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Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1716

A radio station was being broadcasted loudly through the car speakers as Jory yelled at her, "How is this fast? This is nowhere near a real race car yet!"

Nancy mentally screamed as she had a bad feeling. Sure enough, Jory slowed down in the racing track's parking lot. Her heart dropped. I knew it. I'm doomed.

Jory pulled out a VIP card and led her into the race track. Amongst the grassy space were red and white lanes with white numbers written in paint.

Jory leaned onto his race car and placed his right hand on the door. His blue and white car had a uniquely streamlined shape that reminded Nancy of a rocket. That was the first time in her life that she witnessed a real race car up close and personal.

She couldn't help but step forward to touch the car's smooth body. It was clean, and there was not a speck of dust caught on the car's curves. She could tell that the car was well-loved by its owner.

Nancy recalled the first time she mocked Jory's car for being lowly and disreputable. Now she gawked, knowing that her behavior then was short-sighted. Jory flashed a smile at her jaw-dropping expression. "Do you want to hop in? We're the only ones here today, so I'll let you experience how fast a race car can go, and I can assure you that it's very different from your Bentley."

Nancy nodded as she accepted the helmet that Jory handed her. Since she barely ever wore a helmet, her hair got tangled and caught uncomfortably in the helmet. She eventually grew frustrated after some time of trying to put it on. Seeing this, Jory cautiously offered, "Why don't I help you?"

He approached her side and placed both hands around her head, carefully untangling strands of her long hair from behind her neck. He had always believed that he could have as many women as he wanted, so he never thought that one day he would so delicately detangle a woman's hair like this.

There were many firsts in life, but he strangely felt comfortable being in this situation.

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“That should be it.” His face was extremely close to hers as they locked gazes. Sparks went off like fireworks around them. A gold light gleamed in her eyes while her lashes were slightly curled upwards, like a doll’s. Jory was stunned for a moment as he couldn’t keep his eyes off her. Nancy felt that their closeness was inappropriate and immediately looked away.

At this, Jory’s face tinted red in embarrassment. He then returned to the driver’s seat and floored the accelerator. The blue and white race car propelled forward like a rocket, taking off swiftly as it left behind a dark trail on the race track.

“What do you think? Doesn’t the whizz of this speed make you forget about every troubling thought?” Jory roared excitedly.

“We’ll be fine, right?” Nancy’s eyes shut tightly as she didn’t dare to look outside. The car moved so quickly that the view from their window blurred like a smudged painting.

This way of releasing stress is unusual, but it’s definitely more effective than hedonistic ways such as drinking and smoking. Regardless, Nancy agreed that releasing stress was truly an important thing in life. At that moment, she felt the wind blowing against the window. She then cracked her eyes open and saw a sea of green, well-trimmed grass outside their speeding car.

She stole a glance at him but only saw his stoic expression. He was obviously used to driving at such a high speed. Is he stressed out about something? Does a wealthy heir like him have things that bother him too?

Meanwhile, a calmness anchored in Jory’s heart as he felt more at peace than ever. This peace was a feeling that only racing could bring him. Not only that, but he felt liberated from the many years of regret that he felt for the woman sitting beside him now. His mind was finally clear, and he knew that he never hated her at all. Instead, what he felt was the reluctance to let her go. And at that moment, he felt himself falling for her.

As he thought about what it meant to like someone, he could only answer with how he felt now; it was like being in a car with surroundings that constantly changed, yet all he wanted to do was to keep looking at her.

The blue and white race car ran lap after lap. It kept going until he felt tired of seeing the same view, then he pressed on the brakes and steadily slowed the car down.

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“You mentioned earlier that I needed a good beating when we first met. So let’s see who’s better at beating the other up between the two of us!” Jory mockingly challenged and raised a fist at her.

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