

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1664

"Are you here to chase me away or to mock me?" she said harshly, though she still bagged the fruits for Joan.

Despite having a thousand words to say when she first recognized the fruit stall owner, Joan could only utter one word, "Neither."

Gabriella smiled and passed the packed apples to her. It was unlike the look she gave to her other customers. Her lips curled into an arrogant smile, and she demanded, "That's a hundred."

That is clearly daylight robbery. How can she ask for so much money when she only gave me six apples? I can't believe one of the customers earlier actually praised Gabriella for setting low prices. How did she become a completely different person out of the blue?

Begrudgingly, Joan pulled out a banknote from her wallet and paid Gabriella with it. True enough, the latter did not bother to give her any change, as though it was normal for apples to cost that much.

The moment Joan took the bag of apples from Gabriella, she heard the other party say, "Since my best friend is here, I should treat you to a cup of coffee."

Joan did not respond to the offer, and Gabriella took her silence as consent. After the lady boss closed her shop, she waved to a granny not far away. Without forgetting about Joan's presence, Gabriella announced, "Granny, I am heading out with my best friend and won't be selling anymore for today. If any customer comes by to ask, you can tell them that!"

She emphasized the words 'best friend'. If this happened in the past, it would irk Joan. However, she did not have any opinions after hearing that today, and it made it seem like they always had a close friendship.

"Joan, where do you think we should go? Let me treat you to something. Should we head to 'Sweet Time' or 'Color House'?" The two places suggested by her were high-end cafes, patronized most by the upper echelon of Marsingfill.

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Joan rarely visited those places, but she was somewhat fascinated by them. She glanced at the other lady. Those places... are only suitable for the 'Gabriella', who belongs to the upper-class, instead of this 'Gabriella', who owns a fruit stall.

"No, I'll treat you instead." Joan offered, feeling a sense of superiority from nowhere. In her opinion, since she had a higher salary than Gabriella, she should take care of the bill.

Little did she know that her considerate gesture was perceived to be a diss to Gabriella. It made the other lady feel like she was being ridiculed and looked down on.

To Gabriella, Joan's words sounded this way instead, "Gabriella, do you think you have the same status as before? How can you act like the spoiled and willful young mistress of the Wards anymore? Just take a look at yourself! You are just a pitiful single mother whose only means of survival is via a small fruit stall"

In contrast, those were not the true meaning behind Joan's words. All she intended was to help Gabriella save on her expenses, especially since the latter had worked so hard to get by.

Given the misunderstanding, Gabriella scoffed, "What's wrong? Are you looking down on me? Do you think I can't even afford to buy you a cup of coffee?"

Joan instantly managed to pick up on how Gabriella had misinterpreted her intentions. She quickly clarified, "I only thought that those were places we don't necessarily have to visit because they are too expensive. After all, we should all save as much as we can. "

"Don't worry about that!" Gabriella pulled out her rubber band to let her gorgeous black silky hair cascade down her back. It so happens that she was in a dress that matched her well too. With her milky-white complexion and red lips, she stood out among the crowd like a pearl in a desert, dazzling and exuding beauty.

Her tone was curt and was similar to the one she used when she revealed that she liked Larry to Joan. While she may have changed how she behaved around others, she would always treat Joan with disdain.

After they walked around for some time, they finally arrived at a high-end clubhouse. The server brought the menu to them and politely asked Joan, "Miss, what will you like to order?"

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