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Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1979

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When she heard those words, Joan instantly recalled everything.

Damn it! Why did I have to go to the bar for no reason? She then hit her own head in frustration.

“Okay, I can’t talk anymore. I have work to do. Take a break and relax today. I’ll let you have a day off.” Then, when he was done, he hung up.

Joan understood that Dustin had wanted to let her relax and allow her to vent her worries and sorrows that she held in her heart.

However, she was really bored. Unconsciously, she had walked over to Gabriella’s house. Yet, staring at the familiar house only caused her to feel more irritated and sadder.

What exactly was it that caused us to become like this? Men?

Joan laughed to herself coldly.

If she had known from the beginning that Gabriella liked Larry, she would never have associated herself with him.

Some people were able to give up love for friendship. However, others would sacrifice friendship for love. For instance, Gabriella.

Relationships were the most fragile. A relationship of many years could perhaps end only because of a single word or a look.

Gabriella, as women, why do we have to make things difficult for each other and set each up other?

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A long time later, she slowly turned around and left.

This is it, then. Larry's going to give her everything. I hope she doesn't pester me ever again. I want to live my simple life well and forget all about this.

Perhaps Joan had gone through too much, for she suddenly felt very tired. All she wanted was to have a good rest and not have to struggle unnecessarily any longer. Spending time together with Delilah and Lucius every day was what made her the happiest.

"Joan?" She suddenly heard a familiar voice, and looked up.

The man was standing on a pavement not too far away from her.

"Why are you here?" Caspian asked as he walked over. He looked at Joan, then at Gabriella's house.

"Oh, I'm just taking a walk. Don't mind me. Go do what you have to do," she replied, turning to leave.

"Joan!" Hearing her name, she stopped, waiting for him to continue.

"Don't blame Larry about the issue with Gabriella. There's something strange going on, and we're still investigating. Don't worry about it for now," he said, patting her on the shoulder.

He knew that she must have been dealt a huge blow recently. Furthermore, she was looking haggard then.

"It's fine, Caspian. You don't have to comfort me. I'll be going off first then," she replied, then immediately left.

Caspian stood in place as he watched Joan leave, then shook his head and sighed.

Meanwhile, on a balcony somewhere nearby stood a woman. As she watched the scene on the pavement unfold, she smirked coldly to herself, her gaze filled with contempt.

You want to go against me, Joan? You're too weak! I'd told you long ago that Larry would be mine sooner or later, so why make yourself struggle so much? You still won't get anything in the end! Gabriella clenched her fists tightly as her gaze turned cold.

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Was Larry not tired of sending people to track me every single day? It's already been so many days. What exactly have you found? As she continued to ponder, the cold look in her eyes never faded.

All of you are just messing around with me! She then turned around and walked into the living room to make a call.

"Hi, Lars. I need to have a pregnancy checkup soon. When are you free? Come with me to the hospital..." Gabriella said coquettishly as she chewed on a cookie.

What's she trying to do now?

Larry's gaze was full of disgust when he heard her voice.

"I'm not free. I'm busy with work," he replied, then immediately hung up.

What the hell! He's ignoring me just like that? I'm a pregnant woman! She threw her phone onto the ground as a flicker of coldness crossed her face.

They say that pregnant women had to regulate themselves and try not to get angry. Otherwise, it might affect the fetus. However, at that moment, Gabriella was lying on the bed and tossing around in anger.

Maybe I need to have a chat with that witch, Joan. She then tightened her clenched fists.

Gabriella knew Joan too well. She was soft-hearted, kind, and generous. This time, she'll probably finally let go!

Ring ring ring... Looking at the name on her phone screen, Joan immediately hung up.

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