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Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1969

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Ugh! I must be the world's unluckiest person to encounter this psycho b***h today.

"Absolutely not. You can't leave!" Gabriella shrieked.

I haven't even settled the score yet, and she wants to get away clean? Over my dead body.

"Miss, have you no shame? A pregnant lady like yourself shouldn't behave this way. Otherwise, you'll bring humiliation upon your poor husband. Or... do you not have a husband at all?" the colleague deliberately taunted.

Anger boiled in Gabriella, whose palm landed on the woman's cheek in a slap.

How dare she slap me!

"I got this," Joan interjected. She threw herself between them to prevent a vicious catfight from happening.

"Gabriella, whatever problems we have should be settled between us two. Don't drag my colleagues into this. And you should watch your temper. Else, it might affect the child in your belly." Joan stood before her colleagues, defending them.

The women knew Joan had her reasons for that, so they withdrew from the conversation altogether.

Gabriella looked down at her bulging tummy, then back up at Joan. A viscously satisfied smile curved on her lips.

So you want to play it that way, huh? Okay then, I'll indulge in your little game.

"Argh!" Gabriella suddenly screamed in agony.

She clutched onto her tummy as she collapsed down to the floor.

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At this, Joan stood dumbstruck.

“What’s your damage? How could fake being in pain?” The colleagues stepped forward with outraged expressions.

“Joan, why are you still being so merciful towards her? She’s clearly taking it too far!” they yelled in frustration.

“Ouch, my tummy hurts! Someone please help me! She’s trying to kill me!” Gabriella clung tightly onto Joan’s leg and yelled.

In mere seconds, a crowd gathered around them.

“Help me... this woman is trying to make me miscarry because she’s jealous that I’m pregnant. And she keeps clinging onto my husband...” Gabriella skillfully broke out in tears.

“That’s awful! How could she attack a pregnant woman?”

“Mistresses nowadays are getting far more brazen.”

Whispers erupted from the bystanders, whose faces darkened with disdain.

“Don’t believe her!” Joan’s colleagues jumped in and tried to explain, “She’s the mistress. Joan, here, is the actual wife!”

“Help me! Please!” Gabriella deliberately made her voice louder to convince that she really was in pain.

Meanwhile, Caspian reported the fight to a wide-eyed Larry. “What did you say? Joan and Gabriella are fighting in the hospital?”

“Yeah. Everyone is blaming Joan and calling her the mistress. She looks really humiliated. And Gabriella won’t stop wailing on the floor...”

That troublesome Gabriella! Why can’t she behave for once!

Bam! Larry rammed his fist into the wall. Fresh blood streamed down his fingers from the impact.

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Looks like I'll have to eliminate this problem. A cruel glint flickered in his eyes.

Back at the hospital, the nurses' eyes rounded in awe at an approaching man.

"Oh my, that guy is really good looking!"

"Yeah! How could anyone look so perfect?"

The man approached the crowd, who were still commenting snidely at Joan.

"That mistress must be quite something to attack the pregnant lady in public."

"How could someone so ruthless go unpunished? It's a miracle that she managed to stay alive till now."

"That's enough!"

The familiar voice of the man boomed closer to Joan.

Sharp gasps suddenly sounded from every person there.

Many sets of eyes sparkled in admiration for the man.

Dustin! What's he doing here? Gabriella immediately stopped crying and gawked as Dustin came closer.

"Joan." He gazed worryingly at her.

"Gabriella, if you're not afraid of the bigger consequences that might follow, then by all means, keep doing what you're doing!" Dustin challenged coldly.

After hesitating for some time, Gabriella stood up whilst frowning with disappointment. Jerk! Why did you have to show up now and ruin the scene I set up!

Regardless, Gabriella knew she had to leave. She squeaked out an excuse before scurrying off. "I'm going to get my medicines."

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