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Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1755

Nancy swallowed. Suppressing the tremors in her heart, she said, "I didn't do anything wrong. I'm not in an affair. Jory and I are just old friends. We're not as despicable and dirty as you think!"

"She's right. It's you who keeps coming to my office and disrupting my work. Do you want me to call the police?" Jory said with a stern expression. He was livid, causing others to shudder.

Gabriella was so furious that she could not speak, her anger hovering like a dark cloud over her head.

She then smiled at Nancy disdainfully, masking her malice.

"I really envy you. No matter where you are, some guy will always have your back." When she was done speaking, Gabriella turned to pick up the handbag on the sofa. As she headed toward the exit, she slammed into Nancy's shoulder, forcing her a few steps back.

Gabriella's strong perfume suffocated Nancy, invading her senses from all directions as if it were deadly poison.

Although Gabriella had left, her words remained deep in Nancy's heart. Gabriella was not wrong. She was a greedy, shameless, and unfaithful woman.

For a long time, Nancy stood still with her hand on Jory's wrist. He then reached out with his other hand and held hers. Only when his warm palm touched her hand did she snap out of it, freeing her own hand and slowly moving away from Jory.

"My rebuttal just now... was it powerless? Did I sound unconfident?" she whispered, her voice faint.

However, Jory did not know how to respond to her. Gabriella's words had made him understand something. From the beginning, he had ignored Caspian's existence and that the very person he was pursuing was not even single.

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As his hands felt weak, he eventually slipped them into his pockets. Throughout his life thus far, Jory had never felt so powerless until then. In the past, he had everything he wanted. Then, when he gave it all up to pursue whatever he wanted to, he still had it all. However, at that moment, he had to admit that he was small and powerless.

He was powerless to change anything. There was no way to change it.

"I... am sorry..." Those were the only words that came out of his mouth after a very long time. It was as if he had deliberated for ages before deciding to say it, but simultaneously also seemed to be something he said without thinking.

Nancy smiled, though it was one of unease and bitterness. "Sorry? What for?"

Then, both parties fell into silence. As Nancy gazed at Jory, she felt a familiar sense of distance from him. Although he was right in front of her, she felt as though they were very far apart—so far that she would never be able to touch him.

"Actually... I really like being with you..."

As soon as Jory heard those words, he felt more secure. It was such an unrealistic feeling that he wondered if he had fallen into a third dimension.

He was so happy that he simply stared at Nancy, admiring the smile on her face. Her smiling eyes reminded him of pink cherry blossoms. At that moment, her smile was the only thing that mattered.

Nancy's dress fluttered beautifully as she walked past him. Jory did not know where he got the confidence and courage from, but the moment she was about to pass by him, he reached for her wrist again.

He held her tightly as though she was going to disappear the next moment and he would never see her again. It was as if he were drowning and holding on to his last chance at survival.

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