

Read A Life Debt Repaid Chapter 1381-1390

A Life Debt Repaid Chapter 1381-Sam's words left Ryan even more furious, perhaps embarrassed because Sam was right.

Either way, he was losing control.

"Watch your mouth, Sam!" Ryan screamed. "When did I ever put the moves on Quinn?!"

However, before Sam could respond, Marvin barked at them sternly, "That's enough! How old do you think you are, arguing whenever you meet?! Sam-watch your words, that's your brother you're talking to."

Sam sneered in turn-he knew this would happen.

Ever since they were children, it was always his fault if he and Ryan ever argued.

He certainly remembered that one time he was having swimming practice in the garden's swimming pool, but Ryan told him to stop swimming that early in the morning because it affected his studies. Sam ignored him since he had a swimming competition coming up at school.

Ryan simply ran to his parents after that, and they stopped him from swimming just because it affected Ryan.

Sam tried to fight back, saying that he had a competition coming up, only for his parents to shoot him down saying that it was pointless since it was within the school and that Ryan's studies were more important.

Sam never swam at home ever since, and he had no idea if his parents ever noticed that.

But from the looks of things, they never did, and they were actually convinced that he actually did disturb Ryan. They never cared that Ryan just had to shut his windows to cut off any noise, not to mention that Sam was not making that much noise in the first place.

Sam certainly did not care now since he was used to it—be it in the past or present, their parents were convinced that anything Ryan did was right. After

all, Ryan was the pride of the family while he was nothing and incapable of achieving anything, let alone deserved any praise.

It was no exaggeration that for their parents, everything Ryan said was right, while everything Sam said was wrong.

With that in mind, Sam turned to leave, having no intent to defend himself or argue with them since it was pointless-it would only leave him frustrated instead.

“Where are you going, Sam?!” Quinn quickly caught him, however, stopping him because he was not at fault at all.

And what gave Marvin the right to tell Sam off like that? All Ryan did was his own so-called noble work, never even calling to ask how things were, while Sam traveled abroad to discuss a joint venture for Saunderia!

Not only were they not getting any thanks in turn for the trouble, but they were instead shown such contempt?!

Quinn would not stand for this even if Sam did not fight for himself!

“Where are you going?!” Marvin in turn snapped coldly at Sam, seeing that he was leaving.

“Wherever,” Sam replied coolly. “It doesn’t make a difference to any of you.”

And it was not as if they cared.

“You’re supposed to lead Saunderia now, Sam!” Marvin exclaimed in disappointment. “Can’t you just be more mature? You’re leaving just because I told you off? Is that how you behaved at the board meeting too, throwing your hands up once the board members started arguing against you?! How am I going to have the peace of mind to entrust you with Saunderia?!”

Sam sneered but did not argue since Marvin saw him as useless anyway. “In that case, just don’t.”

With that, he strode off, forcing Quinn to leave with him since she could not hold him in place no matter how hard she tried...

A Life Debt Repaid Chapter 1382-Marvin was left ashen faced with frustration in his ward, with Ryan relentlessly goading him. “Sam’s supposed to be an

adult, but he doesn't care how others feel at all! Others notwithstanding, he'd come here just to upset you while you're in the hospital. He really isn't improving even after all those years..."

While Marvin got more frustrated the more he listened, Lindsay quickly tried to calm things down. "Cut it out, Ryan."

Ryan put on a scornful look instead. "It's not like I want to say it. He's just such a disappointment!"

"Cut it out," Lindsay repeated, a tinge of impatience in her voice this time.

Ryan could tell that much and pursed his lips as he kept quiet.

"I just spoke to your father's physician, and he's fine for now with no issues," Lindsay said then. "He just needs rest.

You've been busy too, so you don't have to stay here. I can take care of him."

"Are you really fine, Dad?" Ryan asked in concern.

"I'm much better." Marvin nodded. "I'd be discharged if it wasn't for your mother being a worrywart."

"No, you shouldn't—your health is more important, so don't worry about work. Just rest up," Ryan told him.

"Okay." Marvin nodded.

"I'll be going, then. Call me if anything comes up—I'll come back to visit whenever I'm free."

"Yeah. You take care of yourself too," Lindsay told him.

"You never have to worry about me," Ryan said, insinuating that he was different from Sam since he would never stray out of line.

After sending Ryan off, Lindsay returned to find Marvin still scowling.

He looked up at her and said, "Give me my phone."

"For what?" she asked, since she had put it away so that he would rest properly instead of worrying about work.

"I want to know how things are going," Marvin admitted. "I'm worried about leaving the company in Sam's hands even if Quinn is with him, and we're in the midst of a crisis."

Lindsay stayed silent and thoughtful just then.

Thinking that she was hesitant, Marvin quickly said, "Don't worry-it would be for less than ten minutes. You can take it back after that, and I won't worry about Saunderia after that."

"Dear." Lindsay's expression suddenly turned solemn. "Don't you think we're prejudiced against Sam?"

A Life Debt Repaid Chapter 1383-"What?!" Marvin frowned, surprised that his wife would suddenly say something like that.

"We only ever cared about Ryan ever since they were children because he's smart and a quick learner, excelling in everything. But we neglected Sam in turn-I don't even remember how many of his birthdays we've celebrated for him."

Marvin did a double take and argued feebly, "Birthdays?! He should be learning to man up instead-"

"But we celebrated Ryan's birthday every time," Lindsay pointed out. "And we'd celebrate Sam's with him just because they were born the same month, never celebrating Sam's birthday by itself. And everytime we celebrated Ryan's birthday, everyone would only offer their wishes to Ryan, so that doesn't really count either."

Marvin, however, was neither that considerate nor eager to discuss it. "What's gotten into you? Why would they mind? They're brothers, y'know."

"Haven't you noticed that Ryan's been making a habit of mocking Sam?" Lindsay told him. "I'm actually getting fed up with the way Ryan talks to Sam now."

Marvin snorted. "Ryan only does that because Sam behaves poorly. We all know all too well what Ryan is like, don't we? Ryan has been smart and obedient ever since he was a

child, never causing us any trouble. All Sam does is the opposite-"

“That still doesn’t give Ryan the right to mock Sam,” Lindsay said, cutting Marvin short. “Ryan hasn’t done anything for the family either. What gives him the right to be indignant, as if he had the right of reason?”

Marvin was left staring at Lindsay. “What’s your problem? You used to favor Ryan even more than I do, but now you’re getting upset with him?”

“I don’t know,” Lindsay replied.

She could not put her finger on it either, but there was no question that they had paid all their attention to Ryan because they were convinced he stood a better chance of success. Even if they claimed that they were fair, they all mostly cared about Ryan and only felt disappointment toward Sam.

Now, however, Lindsay felt that their constant disappointment toward Sam led to Ryan thinking Sam insignificant, thereby driving a rift between the brothers.

“Oh, just stop it.” Marvin snorted when he saw the look on his wife’s face and assured her, “Ryan just wants Sam to improve. He means well—that’s why he said what he said.”

“Fine, then what did Sam do wrong today?” Lindsay asked him in turn.

“What are you talking about?! How about leaving just because I told him off a little?! He never shows any of us respect!” Marvin was frustrated at the very mention of it—he

wanted to ask about how things were in Saunderia, but Sam stormed off like a petty child before he could say a word!

“But Ryan was already mocking him even before he left,” Lindsay reminded him.

While Marvin appeared taken aback, Lindsay continued. “Quinn and Sam headed abroad together to discuss a joint venture with a man named Damian Craig . Even if I stopped you from working, I did ask Peter about that man—he’s a technocrat, the haughty type who’s really difficult to get along with, and it’s obvious that Sam has his work cut out for him.”

“But whatever the outcome may be, Sam has willingly done his part for Saunderia, and he didn’t deserve Ryan’s

contempt as soon as he returned. That's why we should've been supportive of Sam instead of telling him off like we did. If you were in his shoes, how would you feel if you worked so hard, only for me to tell you that Saunderia is suffering because of your poor leadership?"

While Marvin was left dumbstruck, Lindsay sighed. "I have no idea how it happened, but I'm starting to feel guilty toward Sam. I'm convinced we're too opinionated against him and therefore constantly neglect him, never showing concern for him, let alone care for how he feels."

"Oh, don't bother yourself with such silly stuff." Marvin clicked his tongue and waved her off. "Sam's not that delicate."

"See? That's exactly what I'm talking about." Lindsay raised a brow. "We're so convinced that Sam is a failure and a troublemaker that we've never cared if he's happy or healthy. No... None of us have even asked him what he wants!"

A Life Debt Repaid Chapter 1384-Marvin was certainly left dumbfounded by Lindsay's words.

Even so, he had gotten used to such preferential treatment toward his boys that it was impossible for him to realize that and change.

It was the same for Lindsay too-despite speaking at length on the issue, she had trouble actually changing how she treated Ryan and Sam.

Sighing, she said, "Let's just be more understanding of Sam from now on."

Meanwhile, Quinn was absolutely frustrated since she could not catch up with Sam at all.

The man was tall and walked very fast-she would never catch up with her short legs, and she was already out of breath before long.

"Sam!" she cried, but he pretended not to hear and continued onward without a care.

Gritting her teeth, Quinn threw herself on the floor and yelled, "Argh!!!"

Sam clearly paused, while Quinn stayed on the ground and kept screaming at him, "Sam, I fell! I think I broke something!"

Sam finally turned and ran to her side, dropping to a crouch beside her.

“Where does it hurt?” There was clear worry in his voice.

Quinn, however, grabbed him by the wrists and told him, “Stop running already.”

Sam frowned. “I’m asking you where it hurts!”

“Don’t you dare run away again,” Quinn repeated, holding on to his arm.

“Quinn!” Sam glared at her darkly and suddenly scooped her up in his arms, rushing back into the hospital.

“Where are you taking me?” she asked, wrapping her arms around his neck.

“To a doctor,” he growled.

“I’m fine,” she said, tightening her arms around his neck. “I faked my fall because I couldn’t catch up.”

Sam paused and glared icily at her, but she simply clung on to him.

“Whatever. Don’t you leave me behind like that.”

“You’re sticking with me? What for?” Sam scoffed. “I’m a useless 30-year-old who can’t even act my age. Don’t you find me embarrassing?”

“But you’ve changed,” Quinn retorted with agitation. “You’re not that bad—we’re the ones who misunderstood you. You did better than I’d ever give you credit for when we went on that business trip, and you showed a strong sense of responsibility.”

It was not mere flattery either—she genuinely thought that Sam had improved rapidly, and people would have to think differently of him soon enough.

Sam gulped and put her down just then.

Quinn kept a vice-like grip on his sleeve in turn, fearful that he would leave her again.

“Let’s just give everyone more time, Sam,” she said.

Sam stayed silent and continued ahead.

Quinn kept clinging on to his shirt, but he had obviously slowed down this time for her sake.

She added, "I think we should give everyone time—that includes your parents, Ryan, and every person working in Saunderia. We will prove that you have improved, that you have the caliber."

A Life Debt Repaid Chapter 1385-Quinn continued, "You can't blame your parents even though I disagree with them and dislike what they said about you. But if you calm down and think, their prejudice against you is understandable—you were always messing around, while Ryan was smarter and disciplined. All we need to do is have your parents see that you're changing and doing your best, and I'm sure they'll see you in a new light in time. So instead of getting petty with them, prove yourself through your actions instead, alright?"

Sam stayed silent, so Quinn had no idea what he was thinking—it was concerning since he had always been radical, and no one could ever force him to do anything he did not like.

But now that he had changed, Quinn believed that he must not give up halfway through now.

"Sam?" she called out to him tentatively.

"I know," Sam suddenly said, leaving her perplexed.

What did he mean?

"I mean I know they won't trust me until I show results. It's my fault for being a disappointment before," Sam said with a tinge of irony and impatience, seeing the puzzled look on her face, but his anger had clearly subsided considerably.

"You weren't a disappointment. It just wasn't the right time for you to show your merits," Quinn said, doing all she could to encourage Sam. "But the time has come, and you'll leave everyone astounded."

Sam shot her a sideways glance. "You really like to stroke others' egos, huh?"

"Just stating facts," Quinn replied with a look of determination.

Sam suddenly smiled, and it was so genuine that Quinn felt delighted too.

Still, his smile soon faded, seemingly because he realized that he was doing it.

Turning away from her, he huffed, "I just find you laughable. Nothing else."

With that, they reached their car where their chauffeur had been waiting for a while, and Sam entered with Quinn quickly following.

"You actually look handsome when you smile, Sam," she suddenly told him.

Sam kept his back to her, though he could not help smiling just then. Still, Quinn could see it from his reflection in the mirror. He was definitely changing gradually, and though she was really concerned that something would affect his growth, she looked forward to his metamorphosis!

"Are we heading home, Mr. Saunders?" the chauffeur asked respectfully as he drove the car out of the parking lot.

"To the office," Sam growled.

Quinn did a double take, thinking she misheard him for a moment.

It was a long flight home, and they were heading straight to the office instead of going home for a break?

Was he really listening to her and properly doing his best now?!

"Don't give yourself too much credit-it's not for your sake," Sam suddenly growled viciously. "I'm just fed up with my parents and Ryan belittling me all the time. I'll show them how awesome I am and give them a slap in the face!"

Quinn could not help smiling—Sam was never eager to get ahead before, and he only gave up further the more they disparaged him.

But now, she had this feeling he changed for her sake... Or at the very least, he agreed to all the stuff she said.

"I'm sticking with you, Sam," she promised him right then. "We'll give them a slap in the face together!"

A Life Debt Repaid Chapter 1386-Just a day after Sam and Quinn returned to work, the funding John promised arrived.

While the board had been unhappy with Sam after his standoffish attitude, they could not help being excited when they received the money. They were certainly surprised that someone as hedonistic as Sam would be able to resolve a major issue like lack of funding!

And once they got their money, Sam, Quinn, and the board discussed how they should be channeling the money and setting a list of priorities.

“I just started work, and I’ve seen the numbers,” Sam said. “Actually, the numbers are all there in my head even when I take a dump.”

The board was certainly stumped—could he not be a little more refined with his words?

Nonetheless, Sam continued to state his opinion. “I must admit that I don’t have a deeper understanding of the numbers, but personally speaking, I want to ensure that the employees are paid. I heard from finance that the average employee has their wages delayed for over six weeks, while it is three months for executives. Do you think it’s possible for a horse to run without feeding it?”

“Yes—delayed wages might lead to unrest among the lower levels. The cost of appeasing them isn’t that high, even if

executives would consider more factors,” Gilbert said, agreeing with Sam for once, though he soon added, “However, I’d still suggest giving the executives a month’s pay to keep them in line for now and then pay everything at once when our capital flow is fully restored.”

Sam frowned. “I disagree.”

His immediate protest showed no hesitation or regard for Gilbert, which left the latter scowling. “Could you hear us out on this one, Sam? We’re really short on money, and three months of delayed pay is no small sum. We should instead keep the funding we received to be used only for emergencies.”

“So you’re saying that we should skip paying our executives just in case of emergencies? That we’re keeping the money until we’re out of the red?”

“No one expected so many surprises,” Gilbert said stubbornly.

“In that case, I don’t care.” Sam refused to hear a word of it. “The executives are only human—that’s all I know. We shouldn’t demand that they sacrifice their

pay just because resigning would cost them more. They're working hard too, and they have their own families and lives! No one's delaying any payment, and not a single cent at that. I'll come up with something else if we run out of money again."

Gilbert certainly had more to say when Quinn echoed, "I agree with Mr. Saunders. Other factors notwithstanding, Saunderia is at a critical juncture. We may be the board, but we can't turn the tide on our own-everyone should be surmounting this crisis together, be it average employees or executives. That's why we have to show our vision and understanding as leaders of the organization and refrain from owing them anything as long as Saunderia's operations run smoothly. I'm sure that the employees would respond in kind if we go that far for them. We really don't need that money that badly."

Gilbert sighed at that. "Fine-do as you see fit. Sam's the board chairman-what he says goes anyway. You young'uns do as you please."

There was dissatisfaction in his tone, but for a man with strong opinions and a social standing as high as his, it was already a miracle that he accepted someone else's suggestion.

The other board members did not question Sam, seeing that Gilbert had already agreed with him.

The board meeting lasted an hour.

Sam hated meetings-he would never step into a conference room unless he had to. That was why he dismissed everyone as soon as he had his say and returned to his office, familiarizing himself further with his work with Quinn's help.

Past 11 PM, however, Quinn suddenly received a call from Ryan.

A Life Debt Repaid Chapter 1387-Quinn hesitated for a moment, but she eventually answered. "Yes, Ryan?"

"Where are you?! Where's Sam?! Dad was rushed to the ER again!" Ryan bellowed furiously over the phone.

Quinn froze, though she soon recovered. "We'll be there right now."

"What is it?" Sam certainly noticed the look on her face.

“Your Dad was rushed to the ER again,” Quinn said, working hard to stay calm.

Nonetheless, Sam stopped working right away and rushed out of his office, and Quinn hurried after him as they both rushed to the hospital.

When they arrived, Marvin was already wheeled out of the ER.

Sam was going up to Marvin when Ryan stopped him. “You have no right to be near Dad!”

While Sam gritted his teeth, Lindsay glanced at him for a moment. Still, she was more concerned about her husband and asked the doctor, “How’s my husband?”

“Don’t worry, ma’am-it’s nothing that serious,” the doctor assured her. “He’s just constipated and pushed a little too hard when he was having a bowel movement. That

increased abdominal pressure and blood pressure, which led to fainting with the lowered blood supply to the brain. Just be more careful-he’s a little weak after surgery, but it’s advisable that he gets out of bed to walk around a little just to help with his bowel movements.”

Lindsay heaved a huge sigh of relief-Marvin’s fainting almost scared the daylights out of her. “Oh, thank you, doctor.”

Ryan just happened to visit again, and he helped alert the doctors while wheeling Marvin to the ER.

“It’s alright,” the doctor replied and added, “The patient should take notice when it comes to his diet as well and ensure intake of high fiber foods. I’ll also prescribe medicine including laxatives should Mr. Saunders have trouble with bowel movements-just don’t push yourself given your body’s condition at the moment.”

“Yes, doctor. Thank you.”

After the doctor issued further instructions, they brought Marvin back to his ward.

However, no sooner had Marvin lay down in bed than Ryan was already shouting at Sam, “Can’t you take care of Dad for just one day, Sam?! Don’t you know how scared Mom was when she had to see Dad faint alone? What if I hadn’t rushed back on a plane after work earlier?! She was crying! Show some sense of responsibility and stay with them instead of playing around like you always do!”

Sam glowered but stayed silent—he never explained himself anyway.

Quinn quickly said in turn, “He wasn’t playing nor was he being irresponsible. He was working overtime with me at Saunderia.”

“Working? Overtime?” Ryan was clearly skeptical.

Both Marvin and Lindsay were shocked.

A Life Debt Repaid Chapter 1388-Nonetheless, Quinn continued loudly, “That’s not all either— right after we left the hospital, neither Sam nor myself took a break. We headed straight to the office to resume work. Yes, Sam is working very hard now.*

Marvin and Lindsay were left obviously stunned. In fact, even if Lindsay had caught on that they had been prejudiced against Sam, she was still surprised and delighted to see him changing dramatically. “Is that true, Sam?”

Sam said nothing—he was always stubborn whenever his temper flared, but they were used to taking his refusal to respond as the obvious truth.

“That’s great, Sam! I’m so happy,” Lindsay quickly said. “I’ve been worried that Saunderia would be neglected, but I’m relieved with you around now.”

“Oh look, he’s learning,” Marvin said sternly, but he was clearly acknowledging Sam too.

And the sight of his parents’ change of attitude toward Sam left Ryan fuming—he was the only son who ever got praised, and Sam never got to steal the spotlight from him before!

“Obviously, it’s nice to see him mend his ways,” Ryan said darkly. “Let’s just hope it’s not just a fluke.”

“Don’t worry,” Sam retorted. “I promised to take the reins, and I’ll see it through.”

“And I’ll be watching,” Ryan said sardonically. “Also, working and doing well are two separate things. You should be succeeding if you’re taking the reins.”

Quinn was certainly able to hear the jibe in Ryan’s tone, and she promptly defended Sam. “But thanks to Sam, Saunderia has received a capital injection and the company’s operations are restored.”

“There’s a bank that actually gave Saunderia a loan?!” Ryan exclaimed in surprise.

Marbin and Lindsay were gaping at Sam too-Lindsay in particular had kept Marvin’s phone turned off in fear to keep him away from tending to company matters. Conversely, that also meant they were unaware that Saunderia was back on track again.

“No, it’s not a bank-as we understand it, no bank was willing to give us a loan. Sam personally asked John for it,” Quinn said bluntly.

Ryan’s eyes narrowed.

He never expected Sam to be able to get the money just a few days after he started work, or that John would actually help. He was convinced that Sam’s friends were all just fair- weather friends who only hung out with him and would refuse to help when it came to personal gain.

Nonetheless, Marvin was excited. “Really? We really received a loan to cover everything? That’s not a small sum we’re talking about!”

“Yes,” Quinn said. “You can ask around if you doubt us, Mr. Saunders.”

“Oh, no, no, no. It’s definitely true if you say it, Quinn,” Marvin quickly said, unable to hide the smile on his face.

A Life Debt Repaid Chapter 1389-Marvin was earnestly relieved. All he wanted was that capital injection to keep Saunderia standing-anything else could wait!

He did not shy away from affirming Sam too. “We really owe you this time, Sam.”

Though Sam was not too enthusiastic, he replied, "That's mostly thanks to Johnny's help. He gave me the money

once I asked and offered me some suggestions on how to resolve Saunderia's issues."

"Yes, you should learn from him," Marvin said, pleased nonetheless. "He's always had an acumen for business even as a youth. You've made a good friend."

As Sam nodded, Ryan was left seething.

He never expected Sam to easily resolve Saunderia's monetary issue. While he would rather Saunderia be safe instead of going bankrupt as well, Sam's contribution still made him uncomfortable.

As such, he could resist adding sarcastically, "No friend can protect you for life in the end, and John Levine won't help you again if you fail this time. Don't keep bothering the man when he has company to manage himself-learn to stand on your own feet!"

"He's learning to do just that," Quinn retorted, leaping to Sam's defense. "He did well when we traveled abroad to

negotiate a joint venture."

She did not want Ryan to keep belittling Sam like that. Also, whether she had imagined it or not, she had the nagging feeling that Ryan was not offering advice-he simply could not stand Sam doing well.

Ryan's voice cooled as well. "Everything depends on the outcome. Don't praise him over nothing-I really think you're losing your sense of self."

"What..." Quinn was stumped, but he was right-all she had were cheap words before the dust settled.

However, she also believed that the effort made should be acknowledged regardless of the outcome, instead of obsessing over the outcome like Ryan did.

"I never believed myself impressive or capable of leading Saunderia," Sam suddenly said bluntly to help Quinn out of the bind. "But at the very least, I've worked hard for this instead of being sarcastic while doing nothing like you."

"How is this sarcastic?! I'm encouraging you, aren't I?! I'm concerned that you'd get ahead of yourself and lose the plot," Ryan retorted with righteous indignation. "You know better than anyone else what you're like, and I'm saying all this for your own good! Don't look a gift horse in the mouth!"

Sam pursed his lips, his very presence suddenly cold.

"That's enough, Ryan," Lindsay suddenly spoke, clearly having had enough. "Sam has been working hard for Saunderia and actually succeeded in resolving their capital issue. Encourage him instead of trying to rebuff him."

"Just stop," Lindsay repeated, her tone obviously sterner.

Ryan could hear that she was upset and was left frowning, his stomach churning grumpily.

Lindsay simply ignored him and walked up to Sam in turn, taking his hand. "You've done really well, Sam. There's a lot to do at Saunderia, and I think both you and Quinn should take note of your health as well—it's more important than anything, especially after what happened to your dad."

Quinn could not help smiling, seeing that Lindsay's attitude toward Sam was clearly changing. "Don't worry, Mrs.

Saunders. We'll take good care of ourselves."

"This is such a relief." Lindsay smiled at Sam in turn. "The family is in your hands now, Sam."

A Life Debt Repaid Chapter 1390-Sam was a little unnerved-if not shocked-that Marvin and Lindsay were suddenly poring over him.

Having no idea how to respond occasionally, he would just nod or stay silent.

Ryan looked on, miffed that their parents never ignored him like this.

However, he did not get petty about it since he always considered Sam a failure. He never held out much hope in Sam and was convinced that the more hopes put on Sam, the bigger a disappointment Sam would be.

“It’s late. Your dad’s fine—both of you should go home,” Lindsay said affectionately then.

Sam did not refuse—he had an early meeting the next morning and was concerned he would have trouble waking up the next day.

He always had trouble waking up early and had to drag himself out of bed by sheer will for a week now.

However, Ryan was following them as he and Quinn left Marvin’s ward, and they entered the elevator together.

The air in the room was suddenly awkward as they were all silent—despite growing up together, they somehow had nothing to say to each other.

As they arrived at the basement parking lot, Marvin’s chauffeur was there waiting for Sam and Quinn.

Ryan then got into the car with them—he did not have a chauffeur, and his workplace was not about to assign him one when he worked somewhere abroad.

Quinn was left staring at him, while Sam stared out of the window, seemingly unconcerned.

“I need a ride home,” Ryan said. “Or is that a no?”

“Sure.” Quinn nodded right away—Marvin’s chauffeur just happened to be ferrying Sam around for work since Marvin was hospitalized.

The car was silent, and Quinn felt exceedingly uneasy sitting between Sam and Ryan—she would really rather take the front seat just then...

“How is Saunderia right now specifically? You don’t have to hide anything from me. Just give it to me straight,” Ryan suddenly said.

Quinn immediately frowned—they had just told Marvin and Lindsay everything, did they not? And what was this feeling she had that he was doubting them?!

Ryan noticed her reaction and added as if he was being nice, “I get it. You don’t want my parents to worry, so you try to keep things sound as positive as you can. There’s no need to hide from me, however—I’ll ask if I could have my friends pull some strings.”

“Everything we told your parents is how things are at Saunderia,” Quinn replied patiently. “We’re not hiding

anything or trying to paint things in a better light. Right now, with the issue of capital resolved, operations will run optimally, and the only thing to do now is to resolve the setback we had from our new energy car project. Once the joint venture goes through and sales and production proceed, we’ll be able to return John’s loan.”

“Is there anything guaranteed with the joint venture?” Ryan asked skeptically.

“No, we’re still waiting for a response,” Quinn said. “But we’ve done our best.”