

Read Novel I Am Unstoppable Chapter 111-120

I Am Unstoppable Chapter 111-“Was that Jennifer?” Amber asked when she saw Jonathan’s strange expression.

He nodded.

“She seemed pretty worked up. Was she scolding you?” she asked.

Jonathan laughed and said, “Let’s just hurry up and go home.”

Amber immediately said agitatedly, “What the hell! Jennifer is such an ungrateful woman. How much have you done for her? Do you owe her anything? She just yells at you whenever she’s unhappy. Who in the world does she think she is?”

She knew Jonathan the best and had seen how much he had done for Jennifer. Yet, Jennifer seemed to think nothing of him. This made Amber even more annoyed than Jonathan was.

Calmly, the man answered, “With Winnie’s situation now, it’s understandable that she’s in a bad mood.”

“Understandable, my foot. You indulge her too much. Aren’t you usually brutish and unreasonable? Why are you so spineless in front of her? Don’t tell me that you’re giving in to her because you slept with her,” remarked Amber.

Jonathan was instantly exasperated. “No, of course not.” She stopped the car and turned to him seriously. “Really?”

He was speechless. “I’ve said I didn’t. Why wouldn’t I admit it if I slept with her? Do you think I’m someone who doesn’t dare to own up to what I did?”

Amber knew what kind of person he was. Since he said that, she naturally believed him. “Then, why do you keep spoiling her?”

“It’s not a matter of spoiling her. Jennifer’s mood now is understandable. I’m a man, so there’s no need to bicker with her,” he said.

“Forget it.” Amber sighed. “I’m the villain now.”

After she finished speaking, she started the car again and drove home.

Jonathan saw how despondent she was and felt a little distressed. He said sincerely, "Amber, I know there's no need to say thank you between us, but having a friend like you by my side, I really feel that I won't have any regrets even if I die now."

The words were very emotional, making Amber instantly feel embarrassed. However, her heart was very touched. She pretended to smile relaxedly, saying, "Are you crazy? Why are you saying that all of a sudden?"

The two returned home before long.

Jonathan had pajamas here, so he went to take a shower with well-practiced ease and changed into new pajamas.

Amber also seemed to have taken a shower and came out wearing a sapphire blue shirt and shorts. With dripping wet hair, she looked extremely charming.

Jonathan chuckled. "Shall I blow-dry your hair?"

Stunned, she asked in slight surprise, "You know how to do that?"

He rolled his eyes and answered, "Are you picking on me? Blowing hair is something everyone can do."

Amber could not help but laugh. "Sure, sure. I worked my heart out for you these days. It's time for you to repay me."

Then, she went to find the hair dryer. Jonathan had her sit on the couch and attentively blow-dried her hair behind her. Amber was half-lying down as she enjoyed the service. "Go, my gopher. Pour me a glass of red wine from the wine cabinet."

"Yes, Your Majesty," he said immediately before doing as told.

The glass of wine soon reached her hand. She took a faint sip and exclaimed, "This feels marvelous."

Jonathan continued blowing her hair while saying casually, "If it feels so good, tell your husband to serve you like this every day in the future."

Amber's face instantly fell. She suddenly felt exceedingly unhappy.

Jonathan was observant, so he immediately noticed it.

"Jonathan," she suddenly called out.

"Mm?"

"Do you hate me in your heart?"

"Of course not," he answered.

"Then, I don't understand why you're not willing to marry me even under false pretenses. Am I so unbearable?" she questioned. These were words that she had been holding in her heart. In fact, she had always been unhappy and resentful.

Jonathan turned off the hairdryer without answering her question. Instead, he turned around and went to the wine cabinet to pour himself a glass of red wine as well. Then, he came to sit next to Amber.

Under her intent gaze, he raised his glass and said, "Come, let's toast."

She clinked her glass with Jonathan's.

The two of them then downed their drinks in one go.

He looked at Amber, whose face was alluringly red, looking extraordinarily beautiful.

"Amber, you're a gorgeous and attractive girl," he remarked with a faint smile.

"All right, stop right there. Don't tell me you only see me as a close friend or something like that."

Jonathan laughed and said, "Am I that cliché? You're the only one who can come up with such cheesy dialogues."

"Then, what did you want to say?" she asked.

He touched his nose before answering, "Before I came to Horington, I've always been working at Smealand. I established Red Wolves and hired mercenaries, shuttling between various small countries with them. We

experienced a myriad of tasks and all sorts of local customs, meeting all kinds of beauties from numerous countries and races. Anglandurns, Ustranasions, Smealanders, Jetroinians—there were too many to count. My favorite thing to do was to meet girls in the bar. When I see a beauty that catches my eye, I'll chat her up, then get a room in the hotel next door. After spending a pleasant night, we'll go our separate ways in the morning, no strings attached."

Amber listened on with a strange expression. She had wanted to say something but ultimately held herself back.

"I know what kind of person I am. I hate being tied down the most." Jonathan looked at her seriously and said, "That's why if I marry you or Jennifer, I know that the end result will be you two hating me, and that is the last thing I want to see. This is what I truly think. I cherish you two very much, but I cherish our friendship and relationship even more."

Amber understood him better now. He was a frank and sincere person.

However, she still asked, "So do you plan on playing around for the rest of your life?"

The man chuckled. "The rest of my life is too long. I haven't thought that far ahead."

The knot in Amber's heart officially unraveled. She was also a carefree person who did not want to be overly engrossed with love, so she said, "My hair isn't dry yet. Carry on."

With a laugh, he replied, "Yes, ma'am!"

That night, Jonathan slept in the guest room while Amber took the master bedroom. They lived together in harmony.

The next morning, he got up first and said to Amber, who was still asleep in the adjacent room, "I'll go to the hospital first."

The woman hummed groggily.

Jonathan arrived at the hospital as quickly as he could. The morning sun shone on the tree branches in front of the building, and everything seemed so bright.

The moment he arrived at Winnie's ward, he saw that she was already awake. Jennifer was presently feeding the girl oatmeal porridge. Seeing Jonathan, Winnie immediately shouted happily, "Jonathan!"

Jonathan could not help but feel a sense of joy when he saw that the little girl had finally recovered. He felt like the sun was indeed bright and shining today.

"Winnie." He walked in with a smile.

Jennifer glanced at him, and her smile instantly turned frosty. She ignored the man and continued to feed her daughter the oatmeal porridge.

Winnie did not want to eat anymore and reached out to Jonathan instead. "Jonathan, I want you to carry me."

He answered smilingly, "Sure."

Jennifer stopped him, looking at him coldly. "You're not needed here. Please leave."

Jonathan could not help but feel a little embarrassed. He did not want to say anything else either, for it was not his character to explain himself. Thus, he smiled at Winnie and said, "I'll come to see you again next time." Then, he turned around and left.

Since Winnie was fine now, he had no need to worry about her anymore.

In truth, Jennifer still did not know what exactly happened to her daughter. All she knew was that Winnie's condition began to improve when she woke up. Not only did the girl wake up, but her high fever also subsided. Later, Dr. Langdon gave her a checkup overnight and claimed that it was a medical miracle. He said that Winnie's blood platelets had returned to normal, and her body functions had recovered. If everything was fine, she could be discharged in three days.

Not even in her dreams would Jennifer think that this situation had anything to do with Jonathan. Regardless, Winnie was fine now. Hence, Jennifer was content from the bottom of her heart.

At the same time, she was finally enlightened. More accurately, she had opened her eyes to that man's true colors.

Jennifer felt that the only person she needed to care about in this world was her daughter, Winnie. All men were unreliable, including Jonathan.

Naturally, Jonathan did not know the changes in her thoughts, nor would he care to know. As long as she and Winnie were fine, he would be at ease. The next thing he had to prepare for was the Golden Sword Tournament.

Preparations for the competition were in full swing in Fairlake. The continuous entry of experts formed a sort of advertising effect. Some hidden elites saw that this competition was the real deal, so they became interested and came to register.

Therefore, the Golden Sword Tournament became increasingly grand and formal.

This scale of expansion was something that even Strikezone Martial Arts' Yasir had not expected.

Twenty days passed in the blink of an eye, and there were only three days left before the Golden Sword Tournament officially started.

Starting today, all the participating experts would have to go to Fairlake.

At nine o'clock in the morning, Jonathan met up with Polly. Concurrently, Jessica, Yasmin, and Amber also arrived. Of course, they would want to attend such a grand event, especially since the Jonathan that they cared dearly for was there.

Polly had arranged for an extended Mercedes-Benz, so they could all fit into one vehicle comfortably.

The driver was Donovan from the Xanthos family.

Soon, the Mercedes-Benz took to the highway under the bright sun.

Along the way, the people in the car felt conflicted.

This event should've made them feel intrigued and ecstatic. However, Jonathan and Polly were participating, which caused the others to worry about their safety. Therefore, there was less joy and an extra layer of gloom blanketing them.

Meanwhile, Amber had completed Jonathan's secret operations. To his surprise, the hacker team that she looked for was none other than Mabel.

Amber confirmed that the selection of candidates for the contest was chosen by a computer. Nominally, it was claimed to be selected by random. However, in reality, it was secretly fixed by Strikezone Martial Arts.

Nonetheless, now that Mabel's team had hacked the system, it would be Jonathan's side to arrange the matches this time.

I Am Unstoppable Chapter 112-There were too many legends in Fairlake, all of whom were related to martial arts, such as Fairlake's Florian Blaine, Wilbur Idun, Phantom Kick, and more.

It was precisely because Fairlake was a place martial artists flourished that so many outstanding geniuses emerged from generation to generation.

Still, putting aside the martial arts legends of Fairlake, the place in itself was also a prosperous city.

After three hours of high-speed driving, Jonathan and the others finally arrived at Fairlake.

Preparations for the Golden Sword Tournament were almost finished, and the atmosphere was lively. Yet, relatively speaking, the competition was not being held with great fanfare.

On the surface, ordinary citizens of Fairlake did not know about this event. There were also no banners welcoming martial artists.

All the martial artists and contestants were arranged to stay in Pearl Hotel, a five-star hotel.

For the tournament, the organizers had bought out the entire hotel.

Jonathan and Polly were given separate standard rooms. Meanwhile, Jessica, Yasmine, and Amber were also assigned rooms. This was all thanks to Morgan.

Originally, Morgan wanted Jessica to rest at his home. However, she preferred to be with Yasmin and the others. Since Morgan doted on his granddaughter, he naturally let her do as she pleased.

The group arrived at Pearl Hotel first.

There was a person from the Golden Sword Tournament there that was responsible for the reception.

Jonathan and his group first received their room cards at the organizer's office in the lobby, then went to their rooms to put down their luggage.

Pearl Hotel had an artificial hot spring pool, so they could naturally come and soak in the hot spring at night. However, it was still early, barely even one o'clock in the afternoon.

The group was a little hungry, so they put their belongings away in their rooms and went out to eat together.

Fairlake had a tropical climate; the weather was still sunny even though it was almost December, warming people's hearts.

Jonathan wore white sportswear and a pair of sneakers, appearing exceptionally refreshing. His buzzcut also made him look very energetic. As for Yasmin and the other girls, they were all dressed fashionably.

All of them left Pearl Hotel together.

As soon as Jessica got into the car, she said, "Now that we're in Fairlake, we have to try their cordon bleu, chicken wings, pasta, and panna cotta. Otherwise, we would have come to Fairlake for nothing. Come on. I'll take you guys on an eating spree today."

Amber was slightly surprised. "Isn't Fairlake's Temptation the most famous dish in here?"

On the side, Jonathan could not help but laugh. "You're so ignorant, Amber. Fairlake's Temptation is actually a dish from Feston. It has nothing to do with Fairlake."

The woman instantly blushed.

Of course, these were just pleasant hiccups.

Jessica was quite familiar with Fairlake, so she soon took everyone to a sophisticated Chanaean restaurant with traditional decor. There were not many guests at this time. All the servers wore formal suits. If one looked carefully, one would notice that every female server had the looks of an air stewardess.

When Jonathan's group arrived, the servers were utterly enthusiastic and attentive.

The group found a random table in the hall and sat down. Jonathan raised his head and glanced through the menu on the wall. As soon as he did so, he immediately understood why this restaurant was not doing so well.

It was because the price of the food here was practically exorbitant.

A casual meal was estimated to cost seven to eight thousand.

It was definitely in the high-end consumption bracket. Middle-class people would hardly be able to afford to dine here.

It was no wonder the servers were so good-looking.

Naturally, Jonathan did not care too much about that either. He was very insensitive to money.

After that, Jessica ordered the food with familiar ease. A server poured coffee for the group as they chatted casually while drinking.

Needless to say, the main topic was the Golden Sword Tournament.

Polly said in a low voice, "Jonathan, I've asked Old Mr. Hayes about it. Strikezone Martial Arts sent Leonardo to participate this time. There's also another contestant called Jareth Sullivan. He carries the Sullivan name, so his cultivation is definitely not simple."

Jonathan agreed, "My guess is that Strikezone Martial Arts will be bringing Jareth out as the grand finale. Of course, they'll still hope for Leonardo to kill me so they can finally be relieved. However, if he fails, then it'll be Jareth who takes up the torch."

"You're quite perceptive. That's what I think as well," remarked Polly.

Jonathan nodded. “Still, we can’t just fix our eyes on Strikezone Martial Arts. As far as I know, there really are quite a number of amazing talents in this tournament. For example, Little Martial Sage, Lucian Yandell, is only twenty years old, yet he’s practicing Peacock King Strike. His father, Peacock King, is extremely impressive. Lucian must have come here for the Golden Sword.”

“That’s right. There’s also Hector Cook from Coldbridge. He already has the air of a Shadow Punch master,” stated Polly.

Jonathan said, “Moreover, the two who came from Jetroina—Braxton Sable and Skyler Yoder—are also ambitious. These two Jetroinians are both around twenty-two, but they still dare to join the tournament despite knowing that all the participants are masters of actual combat. It’s enough to prove that their cultivation is extraordinary.”

Jessica, Amber, and Yasmin listened with fear and trepidation.

Yasmin asked worriedly, “Then, won’t it be dangerous for you guys this time?”

Jonathan grinned in response. “A competition will only be interesting this way. It’ll be an actual battle between the elites. If these people didn’t come, the Golden Sword Tournament would be too boring.”

The ladies immediately felt his strong fighting spirit.

It gave them a little peace of mind.

This restaurant was called Lucent Garden. Their dishes were exquisite, so the serving speed was a little slow.

The group chatted as they waited for the food, and the atmosphere was very comfortable.

Before long, another group of guests came in.

This group of guests was quite unique. There were a total of five young men, all of whom were Jetroinians.

Furthermore, all five of them were cultivation experts.

Jonathan and Polly glanced over and were secretly shocked upon closer observation.

At the same time, the former recognized two of the youths.

Those two were the Jetroinian experts who would be competing—Braxton and Skyler.

The duo was too eye-catching. Jonathan recognized them because he had done his homework in advance and got their information.

Braxton looked only about twenty years old. His face seemed like it was sculpted, making him appear refined and breathtaking. Dressed in a white casual shirt, he looked like a fictional protagonist standing under a cherry blossom tree.

Braxton breathed faintly and appeared extremely delicate. However, the truth was that he was merely being humble. Jonathan had sharp eyes, so he guessed that Braxton's cultivation was at least at the peak of Neutralizing Force.

Moreover, it was very likely that Braxton had cultivated a secret breathing skill, which allowed him to control his breathing impressively.

As for Skyler, he also seemed to be in his twenties.

He had a crew cut, sharp and piercing eyes, and looked strong as well.

Similarly, this guy's cultivation also seemed to be at the peak of Neutralizing Force. His entire person was like a sharp blade. It was like a look from him was enough to make people bleed.

As for the other three youths who followed them, they were all in the early stages of Neutralizing Force.

Evidently, they were here to support Braxton and Skyler. In other words, they were bodyguards. After all, the duo was here to challenge Chanaean martial artists. If they killed a Chanaean martial artist, Chanaea would definitely take revenge and injure the two during battle. It would be dangerous if there were no one to protect them at that time.

Jonathan and Polly were not too surprised at the arrival of this group of Jetroinians. They were all here to participate in the Golden Sword Tournament, so it was not unusual to bump into each other.

However, an incident immediately occurred.

As Jonathan and Polly had studied them for a long time, one of the young Jetroinian bodyguards instantly glared back coldly, cursing at them in his language.

Even though Jonathan and his group did not understand the language, they knew that it wasn't anything pleasant from his tone.

Jonathan was not a good-tempered man, so he looked at the bodyguard and smiled before cursing in his own language, "Hey, idiot, did you eat sh*t this morning?"

The Jetroinian bodyguard assumed Jonathan was apologizing and replied in Jetroinese, "That's more like it." Then, he sat down.

Seeing this, Jessica and the others could not help but snicker in unison.

That Jetroinian bodyguard was called Hiroshi Ida. After sitting down, he bragged to his companions in Jetroinese, "Those Chanaean pigs are all cowards. I just yelled at them a little, and they quickly apologized. Is that guy even a man? If it were the Yamato clan, they'd have taken up their swords and fought to the death."

The other Jetroinian bodyguards roared with laughter at his words.

However, Braxton stated coldly, "Hiroshi, if I were you, I would be ashamed of myself."

Hiroshi did not dare to offend Braxton. He froze and asked awkwardly, "Why do you say that, Braxton?"

Braxton's face was expressionless as he said indifferently, "First of all, your behavior is a disgrace to the Yamato clan. This is very uneducated behavior. Secondly, that Chanaean man did not apologize to you. He called you an idiot and asked if you ate sh*t this morning. Thirdly, don't try to fight him because you're no match for him."

Hiroshi's face instantly turned red with shame, and anger flashed in his eyes. He could not hold back his rage and snapped, "Braxton, I must seek my revenge!"

Braxton said impassively, "You're not here to cause trouble. Fairlake is a place where Chanaean martial artists are prevalent. There are many experts here, and as I've said, you're no match for that man. If you're determined to take revenge, we won't lift a finger. You can go ahead and make a fool of yourself as you wish."

Hiroshi immediately crumpled. He, too, was aware of the limits of his capabilities without the support of his companions.

Right then, Jonathan's group's food was served.

The dishes were vibrant and looked mouth-watering at first glance.

The group was already hungry, so they immediately dug in merrily.

The meal was not disturbed by the Jetroinians. Although the food here was expensive, it was incredibly sumptuous.

Thus, they had a great time here.

Meanwhile, the Jetroinians' table was also served, and they ate in a low-profile manner.

Interestingly, Braxton and the others were all fighters and ate very quickly. Hence, they finished eating at about the same time as Jonathan's group.

After eating, Jessica called for the bill. A server came over and said, "The total is twelve thousand eight hundred and eighty-eight. You can just pay twelve thousand."

Jessica took her card out. "I'll pay with card."

"Sure!" the server responded.

This group had no problems with paying the bill. However, on the other side, the Jetroinians suddenly exploded. One of the bodyguards named Yano was hot-tempered and flipped the table over. He cursed furiously in rusty Chanaean language, "What dish costs ten thousand? Do you think we Jetroinians are stupid and easy to bully?"

I Am Unstoppable Chapter 113-The Jetroinians flipped the table aggressively, turning the scene chaotic in an instant.

The sounds of smashing plates and cups disrupted the peace of the restaurant.

Yano, Hiroshi, and another bodyguard named Watari Yuuta wore fierce expressions. Only Braxton remained indifferent as if he had nothing to do with the situation.

Meanwhile, battle lust shone within the eyes of the young man, Skyler. He gave Jonathan a taunting gaze as though all of this was done for the latter.

Skyler was a hyper-energetic, ferocious beast that thought about tearing others apart at all times.

Jonathan and Polly were sensitive enough to pick up his provocation immediately.

However, the restaurant manager had come out to mediate before they could step forward.

The restaurant manager was a beautiful woman named Laura Leighton, seemingly in her thirties. She wore a black suit as she approached them with a charismatic smile.

Laura glanced at Braxton's group and apologized sincerely, "I'm very sorry for our careless service that caused your dissatisfaction. Please accept our sincere apology."

"Your dishes are too expensive," Yuuta spat. He spoke in broken Chanaean, but it was coherent at least. "You're feeding us like livestock because we're Jetroinians!" Jonathan had used Chanaean to insult them previously, but Yuuta and Yano did not understand him.

Laura froze for a moment before swiftly understanding what was going on. She quickly replied, "We take our business integrity very seriously. It is impossible for us to scam our esteemed guests. Not to mention, our prices are stated clearly. You can look at the wall if you don't believe us."

The Jetroinians looked over and saw a menu hanging on the wall.

Immediately, they stiffened, knowing that this was their mistake. Unexpectedly, Skyler sneered, "You stupid pig! This menu is specifically for foreigners, while they have another menu. We've been to Ferropene restaurants before, and their food has never been this expensive. You're clearly trying to rip us off."

Yuuta, Yano, and Hiroshi were shocked by the revelation. Being the most hot-headed one, Hiroshi was the first to speak up. "Motherf*cker! We will not pay for this. Let's go."

He led the way, and the others followed behind him. Laura blanched upon seeing that. This was her first time encountering customers like them in all her years working in this restaurant. The customers that came to this restaurant were commonly well-known people who were cautious and valued their reputation.

She hastily blocked Hiroshi's path and insisted, "Please pay your bills, sir."

He scoffed, "Pay, my ass! Get out of my way." With that, he deliberately pushed her aside, crude enough to have placed his hand on her chest.

Laura was shoved away as she could not react in time. Feeling an aching pain in her chest, she lost her balance, staggered a few steps back, and fell onto the floor.

A server, who was watching from the side, was too afraid to stop them.

Right then, Jonathan stood up and shouted at them.

Hiroshi's group immediately turned to look at him. Hiroshi despised Jonathan to the bone, but he did not know how to speak Chanaean, so he could only curse under his breath in Jetroinese.

Jonathan knew Ustranasian but not Jetroinese. As a result, he did not understand what Hiroshi said.

Regardless, Hiroshi seemed like he was speaking badly about them. Besides, Jonathan would still feel like Hiroshi was mocking him even if the latter were speaking with a smile. Jonathan uttered disdainfully, "I don't know what you idiots are talking about. Get lost."

Hiroshi asked Yuuta, who stood beside him, "What did he say?"

Yuuta also could not understand Jonathan because he was speaking too fast.

Skyler quickly translated for Hiroshi, "He called you an idiot and told you to scam."

Infuriated, Hiroshi wanted to rush forward to fight Jonathan.

Suddenly, Skyler added calmly, "He'll beat you up if you go."

Hiroshi then froze, feeling glum.

"Let's go," Skyler said.

Then, he turned to leave with a group of people following behind him.

Jonathan could not hold it in anymore, and he taunted, "Let's settle this once and for all. Where do you guys live? If you don't pay your bills today, I guarantee you won't be able to participate in the Golden Sword Tournament, and you'll be detained for a year and a half."

He was confident in himself.

After he finished, Braxton and the others halted in their tracks.

They turned around and looked at Jonathan. Skyler's glare was filled with murderous intent.

Jonathan did not have a good temper, to begin with. Hence, he smirked and jeered, "F*ck! Why do you keep looking at me, you sicko? Are you gay?"

Unexpectedly, Skyler was not enraged. He sneered, "I know who you are, Jonathan Lawson. Your name is on the list for the competition too."

Jonathan chuckled. "So what?"

Skyler licked his lips as hostility flashed across his eyes. Then, he approached Jonathan.

The atmosphere was tense as Skyler walked over.

Jessica, Yasmin, and Amber promptly sensed the dangerous aura, and they subconsciously hid behind Jonathan and Polly.

Polly stared at Skyler coldly, whereas Skyler remained unbothered.

He fixed his eyes on Jonathan as he stood before the latter. Abruptly, he grinned and threatened, "I'll kill you at the Golden Sword Tournament."

With that said, he turned to leave.

Jonathan was aware of Skyler's murderous intent.

Despite that, he did not mind it, for there were too many people after his life, anyway. Skyler was merely another addition, so Jonathan did not continue bickering with him as long as the former paid his bills.

Skyler regrouped with Braxton and the others before ordering Hiroshi, "Pay them."

Hiroshi was reluctant, but he could only obey Skyler.

They swiftly left the restaurant after paying for their meal.

Jessica and the other ladies were immediately slightly worried. Amber asked, "Will there be trouble, Jonathan?"

He rolled his eyes and answered, "Of course not. Moreover, there are no do-overs in the Golden Sword Tournament."

"Can you handle him, then?" she asked again.

Jonathan remained unconcerned. "He's on the same level as me. Regardless, I have never been afraid of anyone."

Polly then shot him a look. He quickly laughed aloud and clarified, "Other than Polly, of course."

She smiled faintly. "Ha! Please! I know how strong you are. Your fighting skills are transcendent. It would be hard to win against you without breaking

through Nascent Soul.”

Jonathan chuckled sheepishly.

The three ladies finally felt at ease after hearing the conversation.

Just then, the person in charge of the restaurant came out to thank them, but Jonathan’s group did not quite mind it. In the end, the restaurant gave them some freebies and a gold card.

Thereafter, the group exited the restaurant.

Next, Yasmin and the ladies went to take a walk around Fairlake while Jonathan and Polly went to the organizing committee of the tournament to check in.

The tournament’s organizing committee was located on an underground battlefield in the suburbs near Fairlake. This would also be the venue for the competition itself.

Donovan drove the duo to the location once more.

As it took some time to reach the suburbs, they finally arrived at the said battlefield an hour later.

The battlefield was built similar to a stadium, but the interior was not as spacious.

The place was surrounded by farmland and residents, which made it peaceful and quiet.

On top of the cheap land, its location was pretty secluded. After all, an underground battle was an illegal event.

There were numerous white, modern-looking two-story bungalows in the stadium.

In front of the stadium was a driveway, where countless luxurious cars were parked right then.

After Jonathan’s group parked their car, they walked toward the stadium.

At the forefront of the stadium was an enormous foyer. When they entered, there were specialized staff to check their invitation and lead them in.

The organizing committee was in the office on the second floor.

Jonathan and Polly quickly arrived at the grand and spacious office.

What surprised them was that Morgan was there too. In addition, there were two older men, namely Rowan, who Jonathan had met before, and Julian Cook of Coldbridge.

The three elderly were in charge of the reception.

Morgan stood up delightfully after the two came in and said, "You're finally here, Master Lawson and Master McDaniels."

Jonathan did not tell Morgan about Strikezone Martial Arts' inside info, nor did he allow Jessica to say. There was no need for Morgan to feel troubled, as Jonathan could solve the problem by himself.

Jonathan and Polly greeted, "Hello, Master Hayes."

Everyone introduced themselves and greeted each other.

Soon after, Jonathan and Polly officially checked in. They were about to head back when two young men entered the room.

They were Julian's grandson, Hector, and the heir of the Green Clan, Stephen, respectively.

Both of them were in their thirties, but they still looked healthy and young from practicing martial arts.

Hector wore a white button-up coat, making him look refined. This was the result of practicing Shadow Punch to its limits. Meanwhile, Stephen's abilities were evident to the eye.

When Hector and Stephen came in, Julian said, "What great timing, you two. Let me introduce you to some youngsters. This is Jonathan Lawson, and that is Polly McDaniels."

Hector smiled courtly and greeted them with the same degree of reverence. "Nice to meet you, Master Lawson and Master McDaniels."

In truth, everyone had seen the participants' photos from the name list, thus having deep impressions of each other. After all, anyone could be one's opponent.

Stephen also gave them his greetings, to which Jonathan and Polly responded humbly.

Everyone got along well as all of them were around the same age.

Right then, Stephen suggested, "Why don't we find a place to sit down, drink some alcohol, and talk about martial arts? What do you guys say?"

A martial artist's favorite thing was meeting friends through martial arts.

Jonathan and Polly exchanged looks before the former answered, "We couldn't agree more."

I Am Unstoppable Chapter 114-Morgan and the others stood by the side and watched. They looked contented. They were already getting old and had contributed their entire lives to martial arts. Now that they managed to witness the new generation rising, they felt happy and satisfied. This was especially true when they noticed how talented the new generation was. They were extremely glad that the new generation was able to work so well together.

Jonathan and Polly followed Stephen and Hector out of the building.

After that, Donovan drove the four of them in his car.

They started talking among each other. Stephen had a lot of fight within him. He was a sharp and brilliant young man. On the other hand, Hector was the epitome of a humble gentleman.

As they were conversing, Stephen asked Jonathan, "Master Lawson, may I know which type of martial arts you specialize in?"

Jonathan smiled. "It feels weird to hear you address me that way. I'm only twenty-four years old. What about you, Stephen?" he asked.

The latter responded with a smile, "I'm twenty-nine. Just call me Stephen."

"Nice to meet you, Stephen," Jonathan greeted.

After that, the group soon realized that Hector was twenty-seven. He was younger than Polly by one year.

Among the four of them, Jonathan was the youngest. Stephen was the oldest, but he acted like he was the youngest with how hyperactive he was.

He looked at Jonathan and asked, "So, Jonathan, you haven't told us about your martial arts style."

"To be honest, I'm not very sure myself. My master never talked to me about it. The first technique he taught me was the foundation for Spirit Fist. After that, I learned Shadow Punch. Once I mastered that, the next techniques I learned became more complicated. I really don't have a specific style," Jonathan answered.

This piqued the interest of Stephen and Hector. "You know Spirit Fist too? We should spar together sometime," Stephen replied. However, Jonathan shook his head. "My Spirit Fist isn't like yours. Mine is mixed. It can't compare to your original Spirit Fist."

Stephen laughed loudly. "So what? It doesn't matter. We can still spar together. We should not be like the older generation, who liked to keep their abilities hidden. It is only when we interact that our skills can be sharpened."

Hector nodded. "That's right." He then looked at Jonathan and added, "If you have any questions about Shadow Punch, feel free to send them my way. I will be happy to help."

"Thanks, Hector," Jonathan responded happily.

Hector flashed him a smile. "Don't mention it."

At that moment, it was already four in the afternoon. The sun was still shining brightly.

The streets in Fairlake were bustling, and roads were filled with cars and crowds.

The four of them found a restaurant that was more isolated and went inside. Their meat dishes and wine were unique and tasty.

In a private room on the second floor, the four young people sat down at a table.

The drinks came first, along with some appetizers. Jonathan took the bottle of wine and said, "Since I'm the youngest here, let me pour this for you guys." Upon speaking, he poured everyone a glass of wine before filling his own glass. He then raised it and announced, "Let's have a toast."

The other three raised their glasses and cheered.

Following that, they engaged in casual conversations.

"Fate really is a funny thing. It was as if Hector and I had been friends for a long time when we first met. And when I met Jonathan and Polly, we got along so well. However, I don't think I will be able to get along well with Mason from Horbah. He always had a cold expression, like someone had killed his dog and set it on fire. Also, the Little Martial Sage, Lucian, looks polite on the outside, but in fact, he looks down on everyone deep down. He's too prideful," Stephen said.

Jonathan chuckled at his words. "We really do hit it off like old friends."

"Hit it off? What do you mean?" Stephen asked with a look of confusion.

Hector guffawed. "Are you illiterate, Stephen? This means that we get along very well. There are some out there who, although having known each other for years, are still awkward with each other."

Stephen instantly understood. He took a sip of wine and looked at Hector in mock despise. "D*mn. We're all fighters anyway. There's no need to be so studious!"

Hector, Jonathan, and Polly started laughing at Stephen's reaction.

"Since we are about to enter Golden Sword Tournament, I have a suggestion. Let's exchange our trump cards. This way, we will be able to have a better gauge of our chances of winning. Of course, to prove that I have no ill intentions, I'll go first," Stephen suggested.

The other three's expressions slightly changed. All martial artists relied heavily on their trump cards. Stephen probably did not think this through when he

suggested it. However, this showed how much of a straightforward person he was.

People like that were the best kind to be friends with.

Of course, there was always a possibility that Stephen was secretly scheming for other people to reveal their trump cards.

Jonathan exchanged glances with Polly before he smiled. "I'm okay with that."

Polly quickly agreed, "Me too."

Seeing how the other two had already agreed, it was obvious that Hector would go along with it too.

Stephen then stood up and backed away from the table. "I have one ultimate move. I call it "Mongrel Attack." I know it doesn't sound good, but it's actually pretty useful. What happens is that I can kick before anyone can anticipate it. It is sudden and powerful. Look closely."

Before the rest could focus on Stephen, all they saw was him staying still before he suddenly kicked his leg out.

It happened in a split second. The attack was precise and powerful.

It really was an invisible kick. That move would definitely take his opponent by surprise.

Jonathan, Polly, and Hector were people who knew their stuff. Therefore, they knew that Stephen's move was incredible.

Soon after, Stephen taught them how to execute the move.

As the others were all professionals, they learned the technique in no time.

Jonathan was next. "Mine was taught to me by my master. I've killed many people just by this technique alone. I've also saved myself from the brink of death with it as well. This technique is called 'Antelope Rhythm.'"

He then displayed it to them.

Following that, the trio's eyes sparkled as they gasped in awe.

Jonathan then taught them the technique as well.

However, as Antelope Rhythm was an agile movement, it would take the others more than an hour just to master it.

However, they all knew the advantage of using it.

Once Jonathan was done, Polly was next to speak up. "Mine is called 'Satin Palm.'" She briefly paused before looking at Jonathan. "Jonathan, attack me with your Dragon Claw."

Jonathan instantly understood that she wanted to show her technique. He agreed and attacked with all his might. His body moved as quick as lightning, and his Dragon Claw slashed through the air, forming sharp winds that aimed for Polly. All of his attacks headed straight toward Polly's face.

Yet, the latter was unfazed by what was going on. All she did was put up her hand and aim for Jonathan's Dragon Claw.

Just as the two of them were about to clash against each other, Polly's wrist twisted, and her palm turned.

The sudden change of her hand movements was ingenious. At one point, it looked like a snake. In the next second, it resembled a loach. Her muscles shrunk to an unbelievable scale and slithered under Jonathan's fingernails.

The moment she slithered into the minuscule gap between the nails and the skin, her fingers suddenly curled, resembling a snake's deadly tongue.

If her fingers dug into Jonathan's Dragon Claw, his hand would definitely be broken.

Jonathan gasped in shock. He never expected this from Polly. He quickly moved away and stopped using Dragon Claw. Instead, he threw a punch to stop Polly's Satin Palm.

However, Polly smiled and retracted her hand before he could execute that.

Jonathan staggered backward and heaved a sigh of relief. He knew that if it were not for Polly having mercy on him, he would not be able to counter her attacks at all. On the contrary, Polly could have left a few wounds on his fists.

Just one splash of blood, and all of his vitality would be lost. If that happened, the more violent his attacks became, the more blood would be lost.

Therefore, there was no way one could become stronger after breaking a bone. It was because all of the spirit has dissipated.

It was a no-brainer that Polly's Satin Palm was incredibly powerful.

The three techniques that were shown so far were invisible killers. So far, they managed to learn a lot from each other.

Soon, Jonathan, Hector, and Stephen learned the basics of Satin Palm, although it would take them more time to master it.

After all, all those killer techniques had been practiced for many years in order to master them.

The last person was Hector.

"Mine is called 'Strike Back.' This is a technique that is useful for storing energy when facing terrible circumstances. When the enemy thinks that they are winning, I will retreat and store more energy as I can. And then, out of a sudden, I will strike back and defeat the opponent," Hector explained.

He then demonstrated it to them.

Slowly and in detail, he showed the trio how he stored his energy. It did look like he was being forced to retreat. Though, only a trained professional could tell that his vitality was like an arrow being pulled back, ready to shoot forward at any moment. Finally, when there was nowhere else to run, Hector suddenly moved and attacked furiously.

His attacks were strong and heavy.

At that moment, the others held their breath as they witnessed the incredible technique.

Hector looked like he had morphed into an ancient warrior at that instant. That technique really was the most powerful one out there.

“Amazing!” Jonathan couldn’t help but praise.

With that, Hector started explaining his technique to them.

After the four of them shared their techniques, they felt closer as friends, for they had told each other the most important thing that they kept close to their hearts.

“To me, although being a spiritual fighter is important, brotherhood is more important. If we end up against each other in the tournament, let’s not kill each other. We will stop the fight once one of us can no longer continue,” Stephen said.

If it were just a few hours before, all of them would do anything to win. Now that they had all become friends, there was no way they would kill each other.

Jonathan smiled and responded, “Of course.”

Both Polly and Hector agreed as well.

The four of them were skilled spiritual fighters. Their personalities also blended well together. Therefore, they felt very comfortable in each other’s presence.

I Am Unstoppable Chapter 115-It was nightfall by the time the four of them were done eating. Jessica called and asked Jonathan and Polly to go back and enjoy the hot spring together.

The duo, therefore, asked Stephen and Hector if they wanted to return to the hotel together. However, the two replied, “We won’t be going back with you guys. We have to return to the battlefield to help a few senior members.”

Upon hearing that, Jonathan and Polly did not insist.

When they asked for the bill, Stephen offered to pay.

As the few of them were not too particular about money, they did not stop him.

After they exited the restaurant, Stephen and Hector bid Jonathan goodbye.

Soon after, Jonathan and Polly got into the car, and Donovan drove them back to the hotel.

Inside the car, Polly suddenly said, “Jonathan, do you think Stephen and Hector have some trick up their sleeves when they exchanged their killer technique?”

Jonathan knew that Polly was cautious by nature. He was not a naive person either. After deliberating, he replied, “It did seem sudden when Stephen proposed to exchange information on our trump cards. However, theirs are indeed formidable. As it was a one-for-one exchange, there isn’t any scheme to speak of. What do you think?”

Polly could not help but laugh bitterly. “You’re more carefree than me! You’re right!”

Jonathan smiled in response.

Polly then stated, “The main reason why I was willing to reveal my killer move is that techniques don’t mean much to me. My priority now is to achieve a breakthrough in my cultivation stage.”

Jonathan understood what Polly meant. The biggest hurdle before them was achieving Nascent Soul.

It was already eight o’clock at night when they returned to the hotel. The hot spring was behind the garden with a huge open-air glass ceiling.

Jessica, Yasmin, and Amber had already gone ahead to the hot spring. Jonathan and Polly were the last to arrive.

He was a little excited because the beautiful ladies all wore swimwear, and it was going to be a feast for his eyes.

Jonathan and Polly then proceeded to the changing rooms to change their outfit. He came out first wearing swimming trunks which revealed his excellent figure. Although he did not have huge muscles, he was very fit.

Polly came out soon after.

Her fair skin, slender shoulders, and long legs were for all to see. It also seemed as though her swimsuit had difficulty supporting her ample bosom.

Jonathan took one glance and immediately felt as though he was going to lose his composure.

Polly, however, was very upfront about it and even asked, “Do I look good?”

He couldn't help but let out a bitter laugh as Polly was a dear friend to him. He felt guilty for having lustful thoughts about her.

Soon after, Polly walked ahead of him. Jonathan followed behind her without a word. Needless to say, Polly's figure was captivating.

The hot spring was as big as a swimming pool and was used by both men and women.

However, no one felt embarrassed as they hung out with people they knew as steam surrounded them.

After arriving at the hot spring, Jonathan and Polly quickly found Jessica and the others. As everyone's bodies were submerged in water, Jonathan could only see his companion's shoulders and felt thoroughly disappointed.

They chatted while leaning against the edge of the hot spring. Jonathan found it hard to stay calm as he looked around. He saw a couple on his left who were behaving very intimately. His keen eye showed that the woman was riding the man, and she was biting her lip to hold herself back.

D*mn! They're so daring!

Jonathan could feel himself reacting to the scene.

“What are you looking at?” Polly observed that Jonathan had a weird expression.

He felt cheeky instantly and whispered to her, “Look over there.”

She looked over and immediately saw the couple. As she was not a babe in the woods, she understood what was happening at a single glance. She immediately blushed and punched Jonathan lightly. “You pervert!”

Jonathan chuckled and grabbed onto her wrist. “I'm not the one who's acting like a pervert. Why are you scolding me?”

“You’re shameless!” she blurted out.

It was a pretty interesting sight, and Jonathan was envious of the couple. He wanted to try it too, but he could not do it alone. Additionally, although Amber and the others were attractive, he would not cross boundaries and take advantage of them.

If Jennifer were there, he would definitely try it. Since no one here knew them, it would be thrilling and exciting.

After soaking for around an hour, they felt that their pores had opened up and were feeling utterly relaxed.

They exited the hot spring together, and Jonathan’s eyes had a feast. He looked at Amber, then Yasmin, Jessica, and finally Polly. He concluded that Polly had the best figure.

It was ten o’clock at night, and everyone had returned to their hotel rooms.

Jonathan’s whole body was relaxed after soaking in the hot spring. He lay down on the bed, switched on the air conditioner, pulled the blanket over him, and drifted off to sleep happily.

Jonathan and the others met at the restaurant on the second floor at seven in the morning. It was where the hotel had prepared a delicious breakfast spread.

Jonathan and the others bumped into Stephen and Hector when they came out of the lift on the second floor. It was apparent that the two men were always together.

Stephen was glad to see them. “Jonathan and Polly, I was just saying how we had forgotten to take your numbers after having such a good time chatting last night. I just went to the front desk, but d*mn it, they refused to tell me. They mentioned something about having to keep their client’s information confidential. It’s a good thing that we bumped into each other here.”

Although Stephen was brilliant, he was very blunt and honest about his feelings.

Jonathan smiled and explained, "Actually, it was not because they had to keep the information confidential that they did not reveal it to you. It was because..."

"They were trying to be difficult?" Stephen chimed in.

Jonathan smirked. "It was because you're not handsome enough. If it were me, they'd definitely reveal the information to me."

Everyone immediately burst into laughter. Stephen turned bright red and suggested, "If you succeed, I'll address you as my senior henceforth. You've not met the lady at the front desk yet. She's frosty like an iceberg."

"I'll take your word for it," Jonathan quipped.

Stephen immediately held onto him and said, "Let's go try it now."

The others were excited, looking forward to what would happen next.

"All right then."

Everyone headed over to the front desk.

Stephen proposed, "Try asking for Lucian's number since you're so capable."

"No problem," replied Jonathan without skipping a beat.

That riled Stephen up. "What happens if you don't get it?"

Jonathan offered, "I'll change my name. You guys can call me 'Lame Jon.'"

Jessica immediately poked fun at him and said, "I think Lame Jon is a good name. I think we'll start calling you that from now on."

Jonathan could not help but roll his eyes.

Soon after, everyone arrived near the front desk. They did not gather around the area so that Jonathan could showcase his full talents on his own.

Jonathan then strode over to the front desk.

The lady at the front desk did not look too good and seemed like she had just fallen out of love.

Jonathan walked up to the lady, placed a police badge before her, and said solemnly, "I'm Officer Liam, ID 2578. Is there a customer here by the name of Lucian Yandell?"

The lady at the front desk was shocked after hearing the question. She looked at the police badge and replied, "Let me check."

Jonathan continued authoritatively, "You better hurry. Lucian is an international thief. I suspect he has come here to steal something. If he succeeds, your hotel will be making a huge loss."

She had just finished pulling out information on Lucian and had wanted to recheck the police badge. However, she panicked upon hearing what Jonathan had just said. She immediately offered the information. "There is indeed a Lucian Yandell staying with us. He is in room 809."

"What is his registered phone number?"

The lady hesitated for a moment but still gave the number in the end.

Jonathan smiled. "Thank you for your cooperation. I'll let your hotel's management know. They will reward you." He then returned to his companions.

"D*mn, Jonathan. What did you have in your hands?" Amber had sharp eyes and immediately saw the police badge in Jonathan's hand.

Jonathan gave an awkward laugh. "I just borrowed it for a while. Stay calm." With that, he quickly returned the police badge to Amber.

Upon seeing the police badge, Stephen said exasperatedly, "Cheater! This had nothing to do with whether you are handsome or not."

Jonathan smirked. "No matter what, you'll be calling me your senior now."

"You're despicable!" chided Stephen.

Everyone roared in laughter.

However, one had to give it to Jonathan that he was full of ideas. Even if he did not have the police badge, he would have come up with some other plan quickly.

Shortly after, the bunch of them arrived at the restaurant on the second floor.

The restaurant was filled with many martial artists and their family members. There were many unfamiliar faces.

Jonathan's eyes swept through the restaurant and did not spot Leonardo and Jareth. He immediately understood that the two of them would not appear at this time.

They were highly skilled people who had obtained Nascent Soul.

Although the tournament was a significant event in their circle, the participants were all skilled fighters below Nascent Soul stage. For people who have reached the Nascent Soul, such a tournament was meaningless to them.

Leonardo and Jareth only entered the tournament to make things difficult for Jonathan.

Everyone soon went to take their food.

Jessica and Yasmin were the slowest. Jonathan, Polly, Amber, Stephen, and Hector got their food quickly and found seats at a long table.

While Jonathan was happily enjoying his food, he suddenly heard Jessica's angry voice.

He jumped and immediately ran over to take a look.

He saw Jessica reprimanding a young man. "Hey, are you mute? Don't you know how to apologize after knocking into someone?" Yasmin held onto Jessica and advised, "Jessy, let's leave it at that."

Jessica who had a fiery temper refused to listen.

"Scram!" shouted the man after looking at Jessica frostily.

At that moment, Jonathan recognized the man. He was Mason.

I Am Unstoppable Chapter 116-It was Jessica's first time meeting such a rude man, and she instantly flew into a rage. After all, she was a stunning beauty with a fiery temper and had always been pampered by all. "I'm not letting you off the hook today unless you apologize! How dare you order me to get out of your way? I'm just going to stand in your path. What can you do about that?" she spat.

After saying that, she thrust her chest out and lifted her chin like an arrogant rooster.

Mason was a martial artist and had a hardened heart, so he would never bestow a woman with special treatment. Regarding Jessica coldly, he enunciated, "If you don't step aside, nutcase, don't blame me for getting physical with you."

"What?" At that, Jessica was entirely downright livid. She was so incandescent that she trembled violently. "You dare call me a nutcase?" she demanded.

"Not only do I dare call you a nutcase, but I also dare hit you!" Mason retorted icily. Right when he had said that, he suddenly lifted his hand and swung it at her.

"Don't you think you're going too far?" Jonathan abruptly darted over and grabbed the man's wrist. Although he often bickered with Jessica, he still held much affection for her. Likewise, Jessica was always irritated with him, but she actually cared about him greatly.

Jonathan stared at Mason frostily, drawling, "You call yourself a man when you'd make a move against a woman?"

"All right, then. I'll make a move against you first!" Mason sneered. No sooner had he said that than he abruptly unleashed his Scorpion Attack to hook his leg around the back of Jonathan's knee.

Scorpion Attack was an ultimate move that was part of the Springing Kicks, obscure and indiscernible.

Jonathan's entire body was at its most sensitive then. He had just learned Mongrel Attack, so he promptly shot his leg out.

His leg blurred as it flew out like a blade.

Bang! Bang!

Both the men's legs collided, but neither managed to get the upper hand.

Mason's expression changed as he realized that Jonathan was no easy prey. He immediately twisted his wrist to break free of the latter's grip.

Jonathan didn't bother stopping him since he only managed to grab Mason's hand because the man didn't bother dodging. Otherwise, he couldn't possibly have accomplished that.

Therefore, if he restrained the man's wrist to win against him, it would be a disgraceful victory.

Mason's eyes radiated an intense burst of chilliness. The tips of his toes quivered as he started gathering Force.

At once, Jonathan sensed that the man was like a beast right then, liable to attack anytime. He appeared nonchalant, but he had actually kept his guard up. The instant Mason attacked, he would swiftly defeat him as soon as possible.

The tension between them hung thick in the air.

At that precise moment, a voice drifted over. "This seems to be merely a misunderstanding, and we're all going to participate in Destino Art Golden Sword Tournament soon, so let's just end things here."

The person who spoke was a young man with an alluring countenance, dressed in a white flowing shirt.

As he walked, he exuded an indescribable sense of confidence. He was none other than Little Martial Sage, Lucian Yandell, the grandson of Peacock King!

Lucian went over and flashed them both a smile. Then, he said to Mason, "Mason, it isn't good for you to be so hot-tempered. You've got to be gentler with a girl!"

Mason looked at him, turning submissive all of a sudden. Scratching the back

of his head, he greeted, "Lucian."

Lucian inclined his head a fraction in acknowledgment. While he was only twenty years old, he already had the demeanor of a grandmaster. Subsequently, he turned to Jonathan and remarked, "You're Jonathan Lawson, Jon, right? How interesting that it took a fight for us to make each other's acquaintance. Could you please let this matter go for my sake?"

By then, many elite fighters in the martial arts world had already swung their gazes over.

Even Stephen, Hector, Polly, and Amber had walked over and stood behind Jonathan.

Meanwhile, Jessica realized that the matter seemed to have gotten out of hand. Hiding behind Jonathan, she felt very much secure. Nonetheless, she didn't want the matter to continue snowballing, so she whispered, "Let's just forget about it, Jonathan."

Alas, Jonathan ignored her. Eyeing Lucian, he drawled, "Mason bumped into my friend first, and not only did he refuse to apologize, but he was even beyond rude. After that, he even wanted to hit my friend. I only want an apology from him. That isn't too much to ask, is it?"

"Mason rarely has contact with the outside world, so he's ignorant about social etiquette. If he has offended you in any way, I'll apologize on his behalf."

Jonathan cast Lucian a look. Truth be told, he could sense the arrogance within the latter. And despite the man's apology at that moment, he wasn't the least bit apologetic.

Jonathan was a person who wouldn't let the slightest issue slide, so he replied, "It's fine if you want to apologize on his behalf. However, an apology should be given sincerely. My friend is here, so go ahead and apologize." After saying that, he pushed Jessica to the front.

The woman was a tad nervous, but she tried her best to stand straight with her head held high.

At that turn of events, Lucian's expression became utterly grim. He initially thought that Jonathan would take the olive branch he offered, but the man

unexpectedly wanted him to apologize formally.

Being an elite fighter at the age of twenty, he was an exceedingly arrogant man and would never bow to anyone easily. His voice went cold as he murmured, “Jon, it’s best not to take things too far in everything. We’re all here to participate in Destino Art Golden Sword Tournament, so we’ll be meeting each other frequently.”

Chuckling, Jonathan countered, “I don’t quite understand what you mean by that. I only know that a man’s word is his bond. Of course, it’s also fine if you don’t want to keep your word.”

Lucian’s expression grew increasingly darker, turning as black as thunder.

Conversely, Stephen was inwardly jumping for joy at the side, for he had long since detested Lucian.

At that exact moment, Mason stepped forward and bowed to Jessica out of the blue, thundering, “I’m sorry!” Then, he turned to Jonathan and inquired, “Was that to your satisfaction?”

Jonathan wasn’t an unreasonable person, so he relented, “Sure!”

“Let’s go, Lucian,” Mason promptly said to Lucian.

However, the latter pinned his eyes on Jonathan and suddenly flashed him a faint smile, commenting, “You’re truly an interesting person, Jon. I’ll remember you.” When he had said that, he walked away.

That statement was clearly a threat.

“Wait a moment!” Jonathan called out just then.

Lucian and Mason spun around and stared at the man. At that very moment, Lucian took it for granted that Jonathan was intimidated, shaking in his boots.

Unexpectedly, Jonathan drawled with a smirk, “A friendly reminder to you, Lucian—if you hate someone, don’t address him by his nickname. That will make goosebumps rise all over me. Also, addressing someone by his nickname doesn’t mean anything if the heart doesn’t reflect the same intention. If you don’t like me, you can call me Lawson. Contrarily, you can call

me Jonathan if you're fond of me. However, don't ever call me Jon. I believe you can tell that I'm older than you with your keen eyesight, right?"

Veins popped up on Lucian's forehead, and he ordered Mason to leave before spinning on his heels and storming away.

Jonathan merely ignored that as he indeed had a bad impression of the man. Lucian was pretty full of himself when he stepped out in the first place, acting as though he was the authority there. Later, he even addressed Jonathan as "Jon," which had the latter feeling very much chagrined.

Hah! You're just twenty years old, so you have no right to act all high and mighty in front of me, regardless of whether it's in terms of cultivation or experience!

When Lucian had left, Stephen patted Jonathan on the shoulder. Chortling, he exclaimed, "You were incredible, Jonathan! Haha! His face was as black as thunder earlier!"

Polly, on the other hand, sported a wry smile as she lamented, "You're a magnet for grudges, Jonathan. You've only been in Fairlake for two days, but you've offended three people."

At that, Jonathan rubbed his nose in embarrassment. I'm actually innocent! All those people forced my hand!

They then had breakfast together, during which Jessica acted significantly more docile in front of Jonathan. "Jessy, don't tell me you're so grateful that you've fallen for me?" Jonathan couldn't help teasing.

Jessica had just behaved more like a lady, but she immediately went off the deep end upon hearing that. Flushing bright red, she bellowed, "You're dead, Jonathan! Are you itching for a beating? I'll never fall for you even if you're the last man on the face of this earth!"

Her extreme reaction shocked everyone. Even Jonathan himself had never expected response of that magnitude. He knew that he had taken the joke too far yet was too proud to apologize. Thus, he tried to smooth things over by commenting, "The weather today is lovely!"

Everyone burst out laughing.

However, Yasmin tugged at Jessica out of the blue and warned solemnly, "Don't disparage him like that anymore. In particular, don't mention that word."

That word naturally referred to the word "dead."

It was a sensitive time then, so she was terrified that something would happen to Jonathan. For that reason, she couldn't stand Jessica saying such a thing. Jessica's eyes abruptly turned red-rimmed, and she riposted, "I didn't want to say that, but he was just too much of a scoundrel!"

After saying that, she shot to her feet and stalked off in a fit of pique.

Jonathan wore a thoughtful expression on his face. He was actually a perceptive person, not at all dense. As such, he sensed the subtle change in Jessica's feelings toward him. He didn't want her to fall for him, so he deliberately ruined the atmosphere.

Right then, however, she threw a fit. The only reason for that was she had truly fallen for him.

That was something Jonathan hoped would never happen, for he didn't want to hurt anyone.

Of course, that wasn't his concern then.

After all, there was only a day left before the commencement of Destino Art Golden Sword Tournament.

On the third day, Jonathan and the others didn't go anywhere. Both Jonathan and Polly meditated in their rooms. Everyone rested in preparation for the battle the next day.

On the fourth day, Destino Art Golden Sword Tournament was officially starting at noon.

At ten o'clock in the morning, Jonathan and the others drove toward the stadium.

The sun was shining brightly overhead.

In the car, Jonathan and Polly had their eyes closed in rest. No one dared to disturb them.

That day, he wore a loose black training attire while Polly was dressed in sports attire. She had her hair pulled back, looking very much professional.

At ten-thirty, they all arrived in front of the stadium. All kinds of luxurious cars were already parked before the stadium then, many of which belonged to spectators who came to watch the tournament.

This time, all the spectators were screened, and they were either wealthy or influential.

The majority of those who managed to get selected had some connections. Some paid a sky-high price for the tickets, for they were definitely difficult to obtain this time, even if one was willing to pay.

Upon entering the stadium, all martial artists had their designated seats. Jonathan, Polly, Stephen, and Hector all sat next to each other. Yasmin, Amber, and Jessica sat there as well.

The stadium was a covered stadium that had a total of three thousand seats.

By then, the seats were almost all occupied, a massive crowd extending where the eye could see.

All the martial artists had also taken their seats.

Right in the middle of the stadium was an enormous ring.

Above it was a massive screen—three meters high and five meters wide.

At that moment, some tidbits were projected on the huge screen. They included the introduction of the martial artists, the demonstration of various martial arts, the theme of Destino Art Golden Sword Tournament, and the like.

I Am Unstoppable Chapter 117-The purpose of the Golden Sword Tournament was to promote Chanaean martial arts and continue its legacy.

Since ancient times, many ambitious warriors had sacrificed their blood, sweat, and tears for their dreams.

The fighters and warriors fought to achieve their dreams through their own powers.

Any man would never stop thinking about martial arts as long as they mastered its skills.

Many talented people had appeared in the rolling torrent of history. Some had practiced Kung Fu, and some mastered the skills of Shadow Punch. Not to mention that some had even created their own techniques, and there were many of them that came from more modern times. Every one of those historical figures had left their traces in history.

For example, Tommy Scott, also known as Tiger head, was recognized as the strongest person in the world. He had invented his own fighting technique, the Scotts' Shadow Punch.

As for Harold, his Half-Step Crash Punch had defeated everyone who fought against him. Meanwhile, Charles Yaeger, a fighter from Coldbridge, earned himself the title of "the Undefeatable" back then.

There was even a movie that talked about the story of Charles nowadays.

Just like what their ancestors did back then, many martial artists tried to leave their traces in the world.

After all, those who practiced martial arts were ambitious.

Therefore, although the Golden Sword Tournament was dangerous, many martial art fighters decided to join it. They thought that it would be a perfect opportunity to earn their achievements.

The life and death battles between the participants were the main reason those martial artists got attracted to the Golden Sword Tournament.

Martial arts involved life-threatening techniques. Moreover, those who practiced it mentioned that they should only use their skills to kill their enemies. Hence, if those fighters wanted to start a battle, it would be a match that involved a matter of life and death. For them, it was pointless for those professional boxers to put on their protective gears.

Time passed by, and the opening ceremony of the Golden Sword Tournament was getting closer and closer.

Jonathan and Polly remained silent. On the other hand, Jessica, Yasmin, and

Amber were anxious. If Jonathan and Polly did not join that tournament, they would definitely be excited, for it was a rare opportunity for them to witness such a grand event.

Just then, staff members carried a gigantic, golden sword onto the stage. That sword was not made from pure gold. The price would be really high if that were the case. Nonetheless, that sword was enormous, so it was worth around ten million.

Despite that, the martial artists focused more on the honor of getting that golden sword. If they managed to win it, that would become their lifetime achievement once the news of them winning spread in the future.

Furthermore, they could also boast about who they had defeated during the Golden Sword Tournament.

After carrying the golden sword onto the stage, the staff members put it below the big screen.

Following that, the person in charge of the Golden Sword Tournament walked up the stage to give his speech.

Edgar's speech was short and simple, which perfectly portrayed the style of a martial artist. First of all, he thanked all the seniors in the martial arts circle for showing their support for the competition. Then, he also thanked all the new and professional fighters for joining the tournament.

Finally, he introduced the rules of the competition.

According to the rules, every participant had the chance to withdraw from only one battle. If one decided to pull out twice, they would get eliminated.

Also, they should give their best efforts upon entering the ring. It was a competition that involved a matter of life and death, after all.

In other words, a participant could choose to withdraw from the battle if they felt that they could not win. However, once they stepped into the ring, they would have to fight until their last breath.

Jonathan knew about the rules from the start. Unfortunately, he did not have the opportunity to withdraw from a single battle. That was already listed in the

liability waiver form when he signed it. The members from Strikezone Martial Arts had taken a long time to plan that tournament, so they would never let Jonathan find a loophole where he could take advantage of it.

They arranged a battle between Leonardo and Jonathan so that Leonardo could kill the latter during the competition.

Initially, they did not plan to arrange a battle between Jonathan and the others as they were afraid that Jonathan would lose the fight purposely to get himself eliminated.

Nevertheless, there was an issue with the participants when the members of Strikezone Martial Arts were arranging the battles. In truth, Jonathan could choose to end the tournament peacefully, but he did not want to.

There were several reasons behind his decision. First of all, that was the perfect opportunity to resolve his grudges with Strikezone Martial Arts.

Secondly, even if he decided to withdraw from the tournament, the people from Strikezone Martial Arts would come up with other plans to take his life.

Most importantly, the atmosphere of the Golden Sword Tournament had influenced Jonathan. Hence, he wanted to show how capable he was in front of everyone.

After Edgar finished introducing the rules, he walked off the stage.

Soon, a song named "Fighters' Dream" was played on the big screen.

As soon as the music rang out, everyone's blood began to boil in excitement.

Of course, not everyone was excited upon hearing the song. There was a satisfied look on Braxton and Skyler's faces. They had spent quite a long time in Chanaea, and they had put in a lot of effort to refine their martial arts skills. Thus, they knew the history of Chanaea very well. Since they were also fluent in Chanaean, they could understand the lyrics of "Fighters' Dream" well. They knew that it was a song about the ancestors of Chanaean fighting against the Jetroinians in the past.

After the song was played, a series of numbers appeared on the screen that seemed to be counting down.

At that moment, Edgar's voice sounded from a loudspeaker on top of the hall, "Everyone, please rise!"

The crowd stood up abruptly in unison.

Then, Edgar continued, "A battle ring is a stage for all the fighters to prove themselves. If a fighter loses their life in the ring, that will be their destiny to die as a fighter. I know we will lose many excellent fighters in the next three days as blood will be spilled in the ring. Therefore, let's take five minutes to mourn for these people. After these five minutes, the tournament will officially begin!"

The atmosphere in the hall was tense and heavy.

Everyone's spirits lifted upon hearing that.

Five minutes later, they took their seats.

The next moment, the participants' names started blinking on the screen. The system was randomly selecting the fighters for the first battle.

Finally, the screen froze, showing Polly and Stephen's names.

Upon seeing that, Jonathan fell into a daze. What the heck? How did Stephen and Polly end up going against each other? Is this really a coincidence?

That was something Jonathan did not wish to see the most.

Initially, Stephen said he would never risk his life in the ring. Unfortunately, that was the first battle of the tournament. There were many martial artists watching, so the atmosphere was heavy, and it would be hard for either Stephen or Polly to hold back during the battle.

Polly stood up and walked toward the stage.

Meanwhile, Stephen also headed onto the stage. There was a strange expression on his face.

Not long after, they stood inside the ring, facing each other.

Everyone fixated their eyes on them. Right then, Jonathan's heart sank. He did not want anything dangerous to happen to both Polly and Stephen.

Yet, something unexpected happened.

Stephen bowed before turning around to face the audience. Finally, he said, "I'll give up on this battle!"

Then, he heaved a sigh of relief before walking down the stage.

Polly was stunned. She felt a little touched. This rascal!

Initially, she was in a dilemma, but she did not expect Stephen to be that decisive.

With that, Polly was announced as the winner on the screen.

As soon as Polly walked down the stage, the lists of names on the screen started blinking again.

After some time, Skyler and Kenneth's names appeared on the screen.

Kenneth Scott was Tommy's descendant, so he had mastered the Scotts' Shadow Punch.

The two quickly walked up to the stage.

Skyler was wearing a white, traditional Jetroinian outfit. Most Jetroinians wore that during their battles.

Skyler was an evil and cruel man. A sense of mockery flashed across his eyes as he looked at Kenneth.

He had joined the current tournament to show off his combat skills. Furthermore, he wanted to kill Chanaean fighters as a Jetroinian in a Chanean battle ring.

As for Kenneth, he was wearing a black robe. He was in his forties, and he looked firm and mature.

Skyler sneered as he looked at Kenneth. "Old man, you haven't even reached the stage of Neutralizing Force at this age. I guess you've wasted your life. I advise you to surrender now. Get on your knees before leaving the stage."

His clear voice echoed throughout the entire stadium.

That Jetroinian was being too arrogant. Seconds later, everyone in the room got infuriated.

"Kill that Jetroinian! Kill him!" Some of them began to shout. Following that, more and more people yelled below the stage.

Kenneth remained silent, displaying a solemn demeanor. He was not affected by what Skyler and the audience said. Raising his hand, he said, "Let's start."

Skyler sneered. He scanned the audience with a wicked grin before making a vicious expression. His gaze turned cold, exuding a sinister aura. Seeing that, some of the audience were petrified.

After a second, Skyler made his first move.

Although he was merely an arrogant young man in his twenties, his determination in martial arts was strong.

He dashed forward like a fierce and aggressive jungle beast. His movements were as fast as a bolt of lightning.

Then, he swung his arms toward Kenneth's chest.

He was moving so fast that Kenneth could only see a flashing silhouette in front of him. Before he could react, a gust of wind bombarded him. Kenneth's Shadow Punch focused on slow and smooth movements. On top of that, he had practiced Shadow Punch for a long time, so he was calm deep inside his heart. Therefore, he was a little not used to Skyler's fast, fierce moves.

Nonetheless, he was also an experienced fighter. He took a step backward before turning around and using Obstacle Hammer on Skyler.

His fists were as strong as hammers. As he swung his arms, he looked like he was dancing with a pair of giant hammers in his hands.

Although his movements looked weak, his punches were powerful.

Skyler snorted. Suddenly, he spun around swiftly and grabbed the sides of Kenneth's thighs.

Kenneth missed his target but immediately swung his hands down to grab Skyler by the waist.

Skyler instantly jumped up like a rabbit. His body was as swift as an arrow. After that, he banged his head toward Kenneth's abdomen.

Kenneth did not expect Skyler to have such strange movements, so he was completely caught off guard.

Skyler's head landed on his stomach and sent the latter flying. Finally, Kenneth fell to the ground heavily.

Roar! At that moment, Skyler immediately ran forward to stomp on Kenneth's arms hard.

Crack!

Kenneth's bones shattered.

However, Skyler did not plan to stop yet. He stepped on Kenneth's chest forcefully. At last, Kenneth spat out a mouthful of blood and met his end on the spot.

The whole process took less than three seconds.

Three seconds later, Kenneth died a tragic death.

Everyone went dead silent.

They were infuriated upon seeing how cruel Skyler was.

It was normal for a fighter to get killed during the Golden Sword Tournament. After all, no one could ever hold themselves back as soon as they started a battle. Regardless, it was evident that Kenneth was not a match for Skyler. Skyler had already won the battle the moment he sent Kenneth flying. Thus, he did not have to kill him, but he did not show any mercy on him.

I Am Unstoppable Chapter 118-Although the audience was infuriated, Skyler had not violated the rules.

Hence, the organizing committee was unable to find fault with him.

The big screen displayed Skyler's name as the winner.

Skyler left the stage, and the big screen continued to flicker wildly.

Shortly after, it displayed the next match between Lucian and Jacky White.

Jacky White practiced the Universal Punch. He was thirty years old this year, and his skill was at its peak.

Jacky and Lucian stepped on stage at the same time.

On stage, Lucian seemed weak. With his bright eyes, white teeth, and clothes as white as snow, he was like a harmless rabbit.

On the other hand, Jacky was dressed in rough clothing, had a buzz cut, and had a tanned and strong body, just like a warrior.

To the audience, it was like a scene from Beauty and the Beast. Everyone was inclined toward Lucian and hoped that he would win.

It was undeniable that this world cherished those who were good-looking.

Lucian and Jacky did not exchange any words. When the bell rang, Jacky shouted and started his attack strongly. He was a master of the Universal Punch, which evolved from the technique of the spears. His legs propelled powerfully. It was as though he was a general on a horse. His fist was his weapon, and he swung it with great force.

It was so strong that it could be felt through the air.

Jacky was like an ancient general with a spear. His fist darted up and down and suddenly flew toward Lucian's throat.

Yet, Lucian remained still and did not move a single muscle.

All of a sudden, he used the Scorpion Attack. This move was unparalleled. It was silent, deadly, and as quick as lightning.

With a loud thud, Jacky flew into the air before falling to the ground heavily.

He spat out some blood and died on the spot.

It was a clean and efficient battle.

Lucian was named the Little Martial Sage, after all. He won with overwhelming strength.

The audience was stunned into silence. They were not from the martial arts world and did not understand what had happened. However, the competitors' deaths had intimidated them greatly.

For those in the martial arts world, they had truly understood the extent of Lucian's power.

The nickname, Little Martial Sage, truly deserved its reputation.

Soon, Lucian left the stage as the next match continued.

This time, Jonathan was not familiar with the two competitors. The fight went on for a while and was thrilling enough to get the audience hooked.

In the end, the boxer won. The other party was merely injured and not dead.

Jonathan did not make an appearance, and neither did Polly.

In the blink of an eye, it was two o'clock in the afternoon, and the half-time break began. The competition was scheduled to resume at eight o'clock in the evening.

The audience dispersed and headed out to rest and eat.

There was no way that the stadium could arrange meals for everyone.

As they left the stadium, Jonathan's group met Skyler coincidentally. Skyler's gaze was cold and blood-thirsty. He stared at Jonathan and licked his lips. "You're lucky. Regardless, I will definitely kill you."

Jonathan looked at Skyler. He suddenly chuckled and left but not without saying one word. "Idiot."

Skyler was enraged.

Stephen and Hector did not join Jonathan but went to find Julian.

On the way back to Fairlake, Jonathan asked Amber curiously, "Amber, where exactly is Mabel and the others?"

Amber replied, "I'm not very sure. However, she told me that she already settled this matter, so I needn't worry. I think she's hiding somewhere in Fairlake. You didn't compete for the entire morning, after all."

Jonathan thought that it made sense. However, he said, "Tell her to let me compete. If I don't compete for the entire Golden Sword Tournament, I'll become a joke."

Amber actually did not want Jonathan to compete. She said perfunctorily, "All right. I'll tell her that."

At eight o'clock in the evening, the Golden Sword Tournament resumed.

Everyone took their seats.

The audience seats were dim, while the stage was lit up with dazzling lights.

The screen lit up once again.

This time, it was Hector against Mason.

Dressed in a white robe, Hector stepped into the ring elegantly with a gentle gaze.

Although he was young, he already had the aura of a Shadow Punch master.

On the other hand, Mason wore a grey coat, and his eyes were full of hostility.

The two of them began attacking once the bell rang.

Mason's attacks were swift. He relied entirely on his legs to attack. His Springing Kicks were so powerful that even the strongest men feared them. In an instant, Mason executed three Springing Kicks.

They were the Ghost Cross, Wheel Strike, and Diagonal Kick. Altogether, they

looked like sharp waves of shadows.

Mason's attacks were fierce and powerful. He wanted to defeat Hector as quickly as possible.

Hector stood in place and circled his arms as his legs supported his actions. His hands formed a seal as he stamped his feet. In the next moment, Mason's attacks were all deflected.

Hector was calm and skillful. After he deflected Mason's Springing Kicks, his body suddenly became light as he used Antelope Rhythm. His Antelope Rhythm incorporated some additional characteristics of Shadow Punch, which made it different and unique. He suddenly appeared behind Mason and used Obstacle Hammer.

Mason was caught off guard. With a loud thud, he was thrown into the air before falling to the ground heavily.

However, his injuries were not severe. Hector had been merciful.

Hector had won this round.

The screen lit up with bright colors once again.

As soon as Hector returned to his seat, he was showered with praises by Stephen. Jonathan and the others also gave him a thumbs up.

At that moment, the screen displayed the matching between Stephen and Skyler.

Jonathan was shocked.

Stephen was not too bothered. He chuckled and said, "Let me see how good this Jetroinian punk is."

"Stephen!" Jonathan saw Stephen as his friend. Hence, he said fearfully, "You should withdraw from this battle." He knew how powerful Skyler was. Stephen would not be able to defeat the latter. Moreover, Skyler was ruthless. He would undoubtedly not leave Stephen alive. Jonathan had to stop Stephen.

Stephen was surprised. "What are you talking about? I already withdrew once.

If I do it again, I'll be eliminated." He paused and questioned angrily, "Jonathan, are you looking down on me? You think that I won't be able to win, right?"

Jonathan was at a loss for words.

Infuriated, Stephen muttered, "I'll prove myself to you." With those words, he marched on stage determinedly.

Jonathan was helpless. In this ring, everyone had the right to make a choice. Jonathan could only hope that Stephen would be able to create a miracle.

Hector understood Jonathan's worries. He said tensely, "Although Stephen is playful, he is devoted to Destino Art. This is his choice. I believe in him."

Jonathan nodded.

Polly watched intently but did not say a word.

Amber and the others were also nervous as they had a good impression of Stephen. At the same time, they knew how ruthless Skyler was.

On stage, Stephen and Skyler stood opposite each other.

Skyler looked at Stephen with a predatory glow in his eyes. He sneered, "I know you, piglet. You're Jonathan's friend. I'll dig out your heart today. Haha!"

Stephen frowned as the bell rang.

In the next second, Stephen and Skyler attacked at the same time.

They were like streaks of lightning.

Stephen attacked with the Half-Step Crash Punch. His fist shot toward Skyler's throat like an arrow shot from a bow.

Skyler's throat bobbed as he quickly avoided Stephen's punch. Skyler was extremely agile, his attacks ruthless and unpredictable. It was difficult to guard against his attacks. With a duck, he used Eagle's Ironclaw and grabbed at Stephen's waist quickly.

If his attack landed, Stephen's liver would immediately rupture.

Skyler had used this technique to kill Kenneth. Hence, Stephen knew how powerful it was.

In fact, Skyler's attack was well-known. It was called Stars Rotation.

The world changed as the stars rotated.

When he dropped into a crouch, it was as though he had disappeared. His head could attack the enemy's abdomen while his hands could form various fatal attacks.

Stephen's eyes had a cold glint as he took a step back quickly. Skyler immediately followed him like a shadow, his killing intent overpowering.

Stephen immediately used Mongrel Attack. With an almost silent swish, his leg blurred as it flew out like a blade.

Skyler was creeping with his gaze down but was able to detect Stephen's kick. He suddenly grabbed Stephen's abdomen with one hand while the other hugged Stephen's leg.

This was another famous move known as the Mowing Farmer.

Stephen paled in horror. He anxiously used Antelope Rhythm to get out of Skyler's grip.

Crack!

Stephen's Antelope Rhythm was still undeveloped. Although he had escaped, there were still streaks of blood on his inner thigh left by Skyler.

At that moment, Stephen's artery had been cut open, and he bled profusely.

He was in a dire situation.

His injury tugged at the audience's heartstrings. Everyone hoped that he could defeat the Jetroinian devil.

"Stephen, surrender!" At that moment, Hector and Jonathan stood up and rushed toward the ring. They knew that only death awaited Stephen if he continued fighting.

Stephen knew that as well. Just as he was about to surrender, Skyler made a move again.

He sprang like a wild beast, and his fingernails pierced into Stephen's chest like a blade. His entire fist dug into the latter's chest.

The scene was extremely bloody.

In the next moment, Skyler retracted his hand, which held a bloody, beating heart in it.

Stephen's expression changed when he saw it. He gurgled a scream and fell to the ground, dead.

It was too cruel.

No one could imagine Stephen's feelings from seeing his own heart get dug out.

Jonathan and Hector froze. It was too late.

Stephen was dead.

I Am Unstoppable Chapter 119-The venue fell completely silent, and a wave of anger surged toward the stage where Skyler stood.

His actions had angered every Chanaean there, but he withstood it fearlessly. In fact, he even wore a taunting look on his face as he surveyed the audience.

It was his way of taking revenge. The audience was cheering to beat the Jetroinian to death, so he used the same method to give them a taste of their medicine.

Skyler killed Stephen on the stage, so the Chanaeans could not punish him and could only be enraged.

At that very moment, Jonathan was simmering with anger. He rarely felt furious, but Skyler managed to anger him.

He only knew Stephen for a couple of days, but Stephen was an honest man, so Jonathan treated him as a true friend. Jonathan's eyes were brimming with anger from Stephen's tragic death.

Skyler then walked off the stage, and he was looking at Jonathan. The look in his eyes was still filled with mockery as he showed Jonathan a thumbs down and then laughed.

Jonathan sucked in a deep breath and returned to his seat with Hector.

He sat down and immediately leaned into Amber's ear to whisper, "Tell Mabel to arrange a match between Skyler and me."

Amber was startled by his instruction. She hated Skyler as well, but she also learned about Skyler's horrific strength from that fight. Therefore, she could not help but worry for Jonathan's safety.

"I can't contact her right now." Amber made up an excuse.

Jonathan was shrewd, so he knew she was lying. He grabbed Amber's hand and said, "Please, trust me and tell Mabel to arrange it."

Amber pulled her hand out of Jonathan's grasp and explained, "I really can't reach-"

She paused in the middle of her sentence because she saw the screen showing precisely Skyler and Jonathan's names.

Jessica and Yasmin were also shocked and turned to Jonathan with worry in their eyes.

Jonathan turned to look at the screen and stood up when he had a clear view of it; his eyes were filled with an intense fighting spirit.

Hector looked at Jonathan before standing up to grab Jonathan's shoulder. He advised, "Jon, don't be rash. Please withdraw from the match. I don't want to lose another friend."

Jonathan smiled. "The stage is where we fighters belong. I'm sure you can respect my decision to fight if you respected Stephen's, right?"

Hector was stunned, but he retracted his hand after letting out a sigh.

Jonathan walked forward while Polly remained calm.

“You’re not allowed to lose, Jonathan!” Jessica yelled at him while grabbing onto the edge of her sleeve.

Jonathan paused briefly, but he did not turn around and continued marching forward to the stage.

On the stage, Jonathan stood facing Skyler.

“I’ve said that I will end you. I’ll make sure to dig out your heart and feed it to your mouth today,” Skyler mocked with a cruel smile playing on his lips.

The bell rang right after he finished speaking.

Jonathan did not want to waste his saliva on useless talks and said, “Come at me, you pretentious idiot.”

His insult at Skyler gained him cheers from outside the ring.

While the cheers erupted, Jonathan and Skyler started moving as quickly as lightning.

Jonathan reached Skyler in one step. He did not bother with testing the waters and threw a Rolling Thunder Punch toward Skyler.

The thunder roared with a brewing storm.

Skyler scoffed when faced against the Rolling Thunder Punch. He ducked and then performed the Stars Rotation.

His technique was amazing, but he miscalculated.

The moment he moved, Jonathan reacted swiftly with Mongrel Attack. Jonathan reigned supreme in combat strategies. Hence, all his attacks were simple but sharp and deadly.

His kick reached Skyler before the latter ducked completely. Skyler was surprised and retreated three meters hastily amidst the danger.

Jonathan chased after him immediately when he backed away.

The fight between the two was extremely intense.

Although Skyler retreated, it was to regain his composure for another strike. When Jonathan closed in on him again, Skyler took two steps forward and clawed toward Jonathan's chest ruthlessly.

Jonathan ignored the attack and used the Heavenly Hook on the spot between Skyler's brows.

That one moment revealed the disparity of strength between Jonathan, Stephen, and Kenneth.

Jonathan fought fiercely without hesitance, while Stephen and Kenneth were shaken by Skyler's intimidating aura and retreated.

Skyler experienced the monstrosity that was Jonathan for himself and tilted his head to avoid the Heavenly Hook. Then, he started performing Stars Rotation again.

Unfortunately for him, Jonathan changed his attack from Heavenly Hook to Dragon Claw and clawed toward Skyler's head the moment the latter tilted his head to dodge the first attack.

Jonathan's technique transition was as natural as flowing water. It was as if he had clairvoyance and knew Skyler's next move.

Skyler groaned inwardly and helplessly retreated again.

However, Jonathan was relentless in his pursuit and did not allow Skyler any room for breathing.

In one moment, Jonathan's limbs continuously moved and burst into a series of punches and kicks, forcing Skyler to retreat in defeat.

The scene was surprising to everyone, and their throats felt knotted as they continued to watch.

They were all praying for Jonathan's victory.

In the next second, Skyler was already on the edge of the stage.

He jumped off the stage and seemed to have disappeared. However, he came back up in the blink of an eye as if he was a snake circling and climbing a pole or a dragon ascending to the sky.

Skyler was a strong fighter who knew how to utilize the terrain in his fights.

He seized the opportunity to perform Stars Rotation before Jonathan recovered from his sudden appearance.

However, his expectation fell short again because Jonathan lowered himself.

Skyler reacted with Eagle's Ironclaw toward Jonathan's face while Jonathan sent a palm upward.

The look in Skyler's eyes turned chilly, and he wanted to rip Jonathan's palm apart.

However, Jonathan's palm suddenly changed to a cutting posture, and he used Satin Palm.

His fingers compressed and slipped past the gap between Skyler's fingers.

He followed up by changing his hand into a claw and pulled his hand backward.

The move was akin to a hook on a fishing line and threatening to rip off Skyler's fingers.

Skyler's expression paled, and his heartbeat sped up. He hastily turned the trajectory of his hand and escaped upward.

In the middle of his panic, Jonathan kicked forward with Mongrel Attack.

It caught Skyler off-guard, and he was kicked off the stage.

Before he fell off completely, Jonathan stomped on and crushed both of his hands.

Jonathan was treating him the same way he treated Kenneth before.

It did not stop there; Jonathan's hand was swift as he reached forward and cut

apart Skyler's chest.

He pulled out Skyler's heart as an act of revenge for Stephen.

Skyler was horrified to see his heart in Jonathan's hand. Then, he died immediately after that.

Meanwhile, Jonathan slowly calmed down.

He had been fighting Skyler with a heart filled with anger and killed Skyler swiftly.

Consequently, Skyler's death also appeased Jonathan's anger.

Instantly, thunderous applause broke out below the stage. Jonathan had become a hero in these people's eyes.

He put the heart on Skyler's body, then flicked his wrist to get rid of the blood on his hand before returning to his seat.

Jonathan's fame soared among the people and even people who practiced martial arts.

In the past, he never bothered to mingle among martial artists, so he was relatively unknown when he came to join the Golden Sword Tournament.

However, that was all in the past, and his name was spread all over the world after that moment.

The screen began flashing again when Jonathan returned to his seat.

Jessica, Yasmin, and Amber all looked at Jonathan with admiration.

Jonathan had always been joking and fooling around with them, so they never thought he had a ferocious side.

They were then reminded of how excellent, powerful, and outstanding he was.

Hector exclaimed, "You were amazing up there, Jon."

Despite the compliment, the look in Jonathan's eyes dimmed as he thought of the deceased Stephen.

Life is indeed unpredictable. It is the greatest gift bestowed by the gods, but humans never knew how to cherish it.

It was just like how Stephen was still energetically running about earlier but was permanently gone in the blink of an eye. How could one not let out a sigh from the loss?

On the other hand, Polly did not express many emotions.

She was the most unfazed among everyone because Stephen's death and Jonathan's victory were all within her expectations.

The fight confirmed one thing for Jonathan; Mabel was watching closely from somewhere nearby. The match with Skyler was definitely arranged by her.

The following matches were also interesting but not as brutal and bloody anymore.

The Golden Sword Tournament ended at ten o'clock at night and would continue tomorrow and the day after.

After the tournament ended that day, the martial artists left the stadium.

Jonathan, Hector, and Polly left together to handle Stephen's body.

Fighters were destined to fight and lay their lives down in a fight. At the very least, Stephen's death in the ring had stuck true to his identity as a fighter.

His body was sent to the funeral parlor and cremated on the same night. The ashes of his remains would be sent to the Green Clan.

After settling the matters with Stephen's remains, they left the funeral parlor, and it was already one in the morning.

Jonathan, Hector, and Polly went back to Pearl Hotel with Donovan as the driver.

Hector bid his farewell to Jonathan and Polly once they arrived at the hotel. Jonathan patted Hector's shoulder. "My condolences, Hector."

Hector smiled bitterly. "I grew up together with Stephen, and we even swore to bring back the golden sword together. Who'd knew that he'd die here?"

I Am Unstoppable Chapter 120-Jonathan's eyes darkened. He had always known how cruel life and death could be and that there was no mercy in the ring.

"What now, Hector? Will you continue with the Golden Sword Tournament?" he finally asked.

"Of course," Hector replied with a firm determination. "Now that Stephen's gone, it's up to me to see it to the end."

That, without a doubt, was the attitude of all martial artists. Despite knowing there was danger ahead, they'd still walk into it fearlessly.

After all, how could one succeed if one was afraid of the obstacles along the way?

Take big movie stars, for example. It was easy to judge them by the cover, but how many people actually knew the efforts they had put in or the sacrifices they had to make to advance their careers?

Nearly all extraordinary accomplishments began by overcoming a series of challenges, and the world of martial arts was no exception.

Jonathan, too, had gone through a lot to achieve the level of cultivation he had that day.

He started training intensively since young, and there was once his master made him lie motionless in the snow for three days straight. It was so cold that he almost froze to death!

However, it was also because of the rigorous training that Jonathan became tough as nails.

After that, his master shipped him off to Smealand, where he had to fight for his life on the battlefield. Jonathan ended up killing so many people that he would have nightmares about it, and after a while, he lost count of the number of times he had gotten injured or narrowly escaped death.

No matter how terrible the experiences were, they had all played a part in molding Jonathan into the man he was at that moment. In fact, one could even say they were gifts of fate.

After bidding farewell to Hector, Jonathan and Polly took the elevator and returned to their respective rooms.

Once he was back, Jonathan promptly stripped his clothes off so he could jump into the shower.

He was bone-tired, and there was nothing he wanted more than a warm shower and a good sleep to prepare himself for the next day.

All of a sudden, the sound of a woman coughing rang out.

Jonathan was so startled that he turned his head around immediately, only to see a beautiful woman sitting on the couch.

She exuded an air of elegant sophistication in her black dress, and to Jonathan's horror, he realized she was none other than Mabel Sandler.

Even though he was stunned, Jonathan quickly put his clothes back on and approached her. "Must you sneak around like a ghost?" he grumbled. "You could've made some noise earlier."

Mabel rolled her eyes at Jonathan as a smile crept across her face. "Hey, it's not my fault that you aren't vigilant enough. I've been sitting here all this time, yet you couldn't sense my presence."

"What the heck? You're a Nascent Soul expert who can blend your spirit into the surroundings. How was I supposed to know?" Jonathan retorted. "What brings you here, anyway? Did something happen?"

Mabel's expression turned solemn almost immediately. "Take a seat first, and I'll fill you in."

Sensing that something was amiss, Jonathan did as instructed. As soon as he sat down, he found himself being comforted by Mabel's pleasant scent. Her dress was rather low-cut, and the hint of cleavage would usually make anyone's mind wander. This time, however, Jonathan harbored no such lewd thoughts.

"The truth is, I was the one who arranged for you to fight with Skyler today," Mabel said gravely.

“Well, I guessed as much.”

“We were only carrying out surveillance previously, and since there didn’t seem to be any problems, we let Strikezone Martial Arts control the system. Unfortunately, our involvement led to us getting exposed because Strikezone Martial Arts had also hired a group of powerful hackers.”

Jonathan furrowed his brows. “Really? Are they even more powerful than you and your team?”

“Thankfully, no. The problem is, we fought each other so hard that we fried the system. Even as we speak, both our parties are still trying to find a way to hack back into it,” she replied. “In other words, the Golden Sword Tournament will be fair play starting tomorrow. No one will be able to manipulate the system, which means all pairings will get chosen at random.”

Jonathan touched his nose and chuckled bitterly. “Well, well, well. It looks like the tournament is getting even more interesting.”

“My sentiments exactly,” Mabel chimed in. “If we’re relying purely on luck, I have no doubt you’d have the upper hand. After all, you’re the Chosen One, so what do you have to fear?”

“I may not have anything to fear, but it’s still hard to guard against sneak attacks. It’d be better to err on the side of caution. By the way, are you sure those from Strikezone Martial Arts won’t find you guys?”

Mabel scoffed, “So what if they do? I’m sure they won’t have the guts to do anything to us. Come on, don’t forget who we are. If those punks dare attack the Department of National Security, they must be tired of living. Just because the country tolerates them doesn’t mean they can disrespect it.”

The more Jonathan thought about it, the more relieved he felt. Mabel’s right. There’s nothing to worry about.

“Well, that’s all I came to talk to you about,” Mabel said as she stood up. “I shall take my leave now!”

“Thank you,” Jonathan replied with the utmost sincerity.

“Oh, I watched the tournament today and saw you spar off with Skyler,” Mabel suddenly remarked when she got to the door. “I finally understand why you were picked to be the Chosen One despite your mediocre skills.”

Jonathan rolled his eyes in frustration. “Goodness, is that supposed to be a compliment? Because I don’t feel good hearing it at all. Tell me, in what way am I mediocre?”

For someone who had always been very proud of his skills, Mabel’s words felt like a slap in the face for Jonathan.

Upon seeing his reaction, Mabel couldn’t help but burst into laughter. “Okay, okay, I shouldn’t have said that. When it comes to you and your peers, I must admit you’re very outstanding. If you had put more work into it, you might have become a Nascent Soul expert by now.”

Naturally, Jonathan understood what she meant. He hadn’t been able to find his Destino Art, which meant he couldn’t advance any further than his current Peak Neutralizing Force level.

With Mabel finally gone, Jonathan was only too happy to take his long-awaited shower.

This time around, he felt a lot more relaxed. Without the hackers messing with the system, everything at the Golden Sword Tournament would now follow the Heavenly Law. He might even be able to achieve a breakthrough and reach the Nascent Soul level.

Previously, Jonathan had to enlist Mabel’s help because his enemy had made the first move and set a trap for him. If he hadn’t fought back, he’d have ended up dead.

The Heavenly Law was as ethereal as it sounded, and Jonathan was excited to see how it’d affect the tournament from here on out.

That night, Jonathan slept very well.

In fact, he had always been able to sleep soundly at night because his conscience was clear.

The next day, the tournament continued.

Jonathan and Hector met up before heading to the Golden Sword Tournament venue together.

By noon, everyone had taken their places.

The audience was already seated in the stadium, and from a distance, they were like a sea of darkness.

The stage, however, was brightly lit, turning the ring into a dazzling showstopper.

Once again, the screen started to flicker wildly.

Everyone, including Jonathan, had their eyes glued to the screen as they awaited the result. Oh, how exciting! Now that the hackers are gone, I wonder who'd be picked by the hands of destiny.

Just then, the screen displayed the names of Braxton Sable and Harvey Laban.

Harvey might only be thirty-two years old, but he was one of Fairlake's experts and also the top fighter in his age group.

Braxton, dressed impeccably in white, began walking toward the ring.

Harvey, who was in an eye-catching red tracksuit, did the same.

There was never any doubt that Harvey was a good-looking guy, but with Braxton around, the former paled in comparison. It wouldn't even be an exaggeration to say that Braxton's beauty was out of this world, with men fawning over him just like women would.

At that moment, Braxton had a blank expression on his face.

He was calm and quiet, as though Skyler's death hadn't affected him one bit.

Right then, the bell rang.

Having felt Braxton's overwhelming aura, Harvey instantly made his move.

He flew toward Braxton like a flaming arrow from a bow and unleashed a powerful palm strike on him.

Harvey was well-versed in the Octagram Palm Strike, and every attack contained an immense amount of spiral force.

Braxton's eyes glinted, and in just a split second, he seemed to have transformed into a different person.

Braxton barely flinched as he used Tyrant's Might to deflect Harvey's attack. At the same time, he brought one leg up and kneed the latter in the groin.

Harvey was startled. Even though it was only a brief exchange, he had already been caught off guard by Braxton's counterattack.

In any fight, it was always important to gain the upper hand.

However, Harvey had been forced to retreat, thus causing him to lose his initial advantage. As soon as Harvey staggered backward, Braxton stepped into him and aimed a punch at his chest.

Harvey decided to copy one of Braxton's previous moves and quickly defended himself with Heart Defense Technique.

To his surprise, Braxton's fist suddenly shifted and flew toward his throat instead.

As it turned out, Braxton's punch evolved from the technique of the spears and was just as fast and deadly as one.

Harvey was shocked and once again retreated.

Alas, Braxton swiftly unleashed the Scorpion Attack to hook Harvey's leg, causing the latter to lose balance and fall.

A cold glint flashed in Braxton's eyes, and the next moment, he punched Harvey right on the neck.

Crunch!

Harvey's head snapped off, and blood spurted everywhere.

Needless to say, the scene was extremely gory.

Jessica, Yasmin, and Amber turned pale instantly as they watched the bloodbath in front of them.

Many in the audience couldn't stand the sight of it either and began throwing up.

Even as an unpleasant odor permeated the stadium, Braxton remained unfazed with a soft, almost gentle look.

A few seconds later, he stepped calmly off the stage and returned to his seat.

It was there and then that everyone finally realized Braxton's true capabilities. He was just as ruthless as Skyler, and right now, he was on a path of revenge.