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## Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1735

Ever since Jory appeared in her world recently, Nancy realized that corresponding interests and topics were probably very important. The feeling when I'm with Jory is entirely different from when I'm with Caspian.

No! I can't let my thoughts go there! The more her thoughts veered in that direction, the more she felt that she and Caspian weren't suited for each other, and the greater her fear that the distance between them would grow.

"Miss! Miss, your husband is trying to get your attention!" The girl beside Nancy nudged her with an elbow. Snapping back to her senses, she saw Jory making an OK gesture at her from the stage. In response, she fisted her right hand and flashed him a fist pump.

Jory's opponent stood at a height of about one point eight meters and was about the same build as him. Oh God, that shouldn't be his opponent, yes? Nancy fretted inwardly. Evidently, she had forgotten that it was a Taekwondo competition among formidable practitioners, which meant that there was no discrimination of physique as long as two contestants were evenly matched.

Heaving a long sigh, she kept her attention on the competition. It was difficult to tell who would win in such a competition, so it had the spectators gripping the edge of their seats in anticipation.

As Nancy observed the match where neither were trumping the other, she inwardly chided herself, Dang it, I'm such a doomsayer! Hmm... Jory's opponent is really skilled. I can't imagine how it would be if a newbie were paired with him when he's equally matched with Jory!

Even after the two of them grappled for more than twenty minutes, neither managed to defeat the other. Below the stage, all the spectators were fired up at the unexpectedly intense match in the very first round, both contestants fighting tooth and nail. At long last, the referee blew the whistle to signal an intermission.

All at once, Jory's opponent was surrounded by a horde of friends and relatives who passed him water, gave him a towel, and fanned him. The dojo was airconditioned, but they were simply making a huge fanfare.

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When the referee saw that Jory was alone, he kindly handed him a towel. At that, Nancy got to her feet. Just as she was wavering whether she should go over, he turned to her and flashed her a bright smile as though he could discern her hesitation and worry, seemingly telling her that he was fine.

Because of that smile, Nancy hastily pulled out the bottle of mineral water that she had handed to him earlier from her bag and trotted over to the arena.

As she clutched at the red ribbon that kept the spectators out, the smooth ribbon wrinkled from her tight grasp. "Don't force it if you can't hold out. You've got to ensure that you remain unscathed."

Surprisingly, Jory was still in the mood to crack a joke at that time. "Do you think I look like the kind of person who'll surrender when I can't beat the other guy?"

His voice was as flippant and frivolous as usual, but Nancy was afraid that he would misunderstand, thus hurriedly countered, "No, no... I didn't mean that you can't beat him! That's not what I meant!"

Jory placed his hand on her shoulder, his gaze steady and compelling. "Hey, calm down. I know what you meant. And don't worry, for there are few who can hurt me after all the years I've spent practicing Taekwondo. While that guy is a bit tricky, he still has weaknesses. I've got his measure earlier, so I'll be able to defeat him with just a bit more time..."

Then, he jutted his lips in the direction of his opponent and continued, "Besides, he doesn't have much stamina. After all, he was the one who requested for an intermission from the referee."

Nancy looked at the man as well. Just then, he had rolled up the sleeves of his uniform, revealing the stark contrast of the bulging muscles on his arm with Jory. At that sight, she became increasingly worried. "But..."

Nonetheless, Jory pressed down on her shoulder lightly and interrupted her with a smile. "No buts. Don't worry, for no one can stop me when it's something I want to do. I want to win now, so he's nothing in my eyes."

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At that precise moment, the referee again blew his whistle to indicate the end of the intermission. After taking a gulp of water, Jory threw the bottle into the trash can and strode toward the arena.

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