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Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1980

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Since Dustin had let her take time off that day, she did not want certain people to ruin her good mood.

Damn it, Joan! How dare you not answer my call. I'll have to keep pestering you then. Gabriella continued to call Joan.

After several calls, Joan had gotten very annoyed and eventually picked up the phone.

"What are you trying to do?" she asked coldly.

There's definitely nothing good about this.

"I want to meet you," replied Gabriella through gritted teeth.

What for? What do you want to talk about? The fact that you're pregnant with Larry's child?

Joan sneered and replied in a displeased tone, "If there's anything, tell me about it over the phone. I'm too busy to meet you."

Busy? As if. You didn't even go to work today, so why are you trying to pretend right now? What a hypocrite. I bet you're afraid of facing me! Gabriella snorted coldly as a sly smirk formed on her face.

"It's about the three of us. I think we need to have a proper talk about it."

"Okay," Joan replied. Thereafter, she immediately hung up.

She was curious to see what Gabriella was up to.

Perhaps it was time for them to set things straight once and for all.

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At the same time, Caspian was on a call with Larry. "What? Joan went to Gabriella's place?" Larry asked, his eyes cold.

Did she get hurt? Gabriella's not an easy opponent to deal with. Once she gets an opportunity, she won't give it up that easily.

"Larry, Joan's fine," Caspian hurriedly replied.

"Go find out what they're doing right now and where they are," ordered Larry before he hung up the phone.

At that moment, the two women in question were sitting in a café, at a table in the corner. Their expressions made it clear that they were nemeses.

"Just say what you want to," said Joan as she took a sip of coffee.

What else could this be about? Of course, it's about me getting a divorce from Larry.

"Joan, considering that we used to be close friends, can you let Larry and I off this time?" asked Gabriella, pretending to be pitiful.

Joan was instantly stunned by her words.

Exactly who's the one who needed to let go? She's the one that has been entangling herself in all this and refusing to leave. She stole my husband and even got pregnant. Isn't that something a mistress would do? Is she not embarrassed to say something this shameless?

"Resolve the matter between you and Larry by yourselves. I've got nothing to do with it." As soon as she was done speaking, Joan turned around to leave.

However, Gabriella suddenly grabbed tightly onto her hand and threw her forcefully onto the sofa. She gave Joan a cold stare, giving off a threatening aura.

"Right from the beginning, you were the one who stole Larry from me. It's only natural that you give him back to me now!" Gabriella shouted as she pointed at Joan.

Instantly, everyone else around them looked over, their gazes filled with doubt and contempt.

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However, Gabriella did not care about the looks they were receiving. That day, her only goal was to convince Joan to divorce Larry, regardless of whatever method she had to use.

“What exactly are you afraid of? Larry’s a responsible man and will take responsibility for you. But you’ve constantly been coming to me to make me get a divorce. What exactly are you trying to do?” Joan replied fiercely.

Naturally, what Gabriella wanted was for Larry to return to her side as soon as possible.

She tightened her clenched fist as she glared at Joan with a furious look in her eyes. B*tch, you still refuse to get a divorce?

“I know how Larry is, but you’re still there in his heart!”

At that very moment, Joan scoffed at her words.

So what? He still cheated on me!

They then remained in the café for some time, and even when the sky had darkened, Gabriella still did not let Joan leave.

Ring ring ring...

Joan quickly answered her phone.

“Joan? Why aren’t you back yet? They said you didn’t go to work today,” asked Delilah with a hint of worry in her tone.

“I’m still out now, Ms. Young. Don’t worry. I’ll be back soon,” she hurriedly replied.

“Um...” Delilah wanted to continue, but hesitated.

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