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## Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1717

Nancy confidently declared, "Well then, you're going down." Few people who fought against her were able to win, even Caspian. He was a soldier then, yet even he couldn't escape from her iron-like grip.

"Why do you say that?" Jory asked.

Nancy positioned herself into a standard Taekwondo pose. "Because I'm a black belt."

Jory then tapped at the car's frame as he casually said, "What a coincidence, so am I."

At Strength Taekwondo.

"It's really a Taekwondo dojo!" Nancy's eyes widened at the dojo before her as she hadn't stepped foot into such a place for many years. At first, she thought that Jory was only kidding about sparring. She didn't think that he would actually bring her here.

A cunning delight flashed in Jory's eyes as he intentionally side-eyed her. "What's wrong? Are you going to chicken out? Too bad, that won't work on me."

Nancy coiled her fists. "Who said anything about quitting? I'm just worried that you might back out at the last minute. You better not cry when I beat you into a pulp."

"A man must keep his word. How could I back out and embarrass myself in front of a girl like you?" Jory leaned in to say with both hands at his back.

At his sudden proximity, Nancy instinctively leaned backward to put some space between them. She retorted, "I hope you don't regret calling me a little girl once we put on our uniforms. You'll soon see that I'm a force to be reckoned with."

Jory clasped his hands together and welcomed her threat. "Alright then, I'll indulge your attempt since you seem so fired up."

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Nancy normally had a demeanor that was as sweet as pie. After changing into the uniform, she tied her shoulder-length hair into a tall ponytail. It added height to her otherwise not-so-tall figure and made her seem more handsomely refined like a female warrior.

Jory, whose appearance usually gave others the impression of being a spoiled dandy, looked more serious when in uniform. Despite that, his disregard for trivial matters was still visible as he hadn't smoothed out the crease in his collar, which subtly revealed his well-sculpted collarbones.

The two of them simultaneously tightened the black belts on their waists before they stepped forward and bowed with respect for one another. Jory then motioned for her to make the first move since she was a girl. Allowing women to begin their sparring was a habit that he had practiced ever since he started Taekwondo.

Even if he allowed Nancy to start, he was absolutely confident that he wouldn't lose. He only allowed so because he wanted to leave the impression of being an incredible and gentlemanly fighter, regardless of how miserably defeated she would be.

She mentally scoffed at him. He's letting me go first? Seriously? Or has he lost his marbles? Is it because I'm a girl? Well, I won't shy away since he's letting me. This way, I'll have a good reason against him when he loses.

She made the first attack, raising her leg into a swift kick at him. What shocked her was that Jory didn't dodge her kick. Instead, he boldly raised a hand and blocked her attack without so much as a sweat.

Nancy anxiously skidded to a halt. What's wrong with him? I can't believe he actually used his hand to block my leg. Most people's arms would snap because the bones on our wrists are much weaker than other parts of the body. Does Jory think his hand is made of steel? Is he not afraid of breaking a bone?

While Jory didn't seem too fazed, he definitely couldn't ignore the sharp pain that pulsed in his right palm. He couldn't help but applaud this girl's strength. If he were to compare her to the teammates that he trained with back then, her kicking power was equivalent to the combined strength of two of his female teammates.

I shouldn't have let her go first! All I can do now is pretend like I'm fine. Thank goodness I didn't use my forearms. Otherwise, I'd probably end up in the hospital for tonight.

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"Is your hand alright?" Nancy lowered her fists and came closer to him.

Jory massaged his right hand then shrugged it off with the same cocky tone as before, "I didn't say I was hurt. Go on."

Is he planning to let me make three moves? He's that confident about winning? We'll see about that. Just you watch, Jory. Nancy repositioned herself into her fighting stance once more, then immediately raced forward. Jory secretly felt awe for her perfect combination of movements. She really is no ordinary person. With such agility and vigor, she's certainly the best among all black belts.

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