

Read A Life Debt Repaid Chapter 1491-1495

A Life Debt Repaid Chapter 1491-Quinn replied, "I'm calm, and- "Then date me for six months!" Ryan snapped stubbornly, cutting her short. "I don't believe that you'd really love Sam instead of me. You're just spiteful that I left you at the altar, and you want revenge. If that's not the case, date me for six months, and if you still don't fall for me in that time and want to go back to Sam, I won't protest!"

Quinn was taken aback even as she stared at Ryan, knowing very well that she would not love him no matter how long had passed.

Nevertheless, she agreed to it because she wanted Ryan to give up and end things with him.

"Fine," she said.

On the other hand, Ryan was smiling the instant Quinn said yes-he was confident that even after losing a leg, he had what it takes to make Quinn love him again.

Sam was nothing to him, and he believed that Quinn would not give up on a fine man like himself and settle for less.

She was not that stupid.

"I have another condition," he then said.

"What is it?"

"I want you to divorce Sam first-since you've agreed to date me, our relationship will be proper. I don't want people gossiping about us."

Quinn pursed her lips, but she agreed since she did not want to offend Sam, and it was a basic gesture of respect to her marriage. If anything, she was incapable of an extramarital affair.

"Okay." Quinn nodded.

Ryan's smile broadened—he had a better chance of success if they divorced.

“But I have a condition too,” Quinn suddenly said.

“Fine,” Ryan agreed to it without hesitation, convinced that Quinn was already his.

Ryan was discharged a week later, and Marvin arranged a private jet to fly him back to North City.

With that, the whole family could return home.

Sam drove to the airport to receive them.

Ryan had to be carried off the plane in his wheelchair. He would not be able to work for six months while he was still recovering, and it was only after that that he could consider having a prosthetic made.

Naturally, his research department was understanding and afforded him a paid medical leave, so that he could return to work once he recovers.

Ryan rode in Sam’s car, while Marvin and Lindsay rode in another since there were too many of them.

Quinn sat beside Ryan, while Sam drove.

He was used to it, just as he did not expect Quinn to ride shotgun.

They had not texted each other, let alone spoken over the phone for a week—if anything, they look like strangers.

“Sam,” Ryan suddenly spoke, breaking the silence.

“Yeah.”

“Quinn needs to talk to you about something later. Don’t leave the mansion immediately.” i “Yeah.” Sam nodded, unable to resist glancing at Quinn from the rearview mirror.

She was very silent, her eyes kept outside the window.

However, Sam also saw Ryan reaching out to take Quinn’s hand—even locking fingers with her, and Quinn did not push him away, i Sam turned away...

A Life Debt Repaid Chapter 1492-Sam appeared nonchalant, but his fingers clenched on the steering wheel,

revealing his emotion.

Still, he soon drove steadily into Saunders Mansion, and Quinn helped Ryan out of the car.

He was basically leaning his whole body against her, and they appeared intimate-even trained-probably because they were used to doing that.

Everyone headed to the drawing room, with Marvin and Lindsay feeling a little nostalgic.

It had been over two weeks since they had been home, and they did not really sleep soundly on a different bed-one always finds better comfort in their own bed.

That was why Marvin and Lindsay immediately went back to their rooms to sleep.

With Ryan saying he was tired as well, Quinn wheeled him to his room.

No one else was in the living room save for Sam, who sat there waiting.

He could have left, but he promised Ryan to wait since Quinn had something to say.

He kept waiting without knowing how long it would take- maybe she and Ryan were already asleep and would sleep all the way to the evening.

However, when Sam prepared himself to wait a day, he suddenly found Quinn coming down the stairs alone.

His heart raced as he straightened, his body stiffening.

Quinn calmly sat down beside Sam, but they were both awkwardly quiet-feeling neither like spouses nor family just then.

Sam suddenly thought that his life was as foolish as it was hilarious.

“What did you want to tell me?” he asked bluntly, not inclined to give himself hope.

He did not want to stay in the same room too long with Quinn either, in fear that he would regret it.

In reality, he regretted his choice all this while, but he had no choice.

Quinn looked at him just then, and she said slowly and clearly, "Let's get a divorce."

Sam looked at her cool demeanor in turn and was caught off guard by the sudden aching in his chest.

It felt as if he clubbed on the chest, knocking the wind out of him.

He pursed his lips, his fingers clenching.

It was not as if he did not expect this.

If anything, he knew this would happen.

He just did not expect to be so overwhelmed when Quinn said those words so nonchalantly, even feeling like he almost blacked out.

He bit his lip until it paled just to keep himself conscious and rational—he refused to embarrass himself in front of her.

In the silence, Sam suddenly smiled as if it was natural.

Quinn did the same, although her eyes were red.

She actually thought he would feel something, but he did not.

Nodding, Sam said, "I've prepared a divorce agreement. We can sign it now if you're in a hurry and then formalize it at the civil bureau."

So he was prepared...

But it was only natural—why would he feel attached since he already handed her off to Ryan?

She said, "We can do it whenever."

"I have a meeting this afternoon, actually," Sam said. "Let's do it tomorrow. I'll come by in the morning."

A Life Debt Repaid Chapter 1493-Having confirmed the time, there was nothing left to say- Sam and Quinn simply sat there in silence.

After a long while, Sam suddenly stood up.

As Quinn looked at him, he said, "I'm going now."

He left without waiting for her response and did not stop, just like when he left the capital early before.

Quinn's vision was blurred by tears as she watched Sam go further and further away...

The next day, Quinn and Sam arrived at the civil bureau as agreed.

Sam was there first and waited for Quinn outside.

He saw her alighting in the distance and talking to someone in the car.

Sam could tell it was Ryan even without looking, and averted his eyes, fiddling with his lighter.

He can smoke in a public space like this, so this was the only way to get his fix.

Quinn then jogged up to Sam. "Sorry to keep you waiting."

"No, I was early," Sam replied, sliding his lighter into his pocket. "Let's go in."

They headed inside, and Sam passed Quinn the divorce agreement as they waited in line. "Check if there's anything you're unhappy about. I brought the USB drive and the file can be edited at any moment."

Sam actually showed it to her last night-they did not have child custody to fight for nor monetary issues, but Sam insisted on paying her three million.

Quinn refused, but Sam insisted it was alimony, so she did not argue-it was pocket change for Sam anyway.

It was a clean divorce, and they owed each other nothing.

That alone made that worth it for Sam.

However, after they signed the application for divorce, they were told that there was a month-long cooling-off period.

Quinn looked up, staring blankly at Sam who clearly had no idea.

As such, they could only file for the application and leave the bureau, with Sam saying, "Let's come here again next month."

"Yeah."

"I'm going now," Sam said before adding nonchalantly, "Do you need a ride?"

"No," Quinn replied, shaking her head. "Ryan's waiting for me in the car."

"Yeah." Sam did not press the issue and turned to leave.

Quinn suddenly felt like she was used to watching him leave and turned away.

Taking a moment to compose herself, she then returned to Ryan's car.

"Is it done?" he asked.

"There's a one-month cooling-off period," Quinn said bluntly.

Ryan actually remembered that just then, but he could not force her to break the law despite his displeasure. "Let's come here again in a month."

"Yeah."

"Let's go home," Ryan said, reaching out to take her hand.

Quinn hesitated but did not push him away.

The month soon passed..

A Life Debt Repaid Chapter 1494-Sam basically never showed up around Quinn through the next month.

When his parents asked him multiple times to return home for dinner, Sam would refuse, saying he had to work overtime.

In reality, everyone in the family knew Sam was just refusing to go.

On the other hand, Ryan was recovering well-the family doctor came in every day to check on his progress, and he could use a prosthetic at the rate he was recovering.

The Saunders were pleased with that, while Quinn was constantly by his side, helping him with rehab and spending time with him.

One day, Quinn got a call from Zoe, asking her to have dinner at her place.

Zoe complained that since she would be giving birth soon, and that also meant postpartum care would soon follow- she would not be able to eat anything as she liked, and she wanted to have her fill before that.

Quinn thought she should let loose a little as well.

She had no idea if she had been stressed lately, but there was simply nothing to look forward to, so she agreed to it right away.

“Is Sam going?” Ryan asked when Quinn told him about the dinner.

Ryan was aware that Sam was on very good terms with Zoe, Jay, and the rest,

but he did not want Quinn and Sam to meet in private.

“I don’t know. I did not ask,” Quinn replied bluntly. “I’d go even if he does-I’m not about to cut ties with my best friend because of him.”

Her words left Ryan embarrassed, and he smiled. “I was just asking. Don’t get drunk-hangovers are terrible.”

“Yeah.”

Only Zoe’s family was there when Quinn arrived at Jay’s apartment in the evening.

Zoe’s belly was really swelling even though it was two months to labor.

She knew that Zoe was bored and needed company to relax.

“It’s just me?” Quinn said, handing her the bouquet she bought in hopes that it would cheer Zoe up.

“Nope. I invited Cordy too,” Zoe replied.

“I see.” Quinn nodded.

“There’s also Johnny, Bob and…” Zoe continued, her eyes fixed on Quinn.

“Sam.”

Quinn remained apathetic.

Zoe was naturally aware that Quinn and Sam were getting a divorce-Quinn would never hide something so important from her and Cordy.

Although Quinn never mentioned the reason, Cordy and Zoe broke down the details and concluded it was most definitely because of Ryan.

However, they were all adults-they had no right to meddle in another person’s marriage, especially when the details were murky. As such, Cordy and Zoe decided to stay silent.

As Quinn made small talk with Zoe on the couch, Cordy and the rest arrived consecutively.

After half a month, Cordy’s belly was swelling, leaving Quinn a little dejected.

She actually wanted to get pregnant with her two besties, but there was no chance of that now.

Once everyone arrived, they settled down around the table for dinner.

Sam stepped out of the washroom just then and clapped Bob on the shoulder as if it was natural. “Let’s switch seats.”

Quinn, who was chatting with Cordy and Zoe, did not react although she heard Sam.

Still, even as Bob switched seats with Sam, he was muttering, “You could still be friends after the divorce, y’know?! Zoe and I get along just fine after our breakup too!”

A Life Debt Repaid Chapter 1495-Things got a little awkward, though Zoe quickly said, “That’s not the same for us.”

“How so?” Bob asked.

“I never loved you,” Zoe said bluntly. “Of course we can be friends.”

Bob was left staring at her-talk about going for the jugular!

What, was she worried she had not hurt him enough and had to keep rubbing salt on his wound?

That was when Zoe deliberately asked Quinn, “Don’t you think you wouldn’t actually be friends if you were really in love with him?”

Quinn pursed her lips in silence, and it was Sam who said, “Nope. Maybe you find said person not worth your time.”

Quinn held her tongue right then, while Zoe shot Sam a glare.

Getting into a relationship and even marrying? He was more suited to be forever alone!

Still, Jay quickly tried to smooth things over. “It’s rare for us to gather, and the next time would be my baby’s birthday. Open another bottle, Bob. Let’s get drunk.”

“Yeah,” Bob was certainly sharp.

This world where only he got hurt was already a husk, and he did not feel hurt anymore.

He opened a bottle and passed it around the men, while asking the women,

“Water or milk, ladies?”

“Just water,” Cordy replied politely. “We’re fine on our own- just ignore us.”

“I’ll have a bottle, Bob,” Quinn suddenly said.

Everyone turned toward her in surprise since she was not known for her alcoholism-she would never drink if she was not drinking with Cordy and Zoe.

“It’s rare for us to hang out, so I’d like something to drink,” she said nonchalantly. “I’ve been stuck with Ryan for a while, and there’s no telling

when's the next time I can get off."

"How's he now?" Zoe asked in curiosity. "Still hanging by a thread?"

"Nope. He's fine," Quinn explained.

"That's what I'm saying! He's a man, so why would he threaten everyone with his own life?!" Zoe exclaimed right then.

She had felt sympathy at first but only found contempt now with that cheap move, adding grumpily, "She's not the only one with a limp-Jay is, and he's not going on a selfdestructive spiral. Heck, he has a stout heart despite his disability!"

Jay was just going to share a toast with the boys and was left wondering if he should actually drink it.

Still, his wife was praising him for showing perseverance from a different point of view!

Bob began, "I mean, right after Jay was disabled, he—"

"Ahem." Jay cleared his throat warningly.

"Oh, whatever," Bob pouted. "Let's drink."

The men started drinking again, changing the subject.

Things were cordial around the dinner table, with Quinn looking like she was in a good mood, joking with Cordy and Zoe from time to time.

However, the three empty bottles in front of her did not escape anyone's notice.

Zoe had enough and was going to stop Quinn when Cordy stopped her.

When Zoe shot Cordy a pointed look, Cordy texted her: [Quinn's stressed.

Letting her relax is nothing bad.]

Zoe: [I'm worried. She's going to get drunk.]

Cordy: [Leave her be. She might come around after she did.)

Zoe: [But I'm frustrated! Things were going well for her and Sam, only for Ryan to meddle.]

Cordy: [Just give them time.]

Zoe: (Yeah, but you know how I hate waiting. I could tell her about everything Sam prepared for her right now.)

Cordy: [Respect the man's choice.]