

Read Novel I Am Unstoppable Chapter 181

I Am Unstoppable Chapter 181-Simon could have killed Lesley, but he had held back.

Moreover, Simon didn't use his golden brass knuckles. He probably realized that it was futile to use poison, which was why he applied force into Lesley's body through his punches. The powerful impact had wounded Lesley's internal organs.

Right then and there, Lesley's injuries were more serious than Elijah's.

This meant that Jonathan had to take care of two injured members at that point, as well as a clueless Catherine.

In other words, he was in a dreadful state.

Meanwhile, the chase was still ongoing in the forest.

It was Simon chasing after James.

James was running at full speed, but Simon was getting closer.

In the end, James had nowhere to escape and leaned against a tree. He looked at Simon in terror as the latter inched closer to him.

James couldn't help but shudder. His forehead was beaded with sweat. "Simon, you know that I'm on your side, right? Don't kill me. I will find a way to help you finish Jonathan and the rest of-"

Before James could finish his words, Simon suddenly closed in on him. Stretching out two fingers, Simon directly pierced James' eyes.

The energy from his fingers completely destroyed James' brain, and the latter died on the spot.

Even after James breathed his last breath, James could not put his finger on how Simon had figured out his scheme.

Another thing that James didn't know was that Simon had him marked with a mysterious herb earlier. Simon would be able to smell the scent of that herb within ten miles.

After all, James was a boy who lived a sheltered life in a prominent family. He indeed had a lot of tricks up his sleeves, but all his plans were too idealistic.

Hence, Simon had never taken James seriously.

It was akin to an adult watching a child kick up a fuss.

Night fell gradually.

There was a drop in temperature at the beach.

The temperature was higher during the day while it was colder at night.

Thanks to Simon's sudden attack, Jonathan didn't put Lesley and Elijah in the water to beat the heat.

Instead, Jonathan made a small shelter out of branches.

If Elijah and Lesley were placed in water, it would surely be a disaster for them when the cold night fell.

Jonathan found a place and scraped off the sand on the surface. Only then did he realize that the sand inside was still warm. Jonathan then asked Elijah and Lesley to lie down. As soon as they lay on the sand, they felt much better.

Elijah did not hold a grudge against Jonathan as he had realized the reason why Jonathan said those things. He knew that Jonathan was just trying to save him. Otherwise, judging from Simon's personality, Simon wouldn't have let Elijah go.

At the moment, what concerned Jonathan the most was food.

Whether it was Jonathan, Catherine, Elijah, or Lesley, they all needed food and water to survive.

Otherwise, with the extreme temperature, the intense exposure to the sun as well as the deprivation of food and water, their energy would be drained in no time.

It was also likely that Simon was monitoring them secretly.

If Jonathan and Catherine didn't eat or drink, they would become weaker as time passed. At that time, Simon would definitely take advantage of this chance and attack Jonathan and Catherine.

Therefore, the most crucial thing to do at the moment was to find food. After all, the situation was dire. However, Jonathan was afraid that Simon would seize the opportunity and launch an attack when he was in search of food and water.

This was the problem that troubling Jonathan at the moment.

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

Elijah and Lesley lay down side by side. Lesley was very calm. He smiled bitterly at Jonathan and uttered, "From the moment I swallowed the golden silkworms, I've already accepted that I will die on this island. However, I never expected such a senseless death."

Catherine, on the other hand, sat cross-legged, not worried about anything.

Compared to Lesley, Elijah, however, seemed the least stable. He looked terrified, and at times, he would feel anxious. Upon hearing what Lesley said, Elijah then added, "If I were given another chance, I would not have participated in this sh*tty Divine Realm. I don't even know what is so good about Divine Realm."

Jonathan could not help but ask, "Then why are you here?"

Elijah replied, "It's all because of my grandpa and my father. They wanted me to join Divine Realm and have trained me since I was a kid. I couldn't resist at all. Nor could I disobey their order. If I quit without fighting this time, I will be eliminated. If that happens, I will probably not be allowed to return home again. Hence, I have no choice but to participate."

Realization dawned upon Jonathan. In fact, he was also aware that most of the candidates went through the same thing as Elijah.

This was just like the exam-oriented education system nowadays, which had also resulted in a lot of similar tragedies. Most of the time, parents forced their children into doing things that the children did not want to. Thus, they had no choice but to suppress their nature and desires.

“How about you, Lesley? Why did you take part in Divine Realm’s test?” Jonathan asked Lesley after staying silent for a while.

Seeing that Lesley struggled to prop himself up, Jonathan immediately helped him up.

In a sitting position, Lesley then stated, “My hometown is Utros in the northern region, but I don’t know who my biological parents are. I was adopted by the Clark family, who is the king of Utros. They have adopted twenty orphans. We grew up together. The king of Dellmoor, who is the head of the Clark family wanted us to join the Divine Realm. When we reach a certain level, we will be able to strengthen the foundation of the Clark family using the resources in the Divine Realm. It’s a great honor to be an outer disciple in the Divine Realm as every outer disciple has extraordinary achievements. Hence, the king of Utros hoped that we could join the Divine Realm.”

“There are five of us who took part in this test, but I’m the only one left up until this moment. I owe the Clark family a lot, so there is no way I will give up during the test. I will either die here or make it through. That is the only way out.”

Jonathan was dumbfounded. It seemed that everyone who came to join the Divine Realm had their own story.

In fact, everyone out there had their own story.

“Jonathan, what about you?” Lesley asked suddenly. Pausing for a moment, he continued, “I feel that there is a special vitality in your punching technique as if no one can suppress it. I’m sure you have a story of your own as well. Why did you join the Divine Realm?”

His words startled Jonathan. For an instant, he was at a loss for words.

It seemed like he was carrying the expectations of Yareth and Mabel.

On top of that, he had offended quite a few influential people. Thus, the only way out was to join the Divine Realm. This way, Strikezone Martial Arts and Jeremy will continue in peace. Otherwise, there would be endless revenge.

Not only that, but he was also the Chosen One.

For the sake of survival, the Chosen One could not attempt to run away from their destiny. Instead, they needed to take the initiative to face the danger.

As a result, Jonathan responded, "My wife, Catherine, is from a prominent family, but I'm not. To put it bluntly, we are left with no choice."

With a bitter smile, Lesley said, "A bunch of people who are left with no choice gathered in this deadly test. This is both ridiculous and pathetic."

Jonathan replied, "It doesn't matter to have no choice. After all, it's our path. We have to keep walking no matter what. Whether we can make it through or not, we will have no regrets because we have put in our effort."

Lesley was stunned for a moment before replying, "Jonathan, you are indeed perceptive."

Elijah, on the other hand, remained silent.

Suddenly, Jonathan changed the topic and exclaimed, "If we continue staying like this without food for days, Simon will definitely defeat us all."

Elijah and Lesley felt a chill running down their spines. They all knew what Jonathan said was true.

Lesley stayed silent for a while before saying, "Jonathan, you and your wife can go and look for food. Just pay attention to each other. You can leave Elijah and me here. I believe Simon will not come after us because he still wants us to be your burden. If we die, it will put him at a disadvantage because the burden on the two of you is gone. Furthermore, James could have already been killed by Simon. In other words, only three of you are left in the match."

Jonathan nodded and replied, "I think so too."

Lesley then added, "Well! Jonathan, to be honest, you and your wife have done everything you can to help me and Elijah. You can just leave us behind and go all out to fight with Simon. Just fight for hope. Elijah and I will not blame you. Instead, we are grateful for all that you've done."

Hearing that, Elijah also propped himself up. He looked at Jonathan sincerely and uttered, "Yeah, Jonathan. You don't have to take care of us. After all,

Lesley and I will not be able to escape that ending. Please don't waste your time on us. It's really pointless."

Taking a glance at Lesley and Elijah, Jonathan remained silent for a while before a smile appeared on his face. He then responded, "Well, I don't have a habit of abandoning my companions." He paused for a moment and continued, "I also don't know how things will play out. This is indeed the most hopeless battle that I've experienced. Anyway, I will just go with the flow. As I mentioned before, as long as you work hard, you will have no regrets. As for the result, we'll just have to do our best and see how it goes."

Lesley and Elijah were amazed at how carefree and confident Jonathan was.

They could also feel that Jonathan had a great personality.

Closing his eyes, Jonathan started resting.

One thing worth noting was that Jonathan's blood could work as a panacea. Despite that, it was ineffective in healing the internal wounds of Elijah and Lesley. Their internal wounds were far too severe.

Elijah's condition didn't seem to get better even after drinking Jonathan's blood.

In fact, such internal wound would not heal overnight.

Back then, it took Jonathan's wound an hour to heal after he took Supreme Nascent Pill. There were two reasons behind it. One of them was that Jonathan's wound was not as severe as theirs.

Compared with Simon's current cultivation, Drake's cultivation at that time was not worth mentioning at all.

The other reason was that Supreme Nascent Pill was taken directly by Jonathan, which then changed his body constitution. Hence, Jonathan's internal injuries were healed in an instant.

The night passed by in the blink of an eye.

It was already six in the morning. The sun rose over the horizon.

A cool morning breeze was blowing.

The sky was filled with beautiful white clouds.

The surrounding area, including the forest, looked calm and peaceful, making one reluctant to leave and yearn for it.

Sitting next to each other, Elijah and Lesley watched the beautiful sunset. A mix of emotions bubbled inside them. It felt like reluctance and gratitude at the same time.

It was because they knew that they were on the brink of death.

Truth be told, it felt terrible to wait for death. Even so, they would not take their own lives like cowards.

I Am Unstoppable Chapter 182-Jonathan was meditating.

Even though he could not pinpoint where Simon was while meditating, the feeling of getting watched never left him.

The watchful eyes of his enemies were still fixated on him.

Jonathan knew that even though he had five seconds of explosive Haemocore power, he was still no match for Simon.

As for Catherine... Jonathan did not have much hope for Catherine. Although Catherine was at the final stage of Nascent Soul, she was someone without desires. Therefore, despite her mighty defense, it was almost impossible to have her launch an attack and take another's life.

On the other hand, Simon was best at offensive stances. Therefore, it would be difficult for Jonathan and Catherine to try to kill Simon, for Catherine was not ruthless enough.

In contrast, it was likely for Simon to kill him and Catherine.

The situation remained dangerous.

The tenser the moment, the calmer Jonathan was. He used his Haemocore to take in the energy before using Requiem to calm his mind down.

Jonathan knew well that, as long as he reached middle-stage Nascent Soul, he would be able to go up against Simon along with the Haemocore's power.

However, trying to progress in Nascent Soul was akin to trudging through mud. It had been less than two months since Jonathan reached Nascent Soul. Some would say that he was a dreamer if he were to try to reach middle-stage Nascent Soul in such a short period of time.

The point of the middle-stage Nascent Soul was to break down the vigor in the body. Final-stage Nascent Soul would be to gather the broken-down vigor and reform it into Force.

It was a complicated yet wondrous process.

For those in middle-stage Nascent Soul, the breaking down of the vigor meant that their blood was revitalized. Therefore, their strength would improve.

Those in middle-stage Nascent Soul could easily deal a punch that packed the strength of a thousand and five hundred kilograms.

Once they were at the final stage of Nascent Soul, they would then transform their spirit into Force with spirit. Again, it would refine the user's blood and bones.

By then, one punch of theirs would be two thousand kilograms.

Every rise in level was a refinement of their body, strengthening and renewing their bones and blood. With the two boosted, the rest of the body's system would naturally be strengthened as well.

In other words, a fighter's cultivation focus was on the spirit and the body. At a certain point of body refinement, blood would become the best nourishment for the fighter.

All of a sudden, Jonathan's eyes flew open. His progress with breaking down vigor had not gone smoothly.

His body rejected the vigor, and he could not forcibly break it down.

"What really are the requirements to break down vigor? Must it be after a certain period of time?" Jonathan was confused.

Then, his gaze landed on Catherine. In the next second, his eyes lit up.

Catherine's at final-stage Nascent Soul. I can just ask for her advice!

However, Jonathan was too embarrassed to ask her anything while Elijah Murray and Lesley Quinton were around.

After all, cultivation was supposed to be a solitary effort as everyone had different ways of cultivating. No one could forcefully learn another's method of cultivation, for they might end up going mad if they did so. Furthermore, some would not reveal the secrets of their cultivation to others.

That was why Jonathan had refrained from asking Catherine about it.

However, they were running out of time, and Jonathan had to buck up.

Thus, he rose to his feet and turned to Catherine, who was silently meditating. "Catherine, let's go out to look for food."

Catherine opened her eyes and stood up. "All right."

Jonathan grabbed her hand, and surprisingly, she did not reject his touch.

For reasons unbeknownst to him, Jonathan sensed many changes in Catherine.

In the past, Catherine was cold and ruthless. Frederick did everything for her, but she never even bat a lash at Frederick's death.

Jonathan thought that she would be equally indifferent if he were to die.

That was something he had mentally prepared himself for.

Of course, although Catherine had changed a little, Jonathan was still sure that she would have the same indifferent look on her face if he really died.

Nevertheless, something was still different about Catherine.

Her silence no longer kept people away from her. At the very least, she did not reject how he was holding her hand. As a matter of fact, Jonathan somewhat sensed that Catherine was starting to rely a little on him.

But that also might just be my imagination.

Jonathan then led Catherine into the forest. The two of them were on their guard, making sure that Simon would not be able to sneak up on them.

When Jonathan sensed no one watching him, he figured out that Simon might not be paying attention to them anymore.

Maybe he needs rest too.

Nevertheless, he stayed wary, thinking that Simon could not possibly have gone to rest.

Simon certainly knew that it was time for Jonathan and Catherine to look for food. If Jonathan and Catherine were to successfully find food, it would be bad news for Simon.

Jonathan was a smart man. Simon must have left because he's thinking of what attacks to deliver next.

However, Jonathan could not decipher what kind of attack Simon was going to launch next.

For now, Jonathan was on the defensive. Simon was the Jungle King, so Simon's every move affected Jonathan's next move.

At that, Jonathan could not help but wish that he had the revolver Mabel gave to him. If he were to have that, there was no way Simon would still be so gleeful around Jonathan.

Needless to say, it was all just a thought.

He knew that what was happening to him at that moment was a trial. Perhaps he would be able to reach the next level after the trial, but there was always a possibility that he would die during the trial.

The more stress he had, the more motivation he had.

After composing himself, Jonathan decided to cease thinking about how Simon was going to attack them. What he had to do first was to figure out how to reach middle-stage Nascent Soul.

Once he was at middle-stage Nascent Soul, he no longer needed to fear Simon.

Jonathan and Catherine soon found strawberries in the forest. The wild strawberries were juicy and sweet. It was truly a delicacy in the hot weather.

The two managed to get many strawberries.

After picking one of the strawberries, Jonathan dusted it on his shirt before handing it to Catherine. "Open your mouth."

Catherine obeyed and opened her mouth to take the strawberry.

Jonathan smiled at that. Catherine's getting cuter and cuter.

Then, he ate some of the strawberries as well.

After that, he and Catherine began returning, for Jonathan did not think that the forest was a good place to linger for long.

On their way back, Jonathan finally asked the question that was on his mind. "Catherine, I'd like to ask you a question."

Catherine turned to look at him and hummed in confusion. "Hm?"

"Did you have anything that helped you break down the vigor when you reached Nascent Soul middle-stage?"

Catherine tilted her head to the side before mumbling, "Nothing, actually. It feels like I've taken a deep breath and let the breath meld into my body."

Jonathan was speechless at her response.

He finally realized that Catherine was unlike others. Her mind was pure, and she did not dwell much on other things.

That was why she had more ease in her cultivation.

Some people were ambidextrous, but most were not.

At the end of the day, it was because the smarter individuals dwelled on

certain thoughts more.

Breaking down the vigor in the body made it seem like all they needed to do was simply let the energy meld with the body.

However, it was easier said than done.

It was the same as ordinary people trying to move their ears. They would not be able to do it unless they learned a technique of some sort.

“What’s the matter?” Catherine asked.

Jonathan responded immediately, “Nothing.” So it’s because I have to make sure that my mind stays blank.

I have to stay extremely focused to the point I can sense the blood cells. With just a thought, I would then be able to command my blood to surge to my fists.

Jonathan had a slightly better idea of how to reach middle-stage Nascent Soul after hearing her out.

Soon, the two returned to the beach.

At that moment, the bright sun was shining on the beach, blanketing the sand with a layer of golden glow.

The waves on the sea were lapping at the beach, and seagulls were hovering above the waters.

A sight of a morning like that could make anyone relax.

However, the moment Jonathan reached the beach, his heart sank.

It was because Simon had appeared again.

He did not take Elijah and Lesley as his hostages.

Those two were passed out on the beach, seemingly having been knocked unconscious by Simon.

Jonathan could sense that they were still alive.

Simon was thirty meters away from Jonathan.

Jonathan knew that Simon had not pulled the same trick twice because Simon knew that Jonathan would not fall for it again.

Previously, Simon had caught Elijah and threw him at Lesley, which grievously injured Lesley.

However, this time, if Simon was going to throw both Elijah and Lawson toward Jonathan, Jonathan was going to escape into the woods with Catherine.

Simon knew that Jonathan was no idiot; he knew that Jonathan was also a merciless man when the time came.

Therefore, he did not take anyone hostage.

Right then, curiosity emerged in Jonathan's heart.

If Simon isn't taking hostages, what is he going to do? Is he going to attack? If he's going to attack, then he should have made his attack in the forest. Why did he have to pick this place out of everywhere?

With that thought in mind, Jonathan came to the conclusion that something was amiss.

Simon had disappeared for a period of time. In other words, Simon must have gone to do something during that time.

Just as Jonathan was wondering what plans Simon could possibly have, Simon abruptly made his move.

He shot forward like a bolt of lightning, so swift to the point where the space around him became distorted.

In the next second, Simon reappeared in front of Jonathan, his killing intents palpable.

That murderous aura made the temperature around Jonathan drop.

Goosebumps dotted Jonathan's arms. When he looked at Simon's eyes, it was as if he was looking in the eyes of the devil.

For a moment, he thought he had sunk into hell, and thousands of vengeful spirits were shrieking into his ears.

What a powerful murderous aura! It's terrifying!

Right then, Simon swung a fist at Jonathan.

It was a strange attack.

The power of his punch was like hundreds of divine beasts charging toward Jonathan's throat at the speed of lightning.

At the same time, a few things shot out of his sleeve.

Those things were snakes!

The venomous snakes all flew toward Catherine, who was beside Jonathan.

There were a total of ten snakes, and they all had Simon's spiritual imprint, so they all saw Catherine as their enemies as well.

The ten snakes launched toward Catherine like ten arrows.

Nevertheless, Catherine was used to defending herself. With a slight frown, she skillfully dodged the attack.

However, that was exactly what Simon wanted; he wanted her to retreat so that she would not be able to fight together with Jonathan.

Simon was going to kill Jonathan at that very moment.

I Am Unstoppable Chapter 183-Simon had planned everything. It was evident that he went to catch some snakes when he disappeared.

As Jungle King, he could turn anything in the jungle into a weapon.

An intense murderous force field enveloped Jonathan.

It was so strong that his killing intent almost swallowed Jonathan's soul.

At that critical moment, Jonathan reacted swiftly. Just when he was shrouded with darkness, a sense of fury surged within his heart.

The power of the Great Sage Force Field had been unleashed.

Truthfully, the Great Sage Force Field originated from the power of the legendary Great Sage. Whoever tried to oppress Jonathan would end up facing stronger resistance from him. His eyes turned blood-red. Within a second, a powerful, tremendous force field burst forth.

That was the most incredible strength that one had ever seen.

In that instant, he broke open Simon's deadly aura.

Before he could think any further, he made up his mind to activate the power of his Haemocore.

With that, a force weighing two thousand kilograms was released from his body.

Simon was in the final stage of Nascent Soul.

Hence, if Jonathan did not release his Haemocore strength, he would never get to withstand Simon's attack.

Right then, Jonathan only thought of retreating. He took a big step backward, as that was the only thing he could do.

Simon was wearing the golden brass knuckles, and they were too powerful that Jonathan could not force himself to fight with the former.

Moreover, Simon's movements were as fast as bolts of lightning. He continued attacking like a tornado, leaving no chance for Jonathan to defend himself. He swung his golden brass knuckles toward Jonathan, creating a series of afterimages.

It was a crucial moment, and Jonathan did not have time to catch his breath.

In the end, Jonathan got suppressed by Simon. After all, Simon was moving too fast. Jonathan did not have the chance to use Antelope Rhythm or Shadow Step even if he wanted to.

Everything happened in a flash.

Unfortunately, Jonathan could not back away anymore. The more he retreated, the closer Simon followed him. With that, he would become further

and further away from Catherine. In that case, it would be more difficult for Catherine to save him. If he continued to back away for even three more steps, Simon would send him flying with only a punch.

Hence, Jonathan stopped moving. He took a small step backward and stood still. Although Simon continued to approach him, he did not budge at all.

He was as steady as a rock, exuding a peaceful, calm aura around him.

In the blink of an eye, Simon arrived in front of him. He swung his fists fiercely toward Jonathan's eyes.

As soon as Jonathan stopped moving, Simon's fists were already aimed right at the former's eyes. With a scoff, Jonathan delivered Satin Palm, the attack he learned from Polly.

He held his fingers tight, sending intense energy toward Simon. A moment later, an electric spark spiked in Simon's armpits.

Jonathan had made an unconventional and risky move. If Simon's golden brass knuckles landed on his eyes, he would turn blind. Even so, if he managed to stab Simon's armpits with his fingers, Simon's arms would break.

That was a classic move he had learned from the history.

Since he could not fight with Simon's golden brass knuckles, that was his only option.

The two made their following movements quickly, trying to get each other's vital points.

Jonathan was facing higher risks compared to Simon, though. If his attack was slightly delayed, Simon could have already smashed his head into pieces. Regardless, Jonathan would be able to break Simon's arms.

Although it seemed like Jonathan was taking a risk, he was, in fact, confident about himself because he knew how much Simon wanted to enter Divine Realm. After all, Divine Realm only wanted the most talented people. If Simon's arms turned crippled, he could not be valuable to Divine Realm anymore.

Therefore, Simon would never want to take the risk.

As expected, at this moment, Simon grabbed Jonathan's arm with Grappling Technique with a flick of his wrists.

Right then, Jonathan finally had the time to take a breather. His expression was grim. Similarly, he twisted his wrists and changed his attack to Dragon Claw.

Dragon Claw Grab!

His fingers were sharp like swords, releasing cold, terrifying sword energy. If he managed to grab Simon's body at that moment, he would break the latter's bones and tendons in no time.

Simon snorted as a cold glint flashed across his eyes. Jonathan's heart sank when he heard that. He felt utterly terrible as if Simon's killing intent had entered his heart.

In that case, Jonathan's movement got slowed down again.

Simon's Grappling Technique was not as ruthless as Jonathan's attack. All of a sudden, he clashed his fists with Jonathan's palms.

It turned out that the golden brass knuckles on his fists were too powerful. Since Jonathan's movement was already delayed, he no longer had the time to change into another attack. Reluctantly, he had no choice but to retract his arms.

At last, Simon's fist landed on Jonathan's palm, leaving a bloody, deep cut on it.

Blood was splattered everywhere.

Boom! Even so, Simon did not plan to stop as he threw another punch at Jonathan's head without hesitation.

With that, Jonathan was in danger again. Fortunately, he had an upper hand in that situation. The more in danger he was, the more relaxed he became. Right when his palm got injured, he exerted a force on his feet. He stretched his leg and threw a kick toward Simon's abdomen.

Upon seeing that, Simon instantly turned pale. It was then that he finally understood how terrifying Jonathan was. Jonathan's attacks were too brilliant,

and his movements were always that agile. Those were the reasons why he was still alive now.

Moreover, Simon did not dare to imagine whether he would be that powerful if he ended up in Jonathan's shoe today.

First, Jonathan had turned the tide by using his Satin Palm out of the blue, which was an impressive move.

His kick was even more splendid. It was as if he had predicted all of those to happen.

Simon took a step backward. At that moment, he decided to give up on killing Jonathan. Turning around, he rushed toward the jungle without hesitation.

He knew that his plan to kill Jonathan had failed, and Catherine would be there soon. If Catherine and Jonathan fought against him together, he would be in deep trouble.

In fact, the battle between Jonathan and Simon had lasted only about a second. Everything happened so fast that it seemed as though nothing had happened. If an ordinary person watched their fight from the side, they would only see Simon rushing forward and disappearing into the jungle in the next second.

Not long after, Catherine walked over to Jonathan. She looked at him, asking nonchalantly, "Are you okay?"

Jonathan could not clench his hand as the bone-deep scars on his palm were too deep and painful.

Black blood oozed out from his palm, dripping on the dry sand.

Catherine immediately noticed his bloody face, and the color drained from her face. "You're hurt?"

Jonathan spread his arms out. He knew that the golden brass knuckles were poisonous, but the poison was not harmful to him.

Nevertheless, Jonathan was still in dire straits.

Those deep cuts had destroyed his nervous system, so he could no longer use that hand to fight anymore.

If he ended up in another battle with Simon, he would be nothing but crippled.

There was no way that he could defeat Simon with only one hand.

Furthermore, he thought of another possibility, too.

If Simon went to catch ten more snakes and attacked him again like how he did just now, Jonathan would never be able to block Simon's attacks.

In that case, death would be the only outcome.

If Simon could kill Jonathan, it would mean Catherine was no match for Simon.

Simon's combat techniques and cultivation were much more powerful than Catherine's.

While Jonathan was deep in his thoughts, Catherine tore her sleeves to bandage Jonathan's wound with it.

Although her fair, delicate arm was revealed, she was unbothered.

There was a serious look on her face when she was treating his wound.

Jonathan was stunned for a second. Though surprised, a sense of warmth surged within his heart.

After treating Jonathan's wound, Catherine stood beside him silently and motionlessly while Jonathan controlled his vitality to stop the blood from flowing.

Although he could stop the bleeding, he could not heal the wound in such a short time. Hence, he had to rest for at least five days.

"Catherine, I'll have to rely on you if Simon attacks us again. Otherwise, both of us will die," he said.

Catherine remained silent for a while before nodding.

Jonathan let out a sigh. He knew Catherine was not used to attacking. Thus, his words only made her feel pressured. Unfortunately, he had no other choices.

Soon, Jonathan and Catherine arrived in front of the still-unconscious Elijah and Lesley.

Crouching, Jonathan massaged their foreheads. Within a second, they woke up.

As soon as Lesley regained his consciousness, he sat up abruptly. "Jonathan, Simon is here..." Immediately, he noticed the bandage on Jonathan's palm.

"Jonathan, you're injured too?" he asked, feeling stupefied.

Elijah was shocked as well. "Jonathan, are you okay?"

Jonathan flashed a wry smile. "We couldn't initiate that many attacks because Simon was wearing his golden brass knuckles."

"Even you're injured, as well," Lesley muttered. Right then, both Elijah and he looked pessimistic. "It seems we'll all die here this time."

Jonathan sat cross-legged. "Let's do our best and leave the rest in God's hands."

After finishing his words, he closed his eyes. That was Jonathan's style. No matter how dangerous the situation was, he would never lose hope.

As he calmed himself down, he recalled his movements during the battle with Simon just now. He thought of how sturdy he was, even though he was cornered by Simon. At that moment, he looked like a great empire standing still on his feet, no matter how powerful Simon's attacks were.

Great Emperor Seal!

Suddenly, Jonathan came up with a new attack.

Great Sage Seal was a powerful attack, while Great Emperor Seal was the calmest power he would ever possess.

If he could use both seals at the same time, he could make a perfect combo attack.

Elijah, Lesley, and Catherine fell silent upon realizing that Jonathan was cultivating; they did not want to disturb him.

Jonathan demonstrated Great Emperor Seal again and again in his mind.

Great Emperor Seal was not a combat technique. Instead, it was a cultivation stage and aura.

An actual great emperor would remain calm and collected, no matter how successful he was. Even though he was facing an attack from different directions, he would still remain courageous.

Besides, a great emperor was a man who was capable of accepting and controlling everything in the world. That was the essence of Great Emperor Seal.

After a while, Jonathan tried to understand the power of Requiem in his mind. All of a sudden, a Syllable Power appeared.

It was then covered by the spiritual imprints of Great Emperor Seal.

Instantly, that Syllable Power possessed a spirituality of its own.

Jonathan used the power of that to mobilize the vigor in his body.

Release the vigor!

That was a step he had to experience during the middle stage of Nascent Soul.

The vigor in Jonathan's body began to move under the attack of Syllable Power. It spread throughout his body gradually before combining with his blood.

Then it purified and refined his blood.

After some time, Jonathan opened his eyes abruptly.

His eyes were brimming brightly.

It turned out that he had achieved a miraculous breakthrough at that moment. Therefore, he was now a professional fighter in the middle stage of Nascent Soul.

I Am Unstoppable Chapter 184-In just two months, Jonathan made a giant leap from early-stage to middle-stage Nascent Soul. That was initially

impossible, but thanks to Simon's relentless pursuit, he figured out the supreme might of Great Emperor Seal.

The Great Emperor Seal integrated the Syllable Power of Requiem. Therefore, Syllable Power was no longer just a beacon in search of Haemocore. Instead, it had transformed into vigor.

Pure Syllable Power was too weak. In other words, the spirit within Syllable Power was insufficient and couldn't unloosen solid vigor.

However, with the addition of the vitality from the Great Emperor Seal, Syllable Power was seemingly infused with masculine characteristics, reacting and becoming much stronger.

Vigor depended on one's energy to slowly break down, and that required time.

In that, Syllable Power and Great Emperor Seal acted as catalysts.

At that instant, Jonathan's strength finally reached fifteen hundred kilograms.

Besides, his endurance skyrocketed at once.

If he were to unleash the power of Haemocore, he could attain a strength of two thousand five hundred kilograms.

That far surpassed the strength wielded by final-stage Nascent Soul experts.

At the same time, Jonathan could sense the wound on his palm itching. That was a sign of it healing rapidly.

Nonetheless, it was still a wound courtesy of Simon—a final-stage Nascent Soul expert—who even destroyed his meridians, so it was by no means quick to heal.

Jonathan reckoned that it would take at least five days for his wound to heal.

Unfortunately, too many things could happen in five days.

"Have you made a breakthrough, Jonathan?" Lesley queried in surprise as he and Elijah sensed an invisible change in Jonathan's aura.

Snapping back to reality, Jonathan turned to them and answered with a nod, "Yes." Then, he paused for a second before lamenting, "If my hand wasn't

injured, I would now have the confidence to deal with Simon alone. Regretfully, there are no ifs.”

“How long do you think it’ll take for your wound to heal?” Lesley continued asking.

“On the safe side, I’d say five days,” Jonathan answered.

When Lesley and Elijah heard that, their hearts instantly sank to rock bottom.

At the side, Catherine remained silent.

All of a sudden, Lesley’s eyes lit up, and he exclaimed, “I’ve got an idea!”

Jonathan and Elijah swung their gazes to him in concert.

“Jonathan, I know you’ve got an incredible power-generating trick, no? You used it back when you pursued Simon in the forest then. I felt that your power at that time was on par with that of a final-stage Nascent Soul expert,” Lesley commented.

At that, Jonathan was impressed by the man’s perceptiveness. He didn’t bother hiding anything but admitted frankly, “That’s right.”

Lesley then questioned, “Now that you’ve broken through to the middle stage, has your strength amplified to the point where it surpassed final-stage Nascent Soul experts?”

Jonathan didn’t quite understand what the man was trying to say, but still, he replied honestly, “It’s indeed possible, but the duration will be brief. That kind of explosive force can’t last.”

“Ms. Catherine is also a final-stage Nascent Soul expert. Now that you’ve had a breakthrough in your cultivation, you can retreat first if Simon arrives. With your current strength, it’ll be difficult for him to catch up to you. Meanwhile, Ms. Catherine can intercept him. Once she engages with him, you can return and attack. Then, he’ll be in great trouble,” Lesley suggested.

After Jonathan heard that, his eyes lit up. That’s certainly a great idea!

He turned to Catherine and inquired, “We’ll go with that, okay?”

Appearing quiet and docile, Catherine nodded in acquiescence.

A slightly worried Jonathan asserted, "Catherine, you must intercept and attack him quickly. Otherwise, we all likely won't survive."

"Got it!" Catherine replied with a nod, saying nothing further.

Jonathan breathed a sigh of relief.

Due to Simon's attack, all the strawberries from back then scattered onto the beach in the end. Many were even trampled to mush, so they were all rendered inedible.

Thus, Jonathan and Catherine went in search of food once more.

But this time, confidence imbued Jonathan, thanks to his breakthrough in cultivation. Although he was injured, the injury was at least on his palm, so it didn't affect his ability to flee. Presently, if he wanted to take off, it would be difficult for Simon to catch up to him.

Subsequently, the two of them entered the forest and returned to their old haunt in search of strawberries.

After doing that, they made their way back.

This time, they didn't bump into Simon, nor did the latter spy on them.

Jonathan surmised that he might be resting as well or perhaps preparing for his next attack.

The two of them returned to the beach.

Without Simon mucking things up this time, the four of them shared the wild strawberries among themselves.

The strawberries were exceedingly sweet and provided much nourishment to the body.

After eating them, Lesley and Elijah looked much better.

Meanwhile, Jonathan and Catherine continued sitting there cross-legged.

The sunlight gradually grew increasingly hotter.

By one o'clock in the afternoon, it was downright blistering.

Sweat dotted the foreheads of both Lesley and Elijah, and their lips were parched beyond words.

Contrarily, Jonathan and Catherine were just fine. As their cultivation level was high, they could lock vitality and moisture within their bodies.

Jonathan quietly gained an understanding of the mysteries of the Great Emperor Seal. At the same time, he keenly experienced the profound marvel of middle-stage Nascent Soul.

Next, he infused the spirit within him with vitality before ultimately transforming it into Force.

That was considered another refinement and purification of the blood within him.

When one attained final-stage Nascent Soul, a single drop of blood contained a strong spiritual imprint and could intimidate ghosts and spirits.

Felicia was already considered very strong back then, causing Jonathan and Amber great difficulty.

However, if a final-stage Nascent Soul expert were to act, he wouldn't need much. A single drop of blood would be sufficient to vanquish Felicia.

When one had attained the same cultivation stage as Edward and Mabel, just their writing alone contained a strong sense of vitality. A single line of their writing could scare off a vengeful spirit.

Charms by the average Destino artist could only deceive the public. Conversely, charms by those of a higher level could intimidate some weak ghosts.

Meanwhile, charms by true Destino artists could truly shake up ghosts.

The charms they all drew were exactly the same, but the effects were vastly different.

It had nothing to do with the power of the charm itself but the strength of the person's vitality.

A person might die, but his vitality could remain forever.

Putting that aside, Jonathan's heart lurched at that precise moment, for he sensed a chill in the air.

Simon had arrived.

Jonathan and Catherine shot to their feet.

Twenty meters away, Simon slowly strolled over.

His pace was sedate, and his shadow elongated under the sun.

He was dressed in black from head to toe. His countenance was chilly, rendering him just like Grim Reaper.

As soon as he appeared, he caused them all a strong sense of oppression.

One of Jonathan's hands was injured then, so he definitely couldn't take the initiative to attack as he couldn't take the man's life with a single blow.

Then, he wouldn't be able to defeat Simon, who possessed a weapon, with a single hand when the latter jolted back to his senses.

Furthermore, he didn't dare do it either, for he wasn't all that confident with Catherine at his back.

"Retreat!" Jonathan backed away while pulling Catherine along.

He was determined to never allow Simon to approach furtively.

At that moment, he hadn't the presence of mind to bother about Lesley and Elijah's safety anymore.

If Simon insisted on eliminating them, he could only mourn their deaths.

Nevertheless, he felt that the man probably had no interest in slaughtering the two men who had no way of defending themselves.

To his surprise, Simon suddenly headed toward Lesley and Elijah before lifting them both effortlessly.

Lesley and Elijah had no choice but to endure the humiliation, allowing the man to manipulate them as he pleased.

In no time, Simon's intention dawned upon Jonathan—the man wanted to seize them both and toss them at him as though playing ball.

If he didn't catch them, they would die for sure. But if he did, he would also perish.

In such a situation, there was no correct answer.

Despite all that, Jonathan fervently hoped that nothing would befall them both.

Hence, he immediately bellowed, "Simon, if you don't put them down, Catherine and I will take off into the forest at once. If you're so great and mighty, you can bring them both along in pursuit of us. I'll admit that I don't want them to die, Simon, but you're now hoping to use them to kill us. You underestimated me!"

Upon hearing that, Simon was stunned for a moment.

He stared at Jonathan intently before he placed Lesley and Elijah down at long last.

It was clear as day that the man would take flight if he continued holding the two men captive.

Besides, Jonathan and Catherine would no longer have anything holding them back if Lesley and Elijah were dead. Once they fled into the woods, that would unquestionably be a disaster to him, for he would be looking for a needle in a haystack.

After Simon had flung Lesley and Elijah down, a burst of iciness erupted from his eyes. His figure blurred as he launched his attack.

In that split second, he was so fast that he formed an afterimage, and the air in front of him split like ripples.

In the blink of an eye, he reached Jonathan.

His intense murderous force field promptly burst forth and enveloped the man.

At the same time, his fists shot forward like lightning.

From his sleeves, ten venomous snakes flew out once more and attacked Catherine.

It was the same old trick again, but this time, he used his foot to attack.

In a heartbeat, the sand on the beach swirled like a sandstorm, hurtling straight at Jonathan and Catherine.

Simon's feet and hands weren't idle either as he launched a triple attack on them both right then.

In a flash, his golden brass knuckles flew right at Jonathan's throat.

Without even batting an eyelash, Jonathan used his Great Sage Force Field and blocked off the man's lethal technique.

Simultaneously, he activated the power of Haemocore.

No sooner had the golden brass knuckles headed toward him that he unleashed the Shadow Step and retreated like a ghost.

When Simon's fist failed to find its target, he immediately pressed forward at lightning speed. He knew that Jonathan was injured, so he wanted to take the man's life right then and there.

The moment the man breathed his last, everything would be over.

Previously, Jonathan couldn't unleash any impressive techniques, but he could presently move with ease after having attained a breakthrough.

As soon as Simon came at him, he instantly veered away with Antelope Rhythm and dodged the man's attack once more. At the same time, he unleashed Mongrel Attack.

Surprise inundated Simon, for Jonathan's kick was simply too powerful.

He knew that he was no match for it head-on, so he had no choice but to twist sideways and dodge.

At that exact moment, Catherine attacked him.

Catherine was paralyzed for a while by those venomous snakes and sand, but she quickly gathered her wits about her and dealt with them.

She wore a grim expression on her face then. While her moves weren't as brutal, they were aggressive and ferocious, as quick as lightning. With her Eagle's Ironclaw, she grabbed the back of Simon's collar.

Bending slightly, Simon narrowly avoided her grasp.

Nonetheless, Catherine immediately swung her Eagle's Ironclaw down and went after him.

Verily, she was like a dog with a bone as she pursued him relentlessly.

I Am Unstoppable Chapter 185-Catherine had an indifferent demeanor and was free from desires. It was pretty challenging for the others to get rid of her. No matter how dangerous the move was, she could always handle it calmly. She had a similar state of mind as Jonathan's Great Emperor Seal, but still, her attacks were lacking in ferocity.

Nevertheless, Catherine's incessant attacks had caused Simon a headache.

At the same time, Jonathan seized the opportunity to use Shadow Step and blocked Simon's path from behind. He swung out his leg and gave the latter a Blade Kick.

Having strength up to two thousand five hundred kilograms, he exerted a powerful force in every punch and kick.

Simon was never an easy person. When Jonathan and Catherine constantly attacked him, he swiftly stepped diagonally forward, swept away Catherine's attack with his golden brass knuckles, dodging beneath her arms.

It was Drunken Move, his ultimate skill to save his life.

After Simon escaped, he fled in the jungle's direction without looking back. He knew he would not have the chance to win against the two today.

If he were to continue the fight, he could have lost his life.

It was never easy to tackle Simon when he had decided to escape. Even if Jonathan unleashed all his power, it would still be hard for him to take Simon's life.

Therefore, Jonathan and Catherine did not continue to hunt him.

When Simon escaped to the edge of the jungle, he noticed that Jonathan and Catherine did not continue to go after him.

Immediately, he paused and turned around to face Jonathan and Catherine.

Since no one could get the upper hand, the situation turned into a deadlock.

If both parties continued to be at an impasse, none of them would be able to complete the mission. Eventually, all of them would be eliminated from the game.

Before entering the jungle, Simon cast one last look at Jonathan.

He did not utter a word throughout the process, as though he was a grim reaper who only collected souls silently.

Jonathan heaved a sigh of relief after Simon left.

Holding Catherine's hand, he stroked her cheek with his injured hand and smiled. "Catherine, you're amazing."

Catherine, still expressionless, did not show a tiny hint of joy on her otherwise cold face after Jonathan complimented her. Somehow, Jonathan could feel the peace in her heart.

"She likes me to compliment her!" he assumed inwardly.

Shortly after, Jonathan and Catherine walked to the side of Lesley and Elijah and sat cross-legged.

"Jonathan, it seems there's nothing Simon can do about you now." Elijah was slightly excited.

"But there's nothing we can do about Simon either." Lesley sighed.

"Simon is one with great wisdom. I'm afraid that he will come up with another evil plot soon," said Jonathan in a low voice.

"I'm not worried about this, though. If you and Ms. Catherine do not wish to fight, there's no way Simon can harm you. So do the other way around. If both

sides continue to be in an impasse, no one will benefit from the situation,” said Lesley.

“It’s fine if we can’t end Simon and remain in a stalemate like this. We’ll face another difficult problem between all of us, including you and your wife, Jonathan.” Elijah suddenly spoke.

Lesley was taken aback, as he had never thought about what would happen after that. Now that Elijah mentioned it, Lesley could not help but feel upset.

Jonathan could not help but take a glance at Catherine. Still, the lady was expressionless, as if nothing would put her in a difficult position.

In truth, Jonathan was unsure of what was running on her mind.

After all, an emotionless like her was not dumb and knew the rules of the game.

Jonathan did not dare to imagine what might have happened after they took Simon’s life.

The more he thought about it, the more his head hurt. Thus, he decided to stop thinking about it.

Since they had known each other for a long time, there was no better ending than having Simon end their lives.

However, this was just an absurd thought of Jonathan’s.

Soon, it was nightfall.

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

There was a chill in the air following a drop in the temperature.

Such a scene would remind one of a line of poetry, “As the bright moon shines over the sea, from far away you share this moment with me.”

It was a poem about missing loved ones.

Suddenly, the faces of Jessica, Yasmin, Jennifer, and Winnie came to

Jonathan's mind. He had thought of Polly and Mabel and reminisced about the days in Smealand with Kieran and the others.

Apart from that, he had remembered his master.

The world worked in mysterious ways. Jonathan's life had changed tremendously in just one month, and he was stuck on Ophidian Island at the current moment.

While Jonathan was feeling upset, Simon suddenly showed up

The man, dressing in black, exuded a cold and menacing aura under the moonlight.

It was as though he was a devil from hell, sending a chill down one's spine.

Upon seeing that, Jonathan and Catherine immediately stood up. They dared not take it lightly.

Simon, however, did not take the initiative to attack them this time, but he approached slowly and stood about ten meters away from them instead.

Both parties stared at each other from afar.

Finally, Simon parted his lips and mumbled in his usual icy cold tone, "I've thought of different strategies this afternoon, but soon, I realized that I could never stand a chance against both of you. I must admit that I can't finish all of you off." He then lifted his head to look at Jonathan before adding, "However, you guys can't take my life either!"

Jonathan looked at Simon and frowned. "What are you doing here then?"

Simon gave Jonathan a cold glare as he replied, "I know that you do care about Elijah and Lesley's lives. And if I want to take their lives now, both of you won't stand a chance to protect them at all."

Unfortunately, what Simon said was the truth.

Not to mention Jonathan and Catherine would be away to search for food. Even if they had kept Elijah and Lesley under guard, Simon could still take the latter's lives.

Elijah and Lesley would never stand a chance to survive once Simon threw a few snakes while launching the attack.

Once again, Jonathan frowned. "What exactly are you trying to say?"

Simon replied, "Since I can never stand a chance against both of you, it also means that Elijah and Lesley no longer have any value to me. Thus, they should die."

Jonathan's pupils constricted instantly.

Although Elijah and Lesley were upset, they could do nothing.

In a deep voice, Jonathan said, "If you want to take their lives, you could have done it earlier. I believe you've had something else on your mind for bringing this up now."

Simon answered calmly, "You're right. Let's make a deal. I'll spare the two of them if you accept it."

Jonathan asked, "What kind of deal?"

Simon answered, "Six days later, it'll be the last day of the elimination round. I'll give you six days to recuperate. After six days, I'll remove the golden brass knuckles to have a fair fight with you. If I win, I'll end your life, your wife's, Elijah's, and Lesley's, and become the winner of this elimination round. You can take my life if you win. As for others, whether you want to take their lives has nothing to do with me anymore."

Jonathan fell silent upon hearing that.

He did not know whether he should accept the deal.

If he did not, Simon would end Elijah and Lesley on the spot.

This was definitely not a joke.

Moreover, accepting the deal was the only way to resolve the impasse. If the stalemate continued, it would benefit none of them.

Jonathan pondered for a moment before he agreed, "All right, I'll accept the deal."

Eagerness and hope glinted in Simon's eyes. "Good to hear that. You have my word!" With that, he turned around and entered the jungle in the blink of an eye.

After Simon left, Elijah and Lesley heaved a long sigh of relief, feeling they had journeyed to hell and back.

"Thank you, Jonathan," said Lesley earnestly.

Jonathan flashed him a smile but did not say anything.

"Jonathan, what're your chances of winning the battle against Simon after recovering from your injury?" asked Elijah.

As a Nascent Soul expert, Simon had a greater cultivation level than Logan, whom Jonathan had met earlier.

Fortunately, Jonathan possessed the power of Haemocore. His cultivation had also reached middle-stage now. He was no longer the powerless person as when he faced Logan.

As such, when he heard Elijah's question, he pondered for a while before answering, "Fifty-fifty."

"Fifty-fifty? I'm afraid that Simon thinks he has an eighty percent chance of winning the battle." Lesley could not help but smile bitterly, deducing that Simon would win the battle.

Jonathan did not deny it and repeated what he had said earlier, "Let's do our best and leave the rest in God's hands."

"I only hope that Simon does not achieve a breakthrough and advance to Celestial Soul over the next few days. Otherwise, you won't stand a chance against him anymore, Jonathan." Lesley sighed.

"It's useless to think about all of that now. Instead of hoping Simon does not achieve a breakthrough, I'd rather intensify my cultivation and see if I can advance to the final stage of Nascent Soul." As soon as his words fell, Jonathan sat cross-legged with his eyes shut.

“Great Emperor Seal, Syllable Power, integrate!”

Jonathan commanded them inwardly, trying to gather the broken-down vigor and reform it into Force.

As the syllabic power traversed inside his body, he could feel the broken-down vigor flowing in the blood. However, he had no better way to refine it.

Jonathan understood that it would be better not to rush for now.

After all, he had advanced himself in a short time.

That was a critical part of the middle stage of Nascent Soul.

During the refining process, his blood would be purified to enhance his power for another time.

Hence, he must wait for the right time to refine the broken-down vigor, and there were no shortcuts.

Jonathan sighed inwardly, knowing that it was impossible for him to break through to the final stage of Nascent Soul in six days.

The only thing he could do now was to solidify his cultivation, condense the blood, and strengthen the power of Haemocore.

Five days had passed in the blink of an eye.

During those five days, Jonathan continued to search for food with Catherine.

He did not dare to remain separate from Catherine, as he was worried that Simon would break his promise and harm Catherine. If anything happened to her, he could never forgive himself.

Nevertheless, Jonathan usually meditated after having fruits but not tonight.

As the battle with Simon would begin the next day, he decided to reward himself and preserve his strength to keep himself in his best state.

I Am Unstoppable Chapter 186-

In the dark of the night, the moonlight’s soft glow illuminated the beach.

While Catherine caught a few fish, Jonathan started a campfire.

On the surface, it appeared as if they had gathered on the beach for a picnic. Alas, the looming threat of death lingered in their hearts.

The fish cooked quickly. Although they had no seasoning, the fish smelled fragrant and tasted delicious.

Jonathan handed one to Catherine, then Lesley and Elijah. Finally, he took one for himself and began eating.

Since Catherine had caught eight fish in total, there was enough for two each.

Hence, they moved the four remaining fish to the side while they ate.

While they were tucking in with gusto, Simon suddenly appeared and started walking toward them.

Jonathan quickly shouted for Catherine to get to her feet.

He dared not let his guard down for even a second around Simon. We may have set the time and place for our fight, but what if Simon breaks his word? I'd better be cautious. It's not like I can reason with him after I'm dead.

Lesley and Elijah remained seated as they gazed at Simon warily.

Under the faint moonlight, they could see that Simon was clad all in black. He radiated a cold and intimidating aura.

Simon approached slowly and stopped about three meters away from them.

He cast his gaze over the grilled fish they had set aside, then turned toward Jonathan abruptly and asked, "Could you give me one of them?"

He focused his attention all on Jonathan because, in his eyes, only Jonathan was his opponent.

Jonathan was momentarily stunned, but he quickly replied, "Sure. No problem."

He reached out to grab one of the fish and tossed it toward Simon.

Simon caught it deftly, then continued in an aloof tone, "As soon as the sun rises, it'll be time for us to fight to the death and see who walks away alive. Nonetheless, there's no deep-seated grudge between us, so I don't see why we can't sit and talk now."

With that, he sat down without waiting for a response.

By doing so, Simon was as good as dead letting his guard down and exposing his weaknesses.

If Jonathan and Catherine had chosen to attack him at that moment, he would most likely end up dead.

However, Simon's actions also showed his sincerity.

Jonathan was slightly taken aback. Naturally, he had no intention of attacking Simon.

Jonathan was someone who returned the respect he received in kind. He would not retaliate unless provoked, and when he did, he would make sure the other party paid dearly.

After a short pause, Jonathan and Catherine sat down cross-legged.

Simon ate silently and quickly finished his fish. Turning to Jonathan again, he asked, "May I have another?"

Jonathan reached for a second fish and tossed it at Simon without saying a word.

Once again, Simon caught the fish deftly and finished it just as quickly.

Jonathan shot him a somewhat bitter smile and said, "If you want more, I'm afraid that's all we have."

"I've had enough," Simon answered coolly.

Jonathan and the others continued eating.

In the end, Elijah and Lesley only had one fish each as they wanted to leave

the two remaining fish for Jonathan and Catherine.

Not bothering to stand on ceremony, the couple promptly ate the rest of the food.

Jonathan felt much better after satisfying his hunger.

After a while, he glanced at Simon and said, "I don't think you're here simply to eat grilled fish, am I right?"

Elijah and Lesley also looked at Simon curiously, wondering what the true reason for his visit was.

Previously, Jonathan and his companions had always thought of Simon as a ruthless and bloodthirsty murderer.

At that moment, they finally saw that he was also a regular person just like themselves.

Suddenly, Simon asked Jonathan, "From your perspective, what kind of person am I? Do I seem like a good person or a bad person?"

Jonathan could not help thinking that was a strange question.

Is he a bad person? He did everything in his power to kill all those people earlier. That means he should be considered a bad person. However, he was only following the competition's rules, so how does that make him a bad person? Then, does it mean he's a good person after all? It doesn't seem like it either.

"Why do you ask?" Jonathan enquired after shooting Simon a glance. When the latter said it was merely a random question, Jonathan responded, "Do you care what others think about you?"

"Not at all. I was just curious," Simon replied.

"Well, I think you're a good person," said Jonathan.

Dumbfounded, Simon did a double take. "Oh? Why?"

Jonathan explained, "How does one define whether a person is good or bad?"

Is someone who does good deeds a good person? Is someone who does bad things a bad person? Within the food chain, the animals eaten by humans will surely think of us as bad people. Vicious, ruthless, and downright evil. But to humans, the animals are merely a food source, and they don't think they're bad people for slaughtering the animals."

"Hmm, that's an interesting way of looking at it," Simon mused.

Smiling faintly, Jonathan added, "That's why I think you're a good person. At the very least, you're someone who follows your heart. Therefore, you're a good person to yourself."

"What about you? Do you think you're a good person or a bad person?" Simon asked.

"I'm not a good person. I think of doing many things, but I can't because I'm bound by my conscience. To myself, I'm not a good person," Jonathan replied with a bitter smile.

After a brief pause, he continued, "But why should that matter to me? A good person or a bad person, a gentleman or a villain. These labels mean nothing to me, and I don't care what others think of me."

"You're a man with a clear conscience, an open and honest gentleman. Indeed, you're not one to care about what others think," Simon declared.

Jonathan merely smiled as he listened to Simon's accurate description of him.

They fell silent for a long time. Finally, Simon remarked, "I never imagined there would come a time where we'd be sitting together and having a heart-to-heart talk."

Simon's eyes usually looked like cold, black ice. But now, it seemed as if the frostiness in his eyes had melted a little. "I never had any friends. This is the first time I've talked so much to someone," said Simon.

Jonathan smiled. "Well, it seems I should feel honored, then."

"Would you be interested in listening to my past?" Simon asked.

The question took Jonathan by surprise. Indeed, he was deeply curious about Simon's past. And since Simon was willing to open up, it was only natural that Jonathan was interested to hear it.

While Elijah and Lesley also looked similarly intrigued, Catherine seemed indifferent.

She merely continued sitting quietly next to Jonathan like an obedient wife.

Memories flooded Simon's mind as he began recounting his past. "Ever since I can remember, I grew up as an orphan on a deserted island. There was an organization on that island called Heavenly Rebirth Alliance. They took in orphans and trained them to become assassins. I was the best among my peers and heavily favored by the higher-ups. That was also the reason why I received extremely harsh training. When I was six years old, I had a bulldog as a pet named Coco. At the time, Coco was my solace and comfort through the tough training, numerous scoldings, and countless beatings. I would hold Coco at night, and it would comfort me and lick my injuries. You could say we relied on each other."

Simon paused before saying, "I'm sure you can imagine what happened after that. When I was nine years old, a Heavenly Rebirth Alliance instructor told me to kill Coco with my own hands. He said that if I didn't do as he said, he'd slowly torture Coco to death. I had no choice but to kill Coco. However, that wasn't the cruelest part. They locked me up in a cage with Coco's corpse for a month. During that time, I had no water or food. Hence, I had to eat my dead dog's raw flesh to survive."

Although Simon spoke without showing any emotion, Jonathan and the others could imagine how cruel and torturous it would have been for a nine-year-old to grow up in that environment.

Simon continued, "Surviving at the Heavenly Rebirth Alliance meant that one had to behave like an unfeeling brute. One could not talk about one's feelings, show weakness, or resist. Another thing worth mentioning is the person who attended to our daily needs. She was a beautiful lady, and we called her Ms. Lambert. She treated me particularly well, but I didn't dare to get too close to her for fear that the Heavenly Rebirth Alliance would ask me to kill her. However, I was only nine years old at the time. As time passed, my feelings toward her deepened. She was the only person who had cared for me and smiled at me. She was like a mother to me. I even told her that I'd take her away from that place when I was older and much stronger."

There was a hint of tenderness in Simon's voice as he spoke.

It was clear he had formed a much deeper attachment to her than Coco.

In fact, Jonathan could tell that Simon relied on her. It's like a son's love for his mother. It also resembles the affection between two lovers. Since he grew up in such an unhealthy environment, it's hardly surprising that his view of love is somewhat warped.

"When I was eighteen years old, Ms. Lambert died. I killed her," Simon uttered.

Jonathan, Elijah, and Lesley stared at him in shock.

Elijah could not refrain from asking, "Why? Did the people from Heavenly Rebirth Alliance force you to do it?"

"She begged me to kill her." An indescribable look of pain flashed across Simon's eyes.

Everyone was puzzled when they heard that.

Simon explained, "My instructor called me over, gave me a dagger, and told me to kill Ms. Lambert. I was dumbfounded when I heard that. I threw down the dagger and swore that I wouldn't obey his instructions. I glared at him with bloodshot eyes and told him to kill me if he dared. He merely gazed at me coldly without saying a word. That night, I returned to my room and saw Ms. Lambert."

Even after so many years, Simon's face still twisted with pain at the devastating memory. "I saw ten burly men taking it in turns to defile Ms. Lambert. They sneered at me when I tried to stop them and kicked me hard. After what felt like ages, the men finally left. I went to check on Ms. Lambert and found her covered in bruises. Sobbing, she begged me to kill her."

"Kill me! Kill me!" Simon squeezed his eyes shut with a pained look, then opened them again. "Those were her last words to me. There was so much pain and desperation in her voice. Hence, I strangled her to death. I held her cold body in my arms and cried the entire night. The next morning, I wiped away my tears. I told myself I could never have feelings for anyone ever again and that I'd never shed another tear for anyone else."

Jonathan, Elijah, and Lesley could not help feeling sorry for the cruel ordeal Simon had to endure in the past.

- I Am Unstoppable Chapter 187-

“I usually keep such matters to myself.” Simon lifted his head to look at Jonathan and said, “However, I don’t mind sharing them with you today since only one of us will live past tonight. If you die, this secret will be carried with me to the grave. If I die, nothing else will matter anymore.”

After a quick pause, he continued, “So, when the morning comes, I won’t show mercy. The reason I live is to avenge Ms. Lambert by destroying the Heavenly Rebirth Alliance someday.”

Jonathan said, “Although you’ve had a tragic experience, I won’t be merciful to you.”

With a faint voice, Simon replied, “That’s good to hear.”

The night was still young, yet there was nothing more Jonathan and Simon could say to each other.

The two sat cross-legged, closed their eyes, and rested.

Currently, they were well aware that awaiting them in the morning was an intense battle.

When the time came, whether they lived or died, depended wholly on their personal abilities.

Gradually, the sky became brighter. A gleam of light slowly appeared from the horizon, revealing the crack of dawn.

As the sea breeze gently blew, a thick fog formed, making the view seem like the mythical paradise of Pillere.

Rising above the sea of fog was the sun. It resembled a golden ball of fire, indicating that a new day had come.

It was a day that fate would be decided.

Standing on the beach, Jonathan and Simon exchanged stares.

Simon said, "If it wasn't for this situation, I'd perhaps regard you as my only friend."

Smiling, Jonathan said, "Let's do our best and leave the rest in God's hands."

He seemed very confident and carefree.

Simon had already thrown away his golden brass knuckles. With just an "okay", he went on and made his move. He zoomed past, leaving only his after-image behind. He was nimble and forceful like a speeding whirlwind, appearing right in front of Jonathan in the blink of an eye.

Starting the fight off by swinging fatal punches, Simon was here to kill. Like gods of the underworld, he was exploding with murderous intent. His opponent, Jonathan, was shrouded in the vengeful spirit of Hades.

Jonathan's movements were slowed down as he was surrounded by the chilly aura.

At that moment, however, he did not step back. "Great Emperor Seal!"

The Seal could declutter his heart.

In his heart, he felt like the Great Emperor crushing the world, treating Simon's attacks like a raging storm. On the other hand, Jonathan himself was like the coastal rocks that remained steadfast despite being hit by the furious waves.

At that moment, Simon's bloodlust aura was suddenly as if roaring waves crashing against the coastal rock that was Jonathan. Strangely enough, however, Jonathan was not affected in the slightest.

His state of mind had surpassed that of regular human beings.

It was as if the mundane fantasies of everyday life were already unable to waver him.

Bang! Jonathan stepped forward and went into Simon's centerline. Raising his fist, he aimed to throw a deadly Rolling Thunder Punch as forceful as fifteen

hundred kilograms at Simon's chest.

Jonathan's reaction was extremely intimidating this time. Being conquered by Simon's overpowering aura, not only did Jonathan not back down, he moved forward instead. Moreover, the steps he took were ingenious. In the midst of chaos and danger, he threw out an unexpected punch that was swift and sharp, stopping all of Simon's attacks.

Simon had a small shift in expression.

Not everyone could make use of Jonathan's Great Emperor Seal. For the Seal to achieve its desired effect, it required an exceptionally clear state of mind and enormous courage in the face of danger. One needed to remain as calm as the Great Emperor under overwhelming pressure while dealing a lethal blow to their opponent.

Yet, Simon was also a shrewd opponent. He reached out with both hands at the same time, attempting to wrap them around Jonathan's neck like a millstone. This action alone brought infinite transformation to Jonathan's movements. Nonetheless, there was no use for Jonathan to pull his head away or shrink back entirely as his transformation was already enveloped by Simon's force.

Seeing that Jonathan could successfully strike Simon if the latter managed to wrap his hands around the former's head, the former would be killed.

Simon's transformation was out of this world, extremely menacing.

Just then, as Jonathan rotated his wrists, his closed fists turned into open hands. Pushing them upward, he tried to make Simon loosen his grip.

Although their transformations were full of surprises, the results were terrifying in their own ways.

Simon's hands formed a seal as he stamped his feet, while Jonathan escaped the former's attacks. When their arms were tangled together in the fight, a loud cracking sound rang out. However, Simon's strength was greater than that of Jonathan's. This was the best time for the former to triumph over the latter.

Little did Simon know, Jonathan was faster. With one step ahead of the

former, the latter demonstrated his Satin Palm.

A mighty force came out of Jonathan's index and middle fingers as he pointed them at Simon.

Simon had no choice but to take a step back. Jonathan panted lightly and stepped back as well. The brief fight showed that the two were evenly matched. Yet, the thrill of it was indescribable.

Wearing grim expressions, both already knew that they were each other's ultimate rivals. Neither of them knew what the outcome of this fight would be. It all depended on their own transformation during the process.

After a short pause, Jonathan and Simon continued with the battle. This time, Simon refused to attack fervently and aggressively. Rather, he chose to play vicious tricks. All of a sudden, Simon gave Jonathan a knife-hand strike on his face. The latter tilted his head before he could get hit. Instantly, Simon closed his outstretched hand. Only stretching out his index and middle fingers, he pointed them at Jonathan's ear. When Jonathan dodged Simon's attacks, the latter changed his hand gestures, intending to rip the former's sideburns.

Managing to grab Jonathan's sideburns, Simon immediately tore a large piece off his scalp. The ruthless tactics that were relentlessly adopted by Simon were truly difficult to guard against.

Nevertheless, Jonathan was not an easy opponent. As he pulled his head away, his shoulders made him seem as if he was wielding a huge spear. Then, he jumped. The bulging muscles on his shoulders were like lump ores, slamming right into Simon's fingers.

Simon had little choice but to pull back from attacking. A cold glint flashed across his eyes abruptly as Haemocore was bursting out of his body.

It was a tremendous force of two thousand five hundred kilograms.

Out of nowhere, Jonathan unleashed his Haemocore.

It could last for only five seconds.

If he failed to defeat Simon in time, it would be a catastrophe for Jonathan.

Following a loud noise, Jonathan immediately stepped forward with a Blasting Fist, aiming it at Simon's jaw.

From a delicate movement to a ferocious punch, Jonathan's transformation was smooth and natural.

Simon turned pale upon seeing that. He did not dare to take the punch heads on. Crossing his arms, he turned Jonathan's Blasting Fist upward. At that moment, Jonathan unleashed his Mongrel Attack. His kick was obscure yet fierce.

These killing tactics were savage and violent, yet it was as smooth as butter for Jonathan to utilize them.

This was the best strategy anyone could ever adopt. Once again, Simon could not help taking a step back. The moment he did so, Jonathan's eyes gleamed with a dazzling light as bright as the sun.

The power of the Great Sage Force Field was released.

Roar!

Out of the blue, Jonathan's eyes were bloodshot. His shirt was rustling loudly as if the wind was blowing through.

If the heavens want to quash me, I will bring them down; If the earth chains me down, I will break them apart!

It was an unstoppable force.

Together with the force, Jonathan's pent-up frustrations were let out all at once.

Seeing the power that was emitting from Jonathan's body, Elijah and Lesley who stood aside were left flabbergasted.

They thought that it was terrifying for a warm and gentle person like Jonathan to hide such immense power within his thin and delicate body.

His power could obliterate everything.

All of his vitality and will as a spiritual fighter were contained within the Great Sage Seal.

Bang!

Simon's face instantly drained of color. He only felt that all his fatal attacks were vanquished by Jonathan's force. Just as Simon was shaken to the core, with a sense of foreboding, he could feel the Great Sage Seal coming at him with Irresistible Force.

Simon's vision suddenly turned black. The Seal unleashed by his opponent was godlike and indomitable. Simon could only face it directly.

He quickly took a step back and crossed his fists, turning them into a breastplate to block the attack. In an instant, when Jonathan's Great Sage Seal hit Simon's breastplate, a wild force burst out. The terrifying force was akin to a giant snake rattling its tail like a spinning top, piercing through Simon's breastplate.

Taking a few steps back, Simon's face went pale. His steps had also become erratic. Jonathan then rushed forward, throwing another Rolling Thunder Punch at Simon. The force that Simon had been blocking with his breastplate earlier dissipated straight away when he took the punch. Eventually, Jonathan's fist landed on Simon's chest. The punch sent Simon flying. He then coughed up a mouthful of blood.

Upon demonstrating the Great Sage Seal, Jonathan unleashed a Rolling Thunder Punch again. These two strikes left him utterly exhausted. He sank down and sat cross-legged on the ground, shutting his eyes.

Jonathan went all-in this time because Simon was very skilled in terms of combat and cultivation.

If they were to combat using regular methods, Jonathan would surely lose.

Thus, he went beyond the conventional methods by unleashing his Haemocore right away.

Jonathan was totally drained of energy despite merely using two tactics – the Great Sage Seal and the Rolling Thunder Punch.

At that moment, Jonathan could only feel that every inch of his body was hurting. He even struggled to move.

Meanwhile, Simon was more critically wounded. His face was white, while his internal organs were severely injured.

Like Jonathan, Simon sat crossed-legged. There was no sadness and discontent on his face. Instead, he looked unusually calm.

What he felt at that moment was relief.

“Jonathan, you won,” said Simon. With a hint of strain in his voice, Simon added, “Tell your wife to come over and kill me now.”

Jonathan put on a rather strange look and said, “I can’t even move now. Do you want me to let her end your life, then Elijah and Lesley’s, and finally her own, so that I can become the ultimate winner?”

Simon had a strange look in his eyes as well. After all, he knew what kind of person Jonathan was. The latter would not do such a thing. Furthermore, Catherine was not a fool. It would not make sense for her to follow Jonathan’s instructions when it came to matters concerning life and death.

“What are you going to do then?” asked Simon.

Elijah and Lesley also turned to Jonathan because it seemed to them that Jonathan was needed to determine the fate of others.

Just then, the fog above the surface of the sea was completely dispelled by the golden rays of sunlight.

Today is a new day that’s filled with vibrancy and hope. Or is it?

Jonathan did not give Simon a reply. The former turned to Catherine.

Catherine sat cross-legged next to Jonathan, holding his gaze. The look in her eyes remained indifferent like a still lake.

Jonathan called out to her, “Catherine.”

“Yes?” answered Catherine.

Jonathan said in a serious manner, "You're also clear about the rules of the competition. Even though I think that Divine Realm may have ulterior motives, it's just a guess. Now, we no longer stand a chance against them."

Suddenly, Catherine said, "I won't kill you."

Jonathan's heart skipped a beat. He felt joy upon hearing those words. It was not that he did not have to die, but because Catherine was his wife. He disliked the idea of getting brutally murdered by Catherine.

After a short moment of silence, Jonathan said, "Catherine, aren't you indifferent toward everyone? If you want to survive, you'll have to kill us all."

Catherine looked at Jonathan and said unexpectedly, "If I kill them all, then end my own life, you won't have to die, right?"

Jonathan felt a jolt in his heart.

After she finished speaking, Catherine stood up and walked toward Simon.

Jonathan was startled. He knew that Catherine, as a peculiar person, would mean what she said.

"Catherine..." Jonathan warned her hurriedly.

I Am Unstoppable Chapter 188-Catherine turned and looked at Jonathan in confusion.

"Come here," he said hastily.

She obediently approached and squatted in front of him, her gaze fixed firmly on him.

"Aren't you afraid of dying?" Jonathan asked.

Catherine shook her head. "I don't know what fear feels like."

Jonathan fell silent for a moment before smiling at her gently. "All right. Since you're not afraid of death as well, let's try to survive together. We're husband and wife, after all. Whatever happens, no matter if we live or die, let's stay together, okay?"

Catherine's eyes lit up. She nodded fervently and replied without hesitation, "Okay!"

Jonathan let out a long sigh of relief.

Elijah and Lesley sighed in relief as well.

However, Simon still sat there with his eyes closed, concentrating on healing his injuries.

Meanwhile, Catherine sat cross-legged next to Jonathan quietly and obediently.

Jonathan's heart was at peace.

He did not think that Catherine lacked emotions. She was just a little colder and slower than others. However, it did not mean that she did not have feelings.

Choosing Simon as her first target earlier was proof of that.

It clearly showed that she had a better relationship with Elijah and Lesley.

If I survive this, I swear I will be better to Catherine. I will treat her like my actual wife.

Time slowly ticked away.

Everyone had fallen into a rare silence, and ten days passed in the blink of an eye.

On the morning of the tenth day, rays of sunlight pierced through the layers of clouds in the sky.

Soon after, a military aircraft emerged from the clouds.

Jonathan had recovered all of his vital energy. He and Catherine were completely fine. Simon, Elijah, and Lesley, on the other hand, were still heavily injured.

All of them felt a mixture of emotions when they saw the arrival of the military

aircraft.

While they were excited, they could not help feeling anxious at the same time because this would determine who got to keep their lives.

The military aircraft quickly descended on the beach, sand swirling along with the wind.

The cabin door of the military aircraft opened, and Lailah, dressed in a crisp military uniform, stepped through it.

She approached the group with two people in tow.

Lailah gave them a sweeping glance before turning to Jonathan. "Where are the rest?"

"They're dead," he answered in a low voice.

Lailah did not even flinch at his words. "All right, then. The five of you have officially passed this test. Get into the military aircraft. In three days, we will hold the Admission Ceremony, where you will officially become external disciples of the Divine Realm. Congratulations!"

Everyone stared at her, momentarily stunned. When the shock wore off, they celebrated inwardly.

We're okay! And we got selected!

They had been worried that someone would come to get rid of them.

The group helped each other up the ramp and into the military aircraft.

Soon after, the military aircraft took off.

All of them sat there in silence but had some burning questions they wanted to ask. However, Jonathan pressed his lips together, forcing himself to keep quiet.

Lailah's eyes swept over them. "You guys must be wondering why all of you have been selected even though we said that we would only allow one person to pass."

Jonathan nodded. "Yes, we are."

"It's simple. Divine Realm needs intelligent and powerful people in its ranks. The rules will never change, but that doesn't mean the people won't. We need you guys to figure out the hidden meaning and then break the rules."

Jonathan had been pondering over that for a while, but he was still unsure. He could not hold back his comment. "But you guys were the ones who implemented the rules. Even if we could figure out the hidden meaning, none of us would be willing to risk our lives for that. It's safest to act according to your rules."

"You're right." Lailah paused before continuing, "The battle took place on Ophidian Island because it has dense jungles and is surrounded by the ocean. If you can't beat your opponent, you could choose to hide in the forest or the ocean. If you die, then it's because you have bad luck. No matter how intelligent a person is, nothing matters if luck isn't on their side. The actual rule of this competition was to allow all who survived to pass."

After hearing her words, Jonathan had a clearer picture of what the Divine Realm was.

Everyone's doubts had been cleared as well.

Three hours later, the military aircraft landed at Yaleview military base.

They each threw on a jacket for warmth and got off the military aircraft.

"You may explore Yaleview freely for the next three days. On the day of the ceremony, we will meet in Jadeborough Hotel Room 408. Be there at eight in the morning. Don't be late," Lailah instructed.

Two hours later, Jonathan and Catherine returned to the Harrington residence.

The golden silkworms had been removed from their bodies by the female golden silkworm.

After experiencing a close brush with death, Jonathan and Catherine yearned to return home.

Before they set out, Jonathan called Yareth to have him charter a car to pick them up at the spot they had met earlier. Then, both of them boarded the military aircraft and went back.

As for the remaining three, they decided to stay in the base to recover from their injuries as their homes were not in Yaleview.

Harrington mansion's courtyard was covered in a thick layer of snow. The mountains and trees were also covered in fallen snow.

Jonathan held Catherine's hand as they walked through the gates of the mansion, both clad in their military jackets.

It was already one in the afternoon when they arrived.

When the couple entered the living room, they saw Yareth sitting in the main seat. His complexion was ruddy, and he smiled at them warmly.

"Grandpa!" Jonathan greeted him excitedly and announced, "Catherine and I have been selected!"

Yareth did not seem to be surprised. He smiled faintly and said, "Come and sit. I already told Bruce to prepare lunch for us. Let's have a drink while we chat."

At the mention of food, Jonathan realized that he was starving. He had not been able to eat delicious food while he was on the island.

Ten minutes later, Bruce had laid out a lavish feast on the dining table.

Yareth poured himself and Jonathan a glass of wine. He raised it toward Jonathan and said, "Congratulations, Jonathan."

"Thank you, Grandpa," he immediately replied.

Catherine merely sat there and ate her food in silence.

"Was the test easy? Did you run into any difficulties?" Yareth asked.

Jonathan chuckled bitterly. "To tell you the truth, Grandpa, I thought I wouldn't

be afraid of Divine Realm's tests, no matter how difficult they were. However, I suffered quite a lot in this test. I almost couldn't make it back."

Yareth's interest had been piqued. "Oh? Let's hear it."

Jonathan described everything that had happened in detail to Yareth.

Once he was done, Yareth looked at him in shock. "I didn't expect Divine Realm to make the test this dangerous. Both of you were very lucky to have survived."

Jonathan gave him a small smile. "I guess you can say it was a blessing in disguise. I did gain some things from it."

Yareth returned his smile. "Yes, that's good to hear."

He fell silent afterward.

Jonathan enjoyed the lunch very much.

After the meal was over, Jonathan and Catherine returned to their room.

He let Catherine take a shower first.

Once she was done, he went in for his shower.

When he exited the bathroom, he saw Catherine sitting on the bed. Her hair was still wet, droplets of water dripping off the ends.

She just sat there quietly, lost in her thoughts.

Jonathan no longer treated Catherine like a stranger. His actions were more intimate and affectionate, despite himself being unaware of it.

He strode over to the bed and pinned her down.

They were very close to each other, to the point where they could feel each other's warm breaths.

Catherine gazed up at Jonathan, her eyes shining brightly.

Jonathan could not take it anymore. He bent down and kissed her soft lips. Gently stroking her cheek, he whispered, "You silly girl. What are you thinking about?"

She shook her head and replied, "Nothing."

She was not being coy; she was telling the truth.

Jonathan was not annoyed by her answer as he was already used to her unique personality.

He sat up, got off the bed, and brought a hairdryer over. "Let me blow-dry your hair for you."

Catherine nodded in response. "Sure!"

After Jonathan was done drying her hair, she turned to him and asked, "Can I go to sleep now?"

There was a warm and fuzzy feeling in his heart. She would never have asked me this in the past.

"Of course, but only if you give me a goodnight kiss."

Catherine immediately leaned over and pressed her lips to his. With that, she quickly burrowed herself under the thick blanket.

Jonathan chuckled to himself. Oh my. Is she shy? Well, it doesn't matter. She has changed quite a bit, but I'm pretty happy about it.

He suddenly felt very energetic.

Jonathan pulled a white sweater over his head and left the room. He got into one of the Lexus cars and drove out of the courtyard.

As he drove, Jonathan tapped on the touchscreen monitor in the car and called Yasmin.

He was concerned about Yasmin, and she was elated to receive his call.

The two of them chatted on the phone for a long time.

After that, Jonathan asked Yasmin to send his regards to Jessica and Jennifer, to which she agreed.

After ending the call with Yasmin, Jonathan dialed Amber's number.

When Amber saw Jonathan's incoming call, she was very excited. As soon as the call was connected, he told her about the things that had happened recently and the fact that he had passed the test.

Amber was overjoyed when she heard the news. "When will you be available? Let's meet up for a meal to celebrate! It'll be my treat."

Jonathan chuckled. "Tomorrow night is fine."

"Deal!"

After she hung up, Jonathan called Mabel.

She was also elated that he had called her. "You've gone missing for so many days! This phone call means that you passed the test, right?" The joy in her voice was evident.

Jonathan let out a light laugh and replied, "It looks like I can't keep anything from you." He paused for a moment before continuing, "Where are you right now? Can we meet up?"

"We can if you have something important to talk about. If you don't, I'm afraid I'm a little too busy for you at the moment."

"Yes, it's important," Jonathan said flatly.

"All right. Where are we meeting?" She paused, thinking for a moment. "You rascal, if it turns out to be something unimportant, you're going to get it."

I Am Unstoppable Chapter 189-Jonathan chuckled and said, "We'll go to your place then. I'll get some snacks and beer. Let's have a chat while we drink."

"Okay!" answered Mabel.

An hour later, Jonathan arrived at Appleton Residences, where Mabel lived. He parked his car and went into the elevator.

Mabel was already home when Jonathan knocked on the door. Her voice could be heard coming from the other side of the door. "Don't you have the keys?"

Hearing that, Jonathan was displeased with her. Geez, is it that hard to walk a few steps to open the door for me? What a sluggard! Although he had those thoughts in mind, Jonathan dared not say them out loud. He immediately pulled out his own set of keys to unlock the door.

As soon as he pushed open the door, Jonathan saw Mabel clad in comfortable pajamas, lounging on the couch with her hair down as she watched an animated show on the television.

He was taken aback when he realized what animation she was watching.

"Yo, Mabel. You're watching 'Goldilocks and the Three Bears?'" asked Jonathan in surprise as he entered the house with beer and food in his hands.

Since his hands were full, he pushed the door shut using his foot.

"What's wrong with that? There's no law saying I can't watch it." Mabel took a brief glance at him and said lazily.

Jonathan did not dwell on the topic and began to set the table with the food he had bought – stir-fried butter escargot, spicy chicken wings, and peanuts. Later, he handed Mabel a can of beer and asked, "Didn't you say you were a busy woman? Why do you look like you have been lazing around all day?"

Rolling her eyes, she replied, "My duty today is to rest the entire day. You should be honored that I took time off to meet with you."

"All right, whatever you say." Just like that, Jonathan was defeated by her words.

After taking a sip of beer, Mabel broached the subject. "So, tell me. Why did you want to meet?"

"I would like to join the Department of National Security," answered Jonathan with a solemn expression on his face.

Mabel was slightly taken aback upon hearing his interest in joining the Department of National Security. She could not help but ask, "You were hell-

bent on not joining the department back then. What made you change your mind?”

“I didn’t want to get involved in the past. Now that I’m in too deep, I might as well join the department,” he answered.

“Well, thank you for your interest, but I don’t think you need to join the Department of National Security for the time being.”

“Why?” Jonathan was curious.

“Although you’ll get convenience, the department itself is also restrictive. As long as you listen to my commands and assist me in resolving some matters, you are not required to join. That way, you’ll have much more freedom. What do you think?” explained Mabel.

Jonathan smiled wryly and said, “I wanted to make you happy, but now that you’ve said it, I’ll take your advice. It has been decided then.”

Mabel returned his smile and said, “I have already informed the executives about you. If something were to happen to me one day, you will be in charge of the entire Department of National Security.”

Jonathan was startled upon hearing her words. “What are you saying? Take it back!”

“You shouldn’t treat this as a taboo topic. Both you and I are cultivators. Now that the Great Tribulation is approaching, you and I are both in this together. The difference is that you are the Chosen One, whilst I am not. Even if I die in the tragedy, it would be normal and nothing to be shocked over,” stated Mabel.

“As long as I’m still alive, I won’t let anyone hurt you,” Jonathan declared in a low voice.

Upon hearing that, Mabel was stunned, but her gaze softened ever so slightly. “With those skills of yours? You should focus on protecting yourself first,” she teased before letting out a chuckle.

Then, she questioned, “I heard you’ve upgraded your cultivation again. That was fast!”

“That’s right. It’s middle-stage Nascent Soul now,” responded Jonathan.

Mabel nodded in awe. “You’ve reached the middle-stage Nascent Soul in the span of less than two months. I’ve got to admit, the rate of your improvement is impressive.”

“This is all thanks to Divine Realm’s test. In critical moments, there is always an opportunity. Although the test was cruel, it helped in people’s development,” said Jonathan.

“You’ll be able to upgrade your cultivation even faster upon joining the Divine Realm. The organization is famous among fighters because it had undergone continuous development thanks to the effort and hard work of generations of Divine Realm members. If you tell people you are from the Divine Realm, you will be highly regarded, no matter where you are. Even the phrase ‘Divine Realm’ brings dignity,” explained Mabel.

Jonathan felt an inexplicable feeling of awe in his heart, and he could not help but say, “If that’s the case, I simply cannot fathom what the Demon Emperor, Asura Emperor, Emperor of Chanaea, and Divine Emperor are like. I’m sure they’ve had a lot of interesting adventures throughout their lives. If I can reach their level, I will have no regrets in life.”

“I believe in you,” said Mabel, smiling.

Seeing how Mabel praised him, Jonathan scratched his head in embarrassment.

At least for now, he was still far from those top figures.

“Oh, right. I have another thing to say,” said Jonathan.

Mabel looked at him and asked curiously, “What is it?”

“I have something to teach you. It’s called ‘Requiem.’”

Taken aback, Mabel immediately asked, “That’s the secret technique of the Harrington family. How are you going to teach me?”

“Don’t worry. I’ve asked Grandpa for permission. He said I’m the heir of the Harrington family, and he doesn’t mind where and how I use the technique,” explained Jonathan.

Hearing that, Mabel was relieved, and excitement flitted across her eyes. After all, she was also a spiritual fighter. It was natural for her to yearn to learn these techniques. In fact, her passion and interest in cultivation techniques were far greater than her love for wealth.

Jonathan immediately began explaining the mantra to Mabel, detailing even the most minute tips and tricks to mastering it.

With Mabel's level of cultivation, she was able to understand the principle of the technique rather quickly. Since she was already capable enough, she need not undergo underwater training in order to master the technique.

Mabel's eyelids fluttered shut, and she began gathering Syllable Power in her mind. It did not take long for her to complete this step.

However, she quickly encountered a problem in the succeeding step, which was to locate the Haemocore.

No matter how hard she tried and followed Jonathan's instructions, she could not find it.

"Nope. I can't find the Haemocore at all," said Mabel. A bitter smile hung on her lips after she opened her eyes.

"Of course, you just started. You'll definitely be able to find the Haemocore after giving it a few more tries," Jonathan comforted.

However, Mabel disagreed with his words. Shaking her head, she uttered, "Even with my current cultivation level, if I fail once, it doesn't matter how many times I attempt it. It still won't work."

From the looks of it, mastering the mantra mostly depends on fate. If I'm not fated to find the Haemocore, there's nothing I can do about it.

As Jonathan pondered over the situation, Catherine popped into his mind. He then said, "Catherine also never cultivated the Haemocore."

"In that case, what I said wasn't wrong." A slight smile appeared across Mabel's face as she continued, "Thank you anyway, Jonathan."

"You don't have to thank me." Embarrassed, Jonathan raised a hand and scratched his head shyly.

“By the way, I have a couple of things to tell you,” added Mabel.

“What is it?”

“Once you join the Divine Realm, there will be a leaderboard. The leaderboard ranks the top ten external disciples of the organization, and Edward Weiss is on the top of the list.”

“What about Jeremy?” asked Jonathan.

“He’s not on the leaderboard at all,” Mabel replied.

Jonathan found it hard to believe and exclaimed in surprise, “Jeremy’s cultivation level is Celestial Soul, and he’s not even on the leaderboard?”

“It’s not easy to get onto the leaderboard. It will be updated every three years, which means it will be updated again next year. I hope to see you up there in a year’s time.”

“I will try my best,” said Jonathan, his tone filled with determination.

“I believe in you, so please work harder from now on. Also, members of the Divine Realm do not solely rely on working hard to improve their cultivation. There are some excellent alchemists in the inner circle of the Divine Realm. The countless number of elixir pills they have will help boost your cultivation,” Mabel continued to explain.

“Are those elixir pills given to the disciples of the organization regularly?” asked Jonathan.

“In your dreams. Do you think money falls from the sky?” Mabel sneered and rolled her eyes at the man’s question.

“Well...”

After a brief pause, she then continued, “There is also a mission board in Divine Realm. Every disciple can access Divine Realm’s official website and obtain missions. After completing a mission, one will be rewarded with elixir pills. Therefore, I’ll need your assistance once you’ve joined the Divine Realm.”

“Official website?” Jonathan was perplexed. Divine Realm is such a mysterious group. Why would they have something so advanced?

However, he did not think much about it. “What do you need me to do?” he asked.

“I’m almost done cultivating, but I need the Fortune Pill from Divine Realm. Could you please try to get one for me?”

“Okay. I’ll do it as soon as I join the organization.” Jonathan readily agreed to her request.

“No, don’t be greedy. You must select missions based on their difficulty. Fortune Pill is a type of Immortal Pill. If you want it, you’ll have to bear bigger risks,” explained Mabel hurriedly.

“Elixir pills have levels too?” Jonathan was confused.

“Of course. Elixir pills are extremely important to us, especially in late-stage cultivation. At your current level, Nascent Soul, you don’t need to rely on them. However, once you’ve reached Celestial Soul, it’ll be hard for you to upgrade your cultivation without the help of elixir pills. The pills can be categorized into five grades, namely Spirit Pill, Precious Pill, Immortal Pill, Heaven Pill, and Divine Pill,” Mabel elaborated.

Meanwhile, Jonathan listened attentively to her words. He had heard about elixir pills from Gabriel, but he learned so much more after Mabel’s explanation.

“I heard that the Divine Realm only possesses three Heaven Pills. Needless to say, Divine Pill remains a legend. I don’t think anyone has ever seen it. According to the records, a Divine Pill has its own mind and soul, and nobody knows where it is.”

“This is starting to sound like a fictional novel. How could the real world have something like that?” Jonathan could not seem to wrap his mind around this information.

I Am Unstoppable Chapter 190-Mabel said, “The novels are unrealistic, but the alchemy of Divine Realm is based on science. That is the significant difference between the two.”

“How is it based on science?” queried Jonathan.

“Alchemy is strenuous work. There are not many real alchemists in the world, thus the pills are rare. A good elixir pill requires many herbs, but the herbs contain different poisons and may reject one another. An excellent alchemist can extract the essence from the herbs and refine them as an elixir pill. Do you ever wonder why they are pills?”

Jonathan was lost. “What do you mean?”

“I mean, why is the essence being refined as a round pill rather than other shapes?” asked Mabel.

Realization struck Jonathan. He felt curious and repeated, “Yeah! Why are the pills round?”

Mabel explained to him, “The final process of refining the pill requires the alchemist to seal all the essence of the herbs in a circular shape. You won’t smell an elixir pill because the essence is locked inside.”

Just then, Jonathan instantly recalled the Supreme Nascent Pill that he ate. He remembered the pill was odorless before swallowing it, and he could not help wondering what the grade of the pill he consumed was. “Could it be a Spirit Pill, a Precious Pill, or an Immortal Pill?” Jonathan pondered.

As he recalled that, Jonathan told Mabel about the incident in Crimson Onyx Town and the Supreme Nascent Pill that he took then. “What grade do you think Supreme Nascent Pill is?” asked Jonathan.

After giving it some thought, Mabel replied, “According to your story, it is possible for it to be a Precious Pill. You were seriously injured at that time and needed nutrition to recover. Otherwise, you can’t endure all the essence of the pill under normal conditions.”

Jonathan nodded in response. “That’s right, but is it true that a Precious Pill can make a person immune to poisons?”

“A Spirit Pill can bring back the dead and prolong one’s life. Hence, a Precious Pill that would make you immune to all poisons is not a surprise at all,” commented Mabel.

Jonathan understood her words and surmised, “I can now understand why kings in ancient times were so interested in obtaining the pills. They were seeking to prolong their life through consuming the pills. However, most of the

alchemists were liars and gave fake pills. Even if a true alchemist provided the pills, those people would not be able to endure the full effect of the pills as their bodies would be too weak to absorb the huge amount of nutrition, resulting in an early death instead.”

“That’s correct,” responded Mabel.

They started to enjoy their food after finishing the discussion.

It was snowing outside as the callous winter stifled the world with its icy breath, yet Jonathan and Mabel felt cozy as they snacked on spicy escargots while taking sips of cold beer in between.

Jonathan could not help feeling uneasy about joining Divine Realm. He asked, “Are there any restrictions for external disciples when I become one?”

Mabel clarified, “Normally, there are no restrictions. However, they are strict in dividing the ranks. The lower ones have to be respectful when they meet the upper ranks. The highest ranking external disciple like Edward would not hesitate to end your life if you dare disrespect him.”

Hearing that, Jonathan felt anxious and questioned, “What if Edward causes me trouble?”

“You should avoid a conflict with him as your cultivation is lower than his. After you’re promoted to Silver, he cannot do as he wishes anymore,” suggested Mabel.

“Silver?” Jonathan was confused.

“The external disciples are categorized into three ranks, namely Bronze, Silver, and Gold. Edward is a Gold disciple while you’ll be a Bronze disciple upon joining the organization,” said Mabel.

“What? They have a ranking system for that?” Jonathan exclaimed in shock.

Mabel continued, “It’s a title to differentiate the disciples. You don’t have to ask me because someone will explain the details to you after you’ve joined Divine Realm.”

“Wait, what about Jeremy? He-”

Before he could finish his sentence, Mabel interrupted him with a wave of her hand. "He's a Silver and doesn't have the exception to murder people. Don't worry about him," reassured Mabel.

Jonathan felt relieved after hearing that.

As if he thought of something, Jonathan said, "By the way, I've noticed something strange."

Mabel glanced at Jonathan before asking, "What is it?"

"Before this, we always thought Catherine had no emotions, but I've noticed she has grown to be quite dependent on me and isn't so repulsed by my presence anymore," said Jonathan.

"That's good news!" exclaimed Mabel.

"It sure is good news, but that's the strange part. Catherine was ruthless and solitary before. She lived with the Harrington family for over twenty years, but she changed after knowing me for only more than one month. Why the sudden changes?" Jonathan was puzzled.

"Even cold-blooded animals have emotions. As for Catherine, she might be slower to display her emotions and feelings compared to the others, but that doesn't mean she will remain emotionless. In fact, Catherine's quite the opposite as it means she will be more affectionate when she opens up."

Jonathan curiously asked, "Well, why didn't she show any emotions when she was in the Harrington residence?"

At that, Mabel shrugged her shoulders and gave her two cents on the matter. "There's nothing weird about that. Although Yareth is Catherine's grandfather, she might feel distant from him as the generation gap between the two is wide. He can't act like her parents, after all. As for the other members of the Harrington family, they won't get close to her. Even her parents spent their time traveling abroad instead of taking care of Catherine. Hence, it's natural for her to grow more distant from people."

"I see. You're making some sense." Jonathan realized something as he nodded.

"Of course I am!" fumed Mabel.

The sky was completely dark in Yaleview by the time it was six in the evening, but the polar-white snow that blanketed anything it touched formed a stark contrast with the sky.

It was snowing heavily, and it was a good sign for the farmers.

Although the agriculture was stable and did not need the snow to guarantee the harvest, the snow indeed freshened up the polluted air of Yaleview.

When Jonathan was driving home, Mabel's words constantly replayed in his mind. She said Catherine was slow in expressing herself, and Jonathan agreed with her.

He suddenly felt sorry for Catherine. She was treated coldly by her family because she acted indifferently. No one truly cared for her, and Yareth's love was too subtle.

Jonathan felt the need to take good care of his wife.

As soon as he decided, he drove to a flower shop and bought a bouquet mixed with roses and lilies. Then, he bought some supper and iced beers.

He liked iced beers and expected everyone enjoyed the beers, too.

It was half-past seven when Jonathan was back at the Harrington mansion.

Yareth was already in bed by that time. Jonathan grabbed the things before stepping out of his car.

When the maids saw him, they politely addressed him, "Mr. Lawson!"

Jonathan humbly smiled in return to their greetings.

Soon, he arrived at the bedroom.

Catherine was sleeping when Jonathan walked in.

He switched on the lights, and the warm lighting brightened the room.

After Jonathan had put down the food, he brought the flowers to the bed.

"Catherine," Jonathan called her name softly as he stood beside the bed.

Catherine opened her eyes when she heard his voice. She looked pretty and calm after she woke up.

“This is for you.” Jonathan held out the flowers to her.

Catherine propped herself up and sat on the bed. Her hair was slightly messy, but it made her more attractive.

“For me?” Catherine was taken aback.

Jonathan smiled. “Of course! You’re my wife! It’s natural to give you flowers.”

Catherine took the bouquet from Jonathan.

“Do you like it?” Jonathan was excited to see her response.

“I like it,” Catherine said calmly. At that instant, Jonathan was upset as he did not sense any emotions from her words.

However, he quickly figured out Catherine was being her usual self. He had to tolerate and get used to it.

“Let me put it aside for you,” said Jonathan.

As Catherine nodded, he placed the flowers on the vanity table.

Then, Jonathan placed the food and beers on the coffee table. “Catherine, go brush your teeth and eat with me.”

“Okay,” she obediently replied, and the sense of hostility disappeared from her.

It was because she slowly felt the man’s sincerity after spending some time with him.

After brushing her teeth, she came to Jonathan’s side while the latter brought her to the couch.

“Catherine, don’t you think I deserve a reward after getting you the flowers?” Jonathan joked as he slid his arm around her waist.

On the other hand, Catherine earnestly looked at him and asked, “What kind of reward do you want?”

“I want a kiss,” replied Jonathan.

As soon as he finished his sentence, Catherine immediately planted a kiss on his cheek.

Jonathan smiled in satisfaction and said, “Come here and try the escargots. It tastes good with the iced beer. This combination is the best!”

He picked up an escargot and brought it to Catherine’s mouth as he spoke.

After eating the escargot, Catherine’s cheeks grew red because of the spice.

Upon seeing her reaction, Jonathan laughed and gave her an iced beer.

Catherine quickly drank it and recovered from the spiciness. A glint of emotion flashed through her eyes because she liked the taste.

“I want more.” She looked at Jonathan.

At that, he fed Catherine more escargots.

Both of them felt comfortable as they enjoyed the food.

Then, Jonathan fed her the ravioli.

Catherine did not comment about it, but her expression relaxed when she was eating.

She seemed to be enjoying the food.

“Catherine, remember to go for a walk outside. It will make you depressed if you always stay indoors,” advised Jonathan.

“Okay!” Catherine nodded as she looked at her husband.

Pleased by her obedience, Jonathan brushed her cheek with his thumb and said, “Good girl.”

After finishing the food, Jonathan cleaned up the area while Catherine washed up and went back to sleep.

Later, Jonathan went to bed after taking a shower. He noticed Catherine had already fallen into a deep slumber.

Jonathan's eyes looked tender and gentle when he saw Catherine's sleeping face. He planted a soft kiss on her forehead before falling asleep next to her.