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## Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1736

Nancy held the belt barrier and bit her lower lip in worry. Right at that moment, Jory turned around abruptly, like they were bonded telepathically. "I know what I'm doing. I won't let him lose so badly."

His reassurance was indeed a much-needed shot in the arm. Nancy instantly felt relieved. If Jory says he can, then I should have faith in him!

Hence, Nancy went back to her seat. The competition was heating up increasingly. Jory's white uniform moved with his body as he switched his moves from time to time. Nancy and the crowd were fixing their eyes on Jory.

She could have never imagined Jory, a wealthy heir, sweating it out in a Taekwondo match. He was also the same man who helped her fix her car and took her on a car race. Whichever persona he donned, it was far from the stereotypical image others had of him—flirty.

Indeed, seeing in believing. This is the real Jory Synder that I see.

Suddenly, a piercing scream came from the crowd. Her heart tightened when she saw Jory's opponent launched a flying kick at his shoulder.

"That was cruel!" Nancy shouted, regardless of others' strange eyes. If his kick had landed accurately on Jory, with his entire body weight, Jory would have suffered a bone fracture, or worse...

It was coming down to crunch time for Jory to attack. He grasped the man's calf and threw him on the ground effortlessly. Fortunately, he wasn't hurt as it was a rubber floor.

As Jory had predicted, his opponent had poor stamina. The earlier rounds had drained the latter of his energy. Naturally, the violent hit by Jory earlier knocked him down completely as he remained unmoving, lying on the ground.

While the crowd was cheering for Jory, Nancy couldn't bring herself to feel happy. She noticed Jory's subtle move of massaging his left shoulder—where the kick had landed on.

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"How was it? Do you find me attractive?" Jory smiled smugly after his win with his hands on the hips. His little canine teeth were like pearls dazzling in the sun.

Nancy was not in the mood for jokes. Subconsciously, she reached out to touch Jory's shoulder. "Your shoulder..."

Jory was as agile as ever, as though he was still in the match. Before Nancy could reach him, he patted the spot as he exclaimed, "My shoulder is fine!"

Nancy was doubtful of his words. She raised her hand to pat his shoulder. It looks like he's speaking the truth. It doesn't feel swollen nor is it bleeding.

She punched him sulkily without paying attention to the faint discomfort Jory was feeling. He frowned a little, but he didn't utter a word. Instead, he teased Nancy with his energetic voice, "It'll be your turn soon. Perform well later, okay? Don't lose too miserably."

"Hey! What makes you think that I will lose?" Nancy folded her arms across her chest in dissatisfaction.

Jory grinned mischievously as he bowed down to her. "Please forgive me for my stupid choice of words."

Nancy held her head up proudly. "That's right."

Upon seeing her confident demeanor, Jory burst into laughter. Say, my opponent really did give it his all into kicking me. My shoulder was almost crushed. I wonder how long it will take to recover.

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