

Read Novel I Am Unstoppable Chapter 161

I Am Unstoppable Chapter 161-

When will vengeance ever come to an end?

That quote suddenly came to Jonathan's mind as Travis approached him. However, he suddenly realized he was not rewarded for his kindness. Guess I'll just kill him, then.

This time, he did not hesitate to fire the shot at Travis' temples.

A loud bang filled the air as Travis' head exploded and blood spattered everywhere. And just like that, he died on the spot. It was a gory and unbearable sight.

Seeing that his job was done, Jonathan put away his gun and said to Catherine in a calm manner, "Let's go."

Catherine glanced at him, but she did not say anything and got into the car.

Jonathan returned to the passenger seat.

Just as Catherine was about to start the engine, Jonathan suddenly grabbed her hand, which was soft yet cold at the same time.

Catherine furrowed her brows slightly, turning to look at Jonathan, who said, "I think we need to talk."

Catherine asked, "About what?"

"We're about to get married. Even though marriage means nothing to you, I think we need to have a strategic alliance. As affiliates, we'll help each other when we get into trouble in the future. What do you say?"

"I don't need your help."

"But you're also one of the Chosen Ones. The Great Tribulation is coming. If we work together, we may have a good chance of surviving. This is also the reason your grandfather wanted us to get married."

Catherine fell silent upon hearing his words.

Sensing the change in her attitude, Jonathan retracted his hand, but his eyes were still fixed on her.

After pondering for some time, Catherine agreed, "Okay. I promise you."

Jonathan heaved a sigh of relief. "Good. Now that you've agreed, you must not say things like it's none of your business when we encounter enemies in the future."

He was traumatized from being disregarded by Catherine over and over again.

Catherine grunted in reply.

After a brief pause, she asked, "Anything else?"

"That's all."

With that, she started the engine and drove off.

Upon giving it some thought, Jonathan decided to give Mabel a call. After all, Travis was dead, and someone had to clean up the mess.

When Mabel heard that Jonathan had killed Travis, she could not help but smile bitterly. "You're really incredible! I can't believe you got rid of two members of The Quartet Dragons in just two days."

Jonathan said resignedly, "You can't blame me for this. You, too, saw what happened. Frederick was the one who charged at me, wanting to kill me. I had no choice but to fight back. And that Travis tried to block and kill me in the middle of the road. What was I supposed to do?"

Mabel did not blame him for his actions. She said seriously, "This is actually great. Anyone who has achieved Nascent Soul is considered to have achieved Immortal Level. Even special forces armed with guns cannot defeat them, let alone ordinary police officers. You, on the other hand, are the Chosen One. It's only normal that you end them. That's also the arrangement of the Heavens. Even if you don't want to deal with them, they'll still come looking for you for trouble. I'm sure you've noticed that by now. That's one of

the mysteries of the Heavens.”

Jonathan rubbed his nose frustratedly. “Ugh, I’m just worried that I can’t take it and end up dying one day.”

Mabel smiled. “Have you finally sensed how dangerous the situation is? That’s why you’ve got to cultivate harder and raise your cultivation level. I believe you’ll improve faster with greater pressure.”

“Okay. Then you’ll be in charge of cleaning up my mess in the future.”

“Go to hell,” Mabel mumbled.

Suddenly, Jonathan grinned. “Aren’t you afraid that I’ll spiral down the wrong path and kill innocent people?”

Whan will vangaanca avar coma to an and?

That quota suddanly cama to Jonathan’s mind as Travis approachad him. Howavar, ha suddanly raalizard ha was not rawardad for his kindnass. Guass I’ll just kill him, than.

This tima, ha did not hasitata to fira tha shot at Travis’ tamplas.

A loud bang fillad tha air as Travis’ haad axplodad and blood spattarad avarywhara. And just lika that, ha diad on tha spot. It was a gory and unbaarabla sight.

Saaing that his job was dona, Jonathan put away his gun and said to Catharina in a calm mannar, “Lat’s go.”

Catharina glancad at him, but sha did not say anything and got into tha car.

Jonathan raturndad to tha passangar saat.

Just as Catharina was about to start tha angina, Jonathan suddanly grabbad har hand, which was soft yat cold at tha sama tima.

Catharina furrowad har brows slightly, turning to look at Jonathan, who said, “I think wa naad to talk.”

Catharina askad, “About what?”

“Wa’ra about to gat marriad. Evan though marriaga maans nothing to you, I think wa naad to hava a stratagic alianca. As afiliatas, wa’ll halp aach othar whan wa gat into troubla in tha futura. What do you say?”

“I don’t naad your halp.”

“But you’ra also ona of tha Chosan Onas. Tha Graat Tribulation is coming. If wa work togethar, wa may hava a good chanca of surviving. This is also tha raason your grandfathar wantad us to gat marriad.”

Catharina fall silant upon haaring his words.

Sansing tha changa in har attituda, Jonathan ratractad his hand, but his ayas wara still fixad on har.

Aftar pondaring for soma tima, Catharina agraad, “Okay. I promisa you.”

Jonathan haavad a sigh of raliaf. “Good. Now that you’va agraad, you must not say things lika it’s nona of your businass whan wa ancountar anamias in tha futura.”

Ha was traumatizad from baing disragardad by Catharina ovar and ovar again.

Catharina gruntad in raply.

Aftar a briaif pausa, sha askad, “Anything alsa?”

“That’s all.”

With that, sha startad tha angina and drova off.

Upon giving it soma thought, Jonathan dacidad to giva Mabal a call. Aftar all, Travis was daad, and somaona had to claan up tha mass.

Whan Mabal haard that Jonathan had killad Travis, sha could not halp but smila bittarly. “You’ra raally incredibla! I can’t baliava you got rid of two mambars of Tha Quartat Dragons in just two days.”

Jonathan said rasignadly, “You can’t blama ma for this. You, too, saw what

happened. Fradrick was the one who charged at me, wanting to kill me. I had no choice but to fight back. And that Travis tried to block and kill me in the middle of the road. What was I supposed to do?"

Mabel did not blame him for his actions. She said seriously, "This is actually great. Anyone who has achieved Nascant Soul is considered to have achieved Immortal Level. Even special forces armed with guns cannot defeat them, let alone ordinary police officers. You, on the other hand, are the Chosen One. It's only normal that you and them. That's also the arrangement of the Heavens. Even if you don't want to deal with them, they'll still come looking for you for trouble. I'm sure you've noticed that by now. That's one of the mysteries of the Heavens."

Jonathan rubbed his nose frustratedly. "Ugh, I'm just worried that I can't take it and end up dying one day."

Mabel smiled. "Have you finally sensed how dangerous the situation is? That's why you've got to cultivate harder and raise your cultivation level. I believe you'll improve faster with greater pressure."

"Okay. Then you'll be in charge of cleaning up my mess in the future."

"Go to hell," Mabel mumbled.

Suddenly, Jonathan grinned. "Aren't you afraid that I'll spiral down the wrong path and kill innocent people?"

Mabel said plainly, "Out of so many Chosen Ones, I chose you. That's because I know your style and character. As for people like Catherine, I'll never choose them no matter how powerful they are." She paused for a while and continued, "Then again, since you're marrying Catherine, you should teach her more. I think she's the kind of person who'll be very obedient once you actually win her over."

As Catherine was driving the car right beside him, Jonathan did not dare to discuss her matters with Mabel on the phone. Clearing his throat, he said, "I still have other matters to attend to. I'd better get going. Talk to you later!"

With that, he hung up the phone.

However, he still had a guilty look on his face when he eyed Catherine.

Noticing that she was not bothered by it, he heaved a sigh of relief.

Shortly after, the car drove into the courtyard of the Harrington mansion. As soon as the car came to a stop, Jonathan got ready to get out.

Right then, Catherine asked abruptly, “How are you planning to win me over?”

Jonathan froze, and embarrassment washed over him. Truth was, if Catherine’s character was just like Jessica’s, he would make jokes by saying that he would win her over on the bed and stir up certain emotions within her. However, he did not dare to say such things to Catherine.

He could only smile awkwardly and say, “Grandpa must have been waiting for us. Come on. Let’s go in.”

Thankfully, Catherine did not press on. She opened the door and got out of the car.

Both of them walked into the living room of the Harrington mansion. In the living room were an officer from the City Hall and a photographer.

Yareth had been waiting in the living room with Bruce beside him.

As soon as the two entered, they greeted Yareth.

Seeing that they had arrived, Yareth grinned and urged them to sort out the paperwork.

Right after the photographer took photos of them, the officer took their ID cards and household registry documents and started keying in their details.

After a short while, the officer stamped two seals on their marriage certificate and handed it to Jonathan and Catherine respectfully. With a warm smile, he said, “Congratulations to both of you.”

Jonathan thanked him and looked at the photo of him and Catherine on the marriage certificate.

They really looked like a match made in heaven.

In reality, it was all because of Catherine’s angel-like beauty.

Perhaps anyone who saw that marriage certificate would admire Jonathan for being so lucky to have married such a beautiful wife.

“Let me take a look,” Yareth said with a smile.

“Sure, Grandpa,” Jonathan said, passing him the marriage certificate.

After studying the marriage certificate for some time, Yareth said, “Good, good. This is great.” He then turned to Bruce and continued, “Bruce, give our guests some monetary gift.”

“Yes, Old Mr. Harrington,” Bruce responded, then gave the officer and photographer each a generous amount of monetary gift.

The two guests were shocked by how great the amount was, and they thanked Yareth repeatedly before leaving the mansion.

Yareth put away the marriage certificate carefully and said to Jonathan, “Jonathan, Catherine’s your wife from today onward, which means both of you are protected by the law. I hope you can be more tolerant of her.”

Jonathan said with utmost sincerity, “I will, Grandpa.”

Yareth smiled in response. “I believe you will.”

Soon, everyone in the Harrington mansion began to get busy. All kinds of decorations were put up, filling the air with festivity.

Although Yareth did not plan to have a large-scale celebration, a celebration was still needed.

Jonathan and Catherine, on the other hand, were rather free as they did not have to worry about anything.

The next day was a bright and sunny day.

Nonetheless, the air was still filled with the dryness and bitter cold of winter. Even the water by the roadside had frozen.

At ten o’clock in the morning, Aaron and his two sons could be seen at the Young residence.

Although his sons already had a family of their own, the mansion was rather huge, which was not too packed for everyone to live in there.

Of course, his two sons had houses of their own. They would only stay there occasionally to keep Aaron company.

Bernard Young was Aaron's eldest son. He was also the father of Leonardo. Jerome Young, on the other hand, was Aaron's second son.

They were not the only ones in the mansion, as there were also many bodyguards who were protecting Aaron in secret.

At this moment, Aaron, Bernard, and Jerome were sitting in the living room and enjoying coffee.

Bernard was extremely silent.

Aaron, too, was silently drinking his coffee. He was in a daze and there was no telling what he was thinking about.

Jerome, who was in his forties, was in the prime of his life. Exasperated, he started, "Dad, all our business partners now know you've offended a big shot. And now, they're not willing to collaborate with us. Do you know how much money I've lost over the past few days?"

Aaron gave Jerome an indifferent stare. "How much?"

"One hundred million!"

"Oh," Aaron said noncommittally.

Seeing his reaction, Jerome could not help but feel more anxious. "Dad, I know you're really sad about what happened to Leon. But humans can't be resurrected once they're dead. Please, you have to focus on the big picture. We still have so many people in the Young family who have to survive. Do you think Arthur is someone we can afford to mess with? Besides, what does Leon's death have to do with him?"

"Shut up!" Bernard suddenly yelled. As the older brother, he still had a commanding presence.

Despite that, Jerome did not seem to fear him. “Why should I shut up? I know what you and Dad are thinking. Do you think I’m not sad about Leon’s death? I’m his uncle! Then again, we have a huge family to take care of.”

Aaron shot Jerome an icy glare, causing the latter to shudder. After all, he still feared his father.

“Jerome, all you care about is money. Have you forgotten that a family should have pride? We can never stop earning money, but once our pride is trampled on, we must earn it back even if it leads to death. Sure, I’m sad that Leon’s dead, but what makes me sadder is that Arthur and his men are openly protecting the criminal. They clearly don’t respect us. If Arthur actually had the slightest respect for us, he wouldn’t have done such a thing.”

“Well... This is not about pride. All I know is that we have many people in our family, and all of them need to be fed. If this matter is not resolved properly, then our family will have a hard time in the business world. It’s fine if you’re not scared. After all, you’re quite old already. But the younger ones still have to live, don’t they?”

“How impudent!” Bernard fumed, getting to his feet in an instant. “Apologize to Dad now!”

Jerome gritted his teeth and argued, “Why should I? Did I say anything wrong?”

“Forget it!” Aaron spoke. “His heart has changed long ago. There’s no point in talking to him anymore. Why don’t we split up? We’ll go our separate ways and live our own lives.”

“Dad...” Fear started filling Jerome’s heart when he heard that.

Right at that moment, a housekeeper came in. “Old Mr. Young, Ms. Bianca is back. She and her master would like to see you.”

I Am Unstoppable Chapter 162-Aaron was slightly stunned, but he quickly came back to his senses as a look of delight flitted across his eyes.

He had heard rumors of Bianca’s master, who was someone with divine ability. Now that the person was at his house, he believed there was hope in avenging Leonardo’s death.

Feeling emotional, Aaron got to his feet and said hurriedly, "Hurry! Bring them in!" After saying that, he changed his mind as he felt it was inappropriate. "Forget it. I'm going to welcome them personally."

Bernard, too, stood up and said, "I'll go with you, Dad."

Jerome, however, had a bad feeling that their family was getting deeper into trouble. So what if we actually get our revenge? We'll only end up offending Arthur and his men.

He knew of Arthur and his group's capabilities.

Nonetheless, he could not challenge his father's authority.

Outside the mansion, Bianca looked as beautiful and cold as usual. She was dressed in a white shirt, and there was an invisible look of hatred in her eyes.

The current version of her had no traces of fear in her. All she had was hatred.

Standing beside her was a middle-aged man. That man was dressed in a black suit. He was not tall. In fact, he was a little shorter than Bianca and he looked normal.

However, no matter how ordinary he looked, one could still identify him in a sea of people.

What was special about him was his eyes. They seemed to have incredible powers that could convince, mesmerize, create fear, and trigger all kinds of emotions in a person.

The middle-aged man was none other than the founder of the Holy Bounds Sect, Jeremy Depp.

At first, he did not know about Bianca's matters. But when something happened to Ezekiel and Logan, he somehow had a bad feeling. Only after that did he realize that such a big incident had happened.

Jeremy relied on absorbing their faith to strengthen his mind.

That kind of faith was hidden deep in the minds of Logan, Ezekiel, Bianca, and others.

As long as they were alive, Jeremy could keep on absorbing the powers of their faith. Unfortunately, Jeremy could not absorb Ezekiel's and Logan's faith anymore.

Hence, there was only one explanation for it—they were dead.

In reality, Logan was not dead. He was only restrained by Mabel. At the same time, she had successfully convinced him, making him lose the feeling of admiration he had for Jeremy. Just like that, the faith had disappeared.

When Jeremy found out about Bianca's matters, he, naturally, did not care about her hatred and sadness. However, his sect members were in trouble. If he did not stand up for them as their master, he would be the public's laughingstock.

His purpose in going to the Young residence at that time was to help Bianca kill Jonathan. On top of that, he wanted to get to the bottom of Ezekiel's and Logan's deaths; he wanted to find out who the killer was.

In just a few minutes, Aaron and Bernard came out of the mansion.

Bianca said to Aaron, "Uncle Aaron, this is my master."

Aaron greeted with the utmost respect, "It's a great pleasure to meet you, Master Depp."

Jeremy did not put on an arrogant front. He merely said, "There's no need to be so polite, Mr. Young."

"Please. Please come in!" Aaron said, gesturing for Jeremy to enter the mansion.

Bernard, too, showed his respect.

Seeing that, Jeremy nodded and entered with Bianca.

Upon arriving in the living room, they took their respective seats.

Jerome did not dare to act carelessly. After all, Jeremy's presence was overwhelming.

Once everyone was settled down, Aaron instructed the housekeeper to bring some drinks.

After that, he attempted to start the conversation by saying, "May I know the purpose of your sudden arrival, Master Depp?"

Aaron was slightly stunned, but he quickly came back to his senses as a look of delight flitted across his eyes.

He had heard rumors of Bianca's master, who was someone with divine ability. Now that the parson was at his house, he believed there was hope in avenging Leonardo's death.

Feeling emotional, Aaron got to his feet and said hurriedly, "Hurry! Bring them in!" After saying that, he changed his mind as he felt it was inappropriate. "Forgot it. I'm going to welcome them personally."

Barnard, too, stood up and said, "I'll go with you, Dad."

Jaroma, however, had a bad feeling that their family was getting deeper into trouble. So what if they actually got their revenge? Well only and up offending Arthur and his men.

He knew of Arthur and his group's capabilities.

Nonetheless, he could not challenge his father's authority.

Outside the mansion, Bianca looked as beautiful and cold as usual. She was dressed in a white shirt, and there was an invisible look of hatred in her eyes.

The current version of her had no traces of fear in her. All she had was hatred.

Standing beside her was a middle-aged man. That man was dressed in a black suit. He was not tall. In fact, he was a little shorter than Bianca and he looked normal.

However, no matter how ordinary he looked, one could still identify him in a sea of people.

What was special about him was his eyes. They seemed to have incredible powers that could convince, mesmerize, create fear, and trigger all kinds of emotions in a person.

The middle-aged man was none other than the founder of the Holy Bonds Sact, Jeremy Dapp.

At first, ha did not know about Bianca's matters. But when something happened to Ezekiel and Logan, ha somehow had a bad feeling. Only after that did ha realize that such a big incident had happened.

Jaromy relied on absorbing their faith to strengthen his mind.

That kind of faith was hidden deep in the minds of Logan, Ezekiel, Bianca, and others.

As long as they were alive, Jaromy could keep on absorbing the powers of their faith. Unfortunately, Jaromy could not absorb Ezekiel's and Logan's faith anymore.

Hence, there was only one explanation for it—they were dead.

In reality, Logan was not dead. Ha was only restrained by Mabel. At the same time, she had successfully convinced him, making him lose the feeling of admiration ha had for Jaromy. Just like that, the faith had disappeared.

When Jaromy found out about Bianca's matters, ha, naturally, did not care about her hatred and sadness. However, his secret matters were in trouble. If ha did not stand up for them as their master, ha would be the public's laughingstock.

His purpose in going to the Young residence at that time was to help Bianca kill Jonathan. On top of that, ha wanted to get to the bottom of Ezekiel's and Logan's deaths; ha wanted to find out who the killer was.

In just a few minutes, Aaron and Barnard came out of the mansion.

Bianca said to Aaron, "Uncle Aaron, this is my master."

Aaron greeted with the utmost respect, "It's a great pleasure to meet you, Master Dapp."

Jaromy did not put on an arrogant front. Ha merely said, "There's no need to be so polite, Mr. Young."

"Please. Please come in!" Aaron said, gesturing for Jaromy to enter the mansion.

Barnard, too, showed his respect.

Saying that, Jeremy nodded and interacted with Bianca.

Upon arriving in the living room, they took their respective seats.

Jeremy did not dare to act carelessly. After all, Jeremy's presence was overwhelming.

Once everyone was settled down, Aaron instructed the housekeeper to bring some drinks.

After that, he attempted to start the conversation by saying, "May I know the purpose of your sudden arrival, Master Depp?"

Jeremy took a sip of coffee and gently placed the cup on the table. He then lifted his head and glanced at Aaron, saying, "It's because of my disciples, of course. Mr. Young, you've got a broad connection in Yaleview. Do you know what happened to my two disciples, Logan and Ezekiel?"

Aaron sighed. "I've heard what happened to Logan and Ezekiel from Bianca. As for the details, I'm not really sure. The only thing I'm sure of is that this matter has something to do with Jonathan and Mabel. I'm sure Bianca must've told you about what happened that day, right?"

Jeremy nodded, picking up his cup and taking another sip before falling into deep thought.

Seeing that Jeremy was silent, Aaron could not help but ask, "Master Depp, what do you plan to do now?"

"Although Jonathan is involved with Mabel and his relationship with Arthur is unknown, he is still a reckless person. Hence, he has to die. As for Mabel, she has a profound status. Even I can't simply mess with her. Then again, it's still possible to teach her a tiny lesson," Jeremy said.

Both Aaron and Bianca wanted Jonathan dead. Therefore, they sighed with relief when they heard that Jeremy wanted to kill Jonathan.

"Jonathan is currently staying at the Harrington residence. If you're planning to attack him, I actually have a suggestion," Aaron quickly said.

"Oh? What is it?" Jeremy asked.

“The day after tomorrow will be the wedding of Jonathan and Catherine from the Harrington family, and Mabel will be attending the event. It’ll be crowded with guests that day. I’m sure the scums will be shocked to see you kidnap Jonathan and teach Mabel a lesson.”

Jeremy had no plans to kill Mabel, but that did not mean he feared her.

He just did not want to make things awkward between him and the government. Regardless, he was not afraid of teaching Mabel a small lesson in public.

“Okay, let’s do that.” Jeremy decided to go with his plan.

“Master Depp, Dad, I’m afraid there’s one problem both of you haven’t considered,” Bernard piped up right then.

“Which is?” Aaron asked.

Jeremy furrowed his brows slightly, but he remained silent.

“Old Mr. Harrington is rumored to be incredibly powerful. Many families in the capital don’t even dare to talk about him. Master Depp, if you go looking for trouble on the wedding day, I’m afraid Old Mr. Harrington won’t just stand idly by.”

Jeremy merely scoffed, “That’s great if he’s really a skilled fighter. Otherwise, it’ll be too boring.”

Bernard figured there was nothing more he could say upon hearing Jeremy’s words.

Meanwhile, Aaron sighed with relief.

Although the Langeton family from Yaleview was not really a wealthy family, they had been practicing martial arts from generation to generation, using martial arts to build their own business network and establish a business empire.

Back at the Langeton residence, Travis’ corpse was laid on the ground of the courtyard, covered with a piece of white cloth.

Xavier, Josiah, Frederick, the two other sons of the Langeton family, and several family members were present.

Travis was Xavier's grandson, who was also the son of Xavier's second son.

At that moment, his second son, Sylvester Langeton, and his wife were engulfed by misery.

Travis' body was brought over by the police.

When the Langetons saw his body, an indescribable feeling of anger and sadness filled their hearts, all because Travis' death was too tragic. Not just his arm, but his head had also been blown to pieces.

They could barely recognize him.

Sylvester was infuriated. With bloodshot eyes, he said to Xavier, "Dad, I heard from the servants that Travis wanted to avenge Freddie, but he ended up like that in the blink of an eye. I'm sure this is the Harrington family's doing."

His wife was still sobbing at the side.

With a furious look in his eyes, Xavier growled, "I know who did this."

"Who?" asked Sylvester.

"Travis went looking for Jonathan to get revenge, and his death was caused by a kind of highly explosive mercury bullet. Not anyone is allowed to own those bullets. Now, Jonathan has a close relationship with Mabel from the Department of National Security. Obviously, it's Mabel who gave him the bullets. There's no way that rascal is Travis' match. He must've used the gun because he couldn't win the fight. Travis must've been caught off guard and fell into his trap."

"Dad, since we know it was that rascal who's behind all this, we must take revenge," Sylvester said, gritting his teeth.

Xavier said sternly, "Of course. How could a grandson of mine die in vain? That rascal has ruined my family. I must make him pay with his blood."

"What are we waiting for, then? Let's go and kill the Harringtons," Sylvester suggested.

Xavier's eldest son, Josiah, stood up immediately. "Sylvester, you must not act rashly. That old man of the Harrington family is incredibly powerful. We're not his match."

“So what? Is my son going to die for nothing? Will you let your son’s arm get broken for nothing?” Sylvester raged.

Josiah’s face twitched. He could not say what he wanted to. Finally, he hissed, “I’m not afraid of death. I’m just afraid we won’t be able to take our revenge even if we die. How can we not be valiant when we’ve been cultivating for our entire life?”

“Okay. Stop arguing,” Xavier cut them off.

“Dad, you have a plan, don’t you?” Josiah asked.

There was a distant look in Xavier’s eyes as he said, “Now that things have come to this, our only solution is to bring out our ancestor from the mountain.”

“Our ancestor?” Josiah was shocked. “She’s been cultivating in isolation for ten years on Esberg Mountain. No one knows if she’s dead or alive...”

Sylvia Hudson, the ancestor of the Langeton family, was already a legendary expert ten years ago. However, she was quite old at that time. No matter how powerful her cultivation was, she could not avoid the effects of aging. Hence, she had decided to cultivate in isolation to test if she could defy the Heavens and her age.

There was no news of her once she left.

Almost every member of the Langeton family thought she had died.

“I believe she’s fine,” Xavier said. “Josiah, make arrangements to get a private plane. I want to make a trip to Esberg Mountain. The Harrington family is having the wedding the day after tomorrow. We must give them a wedding that they will never forget.”

“I’m going with you, Grandpa!” Frederick volunteered, his eyes glinting with hatred.

Xavier glanced at Frederick, whose broken arm could not be put back together, leaving him crippled for life. Thankfully, he was a Nascent Soul cultivator who had great recovering abilities. In fact, his wounds had already scabbed over.

Staring at his grandson, who was in a pitiful state, Xavier hesitated for a moment before saying, "Okay. It'll be great to have you there and have her take a look at you."

Thus, the matter was decided.

That afternoon, Xavier and Frederick flew to Esberg Mountain on a private plane.

Two hours later, the plane landed safely in an open area.

Xavier and Frederick got off the plane immediately.

Back then, Sylvia had left Xavier some clues that would lead him to her location, so he followed the same clues and went looking for her.

If Sylvia was still alive, she would be about one hundred and sixty years old.

After all, Sylvia was Xavier's great-grandmother and Frederick's great-great-great-grandmother.

I Am Unstoppable Chapter 163-Sylvia was a popular figure of the century, who had experienced the ups and down of an entire era.

Meanwhile, Jonathan had been cultivating diligently and had stopped connecting with the world outside. His identity now was sensitive to most people, and he dared not go out.

I've got too many enemies!

Every family and individual he had encountered was much more potent than the previous ones—the Young family, the Langeton family, Jeremy, and the ones from Strikezone Martial Arts.

Jonathan felt that he had been wronged and falsely accused. How can they blame me? Ah, never mind. I shall not think about this issue anymore.

The day passed by in the blink of an eye.

Soon, it was the following night.

The Harrington family had prepared everything needed for the wedding ceremony. There was a festive atmosphere at their house, as Yareth just had

instructed his subordinates to set off the fireworks worth a hundred thousand to celebrate.

The place was secluded, anyway, and no one would come and check on them.

Moreover, no one would dare to question the Harringtons for setting off fireworks.

At eight in the evening, Jonathan and Yareth were having a casual conversation when Bruce came over to drag Jonathan to try out the new clothes for the next day.

It was already ten o'clock after everything had been settled.

Jonathan decided to take a shower and go to bed.

At that moment, Amber called.

"You're getting married tomorrow. Aren't you going to invite us to your wedding?" Amber sounded calm when she spoke.

Jonathan smiled bitterly and said, "It's just a ceremony. It doesn't matter if you don't come."

"Oh? But you're getting married. How can we not attend your wedding as your friend?"

"All right. Just come if you want to."

"Okay!"

Amber hung up the phone.

Jonathan did not give it much thought after hanging up. But to his surprise, he received a call from Mabel a while later.

"Your wedding tomorrow is going to be eventful," Mabel said.

"Eventful? How so?"

"Jeremy has arrived in Yaleview, and the Langetons have gone up to Esberg Mountain to look for their ancestor. It seems that they are after you. The two

of them are monsters who have achieved great things. You should be proud of yourself for attracting them to come over.”

“Damn it!” Jonathan could not help but curse out loud.

I’m not a match for Jeremy! Why are they looking for me? God, are you trying to kill me?

At that moment, Jonathan had an urge to flee this place.

“But you don’t have to worry too much,” Mabel continued.

“How can I not? You can say that because they’re not coming after you!” Jonathan said huffily.

Mabel chuckled. “I thought you were fearless when you got yourself into trouble. Why? Are you scared now?”

Jonathan put on a long face and said, “I had no other choice.”

“Don’t worry. You’ll be fine as long as Old Mr. Harrington is around. He’ll protect you.”

“The question is, can he protect me?”

“Well, I’m not sure about that. I only know that Old Mr. Harrington is a beast of a man.”

“I can see that too. When the Langetons came looking for trouble the other day, Old Mr. Harrington had managed to silence them with just a few words... It’s strange, however, because Old Mr. Harrington doesn’t look like a martial artist. He simply looks weak. And if he’s got a high cultivation level, why has he been hiding it?”

“You’re too ignorant and inexperienced. There’s no need for Old Mr. Harrington to hide his cultivation level. I reckon it has got to do with Longevous Deception, his cultivation technique. The cultivator may look weak and senile on the outside, just like the fallen leaves in autumn. But the cultivator’s vitality is startling once he reveals his true ability. I think Old Mr. Harrington possesses something similar to Longevous Deception.”

Sylvia was a popular figura of tha cantury, who had a xpariancad tha ups and down of an antira ara.

Maanwhila, Jonathan had baan cultivating diligently and had stoppad connecting with tha world outsid. His idantity now was sansitiva to most paopla, and ha darad not go out.

I'va got too many anamias!

Evary family and individual ha had ancountarad was much mora potant than tha pravius onas—tha Young family, tha Langaton family, Jaramy, and tha onas from Strikazona Martial Arts.

Jonathan falt that ha had baan wrongad and falsaly accusad. How can thay blama ma? Ah, navar mind. I shall not think about this issua anymora.

Tha day passad by in tha blink of an aya.

Soon, it was tha following night.

Tha Harrington family had preparad avarything naadad for tha wadding caramony. Thara was a fastiva atmosphara at thair housa, as Yarath just had instructad his subordinatas to sat off tha firaworks worth a hundrad thousand to calabrata.

Tha placa was sacludad, anyway, and no ona would coma and chack on tham.

Moraovar, no ona would dara to quastion tha Harringtons for satting off firaworks.

At aight in tha avaning, Jonathan and Yarath wara having a casual conversation whan Bruca cama ovar to drag Jonathan to try out tha naw clothas for tha next day.

It was alraady tan o'clock aftar avarything had baan sattlad.

Jonathan dacidad to taka a showar and go to bad.

At that momant, Ambar callad.

“You’ra gattin marriad tomorrow. Aran’t you going to invita us to your wadding?” Ambar soundad calm whan sha spoka.

Jonathan smilad bittarly and said, “It’s just a caramony. It doasn’t mattar if you don’t coma.”

“Oh? But you’ra gattin marriad. How can wa not attand your wadding as your friand?”

“All right. Just coma if you want to.”

“Okay!”

Ambar hung up tha phona.

Jonathan did not giva it much thought aftar hanging up. But to his surprisa, ha racaivad a call from Mabal a whila later.

“Your wadding tomorrow is going to ba avantful,” Mabal said.

“Evantful? How so?”

“Jaramy has arrivad in Yalaviaw, and tha Langatons hava gona up to Esbarg Mountain to look for thair ancastor. It saams that thay ara aftar you. Tha two of tham ara monstars who hava achiavad graat things. You should ba proud of yoursalf for attracting tham to coma ovar.”

“Damn it!” Jonathan could not halp but cursa out loud.

I’m not a match for Jaramy! Why ara thay looking for ma? God, ara you trying to kill ma?

At that momant, Jonathan had an urga to flaa this placa.

“But you don’t hava to worry too much,” Mabal continuad.

“How can I not? You can say that bacausa thay’ra not coming aftar you!” Jonathan said huffily.

Mabal chucklad. “I thought you wara faarlass whan you got yoursalf into troubla. Why? Ara you scarad now?”

Jonathan put on a long faca and said, “I had no othar choica.”

“Don’t worry. You’ll ba fina as long as Old Mr. Harrington is around. Ha’ll protact you.”

“Tha quastion is, can ha protact ma?”

“Wall, I’m not sura about that. I only know that Old Mr. Harrington is a baast of a man.”

“I can saa that too. Whan tha Langatons cama looking for troubla tha othar day, Old Mr. Harrington had managad to silanca tham with just a faw words... It’s stranga, howavar, bacausa Old Mr. Harrington doasn’t look lika a martial artist. Ha simply looks waak. And if ha’s got a high cultivation laval, why has ha baan hiding it?”

“You’ra too ignorant and inaxpariancad. Thara’s no naad for Old Mr. Harrington to hida his cultivation laval. I rackon it has got to do with Longavous Dacaption, his cultivation tachniqua. Tha cultivator may look waak and sanila on tha outsida, just lika tha fallan laavas in autumn. But tha cultivator’s vitality is startling onca ha ravaals his trua ability. I think Old Mr. Harrington possassas somathing similar to Longavous Dacaption.”

Realization dawned on Jonathan when he heard that.

Mabel continued, “All right! I’ll hang up now. You go ahead and get ready for your wedding tomorrow.”

With that, she ended the call.

A gush of anxiety washed over Jonathan as he mulled over the issue. Hmm, it’s okay! I should stop thinking about it now. The worst that can happen to me is death! Plus, I have the others to back me up. The Harringtons and Mabel are in it with me.

At that thought, he lay on his bed and fell asleep.

Life is indeed full of surprises.

He had never expected that he would get married one day. Although it had become a reality, he did not feel that it was anything special at all.

The following day, he woke up at eight in the morning.

At half-past eight, the guests began to show up.

Most of them were the children and relatives of the Harrington family. The other special guests would arrive at around ten in the morning.

There weren't any unnecessary and overelaborate formalities, as Yareth did not care much about the tradition.

There was only a stage and red carpet on the ground in the courtyard of the Harrington residence.

Although Yareth was very feudal, they had opted for a modern wedding.

Also, it was held in the form of a buffet. Many fresh fruits, champagnes, and beverages had been set on the tables.

It was a bright and sunny day.

Everything felt alive when the sun shone on the ground.

At that moment, the housekeepers and the chefs were still busy preparing for the ceremony.

Bruce had Jonathan put on the white shirt, bowtie, a pair of white leather shoes, and everything else that was needed to make the latter look smart on his big day.

With lightweight volumizing mousse applied to his hair, he looked all the more dashing. But the most attractive thing about him was his warm smile and manly air.

Having not seen Catherine, Jonathan thought she must be putting on makeup at that moment.

Anyway, he wasn't really worried about it. He only had to listen to the instruction and get the wedding done.

At ten in the morning, the guest arrived one after another.

Amber, Jennifer, Winnie, Jessica, and Yasmin had arrived as well. Accompanying them was Louie, who was in charge of their safety.

Besides them, Mabel, too, had arrived.

The sunlight made everything look refreshing and bright when it shone on the ground, with bright-colored clothes and blooming flowers enhancing the joyous atmosphere.

Jonathan did not come out to meet and greet the guests because he wanted to wait for Catherine to walk down the aisle together.

It was only at eleven in the morning that Jonathan knew Catherine was not at the Harrington mansion. She had gone out to put on her makeup. Bruce arranged for Jonathan to head over so that the couple could come in together in the bridal car and proceed with the ceremony.

Jonathan listened to Bruce's suggestion and went to look for Catherine.

While he was on his way to the bridal shop, he was afraid that he would run into Jeremy and the Langetons, but he soon realized that he had been overthinking.

The makeup artists were still slathering cosmetics products onto Catherine's face in a bridal shop in the city when he arrived.

In reality, Mabel and Yareth were high on guards that day. They had ordered their men beforehand to protect Jonathan and keep track of Jeremy and the Langetons because the former had got wind of the latter's plot.

Jonathan was amazed the moment he saw Catherine after she was done putting on her makeup. She was in a white wedding gown, looking as beautiful as an angel.

Her appearance immediately entranced Jonathan, and everything seemed so surreal to him.

He believed he would have woken up with a smile if he had known that his future wife was this alluring. Of course, that excluded her temperament.

As Jonathan strode toward Catherine, the makeup artist couldn't help but exclaim, "Congratulations! You two really are a match made in heaven!"

Jonathan turned to look at his and Catherine's reflection in the mirror. Gosh! We really are a perfect fit!

Catherine, on the other hand, remained expressionless. She was nonchalant and aloof as usual.

Later, Jonathan walked Catherine out of the bridal shop.

There were luxury cars lining up outside.

Getting into the car, they headed toward the Harrington mansion.

The sun was still shining brightly overhead.

After an hour, the convoy of cars finally arrived at the Harrington mansion.

Jonathan and Catherine got down from the car, and Catherine held his arm when they walked down the aisle. The wedding ceremony finally started, with the flower boy and flower girl carrying and scattering flower petals down the aisle in front of Jonathan and Catherine.

The wedding march rang out in the courtyard.

The guests, including Jennifer, Jennifer, Yasmin, Amber, and Mabel, stood on both sides of the red carpet and applauded happily.

Looking at the couple walking down the aisle, Jennifer could not help but feel a pang of heartache. Her eyes turned red, as she had thought she could spend the rest of her life with Jonathan. She had imagined them living their

lives together happily. However, at this moment, she could only watch as Jonathan and Catherine held hands and walked down the aisle.

Jennifer took Winnie in her arms. Seeing this, Winnie could not help but ask, "Mom, why are you crying?"

Meanwhile, Amber and Jessica were also engrossed in their own thoughts. They had thought about marrying Jonathan as well, but fate had something else in store for them.

Watching as Catherine and Jonathan walked side by side on the red carpet, Yareth and the members of the Harrington family were all smiles.

Finally, Jonathan and Catherine arrived on the stage.

The priest in a black robe started with a prayer before asking, "Jonathan Lawson, do you take Catherine Harrington to be your wife? Do you promise to be faithful to her in good times and in bad, in sickness and in health, to love her and honor her all the days of your life?"

Jonathan was in a daze as he listened to the priest's words. He had thought it was all for show and never expected it to be so solemn and sacred. He paused for a moment and stared straight into Catherine's eyes. "I do."

Then the priest continued, "Catherine Harrington, do you take Jonathan Lawson to be your husband? Do you promise to be faithful to him in good times and in bad, in sickness and in health, to love him and to honor him all the days of your life?"

Catherine answered indifferently, "I do."

"Whom God has joined together, let no one put asunder. You may exchange wedding rings now."

The couple did as told.

"I now pronounce you husband and wife."

At that precise moment, an orotund voice rang out. "Wait a minute!"

Hearing that and sensing an intimidating aura, the guests moved out of the way.

It was Jeremy. He was dressed in a black suit and trousers, and standing next to him was Bianca.

The uninvited guests startled those who were present. What's going on?

As Jeremy and Bianca walked toward the stage, Jonathan looked at the former anxiously.

"You're Jonathan Lawson?" Jeremy asked coldly.

I Am Unstoppable Chapter 164-"Yes, you're right!" Jonathan could not hide his identity, and he could never deny it because he had always been a prideful man.

Jeremy nodded when he heard Jonathan. A grim look flashed across his eyes, and he said forbiddingly, "Prepare to die!" And with that, he dashed toward Jonathan.

Jeremy had achieved Celestial Soul. The moment he moved, Jonathan could feel the air around him condensing into a ripple of fluid.

His surrounding became sticky and moist.

As if he did not know how to swim, he struggled to breathe.

Jeremy isn't fast at all, but why is it that I don't know how to dodge his attack? An expert of Celestial Soul is simply terrifying!

Right then, Jeremy leaped onto the stage, grabbing Jonathan's neck all of a sudden, rendering him motionless.

Jonathan could only watch when Jeremy had charged at him. He did not know how to avoid him at all.

"Stop it!" Yareth eventually exploded.

He had been observing the scene by the side, wearing a smiley expression on his face. At this moment, he wasn't moving at all, but he managed to break the magnetic field that Jeremy had created with just his words.

Jonathan felt relieved, as he could finally move his body again.

He quickly sucked in multiple deep breaths and pulled Catherine backward.

Catherine could feel that Jeremy was a threat and was fearful about it as well.

Yareth, still seated in his seat, glanced at Jeremy casually and said, "Today is my granddaughter and Jonathan's big day. If you're here to witness the ceremony, please suit yourself. Otherwise, leave if you're here to cause trouble!"

Jeremy could sense Yareth's power, but he could not care less about it. He sneered, "You're Yareth Harrington, the head of the Harrington family?"

"Yes, I am."

"I heard you're powerful! I suppose you cultivate in Longevous Deception too, huh?"

Yareth said with a smile, "Close enough! As a matter of fact, it's not Longevous Deception, but Requiem!"

"You're three meters away from me, and there's a stage here. On the other hand, I'm only one meter away from your grandson-in-law. Do you think you can stop me from killing him?"

"Of course not!"

"Then can you stop me from escaping after I've killed him?"

Yareth remained calm and said, "No, I can't." Jeremy scoffed, "Haha! Then why are you behaving so arrogantly in front of me? You can't do anything to stop me from killing him and escaping. So why can't I kill him?"

"I can't stop you, but you can't kill my grandson-in-law either."

"Oh?" Jeremy was startled.

"How about this? Let's make a bet. You are to leave if you fail to kill him and fall off the stage. But I will admit that you're capable if you can do away with him."

Jeremy's pupils constricted. Then, with a flicker in his eyes, he said, "That's a deal!"

"Good."

Hearing this, Jonathan could not help but groan inwardly, Are you kidding me? I can't even take a hit from Jeremy! How can I kick him off the stage?

A pang of despair washed over Jonathan. However, he was not going to admit defeat as he took out the revolver from his sleeve.

Below the stage, Amber and the other girls turned pale. Undoubtedly, they had noticed that Jonathan was at a disadvantage.

"Yas, you'ra right!" Jonathan could not hida his idntity, and ha could navar dany it bacausa ha had always baan a pridaful man.

Jaramy noddad whan ha haard Jonathan. A grim look flashad across his ayas, and ha said forbiddingly, "Prapara to dia!" And with that, ha dashad toward Jonathan.

Jaramy had achiavad Calastial Soul. Tha momant ha movad, Jonathan could faal tha air around him condansing into a rippla of fluid.

His surrounding bacama sticky and moist.

As if ha did not know how to swim, ha strugglad to braatha.

Jaramy isn't fast at all, but why is it that I don't know how to dodga his attack? An aypart of Calastial Soul is simply tarrifying!

Right than, Jaramy laapad onto tha staga, grabbing Jonathan's nack all of a suddan, randaring him motionlass.

Jonathan could only watch whan Jaramy had chargad at him. Ha did not know how to avoid him at all.

"Stop it!" Yarath avantually ayploodad.

Ha had baan obsarving tha scana by tha sida, waaring a smilay aypression on his faca. At this momant, ha wasn't moving at all, but ha managad to braak tha magnatic fiald that Jaramy had craatad with just his words.

Jonathan falt raliavad, as ha could finally mova his body again.

Ha quickly suckad in multipla daap braaths and pullad Catharina backward.

Catharina could faal that Jaramy was a thraat and was faarful about it as wall.

Yarath, still saatad in his saat, glancad at Jaramy casually and said, "Today is my granddaughtar and Jonathan's big day. If you'ra hara to witness tha caramony, plaasa suit yourself. Otharwisa, laava if you'ra hara to causa troubla!"

Jaramy could sansa Yarath's powar, but ha could not cara lass about it. Ha snaarad, "You'ra Yarath Harrington, tha haad of tha Harrington family?"

"Yas, I am."

"I haard you'ra powerful! I supposa you cultivata in Longavous Dacaption too, huh?"

Yarath said with a smila, "Closa anough! As a mattar of fact, it's not Longavous Dacaption, but Raquiam!"

"You'ra thraa matars away from ma, and thara's a staga hara. On tha othar hand, I'm only ona matar away from your grandson-in-law. Do you think you can stop ma from killing him?"

"Of coursa not!"

"Than can you stop ma from ascaping aftar I've killad him?"

Yarath remainad calm and said, "No, I can't." Jaramy scoffad, "Haha! Than why ara you bahaving so arrogantly in front of ma? You can't do anything to stop ma from killing him and ascaping. So why can't I kill him?"

"I can't stop you, but you can't kill my grandson-in-law aithar."

"Oh?" Jaramy was startlad.

"How about this? Lat's maka a bat. You ara to laava if you fail to kill him and fall off tha staga. But I will admit that you'ra capabla if you can do away with him."

Jaramy's pupils constrictad. Than, with a flickar in his ayas, ha said, "That's a daal!"

"Good."

Haaring this, Jonathan could not halp but groan inwardly, Ara you kidding ma? I can't avan taka a hit from Jaramy! How can I kick him off tha staga?

A pang of daspair washad ovar Jonathan. Howavar, ha was not going to admit dafaat as ha took out tha ravolvar from his slaava.

Balow tha staga, Ambar and tha othar girls turnad pala. Undoubtadly, thay had noticad that Jonathan was at a disadvantaga.

They could understand the situation that he was in. If he were to be careless, he would be killed right on the spot.

Amber immediately turned to Louie and said, "Louie, you have to save Jonathan!"

Louie answered in a low voice, "Don't worry, Amber. Jonathan will be fine."

"But..." Amber was worried sick.

However, she did not have a choice, seeing that Yareth and Louie were unfazed. She could only believe in their judgment.

Truth be told, Jonathan had no confidence at all.

Jeremy immediately noticed the revolver when it fell out of Jonathan's sleeve.

"Ha! Do you think you can beat me with the revolver in your hand?"

Of course, Jonathan had never thought of relying on the revolver. He knew he could never shoot an expert like Jeremy from such a close distance, but it was his last card.

Taking a deep breath, Jonathan decided to give it a try, as it was the only way out.

He was a fighter, and a fighter would walk fearlessly into an unknown despite knowing that danger awaited him ahead.

With a snort, Jeremy began charging at Jonathan.

This time, he did not summon a magnetic field around Jonathan anymore. Instead, he wanted to end this as soon as possible.

Jeremy had achieved Celestial Soul. An attack from him would deal a great amount of damage.

At that instant, Jonathan's vision blurred and turned black. He felt as if something was crushing him.

The sky had lost its colors, and there was no light coming from the sun.

He thought he was going to die soon. It was indeed the most ruthless attack that he had encountered in his life.

Jonathan recalled the time when he was hunted by Yasir. The latter's skills were nothing compared to that of Jeremy's.

"I'm dying!" Jonathan's mind went blank.

Just at that critical moment, a voice echoed in Jonathan's mind. "Fire!"

The sonorous voice snapped Jonathan back to reality as a sense of enlightenment engulfed him.

Without hesitation, he fired three shots in a row.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Three mercury bullets were fired from Jonathan's revolver.

The color instantly drained from Jeremy's face. He never expected that Jonathan would be so swift and agile all of a sudden. He was too close to Jonathan to dodge the bullets. Hence, he could only deploy the Shadow Step technique.

Unfortunately, Jonathan knew this technique too well.

Jeremy had tried to dodge the bullets, but when he came back to his senses, he realized he was not on the stage anymore.

Regaining his composure, Jonathan recalled what had happened a while ago. It was a strange feeling as if he had received help from another source. He felt feverish and could see things with extra clarity.

Immediately, he turned to look at Yareth.

Yareth was still sitting there with his eyes closed. Then, he opened his eyes and said, "All right! Can you leave now?"

Jeremy's face darkened. Glancing over at Yareth, he said, "Ha! So you've achieved Primordial Soul. Fine, I admit defeat! Goodbye!"

"You can leave, but your disciple, Bianca, has to stay," Yareth said abruptly.

Jeremy looked at Yareth and asked coldly, "What do you mean?"

“I know you well enough. You’re Jeremy Depp and you’re one of the external disciples of the Divine Realm. I should have killed you because you’ve violated my granddaughter’s wedding. However, I have to respect the Divine Realm and the Emperor of Chanaea. So, you may leave, but not your disciple.”

“What if I insist on bringing her with me?” Jeremy said through gritted teeth. Then he looked at Yareth dubiously and asked, “Who are you? How do you even know the Emperor of Chanaea?”

Yareth answered with a chuckle, “I’ve had the chance to drink with Lance Cadman, the Emperor of Chanaea, once. What’s so surprising about it?”

Jonathan was at a loss listening to their conversation. He only knew from their words that Yareth had helped him when he fired the three shots.

Man, he’s good... and terrifying.

As for the Emperor of Chanaea, he could not care less about who he was. He had no desire to know him either. He reckoned that Lance and the Demon Emperor, Tristan Cadman, were of similar cultivation level and that they were both the inner disciples of the Divine Realm.

These Great Emperors are legendary figures. I’d have no regrets if I could be as great as them.

Jeremy took a deep breath before saying, “I’m sorry for offending you. However, I must take my disciple away with me. In exchange for this, she will never retaliate against Jonathan. What do you think?”

All eyes were on Yareth and Jeremy. The guests were taken aback by the tense atmosphere and the scene in front of them.

Yareth responded, “It’s not that I don’t want to spare her, but your disciple is stubborn in her resolve to wreak vengeance on Jonathan. I’m afraid you can’t talk her out of it either.” Here, he paused before continuing, “Oh, whatever. I’ll let you go since you’ve apologized. Leave at once!”

Jeremy’s expression was unreadable. “Thank you so much!”

After that, he left with Bianca.

Bianca was chagrined because she had failed to achieve her objectives. Even Jeremy could not help her out too.

Before she left, she could not help but look daggers at Jonathan.

A chill shot down his spine when Jonathan saw Bianca's murderous glance. He said, "Bianca, Leonardo's death was the result of a fair fight between me and him in the fighting ring. In the ring, one has to go, so I've got no choice at that time. If you have to put this blame on someone, then put it on those who forced him to the ring. You've been looking for the wrong person all this while."

"Don't worry, Lawson! After killing you, I will settle the scores with the people from Strikezone Martial Arts. I will never let those who have killed Leon go easily. Just you wait! You can't keep your guard up against me all the time. I'll make you regret killing Leon!"

"Hey, girl!" Yareth called out.

Bianca turned around and looked at Yareth in an aloof manner. "Are you going to renege on your promise of sparing my life?"

"I've promised to let you go, but you're hopelessly consumed with hatred. If that's the case, don't blame me for doing this to you."

"Argh!" Bianca held her head as blood and tears started flowing from her eyes.

When she lifted her head again, she looked disheveled and lost. Suddenly, she broke into a fit of giggles.

I Am Unstoppable Chapter 165-Bianca... went insane.

All the guests present were in disbelief at this scene and looked at Yareth in reverence.

Evidently, she did not go insane for no reason.

All this was related to Yareth.

However, he merely sat in his seat and never moved. This elderly actually drove an expert insane from a distance. This incredible ability caused people

to shudder in fear.

Fortunately, the guests present were all people who had experienced many things in life, so they did not find this too unacceptable.

When the children and grandchildren of the Harrington family saw how powerful Yareth was, their faces also lit up with pride.

Jeremy glanced at Bianca, frowned, and turned back to Yareth.

However, he did not say anything and finally said softly to Bianca, "Let's go!"

Bianca, who was still a little manic, quieted down after hearing that and obediently followed after Jeremy.

After the duo left, the wedding was about to resume.

However, another incident happened right then.

"Yareth!" The voice of an old woman sounded. "Your cultivation is getting more and more impressive. I have to congratulate you!"

At those words, an old woman in black came forward, surrounded by the Langeton family.

This black-dressed woman was positively ancient.

Her back was bent to the point that she could hardly stand straight, and the wrinkles on her face were so terrifyingly deep.

She was unmistakably the matriarch of the Langeton family, Sylvia Hudson.

On the stage, Jonathan saw her and immediately recognized who she was.

He did not dare to underestimate this old woman because he had witnessed Yareth's impressive abilities. He could not help but secretly curse in his heart. Damn it, why do they all cultivate such weird arts? Is it that the older and frailer one looks, the more powerful one is?

When Yareth looked at Sylvia, his expression changed slightly before he said with a faint smile, "I didn't know you were still alive, Sylvia. This is truly

something worth celebrating.”

Sylvia stood three meters away from the stage, facing Yareth. “You’re still alive, so how could I bear to die before you?” she joked.

Yareth laughed and answered, “After so many years, your mouth is still as unforgiving! Today is my granddaughter’s wedding. I’m glad that you could make it.”

Beside Sylvia, Xavier sneered and said, “I’m afraid you won’t be able to keep laughing, Harrington. You’re sheltering that scum Jonathan, so you’ll have to pay the price today.”

Yareth looked at Xavier indifferently. The latter was also a person who was getting on in years, but compared to Yareth, he was basically a young man. “Young man, don’t speak so impulsively. You were still respectful when you met me a few days ago, not daring to even breathe heavily. Why? Did Sylvia’s presence here give you courage?”

“Don’t act like you’re my senior, you old dog. Today, the Langeton family will use the blood of the Harringtons to pay tribute to my dead grandson,” snapped Xavier.

“Blood for blood!” Sylvester roared from the side.

“Hahaha...” Yareth laughed and abruptly stood up.

The moment he did, his frame suddenly became mighty, and he no longer looked like an old man.

There was an unspeakable sharpness about him. He swept his stony eyes at Xavier and Sylvester before saying, “Survival of the fittest is the law of the jungle. If you want to kill, then kill, but don’t talk about paying blood with blood. It makes it sound like you’re warriors of justice.”

His imposing aura immediately shut Xavier and Sylvester up.

Yareth turned to Sylvia and asked, “Sylvia, it looks like you’re not here to congratulate me, right?”

Bianca... want insana.

All the guests present were in disbelief at this scene and looked at Yarath in rapt attention.

Evidently, she did not go insane for no reason.

All this was related to Yarath.

However, he merely sat in his seat and never moved. This elderly man actually drove an expert insane from a distance. This incredible ability caused people to shudder in fear.

Fortunately, the guests present were all people who had experienced many things in life, so they did not find this too unacceptable.

When the children and grandchildren of the Harrington family saw how powerful Yarath was, their faces also lit up with pride.

Jarvis glanced at Bianca, frowned, and turned back to Yarath.

However, he did not say anything and finally said softly to Bianca, "Let's go!"

Bianca, who was still a little manic, quieted down after hearing that and obediently followed after Jarvis.

After the duo left, the wedding was about to resume.

However, another incident happened right then.

"Yarath!" The voice of an old woman sounded. "Your cultivation is getting more and more impressive. I have to congratulate you!"

At those words, an old woman in black came forward, surrounded by the Langston family.

This black-dressed woman was positively ancient.

Her back was bent to the point that she could hardly stand straight, and the wrinkles on her face were so terrifyingly deep.

She was unmistakably the matriarch of the Langston family, Sylvia Hudson.

On the stage, Jonathan saw her and immediately recognized who she was.

He did not dare to underestimate this old woman because he had witnessed Yarath's impressive abilities. He could not help but secretly curse in his heart. Damn it, why do they all cultivate such weird arts? Is it that the older and frailer one looks, the more powerful one is?

When Yarath looked at Sylvia, his expression changed slightly before he said with a faint smile, "I didn't know you were still alive, Sylvia. This is truly something worth celebrating."

Sylvia stood three meters away from the stage, facing Yarath. "You're still alive, so how could I bear to die before you?" she joked.

Yarath laughed and answered, "After so many years, your mouth is still as unforgiving! Today is my granddaughter's wedding. I'm glad that you could make it."

Behind Sylvia, Xavier sneered and said, "I'm afraid you won't be able to keep laughing, Harrington. You're shattering that scum Jonathan, so you'll have to pay the price today."

Yarath looked at Xavier indifferently. The latter was also a person who was getting on in years, but compared to Yarath, he was basically a young man. "Young man, don't speak so impulsively. You were still respectful when you met me a few days ago, not daring to advance brazenly. Why? Did Sylvia's praise give you courage?"

"Don't act like you're my senior, you old dog. Today, the Langaton family will use the blood of the Harringtons to pay tribute to my dear grandson," snapped Xavier.

"Blood for blood!" Sylvester roared from the side.

"Hahaha..." Yarath laughed and abruptly stood up.

The moment he did, his frame suddenly became mighty, and he no longer looked like an old man.

There was an unshakable sharpness about him. He swept his stony eyes at Xavier and Sylvester before saying, "Survival of the fittest is the law of the

jungla. If you want to kill, than kill, but don't talk about paying blood with blood. It makas it sound lika you'ra warriors of justica."

His imposing aura immadiataly shut Xaviar and Sylvastar up.

Yarath turnad to Sylvia and askad, "Sylvia, it looks lika you'ra not hara to congratulata ma, right?"

She replied flatly, "Although I've lived in seclusion, my descendants have been bullied and humiliated by you. How can I stand idly by?"

He sighed faintly and said, "You shouldn't have come out, Sylvia."

The woman raised a brow. "Oh?"

"The Great Tribulation is coming. Why do you have to come out and suffer it? The calamity that befell your descendant was just the beginning," said Yareth.

Sylvia sneered. "In other words, you have confidence that the Great Tribulation will kill me?"

"I don't want it to come this far. I also advised Frederick when he came to me last time. I told him not to fight with my grandson-in-law, but he insisted and did not heed my words. As for Travis, he only had himself to blame for his death. He wanted to kill my grandson-in-law. Was Jonathan supposed to spare him?" After a pause, Yareth continued, "Sylvia, it wasn't easy for you to cultivate this far. Go back."

Her eyes glinted sharply as she suddenly straightened. An unspeakable majesty emanated from her. She snarled, "You're too arrogant, Yareth. I want to see if today ends with me subduing you or vice versa."

The old man said blandly, "You're no match for me, Sylvia. How about this? You and your descendants can come at me all at once."

Sylvia smiled grimly in response. "Since you want to provoke me, I'll do as you wish!" After a pause, she ordered, "Xavier, you come with me. The rest of you, stand back!"

The rest of the Langetons' cultivation levels were too weak to help.

That was why she did not let them participate.

In a moment, a big battle was about to break out.

Jonathan and Catherine stared intently at the scene.

Right now, they were no longer the main characters.

To Jonathan, this wedding was memorable enough to be ingrained in his mind.

Meanwhile, Mabel, Amber, and the other women also watched nervously on the side.

The descendants of the Harrington family held their breaths, and the guests also made a path.

Yareth and Sylvia faced each other.

What exactly would a battle between two powerhouses look like? This was something that people like Mabel were looking forward to.

At present, only a few people at the scene could understand Yareth and Sylvia's cultivation level. They were Mabel and Louie.

Meanwhile, Xavier was already at the level of Celestial Soul.

Someone in the early stage of Celestial Soul would barely be qualified to participate in such a battle.

"Xavier, go!" Sylvia suddenly ordered.

Her voice was like enlightenment pouring into Xavier's mind. He felt his mind become extraordinarily clear as he became fearless. Without another thought, he let out a roar and shot out like a cannonball.

This was a battlefield that was as terrifying as hell!

The hellish air caused everyone to tremble with fear.

Jonathan saw Xavier's strike and felt a sense of awe at experts in the

Celestial Soul stage once again.

He truly realized that there would always be people more talented than himself in this world!

There was still a long way to go for him, and his room for improvement was unimaginable.

Nascent Soul was just the starting point where the path of cultivation truly started.

Those in Neutralizing Force were just people who cultivated martial arts.

It was different from those who cultivated Destino Art.

Practicing martial arts was training the physical body.

On the other hand, cultivating Destino Art was to understand the origin of one's essence, the connection between humans and the world, and to use the secrets of heaven and Earth to kill one's enemies.

The coming of the Great Tribulation was because the Heavens did not want that many people to understand the existence of Heavenly Law.

When someone understood something, they would no longer fear it and would seek to destroy it. That would be a catastrophe for the world.

The Great Tribulation was like the antivirus software on a computer, and people who cultivated Destino Art were the virus. The more powerful they were, the more powerful the virus.

One day, if the virus paralyzed the whole computer, it would be a disaster.

Whether it was cutting-edge technology or just the exhaust expelled from a car, they were all computer viruses.

Someday, if the computer of this world could no longer hold on and became paralyzed, everything could only be wiped out before being reloaded again.

This was the reason for the ice age hundreds of millions of years ago.

Meanwhile, on the scene, Xavier's aggressive Balanced Purgatory Strike blasted toward Yareth.

In an instant, it really seemed as if thousands of ghosts from purgatory condensed into this strike.

The ferocity of this attack was indescribable.

Nonetheless, Yareth did not make any large moves.

His eyes suddenly blossomed with a cold gleam.

Immediately, the surrounding magnetic field and the air itself all changed.

The cause was his incredibly potent brain waves.

Xavier's strike was instantly disintegrated by the magnetic field, and his speed involuntarily slowed down.

At this moment, Sylvia made her move.

"Take this, Yareth!" Her fingers weaved through various hand signs.

As she switched between hand signs, the spiritual energy in her mind also launched an attack, destroying Yareth's magnetic field in an instant.

Xavier immediately regained his momentum and attacked Yareth with Balanced Purgatory Strike once more.

Yareth shouted in a low voice, "Kneel!" His hand gesture changed in a bizarre manner as he unexpectedly captured Xavier's wrist.

Thus, Balanced Purgatory Strike inexplicably dissolved.

Even Xavier did not understand what was going on.

Yareth pressed down, and Xavier felt like the former's grappling technique suddenly slipped into his shoulder.

A tremendous force was exerted on his shoulder, permeated with an irresistible majesty.

Xavier could not stand it and was forced to his knees.

This was absolute humiliation for him. He struggled to stand up, wanting to resist Yareth's power.

However, he failed to do so.

Yareth controlled Xavier with one hand. At that moment, Sylvia attacked again.

She came toward Yareth step by step.

The battle between him and her was more of a spiritual one.

This kind of spiritual energy was not the illusory kind but that of brain waves affecting the magnetic flux after being reinforced.

It was just like how microwave ovens could emit radiation.

Experts like them used similar radiation to kill their enemies.

At this point, it was difficult to see with the naked eye, but the air between Yareth and Sylvia had distorted.

She approached him one step at a time. Yareth had no extra strength to suppress Xavier and had to spend more spiritual energy to deal with Sylvia.

The ferocious magnetic field in the air was like the blade of a sword. As long as he got distracted, the blade would directly cut into his mind, killing him.

Sylvia was only a meter away from Yareth now; her steps were very slow.

The latter's expression grew increasingly grim.

The outsiders did not know what subtle game was going on right now.

I Am Unstoppable Chapter 166-Sylvia did not lower her guard either. She poured all her spiritual energy into the surrounding magnetic field, honing it into a blade to attack Yareth.

The game between the two was no longer a battle at Jonathan's level.

They had to advance steadily. If they entered rashly without a magnetic field blade of their own, it was likely that they would avail themselves to the opponent's blade instead.

Of course, there was a limit to the amount of spiritual energy Yareth and Sylvia had. If they fought too long and exhausted too much spiritual energy, they would not be able to continue fighting with their magnetic fields. By then, they would only be able to fight using martial arts, which was in Jonathan's ballpark.

Sylvia still had the upper hand as she slowly pressured Yareth.

If the latter did not have to deal with Xavier, he would not be afraid of her at all. However, he had to control Xavier and fight Sylvia simultaneously, so he was in a precarious situation.

The descendants of the Langeton family, Sylvester, and Josiah, exchanged glances. They suddenly moved as if wanting to step in and help.

However, the moment they did, Sylvia shouted, "Stand down!"

Sylvester and Josiah froze.

She snorted coldly and added, "You two will die before you get anywhere near me. You can't resist this magnetic force at all."

The two were instantly struck by realization.

She was right. Yareth and Sylvia's surroundings were filled with ferocious magnetic field blades. Anyone who entered would immediately become brain dead. The exception was if someone with more powerful spiritual energy appeared.

Speaking of which, Gabriel was also an expert in this field and could manipulate magnetic force. However, his cultivation could not materialize magnetic field blades to kill others. Nevertheless, his spiritual energy was in no way inferior to Yareth and Sylvia. Otherwise, he would not have been able to make the plane crash and escape back then.

Ultimately, Gabriel had a poor foundation and did not cultivate Destino Art, so he did not know how to use magnetic field blades.

Or else, even if there were ten Jonathans back then, all of them would have died.

In short, Yareth and Sylvia must have gone through decades of accumulation to have gotten this far. Additionally, they must also be prodigies.

The two had started cultivating Destino Art from martial arts.

Hence, their martial arts, vitality, and spiritual energy were absolutely not to be underestimated.

In the meantime, Yareth's situation was getting worse.

Sylvia sneered. "Yareth, let me teach you a lesson today. One should never be too overconfident when they speak. Now, your time has come. Die!"

Right then, there was a gunshot.

A bloody red hole suddenly burst from the middle of Sylvia's forehead.

Her eyes were wide in disbelief. "How could this be?"

Yareth sighed softly and said, "Sylvia, in the end, you still failed. Machinations of the Heavenly Law are a game beyond our reach. You neglected the external factors."

"You won," declared Sylvia. Immediately after she spoke, she fell to the ground with a loud thud and died.

The moment she fell, the mercury bullet inside her head exploded with a bang, splattering gray matter everywhere in a bloody mess.

Some guests who saw this vomited on the spot.

This gunshot, naturally, was fired by Jonathan.

He had a total of six bullets. Two had been used to kill Travis, and three had been used to push Jeremy back, leaving the last bullet.

When he saw that Yareth could no longer hold on, he shot Sylvia without hesitation.

Even Jonathan himself did not expect that it would be so effortless to kill Sylvia.

At that moment, Xavier was in a bad situation after Sylvia was no longer around to contain Yareth.

Sylvia did not lower her guard either. She poured all her spiritual energy into the surrounding magnetic field, honing it into a blade to attack Yareth.

The game between the two was no longer a battle at Jonathan's level.

They had to advance steadily. If they entered rashly without a magnetic field blade of their own, it was likely that they would avail themselves to the opponent's blade instead.

Of course, there was a limit to the amount of spiritual energy Yareth and Sylvia had. If they fought too long and exhausted too much spiritual energy, they would not be able to continue fighting with their magnetic fields. By then, they would only be able to fight using martial arts, which was in Jonathan's ballpark.

Sylvia still had the upper hand as she slowly pressured Yareth.

If the latter did not have to deal with Xavier, he would not be afraid of her at all. However, he had to control Xavier and fight Sylvia simultaneously, so he was in a precarious situation.

The descendants of the Langaton family, Sylvester, and Josiah, exchanged glances. They suddenly moved as if wanting to step in and help.

However, the moment they did, Sylvia shouted, "Stand down!"

Sylvester and Josiah froze.

She snorted coldly and added, "You two will die before you get anywhere near me. You can't resist this magnetic force at all."

The two were instantly struck by realization.

She was right. Yareth and Sylvia's surroundings were filled with ferocious magnetic field blades. Anyone who entered would immediately become brain dead. The exception was if someone with more powerful spiritual energy appeared.

Speaking of which, Gabriel was also an expert in this field and could manipulate magnetic force. However, his cultivation could not materialize

magnetic field blades to kill others. Navarthalass, his spiritual energy was in no way inferior to Yarath and Sylvia. Otherwise, he would not have been able to make the plane crash and escape back then.

Ultimately, Gabriel had a poor foundation and did not cultivate Dastino Art, so he did not know how to use magnetic field blades.

Or else, even if there were ten Jonathans back then, all of them would have died.

In short, Yarath and Sylvia must have gone through decades of accumulation to have gotten this far. Additionally, they must also be prodigies.

The two had started cultivating Dastino Art from martial arts.

Hence, their martial arts, vitality, and spiritual energy were absolutely not to be underestimated.

In the meantime, Yarath's situation was getting worse.

Sylvia sneered. "Yarath, let me teach you a lesson today. One should never be too overconfident when they speak. Now, your time has come. Die!"

Right then, there was a gunshot.

A bloody red hole suddenly burst from the middle of Sylvia's forehead.

Her eyes were wide in disbelief. "How could this be?"

Yarath sighed softly and said, "Sylvia, in the end, you still failed. Machinations of the Heavenly Law are a game beyond our reach. You neglected the external factors."

"You won," declared Sylvia. Immediately after she spoke, she fell to the ground with a loud thud and died.

The moment she fell, the mercury bullet inside her head exploded with a bang, splattering gray matter everywhere in a bloody mass.

Some guests who saw this vomited on the spot.

This gunshot, naturally, was fired by Jonathan.

Ha had a total of six bullats. Two had baan usad to kill Travis, and thraa had baan usad to push Jaramy back, laaving tha last bullat.

Whan ha saw that Yarath could no longar hold on, ha shot Sylvia without hasitation.

Evan Jonathan himself did not axpact that it would ba so affortlass to kill Sylvia.

At that momant, Xaviar was in a bad situation aftar Sylvia was no longar around to contain Yarath.

However, Yareth did not kill Xavier but released him instead.

The latter stumbled a few steps back and stood up with eyes filled with humiliation.

Yareth sighed softly and said, "Xavier, take your matriarch and leave. Today is my granddaughter's wedding. I don't want there to be any more killings." After a pause, he continued, "Also, as long as I'm alive, don't even think of causing trouble for Jonathan. Otherwise, I'll spare no one and slaughter the entire Langeton family."

Xavier did not say a word as he picked up Sylvia's mutilated corpse, turned around, and left.

Sylvester and Josiah were also helpless as they followed behind him.

The group of people soon disappeared without a trace.

Meanwhile, Jonathan and Catherine also jumped off the stage.

Jonathan went up to Yareth and asked with concern, "Grandpa, are you all right?"

The old man smiled faintly. He looked at Jonathan with an exceedingly affectionate gaze and said, "Silly, I'm fine."

Jonathan breathed a sigh of relief.

"I have to thank you for saving my life today," Yareth added.

Jonathan was immediately a little embarrassed. "This all started because of me in the first place. You were the one who saved me."

The elderly smiled faintly and did not say anything.

As the wedding was almost over, Jonathan and Catherine went into the house afterward.

The guests had no intention to stay after the incident earlier, so many of them left after bidding farewell.

Yareth's fame would rise even higher after today's battle.

Although Jonathan had killed Sylvia in public view today, Mabel would pardon everything. She would also speak to the guests so that they would not spread the word outside.

Thus, the matter was suppressed.

Concurrently, Jonathan, Catherine, and Mabel were in Yareth's bedroom.

Yareth wasn't feeling so well physically, so he lay on the bed.

Bruce brought Yareth an elixir pill, which improved his complexion after he consumed it.

"Jonathan, your gunshot today really surprised me," Yareth remarked out of the blue.

Jonathan was slightly stunned, unsure what to say. He scratched his head in embarrassment and replied, "I didn't think I could kill Sylvia either. I just wanted to help you."

Yareth laughed softly before saying, "Of course, I know your intentions." He paused, turned to Mabel, and asked, "What do you think, Mabel?"

Mabel smiled faintly and answered, "I don't find it strange. Jonathan is the Chosen One, whereas Sylvia was someone who shouldn't even exist. Therefore, Jonathan shooting her can be considered heaven's will!"

Yareth agreed, "Yes, Sylvia was someone who shouldn't exist. I am the same." His voice was a little dejected. It seemed like he was grieving for his fellow being.

“Old Mr. Harrington, you are a benevolent man who’s blessed by good fortune. You’re different from Sylvia,” commented Mabel.

Yareth chuckled. “A man will realize his destiny when he reaches fifty. At my age, what else is there that I can’t see through? With my skill, I can only resign myself to my fate. Only people like the Emperor of Chanaea or the Demon Emperor dare to resist heaven.”

Mabel and Jonathan instantly became curious. “Who’s the Emperor of Chanaea?”

Yareth’s eyes suddenly grew wistful when he heard their question. “My achievements to this day were thanks to the advice I obtained from the Emperor of Chanaea. You guys might not know who he is. He’s too mysterious for ordinary people.”

Mabel immediately said respectfully, “Please tell us about him!”

Yareth said, “If I have to talk about the Emperor of Chanaea, then I’ll have to talk about the Divine Realm as well. The Emperor of Chanaea, the Demon Emperor, and the Asura Emperor could all be said to be cultivated by the Divine Emperor. Lance Cadman, the Emperor of Chanaea, fought decisively and devoted himself to his country. If not for his valiant efforts, the world today would have been destroyed beyond imagination by the Demon Emperor and the Asura Emperor. The Demon Emperor, Tristan Cadman, is extremely clever and heartless, and the Asura Emperor is murderous and cruel. They are all ambitious and ruthless characters at the top of the pyramid.”

Jonathan was lost in thought.

“What are you thinking about?” Yareth looked at Jonathan.

Jonathan found it so coincidental that he could not help but ask, “Why do they have the same last name?”

Yareth and Mabel were both stunned. They did not expect him to be dwelling on this matter.

Mabel said, “Old Mr. Harrington, in other words, it’s true that a lot of things were concealed in the beginning. What I find strange is that the Demon Emperor and the Asura Emperor rose in revolt. Did the Divine Emperor not care? In the end, the Emperor of Chanaea had to suppress them both alone?”

Yareth responded, “The Divine Emperor travels the cosmos and doesn’t interfere with worldly affairs. The Emperor of Chanaea is a true herald of justice, so he can naturally gather countless capable people. Those upholding justice will find help all around, while an unjust cause finds little support.” He paused before continuing, “I shouldn’t have said these things. Let’s change the topic.”

Mabel saw that Yareth did not want to speak any further, so she decided against asking any more questions.

Yareth then went on, “This Great Tribulation can be said to be a large wave

washing away the sand. Old bones like Sylvia and me who have unremarkable cultivation will not attract the attention of the Great Tribulation, but we won't be able to escape either. That is the most embarrassing part of it all. As for you, Jonathan, you must raise your cultivation as soon as possible. Otherwise, you might be crushed into powder in the future."

Jonathan said solemnly, "I will, Grandpa!"

"After today's events, no one will bother you as long as I'm still around. However, Jonathan, I know my situation. My life span was originally three years, but after today, it has been reduced to one year. You have to improve your cultivation as soon as possible and protect the Harrington family in the future," said Yareth.

Jonathan froze. "You..."

Catherine did not have any reaction.

Mabel was also astounded.

Yareth continued in an unfettered manner, "I've already expected this tribulation. It is no injustice for me to die at this age. Jonathan, you must promise me this. In the future, the Harrington family will depend on you to protect them."

Jonathan instantly felt shouldered with responsibility. He took a deep breath and said, "Yes, Grandpa!"

Yareth then said, "All right. I'm sleepy now. You can all go."

"Yes!" The group stood up and went out of the room.

Catherine walked toward the bridal chamber. Jonathan glanced at her without saying a word.

Mabel's eyes lingered on Catherine before saying, "I'll be leaving now."

"I'll see you off," offered Jonathan.

Mabel did not refuse.

By this time, it was already evening.

The guests had long since dispersed.

However, there were still many servants cleaning up in the garden.

When Jonathan and Mabel came out to the garden, a few servants saw him and greeted him respectfully, "Hello, Mr. Lawson!"

Jonathan responded with a smile.

After leaving the garden, the fool immediately asked Mabel, "Why are they calling me Mr. Lawson?"

Mabel was stunned. After a long time, she looked at him and answered, "Are you kidding me? You're the son-in-law of the Harrington family, so they have to address you formally!"

I Am Unstoppable Chapter 167-Jonathan felt embarrassed.

Shit! This is so humiliating!

Laughing awkwardly, he looked at the gloomy sky and commented, "Haha. The weather is so wonderful today!"

Mabel gave him a disdainful look and stopped making fun of him before getting on the military vehicle.

"You should head back now. Don't forget that you're the groom today. Your bride is still waiting for you. Enjoy your wedding night."

"You're saying that on purpose to infuriate me. Do you think Catherine and I will be able to spend a lovely wedding night together?" he huffed.

Hearing that, she burst out laughing. "It depends on your ability. No matter what, she's still a woman."

"No, I can't force myself on her. I'm not that kind of person," he stated.

However, the woman in front of him remarked, "That's a good idea, actually. Besides, even if you force yourself on her, you'll be protected by the law, and no one will condemn you morally. Still, I'm afraid that you won't be able to defeat her."

Jonathan was enraged that Mabel was deliberately mocking him.

After some contemplation, he uttered, "By the way, the gun you gave me is fantastic, but there are no more bullets. Why don't I go get some bullets with you?"

She was stunned for a moment. "That's right. I almost forgot about it. Return the gun to me."

Immediately, he took a step back, looking as if he was protecting a treasure. "Why should I give it back to you?"

With a solemn expression, Mabel explained, "Firstly, you aren't in danger anymore. Secondly, you'll get reliant on guns easily if you have one, which is bad and will affect your cultivation progress."

Initially, Jonathan was taken aback, but after some consideration, he

concluded that what she said was reasonable. Hence, he instantly took out the revolver and returned it to her.

Taking over the gun, she inquired, "Previously, you were resistant to joining Divine Realm because you had no choice. Now that you aren't in danger anymore, do you still want to join them?"

"If I don't join Divine Realm, I won't be able to protect myself, let alone the Harrington family. I've promised Old Mr. Harrington that I would do it, so I will," said Jonathan.

A gentle smile crept onto Mabel's face. "That's more like it." After a pause, she continued, "I hope that in the future, you can become a figure like the Emperor of Chanaea, protecting Chanaea and suppressing evils."

In response, he smiled bitterly. "This responsibility is too great. I can only try my best."

"I have faith in you," she stated with a grin.

"All right, it's getting late. I should go back now."

"Wait." Mabel stopped him.

Looking at her, he asked, "What's the matter?"

"Catherine is a pitiful girl with flaws. Don't hold any grudges against her. You may be able to tug at her heartstrings if you take better care of her," she advised.

The next moment, Jonathan put on an earnest expression and stated, "Don't worry. No matter what, she's now my wife. I'm not going to abandon her."

Nodding, Mabel started the car's engine.

"Wait!" he called out. Staring at the man confusedly, she questioned, "What's wrong?"

"This car of yours seems to be from the military zone. You took it by force?" he queried.

Rolling her eyes at him, she answered, "No one's stopping me even if I drive the military vehicle recklessly. How fantastic is that? Do I need your permission to use it for a while?"

"You're abusing your power!" remarked Jonathan with contempt.

"Tsk!" Instead of replying to him, Mabel turned the steering wheel and sped off.

Jonathan turned around and entered the mansion after watching her leave.

The entire mansion had returned to normal. All the younger generations of the Harrington family had returned to their respective homes. Jonathan felt embarrassed.

Shit! This is so humiliating!

Laughing awkwardly, he looked at the gloomy sky and commented, "Haha. The weather is so wonderful today!"

Mabel gave him a disdainful look and stopped making fun of him before getting on the military vehicle.

"You should head back now. Don't forget that you're the groom today. Your bride is still waiting for you. Enjoy your wedding night."

"You're saying that on purpose to infuriate me. Do you think Catharina and I will be able to spend a lovely wedding night together?" he huffed.

Hearing that, she burst out laughing. "It depends on your ability. No matter what, she's still a woman."

"No, I can't force myself on her. I'm not that kind of person," he stated.

However, the woman in front of him remarked, "That's a good idea, actually. Besides, even if you force yourself on her, you'll be protected by the law, and no one will condemn you morally. Still, I'm afraid that you won't be able to do that for her."

Jonathan was annoyed that Mabel was deliberately mocking him.

Aftar soma contemplation, ha uttarad, "By tha way, tha gun you gava ma is fantastic, but thara ara no mora bullats. Why don't I go gat soma bullats with you?"

Sha was stunnad for a momant. "That's right. I almost forgot about it. Return tha gun to ma."

Immadiataly, ha took a stap back, looking as if ha was protacting a traasura. "Why should I giva it back to you?"

With a solamn axprassion, Mabal axplainad, "Firstly, you aran't in dangar anymora. Sacondly, you'll gat raliant on guns aasily if you hava ona, which is bad and will affact your cultivation progress."

Initially, Jonathan was takan aback, but aftar soma considaration, ha concludad that what sha said was raasonabla. Hanca, ha instantly took out tha ravolver and raturad it to har.

Taking ovar tha gun, sha inquirad, "Praviously, you wara rasistant to joining Divina Raalm bacausa you had no choica. Now that you aran't in dangar anymora, do you still want to join tham?"

"If I don't join Divina Raalm, I won't ba abla to protact myself, lat alona tha Harrington family. I'va promisad Old Mr. Harrington that I would do it, so I will," said Jonathan.

A gantla smila crapt onto Mabal's faca. "That's mora lika it." Aftar a pausa, sha continuad, "I hopa that in tha futura, you can bacoma a figura lika tha Emparor of Chanaaa, protacting Chanaaa and supprassing avils."

In raspona, ha smilad bittarly. "This rasponsibility is too graat. I can only try my bast."

"I hava faith in you," sha statad with a grin.

"All right, it's gatting lata. I should go back now."

"Wait." Mabal stoppad him.

Looking at har, ha askad, "What's tha mattar?"

“Catharina is a pitiful girl with flaws. Don’t hold any grudges against her. You may be able to tug at her heartstrings if you take better care of her,” she advised.

The next moment, Jonathan put on an earnest expression and stated, “Don’t worry. No matter what, she’s now my wife. I’m not going to abandon her.”

Nodding, Mabel started the car’s engine.

“Wait!” she called out. Staring at the man confusedly, she questioned, “What’s wrong?”

“This car of yours seems to be from the military zone. You took it by force?” she queried.

Rolling her eyes at him, she answered, “No one’s stopping me even if I drive the military vehicle recklessly. How fantastic is that? Do I need your permission to use it for a while?”

“You’re abusing your power!” remarked Jonathan with contempt.

“Tsk!” Instead of replying to him, Mabel turned the staring wheel and sped off.

Jonathan turned around and entered the mansion after watching her leave.

The entire mansion had returned to normal. All the younger generations of the Harrington family had returned to their respective homes.

Yareth simply enjoyed the serenity.

Even though the mansion was full of wedding decorations, it seemed kind of deserted.

Jonathan did not think much about it and entered his and Catherine’s bridal chamber.

The room was spacious with an en suite, a couch, and other amenities.

Its decoration was comparable to a luxurious presidential suite, and it also had a balcony.

A red carpet covered the floor, and the words “We Are Married” were pasted on the wall.

In the middle of the bedroom was a large circular bed with a soft red blanket.

Closing the door behind him, Jonathan turned on the light and saw his bride cultivating cross-legged on the bed.

After a long day, he was exhausted. Besides, he did not want to disturb her, so he took his pajamas from the closet and headed to the bathroom to shower.

He immediately felt relaxed both physically and mentally after taking a hot shower.

Moments later, he put on his pajamas and exited the bathroom.

Casting a brief glance at Catherine, who was still cultivating on the bed, he wondered where he should sleep. Should I sleep on the couch? Well, it doesn't seem to be a question worth pondering.

At that thought, he walked toward the couch and prepared to sleep.

At this moment, Catherine opened her eyes and asked flatly, “What are you doing?”

The man was momentarily stunned, but he quickly answered, “Going to sleep.”

“Why aren't you sleeping on the bed?” she questioned.

His heart skipped a beat. “Can I sleep on the bed?”

The woman was puzzled by his question. “Why can't you? Shouldn't married couples sleep together?”

“Okay, I'll sleep on the bed,” said Jonathan, without saying anything further.

However, once he sat on the bed, she got out of it.

Startled, he asked, "What are you doing?"

As soon as she heard his question, she looked at him weirdly and replied, "Shower!"

Jonathan came to a realization and felt a little embarrassed at the same time. D*mn! I'm overthinking it!

Shortly after, Catherine entered the bathroom.

When he heard the sound of running water in there, he could envision her gorgeous figure.

Could it be that I can really have a wonderful wedding night tonight? Should I do it or not? I shouldn't be concerned about anything. She's my legal wife. Isn't it justified?

Thinking of that, he could not help feeling hopeful and excited.

Half an hour later, Catherine came out of the bathroom, dressed in conservative plaid pajamas.

Not even an inch of her bare skin was visible.

Her hair was damp, giving her an alluring, lovely, and adorable appearance.

In an instant, Jonathan's heart softened, and he almost wanted to embrace her tightly in his arms.

Catherine was the type of woman who made people want to give her the moon and the stars.

Next, she stood in front of the bed and was about to lie down to sleep.

"Uh..." began Jonathan.

Shifting her gaze to him, she inquired, "What's the matter?"

Before he could say anything, she continued as if she understood what he wanted, "I understand. You want to do it?" Nodding, she added, "We're

husband and wife. It's my obligation to please you, but I hope you can get it done faster." With that said, she was about to take off her pajamas.

Smiling bitterly, he hurriedly stopped her. "I only wanted to say that your hair is still damp. Let me dry it for you, and then you can go to sleep."

His words caught the woman on the bed by surprise.

Getting out of bed, Jonathan went in search of the hairdryer before blow-drying her hair.

Catherine sat quietly like a little girl, allowing him to do whatever he wanted.

At that moment, he felt a pang of sadness. She seemed like a blank sheet, lacking the ability to feel any emotions.

Just as Mabel had mentioned, she was a person with a disability.

Hence, he decided to be more considerate of his wife.

"Go to sleep," Jonathan uttered softly after drying her hair.

Looking at him puzzledly, she asked, "You aren't doing it?"

He flashed her a wry smile and stated, "Let's only talk about it when you think of the deed as a pleasure."

Although he was an amorous man, there was no way he could get turned on if she were to lie there like a corpse.

Thus, he declined her on the spot.

Without saying anything more, Catherine lay down to sleep on the massive bed.

Jonathan went to get another blanket and slept beside her.

Both of them slept soundly that night.

The next morning, Yareth gave the two of them a monetary gift when they were having breakfast together.

“Jonathan, I’ve already submitted your name as my personal recommendation. You’re now an examinee for Divine Realm. Whether you can join Divine Realm or not is entirely dependent on yourself. You must work hard for it.”

“Yes, Grandpa!” responded Jonathan firmly.

A faint smile flitted across Yareth’s face as he said, “This time, every examinee is recommended by prominent families from all over the country. There were a total of fifty-four people. In the end, Divine Realm will only accept four people, or even less. There’s also a possibility that none of the examinees will be accepted. This exam is exceptionally difficult, so both of you must mentally prepare yourself.”

Jonathan was shocked upon hearing that. Little did he know that the exam would be so difficult.

“Furthermore, those who can be recommended by prestigious families must also be outstanding people,” added Yareth.

Taking a deep breath, Jonathan promised, “Don’t worry. I’ll do my best and won’t disappoint you.”

The old man burst out laughing and commented, “Even Sylvia died at your hands. Indeed, I’m not too worried about you.”

Jonathan’s lips curled into an awkward smile. “I just got lucky.”

Moments later, Yareth remarked, “However, your development is too slow. I’d have to beef up your training these few days. Otherwise, the exam will be too challenging for you.”

Hearing that, Jonathan was bereft of speech.

“Luckily, we still have more than twenty days,” the elder added, smiling faintly.

After breakfast, Jonathan received a call from Amber.

“Jennifer and the others are returning to Horington soon. Let’s have a meal together before they leave. Are you free?” she asked.

He remained silent for a moment. For some reason, he felt a tug at his heart.

Farewell came way too quickly.

However, it was true that Jennifer and Yasmin did not have to follow him all the time. It was unfair to them.

“Yes, I’m free,” he replied instantly.

“That’s great. Then, let’s hang out tonight. After dinner, we can go to a karaoke bar. Are you going to bring your wife along?”

A bitter smile tugged on his lips as he enunciated, “No.”

How can I take Catherine with me? She doesn’t know how to read the room. That will only embarrass me.

Amber, who was on the other end of the line, felt sorry for him. “Could it be that she dislikes us?”

Immediately, he denied, “No, the situation is a little bit different from what you imagined. Let’s talk about it when we meet.”

“Okay!” she replied.

I Am Unstoppable Chapter 168-Entertainment was rare in the Harrington mansion.

They did not even own a television or computer, for Yareth mostly read newspapers. Meanwhile, all Catherine did was cultivate repeatedly. Sometimes, she would drive off by herself to a faraway place for a walk or have a drink at the bar.

However, she didn’t require any friends.

Jonathan did not feel unaccustomed to the lifestyle. He was capable of enjoying life to the fullest or practicing abstinence.

Although Yareth mentioned that he would help Jonathan improve, he did not promise to start immediately.

Thus, Jonathan did not try to urge the elder as he believed that Yareth had his plans.

He started cultivating at their study after that.

Practicing the Ultra Sun Moon Mantra might not have any significant improvements, but it followed nature's cycles and absorbed the true essence of the world. The mantra was a great way to take care of one's health and vitality.

If something were wrong with a person's body, it was easy to identify the problem and rectify things with the Ultra Sun Moon Mantra.

That was how powerful the practitioners who cultivated Destino Art were.

They had bodies that never fell ill or age.

After all, they took great care of themselves physically.

On another note, time flew by, and it was five in the afternoon.

Dinner was at six in the evening, and the venue was still Jipsdale's Pearl Hotel.

Jonathan drove Catherine's Ferrari and left the house.

Catherine was indifferent toward most things. She would not even react if he had sold her Ferrari.

The Ferrari was a great car, and Jonathan gradually sped up without realizing it.

It was capable of handling everything, be it brakes or micro-controls.

He finally understood why those who drove Ferrari loved speeding.

As it turned out, they were unable to control themselves!

Jonathan arrived at the hotel at half-past five.

He asked the parking valet to park his car before calling Amber.

Amber mentioned that she would arrive soon. She told Jonathan to head for the private room first and arrange for their food to be served.

Jonathan agreed.

The private room was on the second floor.

They had already ordered the food, so he only had to ask for the dishes to be served.

This private room was known as Yaleview Hall, and it was an extremely luxurious room.

Even their lights were made of crystals and looked extravagantly dazzling.

Jonathan didn't have to wait for long before Amber and the other ladies arrived.

He stood up and greeted them with a smile.

Still, the atmosphere became awkward and slightly uncomfortable.

The situation was just like what the poem described.

This very day last year, at this very door.

Her pretty face outshone the peach blossom.

I don't know where the beauty went.

But, the flowers are still smiling in the vernal breeze.

Yasmin and Amber were the only ones who acted naturally. The latter even jokingly asked, "How does it feel to become a married man?"

Jonathan merely smiled. He was unable to laugh carefreely like how he used to.

Since he got married, he seemed to have become more mature.

This must be how growing up felt like.

Soon, their dinner was served.

Jennifer was the first to raise her glass of Malteer. She stood up and said, "Jonathan, here's to you. Thank you for coming into my life."

Following that, she downed the whole glass in one go.

Jonathan felt slightly low-spirited as he did fancy Jennifer. However, she was somebody he could never be with.

He also stood up and stated, "Jen, I wish you all the happiness and beauty in life!"

Then, he gulped his drink all at once.

"Will you go back to Horington in the future?" asked Jessica calmly, unable to hide the sadness on her face.

Jonathan replied with a serious expression, "Of course. All of you are in Horington, and that place will forever be my home. I don't feel like I belong in Yaleview."

Entertainment was rare in the Harrington mansion.

They did not even own a television or computer, for Yarath mostly read newspapers. Meanwhile, all Catharina did was cultivate rapaately. Sometimes, she would drive off by herself to a faraway place for a walk or have a drink at the bar.

However, she didn't require any friends.

Jonathan did not feel unaccustomed to the lifestyle. He was capable of enjoying life to the fullest or practicing abstinence.

Although Yarath mentioned that he would help Jonathan improve, he did not promise to start immediately.

Thus, Jonathan did not try to urge her as he believed that Yarath had his plans.

He started cultivating at their study after that.

Practicing the Ultra Sun Moon Mantra might not have any significant

improvements, but it followed nature's cycles and absorbed the true essence of the world. The mantra was a great way to take care of one's health and vitality.

If something was wrong with a person's body, it was easy to identify the problem and rectify things with the Ultra Sun Moon Mantra.

That was how powerful the practitioners who cultivated Dastino Art were.

They had bodies that never fell ill or aged.

After all, they took great care of themselves physically.

On another note, time flew by, and it was five in the afternoon.

Dinner was at six in the evening, and the venue was still Jipsdala's Pearl Hotel.

Jonathan drove Catharina's Ferrari and left the house.

Catharina was indifferent toward most things. She would not even react if he had sold her Ferrari.

The Ferrari was a great car, and Jonathan gradually sped up without realizing it.

It was capable of handling anything, be it brakes or micro-controls.

He finally understood why those who drove Ferrari loved speeding.

As it turned out, they were unable to control themselves!

Jonathan arrived at the hotel at half-past five.

He asked the parking valet to park his car before calling Ambar.

Ambar mentioned that she would arrive soon. She told Jonathan to head for the private room first and arrange for their food to be served.

Jonathan agreed.

The private room was on the second floor.

They had already ordered the food, so he only had to ask for the dishes to be served.

This private room was known as Yalaviaw Hall, and it was an extremely luxurious room.

Even their lights were made of crystals and looked extravagantly dazzling.

Jonathan didn't have to wait for long before Ambar and the other ladies arrived.

He stood up and greeted them with a smile.

Still, the atmosphere became awkward and slightly uncomfortable.

The situation was just like what the poem described.

This very day last year, at this very door.

Her pretty face outshone the peach blossom.

I don't know where the beauty went.

But, the flowers are still smiling in the vernal breeze.

Yasmin and Ambar were the only ones who acted naturally. She latterly asked jokingly, "How does it feel to become a married man?"

Jonathan merely smiled. He was unable to laugh carelessly like he used to.

Since he got married, he seemed to have become more mature.

This must be how growing up felt like.

Soon, their dinner was served.

Jannifar was the first to raise her glass of Maltese. She stood up and said, "Jonathan, here's to you. Thank you for coming into my life."

Following that, she downed the whole glass in one go.

Jonathan felt slightly low-spirited as he did fancy Jennifer. However, she was somebody he could never be with.

He also stood up and stated, "Jan, I wish you all the happiness and beauty in life!"

Then, he gulped his drink all at once.

"Will you go back to Horington in the future?" asked Jessica calmly, unable to hide the sadness on her face.

Jonathan replied with a serious expression, "Of course. All of you are in Horington, and that place will forever be my home. I don't feel like I belong in Yaleview."

Jessica's expression softened when she heard that, revealing a hint of happiness. "Yasmin and I will always welcome you," she proclaimed.

Yasmin also got on her feet and uttered, "Jonathan, I wish you all the happiness in life too. Here's a toast to you."

Jonathan looked at her and suddenly felt that she was his biological younger sister. He said affectionately, "Yasmin, no matter what troubles you have or how unhappy you are in the future, feel free to contact me. Remember, I will forever be your dearest friend."

Yasmin's eyes grew red-rimmed as she nodded firmly.

After she gave her toast, Amber suddenly spoke up. "I don't plan to return to Horington."

"Mm?" Jonathan was surprised to hear that.

She continued, "To be honest, I think that I can be closer to Jonathan if I stay in Yaleview." She paused and turned around to look at the man. "There's nothing left for me in Horington. However, both you and my grandfather are in Yaleview. I might be able to give you a hand, so I'm staying here."

Jonathan did not know what to say and could only respond by thanking her. "Thank you!"

Amber downed the contents in her glass, and her face turned red.

She stood up and said, "We might fall out of love and grow old. Nonetheless, I believe that our relationship will never change as long as we respect and honor our camaraderie. Here! Let's raise our glasses to that!"

Everybody got to their feet and said in unison, "To our camaraderie! Cheers!"

What they had wasn't a friendship as they were more than friends. However, they were not in a romantic relationship either, as love did not fit their situation.

Hence, Amber said that this was camaraderie, a special bond between them.

She would always remember what Jonathan had done for her, and she wouldn't hesitate to risk her own life for him in the future.

They drank and ate to their heart's content during the dinner.

Everyone was tipsy from the amount of drinks they had.

Subsequently, they went to Mogul Karaoke Bar to sing.

In the large private room where the lights were dim, the ladies looked adorable when they were tipsy.

Jennifer also looked exceptionally sexy. After they entered the private room, she removed her jacket and hair clip.

On the inside, she wore a tight-fitting white wool sweater that outlined her perfect, curvy figure.

The server brought them more red wine, and they started drinking as they sang.

They seemed to have abandoned all restraints as they enjoyed themselves. However, the looming sadness and depression still lingered in their hearts.

Throughout the night, the group kept on singing and dancing.

Meanwhile, Jonathan sat in a corner as he quietly drank his wine and observed them. Evidently, he was sober.

Fate bellowed as it took control of everything.

He felt like he was just a poor insect, unable to escape his fate. He wanted the world to have nothing invincible and nowhere unreachable. However, Jonathan knew that there was nothing he could do.

He had to obey fate and continue his path instead of behaving like the legendary monkey who roared at the sky and refused to admit defeat.

When midnight came, it was almost time to bid their goodbyes.

At that moment, Jennifer suddenly picked a song.

It was "Goodbye My Friend" by Linda Ronstadt.

She grabbed the microphone and swayed to the beat.

Oh, we never know where life will take us.

I know it's just a ride on the wheel.

And we never know when death will shake us, and we wonder how it will feel.

So goodbye my friend.

I know I'll never see you again.

But the time together through all the years will take away these tears.

It's okay now, goodbye my friend.

Jennifer was so deeply immersed in the song that tears rolled down her face uncontrollably.

Everybody was shocked as they looked at her.

At that moment, Jessica and the others finally saw who Jennifer really was. She was still the prideful woman she had always been.

The room was filled with thunderous applause after she finished singing.

Amber handed Jennifer some tissue and apologized sincerely to her.

Jennifer merely smiled faintly and said nothing.

Following that, Jessica also sang a song before they left the place.

It was “Seasons in the Sun” by Terry Jacks.

Goodbye my friend, it’s hard to die.

When all the birds are singing in the sky.

Now that spring is in the air.

Pretty girls are everywhere.

Think of me and I’ll be there.

We had joy, we had fun, we had seasons in the sun.

But the hills that we climbed were just seasons out of time.

In the end, the lyrics still echoed in everyone’s ears.

Finally, all good things had to come to an end.

Before they went their separate ways, Jennifer suddenly hugged Jonathan. Taking advantage of her tipsiness, she kissed him on the lips. “I love you,” she said.

Immediately after the kiss, she turned around and fled.

The ladies hurriedly went after her. They were afraid that something would happen to Jennifer as she had had quite a few drinks.

Hence, the farewell dinner ended in tears.

Although they had several drinks, Jonathan wasn't worried that something would happen to them. After all, Louie had been secretly protecting them all along.

It was two in the morning when he returned to the Harrington mansion.

After parking the Ferrari, Jonathan entered the residence.

All the servants and Yareth had already fallen asleep.

Naturally, nobody would check up on him or accuse him of frolicking with women.

That had always been the mentality of those petty citizens.

However, such trivial disputes would not happen when they were at Jonathan's stage.

When he returned to the bedroom, he saw that Catherine had already fallen asleep.

Hence, he made his way carefully into the bathroom and took a shower. After that, he took a blanket and slept beside her.

Jonathan could immediately smell the alluring and youthful scent exuded from Catherine's body.

He couldn't tear his eyes away from her delicately beautiful face.

Her lips were a rosy color and had a seductive glint on them.

At this moment, she looked like a sleeping beauty, waiting for her prince to awaken her with a kiss.

Jonathan suddenly felt the urge to kiss her.

This feeling was not born out of romance or desire. He was only yearning to get closer to beautiful things.

Just then, Catherine abruptly opened her eyes.

Jonathan's eyes immediately met hers.

Feeling embarrassed, he coughed dryly and said, "Did I wake you?"

She looked at him and asked, "Do you want to do it?"

Jonathan was embarrassed in an instant. He always had a weird feeling when he heard her say that.

Hence, he quickly denied, "No, I'm just thinking about how beautiful you look. You will be so charming if you're willing to smile."

"I don't know how to smile," she answered indifferently.

A bitter smile tugged on Jonathan's lips as he enunciated, "Forget it then."

"If you don't want to get it going, I shall go to sleep," said Catherine.

"All right, sleep," he replied.

Hearing this, she immediately closed her eyes.

Jonathan was amused. Did I marry a wife with an attitude?

It wasn't difficult for him to know what Catherine was thinking.

She might be emotionless, but she wasn't stupid. She knew what she had to do after getting married. However, Jonathan never took any action. Hence, she felt that he would do it sooner or later.

I Am Unstoppable Chapter 169-Despite being married without any relationship foundations, Catherine was still someone special to Jonathan. From the moment that they were married, he had subconsciously thought of her as his wife and someone that belonged to him. There was just an unexplainable feeling of affection that he had for her.

Thus, he was unwilling to hurt Catherine, which was why he would not do anything without her consent.

Both of them slept soundly that night.

The next morning, after having breakfast, Yareth said to Jonathan, "Come out with me later."

Jonathan was slightly taken aback. Still, he decided not to probe. "Yes, Grandpa."

This time, the person who drove them was Bruce, who drove a Hummer.

Jonathan and Yareth sat in the back seat of the vehicle.

Soon, the car left the yard and drove toward the Harrington residence's private driveway.

The drizzle outside made the weather even colder than it was.

Since it was nearing December, the weather forecast had mentioned that it would soon snow in Yaleview.

However, the winter in northern places was always colder than usual.

Jonathan could not help but miss the weather in Horington. If he were to live somewhere permanently one day, it would have to be Horington.

Unfortunately, he had no idea what his future would be like, and he was frankly terrified to think about it.

Would he live? How many hardships would he be facing?

Would he spend the rest of his life with Catherine?

Would they have children together?

One thing for sure was that Jonathan was uncertain about his future.

The Hummer turned into a road that led to Horbah.

Jonathan could not help but wonder why they were heading to Horbah. However, he remained silent as Yareth was not saying anything about it.

After about an hour, the car made a turn and drove into a dirt path.

It then halted before a river.

The river's width was about thirty meters. Yet, the length of it was endless. It

somehow looked a bit like Wyvern River, but it was clearly not the case.

Waves formed on the surface of the river as the wind blew, revealing the slightly murky water.

It was a place encompassed by dead silence. There was no one by the river; not even the sight of a single boat or house was within the perimeter.

This piqued Jonathan's curiosity. He wondered why Yareth had brought him there.

"Get out of the car," Yareth said.

"Yes, Grandpa," Jonathan replied. He then got out of the car and opened the door for the elder.

After Yareth got out of the car, Bruce, too, followed suit.

The three of them then faced the river.

The north wind was howling, sending a biting chill down Bruce's spine despite wearing a military jacket.

On the other hand, Jonathan and Yareth found the cold bearable.

Right then, Yareth prompted, "You must be curious why I've brought you here, right?"

Jonathan nodded and answered honestly, "Yes, I am."

"I want to teach you Requiem today," Yareth revealed.

Jonathan felt his heart skip a beat. He was aware of how powerful Yareth was and that his cultivation technique was Requiem.

Yareth continued, "Requiem is a technique that transports vitality. It basically hides all vitality in a place called the blood aperture, which is in our bodies. This blood aperture is called the Bloodgate. The production of blood platelets and even the process of hematopoiesis occur from the Bloodgate. As soon as one manages to open their Bloodgate, they will then have an extra space to store vitality. Hence, the person will be stronger than an ordinary person. You

should never underestimate the blood aperture as it can store up to two-thirds of the body's vitality. On top of that, it grows along with your cultivation. At its highest level, the blood aperture will be able to store up to two times the amount of vitality that was originally in the person's body.

"Other than that, since vitality is stored in the blood aperture, no one will be able to find it. Hence, a regular person won't be able to tell how much strength you've got or the level of your cultivation."

Despite being married without any relationship foundations, Catharina was still somewhat special to Jonathan. From the moment that they were married, he had subconsciously thought of her as his wife and someone that belonged to him. There was just an unexplainable feeling of affection that he had for her.

Thus, he was unwilling to hurt Catharina, which was why he would not do anything without her consent.

Both of them slept soundly that night.

The next morning, after having breakfast, Yarath said to Jonathan, "Come out with me later."

Jonathan was slightly taken aback. Still, he decided not to probe. "Yes, Grandpa."

This time, the person who drove them was Bruce, who drove a Hummer.

Jonathan and Yarath sat in the back seat of the vehicle.

Soon, the car left the yard and drove toward the Harrington residence's private driveway.

The drizzle outside made the weather even colder than it was.

Since it was nearing December, the weather forecast had mentioned that it would soon snow in Yalaview.

However, the winter in northern places was always colder than usual.

Jonathan could not help but miss the weather in Horington. If he were to live somewhere permanently one day, it would have to be Horington.

Unfortunataly, ha had no idaa what his futura would ba lika, and ha was frankly tarrifiad to think about it.

Would ha liva? How many hardships would ha ba facing?

Would ha spend tha rast of his lifa with Catharina?

Would thay hava childran togathar?

Ona thing for sura was that Jonathan was uncartain about his futura.

Tha Hummar turnad into a road that lad to Horbah.

Jonathan could not halp but wondar why thay wara haading to Horbah. Howavar, ha remainad silant as Yarath was not saying anything about it.

Aftar about an hour, tha car mada a turn and drova into a dirt path.

It than haltad bafora a rivar.

Tha rivar's width was about thirty matars. Yat, tha langth of it was andlass. It somahow lookad a bit lika Wyvarn Rivar, but it was claarly not tha casa.

Wavas formad on tha surfaca of tha rivar as tha wind blaw, ravaaling tha slightly murky watar.

It was a placa ancompassad by daad silanca. Thara was no ona by tha rivar; not avan tha sight of a singla boat or housa was within tha parimatar.

This piquad Jonathan's curiosity. Ha wondarad why Yarath had brought him thara.

"Gat out of tha car," Yarath said.

"Yas, Grandpa," Jonathan rapliad. Ha than got out of tha car and opanad tha door for tha aldar.

Aftar Yarath got out of tha car, Bruca, too, followad suit.

Tha thraa of tham than facad tha rivar.

The north wind was howling, sending a biting chill down Bruca's spine as he wore a military jacket.

On the other hand, Jonathan and Yareth found the cold bearable.

Right then, Yareth prompted, "You must be curious why I've brought you here, right?"

Jonathan nodded and answered honestly, "Yes, I am."

"I want to teach you Requiem today," Yareth revealed.

Jonathan felt his heart skip a beat. He was aware of how powerful Yareth was and that his cultivation technique was Requiem.

Yareth continued, "Requiem is a technique that transports vitality. It basically hides all vitality in a place called the blood aperture, which is in our bodies. This blood aperture is called the Bloodgate. The production of blood platelets and even the process of hematopoiesis occur from the Bloodgate. As soon as one manages to open their Bloodgate, they will then have an extra space to store vitality. Hence, the person will be stronger than an ordinary person. You should never underestimate the blood aperture as it can store up to two-thirds of the body's vitality. On top of that, it grows along with your cultivation. At its highest level, the blood aperture will be able to store up to two times the amount of vitality that was originally in the person's body.

"Other than that, since vitality is stored in the blood aperture, no one will be able to find it. Hence, a regular person won't be able to tell how much strength you've got or the level of your cultivation."

Jonathan was in agreement about this as he truly did not know how strong Yareth was.

He paid full attention to Yareth's words as the latter went on, "You shouldn't get happy too early, though. Requiem isn't a technique that everyone can master easily. There's no hope if one is not able to open their Bloodgate. For example, up until now, Catherine has yet to open hers. Moreover, opening one's Bloodgate depends a lot on one's luck. I can teach you everything I know. However, it fully depends on yourself whether you'd be able to master it or not."

Jonathan inhaled deeply before replying, "I'll try my best, Grandpa."

Yareth smiled slightly at that. "Don't give yourself too much pressure. Just let fate do its thing, okay?"

"Mm," Jonathan replied.

Yareth then continued explaining, "On the surface level, Requiem is a technique which returns the soul to its place. But, this is only a metaphor. The true meaning of the technique is to hide all energy, spirit, and essence in one's body into the Bloodgate. This allows the energy, spirit, and essence to be nourished and grow while being stored in the Bloodgate. It's something similar to hibernation. Since the human body is bound to rot one day, Requiem is a way to prolong and preserve one's life and strength. If you manage to master the technique, you can even use it to paralyze your opponents in the future. As long as you feel like hiding your potential, not even the heavens will know how skilled or unskilled you are."

Excitement was evident in Jonathan's eyes after he heard that. He agreed inwardly that this technique was indeed a useful one.

"I'll teach you the mantra first." With that, Yareth started chanting, "The manifestations of Infinity never cease manifesting. Infinity is the primal creator, the oneness of male and female. Infinity is the gate through which heaven and Earth manifest. It is invisible to the senses yet permeates all things. It is inexhaustible and eternally available for any purpose. The five colors blind the eye. The five tones deafen the ear. The five flavors dull the mouth. Racing through the field and hunting make the mind wild. Searching for precious goods leads astray..."

"Got it?" Yareth asked after he was done.

With a bewildered expression, Jonathan answered, "No."

"Which part did you not understand?" Yareth asked again.

Jonathan could not help but feel embarrassed. "Um, I didn't catch even the slightest bit of what you were chanting, Grandpa. It was too profound for my understanding. I'm confused. It's like when I'm listening to other scriptures—I feel at peace listening to them, but I don't understand what they're about."

“The fact that you felt at peace while listening to it means that your understanding of it is quite well. You don’t have to fully comprehend the mantra. However, you have to memorize it, chant it syllables by syllables like what I did, and let it echo in your mind. When the various syllables become like Servik to you, whereby you feel as if you’re in Thunderclap Monastery of Spirit Mountain, you should then be able to compile all the syllables. The syllables would be wandering in your body. If it manages to find the Bloodgate, it will help you open it. Once it is opened, all syllables will be attributed to it,” Yareth explained.

Jonathan was still slightly muddled. “Is there anything different about these syllables?”

“These syllables are capable to shake all energy, spirit, and essence into them. After transporting the syllables to the blood aperture, you’d have mastered Requiem,” Yareth replied.

Somehow, Jonathan could understand it slightly after hearing that explanation.

The important thing was not the mantra itself but the syllables.

For example, some great seals such as the Six Seals of Barsm, the Heart Seal, and the Flower Pinch Seal were undecipherable to people, yet people were still intrigued and even find them mysterious.

Something worth mentioning was that each character from the six-character mantra of Barsm had different effects. Some were calming, while some were capable of removing one’s inner demons.

The Destino also had a nine-character mantra that emphasized the different pronunciations of the syllables.

“Have you memorized the syllables that I taught you?” Yareth asked.

Thanks to his better-than-average memory, Jonathan could easily recall the syllables. “Yes, Grandpa.”

“Good. Jump into the river then,” the elder said.

Jonathan was bewildered by his words. Me? Jump into the river? In this weather?

Hesitantly, he asked, “Grandpa, this—”

Yareth smiled lightly before replying, “It’s not that easy to master Requiem. It might be easy for you to memorize the syllables while you’re on land. However, you will never be able to enter that state of profundity. Since you won’t be able to breathe underwater, your mind will be more cluttered as you’re facing a life or death situation. Only in these sorts of bad situations would you be able to truly force yourself to be tranquil and perceive the profundity of the syllables. These syllables are somewhat like a breath of air, which can be twisted into one.”

Realization dawned on Jonathan.

He took off his coat and jumped into the river without any hesitation.

He was entirely submerged in the water as he felt the bone-chilling cold down his spine, sinking lower and lower.

The facade of the river was turbid, but it was about thirty meters deep.

Jonathan kept sinking and started to feel some resistance when he reached the ten-meter point. However, thanks to his condensed energy, he continued sinking downward effortlessly.

Finally, he reached the bottom of the river filled with sand and even saw some fish swimming around.

Nonetheless, he paid no mind to them as he proceeded to sit cross-legged.

Before jumping into the river, Jonathan had inhaled a deep breath, and this breath was now circulating in his chest.

He was already feeling a slight discomfort at that moment and wanted nothing more than to resurface and breathe. Still, he tried his best to endure it. It was also at that moment that he realized his mind was truly cluttered.

He remembered the situation he was in and started recalling the syllables.

Yet, he realized that he had forgotten about the syllables that Yareth had taught him earlier on.

Jonathan’s mind was in a haze.

He paused for a moment. How could I let this happen? Am I really that incapable? Would such a small drawback actually halt me from advancing? What right do I have to be liked by Old Mr. Harrington if I'm merely mediocre? What right do I have to exceed the other Chosen Ones?

Thoughts flashed through his mind one after another.

With that, he suppressed his urge to resurface and felt the pressure in his chest grow. The bigger the pressure felt, the more uncomfortable he was.

I'll just die at most! Leave! All the frustration, confusion, and fear—leave at this instant!

He then shut his eyes and started chanting the Ultra Sun Moon Mantra.

Soon, he fell into a peaceful state and began ignoring everything.

Due to that, the syllables started appearing in Jonathan's mind.

He started silently chanting those syllables. However, while he was halfway through, he felt a sharp pain in his chest.

In shock, he immediately opened his eyes. The sharp pain was due to the lack of oxygen in his body. The only outcome for him was death if he were to continue staying underwater like that.

On top of that, due to the cold weather, a painful chilling sensation had also washed through him.

Jonathan knew that it was time to resurface. If not, his body might not be able to handle it, and he would actually lose his life for real.

Without any delay, he swam to the surface.

After all, an ambitious task was bound to take a long time and should not be rushed. Hence, he needed to remain patient and take one step at a time.

I Am Unstoppable Chapter 170-The first thing Jonathan did after leaving the river was to take a deep breath, which instantly made him feel so much better—the feeling he had been waiting for.

Yareth and Bruce had been watching him by the shore. At that moment, Yareth smiled and asked, "How are you feeling?"

He spoke in a very soft voice, yet Jonathan could hear it clearly.

Jonathan replied, "I don't think I can feel the subtlety of syllables yet, but I think I sense its usage."

Nodding, Yareth praised, "Good, good."

"I'll continue my practice." With that, Jonathan took in a deep breath and dove all the way to the very bottom.

He pushed aside all the pain he was experiencing, whether from the cold or the lack of oxygen.

Still, he could not spell out all the syllables and transform them into strength because his lung was not powerful enough.

He had to keep training in order to make his lungs powerful enough to spell everything out in the water.

Two hours later, he felt as if his head was getting dizzy.

After he resurfaced, Yareth said, "All right, that's enough for today, Jonathan. Come up."

"Yes, Grandpa," Jonathan replied before getting on the shore.

The moment that he did, a gust of chill wind blew past him, almost freezing him on the spot.

Thankfully, he had learned how to close the pores on his body, so he could still endure it.

"Come on, let's go home," Yareth stated before going into the car.

Jonathan followed behind him.

Bruce was the one driving them back to the Harrington mansion.

On the way back, Yareth did not ask Jonathan a thing about his training.

hence, Jonathan remained silent and simply enjoyed the ride.

Half an hour later, Yareth thought of something and smiled. “Don’t you think this world is interesting, Jonathan?”

Jonathan was taken aback as he did not know why the old man said that.

Yareth continued, “The world nourishes humans. Humans need air, so there’s air. Humans need food, so there’s food. Humans need to work and run, they get hands and legs. All things, including animals, have their own way of life. Everything is linked together until a complete ecosystem is formed. The circle of life. It’s as though everything was beautifully designed. The fish can breathe in the water, and the birds can fly in the sky.” There was a pause before he continued, “But, in the end, humans are the king of this world. The favored beings of the heavens.”

Jonathan listened silently.

“For example, the more a bug is exposed to a drug, the more resistant it’ll become to it. Put a polar bear in a warm climate. If it can’t adapt, it’ll die. The only way to survive is to change their body to suit the climate. What I’m saying is that we have an awesome biological system that helps us adapt to things. If that adaptation is done well, we’ll be able to breathe underwater or fly in the air. It isn’t necessarily impossible. It all depends on how the environment forces a person to change.”

“So you’re saying evolution? Humans and animals do evolve.” Jonathan was starting to understand.

Yareth smiled. “That’s right. So, when you’re practicing in the water, your body will possibly evolve to adapt to living underwater. That evolution will first improve your lung and increase its strength. Your vitality will also be improved under these circumstances. The greater the pressure, the more it’ll grow. Of course, if you fail to endure it, you’ll die.”

“I understand now, Grandpa!”

“Continue your training well.”

“Yes, Grandpa!” Jonathan said politely.

After returning to the Harrington mansion, the first thing he did was take a shower before changing into fresh clothing.

Catherine, on the other side, probably went out shopping because the Ferrari was nowhere to be seen.

Of course, Jonathan did not need to worry about Catherine's safety or that she would cheat on him. He did not continue practicing Requiem because there were some things that needed to be thought about, and it was not about practice.

In the end, he got bored, so he wanted to find Amber and talk with her. However, he hesitated because he was a married man already. It would be pretty cruel if he kept visiting her and giving her false hope.

When he thought of that, he shook away his idea.

In the past, he was unmarried, so he could do whatever he wanted. Things had changed; he could not do that anymore.

It was a coincidence then that Amber called him.

He was still a little giddy about it, so he answered the call immediately.

Amber spoke. "They're heading back to Horington on the first flight today."

Jonathan was a little stunned. "Okay!"

"Are you doing good?"

"Quite good. How about you?"

"Can I invite you and your wife to a meal?"

A bitter smile appeared on his face. "I think she went out."

"You can call her."

He was a little confused. "Why do you keep insisting on inviting her to a meal, Amber?"

"Why do you keep insisting on not bringing her?"

"There are some things that can't be explained with just a few words." There was bitterness in his tone.

“Then let’s hang out for a meal and we can talk about it.”

“All right.”

Both of them then agreed on a location.

Jonathan promptly went out.

There were a couple of expensive cars in the Harrington mansion, and he picked a Lexus to drive.

The location they agreed to meet at was a fancy-looking cafe.

Amber did not want to bother Jonathan or have intimate moments with him.

It was just that she loved him while simultaneously feeling bad for him.

She believed he was a sacrifice for the wedding. Every time she wanted to invite both him and Catherine out, Jonathan would say no.

It made her feel as though Catherine was not giving him any respect.

To Amber, Jonathan was a great hero. She really did not want to see him suffer like that.

The cafe was called Sunrise Cafe.

It was one in the afternoon, so the cafe only had a couple of people left.

Amber was wearing a crimson coat with sunglasses and lipsticks as she sat at the table next to the window.

Her hair was styled into wavy curls.

Just a look at her sexy and beautiful appearance would be enough for any man’s heart to skip a beat.

When Jonathan entered the cafe, he immediately waved at her when he saw her.

He was wearing a black leather jacket today, which made him look more mature than usual.

In just a short amount of time, it felt as though he had completely changed.

He sat right in front of her.

Taking off her sunglasses, she smiled at him. "What do you think about my new look?"

"Pretty." He smiled.

"What do you want to drink?"

His gaze swept across the cafe. "Is there anything here I can eat? I'm hungry."

"There's cake." She waved her hand and called for a server. Jonathan ordered a slice of tiramisu cake and a cup of coffee.

The food and drink arrived quickly as they chatted.

He spoke with a serious expression. "It's not what you think, Amber."

"Oh?" Amber said.

"Catherine's not going to get mad at me, and the Harrington family certainly won't. Technically, no one in this world can."

She believed him because that was how he always was. Once he was angry, nothing could scare him, not even the heavens.

He continued, "Catherine always had issues since she was a child. She can't experience any emotion and doesn't care about anyone else, not even her grandpa or me. When her grandpa said she could marry me, she agreed. I believe even if Grandpa tells her to marry an ugly person, she'll do it as well." It was then she came to a realization and suddenly asked, "Have you done it with her?"

Jonathan rolled his eyes. "Do you think I'm that kind of person?"

Amber giggled. Her mood had been lifted as she joked, "I believe in your character, but I'm not so certain about your performance in bed."

He rubbed his nose silently.

Then a serious expression returned to her face. "What are you going to do now? What's your plan?"

"Plan?" He turned serious as well. "If Grandpa hadn't saved me, I would've been dead by now. He asked me to take care of the Harrington family, and I've decided to take up the responsibility to do that. Besides, you know about the whole deal with the Chosen One. I can't escape it no matter what I do, so I decided not to escape at all. I'll enter the Divine Realm and become more powerful. As for Catherine and I, it's not going to be something I'll think about for now. I don't like marriage, but even though I am married now, she's not going to restrict what I can do. This is probably the best outcome I can hope for."

She nodded. "That doesn't sound too bad, I suppose."

They stayed in the cafe for two hours before leaving.

Though it was subtle, they could tell something had changed. In the past, they could joke with each other. Now, they could not anymore. When Amber left, she felt quite melancholic. Both Jonathan and Amber felt they should not cross a line, even though Catherine would not have cared about it. The next day, Jonathan went to the river alone to train again. For the next ten days, he would leave early and return late to train. Both Yareth and Catherine did not ask anything about it. He kept training for the past ten days to increase his lung capacity, and it continued to grow. At that point, he could spell out half the syllables in the water.

If you find any errors (broken links, non-standard content, etc.), Please let us know <