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# Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1975

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A cold look flashed across Larry's eyes as he continued to contemplate the situation.

"Hey, Joan, why are you back again?"

"Yeah, did you miss us?"

"Look at you. You became the supervisor as soon as you come back..."

Several women had gathered around Joan when she arrived at the supermarket, chatting happily about Joan's return.

Although they were all women, compared to those in the city, women in the village were more enthusiastic and warmer, and there was no scheming and deception amongst themselves.

Perhaps it was because people in the village rarely went to the city. Thus, they did not know of such schemes and traps and only occasionally joked around with one another.

"Yeah, I've missed all of you," replied Joan.

The manager broke into a satisfied smile as he watched the scene in front of him. In the past, he had already wanted to promote Joan since most store employees really supported and liked her. However, she had rejected him. Therefore, right then, things were going great. He was able to promote her, and work would be able to start normally again for everyone.

"Hey, remember the man from that day? Do you have his contact information?" asked a woman in a low voice as she looked at Joan anticipantly.

Judging by the shyness in her expression, Joan realized that she must have fallen for Dustin.

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“Come on, what are you doing? Why are you getting his contact number? He’s Joan’s friend,” said another older woman as she patted her shoulder lightly.

Instantly, the woman who had asked for Dustin’s contact dulled, her face full of disappointment.

“But Joan already has Larry,” she replied, pouting.

Right away, sadness flashed across Joan’s eyes.

Soon, he won’t belong to me anymore. I wonder what’s his decision about the divorce?

“You brat, come over here and start working!” the older woman said, walking over to grab the pouting lady.

“Don’t overthink it, okay? She doesn’t have any bad intentions,” said another woman in a low voice.

Joan knew that none of them really had any malicious intent. She was the one who had overthought it.

Moreover, she also clearly knew that even if she divorced Larry, she would not choose to be with Dustin. He was only suited to be a friend, not a lover. For this reason, she had constantly refused his past confessions and was not about to accept it then.

“Do you know what happened the day Ms. Brooks had an accident?” asked Joan seriously as she stared at the woman in front of her.

She would not let Freya suffer in vain, having to lie in bed in a vegetative state while the culprit got away scot-free.

The older woman shook her head and sighed. “It was actually quite tragic. The manager didn’t even need her to go on a business trip, but she requested it by herself. We’d all thought that she was dealing with something upsetting and wanted to take a breather, so we didn’t stop her either. Who would’ve known that she’d meet with an accident...”

Hearing the woman’s words, Joan’s eyes dulled instantly.

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When it came to something like fate, unexpected things could happen since no one was able to predict the future. Some people could be rich one day but end up a beggar the next. Others could be beautiful but disfigured by the next day.

Maybe, as humans, we needed to have such experiences.

“Joan!” Suddenly, a familiar male voice rang out.

At the same time, everyone around her sighed in amazement.

“Wow! He’s so handsome. Where’s he from?”

“You only know it now? I’d already seen him when I went to the hospital that day...”

As the women spoke among themselves, Dustin slowly walked over to Joan with a slight smile on his face.

“Why are you here?” she asked softly.

She could not figure out why he had arrived at the supermarket at that time.

“I heard you were back at work,” he replied casually as he looked around.

How did he know about it? Was someone in the supermarket on his side? Feeling curious, Joan looked suspiciously at the man in front of her.

“How’s it going? How’s your first day of being a supervisor? Tiring?” Dustin lightly patted her on the shoulder.

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