## Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1895

Chapter 1895 The Bald Man

"Your son? You have a son? That's too bad, but it's fine. I can afford to feed both you and your son. Hahaha!" said the man.

Joan clenched her fists as anger burned within her.

She didn't want to waste any time with that man, so she pushed him into the washroom with all her might. Immediately after, Joan left and walked back to the private room.

"Why were you gone for so long? Is everything alright?" asked Delilah, who looked at Joan worriedly.

"I'm fine. I just bumped into a weird dude," replied Joan with a smile.

Meanwhile, the man in the washroom was leaning against the wall. It took him some effort to stand up and walk to the reception counter.

"What is wrong with you people? Hurry up and find her for me or I will tear this place apart!" howled the bald man.

The manager rushed over and lowered his head humbly as the bald man reprimanded him.

"Sir, please calm down. There is always room for discussion," said the manager to diffuse the situation.

"What is there to discuss? Hand her over right now, and I will let this matter go. If you don't, then there is nothing left to discuss," the man bellowed as he slammed his palm on the table.

"Mom, what is all that noise out there?" asked Lucius curiously while looking at Joan.

Joan listened closely and soon realized what was going on.

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Looks like the drunkard is making a scene again.

"I did it, so I will be responsible," said Joan, who suddenly showed up in front of that man.

"That's her! Boys, take her away," ordered the man as he pointed at Joan.

A few subordinates rushed over and grabbed Joan's arm.

"Let me go! What do you think you're doing?" demanded Joan as she struggled with a cold glint in her eyes.

"Let go of my mom!" roared Lucius, who suddenly ran over to them.

Slap!

Someone slapped the kid mercilessly across his face. Lucius collapsed onto the floor and covered his cheek with his hands. His eyes seemed a little glazed over.

"Lucius!" shouted Joan.

"This has nothing to do with you, kid. Leave right now!" growled the bald man before he kicked Lucius.

Spectators started gathering then.

"Who the hell is that? I can't believe he'd stoop so low as to hit the kid..."

"I know, right? I don't think he's from our village. We don't have unscrupulous hooligans like him."

The people gossiping behind the bald man were ruthless with their words.

Immediately, the bald man turned around and glared fiercely at the women before warning, "Shut your mouths if you want to remain in one piece!"

The women backed away instantly.

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Freya was lurking in a corner, grinning in satisfaction as she witnessed everything.

My, my, Joan. Aren't you supposed to be very capable? I'd like to see how you're gonna get out of this now!

Freya was hiding behind the crowd and watching the show.

"What are you waiting for? Take her away," ordered the bald man impatiently.

"Wait!" shouted Delilah all of a sudden.

"Who said you're allowed to take her away?" asked Delilah as she glared at the man in front of her.

The bald man turned around and scanned Delilah from head to toe. His eyes shone with disrespect as he threw her a discriminating look before he prepared to leave.

"What? Are you the uncouth bastard of a wh\*re? Didn't your parents teach you basic moral principles?" insulted Delilah loudly.

Those words got everyone in the area flabbergasted.

Everyone knew that despite being comparatively unknown, Delilah was still a respected figure in the village.

"You think you can intimidate me? You are nothing but an old hag!" growled the bald man before he spat on the floor.

What a disrespectful man! Delilah was instantly infuriated.

"I promise that you meet your demise today if you take her away," threatened Delilah confidently.

Joan was stunned while the spectators gasped.

Delilah rarely stood up to fight, but when she did, all hell would break loose.

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The bald man turned to Delilah and scoffed as he walked toward her. Despite his menacing aura and his cold glare, Delilah remained unfazed. She even lifted her chin with a domineering expression.