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Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1968

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“Do you need us to step in?” Another colleague rolled up her sleeves.

Although the village women were not highly cultured or educated, they knew the basic rules of etiquette and would never initiate trouble. Folks here lived simple lives and were kind to one another in a united manner.

Some believed that men valued honor and loyalty, but this was not the case with the village women, who were nobler than city men.

“Why I’m here is none of your business,” Joan spat. Then she turned to leave with her colleagues.

“Oh, you’re running away like some rat? Haven’t you figured out where Larry was yesterday? Well, I’ll spare you the trouble. He was here taking care of me all night,” Gabriella snarled. Her words reeked of sarcasm.

At this, something chipped inside Joan as sadness washed over her.

That was obvious enough, but why did you have to announce it to the world?

She shot a fiery glare at Gabriella. She retorted through bare teeth, “There’s no need to sabotage mine and his relationship. He already told me everything that happened last night, so you don’t have to remind me again.”

That’s my best friend, huh? The best friend that stole my husband and somehow blamed me for stealing him from her in the first place. How ridiculous.

Well, she got what she wanted now. They’re officially together, and with a child, too.

The worst possible ending is if I remove myself from this equation to allow them to be together. That doesn’t sound too bad.

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Joan mentally reminded herself, Be strong. There's nothing to be sad about. There are plenty of other fish in the sea, so why stick around Larry? Besides, he already cheated on you!

"What on earth is going on, Joan? What does Larry have to do with this? Isn't Larry your boyfriend? What relationship does he have with this b*tch? Don't worry. We've got your back since you're one of us now. We won't let anyone get away with hurting you." Her colleagues patted reassuringly on her shoulder.

A warm, fuzzy feeling swelled in Joan's chest at this.

Having friends like them was her greatest blessing in life.

Meanwhile, Gabriella snickered at Joan and the village women.

"Oh, Joan. You've fallen so far from grace to hang out with a bunch of villagers. You guys really are an embarrassingly sore sight to watch!"

Both her arrogant gaze and harsh words offended the women, prompting furious stares from them.

"What's wrong with this bunch of villagers? You city folk think you're so much better than us; well, why don't you spit out all the foods that we, villagers, grew? You clearly have the word "shrew" written all over you. Before you go around calling us names, why don't you look in the mirror and see what you look like now? What a shameless b*tch!" One colleague pointed out straightforwardly.

They couldn't stand city people who acted all high and mighty whilst looking down on villagers.

White-hot steam came from Gabriella's ears as she grew utterly livid. However, the group of women didn't seem the least bothered with her.

It was never their fault to begin with. Hence, there was no reason for them to be frightened of her.

"Forget about her. Let's go," Joan growled in a low voice.

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She knew Gabriella wouldn't let them go easily after they insulted her so badly. She would eventually try to get even if they stayed any longer.

"Where do you think you're going?" Gabriella shouted in disbelief.

What a ridiculous woman. A colleague snorted inwardly. Does she think that we have to report our every action to her?

"I'm wondering if you're deranged. Why does it matter to you where we're going? We'll be on our way, so you should mind your own business." The colleague spun on her heels and led Joan away.

"You can't leave!" Gabriella called out at once.

She lunged towards the colleague who had rudely dismissed her and gripped tightly onto the latter's arm.

"Let go of me! What do you want?" the colleague protested.

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