

## Read A Life Debt Repaid Chapter 1496-1500

A Life Debt Repaid Chapter 1496-Zoe: [Honestly, these two are as stressful as me and Jay back in the day.]

Cordy: [At least you're self aware.]

Zoe: [...We're getting off-topic, sister.]

Cordy smiled. [Let Quinn indulge a little tonight. We can talk to her tomorrow.]

Zoe: [Fine.]

And with that, Quinn drank five beers on her own that night – it was basically her limit, and she lay sprawled, her head muddled.

Both her stomach and her heart hurt, and she really felt frustrated.

She needed to vent, but she had been keeping a lid on it because she was the type who never cried no matter how bad things got.

Whether it was her parents dying when she was a child and leaving her with no refuge, she could never reveal her true self.

“That’s about enough,” Zoe told the others right then.

Cordy echoed, ‘It’s late, Johnny. We should get home soon too.’”

Now basically a slave to the missus, John would spit out the alcohol he was just chugging if Cordy so much as said it. As he hurried home with her, Zoe shot Bob a look, who took his cue.

“I’m going now,” he said, following Cordy and the others even if he had not drunk enough tonight.

Zoe then turned toward Sam, who was still nursing his drink and frowned.  
“Bring Quinn home.”

“Let her stay over,” Sam replied.

“Nope. That’s not how it works around here,” Zoe said.

“Bob did before.”

“Bob’s not the same-he was almost my husband,” Zoe shrugged, her unfiltered words left Jay feeling like he was shot in the heart.

How did she break the hearts of two men in a single night?

On the other hand, Sam was actually laughing, so Zoe added sternly, “Quinn is still your wife after everything is said and done. As long as you’re not divorced,

you have an obligation for her safety!”

Sam had no comeback against that and put down his glass to scoop Quinn up in his arms.

Somehow, she felt small as he carried her.

Zoe watched as Sam carried her off, suddenly finding them perfect for each other but somehow only drifting further apart.

Sam carried Quinn to a cab and gave the address of Saunders Mansion, when Quinn suddenly sat up and snapped, “I don’t want to go back.”

Sam shattered. “Then where do you want to go?”

“My home.”

“Where is that?” Sam asked in amusement. “Isn’t Saunders Mansion your home?”

“N-No,” Quinn mumbled. “Sam’s home is my home.”

Sam’s chest suddenly hurt, and he stared nervously at Quinn, noting her flushed cheeks and distant gaze.

Did the alcohol leave her muddled or actually loosen her lips?

A Life Debt Repaid Chapter 1497-Ultimately, Sam carried Quinn home.

She was more stubborn after getting drunk, and since it was late, they would cause a ruckus if they returned to Saunders Mansion.

He placed Quinn on the bed and was about to leave when Quinn caught his wrist. “Don’t go.”

Sam's heart raced—he could feel the warmth of her palm in his hand. “Open your eyes, Quinn. I'm Sam.”

“I know,” Quinn stared at him with a thousand-yard stare. “You're an irresponsible man!”

Sam pursed his lips—was she that wild whenever she got drunk?!

“You have no right to hand me off to Ryan! I'm not a piece of merchandise!”

Quinn cried as she suddenly rose and stood on the bed, glaring downward at Sam.

“Don't stand there. You'll fall,” Sam said.

“I'm not going to fall,” Quinn refused to listen, and kept pressing, “Why did you push me away? How did I come up short? My figure? My face? Why are you so picky, Sam Saunders?!”

“Just lie down.”

“No!” Quinn refused to let him touch her, evading him whenever he reached out to hold her.

Sam's heart could leapt out of her throat, watching her teeter over the edge.

“Answer me first. Why do you hate me?!” she snapped, pointed at him in the nose.

“I don't hate you.”

“You do!” Quinn exclaimed, her eyes puffy. “You'd rather have those bad women than me. Should I become bad for you to like me?”

“That's not it.”

“You're lying! You like those women with big butts and slender waists. The ones who are skilled,” Quinn scoffed in grief.

Sam was speechless—was she that difficult when drunk?!

“I wanted to get wild too,” Quinn suddenly said.

“What are you saying?!” Sam’s face fell right then.

Get wild?! How? Was she thinking what he was thinking?!

“I’ll sleep with many men and learn some techniques,” Quinn continued.

“I’ll kill you!” Sam bellowed angrily-what on earth was she thinking?!

“That way, I’d find out what sort of women you prefer!”

“You wouldn’t dare!”

“Yes, I would! I’m that much of a loser!” Quinn cried hysterically. “I can go that far—it hurts and it feels dirty just to think that I’d do it with another man!”

Sam breathed a sigh of relief—at least she was not that far gone.

Even so, Quinn’s tears kept rolling as her grief unfurled. “But how am I supposed to find out your type?!”

Sam felt stung and said ever so quietly to himself, “You’re my type.”

“What do you want from me, Sam? How do I make you love me?! Tell me!”

Quinn shrieked and suddenly jumped at him.

Stunned, Sam had to quickly catch her, though she leapt so hard she knocked him down.

Falling on his bottom, he was gritting his teeth in pain but froze before he could make a sound.

Quinn was suddenly kissing him, and their breathing and heart rates abruptly raced.

Sam wanted to push her away, convinced that she was just drunk and would regret it tomorrow when she got sober. However, he could not push her away because he could not bear to do it.

His body stiffening, his eyes widened as he watched Quinn kiss him so meticulously, and he could taste her in his mouth.

A Life Debt Repaid Chapter 1498-Sam suddenly felt like he was intoxicated, and so much so that he could not differentiate between dreams and reality.

After who knows how long, Quinn finally pulled away, though she kept staring fixedly at Sam.

He was docile for once, not moving and allowing her to kiss him as much as she wanted.

“Is my kissing that bad?” she asked.

Hell, no!

He was excited he could explode and did not dare to respond because he might pin her down, and the rest went without saying... Even so, Quinn pressed, “Tell me! What am I lacking? I’ll change, okay?!”

Sam gulped-he was not that calm.

Quinn was lighting a fire in him that could not be extinguished!

“Quinn...” He groaned and tried to push her away, only for her to kiss him again!

Sam’s temple veins were bulging-the woman was really playing with fire!

If this went on... No!

But he could not push her away, and Quinn was basically doing everything she wanted to him!

Sam’s fingers stiffened right then—an unruly, dainty hand had reached beneath his shirt, its warmth leaving every part it touched aflame.

Sam was really falling apart, his whole body stiffening in restraint.

He might go for the drunken fumble too since he had been drinking as well!

And yet, Quinn kept testing his limit, reaching further by the second!

“Ahh!” She looked at him then as he caught her hand.

He was panting and working hard to stay calm.

If she went an inch further... “Enough is enough, Quinn,” he growled.

“Why?” she asked innocently with a wounded look.

“Let’s get you back to Saunders Mansion,” he said. There was no way he could let her stay when something might happen!

“No! I won’t!” Quinn cried determinedly.

“Be good,” Sam said.

When he tried to get up, however, Quinn threw her arms around him, refusing to let him go.

“Quinn.” He sighed.

“I’m sleeping here tonight! I’m sleeping with Sam tonight!” Quinn exclaimed slowly and clearly.

“Do you know what you’re saying?!”

He was on the verge of a breakdown, and she was still testing him?!

If she went for it at the next instant, he could not care less!

“What’s the problem?! We’re legally married!” Quinn exclaimed, more agitated than he was.

“We’re getting a divorce soon.”

“That means we’re not divorced.”

“It’d be a month in a few days—”

“But we’re still legally married! Having sex is a given!” Quinn refused to listen.

“Why do I only get to bang once after getting married to you for so long? And it has to be you! I demand satisfaction, and I’ll sleep with you tonight.

A Life Debt Repaid Chapter 1499-“You’ll regret this tomorrow, Quinn,” Sam vowed stressfully, his whole body shaking since this felt worse than death.

“No, I won’t,” Quinn snapped slowly and clearly. “My only regret is only having sex once in my whole life, and it sucked! If “What?!” Sam exclaimed in shock.

“Why did we only do it once?! And I was... passive!” Quinn continued loudly.

Sam pursed his lips-so she was talking about that one time they did it.

He almost thought... But that was impossible, since Quinn and Ryan had been dating for so long, and he saw Quinn leaving Ryan’s room with his own eyes!

‘Til take the lead this time!” Quinn’s gaze was clearly muddled, but her words mysteriously staunch. “Push me away, and I’ll bite!”

And with that, Quinn jumped on him, pinning him down as she threatened, “Don’t you dare resist.”

She kissed him again, and Sam did not fight back-he could not bear to push her away as she was now.

He had the feeling she would cry if he did, and he did not want her to cry or his heart would break.

As for after he sobered up tomorrow, he would just admit to exploiting her while she was vulnerable.

It was a long night, and Quinn tossed around during daybreak.

It felt like she had a truck ram into her, and she needed to make an effort just to move her toes.

As she wearily opened her eyes, it took her a long while to register the familiar surroundings and realize that she was still in Sam’s bed.

Fragments of memories last night soon pieced themselves together into a complete story, and Quinn blushed.

She had certainly taken the lead, though she did not dare to think too far.

She was actually shocked that she would really go that far- now that she was sober, she would never be that bold.

However, she did not regret it, even if she had no idea how to behave around Sam now that she was sober.

Bracing herself while feeling bliss inside, she turned around, ready to face Sam... only to find the other side of the bed completely empty.

Quinn frowned-where did he go? Did he leave that early?

She blushed again when she got up from bed, since she was naked.

She then remembered how they were embracing each other's naked bodies to sleep for the night... Quinn composed herself and picked up a shirt from the floor.

It belonged to Sam-it reached all the way to her thighs when she wore it, and she could well use it as a dress.

She walked toward the door and opened it, but Sam was not around.

The spacious house felt empty, even cold.

Quinn ultimately felt disappointed-she was convinced there would at least be warmth today after last night. She did not expect Sam to go missing.

Taking deep breaths, she reined in her emotions before returning to the bedroom to look for her phone and call Sam.

A Life Debt Repaid Chapter 1500-At that very moment, Quinn spotted a glass of water and a pill.

There was a note under it that read 'morning after pill'.

Quinn stared at the pill and the glass, understanding how it felt to have her parade rained on just then.

Her chest ached, but Sam's meaning was clear-last night was just a moment of impulsiveness between two adults.

No responsibility would be taken, no sentiment would be retained.

Quinn picked up the pill and laughed miserably.

Quinn only returned to Saunders Mansion at noon.



Her phone was out of juice as well, so she had no idea how many times Ryan would have called her by now.

As soon as she stepped inside the drawing room, she found Ryan glowering at her, clearly angry.

On the other hand, both Lindsay and Marvin were clearly concerned. “Where have you been, Quinn? Why did you turn off your phone? We called Zoe, who said you left with Sam, but Sam said you weren’t with him when we called him.

Where did you go? Are you alright?!”

Quinn stared at them and shook her head. “I’m fine. I was just drunk and stayed the night at Sam’s.”

At her words, Ryan immediately snapped, “What did you promise me, Quinn?!

But you’d stay the night at Sam’s?!”

“What did I promise you?” Quinn shot back.

Ryan was left fuming but could not manage a word.

It was only natural he could not since he was the one coercing her.

Quinn then continued bluntly, “Sam and I aren’t divorced yet. Whatever we did, it was perfectly legal.”

“But-“

“Anything else can wait after the divorce,” Quinn said flatly. “I’m tired. I’m going back to my room.”

She strode upstairs right then, ignoring the fact that Ryan was seething.

She lay in bed and stared at the ceiling, her body and soul weary while a trail of tears rolled down the corner of her eyes.

She tossed around, clutching her blanket and doing her best to sleep.

It probably would not hurt so much after she had her sleep.

It was night when she woke up, and she tossed around, ready to get up when a voice suddenly spoke in her room. "You're awake?"

Quinn jumped-it was Ryan's voice!

She turned and saw that Ryan had entered her room without her knowing!

"What are you doing here?!" she demanded, remembering that she had locked her door from the inside!

"Does that matter?"

"Of course!"

"No, it doesn't," Ryan snapped. "What matters is that you promised to date me,

but you ended up messing around with Sam."

"Sam and I are legally-"

"I forgive you this once. This must never happen again."

Ryan continued, not letting her speak and started to wheel himself out. "It's time for dinner. I'll wait for you downstairs."

Quinn stared at Ryan coolly as he left with indescribable stress and indignation!

Five days later, the cooldown period was officially over.

Quinn once again headed to the civil bureau with Ryan in tow.

Ryan was naturally with her, but unlike before, he got out of the car and stayed with her as she and Sam filed their divorce paperwork.

It was actually the first time Quinn and Sam were meeting since the other night.

She had been waiting for something-anything-from him.

All she got was a text last night that said: [Tomorrow, the civil bureau, 9 AM.]

