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Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1718

He had always believed himself to be talented in the sport of Taekwondo, but it turned out that he was not. His advanced level was achieved through long periods of training, whereas people like Nancy were naturally talented. Her effortless movements outshined him and made him seem average.

He nullified Nancy's fierce and offensive blows by speedily dodging. However, there was still a stinging pain in his forehead. I must have bruised it by accident. Thankfully, it's disguised under my hair, so it doesn't look too bad.

Nancy secretly exclaimed. He only withstood a heavy impact from her blow earlier that he blocked with his hand. Apart from that, she barely even left a scratch on him.

This would have been impossible back then; even with Caspian, three moves were enough for her to lock his arm onto his back and bring him down to one knee. Jory had exceeded her expectations completely.

Seeing him unscathed, she admitted deep down that she had met an equally capable opponent.

Jory stood behind her. His white uniform swayed ever so slightly as if he were a warrior in a period drama. Delight was evident in his low voice as he said, "My turn."

Nancy felt her body move instinctively. A second or two after he finished speaking, she quickly turned and clutched tightly onto his left shoulder. She did this as she moved behind him and tried to capture his right arm. But Jory wasn't someone who could be caught that easily. Just as Nancy wanted to extend her arm, she realized that she couldn't because Jory had somehow latched onto her without her knowing.

Jory was terrifyingly strong. All he did was tug on her arm, and she felt like she was already being flipped in the air. She was naturally scrawny and light-weighted, so she felt horrified that he would accidentally toss her away like scum. Thankfully, Jory didn't use all his strength. All he did was pin her onto the ground.

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Since Jory held his strength back, Nancy took the opportunity to break free from his grasp. She hurriedly spun around and began attacking Jory's back, making him stumble forward. Nancy raised her leg again and aimed for his shoulder.

Although Jory had his back facing her, he figured out her next move by intuition as well as sensing the shift in the air from her raised leg. He waited patiently for the right moment before spinning on his heels. Hence, he briskly dodged just as Nancy's left leg came close to him.

Nancy thought that she had him then and there. She was not expecting him to slip away like that. What the... Does he have eyes in the back of his head? Is he even human? He left her leg swinging in midair before her entire body fell forward, almost landing in a split. Then her left hand immediately pushed against the ground to steady herself.

Jory, you jerk! Nancy mentally scolded him because he then yanked her left hand, making her collapse fully onto the floor. However, Nancy wasn't someone who would easily admit defeat. Before she fell, her right hand shot up to Jory's shoulders and dragged him down with her.

She lay on the ground whilst he knelt. They stayed in this odd position as they continued their sparring competition.

The two stubbornly froze like this as both of them refused to let go. It was as if whoever loosened their hold first would become the loser.

After staring each other off for some time, Jory was the first to speak up. "I guess I finally found an opponent who's on par with me."

Nancy chuckled in response, "We're evenly matched."

A strong emotion lingered in their gazes as they looked at each other. It was similar to when they first met; Nancy sat inside her Bentley while Jory leaned into her car window. Back then, the two of them stared each other down with distaste.

But at that moment, there was something more to their gazes. It was akin to the joy of finding commonalities with a stranger—the kind of happiness where they were each other's equally matched companion. It was important because every move in Taekwondo was like comparing who knew who better. If the fighter understood his opponent, then he would

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know what their next move would be. He would know it better than the opponent themselves and could then react accordingly.

“I wouldn’t have let you go first if I had known that you were so good at this.” Jory straightened out his clothes and re-knotted his belt.

Meanwhile, Nancy sat cross-legged on the floor. “But I still didn’t get the upper hand, even though you let me make the first move. Plus, you ended up pinning me down...”

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