

Read Novel I Am Unstoppable Chapter 91

I Am Unstoppable Chapter 91—Destino Art

Jonathan paused in shock before snapping back to reality. He was a fearless person after all. He returned the smile and reached out a hand too. "Hello!" he greeted.

The two of them shook hands politely.

Although Jonathan was usually laid-back and carefree, he made sure to keep a distance between women he was not familiar with. He would not flirt with them so casually.

Furthermore, Mabel was not a simple woman.

Jonathan looked at Mabel in confusion. "If I'm not mistaken, I think this is the first time we've met. To what do I owe this pleasure?" he asked politely.

Mabel smiled. "Let's have a seat." She gestured toward the chairs.

Jonathan nodded and replied, "Sure."

Amber, who was standing by the side, sighed in relief. She was afraid that Jonathan would actually act out of line in front of Mabel. She thanked her lucky stars that Jonathan did not embarrass her.

Once the three of them sat down, Amber began to make the introductions. "Jonathan, this is Ms. Sandler. She's from the sixth division at the Department of National Security."

Jonathan was taken aback. "The sixth division?"

Mabel smiled. "Have you heard of the sixth division, Mr. Lawson?"

Nodding, he replied, "I have."

Mabel's interest was piqued. "What you think of the sixth division?"

"The sixth division is a mysterious place. It's probably even more secretive than Anglandur's intelligence agency. Furthermore, your training is top secret. I'm surprised you revealed your identity, Ms. Sandler," Jonathan replied with a smile.

Mabel smiled back. "You are a trustworthy person, Mr. Lawson, aren't you?"

Her words were laced with intimidation, as though Jonathan would be in danger if he denied it.

He was immediately disgusted by the way she spoke, but he did not let it show. "I didn't agree to anything." Jonathan was open to persuasion, but not to coercion. He was implying that he had not promised anything. There was nothing they could do even if he exposed it to the world.

The atmosphere turned tense.

Amber detected the awkwardness and stepped in to mediate. "Jonathan's always been like that. He's pretty straightforward. Don't mind him, Mabel. He will definitely keep your identity a secret," she said.

Mabel was not really angered by Jonathan. On the contrary, she looked at him in admiration. "Capable people are always a little arrogant. If Mr. Lawson was a soft man, he would not be worth my time. He would also not be able to catch Zachary."

Jonathan instantly understood that the woman in front of him was testing him. He also realized that Mabel had come to talk about Zachary.

Jonathan smiled in response. He did not make any comment.

"Let's order some food," Mabel said.

Amber instantly replied, "I'll call for the waiter."

The meal was pretty pleasant. Jonathan had a good appetite and ordered a lot of food. In the beginning, he noticed that Mabel had her guard up around him. However, as time passed, she soon let it down.

Mabel had been conversing softly with Amber. Both of them were exasperated at how much Jonathan was eating.

Once they finished their meal, Mabel went and paid for it.

The three of them then walked out.

By then, it was already half-past eight in the evening.

Horington was lit up by bright neon signs. Cars flooded the roads.

Amber looked at Mabel and said, "Let me take you back to the hotel, Mabel." The other woman replied, "There's no need to do that. I can get home just fine. I would like to take a walk."

Since Amber was not that close with Mabel, she did not persist.

After bidding Jonathan and Amber goodbye, Mabel left.

Jonathan watched her go. The woman was wearing a black dress that accented her curves. She had an alluring figure!

Jonathan could not tear his eyes away, especially with the added mystery of Mabel's status.

When Amber noticed Jonathan staring at Mabel like a hungry predator, she stepped on his feet hard. She then stomped to her car and drove off.

Jonathan winced and grabbed his foot in pain. In the end, he laughed out loud. Is Amber jealous? What's there to be jealous about? Is she jealous because I haven't been looking at her like that? Even if I do like you, you won't even be able to tell!

Jonathan wasn't about to dwell on Amber's anger. He only cared if Jennifer was mad at him, and no one else.

Soon after, Jonathan got into his AMC Gremlin and left.

During dinner, Jonathan had ordered someone wine to drink. Therefore, he was technically driving under the influence of alcohol. However, Jonathan never cared about such things. He got behind the wheel anyway. Furthermore, beer and wine did not count as alcohol to Jonathan.

He did not expect to see Mabel not long after he left.

She was standing by the roadside, the warm night breeze gently tousling her hair. At that moment, Mabel resembled a goddess. She was so beautiful that she could drive anyone mad.

Somehow, Jonathan had a feeling that Mabel was waiting for him.

Jonathan slowed the car to a stop and wound the window down. He poked his head out and asked, "Are you waiting for me, Ms. Sandler?"

Mabel looked at Jonathan and smiled lightly. "You're right," she said in a carefree tone.

"Get in, then." Jonathan waved at her.

Mabel opened the door and got into the passenger seat. The moment she did, the entire car was filled with a faint fragrance.

Jonathan drove on. "Where are you going, Ms. Sandler?"

"Since I'm in Horington, I have to see the ocean. Let's go to the beach," Mabel replied.

Jonathan chuckled. "Why don't you get Amber to bring you to the beach? Do you want to go on a date with me, Ms. Sandler?" Once Jonathan gets closer to a person, his mouth would get out of control.

Thankfully, Mabel was not angry. She held herself elegantly. She was like a blooming flower that would never wilt. She wasn't prone to losing her temper too. Mabel smiled. "Whatever you say."

Jonathan felt dissatisfied. A man would tease a woman because he wanted to annoy her. He hoped that she would get embarrassed and act on it. However, if the recipient simply brushed it aside, it wouldn't be fun anymore.

Of course, Jonathan felt that Mabel's reaction was normal. There was no way he could expect someone like her to be embarrassed and shy.

"By the way, how did you know I was coming? What if I decided to go on a date with Amber instead?" Jonathan asked nonchalantly.

Mabel smiled faintly. "I had a gut feeling."

"Are you really that intuitive, or are you just a stalker?"

Mabel laughed. "You have not reached my level yet. Once you get to the cultivation stage where I'm at, you will begin to develop intuition. You will be able to feel if things are going to take a turn for the worst, or not. It's similar to how you tend to become more sensitive to certain things the older you get."

Jonathan rolled his eyes. "Old people are always muddled." Unable to suppress his curiosity, he went on to ask, "Which cultivation stage are you at, Ms. Sandler?"

"Haven't you already guessed it?" Mabel chuckled.

"Nascent Soul!" Jonathan exclaimed in shock.

They soon reached their destination.

The beach was brightly lit. There were plenty of recreational facilities. There were also many hotels nearby. Most tourists chose to visit the beach. Therefore, the hotels nearby were all luxurious and expensive.

Jonathan and Mabel walked over to a quieter part of the beach and sat down.

In front of them was an unending expanse of the ocean. The sound of waves crashing against the shore could be heard. The sea breeze blowing at them tasted salty.

Jonathan had a lot of questions. He began, "Ms. Sandler, you..."

“My name is Mabel Sandler,” Mabel cut in. “Please stop calling me Ms. Sandler. Just call me Mabel, like how Amber does.”

Jonathan laughed. “Calling you Mabel does make you seem younger.”

“Sure. It’s just a way to address me anyway,” Mabel said lightly.

Now that he had been granted permission, Jonathan got cheeky. “Mabel.”

“Hm?”

“Mabel.”

“Yes?”

“Mabel.”

Even Mabel, who was usually a patient person, got somewhat agitated. She looked over at him with her eyebrows furrowed. “What do you want?”

Jonathan laughed cheekily. “It feels so nice to say your name. It also gives me a sense of accomplishment.”

Mabel looked at him in exasperation. She had not realized that he was a chatterbox.

Jonathan soon put on a serious face. “I have something to ask you, Mabel.”

“Go on.”

“I’ve been at Neutralizing Force for three years now. Before this, everything had been a piece of cake. However, I’ve tried everything, but I can’t get to the next stage. What exactly am I lacking? You are a Nascent Soul expert. I would like to get some advice from you,” Jonathan said.

Mabel sat up straighter and looked at him. “Neutralizing Force is the limit for martial arts. There are many masters out there who stopped at Neutralizing Force. No matter how strong you are, your body will start to decay once you age past fifty years old. However, people who have attained Nascent Soul can remain strong and healthy even at eighty.”

Jonathan nodded. “I know.”

Mabel continued, “Neutralizing Force is the highest level in martial arts. Nascent Soul, on the other hand, is a type of Destino Art. Do you know what that means?”

Jonathan had heard Gabriel talk about it before. He furrowed his eyebrows and asked, “What actually is Destino Art? I don’t think it will be easy to describe it in a few sentences.”

“You’re right. If it were that easy to understand, there wouldn’t be so many people stuck at Neutralizing Force. You can only walk the path of Destino Art on your own. No one can teach you. There are some professionals who have gone wild. They would kill without remorse, but they are strong in Destino Art. They know who they want to become. That is the reason why those people are able to achieve Nascent Soul. And then there are some who, though righteous, aren’t able to reach Nascent Soul,” Mabel explained.

There was a pause before she went on, “In a nutshell, there isn’t a clear pathway for Destino Art. It doesn’t matter if you’re a righteous person or not. The most important thing is to be firm and have confidence in yourself. You have to know what you want to achieve. You must have your own motivation. That is what it means to learn Destino Art. Overcoming obstacles is also a way.”

Jonathan pondered over her words. He seemed to have come to an understanding.

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I Am Unstoppable Chapter 92– Performing Tasks

Although Jonathan did learn more about himself, he still felt unsure about what he truly wanted. He did not know what kind of a spiritual fighter he was or what martial arts meant to him.

Jonathan did not have an intense desire to be stronger or become the top master in the world.

He had always accepted things as they were and felt indifferent toward events that happened. For him, living a carefree life and being happy mattered the most.

That perspective toward life kept Jonathan stagnant at the peak phase of practicing Neutralizing Force for three years.

Undoubtedly, he was a genius in martial arts and had an unparalleled fighting strategy. Moreover, he achieved Peak Neutralizing Force at the age of twenty-one, which many found shocking and terrific.

Mabel had just achieved the Neutralizing Force level when she was twenty-one, while Leonardo got it at twenty-three. The significant age disparity between them and Jonathan when attaining Neutralizing Force showcased the vast difference in their abilities compared to his.

Jonathan pondered hard for a few moments, yet his mind remained blank. He sighed softly and decided to move on from there. One of his best qualities was his easygoingness. He was not stubborn at all. Instead, he went with the flow and freed himself of any burdens.

Mabel was surprised to see Jonathan out of the fog so soon. She then offered him some vague yet encouraging words. "Destiny is the only thing that matters at the Nascent Soul level. If something is within your fate, everything else will only be a matter of time."

Jonathan smiled. "Thank you, Mabel, for your guidance."

Mabel returned his smile with one of her own and said, "Destino arts is the legacy of Chanaea. Sophisticated technology is everywhere, and firearms are common in this contemporary world. Destino Art will eventually lose its significance one day, and we, spiritual fighters, can no longer be self-contented like our predecessors.

Jonathan agreed with her point of view. He paused before replying, "Mabel, I doubt you came here this time just to thank me in person."

A faint grin curved on Mabel's face. "I enjoy having conversations with intelligent people like you. Although, we, Sixth Division, have you to thank for helping to get Zachary arrested. He's created a lot of trouble internationally and is good at concealing himself from our investigation. It would be a shame for us if we didn't manage to bring this man to justice. Your assistance in taking him captive was of tremendous help to our division."

Jonathan chuckled and replied, "Does that mean I demand a reward for my contributions?"

"Absolutely! You can make any request, and I'll try to fulfill it as long as it's within my abilities."

"Hmm, you seem to have significant authority over others within the sixth division."

Upon hearing that, Mabel snapped, "Oh, quit acting! I'm sure you've already figured out my identity."

"Damn! So you really are the chief of the sixth division?" asked Jonathan.

She rolled her eyes at him. "Do I not look the part?"

He responded, "I didn't know that one can become the chief at such a young age."

"The sixth division is full of chaos. Thus, older bureaucrats and officials can't handle the post as well someone younger."

“That’s fair enough.”

“Anyways, you haven’t told me what reward you would like,” Mabel asked, getting the conversation back on track.

Jonathan was thrilled to hear that. He asked if she was serious and if he could really name anything he wanted.

A gentle smile spread across Mabel’s face. “Well, as long as your request isn’t anything extreme or bizarre, I’ll try my best to fulfill your wish.”

That garnered an amused chuckle from Jonathan. “Don’t worry. I’m not interested in money. How about you get me a spy camera? The kind of gadget that James Bond carries around?”

“That’s it?” Mabel asked doubtfully.

“That’s it,” Jonathan confirmed.

“Are you planning something bad?” she questioned.

Jonathan was slightly irritated at first but defended himself in confidence, “Nope. I would never do anything bad. I’m merely curious about that little gadget, is all.” That was how resilient he had always been.

Mabel did not chew over his intentions. Trusting him, she replied, “All right, sure. But getting that camera is not a big deal. Consider it as a gift from me. You can still name another request.”

Those words baffled Jonathan. He scratched his head and stated, “To be frank, I have no idea what to ask of you.”

It was the first time Mabel saw a carefree man like Jonathan, who was free from selfish desires. She decided not to force the reward on him and came up with an alternative solution. “All right, then. We, Sixth Division, owe you a favor. I’ll give you my number. This way, you can contact me if you need anything in the future.”

Jonathan grinned as he replied, “Nice!”

The two then exchanged phone numbers. However, Mabel also warned him not to give her number away to others, to which Jonathan promised to do as told.

She later added, “There’s something else that I hope to confirm with you.”

That instantly caught Jonathan’s attention, so he asked, “What’s the matter?”

"I asked Amber earlier, but she did not give me a clear answer. Can you clarify the Great Tribulation and explain the rumor about you being the Chosen One?"

"You knew about this too?" Jonathan asked in a shocked tone.

With a bitter smile, Mabel explained, "Jonathan, I'm sure you're aware that Crimson Onyx Sect is not an obscure clan. The country's fate is of utmost importance to the government. Thus, we know about that sect's abilities to foresee the future. We're also acquainted with what they've foretold about our country. Otherwise, we would be useless leaders to this country."

Fair enough. Jonathan shrugged after listening to that. He replied, "I have nothing to add since you already know about the Great Tribulation. However, I can confirm that I'm indeed the Chosen One. Gabriel himself told me."

Subsequently, Jonathan continued revealing things that happened at Crimson Onyx Sect in detail, including his acquisition of the Supreme Nascent Pill from Master Yarrow.

Jonathan shared everything without concealment because he was fond of Mabel. He would not even bother to elaborate this much if anyone else had asked him.

"You indeed live up to the reputation of being the Chosen One," Mabel commented. "Gabriel used to be against you in every way. Yet, you managed to get him on your side now. He's not an ordinary person. The ninth division once tried to locate him using mysticism, but he blocked their attempt."

"The ninth division?" Jonathan inquired curiously.

The corners of Mabel's lips curved as she clarified, "The Ninth Division is in charge of foreseeing the country's future. They function similarly to royal astrologers from ancient times."

Jonathan's jaw dropped in shock.

It was then that Mabel's words took a drastic turn. "Jonathan, I'm sorry to tell you this, but I did look into your background and what you did overseas before I came here. I hope you don't hold it against me."

That bewildered Jonathan even more. He was not a petty person. Even though he was slightly annoyed, he held his temper and grinned. "Were you checking to see if I'm a good guy?"

"It was because I wanted you to join us in the sixth division, so I had to be cautious. After thorough scrutiny, everyone in my division agrees that you're an excellent candidate. Now, I would like to invite you to join our division. Officially."

Jonathan raised an eyebrow while scoffing. "Thanks for your invitation. But sadly, I'm a man of my own, and I don't like restrictions."

His decline gave Mabel a headache. She said, "We aren't going to restrict your lifestyle. You will merely get summoned when there are tasks. Apart from that, you're free to do anything with your time. Moreover, you get to enjoy the privileges of working at the sixth division."

"I don't need privileges," Jonathan rebuked without a second thought.

Mabel felt helpless at that moment. Nevertheless, she continued, "I know you're currently at odds with the disciples from Strikezone Martial Arts. If you join the sixth division, we can help bury the hatchet between you and them."

Jonathan's eyes glistened for a second. Then, he paused to think carefully before deciding not to involve himself with the sixth division. He hated from the bottom of his heart to live within restraints and rules, so he replied, "Nah, forget it!"

Upon hearing that, Mabel no longer insisted. She smiled wryly and said, "Pity. I was looking forward to working alongside you, but I guess we aren't fated to become colleagues."

Those words triggered doubt in Jonathan, and he imagined how nice it would be to go on missions with Mabel, especially if they got ordered to pretend as a couple.

However, he dismissed the thought shortly as it was not worth sacrificing his freedom.

"Well, if you ever have a change of heart, bear in mind that you can always give me a call. You're always welcome to join the sixth division."

Jonathan did not turn her down entirely. Instead, he gave a vague reply, "All right."

It was then that Mabel stood up and suggested to leave the place.

Jonathan complied, sending her back to her hotel.

Before Mabel walked into her hotel, she turned and told Jonathan, "I'll make sure the item you requested gets sent to you in 3 days."

Delight swelled in Jonathan's chest, but he remained calm on the surface as he thanked her.

Then, Mabel bade farewell to Jonathan before entering the building.

As the latter watched her disappear from his sight, he secretly admired her from behind. Her alluring figure and bodily curves were heart-stirring. It gave Jonathan the urge to pinch her playfully.

Of course, Jonathan would never do it in real life, as he needed to put on a gentlemanly act in front of the cold and elegant Mabel. He could only imagine what her body felt like in his mind.

Some time passed before Jonathan eventually returned to his rented home. He told Jennifer that he had found a new place, and they could move there as soon as they wanted.

Now that Jonathan had the spy camera sorted out, he thought they might as well move earlier.

Jennifer was thrilled at the news. However, Jonathan did not mention that the place belonged to Polly because he did not want to make Jennifer feel awkward.

The next day, Jonathan contacted the relocation company and started moving their furniture.

After a whole day of work, he and Jennifer finally settled down in their new home.

Polly's house was brand-new and clean, so Jennifer and Jonathan did not have to do much cleaning.

Their bedrooms were just next to each other, and they would use a shared bathroom while living together.

That was enough to excite Jonathan.

When the clock struck eight, Jennifer had prepared dinner and placed the dishes on the table. She then had an enjoyable meal with Jonathan.

After that, she went to take a shower.

Jonathan instinctively thought of peeping on her, but he soon realized they had moved to a new place, so he was unsure if there were any openings or cracks where he could watch her. It seemed like he had to wait a few more days before he could come up with a solution.

Jennifer wore a conservative set of pajamas after her bath. Water dripped down her hair, and she seemed remarkably sexy to Jonathan. "Put your clothes into the washing machine later. I'll wash them all together," Jennifer stated. She then realized what she had just said, and her face blushed fervently.

On the other hand, Jonathan agreed without hesitation and hurried to the bathroom. He mischievously behaved after entering the room. In the middle of his shower, he opened up the cover of the washing machine and ogled Jennifer's lingerie.

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I Am Unstoppable Chapter 93–The Opening Of The Bar

Jennifer woke up at half-past six in the morning the next day while Jonathan was still asleep.

Jennifer was quite worn out last night, so she went to bed early. After waking up, she intended to wash their clothes first, then make breakfast. Their house, located in the city center, had been wonderfully renovated. From the balcony, they could see passing cars and people living their lives. Jennifer enjoyed this very much.

After washing up, she headed to the bathroom to find Jonathan's dirty clothes on the washing machine. She was amused because Jonathan did not include his underwear in the pile of dirty clothes. It seemed there were times when he felt shy too.

Actually, Jennifer did not mind at all.

She first submerged Jonathan's shirt in warm water. Then, she turned on the washing machine to wash her undergarments separately.

Just as she picked up her underwear, she found something strange. There was a sticky substance with a fishy smell.

Upon further inspection, she realized what it was.

She immediately blushed.

Jennifer did not need to ask to know what happened. She was a married woman with a daughter. She understood what happened when a man had some sexual urges. However, she did not think Jonathan could be so absurd.

An inexplicable feeling rose within Jennifer. She felt anxious and embarrassed, but she was too shy to question Jonathan.

In the end, Jennifer soaked her underwear in water and pretended nothing had happened.

Meanwhile, Jonathan was still sound asleep. He did not know that women washed their underwear separately. Instead, he thought Jennifer would wash all the clothes in the washing machine, therefore he wasn't worried about leaving evidence.

He had no idea what would happen.

Three days later, Jonathan received a surveillance camera from Mabel. It was a delicate item which could be attached to the wall in whatever way he liked.

The color of the small surveillance camera could change according to the light. When the wall was white, it could change to white too.

The surveillance camera would not emit any light when the lights were turned off, but its performance at night was rather satisfactory.

Jonathan was excited and quite impressed by modern technology.

He bought a laptop and connected the surveillance camera to it. Later, he found a spot in the bathroom to secure the camera.

When Jennifer showered at night, he took out his laptop to enjoy the show.

Days went back to normal.

Of course, this was a brief, happy interlude.

The horror-themed bar was still under construction. It was going according to plan. The original boss of Golden Years, Dilbert, felt incredibly regretful for selling the shop off for two million. It was an immense loss for him. He contacted Jonathan in hopes of getting more money. Jonathan had the right to reject Dilbert, but he was a merciful person. Instead, Jonathan promised Dilbert that he would give the man another one million if the horror-themed bar made money in the future.

Jonathan also said, "It's not like I hit the jackpot, Mr. Jacobus. Captain Johnson and I almost lost our lives dealing with the vengeful spirit. You can ask her about it."

Regardless, Dilbert was more than happy to be promised one million by Jonathan. He knew Jonathan had a close relationship with Amber, and she had connections everywhere. Dilbert could not make a ruckus even if he wanted to. It would be like pushing water uphill with a rake.

Jonathan would always try his best not to infuriate anyone. He was always thorough in whatever he did.

It would be up to fate if things did not go his way.

Two months passed in a blink of an eye.

By mid-September, the weather in Horington was just as humid.

On the day of the official opening of the horror-themed bar, the sky was blazing at five in the afternoon.

The horror-themed bar had undergone a magnificent renovation. It seemed really stylish and mysterious. It managed to attract a large group of youngsters on the day it opened for business.

Many luxury cars were parked outside the bar. They were all friends invited by Amber, Yasmin, and Polly.

They came with congratulatory baskets.

Even the secretary of the city council of Horington came to the ribbon-cutting ceremony.

The chief of police and other officials were also in attendance.

Each official was ranked higher than the last.

They had all come to pay respect to Amber.

They could not stay in the bar for long, so they left after the ribbon-cutting ceremony.

Their arrival warned all the trouble-makers that the bar was backed by high authority, and that they should think twice before causing problems.

As a result, no foolish gangster would come to the horror-themed bar to demand protection money.

No one would dare to use underhanded tricks out of jealousy.

It served as an effective deterrent.

After the ribbon-cutting ceremony, the bar hosted three events.

Firstly, they declared cold beer and fruit free of charge.

Secondly, they had invited the most famous band to perform.

Thirdly, a popular singer graced the bar with their presence and even held a mini-concert.

It was a wild night in the horror-themed bar.

Jonathan also prepared smoke effects from the second floor of the bar. He had also filmed Felicia's tragic love story.

The wishing well turned out to be a magnificent structure.

The mystery behind Felicia and Golden Years was uncovered in a single night.

In the story, Felicia was a passionate woman. After Gabriel hurt her, she held the grudge for years. Upon completing her cultivation, she killed Gabriel. However, she still believed in love. Whoever came to her wishing well with their cherished lover, Felicia would give them her blessings.

The bar got too crowded that night. Amber had to call the police to maintain order.

The horror-themed bar was also a place for the broken-hearted. They had released an assortment of drinks based on what it felt like to be in love, in bliss, or fall out of love, as well as other human emotions. It quickly attracted many youngsters.

In addition, the high-class music increased the popularity of the bar.

In terms of pricing, Jonathan charged twice the price of other bars.

After all, they were aiming to become a high-end bar, which of course meant producing high-quality products.

They wanted the customers to feel special when going to the horror-themed bar.

The bar earned one million and five hundred thousand in total that night.

The revenue was shocking, as many popular bars would take a month to earn one million and five hundred thousand, and that was considered good business.

Jonathan and the others were not surprised. That much was expected.

The hard part was the need to produce the same results in the days to come.

After all, the profits they made that day were admirable.

The next day, business was not as good as the first day, but they still managed to take in one million.

For the entire week, their profits remained at one million each day.

Without realizing it, the horror-themed bar had become an iconic place in Horington.

It was an excellent topic to bring up when talking about notable travel destinations.

A month later, the business had stabilized.

New customers visited the bar every day.

Moreover, the wishing well and the special drinks were astonishingly popular.

Their daily income was fixed at about one million and two hundred thousand.

Jennifer calculated their gross income for the month, which summed up to thirty-five million. Maintenance fees and other expenses cost about twelve million, which meant they earned twenty-three million in a month.

It was a huge amount of money. It could even be considered a miracle in the history of bars. No other bars could replicate such a result.

However, Jonathan knew their business would become slightly worse after everyone had gotten bored with the mystery of the horror-themed bar, but it would not be too bad.

Jonathan called for a meeting with the shareholders after they had calculated their revenue.

He spent ten million on the bar's extensive maintenance fees.

Then, from the remaining thirteen million, he took out nine million and divided them between Polly, Jessica, and Yasmin.

The three had each invested seven million, but Jonathan couldn't return all the money at once. Regardless, he was confident he could return the full sum in another two months.

The three girls gladly accepted the arrangement.

As for the remaining four million, Jonathan returned the capital to Amber.

That left him with three million and seven hundred thousand.

Jonathan distributed the money to six portions. Each person received a bonus of six hundred and ten thousand. Jonathan accepted the extra forty thousand happily.

Jonathan had explained at the meeting that he had promised one million to Dilbert. He would take a cut off the bar's income. Everyone agreed.

After the meeting, Jonathan invited everyone to a meal. The group drove straight to a hotel joyfully.

Everyone felt like they were one big, happy family.

In fact, Jennifer was the happiest one among them as she received six hundred and ten thousand in cash, which was money that genuinely belonged to her. She knew she had a bright future, and she could see herself being happy. She felt like she had turned into that princess again.

After the meal, Jonathan and Jennifer drove home.

Jonathan drank a lot of wine and flirted with beautiful women. He was living his best life.

It was eleven o'clock at night when they got home.

Jennifer was excited too, but she did not consume any alcohol because she needed to drive Jonathan home. However, she craved some wine when she got home. She opened a bottle of wine, got out the wine glasses, and invited Jonathan to join her.

Jonathan was more than happy to accompany her as he noticed how content Jennifer looked. He thought she resembled a seductive and confident young woman.

Yet, she differed from other ladies because of her maturity.

The two sat facing each other at the bay window on the balcony on the eighteenth floor. They could get a bird's-eye view of the brightly lit houses and the bustling city of Horington.

Jennifer had on a beige suit. She wore her hair in a tight bun, which made her seem businesslike.

She offered Jonathan a toast. Sincerely, she said, "Thank you, Jonathan."

He smiled. Their glasses clinked.

Then, Jennifer leaned against the railing of the balcony. Her face was bright red as she announced from the bottom of her heart, "This feels good, Jonathan. Every day, I feel like the sky is so blue, and everyone seems happy. I can do what I want and buy what I like. I don't need to think about not having enough money too. Besides, I earned every single penny through honest work. It feels great."

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I Am Unstoppable Chapter 94– Inside Mainstay Bar

Jonathan smiled as he was very happy. He could also understand how Jennifer felt.

To be able to live a life without worries and to freely enjoy the material world does sound like a wonderful life to live.

Seeing Jennifer regain her confidence made Jonathan feel that everything he did was worth it.

Then, Jennifer suddenly changed the topic. She asked, "Jonathan, have you thought about it yet?"

Jonathan's heart immediately sank. He knew what Jennifer was talking about. However, he kept playing dumb and asked, "About what exactly?"

Jennifer gently swayed the glass of red wine in her hand. She looked up at the starry skies outside for a moment before saying, "Remember when you said you needed more time to think about it? Our marriage prospect? You told me you had to think before making your decision." She then paused for a moment before continuing, "I won't force you, though. I just want to have an answer. I can wait until you're finally ready. I don't care if it takes two, three, or even five years. Well, you could also refuse I guess. I wouldn't have to wait anymore then."

Today was one fine day, and drinking a little wine could loosen people up.

Jennifer finally managed to muster the courage to speak her mind. She was in fact a very reserved woman. It took a lot of courage for her to decide to live with Jonathan. It was also because her love for him grew stronger.

Of course, Jennifer also felt that she could never really understand Jonathan, making her feel insecure.

She was not afraid of waiting for him. The only thing she was afraid of was rejection. Thus, as long as Jonathan told her to wait for three years, or even more than that, she would be more than willing to wait for him.

Jennifer had put herself in a pathetic predicament for the sake of Jonathan's love.

She tried to calm herself down as much as possible after speaking to Jonathan. However, she clenched her fists so tightly that her fingernails dug into her skin. She was also trembling slightly. It was obvious that she was very nervous.

Jonathan never expected that Jennifer would seek an answer from him right then and there. At that moment, he got flustered and could not utter a word. Jennifer, who was in front of him, looked so charming and mature. If I say yes to her right now, I could do whatever I want with her! I know better than to do that, though. Jennifer is a woman who needs a marriage. On the other hand, I'm afraid of the constraints that come with marriage. I'm also the Chosen One. Who knows what will happen in my life in the future? I'll only hurt Jennifer if I marry her. Of course, the most important reason is that I don't want to get married in the first place.

Jonathan fell silent.

After a while, Jennifer said, "I know you love living a carefree lifestyle. Even if we get married, you can still live your life exactly like how it is right now. If we have kids, you don't have to take care of them. All you need to know is that the kids and I will always wait for you to come back home."

Jonathan could feel Jennifer's love toward him. He was even touched by her willingness to make compromises. At that moment, he felt that he was going a little too far. However, as soon as he thought about the potential marriage, he immediately felt frustrated. You know very well that I hate that kind of life! Why would you force it upon me?

Jonathan could not bear to hurt Jennifer. He wanted to respond to her but decided not to in the end.

Jennifer turned to look at Jonathan. She stared at him with hopeful eyes.

However, Jonathan continued to keep his silence.

Although Jennifer was starting to have a bad feeling about this, she still couldn't help but have expectations.

At last, Jonathan took a deep breath and smiled wryly. He asked, "Jen, would you believe it if I told you that you're the last person I would ever hurt?"

Jennifer nodded and replied, "I'd believe it."

Jonathan continued, "I told you before that I love you. That never changed, and it won't change now. The way I feel toward you will never ever change. I don't need you to give me anything in return in order for me to love you. As long as you live a good life and be happy, it's enough for me."

Jennifer suddenly interrupted Jonathan and asked him, "What are you trying to say?"

Jonathan took another deep breath. Since the topic got brought up today, there's no need for me to keep my thoughts to myself anymore. In reality, he had always felt conflicted.

Jonathan explained to Jennifer, "In the past, you were so disheartened that you simply thought of marrying any random rich guy. I was very worried about you. I didn't want to see you giving up on yourself, so I wanted to help you open your own bar. You can see other guys, as long as you're absolutely sure that you love them of course. You made a mistake to be with Wesley once, after all. I don't want you making the same mistake again. As for me, Jen. Well, we really are worlds apart. For example, I want to run to the ends of the earth. I want to explore mysterious ruins and hunt down wild beasts in the jungles of Smealand. I want to drink with all the tribes there. I also want to live lavishly and travel around the world, drink all kinds of fine wines, and meet beautiful women.

This is the life that I want to lead. On the other hand, what you want is a peaceful life. You want a modest lifestyle and a loving husband. I'm sorry, but I can't give you any of those."

Jonathan breathed a sigh of relief after saying all that. He stood up and added, "You only live once, Jen. No one else but you get to dictate your life. Please cherish yourself. Don't settle for anything lesser for anyone." He immediately left through the door after giving his advice to Jennifer.

Jonathan drove his AMC Gremlin out of the residential area. He let out a deep breath. It felt like a weight had come off his shoulders after making that decision.

Jen was so enchanting that it was hard to resist her. She pulls one in like quicksand, and now, I've finally left the quicksand.

Jonathan accelerated his car and drove on the road at high speeds. By then, it was already midnight. Speeding on a late-night drive gave Jonathan a sense of thrill.

In the blink of an eye, Jonathan arrived at Bar Street.

He parked his car in front of a bar. He then entered the bar, which was named "Mainstay Bar."

Mainstay Bar was still doing good despite losing quite a lot of customers to the horror-themed bar. The large foot traffic in Bar Street allowed the bar to keep its business going.

The neon lights flashed nonstop as both men and women danced wildly together on the dance floor.

The deafening heavy metal music allowed the people to scream to their hearts' content. It was the perfect place for people to let out all their pent-up stress and frustrations.

Jonathan made his way over to the bar counter and ordered a cold beer with lime.

Although it was already October, the weather in Horington was still scorching hot. When Jonathan took a big gulp of the cold beer, he instantly felt cool and refreshed. His eyes wandered around the bar, looking for someone that could satisfy his needs.

It was what Jonathan used to do in all the bars he frequented. But after staying in Horington over the past few months, he mellowed down considerably. It was all because of Jennifer.

Soon enough, Jonathan's eyes landed upon a beautiful young woman sitting on the left side of the bar counter. She was drinking all by herself and seemed very unhappy.

The beautiful young woman was wearing a tight-fitting black skirt. She exuded elegance with the handbag she carried and the jewelry she wore. It was obvious that she was rich.

Jonathan felt that the beautiful young woman's figure was similar to Jennifer's. He immediately got excited, so he grabbed his glass of beer and approached her.

Jonathan sat down next to her. He looked at her and saw that she was drinking a glass of Remy Martin all by herself.

Her face was a little red. She was probably tipsy already.

Jonathan's eyes landed on the cleavage on her fair chest. He started to feel hot and heavy.

They're so big. This pretty girl must be very good in bed.

Dirty thoughts had popped up in Jonathan's mind. He smiled at the beautiful young woman and stated, "There are three types of people who go to bars. The first type is young men and women who are cool and trendy. The second type is lonely white-collar female workers. Finally, the last type is married women with unfaithful husbands that go to bars to seek out one-night stands as revenge. Pretty lady, which type are you?"

The beautiful young woman raised her head and looked at Jonathan. She was wearing red lipstick on her lips, which made her look seductive. When she glanced at Jonathan, she looked a little surprised. She probably did not think that the person who struck up a conversation with her would be such a well-dressed young man. "What type do you think I am?" asked the beautiful young woman who looked approachable.

Jonathan replied, "My name is Jonathan Lawson. What should I call you, pretty lady?"

The beautiful young woman answered, "Yvonne! Yvonne Sanders!" She then paused for a moment before asking, "You haven't answered my question yet. Which type do you think I am?"

Jonathan took a sip of his beer. He then smiled and responded, "Well, you're not the first type. You're sophisticated and elegant. You don't seem like the kind of person who follows trends. Instead, you're a trendsetter yourself. I don't think you're the second type, either. You're definitely not a white-collar worker. You also have a ring on your finger, so you're a married woman."

"So you think I'm the third type, then?" Yvonne asked with a smile.

Jonathan rubbed his nose and smiled wryly. He responded, "Honestly, I made it all up. There are plenty of reasons why people get sad. Relationships are just one of many factors. Regardless, I personally don't think you should be out here drinking any longer."

“And why’s that?” Yvonne asked.

Jonathan replied, “Because you’re a beautiful woman, and there are a lot of bad people in this bar. Regardless of whether you’re here for a one-night stand or not, it would certainly be an insult to you if you got drunk and slept with some random guy.”

“What you just said was very interesting.” Yvonne smiled. Her smile soon faded as a hint of loneliness flashed across her eyes. “Maybe I wanted to get a random guy to sleep with me just to disgust my arrogant husband.”

Jonathan took another sip of his beer. He understood why Yvonne came to get drunk. It’s honestly quite a cliché story. Then again, we all live in the same boring reality. It’s inevitable that people have shared experiences.

“You should come with me. Let’s go to a room together, shall we?” Yvonne suddenly placed her hands on Jonathan’s shoulders and leaned against him. She felt warm and had a distinct scent on her body. Jonathan could smell the scent of alcohol coming from Yvonne’s when she spoke.

He smiled at her and responded, “No, thanks.”

Yvonne was dumbfounded. She curiously asked, “Why? You approached me and tried to pick me up. Isn’t that a clear sign that you want to sleep with me?”

Jonathan laughed. He replied, “Because I’m not interested.”

Yvonne finally understood what Jonathan meant. She then laughed and stated, “You’re a very interesting guy. Come with me. Let me satisfy you tonight.”

Jonathan was tempted to accept Yvonne’s offer. However, for unknown reasons, thoughts of Jennifer kept flashing across his mind. She must be very sad and lonely back home.

When Jonathan thought about Jennifer, his desires instantly vanished.

However, he did not refuse Yvonne. Instead, he paid for her drink and proceeded to get out of Mainstay Bar with her

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I Am Unstoppable Chapter 95– Yasir Sullivan

After leaving Mainstay Bar, a tipsy Yvonne walked while holding onto Jonathan’s arm, pressing her chest against his arm.

She even whispered into his ear and said, "Hey, let's find a good hotel. I'll pay for it. I want to have a good time with another man tonight."

Jonathan could hear her resentment against her husband in her voice. She had too much to drink tonight and must have come to find someone out of impulse. She might regret it after she wakes up.

Jonathan liked picking girls up from the bar, but he only chose girls who just wanted to have a good time and could happily say goodbye after waking up. He would never go to a hotel with someone like Yvonne, not even during his heydays.

It was even less likely now since he was not as carefree.

As such, he took Yvonne to a nearby hotel and left after settling her down.

He had no desire to find out what became of her. It had nothing to do with him.

After settling her down, he walked out of the hotel.

The road was wide, and the lights were bright.

Occasionally, a car sped by and created a breeze which made him feel slightly cold.

He was not afraid of the cold, but he shuddered involuntarily. It brought a bitter smile to his face.

When did I become so indecisive and hesitant?

Overwhelmed with a sense of self-hatred, Jonathan could not bring himself to feel happy. It was true that he did not wish to marry Jennifer. However, now that he had left her, he was still unhappy.

He was feeling utterly conflicted. Jonathan felt that his feelings were becoming that of a protagonist in a third-rate romance novel.

He suddenly thought of Polly at that moment.

As he had never been too shy with Polly, he immediately gave the latter a call.

The call got through quickly. Jonathan asked with a laugh, "Polly, are you asleep?"

Polly replied coldly, "What would I be doing at this hour other than sleeping?"

"I hope I'm not disturbing you," he said pretentiously.

"You are."

Jonathan laughed awkwardly. "I have no place to stay tonight. Can you take me in?"

Polly chuckled. "Weren't you living with Jennifer? Did you get kicked out because you misbehaved while you were drunk?"

He laughed it off and said, "I'll tell you when we meet."

Polly knew Jonathan well and decided not to say more. Instead, she said, "All right, come over then."

Jonathan was familiar with where she lived. It was a place that had a sea view.

Upon receiving the invitation, he quickly drove to Polly's house.

The latter came out to receive him the moment his car arrived at the seaside mansion. She looked stylish in a black trench coat and sunglasses.

Upon seeing her, Jonathan felt a sense of familiarity and was at peace. The relationship between the two was becoming closer unknowingly.

When Jonathan was alone today, he felt helpless and lost.

However, he no longer felt that way now.

"Hehe!" Jonathan waved at her as he giggled.

Polly smiled back and said, "Let's head in." With that, she turned around and led the way.

Polly's magnificent seaside mansion was inspired by traditional architecture and was designed to blend in with its natural surroundings.

One could see the sea and the beach from the second floor. At night, one could hear the sound of sea waves.

There were luxurious crystal lamps in the living room which almost blinded Jonathan.

He plunged into the plush couch, stretched out his arms comfortably, and announced, "Polly, your couch is really comfortable. I'll sleep here tonight."

Polly chuckled. "You really treat yourself at home!" Upon returning home, she removed her coat, revealing the purple pajamas she had underneath. She left him and went to the bar to retrieve a bottle of red wine.

Jonathan saw her back and found it alluring.

Soon after, Polly walked over with two glasses of wine and offered one to Jonathan. She sat down on the couch on his left, crossed her legs, and said, "All right, tell me what happened."

Jonathan took a sip of the red wine, savored it, and declared, "It's a 1998 Chivas from a winery in Ferropene."

"I'll go sleep if you don't plan to tell me," Polly said impatiently. Jonathan did not dare to play tricks anymore and quickly put up both hands to surrender. He gave a slight chuckle. "Jennifer suddenly asked if I had thought things through today. I said previously that I was not ready for marriage. She is not forcing me to get married, but she just wants a clear answer from me."

"That's not unreasonable!" Polly replied.

"Indeed. However, putting aside the fact that I'm the Chosen One and that there are many uncertainties ahead of me, I still don't want to get married. Just the thought of watching over my wife and children my whole life makes me shudder."

"So you rejected Jennifer?" asked Polly.

Jonathan nodded.

"If that's the case, your problem has been solved. Why are you in your current state then? Is it because you still like her?" Polly ventured a guess.

Jonathan laughed bitterly. "That's right." After a pause, he added, "Whatever decision I make doesn't feel right. You know, as martial artists, we focus on serenity and being at peace. However, I don't know how to be at peace now. I came here today not to ask how to deal with my problem with Jennifer. I just want to find out how I can be serene and happy again."

Polly took a sip of wine and became deep in thought. "I'm not too happy either."

Jonathan was taken aback. "Huh?"

"Everything that I do has always gone well. However, I've always felt that something was amiss. Rather, I should say I'm lacking some form of challenge. As such, I'm not happy. I feel like my life is a puddle of still water. It's also why I can't reach the Nascent Soul. I'll also like to find out how I can be happy." After a pause, she added, "Jonathan, you aren't happy because you don't know what you truly want. As such, you've also not reached the Nascent Soul. We're in the same situation."

Jonathan fell into a deep thought.

Polly also remained silent.

After a long time, she said, "Nascent Soul is not easy to break through. It is a mortal's gateway to immortality. To achieve immortality, one has to endure countless sufferings to truly understand the way of life and the meaning of life. Perhaps it's a good thing that you're experiencing hardship now. The moment you sort things out in your mind might be the moment of your breakthrough to Nascent Soul.

"

Jonathan's heart skipped a beat and felt what Polly said was logical. He then thought about what Mabel said about Destino Art.

It always felt as though he had figured something out but he was not clear what it was.

Polly stood up, downed the wine in her glass, and said, "There's a guest room upstairs. You can stay here if you don't feel like returning anytime soon. I'll go sleep now."

With that, she went upstairs.

Jonathan sat cross-legged on the couch. He still could not figure out his Destino Art. What is my greatest desire? Wealth? No. Beautiful women? No. Freedom? No.

He breathed out audibly and gave up as he could not figure things out.

In the end, Jonathan decided not to think about anything and fell asleep on the couch.

However, he did not know the kind of impact that he had caused Jennifer the moment he walked out of the door.

Her heart was torn into pieces, and she was filled with pain.

She did not want to cry like a little girl. As such, when tears filled her eyes, she lifted her head to prevent her tears from falling.

She did not want to seem weak.

Even if no one could see her, she did not want to cry.

The more significant reason was that her feelings for Jonathan were dead.

As such, Jennifer woke up early the next day, put on her exercise clothes, and went jogging. After running, she returned home to shower. She then drove to a high-end café for breakfast, visited a bookstore, went shopping, and bought some makeup.

At noon, she bought many things for Winnie and then drove home.

Jennifer decided not to think about Jonathan anymore. She was going to live her life to the fullest on her own. Although it was not easy, she would work toward this goal.

She was not going to give up on herself.

At night, Jennifer dressed up beautifully and elegantly. She reported to work at the horror-themed bar as usual and performed her duties as general manager.

Jonathan was relieved after hearing from some other people that Jennifer seemed normal.

At the end of October, it truly felt like autumn as everyone in the streets of Jipsdale was wearing coats.

In the Young residence, Leonardo, dressed in white, still looked cold and beautiful.

It had been three months since Jonathan defeated him. During this time, Leonardo did not try to provoke Jonathan. It was not because he was afraid of Jonathan.

The main reason was that Leonardo did not have any news of Bianca.

He had been feeling depressed ever since he could not find her. Nothing interested him. Hence, causing trouble for Jonathan was the least of his priorities.

In fact, he also did not have much oversight of the Young family's business and left it to its own devices.

It was eight in the evening in the attic where Bianca used to live.

There was a warm and gentle light. Leonardo sat on Bianca's bed and held the comb she used in his hand.

He closed his eyes and breathed in the smell of the room. The room still had lingering traces of her fragrance.

He took it all in, and his face looked intoxicated.

It was only during this time that he felt that life was bearable.

However, Wallace's voice rang out from outside the attic at that very moment.

"Young Master!"

Anger instantly flashed in Leonardo's eyes as he was interrupted. However, he quickly suppressed his anger because Wallace watched him grow up.

He took a deep breath, put down the comb, and responded, “Mr. Moralez, what’s wrong?”

Wallace replied respectfully, “Young Master, we have just received news that Master Sullivan has arrived in Jipsdale. He is now staying at Jipsdale Hotel.”

“What?” Leonardo was shocked. “Why did Master Sullivan suddenly come?” Leonardo quickly walked out of the attic and came face-to-face with Wallace

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I Am Unstoppable Chapter 96– Golden Sword Tournament

Wallace said, “I think Master Sullivan’s arrival is significant too. That’s why I came here to inform you at once, Young Master.”

Leonardo asked solemnly, “Did he just arrive or did you just receive the news?”

Wallace replied, “He just arrived.”

Leonardo said, “Master Sullivan did not notify me in advance of his arrival at Jipsdale, and he did not come to our place either. Something’s odd here.” He paused for a few seconds before continuing, “Anyway, hurry up and do the necessary preparations, Mr. Moralez. I am paying Master Sullivan a visit.”

A hint of relief flashed across Wallace’s eyes. At least Young Master has not lost his mind completely. He still knows the importance of getting on Master Sullivan’s good side.

After all, Yasir Sullivan was one of the leaders among the lineage of Strikezone Martial Arts’ disciples to which Leonardo belonged.

Their founder, Edward Weiss, first established Strikezone Martial Arts in Southeast Aploth. Then, he set up a military force in the southern region. Even some of the most revered beings in the nation were afraid of Edward, much less Leonardo.

Moreover, Edward’s cultivation had reached a stage many could only dream of. He was a being that even Leonardo had to worship.

As for Yasir Sullivan, he was Edward’s junior. Yasir was the person in charge of Strikezone Martial Arts in Southeast Aploth and a very formidable man.

Leonardo did not dare to show the slightest negligence in handling Yasir’s sudden advent.

An hour later, Leonardo departed to Jipsdale Hotel immediately after preparing an expensive gift.

Outside, the sky was dark as night had descended and the autumn wind souged.

Brilliant lights adorned the Jipsdale Hotel's building.

Leonardo appeared elegant, wearing a black tuxedo. Wallace trailed behind him with a gift box in his hand. Inside the gift box was a precious piece of artwork.

Yasir was an artwork collector, so Leonardo deliberately prepared this gift for him.

The two of them arrived at the entrance of the presidential suite where Yasir was staying.

Two bodyguards dressed in black stood on each side of the room door. Their skin was tanned, and their eyes were menacing. Leonardo could sense their malicious intent after one glance at them.

Evidently, those bodyguards were not just ordinary bodyguards available on the market. They were real assassins.

"I'm Leonardo Young. I'm here to visit Master Sullivan. Please help me to inform him of my arrival." Leonardo had always been an arrogant person, but he appeared unusually humble at that moment.

The two poker-faced bodyguards cast a glance at Leonardo. One of them said, "Wait here." Then he pushed the door open and entered the room.

He exited the room a few moments later and said to Leonardo, "You may enter now."

Leonardo thanked those bodyguards. Just as he was about to step through the door with Wallace, the bodyguards halted Wallace. "Master Sullivan will only meet with you. Outsiders are strictly prohibited from entering."

Leonardo did not dare to defy Yasir's instruction. He took the gift from Wallace and said to him, "Wait for me here, Mr. Moralez."

Wallace nodded.

Although they had yet to see Yasir, both Leonardo and Wallace could sense his overwhelming presence originating from within the suite.

Leonardo entered the presidential suite under the bodyguards' guidance.

Bright white lights from the luxurious chandelier illuminated the entire suite.

Upon stepping into the room, Leonardo immediately noticed Yasir, who was seated on the couch in front of a small table. Sitting on the couch opposite to Yasir was another young man.

That young man appeared around twenty-two years old and had a gentle exterior. He was dressed in a white outfit and was brewing a pot of coffee.

He did not look up when Leonardo walked in.

Yasir was not a bald man. He wore a black outfit and had a kind and easygoing appearance, similar to an academician.

Yasir was sipping on a cup of coffee while wearing a neutral expression.

His calm demeanor when he sat there was as if he was unperturbed by anything or anyone. At that moment, Leonardo felt that nothing in this world could disrupt Yasir's peace of mind. It was as if he had become an eternal being, unfazed by the changes in his surroundings.

In his opinion, that state of mind reflected Yasir's advanced cultivation stage.

He bowed and greeted Yasir politely, "Good day, Master Sullivan."

However, Yasir acted as if he had not seen or heard Leonardo. He continued to sip on his coffee and completely ignored Leonardo.

Leonardo did not dare to move. He maintained his forward stooped posture while silently experiencing the heavy atmosphere inside the room. He had a feeling that if he had shifted even an inch before receiving Yasir's acknowledgment, he would be facing horrible consequences. That was why he was being so careful.

After a few seconds, beads of sweat had covered Leonardo's forehead.

Yasir suddenly piped up after a long while, but he spoke to the young man sitting opposite him. "Levi, your techniques in coffee-brewing had improved significantly."

Levi's full name was Levi Henderson. He was Yasir's trusted disciple and had been learning from the latter since the age of ten. Levi had a high level of cultivation, but he possessed a calm and gentle demeanor as if nothing could ever anger him. Besides, he was meticulous and impeccable in handling all of his tasks. That was one of the reasons why Yasir trusted him.

At that moment, even after receiving Yasir's praises, Levi did not appear smug. Instead, he kept his composure and smiled faintly. "That's what you've taught me. We should always take things seriously, and that includes brewing a pot of coffee."

Yasir responded with a contented smile. Only then did he turn to look at Leonardo.

Sensing Yasir's gaze on him, Leonardo instantaneously felt an overwhelming pressure.

Drenched in sweat, Leonardo exclaimed at once, "Master Sullivan, I am aware of my grave mistakes!"

Yasir said, "Oh? What mistakes have you done?"

Leonardo felt relieved after seeing that Yasir was willing to speak to him. He was not afraid of Yasir's scolding. On the contrary, Yasir's silence and unwillingness to acknowledge him scared Leonardo out of his wits. Keeping his body bent and head lowered, he explained, "I have tainted Strikezone Martial Arts' reputation because of my incompetence."

Yasir snorted. Hearing Yasir's response, Leonardo immediately felt chills traveling down his spine and suffered from feelings of suffocation. Yasir said coldly, "If not for the person behind you, I would have kicked you out of the clan." After a brief pause, he added, "How could you allow a mere mercenary to trounce every disciple of Strikezone Martial Arts? Are you aware that others now treat our clan as a laughing stock even on the international level?"

"I'm terribly sorry!" Leonardo apologized frantically.

Yasir elaborated, "This matter had even caught Edward's attention. I have come here because Edward has asked me to resolve this issue."

Leonardo was stumped as he did not expect his problem with Lawson to have alerted Edward. The current turns of events were beyond his imagination. That issue was no longer a personal grudge between Jonathan and him.

"I am willing to receive any punishment for my lack in capabilities. Please pass your judgment, Master Sullivan," Leonardo pleaded.

Yasir said, "Although you failed our clan, you do not have to beg for retribution if you manage to redeem yourself. However, the inability to do so will result in your expulsion from Strikezone Martial Arts forever."

Strikezone Martial Arts was an existence of utmost glory and pride. Leonardo had attained his current achievements largely because of Strikezone Martial Arts' influence. Facing expulsion from the clan would be a devastating blow to Leonardo.

He took a deep breath before declaring, "I know what I should do now, Master Sullivan."

Yasir questioned him, "Is that so? What is the plan you have in mind?"

“I will send a challenge invitation to Jonathan Lawson. If I fail to redeem myself, I will bring that disgrace to my grave instead of tarnishing the clan’s reputation.”

“If you lose, do you expect us to repeatedly send that mercenary challenge invitation until we defeat him? How do you think the public would view us? They will say that Strikezone Martial Arts is a third-grade clan that resorts to bullying others with our numbers.”

Leonardo was stunned. “Master Sullivan, what are your suggestions?”

Yasir glanced at Levi and said, “Explain it to him, Levi.”

Levi stood up. He gave off a usual gentle vibe without many expressions showing on his face. “Leonardo, the story behind that conflict between you and the mercenary, Jonathan Lawson, had spread like wildfire. Hence, local and overseas members of the martial arts world were aware of the events that had led up to the previous undesirable outcome. If you send Jonathan a challenge invitation now, he may not necessarily accept your challenge. Even if he does not accept it, no one will criticize him because he has the option to do so. Therefore, sending him a challenge invitation is not a wise move.”

After pausing briefly, Levi continued, “What we have in mind is for us to collaborate with a few famous martial artists and organize a Golden Sword Tournament. Then, we will convince Jonathan to join this tournament. Naturally, you will be one of the participants too. We hope you will achieve an outstanding result in this tournament to reassure the public’s view of Strikezone Martial Arts’ prestige. At the same time, you can seize this opportunity to get rid of Jonathan. In this way, no one will condemn us and say that we are seeking revenge on him if he happens to die during the tournament.”

Leonardo’s eyes lit up. He thought that was a brilliant idea. However, after a few seconds, he asked worriedly, “What if Jonathan is reluctant to join this Golden Sword Tournament?”

Levi replied, “When there’s a will, there’s a way. You are a very smart person, Leonardo. I am sure you can come up with some ideas to make him join the tournament.”

A cold gleam flashed across Leonardo’s eyes as he nodded.

I have to say, hosting this Golden Sword Tournament is a great idea. If Strikezone Martial Arts can manipulate this tournament right, we can make our clan more reputable and popular by negating the circulating negative news following that incident caused by Jonathan. Besides, we need this tournament to prove our worth. With this plan, we will be able to kill two birds with one stone.

Leonardo realized sending Jonathan a challenge invitation was a stupid idea since everyone knew about the life-and-death battle between Jonathan and Randy. After the battle, Jonathan had announced that he would no longer face a series of opponents in a match. Hence, no one would comment on Jonathan's decision even if he declined Leonardo's challenge.

However, things would be different if they were fighting in a tournament because Jonathan would not have a reason not to accept a battle.

Nonetheless, their first priority was for Jonathan to participate in the Golden Sword Tournament. If he was not willing to attend, Leonardo and the others would not be able to carry out their plan.

Yasir was rather thoughtful. To prevent other members of the martial arts world from knowing Strikezone Martial Arts was plotting this matter, he and Levi deliberately stayed hidden from the public eye. In the following days, Yasir utilized his connections to meet up with the leader of the Martial Arts Association in Yaleview, Edgar Dunn. He had given Edgar a sum of money and extra funds for Edgar to organize the Golden Sword Tournament.

Edgar was a renowned man in the martial arts world. He had gladly received Yasir's check and immediately contacted a few famous masters within the nation for a discussion that same day. In the end, all of the masters had also promised Yasir to select a few of their best disciples to join the tournament.

The Golden Sword Tournament's rewards were lucrative.

The final winner would also receive an honorary golden sword.

As a result, the Golden Sword Tournament was successfully established by Edgar alongside a few masters from different clans. The organizers decided to hold the tournament at Fairlake.

After all, Fairlake was the place of origin for martial arts.

The tournament's missions were for spiritual fighters from different backgrounds to hone their skills as well as to promote Chanaean martial arts.

Read Novel I Am Unstoppable Chapter 97

I Am Unstoppable Chapter 97– Invitation Card

The news of the Golden Sword Tournament soon spread across the martial arts community like wildfire.

It was set to happen on the twenty-seventh of November.

There was still a month left to the tournament.

There were already many skilled fighters that had confirmed to participate. Among them was the Shadow Punch's successor, Hector Cook of Cook Clan from Coldbridge. The Springing Kicks' successor, Mason Walker from Horbah, and Spirit Fist's successor, Stephen Green of the Green Clan, were also taking part in the tournament. Not forgetting Micah Hayes, who was the son of the Martial King of Fairlake, Morgan Hayes, and many more.

There were already more than twenty famous highly-skilled martial artists on the list.

Besides those well-known participants, other unknown experts would also be joining the Golden Sword Tournament. After all, many skillful people often kept themselves hidden.

Meanwhile, Strikezone Martial Arts had also indicated that their disciples would be joining the tournament.

As a prominent martial arts center, Strikezone Martial Arts was definitely included in the competition.

Other than that, the seniors of the tournament's organizing committee were still sending out invitations to other experts.

Since the organizer had registered the participants, they knew who were the highly-skilled martial artists.

The Golden Sword Tournament was an underground battle. Every participant was required to sign a liability waiver form and would receive a sum of guarantee funds.

It was an actual tournament and not some fancy show put together by the organizer.

A real match between martial artists was a matter of life and death.

As it was known, martial arts involved life-threatening techniques. Not only could it determine one's losses or wins, but it could also determine one's life or death.

It was worth mentioning that Morgan, the Martial King of Fairlake, was the martial arts leader of Fairlake. Thus, he was invited to be one of the judges. At the same time, the head of the organizing committee, Edgar, had asked Morgan to invite Polly and Jonathan from Horington to participate in the Golden Sword Tournament.

Morgan was enthusiastic and excited about the competition. It was an important event in the martial arts world. Anyone who had a passion for martial arts would feel happy about the tournament.

Morgan knew Polly and Jonathan. He, too, felt that they were the real experts and should be involved in the tournament.

On that day, Morgan went to Horington personally. He had called Jonathan and Polly prior to his arrival.

They had agreed to meet at Horington International Hotel.

Jonathan had great respect for Morgan. Thus, he wanted to welcome Morgan properly.

Jessica was the happiest to hear about the Golden Sword Tournament. She had heard about the event from Morgan. Jessica was interested in martial arts and had asked Morgan if she could be a spectator.

He agreed in an instant as she was his beloved granddaughter. Jessica immediately thought about Yasmin and told her about the competition. As a young lady, Yasmin's curiosity was piqued. She told Jessica that she was interested in watching the match as well. Hence, Jessica asked Morgan for another spot, and he happily agreed.

Jessica and Yasmin welcomed Morgan when he arrived. After they were reunited, Jessica ran into Morgan's arm and acted coquettishly like a child. Yasmin, on the other hand, smiled at their interaction.

After that, all of them got into the car again. Elliot Yeager, Morgan's apprentice, was the driver. Meanwhile, Yasmin sat on the passenger side, whereas Morgan and Jessica were in the backseat.

"Granddad, did you come here to invite Jonathan and Polly to the Golden Sword Tournament?" Jessica asked with excitement.

Morgan nodded. He laughed and said, "How many times have you asked this?" Jessica giggled and replied, "Jonathan is a really impressive martial artist. He'll get the first place, for sure. Hehe. I can't wait to see him show his skills, Granddad!"

Morgan patted Jessica's head dotingly and smiled at her. "There are many other highly-skilled participants in this tournament. There'll always be stronger and better martial artists out there. Even though Jonathan is good, I can't say for sure that he's the absolute champion. In short, this is a significant event in the martial arts world. Winning or losing is not the most important thing."

"Then what is most important?" Jessica asked curiously.

Morgan answered word by word, "The spirit of martial arts!" He paused for a while and added, "Martial arts is the essence of our country. We must not lose it."

Jessica did not quite understand what Morgan had said. However, she did not mind.

On the contrary, Yasmin was listening to Morgan's explanation attentively. She suddenly turned toward him and asked, "Old Mr. Hayes, will Jonathan be in danger if he participates in the tournament?"

"This is a real martial arts battle. It's a matter of life and death and showcases how powerful their skills are, so the danger is inevitable. We're martial artists, and the purpose of martial arts is to end lives. It's not to perform. If the Golden Sword Tournament is not dangerous, there's no difference from the organizing committee's other fancy show matches. There's no need to waste everyone's time with that," Morgan explained with a smile and could not hide the pride in his voice.

As he spoke, he let out a long sigh. "The ring is where the fighters truly belong."

Yasmin could not help but look worried after listening to what Morgan said.

Seeing that she was concerned about Jonathan, Jessica reassured her, "Yasmin, don't worry. Jonathan is a good fighter. Nothing will happen to him." Jessica had confidence in Jonathan.

Yasmin was not as optimistic as Jessica, yet she did not say anything.

Half an hour later, their car pulled up in front of Horington International Hotel. Elliot handed the keys to the parking valet after they got out of the car.

Before they stepped into the hotel, they saw Jonathan and Polly waiting to welcome them at the entrance.

When Jessica saw Jonathan, she jokingly said, "Hey, Jonathan, you're still alive!" It was apparent that she was delighted to see the latter.

Jonathan sighed. This little girl.

Morgan furrowed his brows and admonished, "Jessy, don't be rude."

Jessica stuck out her tongue at Morgan cheekily. Whenever she was with Morgan, she was like a cheeky little girl. There was no trace of her usual independent and strong demeanor.

Jonathan and Polly walked toward them. Jonathan greeted Morgan, "Hello, Old Mr. Hayes."

Polly followed suit. "Greetings, Old Mr. Hayes."

Morgan and Elliot greeted them with the same degree of reverence. "Hello, Master Lawson, Master McDaniels."

“Just call us by our names, Old Mr. Hayes. As good friends of Jessy and Yasmin, we’re the younger generation, just like them. There’s no need to be so formal,” Polly said with a smile.

Jonathan immediately agreed with what she said.

Morgan let out a chuckle. “Let’s talk inside.”

The group of people entered the hotel cheerfully.

Winter in Horington was sunny. Thus, even though it was already the beginning of November, it was still warm and bright.

Jessica and Yasmin were clad in beautiful dresses, while Polly looked refreshed in a set of white sportswear.

Jonathan appeared casual with his black T-shirt and jeans, the kind of outfit a boy-next-door would wear.

After everyone took their seats in the private room on the second floor, Jonathan requested the waiter to serve their food.

Jonathan felt guilty for the past few days and did not dare go to the horror-themed bar. Jennifer did not call Jonathan nor did she ask about him. The former carried on with her life as usual. However, she was utterly disappointed in Jonathan.

An unseen distance and estrangement grew between them.

Therefore, Jonathan had stayed in Polly’s seaside mansion. He had nothing to do every day.

At that moment, Jonathan opened a bottle of wine that Polly had brought along.

It was a bottle of aged wine. After removing the cork, the room was filled with the aroma of the wine. Moreover, the golden wine resembled the texture of honey. When picked with a fork, it looked like silk threads.

Jonathan poured a glass of wine for Morgan. As he was about to pour for Elliot, Yasmin rose to her feet and took the bottle from Jonathan. She then filled everyone’s glasses.

When Morgan saw her sensible action, he could not stop himself from saying, “Jessy, you have to learn from Yasmin, okay?”

“Yasmin, why must you be so perfect? Do you know you’re making me look bad?”
Jessica sighed helplessly.

Upon hearing her child-like complaint, everyone burst into laughter.

Yasmin grinned in response. She saw herself as Jonathan's younger sister. After Yasmin filled everyone's glasses with wine, she raised her own and said, "Old Mr. Hayes, since you're our guest, let us give you a toast."

With that, the others raised their glasses too.

They sat down after they finished their glass of wine.

Right after that, a sumptuous meal was served.

The group of people ate merrily in the private room. Morgan did not mention a word about the Golden Sword Tournament either.

When everyone was somewhat tipsy, Morgan cleared his throat and said, "Ms. McDaniels, Jonathan, I'm sure you both have heard about the Golden Sword Tournament."

Jonathan and Polly knew that Morgan was finally getting down to business. They had guessed that this was the reason for his visit to Horington. Both of them nodded.

Morgan stood up with a serious look on his face.

Seeing that, Polly and Jonathan quickly rose to their feet.

Jessica and Yasmin could also feel the tense atmosphere in the room.

Elliot stood up as well.

Morgan said solemnly, "I am here today to formally invite you both on behalf of the Golden Sword Tournament organizing committee. I hope that you can participate in the competition." After he finished his words, Morgan took out two gold-embossed invitation cards.

Polly smiled and answered, "I am grateful that you think well of me, Old Mr. Hayes. All right, I will take part in the Golden Sword Tournament." She was surprisingly quick to accept the invitation.

Jonathan was taken aback by how fast she agreed.

"What about you, Jonathan?" Morgan looked toward him. His gaze was filled with an earnest expectation.

Jonathan and Polly did not discuss this prior to the meal. Both of them had their own worries, so Polly did not ask him anything.

Jonathan did not expect Polly to accept Morgan's invitation and participate in the Golden Sword Tournament.

Polly cast a look at him. She did not know what was going through Jonathan's mind.

Jessica, Yasmin, and Elliot were staring at Jonathan too.

"Granddad, is there a need to ask? Of course, Jonathan will participate in the tournament," Jessica chirped in naturally.

"Jessy, don't spout nonsense." Yasmin stopped Jessica from saying more as she fixed her gaze on Jonathan. Yasmin was hoping he would not partake in the competition.

After a moment of silence, Jonathan raised his head and glanced at Morgan. He opened his mouth to answer, "I'm sorry, Old Mr. Hayes, but I don't want to participate in the tournament."

Morgan, Jessica, and Elliot were taken aback by his response, whereas Yasmin and Polly were deep in thought.

Morgan's expression turned sullen. "Why?"

"There's no specific reason. I'm just not interested. I'm willing to do anything if you need my help. However, I'm not keen on joining the tournament. Please forgive me, Old Mr. Hayes," Jonathan explained with a wry smile.

Read Novel I Am Unstoppable Chapter 98

I Am Unstoppable Chapter 98—Martial Arts Competition

Jonathan politely yet firmly refused the invitation. Although Morgan wished fervently for Jonathan's participation, he was reluctant to force his wish onto Jonathan. Jessica opened her mouth, but Yasmin tugged her arm before she could say something, so she swallowed back her words.

Unwilling to give up, Morgan added, "Jonathan, I do hope you would give it another thought. Your cultivation in martial arts is considered top-tier now. If you join the competition, you may be able to break new ground in the martial arts world. That's the only thing we old folks who hold this competition want to see."

Jonathan smiled bitterly in response. He hated to reject Morgan's ardent invitation, but at the same time, he had no interest in the tournament.

"I'm sorry, Old Mr. Hayes." Jonathan remained unyielding.

Yasmin promptly added, "Old Mr. Hayes, let's not push him if he really doesn't feel up to it, is that okay?"

Warmth filled Jonathan's heart. He knew she truly cared for him.

Morgan, however, continued his persuasion as something popped into his mind. "Tell me the truth, Jonathan. Is it because of Strikezone Martial Arts? Are you worried they will come after you during the tournament for revenge?" He stopped for a bit and went on, "Don't worry about it. Edgar Dunn is the person in charge of the competition, and masters from all over the world are joining. Even Strikezone Martial Arts will be bound by the rules and fight fairly on the stage. Besides, with the level of your cultivation, I believe they will pose no harm to you."

Contrary to his belief, Strikezone Martial Arts hadn't crossed Jonathan's mind even once. He replied, "Old Mr. Hayes, every person who joins the competition is motivated by their own goals and desires. It can be fame, cultivation, or anything. The thing is, there is nothing I want from this competition. Hence, I'm hesitant to participate."

"There is nothing you want out of the competition?" Morgan was speechless. He knew that Jonathan did not fear for his life. The fact that Jonathan was capable of killing Randy was proof of his strength and power. He would not have feared a martial arts tournament.

"All right, then. Since you've made up your mind, let's forget about it." Morgan finally gave in.

Despite Jonathan's refusal and Morgan's subsequent acquiescence, the atmosphere of the lunch date did not turn cold. After all, Morgan was not a stubborn old man. He simply had a deep love for martial arts.

After they finished their drinks, Morgan left and rushed back to Fairlake right away. He had had many tasks waiting to be taken care of since the martial arts tournament was to take place in Fairlake.

Elliot was the only person who did not have a drop of alcohol during lunch. Therefore, he had no issues driving Morgan back to Fairlake, which wasn't too far away from Horrington. The journey was only a two-hour drive on the highway.

The rest of them sent Morgan and Elliot off outside the hotel. Jessica, unable to contain her disappointment, thumped Jonathan's arm and grumbled, "Why don't you join the competition?"

Jonathan chuckled. "It's easy for you to say. Do you know participants have to sign the liability waiver form? What if I get killed on stage? Do you want to be widowed for the rest of your life?"

The first half of his explanation sounded reasonable, but the second half nearly had Jessica blushing. She stuck out her tongue at him. "Nonsense! Don't be too full of yourself! You coward!" Despite her words, Jessica realized the cruelty of the competition as well. Suddenly, she was glad that Jonathan opted out of it.

"Polly, why have you decided to participate?" Yasmin turned toward Polly.

She regarded Polly as a true friend and cared for her. Though she was not as close to Polly compared to Jonathan, she genuinely wished nothing bad would happen to Polly.

The corners of Polly's lips lifted. Her eyes drifted across the street and wandered off between the passing cars. Later on, she muttered, "I'm a fighter. Fighters should fight, and the tournament is a good opportunity for me."

"Polly, you make it sound as though I don't deserve to be a fighter." Jonathan scratched his nose.

"Good. At least you're aware of it." Jessica rolled her eyes. Though she no longer wanted Jonathan to take part in the competition, she would not let a chance to mock him slip by.

Jonathan, being his thick-skinned self, merely shrugged.

Paying no attention to their bantering, Polly heaved a long sigh out of the blue. "Why don't you guys go back first? I'd like to take a walk alone." She then strode off on her own, leaving them behind.

"What's the matter with her?" Jessica nudged Jonathan as she stared at Polly's dwindling silhouette. She couldn't help but feel something was wrong with Polly.

"I suppose it's that time of the month for her," answered Jonathan solemnly.

His cheeky reply had Yasmin and Jessica flushed red with embarrassment. "Idiot! Can't you be more serious?" Jessica pinched his arm.

Jonathan let out a chortle. "You know what they say? If you hit or scold someone, that means you love them and care deeply for them. I guess you love me very much."

"Stop it, will you?" Jessica aimed a kick at his leg.

Jonathan chuckled and dodged the kick effortlessly.

Yasmin could barely resist the urge to laugh as she watched the two bantering with each other like juvenile kids. She enjoyed it though. It filled her with the warmth of having friends and family, especially Jonathan, whom she found particularly affable. It was as if her brother was still by her side.

She wholeheartedly believed that if she were in danger, Jonathan would surely act the same as her brother, Connor, and protect her with all his might. She let out a cough to interrupt their raillery and said, "Jonathan, I've made some smoothie at home. You've had quite some alcohol just now. Why don't you come to our place and have some smoothies?"

Since Jonathan had nothing else to do, he nodded. "Oh, all right."

"Excuse me, can you sound a little less reluctant? Do you know how many people would die just for a chance to enter our house? You're a lucky man, so be grateful!" Jessica shot him a contemptuous glare.

"I don't doubt men want to set foot in your house because of Yasmin. But if it's you... I don't think so." Jonathan shook his head.

His words had Jessica flared up instantly. "Idiot! I'll kill you!"

"Haha!"

It was two o'clock in the afternoon. The sun was shining brightly in the sky, albeit much more forgiving than in summer, which was an absolute delight.

To have a sunbath on the beach in that agreeable weather would definitely be wonderful. Had it been summer, the heat of the sun would only grill everyone into roasted pigs.

Jessica and Yasmin resided in Maple Villa District, where Jonathan had visited several times before.

Although they had driven to the hotel, they hailed a taxi to go back instead, for the three of them had consumed alcohol during lunch. After all, it was common sense that driving under influence was both unethical and illegal.

Jonathan took the passenger seat while Yasmin and Jessica sat together at the back of the taxi.

Suddenly reminded of something, Jessica blurted excitedly, "Before I forget, Jennifer and you seem rather odd lately, Jonathan. You haven't been to the horror-themed bar for quite a while now, and Jennifer never asks about you. What happened? Did you break up or something?"

Curious to know the answer, Yasmin gazed at Jonathan intently too.

"It's not a break-up. We had never been together, to begin with." Jonathan rubbed his nose.

For some unknown reasons, Jessica was elated at his reply and secretly heaved a long sigh of relief.

“Good for her. At least she won’t be subjected to disasters anymore.” She giggled.

Yasmin, tactful as she was, inquired softly, “Did something happen?”

Unwilling to divulge information, Jonathan gave a half-hearted laugh and shook his head. “It was nothing.”

Understanding full well that it was Jonathan’s privacy, Yasmin ceased to probe into his personal matters.

“If that’s the case, how about Yasmin and I make you dinner for tonight? Don’t get cocky though. I just pity you,” offered Jessica.

“If you say so, sure.” Jonathan was more than happy to go along with her.

“Not even a thank you? Hmph!” Jessica pouted. Even though she was always arguing with Jonathan, she actually cared for him deep down.

“Oh, by the way, where do you live now, Jonathan?” asked Yasmin.

Hesitant to reveal that he had moved into Polly’s home, Jonathan put on a sad expression and whimpered, “I’m homeless! Oh, I live under a bridge every day now!”

His response had Yasmin at a loss for words. She held him dear to her heart, but he was rarely serious.

Jessica promptly added, “Yasmin, don’t listen to his rubbish. He is pretending to be pitiful so that he can fool young and pretty girls like us to help him.”

Yasmin, being her kind self, suggested, “We still have several empty rooms in our house. Why don’t we let him move in with us?”

Jessica darted a disgusted look at Jonathan and gave Yasmin an exaggerated grimace of pain. “Are you kidding me, Yasmin? You want him to stay together with us?”

“Girl, what’s that expression supposed to mean? Don’t be an idiot! It’s not like he is sharing our own rooms. What dirty thoughts do you have in your little head?” Yasmin scoffed at her.

Jessica swiftly refuted, “So what if he is not sharing a room with us? He is the opposite sex, and worse, a perverted, lecherous one! What if he peeps on us when we shower or steals our underwear?”

Embarrassment immediately reddened Yasmin's cheeks. "Watch your mouth, will you? This conversation is getting weird."

Jonathan, on the other hand, was beyond amused as he listened to their exchange. Despite her innocent and tender appearance, he had the impression that Jessica was, without question, a dirty-minded girl.

Before Jessica could blab out another word, Yasmin made up her mind and declared, "So, what do you think, Jonathan? If you don't mind, would you like to move in with us at Maple Villa District?"

"Uh... To be honest, I don't think it is a good idea." Jonathan feigned a turndown.

In an attempt to convince him, Yasmin was about to say something again when Jessica called him out. "Oh, come on! Don't act as if you're not blooming with happiness already!"

"All right then. Whatever the ladies say." Jonathan tittered.

"Idiot!" Jessica scorned.

In reality, she did not have issues with Jonathan living together with them at all. On the contrary, she welcomed the plan very much as she reckoned it would be fun for him to live with them.

After arriving at their mansion in Maple Villa District, Yasmin filled up two glasses of smoothie straight away and passed them to Jonathan and Jessica. She then led Jonathan to an empty bedroom on the second floor of the house. "You can have this bedroom all to yourself, Jonathan. What do you think? Do you like it?" Yasmin glanced at him.

The room was thirty-six square meters in size. It was furnished just like a mini home with a restroom, bathroom, television, a set of couches, and so on.

The architectural embellishments of the room were comparable to a resort's presidential suite.

Having very few requirements for his living space, Jonathan smiled at the sight of the splendid room and happily accepted the offer.

Read Novel I Am Unstoppable Chapter 99

I Am Unstoppable Chapter 99—Insight Into The Conspiracy

Jessica took a sip of the cold smoothie as she browsed Amazon on her laptop. Meanwhile, Yasmin went to grab new bedsheets for Jonathan.

Jonathan stood at the doorway, watching Yasmin change the sheets. As she kneeled on the bed and smoothed out the sheets, her backside was facing Jonathan.

Yasmin was wearing a pair of jeans that accentuated her bottom nicely.

Jonathan stared at her for a moment before hurriedly averting his gaze, feeling somewhat guilty. He regarded Yasmin like his own precious sister. Hence, it was not right to have such blasphemous thoughts.

At the same time, Jonathan was vexed by his feelings. Yasmin was too sensible and mature that it made one's heart ache for her.

Just then, she finished laying out the sheets. Yasmin stood up and walked toward Jonathan.

Two wisps of hair had fallen, covering her beautiful eyes. Jonathan casually reached out and tucked the strands of hair behind her ears.

His actions made Yasmin blush bright red to the tips of her ears.

Jonathan also felt a little embarrassed after he realized what he had done, so he coughed and tried to strike up a conversation. "There aren't many virtuous and capable girls like you anymore. Look at you, you're good at housework and have your own source of income. Whoever marries you in the future will be an extremely lucky fellow."

In the meantime, Yasmin had managed to regain her composure. Smiling faintly, she said, "I'm going out to buy you some daily necessities. You can check to see if you have anything else you need to be moved. Hurry and get it done before the sun sets. Jessy and I are throwing you a housewarming party tonight."

Jonathan nodded in agreement.

With that, the two of them headed out to their own destinations, with Jonathan going to his old place, while Yasmin was headed to the supermarket to buy daily necessities for Jonathan.

Jessica had been too lazy to move, declaring she wanted to take an afternoon nap. Thus, the two of them had decided not to bother her.

As they exited the door, Jonathan suddenly asked, "Yasmin, why are you so nice to me?"

Yasmin was slightly taken aback by the question. After a moment, she asked, "Then, why are you nice to me?"

Jonathan laughed. "Hey, I asked first."

“Well, it’s because you treat me well,” she replied. Yasmin stared at Jonathan with clear and unwavering eyes. There wasn’t a hint of apprehension in them at all. “I still don’t quite understand why someone as capable as you is acting as our bodyguard, protecting me. You’re like my personal guardian angel, appearing when I needed you the most.”

As Jonathan stared at Yasmin, he suddenly had the urge to tell her about Connor. However, he held her tongue. Smiling, he said, “I’m not sure why myself. Perhaps it’s fate. Fate works in mysterious ways.”

A hint of disappointment flashed across Yasmin’s eyes. She did not know what to say in response to that.

After a moment, she said, “Jonathan, maybe I’m not nice to you just because you treat me well.”

Jonathan’s heart sank, and he was suddenly afraid. Could Yasmin have fallen for me?

Yasmin continued, “Perhaps it’s because you remind me of my brother, Connor. I feel some sort of kinship with you.”

Jonathan let out a sigh of relief upon hearing that.

After parting ways with Yasmin, Jonathan took a taxi to the hotel. He had left the AMC Gremlin parked near the hotel. After retrieving his car, he drove to Jennifer’s place.

It was four o’clock in the afternoon when he arrived at the residential area.

Jonathan felt uneasy at the thought of seeing Jennifer. He longed to see her, but at the same time, he dreaded seeing her.

He made his way to the front door and pulled out his keys. However, he wasn’t able to unlock the door.

Jonathan was speechless. Sh*t, did Jennifer change the locks? How cruel of her!

He held his breath and tried to sense the inside of the house. He immediately sensed Jennifer’s presence inside.

He raised his hand to knock on the door. However, the door flew open before he had even touched it.

Jennifer stood at the doorway, clad in light blue pajamas, and her hair gathered in a ponytail. Her face was bare of any makeup, yet she looked so breathtakingly beautiful.

Jonathan gazed at her attractive body and faintly caught a whiff of a familiar fragrance from her. He was immediately tempted to pull her into his embrace.

However, Jennifer stared at him with a cold expression. "What do you want?" she asked.

Jonathan could not blame Jennifer for being so ruthless. After all, it was his fault. He coughed and said, "I came to get my clothes."

Jennifer said nothing and stepped aside to let him in.

Without another word, Jonathan numbly went into his room and immediately made a beeline for his notebook. Thankfully, the notebook was still in the bathroom filled with surveillance cameras. It contained precious footage of Jennifer bathing.

Jonathan could not help but be grateful he had this prepared before he had moved out. Otherwise, he would not have anything left in the future.

He quickly checked the notebook, sighing in relief after he was sure that it had not been tampered with. He put his notebook away and packed up his clothes. Following that, he retrieved all the surveillance cameras from the bathroom.

After packing up all his stuff, Jonathan took his suitcase into the living room. "Jen, I'll be leaving now!" he said casually.

Jonathan pretended to be carefree, but in truth, he hoped Jennifer would stop him. Maybe he even wished for her to cry and try to stop him physically. Jonathan's willpower wasn't strong, to begin with. If she had done that, he would definitely succumb. He would regret his actions for sure, but he would enjoy every bit of it while it lasted.

Jennifer was sitting on the couch, calmly watching the television. She acted as if she did not even hear Jonathan's words.

Jonathan had no choice but to take his suitcase and leave, shutting the door firmly behind him.

Thud!

Crystalline tears started rolling down Jennifer's cheeks uncontrollably the moment she heard the door shut.

Jennifer did want to cling to Jonathan and make him stay. In fact, she regretted her actions. She thought that if she did not say anything, the two of them could act like before. However, it was far too late to go back to the way things were before.

Jennifer was a proud woman. She could not bear to trample on her own pride to retain Jonathan.

Jonathan's heart was also filled with sadness as he left the house. He got into his AMC Gremlin and drove some distance away before pulling to the side. After parking his car, he took out the notebook and checked the most recent footage. It contained a new clip of Jennifer bathing.

Jonathan was overjoyed at the sight of that. It seemed like he would have something to keep him occupied later that night.

He planted a soft kiss on the notebook and turned it off with great satisfaction.

However, he felt apprehensive the moment he shut it. He quickly turned it back on to set a password. The reason for doing so was because he was afraid Jessica would sneak a peek at his notebook once he got to her house.

If the notebook's contents were to be discovered, Jonathan probably would have to throw himself into the river. He had to take this secret to the grave with him.

With that, Jonathan made a phone call to Polly, informing the latter he was going to move in with Yasmin and Jessica.

On the other end of the line, Polly was eerily quiet. Jonathan could feel the shift in her attitude even through the phone.

Polly laughed. "I think you're more suited to be with young girls. It must've been boring to be cooped up with me."

"Polly, you're not a boring person! You're serious and dignified!" Jonathan insisted.

"So, is there anything else?" she asked.

Hearing her words, Jonathan's face fell. "Let's meet up. I need to talk to you about the Golden Sword Tournament," he said.

"Sure, come over to my coffee house," Polly replied.

"Okay." Jonathan proceeded to drive to Polly's coffee house.

Under the setting sun, the clouds in the sky were dyed a fiery red.

Upon entering the coffee house, Jonathan encountered the two brothers, Donovan and Dominick. The two of them greeted him politely.

"Ms. McDaniels is inside. Please come with me." Donovan led the way.

Jonathan smiled and nodded.

Inside the building, Jonathan saw Polly leaning against the window, savoring a glass of red wine as she basked in the glow of the setting sun.

Jonathan sat down on the couch across from her and shamelessly helped himself to a glass of red wine.

Donovan exited the room after leading Jonathan there.

“Let me guess why you aren’t participating in the tournament.” Polly grinned. Pausing for a moment, she continued, “Your Destino Art isn’t about becoming stronger. Hence, you feel that even if you participate in this competition, you are unable to obtain what you truly wish for. Even if you defeat more opponents, you are no closer to your goal.”

Jonathan smiled as a warm and fuzzy feeling washed over him. Despite having the least contact with her, Polly was somehow the person who understood him best. It was comfortable to converse with her.

“Then, shall I guess why you insist on taking part in the tournament?” he said.

Polly smiled. “Go ahead.”

Jonathan smiled. “Your life has been too uneventful thus far. It is tranquil and everything you do has been well under your control. Hence, you wish to break the mold. The Golden Sword Tournament is unworthy of someone of your status, but still, you wish to give it a try to see if you can discover something new.”

“That sounds about right. When I heard about the tournament, I was excited. It was an emotion I rarely experience,” Polly replied.

“I just don’t know what Strikezone Martial Arts is planning to do in this tournament. They haven’t taken any action against me recently. In fact, I’d almost forgotten them,” Jonathan admitted.

“That’s the beauty of it. They will come for you if you enter the tournament, but if you don’t, they would be absolutely livid,” Polly said.

Jonathan frowned. “I’m afraid Strikezone Martial Arts will make a move soon and force me to enter the tournament. They will definitely come at me repeatedly and won’t be satisfied until they are staring down at my corpse. I don’t relish the thought of playing right into their hands. Thus, I’m not keen to enter the tournament.”

“The best solution is for you to leave Horington. Once you leave, you can do whatever you want,” Polly suggested.

Jonathan rubbed his nose. Polly was right. However, he did not want to leave. He had too many fond memories of Horington.

Read Novel I Am Unstoppable Chapter 100

I Am Unstoppable Chapter 100– Yasir Taking Action

Jonathan felt conflicted. On one hand, he yearned for a carefree life on his own. On the other hand, he enjoyed a happy life there with everyone.

If I leave Horington now, where would I go?

He did not wish to go back to living amid violence in Smealand anymore. While rubbing his nose, he told himself that he could not leave. There are too many things to worry about to leave just like that. I'll worry about Jennifer and even more so about Yasmin. More importantly, I won't allow myself to scurry away wordlessly. What kind of person will I be perceived as if I flee before my enemy makes a move? A coward?

If he had left just like that, he would never get over it for the rest of his life.

I must face all difficulties head-on, as evading problems is not my way of doing things.

Hence, after some consideration, Jonathan chose to reject Polly's suggestion.

He took his leave after chatting with her for some time.

As soon as he left her coffee house, he returned to Maple Mansion.

That night, Jessica and Yasmin had indeed cooked dinner for him. The dishes looked scrumptious, consisting of mostly cooked food. In the end, the three paired a glass of red wine with their meal and ate happily.

After they had finished eating, Jessica told Jonathan to do the dishes. However, he teased her in return, "Kiss me, and I'll do it."

Jessica side-eyed him. "In your dreams! Who do you think you are? A fairytale prince?"

Watching them bicker yet again, Yasmin merely smiled helplessly before taking the initiative to collect the plates and wash them.

Jessica couldn't bear to let her friend wash the dishes alone, so she glared at Jonathan before going to help her.

It was indeed a beautiful night.

After cleaning up, the trio watched a horror movie in the living room. Despite that, Jessica and Yasmin were very calm throughout the film, giving Jonathan no sense of achievement.

Jessica said that she was sleepy and went straight to her room for a good night's sleep.

Jonathan slept very well that night, unaware of the events that were happening at the Young residence in Jipsdale.

It was evident that Leonardo was not having a good life.

He had already received the news from Edgar that Jonathan refused to participate in the Golden Sword Tournament.

The news infuriated him, as he felt that Jonathan was extremely despicable for never acting according to the plan for once.

After all, the tournament was set up for Jonathan, and Strikezone Martial Arts had contributed a large number of manpower and resources to organize it. But what's the point of having the tournament when that idiot Jonathan is not participating?

Leonardo planned to go to Horington personally to force him to participate. After some investigations, Leonardo knew that Jonathan cared about Jennifer and Yasmin. Hence, he decided to target those women. I'll simply kidnap them and force him to participate in the tournament.

Although it was a despicable move, he could not come up with a better idea to achieve his goal. He felt that Jonathan was like a mule, stubborn and loathsome.

Since it was already ten o'clock at night, Leonardo decided to sleep in Bianca's room after releasing his frustrations.

However, Wallace came up to him at that moment. "Young Master, Master Sullivan is here."

Leonardo's heart skipped a beat as he was somewhat scared of Yasir. He also knew that the man's purpose for coming was because of Jonathan's matter. Without any delay, Leonardo quickly tidied up his appearance and headed to the main entrance to welcome his guest.

There was a garden with a fountain outside the Young residence.

The water that shot up from the fountain sparkled against the light.

Upon arriving at the main entrance, he noticed that Yasir's black Maybach was parked in front of the fountain.

The car door then swung open. A calm-looking Levi got out first to open the rear door for Yasir.

Following that, the latter stepped out of the car.

Leonardo stepped forward and greeted politely, "Master Sullivan!"

Yasir merely gave him an indifferent glance before he replied, "Let's head inside."

"Yes!" answered Leonardo.

After everyone had entered the Young residence, Leonardo led Yasir to the parlor and instructed Wallace to prepare some coffee.

He only took a seat beside Yasir once everything was completed.

Yasir did not put on airs but asked calmly, "I heard that Jonathan refused to participate in the tournament?"

"That's right, Master Sullivan," Leonardo hurriedly replied. After a short pause, he continued, "I'll be heading to Horington tomorrow morning, Master Sullivan. Don't worry. I'll be sure to force him to participate."

"What is the plan you have in mind?" Yasir questioned.

Leonardo replied, "Jonathan is a pretentious man. There are a few women that he cares about in the city. As long as I kidnap them, there's no way he can say no to me."

Hearing this, Yasir frowned. "By doing so, aren't you exposing the fact that we're the mastermind behind this matter? Jonathan is already an expert in Neutralizing Force, and such experts have their temperaments and decisions. I'm afraid that forcing him will make matters worse. You've confronted him a few times, so you should know that he's not easy to deal with."

Leonardo was momentarily stunned.

Yasir continued, "Besides, if he spreads the news, all our efforts will be in vain."

"What do you intend to do, Master Sullivan?" asked Leonardo, feeling troubled.

Yasir was silent for a while before replying, "Don't meddle in this matter anymore. I'll personally go to Horington tomorrow."

His words surprised Leonardo, who did not expect Yasir to handle the matter personally. "Understood!" he responded respectfully.

At seven in the morning, Yasmin and Jessica got out of bed and prepared to go to work. Both of them took their jobs seriously as it was their career.

Jonathan, on the other hand, was still sleeping soundly. Jessica unsympathetically banged on the door while shouting, "Get up and take us to work, Jonathan!"

Sitting up groggily, he muttered a reply.

Despite his sleepiness, he was more than happy to carry out the task.

Jessica snorted before remarking, "That's more like it." She then went to wash up with a smile of satisfaction while Jonathan also got out of bed.

Yasmin prepared breakfast that day. There were sandwiches, scrambled eggs, and milk.

After breakfast, Jonathan drove Yasmin's BMW and sent the women to work.

He followed them into Rose Couture and chatted happily with Donald and the others.

Seeing him having a good relationship with Yasmin and Jessica, Donald was envious.

One of the security guards said, "Wow! You're so good at socializing, Jon! You've managed to seduce both our bosses. Does that mean that you'll become our boss too in the future?"

"Don't spout nonsense. They're like sisters to me," Jonathan responded after clearing his throat. He was not that shameless.

Everyone burst out laughing when they heard that.

Following that, Jonathan mindlessly loitered around the company, intending to have lunch there at noon. Anyway, I have nothing to do every day, so I'll be loitering wherever I go.

In terms of his horror-themed bar, things were going well with a professional team handling everything, so he did not need to worry about it.

Despite not working or doing anything at present, the dividends he earned each month alone could allow him to lead a good life in Horington.

He could even buy a house with a mortgage if he wanted to.

However, he had never once thought of doing that. It's nice staying with Yasmin and Jessica. I can take care of Yasmin and protect her.

Right after, he bumped into Jossie in the corridor, who scowled at him in annoyance.
“You’re finally willing to come here, huh?”

At noon, Jonathan was having lunch with Jessica and Yasmin in the cafeteria when he received a call from Polly.

He immediately answered, but it was a male voice who spoke on the other end of the line.