Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1918

Chapter 1918 The Fight

Larry had already taken his leave when Lonnie turned around.

The latter immediately dialed a number on his phone.

"Gabriella, are you crazy?" he bellowed.

Gabriella had already known this was coming. Hence, she had already mentally prepared herself for this moment.

"Ah, Lonnie. It's not fair of you to take it out on me this early in the morning," she said in a low voice.

Her blatant ignorance of the situation caused Lonnie to explode with fury.

He threw his phone on the ground.

"Get me Gabriella's location right this instance!" he bellowed to his group of men.

"Larry, where have you been?" Joan was snuggling up with Larry as she spoke.

"Oh, I had some urgent matters to attend to. Why?" Larry stroked her hair lovingly.

"Nothing, I just miss you," Joan said softly.

She had been out of it ever since she had gotten kidnapped. Hence, Larry had instructed Caspian to keep a look out for her to make her feel safe.

Ring... Ring...

Joan picked up the phone and saw that it was Lucius' homeroom teacher calling.

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"Hello, is this Lucius' mother? Your son got into a fight in school. Please hurry over right now." The homeroom teacher sounded displeased.

Joan bolted up at that piece of news.

"What happened?" Larry looked at her anxiously.

"Lucius got into a fight," Joan explained incredulously.

Larry was stunned, but he quickly regained his composure.

They both knew Lucius was a gentle boy. He would never get into a fight under normal circumstances.

"I'll go with you." Larry patted Joan's shoulder.

In the office, Lucius stood in a corner, glaring at a boy who was crying beside him.

"This is not over. My son has never been beaten up before. It's all his fault!" a woman dressed in elegant clothes shouted.

"Calm down. His parents will be here soon," the homeroom teacher hurriedly replied.

The woman bent down and patted her son's back. "Don't worry, son. Mommy has got your back!"

The crying boy only cried even harder at that.

"Lucius!" Joan shouted the moment she stepped foot into the office.

"Oh, so you're Lucius's mother. What a big shot. Your son beat my son up! What are you going to do about it?" The woman raised her chin and glared at Joan fiercely.

It was obvious that she wasn't about to let Lucius off easily. The woman looked like a tigress with her hands on her hips, afro hair, and piercing eyes. Joan walked over to Lucius slowly, totally ignoring the other woman.

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"Lucius, are you okay?" she scrutinized the young boy from head to toe.

"Mom, I'm fine," Lucius replied in a low voice.

"He may be fine, but my son's not. Look at what he did to my son!" the woman yelled.

"I didn't do it!" Lucius looked at the woman coldly.

"You brat! How dare you talk back at me? And that glare of yours! I will teach you a lesson in your mother's place today!" With that, the woman rolled up her sleeves and rushed up to Lucius.

Joan immediately stood in front of the boy protectively with her arms outstretched.

"Oh, how protective. Why? Are you going to teach your son a lesson yourself?" the woman sneered coldly.

Joan smirked, turned around, and cleaned Lucius' face.

"Lucius, did you get into a fight? Tell me honestly," Joan asked softly.

"Mom, he constantly badmouths you! He even soiled your reputation. I only pushed him lightly to get him to stop. I didn't beat him up," Lucius said with a serious look on his face.

Joan patted his shoulder gently, her actions contradicting the cold glint that flashed in her eyes.

"You heard him. My son didn't beat your son up. On the contrary, I'm pretty curious to know what your son said about me." Joan walked up to the crying child slowly and gave him a stern look.