

## Read Novel I Am Unstoppable Chapter 171

I Am Unstoppable Chapter 171-For an average person, they could easily repeat the Requiem syllables in their mind under normal circumstances. Naturally, when a person was in the water, they would have trouble breathing, and that would be enough to prevent them from calmly recalling the syllables. It was even harder for any of them to ensure their pronunciation was accurate.

In the blink of an eye, another ten days passed.

He could finally recite the entire thing underwater. Of course, he spelled it out in his mind. His brainwaves were turned as tightly as a rope through the power of syllables.

It was an incredible thing.

Hearing thunder in a silent place was a special feeling that allowed one to fully experience the power of lightning.

The subtlety of the syllables could only be truly experienced in a noisy place because one could only listen to it through one's dedicated focus.

As Jonathan sat at the bottom of the river, he no longer needed the Ultra Sun Moon Mantra in order to silence his mind.

All the sensations of his body had been abandoned, and there was nothing but serenity left in his mind.

Then, he began to recite the syllables in his mind. The immortal god of the valley is called truth. The door of truth connects heaven and earth. If it exists, its use of it is not diligent. The five colors blind the eyes. The five sounds deaf the ears. The five tastes pleasure the mouth. Hunting makes the heart race. A rare good blocks the path...

The mysterious syllables danced in his mind as they harmonized with his brain waves.

At that moment, power surged into his calm mind. His brain waves immediately compiled the syllables into a sort of power-like spirit.

It was then something truly profound occurred.

It could be described as a mysterious wonder.

Once the Syllable Power was formed, he felt as if he had obtained a powerful spirit that he could control in his body.

Sounds were the oldest form of power, and each syllable represented different power.

That particular Syllable Power allowed the user to understand the mystery of the body and find the mysterious Bloodgate.

It was then he understood the principles of Bloodgate's existence.

Bloodgate was the same as the Braincore in the mind because it was equivalent to the Haemocore in a person's body.

It was the origin of power.

It was as though Jonathan lit up a light in his body that he used to search for his Haemocore.

Whoosh!

After an unknown amount of time passed, his body began warning him that he could no longer endure the pressure of the river.

After all, a human body had its limits.

Knowing he could not delay it, he immediately resurfaced and headed to the shore.

Being a smart man, he knew when to stop.

I've been cultivating Requiem in order to hear thunder in a silent place and listen to the subtlety of the syllables in a noisy place. However, now that I've experienced the wonder of the syllables, there's no need to return to the bottom of the river anymore. Grandpa didn't go there every day, after all. It's just a cultivation method. I have developed my own abilities now.

Once his train of thoughts halted, he sat by the river and meditated.

It did not matter if the wind was loud or his body was freezing. He was able to ignore it all and enter a silent place in his mind.

The Syllable Power formed in his body quickly as he continued to use it to look for Bloodgate.

The Syllable Power swam crazily in his body.

Unfortunately, despite his efforts, he could not find where the Bloodgate was.

Jonathan opened his eyes and stopped his cultivation.

At the same moment, the Syllable Power vanished instantly.

That was because the Syllable Power was the same as spirit. Once breathing resumed, it would vanish.

He began pondering his failure. Why can't I feel the Bloodgate? Why?

It took a while before he realized something. I think I know what's going on now. The Bloodgate must be hidden deep inside my body. If it's that easy to find, many experts would've found it. It's not something I should search for. It's something I should feel for. Requiem's Syllable Power and the Bloodgate complement each other. I should feel, not search!

His eyes were filled with determination before he took in a deep breath to continue his cultivation.

Soon, the Syllable Power formed in his mind as he went motionless.

He sat there for three hours before a mysterious feeling guided him through the Syllable Power.

It was the Bloodgate!

He immediately used the Syllable Power to chase after that mysterious power.

Finally, the Syllable Power arrived at his layer of cells.

"Break!" He used the Syllable Power to pierce through the layer of cells.

When the layer broke, the fierce power inside immediately sucked in Syllable Power.

It's the Bloodgate! The Haemocore!

Jonathan was overjoyed as he could feel the center of his blood.

It was like the ocean that all rivers flowed into.

Requiem stored all the blood inside the Haemocore to condense and hide it.

At that moment, he had achieved the Door of Enlightenment.

His Bloodgate, his Haemocore, was opened.

He suppressed the joy in his heart before letting his Haemocore absorb his body's blood.

After a while, he felt dizzy because he was rapidly losing blood to his Haemocore.

He was experiencing anemia.

That prompted him to halt his cultivation so he could stop losing more blood.

Then Jonathan began to create blood with his bone marrow.

His bone marrow created blood while his Haemocore absorbed them.

It was a mysterious wonder.

The human body is really unfathomable and mysterious! That thought shot into his mind. It's such a shame that a normal person only really uses their Haemocore to create blood platelets and strengthen their body's mechanisms.

Bone marrow created blood according to a person's volume.

In just the blink of an eye, he had created enough blood to fill a warehouse.

Three days later, his Haemocore was finally full.

If his cultivation went well, he could instantly release two thousand kilograms' worth of power.

An attack like that needed to be executed perfectly or else he would explode.

Also, the reason Haemocore became full was that it had a pretty small volume. The reason being Jonathan still needed training. As he continued to strengthen his body, his Haemocore would grow stronger.

The volume of the Haemocore was the same as the brain cell development. Both were equally unimaginable.

Another three days passed before his body reached an equilibrium.

Currently, in front of the river, he shouted before releasing the Great Sage Seal and Rolling Thunder Punch.

The vitality in his body was flowing like a mighty torrent. His eyes turned red as he entered a crazed state.

Each of his punches displayed strength that matched two thousand kilograms' worth of force.

It was basically the equivalent of Peak Celestial Soul.

Ten seconds later, he stopped. His body shook, and he fainted.

His body was not prepared to harness that much power yet.

After a long while, he finally woke up.

The moment that he did, he felt extremely exhausted, and his entire body was in great pain.

Furrowing his brow, he began to heal his body motionlessly.

Vitality began to flow into his Haemocore and body.

Half an hour later, he was fully recovered. This isn't good. If I can't kill my opponent in ten seconds, I'll be dead. Even if I can take them out in ten seconds, once I pass out, any random thug can kill me.

Standing up, he took a deep breath. I'll fix the next attempt at eight seconds. His blood was flowing rapidly as he unleashed two thousand kilograms' worth of power.

Eight seconds later, he managed to stand mostly still.

The blood in his body was like a mighty torrent; the blood in his mind was in a similar state.

He was getting pretty dizzy. No! This won't do!

When Jonathan recovered, he tried it again.

After a few rounds of experimentation, he found out he could sustain his powerful state for five seconds.

Once he went over that timeframe, his body would begin to break down, and side effects would start appearing.

Nonetheless, he was still pretty happy with the result because five seconds was enough for him to do a lot of things.

Besides, with continuous cultivations, his body would grow stronger, and the duration would extend as well. Once he reached Peak Celestial Soul, he would be able to unleash four thousand kilograms worth of force.

Four thousand kilograms! Haha! I can't imagine how powerful I'll be when I'm that strong. Right now, I feel as if I'm driving a race car with a nitrous oxide system installed. I'll be able to unleash an unbelievably explosive power in an instant!

Those who drove a race car would know once the system was turned on, the speed of their vehicle would increase rapidly.

Exhaling deep breath, Jonathan raised his head. It was already five in the afternoon.

Night in Yaleview came quickly as the sky was already quite dark.

Feeling rather cold, he drove his car back home swiftly.

When he was back in the Harrington mansion, Yareth and Catherine were eating their dinner.

Jonathan greeted the both of them.

Giving him a plain glance, Catherine resumed her meal.

On the other hand, Yareth smiled. "Come and eat with us. We didn't know when you were coming back, so we started eating first."

"It's fine." Jonathan smiled.

As he sat down, Bruce promptly put a plate and utensils in front of Jonathan. When he was seated, he stared at Yareth and informed, "I've opened my Bloodgate, Grandpa."

"Oh?" The old man was unsurprised. "That's good."

Even if Jonathan did not tell him, he could already tell.

The reason Jonathan kept quiet about it until that point was because he believed he had not achieved the proper cultivation for it yet.

Catherine was surprised. "You got it?"

"Yes," he confirmed with a nod.

Smiling, Yareth chimed in, "You may be a genius, Catherine, but Jonathan is not necessarily worse than you."

Growing silent, she continued to eat her meal somberly.

Thinking about Polly and Mabel, Jonathan turned to Yareth. "Can I teach Requiem to other people, Grandpa?"

That was what he was like. Whenever he got something good, he would share it with his friends.

Hearing that, the old man smiled slightly. "You'll be the head of the Harrington family in the future. Since Requiem belongs to the Harrington family, I'll respect your decision on the matter."

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"The head of the family?" asked Jonathan in shock. He froze for a moment before continuing, "How can that be, Grandpa? My last name isn't Harrington, after all. I promise to do my best to protect the Harringtons, but I can never become the head of the family."

Yareth looked at Jonathan with an ambiguous grin and said, "Don't think too much, kid. Do you think I'm testing you? I already passed you the secret technique of Requiem and let you marry my only granddaughter. What else do you think I'm keeping from you?"

Jonathan felt a sense of guilt. "Grandpa, I—"

Yareth interrupted, "To be honest, fame and family legacy aren't really important to me. Throughout all these years of living, I've already gone through many trials and tribulations. There's nothing I don't understand or see-through. I'm just worried about the Harringtons' safety. All I want is for my children and grandchildren to live in bliss. As for their wealth or last names, they don't matter too much to me."

Yareth's state of mind reflected his transcendent cultivation stage.

Jonathan couldn't help but respect the elder even more than before.

At the end of that discussion, Yareth changed the subject and said, "By the way, the time limit of one month is up. The examiners from Divine Realm have already arrived at Yaleview. Tomorrow, every candidate will attend the assessment at a military base in Yaleview. The two of you should prepare yourself. I'll send you guys there."

It was at that moment Jonathan finally realized the final assessment had already arrived.

However, he was already filled with confidence.

That night, Jonathan continued sleeping together in the same bed and sharing a blanket with Catherine.

During the silent night, he called out abruptly, "Catherine!"

She immediately opened her eyes and sat up. "What's wrong?"

Jonathan got up as well.

He could faintly see her gorgeous face even in the dark night.

Then, he reached out to hold her hand.

As soon as he touched Catherine's icy hand, he was startled. Our room is cozy, and she's already wrapped in a blanket while she sleeps. How is her hand still freezing cold?

Jonathan couldn't help but inquire, "Why is your hand so cold?"

Catherine frowned slightly and wanted to pull her hand back, but she resisted the urge to do so after some contemplation. "My body's temperature is always low since I'm a cold-blooded human," she answered.

Hearing that, he immediately reached out to feel for her forehead. Indeed, it's cold too.

"How did this happen?" he blurted out, furrowing his brows.

She shook her head. "I don't know. It's been this way since I was a child." She paused and knitted her brows. "What's wrong with you?"

Maybe this is the reason why she's emotionless ever since she was young. If she's born this way, I should be more considerate of her.

He organized his thought briefly before asking, "Catherine, do you know what it means to be husband and wife?"

Catherine was visibly stunned momentarily, then replied, "I know. It means a man and woman getting together to breed the next generation."

Jonathan smiled bitterly. "That's not quite right. Being husband and wife means being intimate with each other. It's a relationship that is way closer



than the relationship with your parents and siblings. Being husband and wife means trusting each other the most.”

“What are you trying to say?” she asked promptly.

He answered, “I’m just trying to say that we’re husband and wife now. I don’t know if you feel or think the same, but we’re considered the closest people to each other. In the future, I will protect you from any harm because you’re my wife. Tomorrow will be the day of the final assessment, and we’ll be in deep waters from then onward. I hope you can be on the same side as me regardless of what happens in the future, okay?”

He was quite worried that she would betray him at a critical juncture.

If that happened, he would feel humiliated and disappointed at the same time.

She merely glanced at him and responded expressionlessly, “I’ll try my best.”

Seeing her reaction, he fell silent.

The night went by quietly.

At seven o’clock the next morning, Jonathan and Catherine woke up and freshened themselves up before having breakfast with Yareth.

Afterward, the trio got into the car driven by Bruce.

Then, the Bentley limousine they rode in sped away.

In the car, Yareth asked Jonathan gleefully, “Are you confident?”

“Yes,” the latter responded with a grin.

Yareth said reassuringly, “I believe in you.”

After an hour, the Bentley stopped at an empty lot in the suburbs.

There were three military aircraft parked in the middle of the land.

Luxury vehicles then arrived at the location one after another.

As soon as Jonathan's group exited the car, he asked Yareth curiously, "I noticed they utilized military aircraft and rented a military base. What's the relationship between Divine Realm and the army, Grandpa?"

The elder explained, "Divine Realm has always been working closely with the government. Back then, while the Emperor of Chanaea was a general, he brought honor to our country. Now, Divine Realm is protecting the country from external threats as well. They basically provide mutual aid to each other. However, Divine Realm is not that involved in the country's matters currently. Even then, the government will still provide help for them as a way of maintaining their contact."

Jonathan was enlightened.

There were four luxury vehicles that arrived in front of them, and they made up a group of five cars, including Jonathan's group's Bentley.

Also, there were twenty-five candidates in total, including Jonathan and Catherine.

He looked around and realized the candidates were all highly skilled in their cultivation. Even the weakest ones among them were already at the early stage of Nascent Soul.

Meanwhile, the majority of them were at the middle stage of Nascent Soul, while some of them were even in the final stage.

It was, as expected, a group of outstanding candidates.

Jonathan learned that these candidates were all young, and the eldest one wasn't even over thirty years old.

Everyone remained distant, and none of them would speak with each other.

Since the candidates were all from different locations and were egotistical, nobody wanted to interact with anyone else.

There were some elders who were accompanying those candidates, and Yareth had a great time conversing with them.

Shortly after everyone boarded the military aircraft, it took off smoothly.

Confused, Jonathan went up to Yareth and asked, “Grandpa, are we the only candidates attending the assessment? There are only over twenty of us.”

The latter smiled and answered, “Of course not. There are many foreign candidates who’d taken the military aircraft to the military base directly. I think they’ve already arrived yesterday.”

Realization dawned on Jonathan after listening to Yareth’s explanation.

The military aircraft flew across the sky above a dense forest. Almost half an hour later, they finally arrived at the secret military base.

It was an enormous field surrounded by electric fences.

The core of the military base was built like an indestructible castle, with many gun-wielding soldiers guarding the area.

At last, the military aircraft landed on the field.

The weather that day was terrible. The wind howled violently, and the sky was overcast.

It was also slightly snowing, and it seemed like it would become increasingly heavy at night.

As soon as everyone alighted the military aircraft, a female officer welcomed them. There were a few attendants following behind her closely.

The female officer seemed to look like she was twenty-four years old, dressing in a military uniform that made her look valiant and formidable.

The sharp-eyed Jonathan noticed that her military uniform differed from the others.

It wasn’t a Chanaean military uniform but a custom-made one that had unique patterns of the Fire Dragon Troop.

It piqued his curiosity, but he had no one to seek clarification from. Soon, he discovered that the female officer’s name was Lailah Hall, and she was an inner disciple of Divine Realm. She was one of the examiners who would oversee the assessment. Not only that, but she was also wearing a custom uniform that belonged to Divine Realm’s stationed army.

Other than that, the attendants that were following her belonged to Divine Realm as well. Unlike Lailah, who had already achieved Celestial Soul, the attendants were only experts at handling various tasks and running errands. They didn't possess high cultivation.

After a glance, Jonathan could already tell that Lailah's cultivation was on the same level as Mabel's.

However, he would never expect himself to have a life-and-death relationship with Lailah in the future.

Of course, that would be a story for another time.

"Long time no see, Ms. Hall. You're still as beautiful as ever," Yareth complimented Lailah with a smile on his face.

She returned a polite grin and replied, "You look healthy and strong as well, Old Mr. Harrington."

There were a few other elders who greeted Lailah too, but the latter maintained a neutral tone in response. Judging from her attitude, it was apparent that she was an arrogant lady.

Still, it wasn't a surprise, as most accomplished people were always slightly prideful.

A few seconds later, Lailah ordered, "All candidates are required to gather in the center of the field right now."

Upon receiving the instruction, Jonathan, Catherine, and the rest of the candidates quickly walked toward the center of the field.

At that moment, Jonathan noticed that there were already many candidates gathering at the destination. All he could see from afar was a sea of people.

After the candidates gathered, Lailah walked toward them along with the attendants and other elders.

Jonathan stood beside Catherine and scanned the surroundings. There were at least a hundred candidates on the field at the moment, which was way more than the number that Yareth had told him.

All of the candidates were exceptional.

However, they were mostly scattered around the field, and there wasn't even a slight display of discipline at all.

After all, it was common for capable people like them to be rebellious and eccentric. It would be absurd to ask them to form a line like rookies.

"Everyone, get down now!" Lailah ordered sternly at this moment.

Instantaneously, Jonathan dragged Catherine downward and crouched.

Eventually, most of the candidates did the same, except for ten of them.

The ten candidates who refused to follow the instruction felt that crouching down was disrespectful and humiliating.

"Step forward!" she yelled at the candidates who refused to obey.

The ten candidates glanced at Lailah fearlessly and took a step forward, separating themselves from the crowd.

"The ten of you are eliminated. Now scram," she uttered heartlessly.

Jonathan's expression changed slightly because he hadn't expected her to be so straightforward. After all, the ten people who were disqualified were all aces and Nascent Soul elites.

It seemed like Nascent Soul elites were merely a bunch of ordinary folks when they were attending this assessment. However, that didn't mean that all Nascent Soul elites were worthless. They were a few selected people who successfully got to the final assessment.

The ten candidates were bewildered upon hearing Lailah's demands.

Finlay Kiehl was one of them. He had achieved the final stage of Nascent Soul.

The final stage of Nascent Soul was the same cultivation stage as Logan's.

There was no way that a person like that would stay humble. Right then, he glared at Lailah icily and protested, "Why? I refuse, Ms. Hall!"

I Am Unstoppable Chapter 173-Lailah shot Finlay a cold look. "No questions allowed. Here, I'm the one in charge. If I say that you're eliminated, then that

means that you're eliminated. Now go!"

"Why are you acting so f\*cking arrogant?" A candidate behind Finlay yelled at Lailah.

The other candidates immediately started to chime in, "Exactly. What are you being so arrogant for? Who are you trying to scare? Do you think that we will be afraid of you?"

Finlay led the rest of the candidates as they started to confront Lailah. He stared directly at Lailah and stated, "Ms. Hall, since we were ten, we had been instilled with the mindset that we have to get into the Divine Realm. We have prepared so long just for this day. If we were disqualified during the test, then we would have nothing to say. However, we just can't accept how unreasonable you're being right now."

"You can't accept this?" Lailah responded frigidly. "Then very well. You don't have to."

At that instant, the air seemed to freeze.

All they saw was a flash of movement in front of them.

Immediately after, they noticed that Lailah was still standing at the same spot.

However, there was now a fingermark on Finlay's forehead.

In the next moment, Finlay collapsed to the ground and died on the spot.

He had just been killed by Lailah.

Everyone else was stunned by the sight, and their eyes were filled with terror.

Even Jonathan felt that this was too brutal.

He knew that many of the candidates were from prominent families, so they lived pampered lives since they were young. They could only be where they were today because they had access to the finest resources for training. However, they were still filled with a sense of superiority.

None of them knew how harsh the real world was once they left the comfort

and protection of their families.

Lailah glanced at the nine other candidates who had confronted her. “Are there any more questions?”

They trembled in fear, and their faces turned ashen. They then hurriedly made their way off.

Soon, Finlay’s body was also carried out of the venue.

The old men behind Lailah remained silent, as there was nothing else they could say at that moment. Besides, the candidates who just withdrew had nothing to do with them.

Lailah scanned the remaining ninety-over candidates with a cold gleam in her eyes. Her voice was resounding as she boomed, “I know that all of you are exceptional individuals, be it at home or in your communities. However, there is one thing that you must be aware of. When you’re in my presence or that of the Divine Realm, you are nothing. None of you mean anything to the Divine Realm. It is only when you prove your worth that you will be of value to us.”

Lailah paced slowly as she continued, “All of you are decent in cultivation. It is already an achievement that you are able to obtain the Nascent Soul. However, we are not short of experts here at the Divine Realm, especially Nascent Soul experts like you. If any one of you here has achieved the Celestial Soul, we will then provide preferential treatment for you. It’s just a pity that none of you here have reached that stage.”

After pausing for a moment, she went on, “What is it that we need here at the Divine Realm? Firstly, we need experts. Secondly, we need loyal experts. And lastly, we need intelligent experts. Most of you have been pampered and raised in wealthy families since you were young. You probably took elixir pills to help you in your cultivation and received enlightenment from your elders. You would have minimal experience, which makes you useless to us.”

Lailah’s words pierced through their hearts like a sharp blade, shattering their confidence and sense of superiority.

Unlike the rest of them, Jonathan paid no attention to her words. After all, he was different from the others. He had made his way here through his sheer hard work and determination.

“The test will be a cruel one. This time, we are only accepting four out of the many of you into the gates of the Divine Realm. The rest of you will be eliminated mercilessly. In the elimination round, some of you might end up losing your lives, while some may end up being permanently crippled. Your life and death are solely in your hands. As such, if there’s anyone who wishes to withdraw now, please step forward.”

After Lailah finished her words, none of them stepped forward.

All of the candidates were in the Nascent Soul stage, and they wouldn’t choose to back down without a fight.

“Very well!” Lailah scanned the crowd. “Since that’s the case, then let the test begin. Everyone, please rise.”

The candidates instantly rose to their feet.

This time, they were more self-aware, and they stood up as straight as a ramrod.

“Get into groups of two, and we will begin the free sparring round. The winner will advance to the next round, while the loser will be eliminated. You may begin now!”

Everyone froze for a second after hearing Lailah’s command.

In the next instant, they came back to their senses and started sparring.

A candidate next to Jonathan immediately charged at him.

Jonathan was constantly on his toes, so he instantly dodged the person’s attack using a Shadow Step.

Hurriedly, the person went after him again.

“Do you think that I’m easy to pick on?” Jonathan scoffed. He then used the Mongrel Attack and kicked his opponent, sending the latter flying.

The candidate was also at the early stage of the Nascent Soul cultivation, but Jonathan realized that his combat skills were extremely weak. He was just no



match for Jonathan.

With that, Jonathan also understood that wealthy families indeed had a different method for training their kids to become Nascent Soul experts. In reality, those who used such methods couldn't be considered true Nascent Soul experts. Even a Neutralizing Force expert with an abundance of experience in sparring could easily defeat them.

In other words, Jonathan successfully advanced to the next round.

The candidates who won were led to stand behind Lailah.

At that moment, there was a massive ongoing melee on the field.

Soon, Catherine also joined Jonathan as she took her place behind Lailah. She was a final-stage Nascent Soul expert, and she had genuinely worked her way up to obtain it. She was unlike those who only reached the stage through elixir pills and enlightenment. As someone who was rather emotionless, she didn't have any traces of fear or panic in a fight, allowing her to have exceptional combat abilities.

This melee wasn't one that allowed everyone to escape unscathed.

Those who were involved in intense sparring ended up being killed by their opponents.

Half an hour later, forty candidates remained standing behind Lailah, and the remaining fifty of them were eliminated.

As for why there were more who were eliminated, it was because some were accidentally injured.

The fifty eliminated candidates sprawled on the field as they wailed in agony. There were also more than ten candidates who were beaten to death.

Just then, a gust of wind blew past the field, and they could smell the faint scent of blood.

It was only then that the candidates understood how cruel the test really was.

Soon after, the eliminated candidates were cleared off the field, while the

soldiers stretchered the dead bodies away.

“All of you. Go back to your original positions!” Lailah commanded.

The rest of them hurriedly complied.

Then, Lailah announced once again, “Get into groups of two and begin the free sparring round. The winner advances to the next round!”

This time, none of them hesitated, and they instantly broke out into fights.

A middle-stage Nascent Soul candidate launched his attack on Jonathan.

After all, Jonathan was only an early-stage Nascent Soul expert. He seemed like an easy opponent. This time around, his opponent wasn't a true Nascent Soul expert either. In a flash, Jonathan defeated him as well.

Catherine also defeated her opponent quickly, and the two of them made their way behind Lailah again.

Yareth had been observing the scene by the side, wearing a nonchalant expression on his face. To him, it was only natural that Jonathan and Catherine could smoothly advance to the next round. After all, if Jonathan couldn't even make it past the initial rounds, then he didn't deserve his respect.

At the end of the round, twenty people advanced, while the other twenty were eliminated.

This time, there were no accidental injuries.

It was undeniable that Lailah's test was brutal. Candidates were eliminated at the speed of light, and in the blink of an eye, only twenty candidates were left out of the initial hundred.

After ordering the soldiers to clear the eliminated candidates off the field, Lailah instructed the rest of them to return to their original positions.

She isn't going to keep eliminating us the same way, is she? Are we really going to continue sparring in groups of two?

Jonathan wasn't the only one who had those questions in mind.

However, the next elimination round caught them by surprise.

This time, Lailah invited one of the old men up onto the field.

Although his pace seemed slow as he walked out of the military base, he somehow reached Lailah in a few seconds. It was as if the distance beneath his feet had shrunk.

The old man had a scrawny figure, and he was dressed in black from head to toe. The wrinkles on his face looked as if they were carved with a knife, making him look exceptionally terrifying.

As he saw such an old man walking toward them, Jonathan couldn't help but grumble inwardly. After all, he had been traumatized by Sylvia's grandfather and Yareth. He thought that the older someone looked, the more powerful they were at cultivation.

His trauma was so severe that every time he saw an old lady on the streets, he would immediately assume that they were fighters as well.

He perfectly embodied the saying, "Once bitten, twice shy."

When Jonathan saw the old man, he couldn't quite tell what they would be doing next.

At the same time, the rest of the candidates were also wondering what this old man would be doing here.

Soon, the mystery was revealed.

Lailah announced, "This is Mr. Meyer. He will be the examiner for the next round of the test. For this round, you will have to last at least three seconds against Mr. Meyer. If not, you will be eliminated."

Once he heard her words, a chill ran down Jonathan's spine. As someone who was incredibly intelligent, he could instantly spot the trap in this round.

The biggest trap was that they had to last at least three seconds against Brandon Meyer.

Firstly, three seconds was a sufficient amount of time for an expert to defeat their opponent.

Secondly, a candidate could easily lose their fighting spirit if they just focused on the fact that they had to make it past three seconds. With that, it would be easier to defeat them.

“Who wants to go first?” Lailah asked as she scanned the crowd.

The candidates all fell silent.

None of them were willing to step up as they weren't familiar with Brandon's tactics. Whoever went first would be at a huge disadvantage, and there was a high chance that they would end up becoming sacrificial lambs.

On the other hand, Jonathan was unfazed. He was filled with courage after countless near-death encounters. Naturally, he wouldn't be afraid of such a challenge. Just as he was about to volunteer to go first, Lailah pointed at one of the candidates. “You. Step forward.”

That candidate was at the early stage of Nascent Soul cultivation and had obtained it through genuine cultivation. However, he lacked combat experience, and the reason why he could survive until now was mostly based on his luck.

As such, he was stunned when Lailah called him out, and his face turned as pale as a sheet.

“You are eliminated!” Lailah declared with a cold gleam in her eyes. “If you are so anxious when faced with a challenge, then you can forget about entering the Divine Realm!”

“Next! You over there! Come over!” Lailah then pointed at another candidate.

The next candidate was Benedict Turner, who was at the middle stage of Nascent Soul. He had a much stronger psychological resilience than the previous candidate. Once he was given the challenge, he walked out composedly. He was confident that he could last for three seconds.

I Am Unstoppable Chapter 174-Benedict made his way forward and stood across from Brandon.

The north wind was howling. Suddenly, it started snowing heavily, making the atmosphere desolate.

Benedict and Brandon were about to have the showdown of a lifetime.

However, Brandon was a feeble old man, while Benedict was in his prime.

As Jonathan watched them closely, the rest of the candidates had their eyes glued to them as well.

At that moment, Lailah announced the start of the test with an icy look in her eyes.

Brandon swiftly made his move.

As he moved, all one could see was his afterimage. He exuded a powerful aura and vitality. Just a second before, Brandon was nothing more than a frail old man. In the blink of an eye, he had turned into a deadly monster. The sudden change in his aura was absolutely terrifying.

Brandon was like a tree standing strong in the winter cold. Beneath the dead leaves on the surface, it was still brimming with life.

His strength could shatter one's soul.

It was said that when people fell to their deaths, some of them died from fear before even hitting the ground. Similarly, the power of an expert like Brandon was enough to scare one so much that they lost their guts instantly.

It was the same reason why soldiers would turn tail and run in the middle of a battle.

The fire in Benedict's heart fizzled out immediately in the face of Brandon's explosive strength. Initially, he had made a plan so that he would last at least three seconds in the fight. Despite that, he completely blanked out and forgot everything once he saw Brandon make his moves.

Boom!

Benedict's vision went black. He felt a powerful force slam into his chest before he was sent flying and then crashing onto the ground. He didn't even last a millisecond, much less three seconds.

Even though Benedict was at the middle stage of Nascent Soul, he only gained more strength. He didn't have his own force field or aura.

That was why he was so thoroughly rattled by the sudden outburst of Brandon's aura.

Meanwhile, Brandon lowered his head once again. It was as if he was nothing but a pathetic old man. It was hard to believe that the intimidating man just moments before was him.

Lailah, on the other hand, expressionlessly pointed at another candidate. "Your turn," she stated.

Smack! Brandon sent that one flying with a single punch as well.

There was no trace of emotion in Lailah's gaze. Meanwhile, a few of the old men whose grandsons had been defeated had already left with their grandsons.

Jonathan could tell that Brandon was at the middle stage of Nascent Soul.

However, despite the fact that Brandon was at the same stage as the other candidates, he was in a completely different league. That was because Brandon had an immeasurable amount of blood on his hands. The wicked aura that he emanated was incomparably horrifying.

It would be hard for anyone to defeat him.

Not everyone who had reached Nascent Soul was worthy of achieving Immortal Level.

First of all, they would need to have a strong foundation backing them up. They needed a lot of experience in combat.

Nascent Soul experts who had been trained in a sheltered environment were essentially like newborn babies. Despite their qualifications, they were no better than an ordinary citizen in the real world.

However, that didn't mean there were no actual experts participating in the examination.

In the following matches, Jonathan bore witness to a few truly terrifying experts.

One of them was called Simon Sandler, who had reached the final stage of Nascent Soul. He was a lanky and tall man who seemed to be around thirty

years old. The aura that he gave off made him seem like a demon who had crawled out from the depths of hell.

In his battle against Brandon, Simon unexpectedly forced the former to back off in just three seconds.

With that, Simon swiftly advanced to the next round.

His cultivation was simply too powerful. Thus, he left a strong impression on Jonathan.

However, Simon was a very aloof man. He didn't look at anyone as he made his way to the space behind Lailah.

He was the first person to advance to the next stage.

The second was a man called Chester Schnee, who looked to be twenty-five years old. He had a refined and tactful air to him. Chester's movement was elegant, and he smoothly advanced to the next round soon.

The third person to advance was Lesley Quinton. He was around twenty-eight years old.

To Jonathan, he seemed like an honest and sincere man.

Lesley was at the middle stage of Nascent Soul, and he practiced the Universal Punch. His techniques were fierce and steady. He followed his own method of alternating between attacking and defending.

No matter how Brandon tried to press on him, Lesley was immovable.

Three seconds later, Lesley successfully advanced to the next stage.

Another six people managed to advance after that.

The tenth person was Catherine.

She breezed through the fight with Brandon.

At that point, nine of the candidates had been eliminated, while ten of them had advanced.

The last remaining candidate was Jonathan himself.

On the surface, he seemed weak. He was only at the early stage of Nascent Soul, after all.

Most of the candidates at that stage couldn't even withstand a single blow.

Other than Catherine and Simon, who were at the final stage of Nascent Soul, the other candidates who managed to advance were all at the middle stage of Nascent Soul.

If Jonathan managed to advance to the next level, he would be the weakest among all of the successful candidates.

Lailah's face remained devoid of emotion.

Stepping forward, Jonathan faced Brandon.

Brandon then began making his move.

Jonathan didn't want to show too much of his power, so he used Shadow Step to dodge. He then used Antelope Rhythm to evade Brandon's continuous attacks.

Three seconds passed by in no time at all. There wasn't a single scratch on Jonathan.

Thus, he managed to advance to the next stage.

Out of a hundred candidates, ten of them had made it to the next round.

Lailah announced, "This is the end of the test for today. There will be another round tomorrow. After that, you can officially become part of the external disciples of the Divine Realm."

Jonathan let out a sigh of relief after hearing that.

Lailah then got the staff behind her to escort the candidates to get some rest.

Afterward, Jonathan grabbed Catherine's hand and walked over to Yareth. He greeted, "Hello, Grandpa."

Yareth smiled. "Go on."

He didn't have much to say.



Thus, Jonathan and Catherine proceeded to leave.

Yareth bid farewell to Lailah as well.

Following Lailah's instruction, the staff took everyone to the shared dorm first.

Out of the eleven candidates there, Catherine was the only girl.

There were six bunk beds in the dorm for twelve people. The Divine Realm hadn't prepared any special accommodation for Catherine.

Considering the circumstances, she had no choice but to bear with it.

The staff member who was in charge of leading them around was called Shane Wendell. He was a Chanaean Anglandurn in his thirties. He used to be a department head in Anglandur before he applied to work at the Divine Realm.

Shane was a stern and meticulous man. He announced, "All of you have one hour to rest. After that, I'll bring you guys to the cafeteria for your lunch. Please stay in the dorm until then. You are not allowed to wander around."

Then, he turned to leave.

With that, the candidates began choosing beds for themselves.

Jonathan chose one and instructed Catherine to take the bed above his, which she obeyed without hesitation.

That was likely because of the agreement they had made before. Besides that, Catherine didn't really care much about anything.

Jonathan lay down. He hadn't even closed his eyes when he sensed two people coming his way.

He immediately sat up and saw that it was Chester and someone called Elijah Murray.

Elijah was around twenty-four years old. He was at the middle stage of Nascent Soul, and he was fairly skilled. He had a strong foundation in both Tiger's Roar and Dragon's Shield.

Because of that, he was incredibly arrogant.

However, the people around him were all exceptional, so he held his conceit back.

Jonathan was the exception.

As Chester and Elijah walked over, the former smiled at Jonathan before saying, "Hello, Jonathan."

All of the candidates knew each other's names and backgrounds as Lailah had publicized the name list beforehand.

Jonathan stared at Chester in confusion. He didn't want to be rude, so he simply smiled back and replied, "Hello, Chester."

"Can we sit on your bed?" Chester asked.

Jonathan's gaze turned wary. He was an experienced man who wouldn't be fooled so easily. There was a possibility that the two of them would suddenly go berserk and take his life. The Divine Realm wouldn't stand on his side, either. They would just say that he deserved to die.

On top of that, it would be pointless to stand on his side because he would be dead by then.

Thus, he stood up and said, "Sure."

He would stand up while the two of them sat down.

Chester was slightly surprised by that. Still, he grinned and remarked, "You're a smart one, Jonathan."

There was a fake smile on Jonathan's face as he asked, "Is there a reason why you two came to me?"

Since Jonathan stood up, Chester and Elijah did not sit down. Chester stated, "It's thanks to fate that we're all here together. That's why we want to get closer to you, Jonathan. We might join the Divine Realm together in the future, after all."

A candidate named Walter Norris immediately got up after hearing that. With a cynical tone, he mocked, "Haha! You love to scheme, don't you, Chester? If you guys make it into the Divine Realm, the rest of us will just be your background characters, won't we?"

There were only four slots, after all.

Chester's words had caused the others to feel displeased.

Elijah swiftly turned to Walter and retorted, "What? You got a problem, brat?"

Walter was an egoistic person as well. He wanted to refute, but when he looked at Chester and his gang, all he could do was sneer and stay quiet.

Ignoring Walter, Chester turned back to Jonathan with a friendly expression. "Let's be friends from now on, Jonathan. We'll have to take care of each other."

Jonathan couldn't help but rub his nose. He felt a little irritated.

Chester was a people pleaser, and people like that loved to form cliques.

On the other hand, the other candidates were all pretentious people who couldn't be bothered with things like that.

The thing that frustrated Jonathan was that Chester specifically chose him out of everyone else. He wondered if it was because he was the weakest in terms of cultivation, so Chester thought he would be an easy target.

That was the obvious answer.

Even so, Jonathan did not refuse. He didn't want to make enemies for no reason. There were still many uncertainties at that moment.

Thus, he grinned and exclaimed, "Of course we should help each other. I sure hope you'll support me, Chester."

Chester was satisfied with Jonathan's obedient response. He patted the latter on the shoulder and replied, "No problem."

Right then, Elijah leaned in and whispered curiously, "So, what kind of relationship do you and Catherine have, Jonathan? It seems like she listens to everything you say. Is she your girl? Nice work, man. I can't believe you managed to get yourself such a sexy woman."

"She's my wife," Jonathan uttered.

That left Elijah dumbstruck. He clearly felt a bit embarrassed, and there was a trace of disappointment in his tone as he muttered, "O-Oh, I see."

Considering how gorgeous Catherine was, it was hard to resist her.

An hour later, Shane brought them to the cafeteria to eat.

It was a military cafeteria that was spacious and brightly lit.

The snow outside was still heavy as ever. It covered the ground with a layer of white.

In the cafeteria, a dense crowd of soldiers was eating.

I Am Unstoppable Chapter 175-Jonathan's group of candidates was set to have their meals on the other side, where there were five empty tables.

Chester and Elijah naturally followed Jonathan along with Catherine.

To everyone else, the four of them appeared to be a small group.

Although the other candidates had not planned to form cliques initially, they decided to do so due to feeling pressured by Jonathan's group.

Walter naturally went over to Lesley's side. Being a level-headed person, the latter was courteous toward him. Hence, the two hit it off right away. After that, Lesley also roped in two other candidates. The four of them formed a small group and sat at a table.

In the end, the only ones left were Simon, William, and Landyn.

William and Landyn immediately decided to sit together before casting their doubtful stares at Simon.

Among all the candidates, Simon was probably ranked the first in terms of abilities.

Hence, they felt that as long as they could win over him, they would no longer need to be afraid of the others.

At that moment, he sat alone at a table while exuding the air of a loner, making it hard for anyone to approach him.

He did not seem to require any friends.

William and Landyn approached him with awkward smiles on their faces. "Let's sit together, Simon!" While William was saying that, he and Landyn sat down at the table.

Simon lifted his head and stared at them with an icy expression as he shouted without a hint of hesitation, "Get lost!"

His response stunned William and Landyn as they did not expect him to be so unamenable.

Furthermore, they dared not say a word upon sensing his imposing aura.

Their faces reddened with humiliation, and after hesitating for a while, they got up and left.

This scene was witnessed by all the other candidates.

Chester glanced in Simon's direction before whispering to Jonathan and Elijah, "I heard that Simon is not the descendant of a prominent family. He used to be an assassin, but because he saved Old Mr. Tanner in Hallsbay later on, the man gave him a recommendation."

Jonathan shuddered while also feeling slightly taken aback.

Having sensed Simon's terrifying aura before, his thoughts were that a son of a prominent family should not possess this kind of aura, and now, Chester's words had confirmed his speculation.

Elijah scoffed upon hearing that, saying, "So, he's just a mere assassin. I thought that he was someone influential, acting all arrogant like that."

Jonathan glanced at him. "Status and background don't matter for spiritual fighters. The more reckless people are, the more they can get the true meaning of the fighter's bloodthirst."

Elijah's expression turned grim almost immediately.

Noticing that the atmosphere had turned awkward, Chester immediately

attempted to smooth things over. "Times are different now, so it's pointless to say that." After a pause, he continued, "However, I must say that Simon will be our biggest threat. Thankfully, he's an introvert, so we don't need to fear him."

Jonathan decided to drop the conversation.

Although Simon was the strongest, Jonathan had experienced deadly wars and also possessed Haemocore, so he was not particularly afraid of him.

Moreover, he also had another thought in mind. I'll be wary of Chester instead as he's definitely a two-faced person.

The menu of the day consisted of four dishes, which tasted quite good.

After they had their fill, everyone was sent back to the dorms to rest.

Upon reaching the dorm, Simon immediately sat cross-legged and started cultivating.

Due to the lack of entertainment options, the others soon followed suit.

Catherine did not utter a single word, merely doing whatever Jonathan told her to do. This made him feel deeply touched.

As the night approached, everyone remained in their little cliques as they went for dinner.

Simon was the only one without a group.

William and Landyn tried to suck up to him, but unfortunately for them, Simon was not interested. They did not attempt to join another group, as the Divine Realm only had four places this time. Hence, if a group had six people, two would have to be eliminated.

As such, the group would certainly not be united.

During the meal, Chester suggested to Jonathan's group, "Jonathan, seeing as there are only four places in Divine Realm, I sincerely hope that all four of us can be recruited. However, you can tell that the others aren't weak either. So for us to win, we must be united. Don't you think so?"

Jonathan smiled and responded, "You're right."

Chester then went on, "However, we should select a leader among us, shouldn't we? Just so that it's easier to handle things when there's an unexpected situation. Don't you think?"

Upon hearing that, Jonathan stared at him a little longer before replying, "I think that there's no one else more suitable for this role than you, Chester."

Chester looked slightly surprised. "That won't do! We should take a vote," he suggested with a smile.

However, Jonathan replied, "There's no need for that. Anyway, my wife and I both think you're best suited for this."

Elijah naturally had no objections.

Seeing this, Chester no longer pretended to be polite. "Since everyone has agreed, then I'll accept it begrudgingly."

Jonathan smiled in response.

He naturally would not compete to become the leader, knowing that even if he did, Chester and Elijah were unreliable.

Chester's words were clear and he was merely going with the flow.

By seven in the evening, everything was covered in white.

The layer of snow that blanketed the training ground was an inch thick, extending into the horizon.

In the dorm, all the candidates were focused on cultivating.

Sitting with his legs crossed, Jonathan was channeling his senses into feeling the power of the Haemocore.

With a shift of intention, he could allow the Haemocore to absorb part of his vitality.

According to a secret technique by the Requiem, all of Jonathan's energy, spirit, and essence had been concealed, making him seem like a person without cultivation.

This was the mystical power of the Requiem.

He also discovered that his Haemocore was still growing alongside his continuous cultivation, and he did not know to what extent it would reach.

After cultivating for two hours, Jonathan finally opened his eyes.

The lights in the dorm were off, and all was quiet.

Noticing that the others were still cultivating, he decided to lie down.

There was a tension around him that he did not like.

It gave him the feeling of a prison that was trapping him inside.

In this place, he had to abide by the rules of Divine Realm and must obey instructions.

Jonathan was used to living a carefree life, wandering around every corner of the world. Because of that, he did not enjoy feeling burdened.

Despite that, he knew that he could only accept it. In life, one cannot live freely without any constraints forever as there would always be responsibilities to shoulder.

Jonathan gave it a lot of thought. He knew that Mabel and Polly did not need to enter the Divine Realm as they did not require any motivation to keep improving.

However, he was aware that he was too lax and required this environment to train him.

He figured that his master had sent him to Smealand back then because his master had an astute understanding of Jonathan's personality.



Jonathan knew very well that if he wanted to be free, he had to keep climbing upwards. It was only when his abilities had reached a certain level that he would attain a certain degree of freedom.

However, little did he know that his life's turmoil would begin once he had stepped into the Divine Realm.

Accompanied by these mixed emotions, Jonathan slowly drifted off to sleep.

He slept exceptionally well for the rest of the night, and it was seven in the morning when he woke up.

Everyone did not need to wash up, as a Nascent Soul expert's body was free from filth.

Shane came to take everyone to breakfast. "You have fifteen minutes to have breakfast. Gather at the training ground after that," he instructed.

Everyone was engrossed in their own thoughts during breakfast, trying to guess what the test would be like on that day.

Once breakfast was over, they went to the assembly location on the training ground.

Amid the snow, the first person they spotted was Lailah, who looked valiant and charismatic in her military uniform.

Behind her were several service staff as well as two military aircraft.

As everyone arrived in front of her, she glanced at them before shouting out commands, "Attention! At ease! Look left! Look ahead!"

Everyone was well-trained by now, so they followed obediently like a new recruit.

Lailah stood before them, sweeping her gaze across all the candidates before saying seriously, "I have bad news for you. I received an order from the headquarters of Divine Realm, which is that only one spot is available at this time. The person who gets it shall receive intensive training from our organization."

Everyone's faces fell upon hearing that.

Jonathan was also in complete shock. He was not afraid of any enemy. However, if there was only one place, a choice had to be made between him and Catherine.

We'll rely on our own abilities. Anyway, no matter which of us is chosen, I'll still protect the Harrington family in the future to repay Old Mr. Harrington's kindness.

With that thought in mind, his heart settled instantly.

Lailah continued, "The final elimination round is also the cruelest. We'll send you to Ophidian Island in Norham. You'll have to kill everyone else to win, and the final survivor will be recruited."

Jonathan's heart sank again.

The faces of Chester, Elijah, William, and the others also turned ashen except for Simon, who remained impassive as usual.

Jonathan could not help but sneak a glance at Catherine. She appeared indifferent like Simon.

A hint of anguish flashed across his eyes.

Never would he have expected that the entire universe would conspire to play a practical joke on him.

If only one could live between him and Catherine, there was no doubt what his choice would be, for he could never take her life for his own survival.

Jonathan had a quick change of mind. I'll quit or ask Catherine to quit. However, I'm worried about her. She's so naïve. What if someone took her life on the island? How will I face Old Mr. Harrington then?

Just then, Lailah exclaimed, "I have eleven golden silkworms here. Consume them if you're willing to participate in the final assessment. If not, you may quit now. I would like to remind all of you that once you've consumed the silkworms, you'll be killed by them if you don't return within ten days and get close to their mother."

I Am Unstoppable Chapter 176-The golden silkworms were like young children. They needed to be close to their mother to remain calm.

Currently, the dormancy period for the golden silkworms was ten days. After ten days, if the victor did not return to the military base, they would die on Ophidian Island.

Jonathan lamented inwardly. Prior to this, he had ingested a Supreme Nascent Pill. Thus, his body was immune to poisons. However, the golden silkworms were exempt from the effects of the pill. They were not poisonous because they were parasites that consumed people from the insides of their bodies, thereby rendering the effects of the Supreme Nascent Pill useless.

The moment the golden silkworms were ingested, the person was stepping on a path of no return. There was no turning back.

However, it was completely up to their own volition whether to take them or not.

Lailah surveyed the crowd before her. In a cold voice devoid of any emotions, she announced, "Those who wish to participate, step forward and ingest the golden silkworms. Those who are unwilling to do so will be eliminated. We will arrange for a military aircraft to take dropouts back home."

Simon was the first to step forward and swallow the golden silkworm.

He was followed by Lesley, and the third to step forward was Elijah.

It was going to be a life and death situation, with only one victor emerging amongst them.

The candidates had already come so far, and many of them carried the pride of their families on the line. Thus, they could not afford to back down. There were nine of them, but there could only be one winner who emerged victoriously.

Even a tactful person like Chester stepped forward to consume the golden silkworms.

The people who have made it thus far were all exceptional people who were lofty and prideful. It was simply shameful and unacceptable to back down without even trying. It was a joke to even suggest dropping out.

Naturally, among the eleven candidates, not every one of them was unafraid of death. William and Landyn exchanged glances with each other before simultaneously announcing their withdrawal from the battle.

Lailah said blandly, "Go back to your dorms. Arrangements will be made to send you home."

Both William and Landyn heaved sighs of relief. It wasn't an easy decision, but they felt like a heavy burden had been lifted from their shoulders. Their hearts also felt much at ease. The two of them bowed at Lailah, then turned and walked away.

After their departure, the rest of the candidates quickly consumed the golden silkworms.

Finally, Jonathan and Catherine were the only ones left.

At that moment, Jonathan was still stuck in a dilemma.

It wasn't that he had no intention of dropping out. However, Mabel had such high expectations for him. Old Mr. Harrington also expected great things from him.

These expectations placed upon him were like invincible shackles that bound him, making him unable to break free.

He felt that if he were to quit, he would become a colossal joke.

But what if he proceeded to the next stage?

Would he be pit against Catherine in a battle of life and death?

That was impossible. He would be unable to live with himself if he did such a thing.

Moreover, Catherine was too naive. He was afraid that she would fall prey to the more cunning and sinister candidates.

Jonathan couldn't bear to stand by and watch her die.

Therefore, the best possible solution was for Catherine to drop out now.

However, Jonathan wasn't sure how to broach the subject.

It would be too selfish to force her to quit just because of his personal reasons.

From the point of view of an outsider, it would seem like Jonathan was afraid to compete with Catherine, thus forcing her to quit in order to ensure his victory.

Jonathan stood rooted to the spot as countless thoughts ran through his mind.

Catherine glanced at Jonathan, perplexed.

Lailah and the other candidates also turned to look at Jonathan and Catherine.

"If the two of you won't consume the golden silkworms, I'm going to assume you're quitting," Lailah said calmly.

Jonathan was unable to speak.

Faced with their silence, Lailah said, "Go back to your dorms. Someone will send you home later on."

"No, I will do it!" Catherine finally reacted. Without giving Jonathan a second look, she strode forward.

She stood before Lailah and quickly swallowed the golden silkworms.

Jonathan wanted to stop her, but in the end, he could not bring himself to say the words.

"Catherine, please give up." It was so simple, and yet try as he might, he could not muster the courage to utter those four words.

"What about you?" Lailah looked at Jonathan.

He saw that Catherine had already swallowed the worms, and his inner turmoil vanished. There was no turning back.

He sighed to himself. Fine, Old Mr. Harrington. I'll protect Catherine with my life. Consider this me paying off my debt to you.

As soon as he made up his mind, Jonathan no longer wavered. He strode to Lailah, grabbed the golden silkworms, and swallowed them in one gulp.

The moment the parasites entered his body, they instantly sought out his intestines and attached themselves.

Even if he went for surgery, Jonathan knew he wasn't going to be able to get the parasites out. Because once the golden silkworms awakened, they would move about freely within the body.

There was no cultivation technique that could suppress this type of parasite.

"Good!" After Lailah made sure all the candidates who were proceeding had ingested the worms, she declared, "The elimination round lasts a total of ten days. On the morning of the tenth day, we will send a military aircraft to pick you up. The victor needs to collect the heads of the nine other candidates. If they fail to obtain the heads, it will be considered a mission failure, and our military aircraft will automatically turn back."

Such brutal rules! It could be said it was perversely barbaric, almost.

However, there was nothing they could do.

The candidates had entered the tournament willingly. Therefore, they would have to abide by the rules.

Following the briefing, the candidates were split into two military aircraft. The military aircraft took off once the candidates were seated.

Lailah did not follow.

Jonathan could not help but look at Catherine as the aircraft soared into the air.

Catherine's expression remained calm, there wasn't a single trace of apprehension on her face.

Jonathan's heart ached. Oh, Catherine, when you chose to participate in the

tournament, did you think of what it would mean for us? Perhaps you won't care even if I died.

Nonetheless, Jonathan wasn't one to dwell on sentiments. After allowing himself to wallow for a brief moment, he immediately gathered his thoughts and made himself calm down.

There were a total of nine candidates and four of them were seated in Jonathan's aircraft.

They were Chester, Elijah, Catherine, and Jonathan himself.

The atmosphere was strangely tense.

Chester and Elijah remained eerily silent, but that was to be expected. None of them had foreseen an elimination round.

They had intended to form a team of four and work together to clear the round, but their plans had been foiled by the conditions as only one person could win.

It no longer mattered if the four of them were a team, for they had to kill the other three to pass.

At that moment, a gulf had formed, and even Chester and Elijah kept their guards up around each other.

All of a sudden, Chester broke the stagnant silence. He coughed and smiled wryly. "Jonathan, Elijah, I have something to say."

Jonathan had already managed to regain his composure. Smiling, he said. "Sure, go ahead!"

Elijah looked at Chester wordlessly.

Chester continued, "Without a doubt, our biggest enemy is Simon. It doesn't matter if the four of us have to fight each other later on. Our chances of winning will be greater if we work together and take care of them first. What do you think?"

Elijah stared at Chester. "What do you mean?" he asked.

“With me as the team leader, I’m suggesting we hunt down the other candidates first. After we kill the others, we can go our separate ways,” Chester said.

Elijah pondered for a moment before agreeing. “Okay!”

Jonathan glanced at Chester. Each one of them was harboring their own ulterior motives, but Chester’s suggestion wasn’t a bad idea.

Jonathan did not trust Chester and Elijah anyway, thus, he had no choice but to wait and see how things would unfold. “Okay,” he said.

“I will be the team leader. Are you all okay with that?” Chester asked.

“All right!” Jonathan said.

Elijah agreed.

Naturally, Catherine had no objections.

After deciding on their battle plan, the four of them began to quietly cultivate, and the cabin fell into silence.

The military aircraft weaved through the clouds.

Focusing internally, Jonathan could sense the golden silkworms inside himself.

The parasites were currently nestled in his duodenum, unmoving. They were currently in a dormant state.

Jonathan could move the vitality in his body freely, but it wasn’t possible for him to relocate his organs. Thus, he was really helpless against the golden silkworms.

He lamented at the Divine Realm’s ability to make so many experts endure humiliation in order to join the ranks. To have countless people giving up their dignity, and risking life and death, just for one spot. Was it worth it?

Jonathan felt that he was forced to participate in the Divine Realm’s test due to unavoidable circumstances. The Divine Realm was the place where the



most experts and the most talented people were gathered. It contained unimaginable glory, enticing people who practiced Destino Art to participate.

For ordinary students, getting into prestigious universities was their pride and joy.

For fighters who wished to join the Divine Realm, this was their equivalent, or perhaps regarded as an even higher existence than the prestigious universities. The conditions to get in were much more brutal.

It was eleven o'clock in the morning. After flying for about three hours, the aircraft finally landed on a small tropical island near Norham.

Ophidian Island was surrounded by the endless sea on all sides. From the view of the military aircraft above, they could see that the island was entirely covered by green foliage, and it almost made them think it was a primeval forest.

The sunlight beat down fiercely on the beach.

Coming in from the winter of Yaleview, Jonathan and the other candidates felt as if they had traversed two seasons.

Fortunately, they had been prepared and left their thick military coats on board the aircraft. The coats would have been a liability.

They were here to kill each other, perhaps it would have been better not to come.

Just then, a cool breeze blew in from the ocean.

The military aircraft immediately left the moment the candidates got off.

From this moment onward, the brutal elimination round officially began, and it was time to start the bloodshed.

There were five people in Simon's group. They clustered far away, seemingly without the intention to approach Jonathan's group. The two groups stood thirty meters apart, both surveying each other from afar as the scent of the salty sea brine permeated the air.

"Simon has always been more of a lone wolf who refuses to work with others. I reckon they will soon fight it out. I say we wait for them to cull their own

numbers before making our move,” Chester suggested after a moment of observing Simon’s group.

Jonathan nodded. He saw no reason to object to Chester’s suggestion.

Elijah agreed.

Just as they were about to move away, something happened within the other group.

A cry of pain pierced through the air from the direction of Simon’s group, and it was immediately punctuated by a loud roar.

Jonathan’s sharp eyes immediately spotted the corpse lying on the ground. That person was killed by Simon. “Everyone, kill him!” The remaining three candidates went after Simon.

The moment they made their move, Simon turned tail and fled. He nimbly made his way toward the jungle, his speed so fast that they could only see an afterimage.

Soon, Simon escaped into the jungle with the three candidates hot on his heels.

Simon was obviously a person that acted fast. Casting aside caution, he had made his kill the moment they got off the military aircraft, seemingly without any plan in mind.

I Am Unstoppable Chapter 177-“Let’s check it out,” Jonathan said and walked away.

At that moment, he looked like a leader, and he definitely had the aura of one.

The others followed him and walked over to the body.

When they neared it, Jonathan realized who it was.

It was Walter Norris.

Walter was not the most outstanding person, but he was the leader of a group he established with four other candidates.

Jonathan’s expression turned somber.

There was definitely a reason why Simon murdered Walter – he wanted the remaining three candidates to be left without a leader.

Walter's body lay lifelessly on the beach. His eyes had been pierced right through and were covered in blood.

It looked like Simon had punctured it with his fingernails.

Walter was a handsome man. However, after this attack by Simon, he looked terrifying. His death caused an invisible weight on Jonathan and the others' hearts. What happened to Walter may one day happen to them.

At that, they could not help but feel sorrow and fearful.

Jonathan quickly recovered from his misery. He knew that Chester was right to be wary of Simon.

Especially since they were in this situation, Simon showed how heartless and malicious he was. The rules of the jungle suited him.

“What are you doing?” At that moment, Elijah suddenly called out in surprise.

Chester had bent down and was holding Walter's head like a watermelon. He appeared very strange doing that.

Chester looked up at the sound and said, “The rules say that we have to collect all the heads of the other members. Since he's already dead, naturally, we will need to keep his head safe.”

As he spoke, Chester moved and twisted Walter's head off his neck. The scene was too gruesome to watch.

Jonathan was used to scenes like this. Hence, he did not show any reaction. All he thought about was to be wary of Chester. Though he looked like a tactful person, he might be even crueler than Simon.

Catherine was also unfazed by it.

However, Elijah could not stand the horrendous scene. He looked away and vomited.

At that moment, all of them finally realized how insane the rules were.

Chester held on to the severed head and said, "You guys go ahead and find some food. We have an advantage now. Because Simon did not have the time to take his head, he will need to return for it to win. I'll go and hide it somewhere for now."

"Let's go, then," Jonathan agreed and gestured for everyone to follow him into the jungle.

Elijah glanced at Chester before looking back at Jonathan and Catherine. He suddenly felt afraid of Chester.

Before this, Elijah thought of Chester as a big brother who always took care of him.

Right now, his earlier display of cruelty made Elijah shudder.

Instead, Elijah felt that Jonathan and Catherine were more trustworthy now.

When Elijah noticed how Chester was still fiddling about with the head, his heart gripped with fear, and he quickly caught up with Jonathan and Catherine.

They went into the jungle.

When Elijah finally caught up with them, his face was pale. "Jonathan, we won't be able to find the head if Chester hides it. Why would you allow him to do so?"

Jonathan looked over at him and smiled. "Do you find the rules of the Divine Realm's assessment reasonable?"

"Not at all," Elijah replied. "But what can we do about it? The rules have already been set in stone. We have no choice but to abide by it," he continued in confusion.

"Divine Realm recruits people every year. What do you think their aim is?" Jonathan asked.

"To recruit talented professionals," Elijah replied immediately. "What are you trying to say?"

Jonathan said, "You're right. They're looking for talented individuals. But it looks like they are trying to kill everyone with how absurd their rules are. I was

just thinking if they really wanted to recruit us, and if the last man standing did not manage to collect nine heads, would Divine Realm reject the winner simply because of that?”

“I don’t think so?” Elijah replied in a doubtful voice. “So, are you saying that we will be fine even if we don’t collect nine heads?”

“Actually, I’ve thought of another possibility. Maybe, in order to win the assessment, you don’t need to be the last man standing. I’m guessing that as long as we fight as well as we can, winners will definitely emerge from battles. The ones who manage to survive will be qualified. Maybe the actual criteria to victory are to break the rules?” Jonathan said thoughtfully.

“But this is all just your speculation. What if you’re wrong?” Elijah asked worriedly.

Jonathan replied, “I’m just mindlessly thinking about it. Not everyone will believe me anyway. They will still slaughter each other like animals. After all, no one in their right mind would take their lives lightly.”

The atmosphere in the jungle was moist and smelt like wet soil.

As they walked, there were some poisonous bugs and scorpions crawling about.

Some of the trees nearby had poisonous snakes wrapped around the bark. They hissed at the group of humans as they walked past.

The three of them were elite fighters, which explained why they were unfazed by it. As they walked around, nothing came to disturb them.

Soon, Jonathan and the others found a peach tree. They climbed up the tree and plucked nearly all of the peaches.

After a while, Elijah spoke up. “So, what are we going to do now?”

“Didn’t Chester ask us to find food? Since we’ve found some, we should head back,” Jonathan replied.

Elijah looked at Jonathan. “I don’t get it, Jonathan.”

“Get what?” Jonathan asked calmly.

“You’re a smart guy,” Elijah started. “I’ve noticed that the moment we met. But why are you listening to Chester? The three of us can form our own team and kill Chester right now. I’ve already seen how selfish and cruel he can be. He can no longer be trusted,” he said in a breath.

Jonathan only smiled at Elijah’s worries. “Actually, I have a better idea. I’ll just kill you now, then kill Chester later.”

Elijah’s eyes widened in shock as he staggered backward. He looked at Jonathan in fear.

Jonathan chuckled at his reaction. “Don’t worry. Why would I tell you that if I really wanted to kill you? Furthermore, I had so many chances to do so just now. Yet, you’re still alive, aren’t you?”

“Why don’t you do it, then?” Elijah asked curiously as he slowly let his guard down.

“It’s simple. Even if Chester is a despicable person, I’m not. I made a promise to him when we were on the plane. Therefore, I will stick by my words unless he breaks his side of the promise first.”

Elijah looked at him with a weird expression. “I can’t believe there’s still someone like you in this world.”

Jonathan dropped the conversation and walked toward the beach.

In a few minutes, they reached their destination.

Chester had already thrown Walter’s body into the sea. Furthermore, he had hidden Walter’s severed head well. No one would be able to find it anytime soon.

When the three of them emerged from the jungle, Chester was sitting on the sand with his legs crossed.

He opened his eyes and got up when he heard the sound of their footsteps approaching.

“Food is here,” Jonathan said as he passed some peaches over to Chester.

In truth, they did not have to worry about starving to death in the jungle.

Moreover, Jonathan had a lot of experience living in jungles. That was why he was so calm.

Chester took the peaches over and said, "We can't survive on fruits forever. Let's do this instead. Let's split up and work together. Elijah and I will go to collect some firewood. See if you and your wife can catch some fish from the sea. Grilled fish for dinner sounds good."

"All right," Jonathan instantly agreed.

Chester took a bite of the peach and looked at Elijah. "Let's go, Elijah."

Before he left, Elijah looked back at Jonathan before scurrying off.

Both of them soon entered the jungle, leaving Jonathan and Catherine on the beach.

The sunset was beautiful.

The golden rays of the setting sun shone on Catherine's beautiful face. She looked just like an ice princess.

After all that had happened, Catherine still remained expressionless.

Jonathan could not help but feel a little sad inside.

Naturally, he did not actually go to catch some fish. He sat down on the beach instead. Jonathan patted the spot beside him and looked up at Catherine. "Have a seat, Catherine."

Catherine obediently sat down next to him.

Jonathan reached out and took her small hands into his own. Her soft hands were still as cold as ever.

Catherine looked at Jonathan in confusion.

The latter forced a smile in response and noticed that a piece of hair had fallen in front of her eyes. He reached out and put it behind her ear.

"You seem unhappy," Catherine pointed out.

“Catherine, will you be sad if I died one day?” Jonathan asked instead of replying.

Catherine shook her head. “I don’t know what sadness feels like.”

Jonathan smiled bitterly and looked away.

Why am I putting so many expectations on her? I must not forget that she’s a cold-blooded person.

“I’m going to catch some fish. Wait here.” Jonathan took a deep breath and stood up.

An hour had passed when Elijah and Chester finally returned.

They managed to collect a lot of firewood.

Jonathan also managed to catch quite a number of fish.

“Start the fire, Elijah. I’ll cook the fish,” Chester instructed with a smile. “I’m really good at grilling fish, Jonathan. Stay tuned for the best meal you’ll ever have.”

Jonathan smiled and responded, “All right.”

And Chester started doing just that.

After an hour, he had finished grilling four fish.

The delicious aroma wafted through the air.

Chester served Catherine first. He gave a large fish to her, which she flatly accepted.

Chester then passed one to both Jonathan and Elijah before taking the last for himself.

“Eat it while it’s hot,” Chester said as he bit into his fish.

Jonathan was about to start eating when he noticed that something was up.

Chester kept looking at him.



He looked like he was anticipating for Jonathan to eat.

Although Chester had concealed his thoughts well, he always wondered who Jonathan was. On the other hand, Jonathan was no fool. He instantly sensed that something was wrong.

Soon after, he realized what was going on.

However, he pretended not to know about it. He brought the fish to his lips and acted like he was about to eat it.

At the same time, he secretly tugged on Catherine's clothes.

Although Catherine did not have emotions, she was not dumb. She instantly understood what Jonathan was trying to say.

Right at that moment, Elijah suddenly shouted at Jonathan, "Stop! It's poisoned!"

Instead of freaking out, Jonathan looked over at Elijah calmly and smiled. "What are you talking about? Why would it be poisoned?" he asked.

Chester visibly paled as he glared at Elijah. "What do you mean, Elijah? I grilled these fish. Are you accusing me of poisoning Jonathan? I was the first to eat it."

Elijah instantly stood up and rushed over to Jonathan's side.

Both Jonathan and Catherine stood up as well.

Of course, Chester followed suit.

Suddenly, everyone had their guards up.

"Chester caught a poisonous snake in the jungle. He extracted the venom from its fangs. He told me that you and Catherine are a team and that this would be putting him and me at a disadvantage. Chester suggested to poison you to death, Jonathan, and then capture your wife and take advantage of her before killing her off," Elijah explained.

I Am Unstoppable Chapter 178-Chester's expression turned pale. "Stop accusing me without any concrete evidence, Elijah."

Jonathan glanced coldly at Chester and spoke. "He's not accusing you. The truth will be revealed once you eat this fish." Then, Jonathan passed the grilled fish in his hand to Chester.

Chester extended his hand and accepted the fish before throwing it upward and harshly stepping on it. He glared at Jonathan. "What are you implying? Do you doubt me?"

Jonathan scoffed in return. "You must be a fool. Did you truly believe that no one can rebel against you because you're the team leader? Do you think you're god? Why can't I be doubtful of you?"

Chester was stunned at Jonathan's words. He never expected someone as mild-mannered as Jonathan to be so intimidating.

"Fine then. Since you say so, there's nothing left for us to discuss," Chester said and turned away.

"Stop!" Jonathan yelled.

Jonathan turned around to look at Chester. "What do you want?"

"Did I give you the permission to leave?" Jonathan said.

"What a joke!" Chester shouted. "Do I even need your permission to leave?"

"Lay down!" Jonathan ordered with a cold gleam flashing through his eyes. He decided to stop dawdling with Chester.

Immediately after, Jonathan activated his spirit.

Jonathan expanded his Great Sage Force Field, and his spirit filled the air as if it was smoke.

At that moment, Jonathan activated the power in his Haemocore.

Jonathan's strength reached the final stage of Nascent Soul, which allowed him to exert a force equal to two thousand kilograms.

In a blink of an eye, he used Shadow Step and appeared before Chester's eyes.

The color drained from Chester's face as his heart stopped for an instant when faced with Jonathan's terrifying force field.

Chester was utterly stunned and did not know how to react for a second. All he wanted was to escape.

But just as Chester turned around, Jonathan's Great Sage Seal landed on him.

Suddenly, there was a black force field on Chester's head, and he felt like ten thousand pounds were weighing down on his head. Chester had nowhere to hide.

Amid danger, Chester's eyes reddened with rage. He pushed upward against the force field with his hands.

Under Jonathan's Great Sage Seal, the Destino Art crushed Chester's fist into dust.

Jonathan forced through Chester's vitality using his force field. At the same time, he attacked using the Great Sage Seal and smashed it on Chester's head with one swift action of his palm.

A crunch was heard and blood poured out from Chester.

As cruel and sly as Chester was, he died immediately.

Jonathan then retracted his force field. He gradually calmed down as his rage vanished like how his force field disappeared.

It was as if the previous events had nothing to do with Jonathan at all.

Elijah stood aside in shock as he watched the events unfold before him. Both Elijah and Chester believed that Jonathan was the weakest. Now, Elijah realized that they were outrageously wrong.

He could not believe that Chester could not fight against Jonathan even though Chester had solid cultivation.

In reality, it wasn't Jonathan who turned the tables. It was Chester that had weak psychological resilience. Chester was frightened at that moment, and all that was on his mind was to run. Chester lost his fighting spirit. It was equal to

gods losing their godhood. Hence, it was expected that Chester stood no chance against Jonathan.

After Jonathan murdered Chester, he walked to Catherine's side. Catherine remained expressionless despite all that had occurred. Jonathan held Catherine's hand and said, "Let's go."

"Sure!" Catherine replied obediently.

The two then headed toward the forest.

Elijah couldn't help but ask, "Where are the both of you heading to?"

Jonathan answered, "Staying at the beach will make us an open target. It's way safer to hide in the woods."

Elijah had mixed feelings. "Since Chester is dead, our prior promise is now null. Aren't you going to kill me?"

"You just reminded me of our promise. I owe you my gratitude for that. If I were to kill you, that would mean that I am black-hearted. Don't you think so?" Jonathan said.

"We eventually have to face off against each other. Don't forget our current terms of victory," Elijah reminded.

Jonathan felt conflicted at Elijah's words. He stayed quiet for a few seconds before he spoke. "I never forgot the rules. Even if you are fated to die, you shall not die by my hand."

Jonathan wanted to leave with Catherine as soon as he uttered those words.

To his dismay, Elijah continued the conversation. "Can I tag along with the both of you?"

Jonathan glanced at Elijah and noticed the hope twinkling in Elijah's eyes.

Jonathan thought about it and realized that Elijah was in a pinch. First of all, it was because Elijah's cultivation was no match for Simon's. Other than that, the other candidates had formed groups of their own, leaving no room for Elijah to join them.

Jonathan and Catherine were a pair, leaving Elijah to fend for himself alone.

Jonathan sighed and agreed, "All right!" He could not reject Elijah's request due to the circumstances.

Jonathan felt in debt to Elijah for reminding him of their promise.

Even without Elijah's reminder, Jonathan would remember what Elijah did for him.

Jonathan would remember the favor Elijah did for him even if he did not mention their promise. In addition, if it weren't for what Jonathan did, Elijah would not be in such a pitiful state. Elijah and Chester were comrades, but Elijah betrayed Chester to help Jonathan.

Elijah felt a wave of relief when Jonathan agreed.

Soon, the three of them entered the forest.

Jonathan found some wild bananas in the forest and offered some to Elijah.

Then, Jonathan continued to pick some wild strawberries rich in water content.

After that, Jonathan brought Elijah and Catherine to a tree to hide from the other candidates.

The top of the tree was relatively safe and silent.

The three of them enjoyed some peaches after eating the strawberries and bananas. They nourished themselves and it felt comforting.

Night fell gradually. In the dead of night, a bright moon was hanging in the sky.

The air was dead silent on the deserted island. The hustle and bustle of the city were nowhere to be heard, nor were there any lights. It was as if they were cut off from the rest of the world.

All that accompanied them were poisonous snakes and fierce beats.

However, the wildlife did not attack Jonathan and the others. The animals most likely sensed that Jonathan and the others were not beings they could intimidate.

It seems that the animals had sharp instincts.

On the other hand, Jonathan had no clue what would happen next. All he could do was go with the flow.

Meanwhile, something was stirring up among another group of three.

There were now only seven survivors on the island.

Jonathan's group consisted of three people, while Simon was alone. The remaining group was a group of three.

Initially, Walter was the leader of the other group. After Walter died, everyone recommended Lesley as the next group leader because Lesley was dependable, earnest, and had the strongest cultivation among the three group members.

Therefore, Lesley was the best choice to be their leader. His strategy was to remain hidden in the forest and observe the situation.

The other two members of Lesley's team were James Garnes and Tony Duffy.

Although they were all at the middle stage of Nascent Soul, Lesley was the only one adept and brave in battle.

James and Tony were trained with prominent families and lived a sheltered life. Thus, they lacked the courage to fight.

For now, Lesley ordered them to hide on top of a tree and take shifts. One person would stay awake and guard the other two while they rested.

Lesley let James handle the late-night shift while he watched over the other two during the early night.

To conserve energy, Lesley and Tony fell into a deep slumber.

James sneakily hopped off the tree after making sure that Lesley and Tony were fast asleep.

He swiftly headed into the darkness of the woods without waking Lesley or Tony up.

After walking for five hundred meters, James stopped in his tracks. James was shivering. It was apparent that he was scared.

It was also at this moment that James heard the soft sound of someone approaching.

James turned to see Simon, who stared back at James as if he was the reaper of death.

Simon's had a cold and murderous look. He remained expressionless as he stared at James.

A chill ran down James' spine. "Simon, I'm willing to help you. Please spare my life."

Simon spoke without an ounce of emotion. "If I wanted to kill you, you would have been dead by now."

James' emotions stabilized after hearing what Simon said.

Simon asked, "How are you planning to help me?"

James answered, "I can tell Lesley and the others that you are too strong as an opponent. I will then suggest that we team up with Jonathan's team and cooperate to attack you. Otherwise, it would be difficult for us to kill you since you're hidden alone in the forest. It would be hard for us to deal with you unless we work together."

"And?" Simon asked.

James added, "Then... Then as long as I gain their trust, I can leave a signal for you to come and ambush them."

"Are you not afraid that I would kill you in the end?" Simon questioned.

"To be honest, Simon, I have my reasons for helping you. Once my group teams up with Jonathan, we would all be in a stalemate, and it wouldn't be easy for you to fight us. If we remain in a deadlock, everyone will die. On the contrary, if I bring you over to kill Lesley and Tony, I won't have the chance to join Jonathan's group because they won't trust me. They will be wary of me by then. If we go over and discuss cooperation as a team, it would be easier. I'll sit aside and wait for my chance to reap the benefits when you try to kill them.

If you run out of energy or are injured, I'll take advantage of the situation and try to kill you by myself. It is my only chance, so I have to put everything I have on the line," James clarified.

Simon glanced at James. "Okay. Let's go with your plan." Simon vanished into the dark once more.

James returned to where his teammates were too. At first, James was quivering as he spoke to Simon. After Simon left, James was composed, and a ferocious glint filled his eyes.

Everyone had schemes in their minds. No one was a fool in this battle.

James hid his intelligence and stayed humble, unlike Chester. James knew that Simon was keeping an eye out for him, so he walked away from the others.

James hoped to bring Lesley to meet Jonathan to team up with Jonathan. He also planned how Simon would kill them afterward.

However, James' true intention was to get someone to ambush Simon when the time was right.

His plans were very detailed and meticulously thought out.

James' cultivation was at a disadvantage when compared to the others present. Hence, he needed to rely on his intelligence to grasp the chance to survive.

After sealing a deal with Simon, James sneaked back to the tree and rested for the remainder of the day.

Lesley and Tony did not wake up from their sleep, and Lesley took after James after James' shift was over.

It was James' turn to sleep.

The next morning, the sun shone through the trees and spilled onto the ground.

James told Lesley and Tony his suggestion to work with Jonathan's team to hunt Simon down.



Simon came and went as he pleased like a ghost, which was a threat to their survival.

As long as Simon was alive, everyone would live in anxiety.

Therefore, James' suggestion gained Lesley and Tony's agreement instantly.

The three of them quickly went to search for Jonathan and the others.

Half an hour later, Lesley's team managed to locate Jonathan's team.

Jonathan and the others heard the sound of footsteps and jumped down from the tree.

I Am Unstoppable Chapter 179-Jonathan soon saw Lesley and the others. He could tell that they were not hostile.

He could not help but wonder what they were up to.

The latter approached Jonathan and his team, who remained where they were.

Jonathan had a good impression of Lesley because he always felt comfortable around the latter, whom he thought was a gentle and adaptable gentleman.

Being smart as he was, Jonathan could tell if one was sincere.

Standing three meters away from Jonathan and his team, Lesley asked, "Can we talk, Jonathan?"

"Sure," Jonathan replied readily.

Lesley was relieved to see that Jonathan was so easy-going and said, "After a discussion, we think that Simon is the hardest to catch. After all, he's in the final-stage Nascent Soul and has a strong murderous intent. It's hard for the three of us to take him on, so we suggest that all of us join forces to finish him off. What do you think?"

Jonathan had actually thought of the difficulty of killing Simon as well.

Although he was not afraid of Simon, the Jungle King, he knew that it was

hard to end him.

Right now, it was an opportunity.

Being a decisive man, he immediately agreed. "Let's do it!"

Lesley let out a hearty laugh and commented, "You sure know your priorities, Jonathan."

Jonathan gave him a smile.

They thus reached a consensus to work together.

However, they still had their guards up against each other.

They went to the beach together, with Jonathan's team in charge of fishing, while Lesley's team busied themselves collecting firewood.

After an hour, both of the teams completed their tasks.

In order to avoid what happened with Chester last time, Jonathan gave some of the fish to Lesley.

They then grilled the fish separately, so that there was no disquiet among them.

They spent the entire morning eating grilled fish and fruits. By the time it was noon, they were all recharged.

It was also time for them to take action. All of them entered the jungle together and began to look for Simon.

Jonathan asked them to stay within ten meters of each other to look out for each other, and Lesley agreed.

But tragedy struck soon after.

While Tony and James looked for Simon together, the former did not notice Simon, who was crawling, until he got closer, but it was too late.

Simon suddenly leaped to his feet and pierced Tony's neck, killing him on the

spot.

Immediately afterward, Simon turned around and quickly fled. Before the rest could react, he had disappeared into the jungle.

Jonathan glanced in the direction where Simon fled, and his face clouded over.

D\*mn it! To kill someone like Simon in the jungle is simply looking for trouble. The jungle is the best cover. It'll be hard to kill Simon even if Mabel is here. This rule of the Divine Realm's assessment is too unreasonable. Since everyone is an expert, one can escape if one really feels that there is no hope of winning. In the end, everyone will be in a stalemate until the tenth day when all of us fail the test and get eliminated.

Seeing that they could not catch up with Simon, they quickly came to Tony, who was lying on the ground lifelessly with blood still gushing out of his neck.

Jonathan naturally did not feel sad over Tony's death, but he found it humiliating that Simon had actually killed one of the six people looking for him and got away.

Lesley squatted down and looked at Tony's lifeless corpse. There was a gloomy expression on the former's face. After a long while, he reached out to close Tony's eyes.

Jonathan also squatted down to look at Tony's wound. Soon, he noticed that something was wrong and said, "Look, Lesley, his wound seems to be caused by a weapon, not just fingers."

Having noticed it as well, Lesley frowned and asked, "Does Simon have a weapon?"

"It's probably brass knuckles. It's easy to handle and unimaginably lethal, making it the favorite weapon of assassins," Jonathan pointed out.

Lesley's heart sank. "Now that Simon has a weapon, it'll be even more difficult for us to kill him." He paused for a while before continuing, "Besides, we can't go on like this. We have to find a way to end him, or more people will be killed by him. He can completely defeat us one by one."

“I do have an idea,” Jonathan stated in a low voice.

Lesley’s eyes lit up. “Really?”

“Simon is determined to win the elimination round this time. Instead of us looking for him in the jungle and getting finished off by him, we should wait for him at the beach. When he can no longer stand it and launches an attack out of impatience, we can take the opportunity to find his weakness and drive him into a corner.”

Lesley gave it a thought and said, “But Simon is no fool. He won’t come to us to die in vain, will he?”

“Then it’ll be a test of our patience.”

After thinking about it, Lesley agreed, “I guess that’s the only way.”

Afterward, he covered Tony’s wound with a piece of cloth and carried the latter’s body. “Let’s go.”

Jonathan was stunned, but he immediately understood why Lesley wanted to carry Tony’s body.

Naturally, Lesley would not want Tony’s head like Chester did, or he would not have dressed his wound.

Lesley obviously wanted to bury Tony in the sea.

At that moment, Jonathan found himself liking Lesley even more.

It was also because he was a person who valued friendships, like the latter, so he noticed and appreciated the latter’s virtues.

For instance, friendships would naturally last if friends were generous to each other.

The group of five walked outside.

Before they left the jungle, there was a sudden noise around them.

Obviously, it was a sound made by Simon.

Jonathan knew that Simon had been lurking around and overheard his plan.

Therefore, the latter wanted to kill a few of them before they managed to leave the jungle.

“There he is.” James suddenly pointed to the depths of the jungle. At the same time, he darted in the direction he pointed.

Seeing this, Jonathan cursed in a low voice, “F\*cking idiot.” He never expected that James would help Simon to kill his teammates.

In fact, James was behind Tony’s death as well as he had deliberately led the latter to Simon.

At this moment, James chased after Simon because he wanted to disrupt Jonathan’s plan.

In Jonathan’s opinion, James had nothing to gain and everything to lose by helping Simon to kill his teammates.

Hence, Jonathan and Lesley did not suspect James at all, thinking that he would not do something so foolish.

After James ran into the depths of the jungle, Jonathan and Lesley could not watch him get killed as they were teammates after all.

As Jonathan shouted for him to come back, he also chased after him.

Putting down Tony’s body, Lesley followed suit.

Catherine and Elijah immediately followed them.

However, Elijah was slower as his cultivation was the weakest, so he was falling behind.

“Something’s wrong!” Jonathan, who was at the forefront, instantly felt that something was not right after seeing that James was chasing after nothing with Simon nowhere in sight.

He immediately stopped, raised his hand, and said, “Guys, stop.”

Lesley and Catherine quickly surrounded him and asked in puzzlement, "What's wrong?"

"Something's not right about James," Jonathan pointed out.

As soon as he finished speaking, something happened to Elijah, who was running over.

The bushes in the jungles were rustling as if there was a beast moving around.

"Look out, Elijah!" Jonathan was shocked upon seeing the situation and immediately activated the power of Haemocore to unleash Great Sage Force Field.

He rushed over carrying two thousand kilograms of mighty force, but it was still a little too late.

Simon suddenly came out and punched Elijah in the chest, but the latter managed to react in time to block it by crossing his fists in front of his chest.

Unfortunately, Simon had on the golden brass knuckles, which instantly pierced through the skin of Elijah's arm, leaving streaks of blood on his arm.

At the same time, the impact of Simon's punch penetrated into Elijah's body, sending severe pain through his chest and abdomen.

The latter was also sent flying.

"Prepare to die!" Jonathan was enraged. Simon is f\*cking insane!

He charged at Simon and attacked him with Rolling Thunder Punch, but the latter dodged it without even glancing at him.

When Jonathan was about to continue chasing after him, Simon happened to hide behind a tree.

The former landed a heavy punch on the thick trunk of the tree.

Boom!

The inside of the tree was shattered by Jonathan's punch, but the bark remained undamaged.

At that moment, Simon had swiftly gotten up and fled so fast that it was impossible for Jonathan to catch up with him.

Lesley and Catherine soon rushed over.

Jonathan turned to look at Elijah, who was lying on the ground with black blood flowing down the corners of his mouth, looking miserable.

He was dying.

"There's poison on his knuckles." Jonathan immediately figured it out upon seeing Elijah's condition. When Simon killed Tony earlier, there was no poison on his knuckles. He must have caught a poisonous snake nearby and applied its venom on his knuckles.

Grasping Jonathan's arm, Elijah had a look of indignation and fear in his eyes as he pleaded in a trembling voice, "S-Save me. I don't want to d-die!"

An idea popped into Jonathan's mind. Didn't I take the Supreme Nascent Pill which makes my blood the antidote of all poisons?

With this thought in mind, he immediately cut his arm with a knife and fed Elijah his blood.

"Drink it. My blood can neutralize the poison," he commanded.

Hearing this, Elijah opened his mouth at once.

Amazingly, Elijah, who was about to die, instantly became better after drinking Jonathan's blood.

It was a miracle.

Seeing that his blood worked, Jonathan immediately used his vitality to stop the bleeding on his arm.

Moreover, his tiny wound was healing at a terrifyingly high speed.

I Am Unstoppable Chapter 180-When Lesley saw Elijah, who was on the verge of death, alive and well, he was shocked. "Jonathan, your blood is a miracle cure!"

Jonathan ignored Lesley. He tore a strip of cloth from his sleeve and helped Elijah wrap up his wound.

Elijah's shoulder only suffered from a mild flesh wound. The bleeding had already stopped.

What was concerning was that although the poison was combatted by Jonathan, his internal injuries needed more time in order to recover.

At that time, Elijah was a mess. His complexion was pale as he thought about what else could go wrong.

It was the last elimination match. Yet, he already lost his ability to fight. The only thing he could await was death. People like Jonathan couldn't be considered his comrades or friends. At the end of the day, they still had to respect the rules of the game.

Jonathan looked at Elijah with an unreadable expression. Jonathan didn't promise Elijah anything. He simply said, "Focus on recovering. Don't think too much about anything else. Who knows, maybe we'll all be killed? We won't be lonely when we die then."

Elijah smiled. He piped up, "Jonathan, you're a great man. Now I'm only a burden to you. If only one of us can live, I'd rather that person be you. Don't bother about me and live your own life."

Jonathan sighed. "You're thinking too much again. If only one of us can live, that person is definitely not going to be me."

Elijah was stunned.

He looked back at Catherine. At that moment, it was like he suddenly understood.

Elijah said softly, "Yeah. You aren't willing to turn against me based on your morals. You can't possibly bear to kill your own wife."



Elijah was deeply moved. He understood that Jonathan let go of the intention to stay alive from the moment he set foot on the island.

He has such a great heart.

Elijah swore to himself, If I live, I'll treat Jonathan like my older brother! I'll be loyal to him always!

However, just then, Elijah's eyes darkened. How am I supposed to survive? Even life itself is a luxury now.

"What do we do now?" Lesley asked Jonathan.

He replied in an odd tone, "What's up with James? He actually helped Simon and tried to kill us. I reckon he's also responsible for Tony's death."

Lesley replied, his voice low, "It was James' idea to team up with you. It seems that it was his plan all along."

"But what does he stand to gain from this? Simon is going to kill him in the end anyway," Jonathan said.

Lesley was smart. He might have been kind, but he wasn't stupid. "I can't say for sure. James' cultivation isn't strong compared to ours. One could even say he's weak. Maybe he wants to gain Simon's trust and reap the benefits from watching at the sidelines as we and Simon fight it out."

Jonathan thought that made sense. He shifted Elijah onto his back and addressed Lesley. "You and Catherine stay by my side to guard against possible ambush from Simon. We'll head to the beach. There's no cover there, so it would be hard for Simon to catch us off-guard."

"Got it!"

Catherine also naturally had no objections.

Lesley and Catherine flanked Jonathan left and right as they started their journey.

This time, they didn't encounter any obstacles.

However, Jonathan still sensed a pair of eyes watching them from the shadows.

It was obvious that it was Simon, but there was no opening for him to attack.

The four of them successfully made it out of the jungle and to the beach.

The sun's scorching rays beat down on them.

Jonathan, Catherine, and Lesley were fine, but given Elijah's injured state, he couldn't handle the heat.

It was two o'clock in the afternoon, one of the hottest hours of the day.

Elijah lay on the sand. His lips were chapped and his complexion deathly pale.

Such intense exposure to the sun was not helpful to his injuries. Simon had managed to strike severe blows on him.

Jonathan and Lesley couldn't bear to watch Elijah suffer.

However, it was too dangerous to hide in the jungle. It was too easy for Simon to sneak up on them there.

Lesley looked out at the vast sea in front of him, his eyes shining. "Jonathan, why don't we put Elijah in the water. Then he can cool down a bit."

Jonathan looked at the sea and watched the waves gently crash onto the shore. He responded, "We should find something to prop up his head first."

If they didn't, a coming wave could potentially completely engulf Elijah's head, causing him even more suffering.

Lesley scanned the surroundings. Finally, his gaze fell on the jungle. "I'll go find some branches to prop up his head," he suggested.

However, Jonathan was worried that when Lesley went into the jungle to find the branches, Simon would strike.

There was no such thing as being too careful around Simon.

"I'll go with you."

Lesley knew that Jonathan was worried about him. "Okay!"

The two of them stood up.

Jonathan said to Catherine, "Careful. There might be venomous snakes and scorpions in the sand."

Catherine hummed in acknowledgement.

At that, the two men made their way back to the jungle. The nearest edge of the jungle was twenty meters away from Catherine.

Jonathan and Lesley didn't have to enter the jungle. They could simply forage for branches on its perimeter.

Afraid of Simon suddenly lunging from within the jungle and attacking them, they remained cautious and alert.

Simon had his ways. There was no guarantee that even Jonathan would be able to defeat Simon.

Luckily for them, by the time the two of them finished collecting branches, they hadn't encountered Simon.

They collected a large stack of branches since they also had to make a shelter against the sun.

Just as the two of them were about to head back, another accident happened.

However, it was not targeted at Jonathan and Lesley.

From afar, a silhouette rushed out of the jungle.

The silhouette was Simon's, and it was heading in Catherine's direction.

Jonathan and Lesley's faces drained of color.

Without thinking about anything else, Jonathan dropped the branches and harnessed Haemocore's power.

In an instant, he was surging with power. He rushed over with lightning speed.

Lesley also immediately rushed over, although at a slightly slower pace than Jonathan.

Regardless, both of them were too slow. Simon arrived in front of Catherine in a flash and prepared to attack her.

Catherine frowned and stood up quickly.

Simon's force field was fatal.

It was a result of his work as an assassin for so many years, in which his killing intent became stronger with each life he took.

His path to Destino Art was through murder.

It was completely out of the ordinary for one to get into Destino Art through murder, much less attain Nascent Soul as a result of it.

As Simon rushed over, he cast his killer force field toward Catherine.

Once such powerful murderous intent permeated someone's mind, they would spiral into their own personal hell as they faced their inner demons.

Simon relied on this move to eliminate his enemies.

However, this time he failed.

Catherine had no emotions whatsoever. She felt no fear and had no inner demons.

As such, when she was faced with Simon's force field, she showed no reaction.

In contrast, Catherine's force field was that of absolute calm. Simon could feel the effects of his own force field weaken.

However, he was unfazed and used Tuna Slam to attack Catherine.

Just like a powerful tuna in the sea, he used his arm to strike.

Nothing was comparable to that move.

Catherine's vision went blank for a moment. Simon's punch was fast as lightning.

The worst part was that Simon was also wearing golden brass knuckles as he threw his punch.

Catherine was sharp and managed to step back in time to evade Simon's Tuna Slam.

However, Simon didn't attack further. Instead, like a snake, he grabbed Elijah and began retreating.

By then, Jonathan and Lesley had caught up with him.

The three of them surrounded Simon.

The tables had turned against him.

That being said, Simon was holding a hostage. His hand wrapped around Elijah's neck as he coldly looked at Jonathan and the rest.

Elijah started feeling uncomfortable as Simon's grip around him tightened. His face was plastered in sweat and he struggled to breathe.

Simon didn't say anything. Instead, he kept tightening his hold on Elijah's neck, slowly suffocating him.

Seeing that, Lesley shouted, "Let go of Elijah and we'll let you go!"

Simon looked at Lesley coldly. "First clear a path for me to get through and fall back 20 meters."

"Sure," Lesley replied as he immediately stepped aside.

Jonathan was slightly surprised. Lesley's too trusting! He piped up, "Lesley, don't give way."

Although Elijah was being choked, he was still conscious. He thought that Lesley was kind from the beginning. However, at that moment, Jonathan's words surprised him.

He admired Jonathan and considered him to be like his older brother.

How could he?

Lesley looked at Jonathan doubtfully.

Jonathan sneered. "Originally I didn't know how I was going to bring myself to kill Elijah. Now he's helping us do it, so let him! We can be answerable to our

conscience, and it will save us a lot of trouble. What are you scared of? Kill him!" After saying that, he cast his Great Sage Force Field.

He didn't care about anything else. He was going to kill Simon.

Jonathan struck fast as lightning. Upon hearing Jonathan, Catherine followed his lead and attacked.

Simon was under attack from both sides. Their power was overwhelming.

At that moment, Simon's face paled. Suddenly, he tossed Elijah to Lesley.

His throw was unbelievably strong.

If Lesley didn't care about Elijah and let him hit the ground, he would surely die.

Lesley retreated backward. At the same time, he caught Elijah and turned away from Simon's Destino Art.

At the same time, Simon ambushed them.

With a smack, Simon's palm gripped Lesley's shoulder. Pushing his weight against Lesley, Simon flew off like a bullet.

Jonathan and Catherine's path was blocked by Lesley and Elijah. It would take a while for them to break loose.

The time they would need was enough for Simon to escape.

Jonathan stopped in his tracks. Catherine saw and followed suit.

Lesley and Elijah collapsed on the ground. Elijah was fine, but Lesley didn't look well.