. It's just for a day," Ryan pressed mildly.

Quinn bit her lip.

Sam must want to sleep at the moment, and she would inevitably disturb him if she stayed.

Moreover, he could sleep on the bed while she was gone...

"Okay," she told Ryan. 'Just wait for a while. I need to wash up and get changed.'

"Okay, I'll wait." Ryan sounded clearly happy.

Quinn gingerly returned inside the hotel room after hanging up, washing up, and getting changed.

Before she left, however, she could not help approaching Sam and saying, "You can sleep on the bed."

A Life Debt Repaid Chapter 1303-Sam snapped hostilely, "Don't bother with your feigned niceties!"

He was clearly upset with her.

Quinn's eyes welled with tears as she watched him. She was clearly just trying to be nice...

"Get out! I'm trying to sleep here!"

Quinn bit her lip and left without another word.

She was going to call a concierge to get breakfast prepared for him, but he probably would not want it. In fact, he might take it as a gesture of harassment, waking him while he was sleeping.

Once Quinn was gone, Sam tempestuously leapt out of the chaise lounge and headed over to the bed to sleep.

He was already in a bad mood because Quinn woke him, and he could guess that Ryan called her.

Ryan had actually called him, inviting him to join him with Quinn on a trip around the capital, but he rejected it without hesitation, saying that he was going out with Bob.

He was instinctively repulsed by his own brother.

To no surprise, Ryan said that he would bring Quinn along since he was not going.

“Whatever,” he told Ryan at the time.

Now that he thought about it, Ryan told him since the latter knew he would never go with them. It was just a matter of courtesy since he and Quinn were still married.

To hell with courtesy!

And what gave Quinn the right to have an affair while he only got to sleep on the couch?!

As he slipped under the blanket, his temper flared further since he caught a whiff of Quinn’s scent.

He actually hoped that she would reject Ryan too. He even presumed that Quinn might really be warming up to him lately, and there was even sentiment involved...

It was all just his presumption.

Quinn loved Ryan and not him ever since she was a child!

Quinn hurried to the hotel entrance.

She never liked being late or making others wait and therefore reached Ryan as soon as she could.

When Ryan saw that, he smiled.

“Sorry to keep you waiting,” she said in apology.

Ryan grinned. “It’s fine. I’m not busy.”

“Let’s go,” Quinn said, ready to get into the car.

“Wait.” Ryan suddenly stopped her.

“What?” Quinn exclaimed in surprise.

Ryan reached out to her hair and she froze before dodging out of the way.

While Ryan's hand was left awkwardly hanging in the air, Quinn took a step back and smiled. "What's wrong? Is there something on my face?"

"No, your hair was just messy," Ryan replied, slowly lowering his hand.

He had presumed that she could not wait to see him when he saw her run toward him so urgently, but she was now keeping her distance?

Well, it made sense since they should not be intimate given their current relationship-Quinn had always been a moral, principled person. She would never do anything that would violate her discipline.

"Get in. You can use the mirror in the car," he said mildly and opened the door for her in a true chivalrous fashion.

"Thank you," Quinn said as she got in, and saw that her bangs were a mess since she was running.

She tidied herself, closed the mirror, and was about to ask Ryan where they were going when Ryan passed her a box of meatloaf and milk. "You didn't have breakfast, did you?"

While Quinn's heart skipped a beat, Ryan said, "That's the best meatloaf in town. Try it-skipping breakfast is bad for your health too."

A Life Debt Repaid Chapter 1304-The food was good—Ryan still remembered what Quinn liked, and she would be lying if she said that she did not feel touched.

It was hard not to compare Ryan to Sam, who were as different as heaven was to earth.

"Is it good?" Ryan asked.

"Very."

"Can you finish it?"

"No," Quinn admitted-it was a large box of meatloaf, and she could only eat half at most.

“Feed me if it’s alright with you. I haven’t had breakfast yet,” Ryan said.

“You haven’t eaten? Why didn’t you eat while you waited for me?” Quinn exclaimed in surprise.

“It would get cold if I let the hot steam out, and I wasn’t hungry.”

Quinn pursed her lips, and held a slice of meatloaf near his mouth, and as he bit down, his lips touched her finger.

Quinn stiffened and put the slice on the handbrake housing.” Eat it when you can.”

“Yeah,” Ryan replied with an obvious grin.

Quinn must be embarrassed from touching him just now.

Soon, they arrived at the city wall-where the capital lacked tourist spots, there were plenty of historical locations.

They walked quite far along the ramparts, and Quinn had enough stamina to keep going.

Ryan was quite studied in history, and as they admired the sights of ancient wonders, Quinn listened to his narratives since it made him an interesting tour guide.

“Let’s check in,” Ryan suddenly said.

“What?”

Ryan took out his phone and tapped on selfie mode. “Come over here, Quinn, or I’d miss you.”

Quinn hesitated. She eventually moved closer but kept a polite distance.

“Smile,” Ryan said.

Quinn refused. “I don’t look good smiling.”

“Nonsense. Your smile is beautiful,” Ryan insisted. “Now, smile-I’m taking the photo now.”

Quinn ultimately smiled as they took the photo.

Ryan then asked, “Why don’t I help you take a few photos?”

“I’m fine.”

“For posterity. You can’t come here and take nothing back, right?”

Quinn gave in and took a few photos before getting off the city walls.

It was lunch by then, and she swiped through her phone to kill time.

Before she noticed it, she was swiping through her social feed and saw that Ryan had already uploaded the photos, even captioning it as ‘going on a trip around the capital with Quinn’.

Aside from their selfie, every other photo was of her alone.

Quinn was surprised Ryan would upload them-he was rarely active on social media.

However, while she wondered what to tell Ryan so that he deleted the photos, she saw that Sam had already liked those photos, albeit without a comment.

What was that supposed to mean? Had he read it, or...

“My photos are good, right?” Ryan smiled then, noticing that she was scrolling through her social feed.

Quinn pursed her lips and said, “You can take me home after lunch, Ryan.”

A Life Debt Repaid Chapter 1305-Ryan did a double take before exclaiming in surprise, “But we just visited one place and I had two others in mind. They aren’t that far either-are you tired or perhaps busy?”

“Neither,” Quinn replied.

“Well, you’re here anyway-you should at least have some fun before you get home. Don’t worry, I won’t lose you,” Ryan joked.

“We should be keeping our distance.” Quinn cut straight to the point right then.

Ryan’s smile stiffened. “Do you have to be so distant, Quinn?”

“Nothing would come of this. And I don’t want you to cause any misunderstanding between me and Sam.”

“Why?” Ryan asked Quinn. “I know how you feel—that you love me and not him. Why are you changing your mind now that we can be together? Are my parents pressuring you? Don’t worry. I’ll talk to them and take responsibility for anything-“

“It’s not them,” Quinn said, cutting him short. “I don’t love you anymore.”

Ryan froze in shock, not quite able to register the heartache he felt while wondering if he was hearing things.

“What do you mean?”

“I’ll admit that I used to love you, that I was devastated when you left me at the altar. It hurt so much, and I couldn’t begin to understand why you’d run away. I guess I was disappointed, so I agreed to your parents’ suggestion to marry Sam. I can admit that it was to repay their support for me over the years, and most importantly, it was my way of getting back at you.”

“Then why would you-“

“That’s all in the past. Right now, I just want to stay with Sam,” Quinn said slowly and clearly. “Feelings change with time. I no longer yearn for you now—all I want is to stay with Sam.”

“Because you feel like you owe him?” Ryan asked her.

He was not going to believe that Quinn had fallen out of love with him—it was as if she was still into him, and that would not change no matter how much time passed.

“No,” Quinn replied. “Maybe I just find him worth it.”

“He’s worth it? Worth what, spending the rest of your life with him? Don’t you know how much he fools around?”

“That’s in the past. He never did so ever since he left prison,” Quinn explained.

It was no lie either.

Ryan cut to the point in turn. "Sam's drunk driving had nothing to do with you."

"I told you, it's nothing to do with that-"

"You did ask him to get you, but he was the one driving

under influence, and that's his fault. You didn't force him into anything. Him ending up in prison was his own fault!" Ryan snapped in agitation.

Quinn bit her lip.

It was pouring that night, and she was discussing a divorce lawsuit with a client late into the night.

That was when she got into an accident.

She was already a bad driver, and with the belting rain, she slammed into the scaffolding nearby when a semi truck flashed its high beam at her.

Horrified, she called Sam in panic. "Sam, I was in an accident, and it's pouring out there. Can you come and get me?"

"Where?"

A Life Debt Repaid Chapter 1306-Sam's voice was cold but clearly lucid-there was no way Quinn could tell that he had been drinking.

She told him her location and quietly waited for him in her car, but he never came after a long time.

In reality, she had been at once surprised and regretful that she called him.

Why call Sam? He was the last one who would help her.

She should be calling the cops, the insurance company, or even the car repair shop.

Maybe she already wanted to get along with Sam since then and therefore asked him for help.

But he never came, although he did call her.

"How badly are you hurt?"

“I bumped my head when I crashed my car, but I don’t think it’s that serious.”

“Call the cops, and then an ambulance before contacting your insurance company to assess if you’re eligible for compensation,” Sam said. “I’m hanging up now.”

“Aren’t you coming?” Quinn asked him, her eyes welling with tears.

She actually knew what to do—standard operating procedures were basic knowledge for a lawyer like her.

However, she needed someone to depend on after the accident, which reminded her of the passing of her parents...

“No,” Sam said coolly. “You’re a lawyer, Quinn. I thought you’d know the process.”

With that, he hung up.

Quinn had to admit that she was thoroughly disappointed with Sam at the time and was convinced that she wanted a divorce—nothing would come of this sham marriage anyway!

But when she was done on her end and headed to the hospital, she ran into Sam.

He was covered in blood, and two police officers were escorting him.

Quinn thought it was a mistake and rushed up to him. “What happened to you, Sam? Why are you covered in blood?”

“It’s not mine,” Sam said coolly.

“Then whose is it?”

Sam never answered, but she tugged on his sleeve. “What happened?”

“Are you a family member?” one of the officers asked her. “He’s involved in a drunk driving incident. The victim is in surgery, while he sustained minor injuries.”

Quinn stared at Sam in disbelief, even as it clicked in her mind that Sam was doing it for her.

Still, he seemed to read her mind and said coolly, “It has nothing to do with you. I broke the law.”

Quinn did not argue but simply discussed what would happen to Sam after that, eventually taking the role of his defense lawyer.

However, his crimes of driving under influence and causing another person’s death through negligence was clear cut. He was remorseful, however, and the victim’s family eventually forgave him, reducing his sentence to just three years.

A Life Debt Repaid Chapter 1307-“I know you’re nice and good at heart, Quinn, but I’d rather you open your eyes,” Ryan said, his voice becoming stern. “If you keep going like this, you’ll hurt yourself and Sam too.”

Quinn was slightly stunned, and as she stared fixedly at Ryan, he continued, “You should know that you’re the one who calls the shots in your marriage with Sam—he’d never divorce you as long as our parents are around. But have you considered his feelings in the matter? He can’t get a divorce, and the media would have a field day with him if he messes around with other women—he’s stuck between a rock and a hard place too.”

“But I think-“

“That he likes you? Just because he came for you even if he was drunk?” Ryan demanded.

Quinn nodded-she definitely felt that Sam was into her.

Why else would he go that far?

Forget drunk driving—he would never leave the bar once he started drinking.

And yet, he went to get her just from a phone call despite the downpour and the alcohol.

She had to admit that she was touched, her emotions stirring because of him for the first time.

She therefore waited until he got out from prison, earnestly

hoping to start over with him—but he rejected all her advances.

“You’re too naive, Quinn,” Ryan told her. “No one would ignore you in the same situation. Sam did it merely out of altruism, and his drunk driving was because of his own disregard for the law. Don’t mix those two up.”

“But-“

“I won’t push you right now. I don’t mind giving you time to recognize the truth,” Ryan said as he looked at Quinn with a pained look in his eyes. “I don’t want to hurt you, but it seems that you don’t want to give up.”

Quinn was silent.

Yes, she still wanted to fight for this—she was convinced that she still stood a chance with Sam.

“I’ll send you back to your hotel after this,” Ryan said.

“Thanks.”

“Silly,” Ryan said, reaching out to pat her head tenderly like he always did when they were children.

Quinn had been dependent on him back then too, but now, it felt like something had changed.

Perhaps people would simply change after they grow up..

After lunch, Ryan sent Quinn back to the hotel as promised and opened the door for her in true chivalrous fashion as always.

“Promise me that you would tell me immediately if Sam ever hurts you,” he told her. “Don’t bottle up your feelings-it hurts me to see that.”

Quinn pursed her lips, feeling like she knew even less on how to deal with him these days.

“Go on,” he then said.

Quinn nodded in silence and headed into the hotel lobby.

She could feel his eyes lingering on her for a long while. Though she would have been grateful about it before, it was now just a burden.

As Quinn returned to her room, she saw that most guests who attended the wedding were leaving, and wondered if Sam left as well.

While Ryan mentioned that he was going out with Bob, it was now past 2 PM- he was probably gone by now.

That was what Quinn thought as she took out her room card and opened the door.

When she entered, she thought she had the wrong room and quickly tried to leave, but she soon froze.

This had to be her and Sam's room-how else could she have opened it?

Her eyes turned puffy and red right then, her vision blurring.

How could Sam do this?!

She gritted her teeth and returned inside.

Sam was frowning-he had just gotten out of bed, having nothing but a pair of boxers on and wearing nothing from the waist up.

And with him was the woman in bed...

A Life Debt Repaid Chapter 1308-From the looks of it, the woman was nude.

Quinn had the feeling that Sam was naked when he lay in bed before as well.

Could it be...

Quinn strode up to the bed while Sam frowned, watching her every move.

He thought she would turn and leave right away when she caught them-that was how it always went with her.

But now, she suddenly turned back!

"Kyah!" The woman in the bed suddenly yelped as Quinn pulled the blanket off her.

She had been using that blanket just last night, and now, another woman was using it?

Did Sam really not find that filthy? Was it not possible for him to do this elsewhere?

Did it have to be the bed she slept in, and must he let her see this?!

“What are you doing?!” Sam bellowed as he pulled Quinn away a little forcefully.

Quinn almost stumbled and fell, but he caught her in reflex.

Still, he released her at the next instant and growled impatiently, “Get out.”

With those words, he promptly turned away, leaving Quinn staring at his cold figure.

To think that she told Ryan confidently that Sam’s no longer fooled around with other women...

It certainly was a slap in her face and one that stung terribly.

She bit her lip until it turned pale white... but even as silence lingered in the room, Quinn suddenly lowered her head and started undressing, leaving the other woman in shock.

Was she joining them?! The excitement was too much and she was not prepared for it!

Sam kept her back on Quinn, waiting for her to leave.

He knew that she was coming back.

Ryan had texted him beforehand, telling him to stop holding her hostage since he felt nothing for her—that she was guilty for sending him to prison and always wanted to make up for it.

He insisted that the drunk driving was Sam’s own fault, and Quinn should not have to bear that cross.

But in a nutshell, he just meant to say to Sam that he should not blackmail Quinn emotionally—that she had the right to pursue her own happiness.

However, was Ryan not also implying that she would be happy with him?

There was no doubt about it-Quinn had always loved Ryan.

And even though Sam had never resorted to emotional blackmail, Quinn definitely was forcing herself to stay in an unhappy situation.

In that sense, Sam was in the way of Quinn's right to be happy, which was why he should let her free.

Nonetheless, Sam's eyes suddenly narrowed.

He could clearly see what Quinn was doing through the reflection on the glass wall.

He wheeled on her, but she had already dropped her cardigan on the floor, leaving just the bra underneath!

She did not hesitate to reach out and start to unfasten that either. However, she could unhook it for a long while, perhaps clouded by her anger or nerves.

"What are you doing, Quinn?!" Sam bellowed in rage, his eyes red with fury.

Quinn did not answer. She simply turned her slender back to him and asked, "Can you help me with this?"

A Life Debt Repaid Chapter 1309-Sam's eyes were bloodshot even as he glared at Quinn from the back. "Are you crazy?!"

However, he was more flustered than angry.

After all, he was convinced he had anticipated all her potential reaction to finding him cheating.

The first one was her leaping at him and slapping him, though that would be unusual given her temperament.

The second would be chasing away the woman-she had done that before.

The third-which Sam thought was most likely—was her turning to leave without a care.

And she did leave... only to return, even starting to take off her clothes!

Sam was certainly caught stunned, and he fumbled to zip her dress back up. "You've really lost your mind..."

As Quinn turned toward him, her tears were gushing down her cheeks.

She looked so wounded Sam could not say what was on his mind-he was caught by surprise she would cry so miserably and in his presence.

It was as if he had dumped her, leaving her in despair... but was she not in love with Ryan?!

He stared at her then, appearing helpless, unable to say a word or do anything.

"I can do it too, Sam," Quinn said miserably then.

"What?" He frowned, not quite understanding what she was saying.

All he could see was her tears, and he actually wanted to wipe them off.

"I can sleep with you." Quinn continued to sob, as if she could not stop from her misery.

Sam pursed her lips, still unable to say anything as he suddenly felt afraid of her crying.

It was no different from when they were children, and it was not like he wanted to make her cry back then.

But whenever she had her eyes on Ryan, she would never notice him until he played a prank on her.

And every time she cried, he would panic.

But when he tried to make amends, she would throw herself into Ryan's arms, seeking solace... The same thing happened repeatedly over time-he would bully her, she would go to Ryan, and he would then bully her again after seeing how sugary she was with Ryan.

It eventually developed into a vicious cycle.

"I learned some skills over the last few years..."

Meanwhile, Quinn was doing her best to calm down-even she was surprised she was this miserable to see Sam in bed with another woman.

It felt like her world was falling apart, and she kept asking herself why Sam would do this.

Did he not care that she was working so hard for him?

“What?” Sam had no idea what Quinn was saying-she was stuttering and sobbing too much, barely forming a coherent sentence.

“You said I was bad, right? I practiced in secret... The last three years...”

“What?!” Sam bellowed as he came to the realization that Quinn was working hard practicing sexual techniques!

She learned?! From who?!

He could swear right then-like any other man, he cared more about chastity than ‘skill’!

Moreover, he never despised her for being unskilled, aside from that romp in the car...

A Life Debt Repaid Chapter 1310-In fact, Sam actually became disinterested in other women ever since that car romp.

He was just putting up an act even now, since Ryan told him he was using emotional blackmail against Quinn, and he wanted to end things using this.

“You can try,” Quinn told him resolutely just then.

“I refuse,” Sam said immediately. “Honestly...”

He was bristling, murderous at the thought of Quinn practicing sex.

“You won’t know until you try,” Quinn argued

“I don’t need it.”

“Do you hate me that much?” Quinn sobbed, her tears gushing again no sooner after she almost stopped.

“Stop crying already,” Sam sighed exasperatedly-since when did she become such a crybaby?!

She never cried after they became adults, especially not since after she married him-it was like she became a completely different person, so calm and mature that she could not even laugh or cry.

Same knew too well that she reserved her emotions for Ryan.

And yet, here she was, bawling like a child, her usual composure completely gone.

“Then tell her to leave,” Quinn snapped, pointing at the woman.

The woman was still sitting on the bed, stunned by the couple’s drama.

When she received the call today, the pay offered left her musing if she should come naked.

After she came, she played every trick in the book to seduce the man before her—not only was he rich, but he was also handsome enough to make her feel like she had made a killing.

And being experienced herself, her instincts told her that he would bring her great pleasure. That was why she did everything she could, but the man never looked her way, even telling her to stay in line.

They simply lay under the sheets, and he told her not to touch him.

So... what on earth was going on here?

She was completely confused but played along for the sake of money.

And soon enough, the other woman arrived, and this happened.

She was gaping throughout, realizing that she had just been a tool.

Still, she quickly closed her mouth and turned toward Sam as they both turned toward her-the customer is always right.

Sam hesitated for a moment and nodded-tonight’s little act was already finished, and there was no point keeping her.

As the woman got out of bed, Quinn blinked.

Quinn was worried to see the woman naked for a moment, only to find she had her undergarments on under a red silk sleeping gown.

Quinn was confused-so the woman did not do anything with Sam?!

She watched as the woman quickly got dressed and left, and she suddenly turned Sam's head. "Don't look."

Sam pursed his lips. "I've already looked."

"Not this time," Quinn's eyes welled with tears again-it was like she could cry at any moment.

Nonetheless, Sam turned away, and Quinn was relieved.

Just then, the woman was done getting dressed and about to leave. "My pay..."

"Yeah. Just give me your payment details," Sam said.

The woman quickly whipped out her phone and left happily after Sam paid her.

Quinn was scowling, however, and staring straight at Sam." My figure is better than hers."