

Read A Life Debt Repaid Chapter 1331-1340

A Life Debt Repaid Chapter 1331-Sam ignored Bob's teasing and hung up before turning to Quinn. "Bob will make the arrangements."

"You're really close to him," Quinn said earnestly.

"Not just him. With John and Jay too," he replied.

He would not mention his friends before to her and always kept her out of the loop when it came to himself.

"There's something I don't understand..." Quinn said hesitantly just then.

"What is it?"

"Don't get upset with me."

"Just say it."

"Why are you able to get along with everyone other than Ryan?" Quinn asked, still worried that Sam would get upset.

It was a sensitive question, and Sam's temper had always been horrible... But she was really curious, especially since they were brothers.

A look of irritation appeared on Sam's face in turn—was it not obvious? Was there any man who could play nice with another man clearly coveting his wife, even if he was his brother?

Moreover, get along with Ryan when Ryan had belittled him his whole life?

"Are you that eager to have me get along with him?" Sam asked instead of answering.

Quinn did a double take, though she soon shook her head. "You do you."

"What, you don't mind me being hostile toward Ryan?" Sam asked just to make sure.

“I have no reason to meddle in your sibling rivalry,” Quinn replied. “My priority is just to make sure we become a proper couple. I’m too busy to worry about anything else.”

Sam smiled then, unable to hide his joy.

Even as she stared at him, Quinn actually had trouble believing it-did he really just smile at her?

He only ever scowled at her before...

As such, she could not help smiling back, just as a ray of sunshine filed inside from the window, illuminating her face...

And for the first time, Sam found the world beautiful.

When Sam returned to North City with Quinn and Bob, it just happened to be Jay’s birthday.

Zoe was threatening them to have dinner at their place despite Jay’s protests.

Since she just got pregnant, the doctor advised her to rest more and not to stress herself out.

Zoe was just too free-spirited, so Jay had to keep her on a tight leash.

He would remind her to slow down if she walked too quickly, insisting she lay on her sides if she wanted to sleep and warning her that she would affect the baby if she shouted too much.

It was worse when it came to her diet, as Jay hired an in-house nutritionist and denied Zoe’s attempts to sneak away with some spicy soup.

And it had just been a few days her pregnancy was confirmed-Zoe had no idea how she would survive the next nine months!

That was why she was so insistent on having everyone visit on Jay’s birthday, or she would die from cabin fever.

Naturally, she also called Cordy, asking when she would be back...

A Life Debt Repaid Chapter 1332-Cordy sounded lethargic although it was noon when Zoe called her.

John was probably devouring her whole during their honeymoon, and there would be a baby in her belly by the time they got back.

Zoe was staring at Quinn as she complained about all the grief she suffered for days. 'You're finally back, Quinn... You have no idea how much I've suffered. Jay wouldn't let me have anything...'

Quinn smiled. "That's because he cares. Rejoice that you got a good husband!"

"But I'd rather have freedom.'

"You'll be free after you have your baby..."

'Til still have to breastfeed..."

"And stop lactating."

"...You're just saying that because you won't ever know what it's like," Zoe huffed.

Quinn hid a smile-that certainly was the case.

"Anyway, don't you want children? You're not young—heck, this pregnancy even feels different than when I had Yelena. It's so taxing..." Zoe said then.

Quinn glanced at Sam who was sitting with the others, and he turned to look at her too, as if he sensed her.

As their eyes met, Quinn smiled.

Zoe stared at her in turn. "Is there something going on between you and Sam?!"

Quinn bit her lip, unsure what to tell Zoe just then-Zoe was always vocal against her being with Sam, and there was no question that he had been harsh with her.

Still, Zoe seemed to understand with a single look. 'So, you made up?'

"Half, I guess."

"Half?"

“We’re trying to make it work,” Quinn explained. ‘We’re taking it slow, since we were forced to marry before and had no feelings for each other.

Building a foundation is naturally the most important if we really want to be together.’

“Then... Have you already fallen for him?” Zoe asked.

“I don’t know, but I don’t want to divorce him,” Quinn replied. “Even if Ryan kept dropping hints...”

“That means you love Sam,” Zoe said definitively.

As Quinn stared at her, she explained, “No woman marries a man they don’t love or completely rejects a man they like. This means that you’ve gotten over Ryan and are into Sam now.’

“Huh...” Quinn pursed her lips and murmured softly, “Probably.”

Hearing that, Zoe shot her an ‘I-knew-it’ look.

“Do you think I’ve cheapened myself?’ Quinn suddenly asked.

“What?” Zoe exclaimed in surprise.

“I mean, Sam obviously doesn’t love me, but I insist on having a fresh start with him. What is that if not love for brains?”

“You’re not,” Zoe told her confidently, though Quinn knew that Zoe was unconditionally supportive no matter the decision she made.

Nonetheless, Zoe suddenly sighed. “Sam isn’t that bad.’

Quinn was left staring at Zoe again-but she hated Sam the most!

“Do you remember having your first period in school?” Zoe reminded her.

“Yeah. It was so awkward I almost cried-thank goodness you brought me the pads.”

“Actually, Sam barged into my classroom and gave them to me. He told me to pass them to you, or I wouldn’t have known at all.”

Quinn did a double take-Sam was just three years older at the time and attending the same private school.

She remembered bleeding into her pants when she ran into him, but he told her nothing.

In fact, she was so flustered she could not even tell her classmates, and she regretted it after she rushed into the washroom on impulse.

Classes were already in session, and there was no else around to help!

A Life Debt Repaid Chapter 1333-Meanwhile, Zoe continued reminiscing.

“Sam was really tall, even during high school-standing half a head taller than the rest, he stood out even in the basketball team. Anyway, he charged into our classroom with that terrible look on his face and came up to me.

“Even the teacher was spooked, let alone my classmates. Heck, my heart skipped a beat, and I was so worried I’d upset him and he wanted me dead

Zoe shuddered even as she remembered it. “Anyway, Sam threw me a pack of pads as everyone watched..”

While Quinn had a hard time imagining the scene, it was still a fresh memory in Zoe’s mind. “He was scowling at me even as he told me to bring it to you... and with that, he’s gone, not caring that everyone was staring at him. It was like he was immune to embarrassment... Like it only happened to anyone but him.”

“You had no idea how awkward it was, Quinn-I could vanish right then,” Zoe sighed, overwhelmed even as she remembered. “I had to pick up that pack while everyone watched and take it to you.”

“Why didn’t you tell me?” Quinn exclaimed in surprise.

“You know how sensitive you were back then.” Zoe shrugged. “You’d be so embarrassed you’d go into hiding. I mean, Sam’s still an idiot-isn’t he

announcing to everyone that you’re having your period? That you’re a real maiden now? Do you still think you’d show your face in public?”

Quinn pursed her lips, but it was true-she would have been traumatized back at middle school, and for a long while at that.

“That’s why I never mentioned it, and I basically forgot about it now that we’re grown up,” Zoe smiled, and turned to look at the men just then. “I also thought that Sam was quite vulgar, being all open about a lady’s sensitive issues... though now that I thought about it, he must be worried since you’d be stuck and helpless in the washroom. That’s why he could only barge into our class room, and it’s obvious he was worried about you.”

Quinn’s heart skipped a beat as an unfamiliar feeling welled in her heart, but it felt warm like spring.

“It’s over, Quinn!” Zoe sighed then. “You should see that girly look on your face right now-you’re in love!”

Quinn did not argue-she really thought she would like to start a proper relationship just then.

Even after she confirmed her relationship with Ryan, they never spent much time together since he was always busy with his studies. He rarely called and came home on even less occasions, basically sparing her no time.

As such, their relationship was hardly what one would call a normal one.

Perhaps that left her with regret, and she now appreciated how things were with Sam-to really see each other, to care and feel for each other... i

“Well, this is good,” Zoe said, switching gears just then. “Stay with him and live the good life since you’ve made your choice. I mean, if John and Jay accept him, he’d never be that rotten!”

“You’re just hinting that your husband is a good man too,” Quinn teased.

“Whoops, you noticed.” Zoe admitted to it openly.

They continued their lively chatter, and the men did the same, though Sam would glance at the women from time to time.

His heart raced whenever he saw the bright smile on Quinn’s face.

Bob and Jay certainly noticed that, but they merely shared a tacit smile, refraining from exposing their good friend.

In the evening, as everyone sat around the dining table to celebrate Jay's birthday, Bob and Sam insisted on getting drunk and insisted Jay drink with them.

Unable to refuse, Jay played along.

But this was Bob and Sam they were talking about...

A Life Debt Repaid Chapter 1334-Bob and Sam frequented nightclubs so much that even alcoholics like Zoe could not hold her own against them together, let alone a completely amateur like Jay.

Naturally, Zoe was fuming to see Sam and Bob drinking with Jay.

If only she could drink too... She would wipe the floor with them!

Quinn could not help giggling as she watched Zoe seethe-who would have known that the carefree gal would care so much for a man?

Naturally, it was just as unlikely to think that the same gal who was thoroughly wounded from relationships would find her happiness.

Still, Quinn did not drink with everyone, feeling the need to be prim with Sam around. She did not meddle as they got drunk by the gallons either, since Sam would never lose out with his tolerance for alcohol.

She instead was paying close attention to Yelena, who had been well-behaved for a while now as she was eager to be a sister!

The little girl would eat on her own, looking endearing as she did.

Quinn would take care of her while she ate, even putting food on her plate and helping her wipe her mouth, taking care of her meticulously.

Yelena liked Quinn too and would smile sweetly at her.

Sam inadvertently caught their exchange. While he felt nothing about children before, even he had to admit that he was a little interested as he watched Quinn and Yelena now.

For a moment, he thought about having a daughter with Quinn and resembling her, and it tenderized his heart.

“Drink up, Sam. What are you looking at?” Bob could not help calling out to him just then.

As Sam came to his senses, Bob teased him for staring so fixedly at Quinn. “Don’t worry. The missus ain’t running—just go home and ogle all you want.”

“You shut your trap,” Sam said, quickly hiding his emotions just then. “I was just looking at Yelena. It’s just been days, but she’s even more adorable now—right, princess?”

As Sam smiled at Yelena, the girl smiled sweetly back. “Thank you, Mr. Saunders. You look more handsome too.”

“Good eye.” Sam gave her a thumbs-up, and her smile broadened from the praise.

Bob did not stop with the teasing. “Of course he is more handsome now. He’s in love!”

“You really want to crawl home, don’t you?” Sam snapped at Bob.

“Are you sure it’s gonna be me?” Bob snorted.

“Drink!” Sam raised his glass, and Bob followed suit.

As they kept chugging their glasses, it was as if they forgot whose birthday it was—either way, they were having the most fun drinking.

Naturally, both ended up floored, even though they were just bantering a second ago!

A Life Debt Repaid Chapter 1335-Zoe, Jay, and Quinn were left gaping at the pair...

Honestly, whose birthday was it again?

Why were they being more jolly than the rest, getting drunk themselves?

As the trio traded glances, Quinn said, ‘Til get Sam home. As for Bob...”

“He can sleep here,” Jay said. “He can leave after he gets sober.”

“Is that alright?” Quinn glanced between him and Zoe.

Does Jay really not take exception to Bob's presence, what with Bob and Zoe being an item before?

"Yeah, it's fine," Jay said bluntly. "I'm that confident in myself. K

Quinn could not help smiling in turn—even Jay could give himself credit at times.

As such, she shrugged and said, "I'm taking Sam home then."

"Are you fine on your own?"

"Yeah," Quinn replied. "The car's right downstairs."

"Yeah. Drive safe."

"Okay."

Nonetheless, it was still taxing from Quinn to carry Sam, who was so heavy she could collapse from his weight.

"Are you alright?" Zoe asked worriedly.

"Yeah," Quinn replied through clenched teeth—she did not have to walk far, and it would be alright once she reached the car.

Seeing that Quinn was determined, Zoe did not stop her.

Couples need moments like these to grow closer, after all. Moreover, Sam might just go for the drunken fumble afterward...

Still, after seeing off Quinn and Sam, Zoe turned to stare at Bob, who was still sprawled over the table and out like a light.

"So? What are we going to do about that?" Zoe asked.

"Get Yelena to take a bath and sleep," Jay replied. "I'll move him to the guest room and take care of him."

"Can you do it?" Jay was paraplegic, after all.

"No worries."

“Alright. I’ll bathe Yelena now.”

Jay nodded, and Zoe brought Yelena back to her room.

In reality, Zoe did not have to take care of Yelena so much, since her mother Clara usually did it. Still, they had been drinking for a long while, and Clara returned to her room. Still, she was on hand to take Clara to her room once it was time for bed.

To be honest, Zoe would not be brave enough to give birth a second time-she never took care of Zoe that much herself, and Clara basically raised Yelena.

Feeling warmth and emotional inside, Zoe felt herself blessed.

Nonetheless, Jay had not returned to their room when she went in to take her bath.

Hesitating for a moment, she headed to the guest room to see Jay cleaning vomit off the floor.

“He puked?” she asked.

“Yeah.” Jay nodded. “Guess he really drank a little too much.”

“Why on earth would he do that?” Zoe huffed.

“Probably just too excited,” Jay said, not particularly concerned.

He had always been nice to everyone, though Zoe was not jealous since she knew he gave her his best.

“Go take a bath,” she told him then. “I’ll keep an eye on Bob for a while.”

Jay hesitated, but he was a clean freak, and Bob stank of alcohol-the stench unsettled him.

“I’ll be right back,” Jay said.

“Yeah.”

After Jay left, Zoe sat on the guest room couch and stared at Bob as he lay in bed.

A Life Debt Repaid Chapter 1336-Bob's cheeks were as red as a baboon's rump, and he looked sick.

He kept tossing and turning in bed, sighing endlessly until he eventually asked, "Jay, some water please..."

Zoe poured him a glass and made him sit up. "Get up before you drink."

Bob opened his muddled eyes, and it took him a while to see who it was.

"Oh, it's you." He smiled.

"What, I won't do?" Zoe asked grumpily.

"Isn't Jay worried, leaving you in a room with me?" Bob joked as he got up and took the glass.

"Nope," Zoe said bluntly. "He trusts your character."

Bob did a double take before smiling wistfully.

Truly, Jay had him pegged as some noble monk...

That was when Zoe added, "I trust you too. You're a really good man, Bob."

Bob gulped a little as he drank, hiding what he was feeling just then.

Once he was finished, Zoe asked, "Want some more?"

Bob shook his head.

"I'm taking it back then."

"Zoe..." Bob suddenly called out to her.

"Yeah?"

"Would you have gone back to Jay if I never let go back then?" he asked.

He could not help it-it was the worst regret he had in life.

How could he have bought the lie that Zoe cheated on him? He just had to ask around to find out that it was his mother's fault, and Zoe had to make sure he would give up, which was why she chose a drastic move.

She was always serious with everything-it was he who lost her.

"No," Zoe answered bluntly then. "If things had worked out between us, I would never have gotten together with Jay."

Bob was left staring blankly at Zoe just then.

However, it was only now that she had truly let go of the past and could tell it with such nonchalance and honesty.

Years ago, she would have said that she would definitely have given up on Bob anyway so he would not feel any regret, even if she would be lying to herself and Bob.

At the time, she was really dead set on Bob. Given how things were at the time, she would not have split up with Bob even if she ultimately found out about Jay's plight, and she would have categorized it as a simple case of missed opportunity.

"But, y'know..." Zoe finally. "Turns out I only ever loved Jay Parker."

The tiny bit of hope Bob had inside was shredded.

Even so, he smiled faintly-if a little wistfully-feeling as if he was doused with a bucket of ice water.

Yes.

If he never let go, Zoe would have been determined to stay with him in turn, even if it was out of obligation.

Even now, she never regretted choosing him once before- such was how seriously she treated her relationships, and she never turned her back on anyone.

Be that as it may, she would never have lied to herself or to lie that she never loved Jay.

Toward Bob, it was gratitude at best.

Bob laughed then, and he laughed so hard that his tears were falling.

Zoe never saw him losing control like that, though there was restraint along with his aggravation.

“I’m sorry, Bob,” she apologized.

“No,” he told her. “Thank you for this, Zoe.”

Zoe was stunned-should he not hate her to the bone given the situation? After all, she was harboring feelings for another man while she was dating him.

It was undoubtedly duplicity...

“Thank you for the truth,” Bob explained then. “With this, I won’t have false hopes... but most importantly, I won’t have any regrets.”

Zoe’s chest ached terribly then.

It was not as if she had no feelings for Bob-someone simply reached her heart before he could, inscribing his name on it so deeply there was no erasing it...

A Life Debt Repaid Chapter 1337-Zoe told him just then, “Get some rest, Bob.”

“Yeah.”

With that, she got up and left, though she turned around at the door to glance at him.

He was flat on his back, his eyes covered under his hand.

But the tears flowing from underneath were visible anyway.

If only...

No. No ifs-Bob would meet the one he was destined for in life.

With that, Zoe left.

She had actually noticed Jay listening to their conversation from outside the door for a while.

However, he never came in—it was his gesture of respect.

“You should talk to him,1’ Zoe told him.

“Yeah.” Jay nodded, while she earnestly felt that it was worth being alive just then.

Meanwhile, Quinn had considerable difficulty helping Sam to the car and driving him home.

She drove as slowly as possible-she was that bad at driving and was concerned Sam would get sick if the journey was too bumpy.

The car was basically a snail crawling on the road, and there was no telling how long it took for her to finally reach the parking lot.

After stopping, she opened the door to the back seat and stared at Sam, who was out like a light.

Eventually, she steeled herself to wake him up. “Get up, Sam. We’re home. You can sleep on the bed.”

As Sam did not move at all, she pressed, “Come on, Sam. Get up.”

Sam frowned in annoyance. “Shut it...”

“Be good. You can sleep in the house-it’s really uncomfortable doing it in the car.”

“Don’t wanna move...”

“Oh, you...” Quinn actually got a little frustrated just then, as Sam refused to get up no matter how she smacked and snapped at him.

However, she was going to give up and was considering spending the night in the car with him when Sam suddenly opened his eyes.

Still, his gaze was unfocused as he looked at Quinn and said, “Please don’t hate me.”

“What?” Quinn was stunned, and his voice was muffled with alcohol.

“I said, don’t hate me!” he suddenly snapped angrily.

Quinn felt like her eardrums perforated just then—was it that difficult to take care of him when he was drunk?!

Nonetheless, she played along. “Be good and I won’t hate you.”

It was a noncommittal response, and she was convinced Sam would not react to that.

And yet, Sam crisply replied, “Okay.”

Quinn was speechless—he was a completely different person after getting drunk, huh?

Still, since he was being compliant, it would be a waste not to exploit this.

“Get out of the car yourself, Sam,” she told him.

Sam actually looked left and right before getting out tamely.

Quinn was actually delighted—was it really this easy?!

Nonetheless, she quickly walked up to hold him up since he was really drunk despite his compliance, and he was still wobbling.

She could feel most of Sam’s weight on herself—she was left gritting her teeth as she closed the car door and locked it before helping Sam back in the house.

However, when they finally made it inside, Sam suddenly tripped over her foot, and they both dropped to the floor with a loud thud.

Quinn winced in pain, while Sam seemed immune and fell asleep on the floor.

“Sam, get up,” she called out even as tugged on him, but he was not budging at all.

“Get up, or I’ll hate you!” she threatened.

Sam scrambled to his feet right then.

A Life Debt Repaid Chapter 1338—Quinn was left gaping at Sam—was he that afraid of her hating him?!

Whatever... Getting him to the bed was the priority!

As such, she took him to the bedroom and eventually got him on the bed, where she took off his clothes and wiped him down with a hot towel.

However, she barely touched him once when he caught her wrist and complained, "No..."

Sam did not seem to like being touched.

Honestly, he slept with so many women! Why was he playing chaste?!

"Do you want me to hate you, Sam?" she demanded right then, and he quickly released her.

Really, this tactic was surprisingly useful when he got drunk...

After Quinn wiped him down, she helped him into pajamas and thought about it before making him a glass of honey drink. "Drink this to help with your stomach. You'd feel better. n

"I don't wanna..."

"I'm gonna get angry," Quinn said, really getting used to the feeling of Sam obeying her with no more than an offhand remark.

And she liked it, since it felt like he was as harmless as a little puppy, unlike his usual chip-in-the-shoulder demeanor.

She watched as he finished the honey drink and stopped bothering him after that so he could get some proper sleep.

She tucked him in, though she paused just as she got to her feet and arched her back to kiss him on the lips... a reward for being so compliant tonight.

Well, she could also admit that she could not resist it since Sam was absolutely docile tonight.

And with that sneaky kiss, she was flushing even as she rushed to the bathroom.

Things were certainly going a little quickly for them. Even if they had been married for years, it actually had not been more than a few days since they started trying out a relationship.

Maybe they should stick to a more natural schedule...

Quinn had to calm her racing heart, and she then turned on the shower.

As such, she never heard the man on the bed mumbling, "Don't hate me, Quinn... I love you..."

Sam woke up with a painful headache the next day.

How did he get drunk? How did he get back here? Did Quinn bring him back?! Did he embarrass himself last night? Was he vomiting everywhere? Did he stay on the floor, refusing to leave? Did he say anything weird?! Did Quinn hate him getting drunk?!

Damn it, he should have stopped sooner... but he had to get drunk with Bob!

Still, he had good reason since Bob was drinking his sorrows away. After all, anyone could see that Bob was still into Zoe, and there was misery in his eyes whenever he looked at her, even though he presumed that he hid it well.

For Sam's part, he would have stopped when Bob had enough, but somehow, Bob had to become a better drinker than usual, even if he might be pretending.

Either way, Sam himself got drunk too and fell unconscious at that.

Suddenly, he had no idea how to face Quinn...

That was when the door opened, and Quinn asked, "Oh, you're up?"

She was dressed casually with an apron around her waist. "I was just making lunch. Try some of my cooking if you think you can get up."

Sam pursed her lips as she stared at her, slightly drowning in this feeling of being home just then.

Seeing him stay still, she asked in concern, "What's wrong? Are you still feeling sick? Are you going to throw up?"

“N-No...” Sam muttered as he came to his senses.

Being able to see the person he wanted to see most with a beautiful smile...

He simply found all of it beautiful.

A Life Debt Repaid Chapter 1339-Quinn was left staring at Sam, finding him acting strange just then-was he still drunk?

After all, he was only docile when he was drunk.

She entered the room, leaving him taken aback as she promptly pulled off his blanket. “You need to eat even if you’re still drunk-you’d at least feel better than having an empty stomach. I could help you wash up if you’re feeling nauseated too...”

She suddenly trailed off as she stared at him fixedly.

He frowned, followed her stare downward, and blushed.

He promptly pulled up his blanket to hide himself.

At the same time, Quinn realized with a start and flushed a crimson, surprised by what she had seen. She quickly turned her back on Sam-she did not mean to look.

Still, Sam was a little frustrated to see her avoiding staring so quickly and snapped, “It’s normal for men in the morning!”

“Yeah...” Quinn replied—was it something she said?

“It’s proof that I’m healthy.”

“I know.”

“It’s not a reaction to you.”

Quinn pursed her lips in silence-she had been fine before, but she felt a little upset just then.

“Come eat once you’re done washing up. I’ll be waiting outside,” she told him before leaving his room.

Sam watched as she left and sighed exasperatedly.

In reality, it was a reaction to Quinn-he had been dreaming of her the whole night too.

Inhaling deeply, he strode toward the washroom, taking a while to calm himself before leaving his room.

Quinn was waiting behind the dining table silently, and the food looked scrumptious.

It was only when Sam headed over that she picked up her fork and knife with a smile. "Come try my cooking and find out how it tastes."

"You made all these?"

"Yeah."

"When did you learn how to cook?" Sam asked as he picked up his knife and fork to pick up some food.

"I always knew how to," Quinn said. "I liked cooking, so I learned from your family's servants and videos, and I'd cook whenever I feel like it. I don't do it often, so I don't know if it's good."

Sam was gnawing on a spiced rib, and Quinn stared at him expectantly.

As he finished, he slowly commented, "Yeah, it's good."

Quinn heaved a sigh of relief.

She had no idea if her cooking suited his tastes, but it was good enough if he said that it was good-he was never good with giving praises.

"Then have some more," she quickly urged him. "That and the pork tenderloin. I've always liked it, so I learned the dish for a while now."

Sam nodded.

The vibes around the table were certainly pleasant-Sam kept eating as Quinn brought him food, and he finished plate after plate.

Still, he soon realized something unusual. "Why aren't you eating?"

He was almost stuffed and was just being nice to finish everything since it was the first time Quinn cooked for him.

However, she had definitely cooked too much for him to eat everything alone...

A Life Debt Repaid Chapter 1340-When Sam looked up, he realized that he was the one one eating, and Quinn virtually never ate. If he kept eating now, he would start to throw up.

“Oh, I forgot...” Quinn smiled.

“Have some more,” Sam suddenly said, putting food on her plate and surprising Quinn—when did he learn to show such concern?

However, Sam just wanted them to share the food.

With that, they ate in silence for a while until Quinn suddenly began hesitantly, “Sam...”

“Yeah?” Sam replied.

“Can you only do this for me?” she asked, blushing.

“What?” Sam was mystified-do what for her?

Did she mean only eating her cooking and finishing it at that?

He burped-he really did his best.

“I mean, in your room...” Quinn said quietly.

Sam did a double take, quickly realizing what she was talking about.

So that was what she meant?!

He pursed his lips and decided to tease her since he found doing so amusing. “Hmm. That depends on what you do.”

As Quinn stared blankly at him, he continued, ‘I have high standards. I wouldn’t-“

“I wont disappoint,” Quinn said resolutely.

Sam was left speechless—did she have any idea what she was talking about?!

“Don’t worry, I’m experienced,” Quinn added confidently then.

Sam was left even more speechless-how was he supposed to be pleased about this?!

After lunch, Quinn cleaned up the table since the housekeeper only came in once a week, and there were no other servants around the house.

They did not usually eat together at home either, and this was the first time Sam saw Quinn tending to housework.

She stood at the kitchen, cleaning the kitchen utensils seriously.

He then remembered that she was always serious with everything and would do well with anything she undertook.

It was her seriousness that made her fit for her chosen profession as a lawyer.

Now that he thought about it...

“Don’t you need to go to work?” Sam asked, unwittingly walking up to the kitchen counter to watch her work.

He had always been peeking at her since he was a child, and be it handicrafts, homework, TV, or painting, she was the type who gave the task at hand her full attention. As such, she would neglect to notice those around her, and her serious little face was quite attractive.

And despite being as energetic and always on the move, he could stay and watch her until she was done.

“I’ve resigned,’ she said just then. “I won’t be taking any lawsuits and I mostly work for Saunderia lately. I’ve applied for leave from your dad-he told me you can go to work once I’ve rested enough.”

“The old man’s been treating you well.”

“Of course. He and your mother are eager for me to give them a cute grandson.”

Sam pursed his lips, though Quinn was blushing after she said that too.

“There’s not much choice there. Ryan’s not going to take over Saunderia since he has his own career,” she explained. “They’re not pinning their hopes on you either since you’re not stepping out anytime soon.”

While Sam was left speechless, Quinn looked up with a smile. “Did I upset you?”

“Nope.”

“Well, would you like to try going to work?”

“Nope.” Sam refused right away.

“Yeah.” Quinn did not press the issue—not that it would work.

Still, she would be responsible for everything including Saunderia if he did not go to work.

After all, the child would not become an adult overnight to take over the family business, while Sam’s parents would eventually grow old...

“Do you want me to work?” Sam suddenly asked, sensing that Quinn was a little disappointed just then.