

# A Life Debt Repaid Free Online

## - Chapter 801-810

### Chapter 801

John then began to recount how he started dating Nana. “I happened to run into Nana at the time. She was just about to get a heart transplant surgery with not much chance of success, around sixty to seventy.’

Cordy’s fingers clenched on her wine glass—she hated it, but she also wanted to know his past.

“One of the care workers had wheeled me out on a stroll in the garden of the hospital. I looked like a mummy, with my whole face bandaged. She must’ve found my appearance amusing, so she approached me and asked what condition I had.”

“She spoke in Zidonian, and it gave me a sense of familiarity in contrast to my parents. Moreover, it’s been a while since I just woke up from the accident. I basically never spoke to anyone... And yet, I talked to her a lot that day, and we learned about our respective situations.” 1

“That was when she said she’d date me if she survives the surgery. I said yes.’

John glanced at Cordy as he said that, and saw her calmly sipping her red wine, looking almost unaffected.

It made sense—it was the past, and she was rational enough to not get petty.

Since it was of no concern, he continued, “Actually, I never felt any sort of attraction towards her at the time. We were just mostly licking each other’s wounds under desperate circumstances. I stayed with her until she was wheeled into surgery, and the surgery was a success—the doctors said she could even live like a normal person.’

“And with that, we started dating. She stayed at the hospital with me for another six months, even though she could’ve been discharged much earlier.”  
“When the bandages came off my face and revealed my hideousness, even I hated she touched my heart at the time. And so, feelings began to bud right then.”

“To be honest, before I met you, I always thought I loved Nana. The reason we decided to date each other in the first place was whimsical, sure, but I never felt repulsed towards her after years of being with her. In fact, I wanted to care for her. But after I met you... I realized that attraction isn’t soft and warm, nor was it a responsibility. You literally go crazy in love.’

Cordy kept sipping on her wine, though her heart rate was accelerating.  
“Let me put it to you this way: I was hostile to you because I couldn’t accept how I was drawn to you. While I dated Nana, I met my fair share of women eager to have me. Some even went as far as going naked. I never felt a thing towards them, and I was actually disgusted by them. That’s why I just don’t get why I couldn’t help falling for you. You’re not the most beautiful—”

Cordy looked up at him, and he promptly corrected himself. “Err, I mean, you’re very beautiful, but you’re the type with hidden depths and are devastatingly attractive.”

At that, Cordy looked away and kept sipping her wine.  
With that, John continued, ‘I never considered myself shallow, and I’m used to beautiful people since I was constantly in contact with them. Even so, your appearance left me entranced. I was afraid to see you again, because things might escalate to a point beyond no return. That’s why I was so hostile around you, so that you’d be keen to keep your distance.’

“And yet, it’s as if you’ve latched onto me. You always showed up exactly when I didn’t want to see you. And the more I see you, the more I fall for you...’

John trailed off for a moment, as if he was crumbling inside. “I think I’d really die by your hands in this life, Cordy.”

“Never say die,” Cordy said sternly.

John did a double take, before smiling broadly. “You’re worried that I’d die?”

“I’d be worried if anyone dies.”

“Don’t worry-I’m born lucky, so I’m not going to die. My parents told me how miraculous it was for me to survive that car crash...” John trailed off again-he was proud of that for a second, but cut himself short when he noticed the scowl on Cordy’s face.

He even promised tamely, “I swear that I’ll outlive you.”

Cordy scowled even harder-was he insinuating that she would die earlier? John quickly came to a realization and corrected himself. ‘I mean, I’ll definitely take good care of my body. I’ll stay in top form and take care of you for the rest of our lives.”

Cordy’s lips curled up into an obvious smile.

## Chapter 802

Even if Cordy did her best to hide her smile, John could tell immediately.” Did you fall for me early on, but was afraid to confront those feelings because I was being hostile?”

“I’m not that childish.”

“Then, are you rejecting me?” John asked, feeling a little uneasy.

Instead of answering, Cordy asked, “How are you going to handle your engagement with Nana?”

‘Til make it clear to her. Don’t worry.”

John was determined. Now, he knew very well that the feelings he had for Nana was based on sympathy; there was zero attraction whatsoever.

Why else was he not eager to get it on with Nana? Was that really because he was careful with her?

No.

In reality, he felt zero impulse for that at all.

As for Cordy... He would have her, right here and now!

Whoops, his thoughts strayed a little there.

However, his expression had clearly changed; Cordy frowned at that strange look on his face.

Nonetheless, he composed himself and asked solemnly, “Well, I’ve told you everything about me. Shouldn’t you do the same?”

“What?” Cordy appeared nonchalant.

However, she was hesitant to tell him that he was actually John Levine and Dicky’s father. Would he suddenly accept it if he did?

Moreover, there might be a conspiracy surrounding him; perhaps, one that was not yet to be carried out?

She could even admit that it was her selfish hope to only tell John everything once he was single again.

After all, she didn't want to use their past relationship to coerce his present.

If he considered her unreasonable for this, so be it.

"You and whatshisname...Patrick Stuart." John appeared utterly jealous even as he uttered the name. "You said you're dating him."

"So? Do you consider that cheating, like you?"

"How am I cheating? I just needed time to understand how I feel. And I'm planning to break up with Nana too, you know?" John defended himself agitatedly.

"There's nothing between Patrick and me."

"But he likes you?" John's eyes narrowed.

Cordy sighed—the man remained sharp as ever, and there was just no hiding anything from him.

"Yeah," she admitted.

"Don't see him ever again," John demanded bossily.

Cordy stared at him—his true colors were showing even before they started dating.

"He means to have you, and I'm not wrong in planning ahead," John said, stubbornly and confidently. "And you're three years older than me, woman. I'm the one who's losing out."

Chapter 803

Cordy laughed dryly—John's brazen attitude never did change.

"Why are you laughing?" John frowned, her laughter upsetting him somewhat.

"Because you're younger."

"You must be overjoyed." John grinned smugly.

Cordy smiled, but said nothing.

"And don't change the subject," John said sternly. "Don't meet Patrick Stuart ever again from now on. It upsets me."

"We have a business partnership," she replied.

She always kept business and personal affairs separate, and Patrick always had been a gentleman.

"If we ever were going to be together, we already would have. We certainly wouldn't wait until now," Cordy added bluntly.

"Fine, then how about this?" John said, as if suddenly coming to a realization.

"Call me whenever you're meeting him, even if it's for business. I'll sit in."

Cordy stared at him incredulously. How could he get so petty?

"Trade secrets are involved. Having a third-party would be inconvenient."

"Then I can wait outside while you have your discussion."

“Could you not behave like a child?”

“I’m just protecting my interests.”

“What interests?”

“You!” John sounded so determined that Cordy couldn’t argue.

Though the atmosphere between them stiffened, they soon heard Dicky giggling beside them.

As they turned towards him, he quickly stopped and blushed. ‘I’m just happy to see Mommy and Daddy getting along.

“I’m not your daddy...”

John’s habitual retort trailed off, as he soon realized the situation and slowly smiled. “Well, it’s almost impossible I’d have a child as old as you, but if you can call me Daddy really if you really want to.”

How brazen!

John escorted Cordy and Dicky back to their room after they finished dinner, and Dicky asked casually, “Are you staying with us tonight, Daddy?”

“That’s moving a little too fast, don’t you think?” he asked in turn, though there was expectation in his eyes.

“What are you thinking?” Cordy shot him a glare before telling Dicky, “Go back to our room.”

“Okay.” Dicky complied, skipping as he did so.

It wasn’t hard to tell that he was very happy, despite his usual early maturity. Cordy felt a little emotional, finally understanding why Dicky would work so hard to get them together.

After all, the man before them was unquestionably his daddy.

“Aren’t you leaving?” Cordy then asked, turning towards John.

“You sent him away because you wanted a moment of privacy with me, didn’t you?” he said, as if he understood.

In reality, Cordy was just afraid Dicky would spill the beans. She started to turn and make way to her room and said, “You should go.’

“Cordy.” John suddenly caught her.

Before she realized what was happening, her whole body was being pinned against the wall beside them; his figure towered over her, with barely an inch between them.

They could hear each other’s breathing and the wild thumping of their hearts.

“What...”

Cordy could clearly sense the danger that the man posed, as he was unquestionably aggressive at that very moment.

“What do you think?” John smiled wickedly.

Cordy’s heart raced even quicker.

Everything felt different now that she knew for sure that he was John.

“I will take responsibility, Cordy,’ he said, and he leaned towards her.

Truly.

He realized he was completely vulnerable to the temptation she posed. He pulled her and restrained her just to tease her—it was her fault for trying to chase him away.

But now, at this very moment, there was just no controlling himself.

Her flushed cheeks, her luscious pink lips... They were all lethal to him!

Chapter 804

John went to kiss Cordy right then, but she turned away just as their lips touched.

He felt as if something clawed through his heart, but she reminded him, "You're not single yet."

John closed his eyes, restraining himself as much as he could.

She really knew how to turn him away.

With a retort like that, even if he wanted to flip out, there was no way he could do anything out of line towards her.

Damn it!

She had a leash over him, asserting full control even before they started dating.

Nonetheless, he released her.

The instant he did, his lips inadvertently brushed against her ear.

It was a slight touch, but a jolt of electricity seemed to shoot through his body, and he felt himself turning into jelly...

John swallowed, his Adam's apple rolling repeatedly.

So this was hell.

As he moved a few steps away from Cordy, he saw that her face was red, as if it was bleeding.

Even so, he restrained himself and said, "I'll talk to Nana tomorrow and clear up everything."

"Yeah."

"Goodnight."

"Goodnight."

"Cordy?" he suddenly called out to her.

"What is it?"

"I love you."

Cordy flushed all the way to her ears, surprised that John would declare his love so formally.

She could feel the constant pounding in her chest as he gazed upon her eyes with unconcealed fondness.

"Yeah," Cordy replied, working hard to keep her tone calm.

"Yeah? That's it?" John was clearly dissatisfied.

Heaven knew how much courage he had to muster to say that, but she was still being so casual about it?!

“Anything can wait until you’re single again.”

“Is that a promise?” John asked for confirmation.

Cordy frowned—did they really need to do this?

“Yes, it is.” She decided to compromise, since she couldn’t say no when he was giving her that look.

He was at the young age of 26, but he was long past the time for his first awakening in love. But at this very moment, he felt bliss like never before- as if he had found something he had been looking forward to for ages, 1

He simply couldn’t get the picture of her off his mind, just as he couldn’t wipe the silly grin off his face as he thought of her now.

What was he supposed to do?

In her room, Cordy didn’t leave the door after heading inside.

Once she closed the door, she stared at the security monitoring the door- that was a VVIP room for you, it came with everything.

She could clearly see John standing outside her door, reluctant to leave for quite a while.

As she stared, she felt tears welling in her eyes.

Was someone up there taking pity on her? She had never felt this lucky, ever! Back at North City, Zoe was given a much more important character this time- but that was the harsh reality of showbiz.

As Zoe read the new script, she couldn’t help complaining, “Aren’t they rushing this? This is a lot less detailed...”

For the last script, there had been notes and elaborations on almost every scene, explaining in detail how to play said role and what emotion to convey. However, this script was no different from what you would get from a typical stage production. While there were tips on movement and expressions, it was clearly soulless.

Chapter 805

Beside Zoe, Candice said, “Looks the same to me.”

“No way,” Zoe said as she checked the script again. “This one is so crude!”

“Well, how complex did you want it?” Candice laughed. “They gave you a minor role before, and it’s paragraphs for you now. What more do you want? It was just banter-she meant no harm despite the irony in her words.

On the other hand, Zoe was frowning as she came to a realization.

Could it be...?!

She couldn’t help asking, “Could you show me your last script?”

“Hold on, I think I kept it in my bag...” Candice quickly took it out and showed it to Zoe, while unable to hold back a huge sigh. “See? I had at least two

pages' worth of lines last time, but it's been halved! I'm sure I won't even have this much in the next round.'

Zoe read Candice's script for the last round twice, and finally confirmed her earlier suspicions.

Even her script for the last round was different from the rest of the cast; her heart skipped a beat, while she felt a flutter over her chest.

Did Jay give her special attention last round?

At the very next instant, she shook her head, certain that she was just overthinking it.

Jay had gone through a lot to keep her in the show, and he needed a stellar performance for her to prove that he was right. Otherwise, his abilities would be called into question.

Yes, that was probably it-she shouldn't hold any expectations for him.

She had done it one too many times, and on every occasion, she only suffered humiliation.

Moreover, he never showed up even after she had rehearsals with the other thespians for the day.

He had always been a role model in diligence, always coming in to join them for rehearsals. However, only his assistant showed up today for lunch delivery. Said assistant also passed instructions from him in his stead.

As for Zoe, she received a call from Quinn after the rehearsal.

"Are you done for the night?"

"What is it?" Zoe could immediately tell that Quinn was down in the dumps.

"Just wanted to ask you out for drinks," Quinn replied.

"You changed a lot after three years, Quinn. You've never liked drinking, so why are you such an alcoholic now?"

"I could say the same about you-why is an alcoholic like you suddenly falling out of love with alcohol?" Quinn retorted.

"Fine! I can never win against you in an argument, Judge Judy," Zoe conceded feebly. "But really, I can't drink-I have another rehearsal tomorrow. Dinner's fine, and I might even watch you drink."

"Twenty minutes. I'll be there to pick you up."

"Okay."

Zoe was waiting outside the studio as several cars passed by, and one of them actually stopped near her. A middle-aged man poked his head out.

"You're Zoe York, aren't you?"

Zoe had put on a mask, but otherwise didn't disguise herself much since she did not have to.

Nonetheless, she was immediately recognized by the man, who said to her, "Yeah, I saw you in 'Actors on Set'. Your acting was so great! Do your best, I'm supporting you!"



“Thank you,” Zoe said, and wondered if her fans were all that age these days. Come to think of it, she was pushing thirty; she wouldn’t compare to those young’uns in their twenties.

“Zoe York, right?” Another car stopped nearby, and the driver eagerly hurried out to meet her. “I’m a big fan-can I take a picture with you?”

Zoe didn’t refuse, and he said, “Thanks! Do your best!”

And with that, more cars either stopped or wound their windows just to take a look at her.

She finally felt popular again, and was starting to enjoy it a little.

“Can I have a photo with you. Miss Star Celebrity?” Zoe replied happily,

“Sure.”

## Chapter 806

That was when Zoe saw Quinn, leaning against her car door while looking at her with glee.

““When did you come back?” Zoe huffed, trying to make herself look angry.

“When you were pressing yourself against that geezer for a photo,” Quinn replied.

“He’s just a fan,’ Zoe snorted, but clearly proud.

Let her have this moment—it had been years since she felt like this.

Quinn simply smiled and returned inside her car with Zoe.

They headed to an expensive restaurant, running into Bob at the entrance.

Cora was not with him, for once.

Bob was surprised to see them. “You two are eating here as well?”

“Yeah.” Zoe nodded.

“Oh! Jay, Sam, and I are having dinner here too. We never did meet up after Sam got out,” Bob explained, and eagerly invited them. “Care to join us? This is too good a coincidence to pass up.”

Zoe presumed that Quinn would say no, so she kept quiet.

After all, she couldn’t reject Bob well; their short stint of a relationship left her somehow dwarfed around him these days.

Truly, one must never do anything that would hurt their own conscience, or they would never be able to rest easy for the rest of their lives.

However...

“Sure,” Quinn agreed.

Zoe stared at her in complete disbelief.

Quinn used to loath dinners like these, and would especially give it a wide berth if Sam was there.

What on earth happened between them in these three years? Sam was in prison the whole time, wasn't he?

Quinn wouldn't have a chance to mend their relationship, even if she wanted to!

“Alright, let's go,” Bob said eagerly, and Zoe had no choice but to follow him to a private room.

Both Jay and Sam were already there, and having a chat-friends who had been apart for a while would always have much to talk about.

Noticing the door opening just then, Sam turned and snorted, “You're the one who arranged this dinner, Bob. And yet, you're late...”

He trailed off, suddenly silent when he saw who came.

Jay naturally saw Quinn and Zoe as well, and smiled ever so subtly.

Bob simply strode in, saying, “I met them when I arrived, and invited them in since they were going to be eating here too. You don't mind, do you?”

Sam stayed silent, while Jay said, “Not at all.”

That's a stereotypical mediator for you.

“Come, take a seat.” Bob gestured at both women. ‘Quinn, you should sit with Sam.’”

“Yeah,” Quinn replied mildly, and actually sat beside Sam.

Sam had been sitting sideways, but now, he seemed to straighten himself in his chair.

Quinn, too, appeared a little too prim beside him.

The five of them just happened to fit the small table, with Jay sitting between Sam and Bob.

Bob had Zoe sit beside him, and he couldn't resist teasing, ‘You two don't look married. Heck, Zoe and I look more married than you two.’”

That made Zoe a little embarrassed.

Before, she would laugh along if Bob joked like. But now...

Damn this guilt!

Still, was he really fine with this?

Was he really joking so naturally because he felt nothing at this point? She turned just then, and inadvertently met Jay's gaze.

Chapter 807

Though their eyes met for just a second, Zoe immediately turned away. Jay also quietly turned away.

To make herself appear calm, Zoe told Bob, "Don't even joke about it. You're engaged." 1

"That's exactly why I'd joke about it," Bob grinned, though there seemed to be a slight bitterness in it.

Even so, mentioning the engagement did make Zoe feel a little less awkward.

"Let's drink," Sam suddenly said, raising his glass and clearly not keen on letting the mood be spoiled just like that. "You've been nagging us to drink, but you're not touching your glass when you arrive."

Bob was being nice when he brought Zoe and Quinn as well.

Zoe picked up her glass of water, which Bob spotted immediately. He exclaimed in disbelief, "You're drinking water, Zoe?!"

The girl was an incorrigible alcoholic!

"I'll pass since I still have a rehearsal tomorrow." Zoe smiled. "Don't worry, I'll drink as much water as you would alcohol for the night. And pure water, at that."

"Isn't that a little weird?" Bob remained relentless. "Just drink a little, okay?"

"There's no 'a little' when you're involved," she countered. "You're not going to let me go unless I pass out."

Bob threw up his hands. "I'm not that good these days-I can't drink more than a few glasses before I pass out. Honest!"

Zoe sincerely doubted that-Bob was a serial alcoholic, and she couldn't begin to fathom how much his alcohol tolerance improved over the years.

She regretted not refusing Bob's offer to join them. She could've done it before, or even after Quinn agreed to it.

How was she going to the rehearsal if she got drunk tonight?

She had slept the entire day at Jay's lounge the day after she got drunk during a rehearsal, and refused to have a repeat of that.

Quinn suddenly said, "I'll drink in Zoe's stead."

Everyone then turned towards her.

She never drank much; come to think of it, she never drank with them before.

So how was her alcoholic tolerance?

Zoe knew, even if Sam didn't-Quinn could stand the alcohol for a while, but she would get drunk eventually.

Her hangovers were terrible, especially since it took her a long time to get sober.

On the other hand, once Zoe got drunk and went into slumber, she would have recovered by 80% once she woke up.

“I didn’t think you’d be that sporting, Quinn,” Bob said in surprise. “You can stomach your alcohol, can’t you?”

At the same time, Sam’s fingers clenched over his glass. However, he stayed quiet.

“She’s not as good a drinker as you are,” Zoe snapped impatiently at Bob, finally giving in. “You don’t have to drink, Quinn. I’ll do it myself.”

“Zoe...”

“I was just bantering with Bob on purpose. That’s what it’s like for us drinkers—put on airs, and once everyone’s more or less done, it’s time to go for the kill!” Zoe said, cutting Quinn short.

Zoe knew that Quinn felt guilty since she was the one who agreed to join the men.

They had been friends for years, and Zoe could definitely tell that Quinn was reluctant.

“Dream on, Zoe. Alright, everyone—cheers!” Bob exclaimed excitedly, and everyone raised their glasses.

“What’s wrong, Jay?” Bob called out, seeing that Jay wasn’t doing the same. Jay quickly put away his phone and joined the toast, just as the dinner finally got under way.

Bob was really good at livening up the air, though there wasn’t much thinking needed. Since everyone else would be sitting around awkwardly given their status and relationships, he just had to approach them one after another, and goad them to drink one way or another.

Three hours passed in no time at all.

Zoe really couldn’t hold it in anymore—she would mess up tomorrow’s rehearsal if this went on!

Chapter 808

Remembering how Hailey had yelled at her the last time around, Zoe decided that she must stop drinking immediately.

Deciding that she needed to stay sober, she excused herself to the washroom.

Unfortunately, she was already tipsy and almost in a state where she wanted to drink more at the moment.

Thus, she needed to wash her face and clear her head.

It took her a while, but just as she opened the door to leave, she found Jay standing outside.

She glanced at him, and then at his cane.

So, that was a permanent disability and not a temporary fracture.

Jay sensed her stare.

So, she knew that he was now a cripple?

He swallowed, but said, 'Tomorrow's rehearsal has been canceled.'

"What?" Zoe was a little surprised.

"Didn't you check the group chat?" Jay asked.

"Bob's been making me drink, so I didn't notice. When was it canceled, and why?" Zoe asked curiously as she whipped out her phone.

Then, she found the notice that the rehearsal for tomorrow had been called off. Everyone was advised to get rest and prepare themselves, since the rehearsals in the later days would be more important.

Though Jay wasn't the admin of the group, he was the only one who could make such an announcement.

Putting away her phone, she asked again, "Why cancel it? Aren't we on a schedule?"

"I was drinking tonight. I won't be able to wake up tomorrow.'

Zoe stared at him incredulously, actually shocked he would say something like that.

He had always been a workaholic who could go days without food, water, sleep, or a toilet break... And while that may be a hyperbole, he still wasn't the type who would delay work over personal affairs.

"I'm too old now," Jay explained, noticing her surprise. "I'm less durable now."

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That was true, yet he still insisted on drinking with them.

Zoe didn't press the issue, and strode past him as he added, ' Don't drink too much even though there's no rehearsal tomorrow. You'd get fat, and you'd look bad on screen.'

With those words, he headed inside the washroom. Zoe stared at the door for a while and took a long time to finally realize he was insulting her for being fat. Was he blind? Or was showbiz so obsessed with being slim that everyone in it was losing their minds?

Even if she wasn't those permanently slim types, she definitely wasn't fat! She didn't get flabby at all even after delivering a baby!

Nonetheless, she returned to the dinner table, where Quinn was already flushed from alcohol. "What's up?"

Since Quinn was being very accepting today, Bob was focused on making her drink.

Fortunately, she was the type who would stay rational despite getting drunk, and she immediately sensed that Zoe was being angry.

"It's nothing," Zoe growled grumpily.

“Nothing? When you’re pouting that hard?” Bob said, tipsy and now behaving even more naturally around Zoe now. “Who dared incur your wrath, milady?”

“No one,” Zoe replied, picking up her glass and chugging it.

Since the rehearsal for tomorrow was called off, she could go home drunk and sleep off the entire night.

She would be fine the day after tomorrow, anyway.

“You’re so upset, you’re drinking again? What on earth happened?” Bob asked her.

“Nothing! Just a little annoyed that I’m getting fat.”

Jay just happened to step out of the washroom when she said that.

Chapter 809

“You call yourself fat?” Bob found it inconceivable, and grew exceedingly agitated. “Do you even have fat on your body? It hurts to see you so skinny! Hell, I’d like to cut off my flab and give it to you.”

As Jay slowly returned to his seat, Zoe looked disgusted. “Please don’t. I won’t survive that.”

“Look, I’m telling you, Zoe,” Bob huffed. “I don’t know how things work in showbiz, but I can’t take it if you have to become skin and bones just to stay in it.”

“You don’t have to take it,” Zoe retorted, speechless. “As long as the audience likes it.”

“What, I’m not a part of the audience?”

“An insignificant part of the audience.”

“I’ll be your No.1 fan, believe it!”

“Thank you, but you should stick to being Cora Levine’s No.1 fan. I don’t need the trouble,” Zoe said bluntly.

Such was the influence of alcohol—she was much more candid now.

At that, Bob’s expression changed a little.

Cora seemed to be a touchy subject around this table, and the mood around the table changed dramatically.

“Cut the chatter and let’s drink,” Sam said, suddenly raising his glass to clear the awkwardness.

Bob quickly raised his glass, and they immediately ended the conversation on Cora.

However, Bob didn’t forget about Zoe calling herself fat, and told her after a couple glasses, “You don’t have to slim down, Zoe.”

“I’m not planning to.”

“Didn’t you say you were fat?”

“But I never mentioned slimming down, either.”

“For real?”

“For real,” Zoe snorted, feeling that Bob was becoming a little troublesome after getting drunk.

“Well, others aside, it won't feel good touching you if you slimmed down,” Bob said bluntly.

Zoe was utterly speechless.

Why was he spouting that nonsense? All men are pigs!

To make things worse, Bob looked dead serious. “I'm not kidding. Your figure's just right.”

Zoe wanted to hide in a hole at that instant.

Just right? Could he not put it in a way that causes more misunderstanding?

They never did it before, either!

“How would you know?” Sam asked.

He had no idea what went on between Bob and Zoe, or why mentioning Cora made things so awkward. All he knew was that things were complicated between Zoe and Cora, and it was within reason that Zoe was a little upset about Cora.

But now, these two were talking in a way that left things so...ambiguous.

“I...” Bob stammered for a while under Sam's judgmental gaze before answering, “I guessed?”

“You guessed? How many women have you laid your hands on?” Sam snorted. “I can't even begin to guess, even after going through as many women as I did.”

As many women as he did.

Quinn bit her lip, but stayed silent.

“Jay, could you guess?” Sam seemed unconcerned with what he just said and nudged Jay, who had been sitting quietly beside him for a while.

Jay looked at Zoe, and said slowly, “More or less.”

“Do you boys have X-ray vision or something?” Sam exclaimed, losing composure. Then, a scary thought soon occurred to him. “Don't tell me, you two messed with her before?”

Zoe was drinking some hot soup to ease her stomach's discomfort, having drunk a little too much alcohol.

Sam's words left her spitting it straight out; everyone turned towards Zoe, watching as she was rendered dumbstruck.

The scene spiraled out of control; she never expected to mess up this badly.

As the atmosphere turned a little stiff, Bob suddenly suggested, “How about a change of venue?” “Actually, it's pretty late. We should head home,” Zoe said, wiping her mouth.

Chapter 810

“That won't do,” Bob said. “Ending as soon as we got started? We're going elsewhere. That, or I'm telling the waiters to bring us a second helping for

everything we ordered. Either way, everyone's getting drunk before they leave."

"Bob..."

"That's non-negotiable." Bob was determined, and promptly booked a private room at a nightclub without asking for anyone's opinion. "Alright, let's go—Phantom Nights, room 008."

None of them had any choice but to follow him. Since they had been drinking, they split into two cars. 1

Bob pulled Jay and Zoe along to his car, knowing that Zoe might give them the slip; no one other than him would be able to stop her.

As for Sam and Quinn, Sam was most definitely staying since he was always that straight-laced—he agreed to join Bob and Jay in the first place, and therefore would stick with them until the end.

As for Quinn... Well, they're married, and Sam was the one who decided if Quinn went or not.

To no surprise, Zoe had asked repeatedly to leave along the way, and Bob refused her sternly on each occasion.

Sh\*t!

Zoe was a little indignant—did the man presume her to be nervous unless she beat him at drinking tonight?!

Meanwhile, in the other car, both Quinn and Sean were in the back seat, keeping quite the distance between each other.

Sam was keeping a cigarette between his lips, toying with it without lighting it.

He reclined against his seat with both hands behind his head, staring out at the night view of the city when he suddenly said, "Let's get you home first."

Quinn had been staring outside the window.

There was still no progress between her and Sam, even after they moved out of Saunders Mansion.

Sam wasn't giving her any chance to get close, and treated her advances with indifference. It was also why she couldn't say the many things that were on her mind.

She heard him, and couldn't help turning to stare at the back of his head and his indifferent demeanor.

"Are you going home too?"

"Bob would kill me if I didn't."

"Then I'm going too," Quinn said, determined.

Sam frowned slightly, but Quinn added, "I don't have to work tomorrow. I'm not in a hurry to go back tonight."

Sam pursed his lips and growled impatiently, "Suit yourself."

Soon, their cars arrived at Phantom Nights.

Bob had just alighted when he saw Sam and Quinn getting out of their car too.



He was greatly satisfied. "Now that's a brother!"

They entered the private room together. Since it was a nightclub, they were drinking even more-Zoe being the worst offender.

She had been keeping it slow before since she was trying not to get drunk- it was bad for health, and she needed to stay in shape for the variety show.

But since Bob was being so unscrupulous, she decided to send him home crawling on all fours.

She started drinking with Bob, who was all too thrilled and chugged three mugs alongside Zoe.

That seemed to be not enough, so he drank with the others, easily livening up the atmosphere.

Towards the end, Zoe was almost losing it.

Bob was already a worthy adversary, but Sam just had to join in on his side!