

Read Novel I Am Unstoppable Chapter 121

I Am Unstoppable Chapter 121-Due to the incident of Braxton killing Harvey brutally, the tournament had to come to a temporary stop.

The spectators all left to allow for the restoration of the stadium.

An hour later, the tournament continued. The organizing committee did not issue any ban because the Golden Sword Tournament was a cruel and bloody tournament in the first place. One should not attend nor participate in the tournament if they were not mentally prepared.

The screen once again lit up.

In the end, it displayed the upcoming match between Micah Hayes and Quentin Leeland.

Micah was Morgan's son, and Quentin practiced the Iron Palm.

This match was pretty standard. With just three moves, Micah completely defeated Quentin.

Micah's fighting skills were quite good.

After that, he fought in two more matches, where he lost one and won one. However, none of the fights were as violent as the ones before. On the contrary, watching the face-off between these experts was very interesting.

The fight between Braxton and Jonathan had more murderous intent, but other than that, the fights were similar. Their movements were unpredictable and swift. A simple move could determine life and death.

For the fifth match, the big screen lit up brilliantly again.

This time, it was Braxton versus Lucian.

The crowd began to feel nervous again.

Everyone knew of Lucian's strength.

A match between Lucian and Braxton was truly a battle of the strongest!

Even Jonathan, Hector, and Polly had high expectations for this match.

In the arena, the young Lucian and Braxton silently took their places.

Both of them maintained their composure as if the match was not a big deal.

It could be said that the two were in their best states.

Just then, the bell rang.

In an instant, Lucian and Braxton took action.

Just like bolts of lightning, their silhouettes collided with one another in a blurry mess. Their speed was simply too fast for an ordinary person to watch clearly.

At that moment, Lucian's body erupted with the imposing strength of the Peacock King Strike, unleashing a force comparable to a king shouting an order to unleash his troop to rush over.

Lucian raised his hands and ran over like a galloping horse. It looked like there was a giant hammer in his hands.

This was his deadly move!

With his fists raging like a vicious beast, he reached for Braxton's throat.

With this one move, Lucian actually exuded the aura of a graceful king. It was terrifying.

It was no wonder he was so close to reaching Nascent Soul.

Perhaps, he could ascend after this battle.

All Braxton saw was darkness as his opponent's fists came charging toward him. He felt chills run down his spine.

A cold glint flashed in Braxton's eyes. Suddenly, his body was sent flying backward. However, he was like an agile cat and was able to stabilize himself quickly.

Lucian once again charged forward, not allowing Braxton the chance to catch his breath.

However, this time, Braxton also rushed forward at the same time.

The only reason he moved backward was to regain his forward momentum!

Braxton was like an arrow shot from a bow. His eyes ignited with a deadly flame as he unleashed his Lethal Underwater Punch on Lucian's chest.

This punch held the power of a beast rising from the deep seas. It was a brilliant scene.

Lucian remained unruffled in the face of the Lethal Underwater Punch. He let out a rumbling roar, sending out white rings of shockwaves.

His hands reacted quickly as he clenched his fist and blocked the attack.

Bang!

The two bodies trembled viciously as Braxton's Lethal Underwater Punch and Lucian's Peacock King Strike collided.

Then, both their vitalities soared. At the same time, they both displayed a ferocious aura as they grappled with each other.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

As they each performed three Major Grabs of their own, all the crowd could see was their hands moving nonstop. They were like two dragons fighting in the clouds.

Yet, no one was giving in to the other!

After the three Grappling Techniques, their vitalities returned to normal. Then, Lucian turned up the heat. He suddenly stomped his foot on the ground, causing the earth to crack and rubble to fly. Next, he spun around like a spinning top, and a fist suddenly appeared from his waist.

Like an angered dragon coming out of its cave, he punched at Braxton's

chest.

This move was the Peacock King Strike's Peacock Tail Swipe!

Braxton was smart enough not to underestimate him, so he stepped back. After steadying himself, he smashed over with a Mindless Fist.

Bang! Bang!

The two once again clashed with an outburst of vitality.

Instead of retreating, Lucian raised both fists.

After Peacock Tail Swipe, the consecutive move was naturally Peacock Train Rattle.

Lucian threw out punches one after another. It looked like there were ten fists at once.

It was the Sky Shadow Punch!

Braxton condensed his energy and also unleashed ten supercharged punches.

All ten punches were Mindless Fists!

However, his punches were just a touch slower than Lucian's. After ten hits, Braxton's vitality rose. On the other hand, Lucian relied on the practice of his Peacock King Strike to stabilize his vitality.

The next second, a brief spur of dizziness was seen in Braxton's eyes.

Lucian quickly sensed it and let out a loud shriek. The scream was like a sound from hell, and it pierced through Braxton's eardrums.

The throbbing pain in his ears made Braxton even more light-headed. It was like there was a demon inside him.

Simultaneously, Lucian's Peacock King Strike was bombarded on Braxton's heart.

Braxton was sent flying with a thud before he hit the ground heavily and slid back a few meters.

His head twisted to the side as fresh blood spurted out of his mouth, declaring his death.

Braxton and Skyler were two of Jetroina's young hopes. They came to Chanaea to train their fighting skills and raise their cultivation stage.

Unfortunately, they had underestimated the power of the Chanaean fighters, and their lives came to an end in the ring.

Lucian was victorious.

Thunderous applause broke out in the crowd.

Little Martial Sage remained undefeated!

The big screen flickered once again.

This time, it was the battle of Jareth versus Hector.

When that popped up on the screen, Jonathan's face paled. He turned to look at Hector, horrified.

Jonathan knew very well Jareth's power.

When Hector stood up, Jonathan immediately pulled him and said, "Hector, you are no match for him. Jareth is one of the top fighters in Strikezone Martial Arts. He joined the Golden Sword Tournament to kill me. You must surrender right now."

Hector was stunned for a moment. He glanced at Jonathan and seemed to understand him. However, he still shook off Jonathan's hand and said, "I don't care who he is or what his purpose is for coming here. In this arena, we must fight fair and square."

Jonathan lowered his voice. "This is not a fair and square match. He is a Nascent Soul expert. You have absolutely no chance of winning. You can still have a shot in the future. You don't have to do this now."

Hector flashed a gentle smile. “Jonathan, everyone has their own choices. I am a fighter. My grandpa taught me to never run away from a challenge or give up.” After finishing his speech, he paid no mind to Jonathan and walked to the arena resolutely.

Jonathan was horrified.

He already knew the outcome of this battle. He could not bear to watch Hector die. That was his friend!

Amber, Jessica and Yasmin were also worried.

This arena was ruthless.

Polly turned to Jonathan and said, “Jonathan, watch the fight closely. If Hector dies, I don’t want his death to be in vain. If you can comprehend the secrets of Nascent Soul from this battle, at least his sacrifice meant something.”

Tears instantly welled up in Jonathan’s eyes. He now understood why Hector was so insistent on fighting. He wanted to let him see Jareth’s moves and plans.

They had not known each other for long, but their friendship was immeasurable.

Hector and Jareth stood facing each other in the ring.

Jareth was in his forties, but he looked young. Wearing a white robe and canvas shoes and with his head shaved, he looked like a monk.

His body was strong and burly. This showed his exuberant vitality.

Jareth exuded a very imposing aura. It was extremely strong.

Even Jonathan felt that he would be terrified to go up against Jareth.

Yet, Hector was very calm as he had cultivated the Shadow Punch. His heart was at peace, and he would never be bothered by anything.

The Shadow Punch was soft. And what was the softest element? Water.

Water was also the fiercest element!

As water was never in a constant state, it could be a source of life or a monstrous disaster; a raging beast or a mighty savior.

Ding! It was the signal for the match to start.

However, neither Hector nor Jareth moved a muscle.

Jareth glared at Hector and said indifferently, "You're no match for me. Just surrender."

Hector said calmly, "I would still like to fight you."

Jareth warned, "Don't say I didn't warn you. This will be your last day on earth."

With a smile, Hector replied, "For a fighter to die in the ring is dying a worthy death."

"Since that's the case, I won't go easy on you." A fierce light flashed in Jareth's eyes after he said that.

Jareth didn't care who he had to kill. He was a ruthless murderer.

Once he took action, his opponent was doomed to die.

Plus, he was bearing the honor of representing Strikezone Martial Arts at that moment. So, he had to demonstrate his strength.

He had to uphold the dignity of Strikezone Martial Arts!

Jareth's body flashed into the air. No one could see where he went. Following that, a surging flow of energy could be felt. At that moment, no words could describe the sheer strength of Jareth's punch. His body shook, and his energy seemed to have condensed. His attack was like a strong hurricane. Hector could only feel his clothes lift up from his body and rustling in the strong wind.

While the audience could see Hector's clothes flapping in the wind, an extremely ear-piercing whistle was heard. Then, violent blasts of air could be seen in waves in the middle of the ring.

From the audience's point of view, the waves of air looked like ripples in the sea.

If it wasn't water, how could there be such strong waves?

However, those ripples only appeared for a flash. It did not feel as powerful as it looked from afar.

Jonathan and Polly's hearts were in their throats. They felt that this punch of Jareth's was aimed at them.

Jonathan was petrified. He asked himself, "If it was me facing this punch, what would I do?" He could not think of any possible way to dodge this attack.

Back in the ring, Hector did not show any signs of wavering. He did not move or even try to avoid the attack. Suddenly, he stepped forward by a tiny bit. With one fist to his waist and another punching forward, he slashed at the space in front of him. He was gentle at first, but then he released all his might in this punch.

This move was too simple.

Bang.

I Am Unstoppable Chapter 122-All the audience only saw Hector being thrown across the ring, but in reality, he stood still unscathed.

It was as though Jareth's powerful punch landed on a rubber ball. That was the uniqueness of Hector's Shadow Punch—his retreat was enough to weaken Jareth's strength.

Meanwhile, Jonathan watched the scene breathlessly. Although he knew Shadow Punch, he was nowhere near as skilled as Hector. That was a well-thought-out move from the latter.

While all the martial artists were stunned by Hector's counterattack, Jareth had a grim expression.

Initially, he planned to end Hector's life in one move so that he could assert his dominance. However, he did not expect Hector to steal the limelight.

Without saying a word, Jareth moved his legs. Dust blew around him as he charged toward the latter with an intimidating force.

His move was so ferocious that the audience trembled in fear.

While waiting for him to approach, Hector remained calm and composed. Suddenly, he used Antelope Rhythm and nimbly dodged Jareth's swift punch. At the same time, he promptly turned around and kicked Jareth in the groin using Mongrel Attack.

Right then, the latter halted forcibly. As Jareth's strength had surpassed the effects of inertia, he could stop himself as he pleased, even during vigorous movements. It was similar to the braking performance of a high-performance sports car.

In an instant, he turned around and gave Hector a kick.

His foot was as hard as steel, landing on the latter's leg with a thud. Instantly, Hector could feel his whole leg trembling uncontrollably. The pain was excruciating.

However, Jareth did not stop there, quickly thrusting his hand forward and attacking with Devil's Claw. With the fingers bent, his hand resembled an eagle's claws. He made a lunge at Hector in an attempt to grip his neck ruthlessly.

As he moved at lightning speed, all Hector could see was darkness. Before he realized it, Jareth was already charging toward him. Fortunately, he had trained his composure by practicing Shadow Punch continuously. Thus, he did not panic even at such a critical juncture. Instead, he took a step backward and attacked using Satin Palm.

He was indeed a genius as he had mastered Jonathan's Antelope Rhythm and Polly's Satin Palm techniques perfectly.

His fingers slipped out of Jareth's grasp smoothly. Then, he turned his hand around and clawed at his opponent.

Jareth's expression hardened, and he stiffened his fingers instantaneously. As though hooked on a cold steel bar, Hector's fingernails came off his fingers.

Turning pale a little, he retreated quickly.

Jareth snorted. "Do you think you can run away?"

Fiercely, he lunged forward and attacked with Rotating Punches.

The technique required perfect coordination between his fists and eyes. While his eyes flashed like the glaring sun, his fist was enveloped by a powerful force.

That was how Rotating Punches worked, striking at the target like a bomb.

Boom!

As Jareth's speed was too fast, Hector was unable to dodge in time.

Thud!

Thus, he reacted in a quick-witted manner, throwing a punch forward to receive the blow while his body was thrown a meter backward.

Nevertheless, he managed to neutralize Jareth's Rotating Punches.

The coldness in Jareth's eyes deepened. "Even if you are like a rubber ball, I'd still find ways to burst you apart," he snarled and threw another punch at Hector.

Thud!

Once again, Hector was thrown across the ring. That time around, it was toward the left side.

Afterward, Jareth threw twenty punches at lightning speed.

Dull, heavy sounds continued to reverberate around the area.

He acted as though he was indeed punching a rubber ball.

At that time, Hector was making circular gestures with his body, such as his arms and feet.

Every part of the skills he displayed exuded an air of ultimate softness and smoothness, including his breathing.

The martial artists were astounded at the sight.

Only then did they understand the true meaning of Shadow Punch after seeing it for many years.

Jonathan attained even more insights from watching the fight.

The twenty successive punches from Jareth were not enough to break through Hector's Unification stage. However, his vitality had become so turbulent to the point that it could no longer be repressed. Blood began to seep out of his skin through his pores, forming red beads above his eyebrows and face.

"Golden Weave!" Jareth finally decided not to have a head-on clash with Hector's Shadow Punch. Instead, he applied another technique, which would act as a needle to burst the rubber ball.

Solemnness darkened Hector's gaze. He knew he had to change his moves as well. When Jareth's attack came near, he quickly used his Grappling Technique to grab the former's wrist.

Sneering, Jareth used the Anti-Grappling Technique.

Like a ferocious dragon, his hand seized Hector's. Alarmed, Hector used Satin Palm to maneuver out of the dangerous situation and slipped away.

However, Jareth took a step forward and attacked using another Golden Weave.

While taking a deep breath, Hector spread his legs apart before striking with Obstacle Hammer.

Jareth snorted coldly. "You've overestimated yourself!" Once again, he utilized Rotating Punches to deflect the attack.

A loud crashing sound was heard.

Hector was thrown backward again. Unsurprisingly, he used the Shadow Punch of the Unification stage to protect himself.

With that, they were back to round one. Seeing that he was unable to defeat Hector after so many moves, Jareth became extremely incensed.

If word got out that he, the most powerful fighter in his generation within Strikezone Martial Arts, could not win against a young man, it would be a tarnish to the center's already damaged reputation.

Strikezone Martial Arts had previously suffered a blow from Jonathan, so he could not afford to lose the fight.

Putting his foot forward, Jareth thrust his palm at Hector violently, which caused the latter to fly backward.

Afterward, he pummeled the latter using both his fists.

Thud! Thud! Thud! Thud!

That time, he was boiling with rage.

In the eyes of the audience, he was bashing a rubber ball relentlessly.

It was a shocking scene, with every thud making them quiver.

After what felt like an eternity, the area fell quiet all of a sudden.

Jareth stopped delivering blows. Facing each other, he and Hector stood a meter apart.

At that moment, Hector's expression was gentle and serene.

The audience was confused by that sight.

Meanwhile, Jonathan's eyes were brimming with tears. He was overwhelmed with emotions. While he was emotional to have witnessed Hector's exceptional skills, he was also sad to see that his opponent's life was coming to an end.

On the ring, Hector stared at Jareth and suddenly spoke. "It's a pity that I've expended all of my energy. Otherwise, I would not have lost!" After saying that, he smoothed his clothes and slowly sat down with his legs crossed.

Then, he closed his eyes, and his head dropped to the side. Just like that, he was dead.

Hector had died from exhaustion.

Jareth was unable to end Hector's life despite using all of his techniques. In the end, he employed the powerful punches of a Nascent Soul expert to push him to the brink of death in the aspect of vitality.

It was a glorious defeat for Hector.

Even Jareth could not help but admire his opponent's persistence.

At the judges' table, Julian, who watched the fight silently, was also weeping.

Hector's body was quickly carried down.

A fighter's dignity and honor were fully showcased in the ring.

After watching Hector die, Jonathan suddenly gained more profound knowledge and understanding of the meaning of a fighter.

Fighting was a fighter's blood and life. It was the spirit of a human being.

A true fighter was righteous and just. They would live their life with a clear conscience and never be afraid of anything. Furthermore, they would walk into a place fearlessly despite knowing danger awaited them ahead. Moreover, they would be someone who persisted in achieving their dream and was not afraid of dying in order to make it happen. They would march on to what they thought was the right path despite being opposed by thousands of people.

In the end, it was a path with no regrets.

The huge screen started to flicker wildly.

Finally, it displayed the next match of Lucian versus Jonathan.

At that moment, Jessica, Yasmin, and Amber were dumbfounded.

Polly, too, showed a slight reaction.

Jonathan's excitement instantly boiled over. He could feel that it was the call of destiny.

However, Amber and the other two women did not think the same. While Amber grabbed his arm, Yasmin and Jessica looked in his direction. There was a pleading look in their eyes.

They had witnessed Lucian's prowess.

Moreover, they knew how cruel the tournament could be. The two men, Stephen and Hector, were dead, so they were afraid that Jonathan would end up in the same state.

"Release your hand." Jonathan smiled faintly at Amber. At that moment, his smile was bright and dashing as ever, like that of a spirited young man.

It was due to the fact that he had finally understood the meaning of a fighter. Thus, he was proud to be one.

A fighter would not run away from challenges.

Hector had the courage to go against a Nascent Soul expert. Similarly, Jonathan knew he dared to fight Lucian.

Amber could sense his determination and knew she had never been able to persuade him. In fact, no one could dissuade him from doing what he wanted to do.

Before walking to the ring, Jonathan put his phone in his seat.

The ring was brightly lit.

He was wearing a black training attire that day. Even though he was not good-looking, he had a charming look. Normally, he would act roguishly, but he appeared stern and solemn as he stood on the ring on that particular day.

The ring was a place that ended the lives of so many people. It was also a place that demanded fear and respect.

Lucian, on the other hand, looked so much younger and more impressive.

No matter which side one looked from, he was like the main character of a novel because of his perfect face, outstanding combat prowess, and sublime intelligence and talent.

Jonathan was merely a stepping stone to his path to success.

In actuality, Jonathan was also considered an outstanding man, but he paled by comparison when he stood next to Lucian.

There was a mocking look in Lucian's eyes as he stared at his opponent. "You must not have expected us to meet on the ring."

Jonathan flashed him a half-smile. "A match is a match. There's no need to overthink it."

A murderous gleam appeared in Lucian's eyes. "I've reminded you before that you shouldn't be too arrogant. Unfortunately, there's no way out for you because I will end your life today."

With a faint smile, Jonathan said, "I will say the same thing to you. You didn't give yourself a way out. You are not God, so you have no right to censure others."

"How sharp-tongued of you!" Lucian remarked.

Just then, the bell rang, signifying that the match had begun officially.

Outside the ring, Amber and the other two women were a bundle of nerves.

Yet, at that moment, Jonathan's phone suddenly rang. It was Jennifer.

I Am Unstoppable Chapter 123-When Jessica took Jonathan's phone and glanced at it, she realized that the name "Jen" was on the screen. She was in no mood to answer Jennifer's call, so she was about to end it.

Amber, who was at the side, saw that Jennifer was the one calling as well. Almost immediately, rage began boiling in her. She then said to Jessica, "I'll answer it!"

Jessica froze for a second, but without saying anything else, she handed the phone to Amber.

After accepting the call, and before Amber could say anything, Jennifer's cold voice traveled out of the speaker. "Some of your things are still here, so please come and get them as soon as possible."

Amber then glanced at Jonathan, who was risking his life in the fight on the stage, and thought about how Jennifer was the reason for everything that had

happened. Yet, Jennifer seemed to still be ungrateful. Thus, she sneered. “Jennifer Hoffman, who do you think you are? What right do you have to speak with Jonathan like this?”

Upon hearing her voice, Jennifer stiffened as she did not expect Amber to pick up the call.

However, when she came back to her senses, she turned angrier—she was furious about how Jonathan had asked Amber to pick up the call and how harsh the latter’s words were.

Taking a deep breath, Jennifer said, “Ms. Johnson, this is between Jonathan and me. Please have Jonathan answer the call instead. He’s a big boy. There’s no way he would avoid a phone call, right?”

Glancing at the stage again, Amber replied through gritted teeth, “Jennifer, you’re the scummiest woman I’ve ever come across. Jonathan has done so many things for you, but you’re not worth his effort. Did you really think that Winnie’s recovery was a miracle? Jonathan signed a liability waiver form and had someone cure Winnie. That night, he came, despite knowing that he would certainly die. He had to come because that someone has asked him to. Have you ever said a word of thanks to him for all that he has given to you, you scumbag?”

After hissing that out, Amber ended the call.

Jennifer went pale as a shudder wracked her body. For a moment, she was dumbfounded.

Meanwhile, Jonathan’s battle against Lucian was turning more ferocious.

Lucian’s Peacock King Strike was as powerful as ever.

Jonathan had dealt several mighty attacks, but Lucian had deflected them all. Conversely, Lucian’s attacks were getting more and more vicious.

Right then, Lucian abruptly took a step closer to Jonathan before swiftly unleashing his Peacock King Strike in the direction of Jonathan’s heart.

Even so, Jonathan did not move away from his spot. Instead, he sucked in a deep breath before using his Heart Defense Technique to protect his heart.

When the Peacock King Strike was about to reach him, Jonathan released his breath and unleashed a wave of energy that headed straight for the Peacock King Strike.

Bam! Bam!

Jonathan took a quick step back as his attack averted Lucian's Peacock King Strike. Nevertheless, Lucian was unfazed. After Jonathan took a step back, he instantly used his Peacock Tail Swipe.

It was a fierce move that would easily wipe out thousands in the blink of an eye.

After the Peacock Tail Swipe was the Peacock Train Rattle.

Lucian's strike techniques were like the waters of a raging river—neverending and powerful.

That was how Braxton had lost to Lucian. Now, Lucian was using the same trick on Jonathan.

All of a sudden, the look in Jonathan's eyes turned peaceful. He then put one hand on his waist as the other curled into a fist in front of him.

Bam!

After Jonathan forced himself to take Lucian's Peacock Tail Swipe head-on, he flew backward.

That was Unification.

It was also the move that Hector had used when he was up against Jareth.

Jonathan had only observed Hector's fight, but he had already understood the core of Shadow Punch.

A cold glint flashed past Lucian's eyes. In the next second, he rushed over and made his next move to destroy Jonathan's Unification cultivation stage.

Swiftly, Jonathan curled his body before promptly swinging his fist upward in

the direction of Lucian's center.

Jonathan had multiple tricks up his sleeves, and Lucian was no Jareth. In other words, Lucian was not as mighty as Jareth.

Lucian began feeling the difficulty of fighting against Jonathan, so he hastily changed his stance and began using his Peacock King Strike to go up against Jonathan's Skyward Strike.

Yet, Jonathan did not plan to face Lucian head-on and instead used Antelope Rhythm, slipping past Lucian from under his legs.

In response, Lucian crossed his legs, attempting to trap Jonathan in place.

With a cry, Jonathan started using his Tyrant's Might.

Like a soaring bird, he readied himself to send Lucian flying.

If Jonathan succeeded, Lucian would not be able to summon any strength in midair, and he would be doomed.

However, Lucian was no weakling. The moment Jonathan came into contact with his clothes, he noticed something was amiss. In that split second, Lucian twisted himself to curl around Jonathan.

Upon securing himself around Jonathan, Lucian moved to use his Crocodile Bite to crush Jonathan's organs.

Jonathan paled. He never thought Lucian would be so adaptable in a fight as well.

Meanwhile, the martial artists under the stage were wistfully mulling about how terrifying the two were in a battle. Everything Jonathan and Lucian had come up with was impromptu yet powerful.

They were truly adept fighters.

Little Martial Sage, Lucian Yandell, was already a reputable being, and Jonathan was slowly becoming an official martial artist in the martial arts world. Therefore, Jonathan was a talented fighter, as well.

Right as Lucian began summoning strength into his attack, Jonathan curled his body and rolled on the ground.

Upon hitting the ground, Lucian threw a speedy kick toward Jonathan.

It was a fight so swift that others could only catch glimpses of their afterimages.

Just then, Jonathan threw out his leg in a Mongrel Attack move.

Their attacks deflected off each other, and the two of them regained their balance by pushing themselves off the ground with one hand.

The moment they bounced back up, Lucian made a move—another Peacock King Strike.

Jonathan, who was slower than him by a millisecond, rapidly used Rolling Thunder Punch as his counterattack. After one loud bang, Jonathan was sent flying backward again.

Dashing forward, Lucian launched his Eagle's Ironclaw toward Jonathan's face.

His fingers, crooked and curled to resemble an eagle's talons, were almost as sharp as blades.

With a deep breath, the next move Jonathan delivered was Satin Palm—his hand shot out to grab the back of Lucian's hand.

Stunned, Lucian jerked and retracted his arm like a startled snake. He managed to dodge Jonathan's attack.

Nevertheless, Jonathan relentlessly went after him by taking a step forward to assault him with a Dragon Claw. Lucian responded with a Major Grab. The longer their battle went on, the more erratic their moves became.

If any of the two were to lose focus for a second, they would instantly be dead.

It was a fight that would easily strike terror in anyone's heart.

By then, Lucian was forced to face Jonathan. He had to admit that the latter

was genuinely a tough opponent.

Bang! Bang!

After the two delivered yet another punch, they quickly retreated a meter away from each other.

By that point, the two were no longer in a rush to charge toward the other.

As a matter of fact, Lucian closed his eyes and began mulling over what had happened earlier. He had finally figured out certain things about Nascent Soul from his fight against Jonathan.

With those thoughts in his mind, Lucian began circulating the vitality in his body. He was as still as a statue, but the vitality in him was swirling like a leaf in a tornado. The aura he exuded changed—it became soft and pure like a Nascent Soul's.

Without a doubt, Lucian was advancing toward the Nascent Soul level. That very moment was the best moment for Jonathan to launch his attack.

However, he remained in his spot.

Jonathan knew how tough it was to reach that stage. If he were to strike at that moment, it would make him look like a dishonorable man.

Of course, honor was nothing but a joke when it came to a battle. The fight Jonathan and Lucian were in was one to the death.

At that very second, Lucian's eyes suddenly flew open as empyrean light exploded out of them. His eyes were as bright as the sun.

"What a pity. You've missed the best opportunity," Lucian uttered icily as he turned to Jonathan.

Lucian Yandell had reached the level of Nascent Soul. Looking at Jonathan, he roared, "You had the chance to kill me earlier, but you've missed it. Now, all that awaits you is death!"

Raising a brow, Jonathan asked in a baffled tone, "Did you really think I missed the chance?"

However, Lucian ignored his words. The hatred he had was one that seeped out of his bones. He did not want to dwell on whether it was a missed opportunity or not; he only wanted to kill Jonathan then and there.

On the flip side, the martial artists there all knew what had just happened—Jonathan's moment of kindness made Lucian even more powerful.

Yet, Lucian was determined to kill Jonathan.

Initially, Jonathan thought he and Lucian bore no major grudge against each other, despite the disagreements they had. Lucian had joined the Golden Sword Tournament because he wanted to reach the level of Nascent Soul, and that was a goal he had just achieved.

Jonathan did not wish to end a talented martial artist like Lucian.

To Jonathan, stopping one from earning a living and excelling in Destino Art was cruel.

That was why he had decided not to launch an attack on Lucian.

Moreover, martial artists would also think of Jonathan as someone dishonorable if he were to do that.

However, not that Lucian had reached the Nascent Soul level, he was keen on killing Jonathan. Even if some would think of Lucian as a despicable man for doing so, the dead would not be able to do anything. On the other hand, Lucian would be able to use his talent and reputation to cover up the incident.

Lucian's response taught Jonathan a lesson—he had to be ruthless when the time came. Otherwise, he would be the one who would end up dead.

Lucian took a step forward as his body grew larger; his punches turned mightier.

With every punch he threw, it was as if space distorted around it.

The rush of air made it difficult for Jonathan to take another breath.

Indeed, a Nascent Soul martial artist was worlds apart from a Neutralizing Force fighter, despite the fact that they were only a level away from each other.

That was the difference between an immortal and an ordinary being.

Amber, Yasmin, and Jessica had their hearts leaped to their throats. Even Polly was starting to tense up. She knew Jonathan was in a terrible situation.

At the start of the battle, Lucian was already on par with Jonathan in terms of fighting prowess, but now, he had even reached the level of Nascent Soul.

Right as Lucian's Peacock King Strike was about to hit Jonathan's body, the latter abruptly sucked in a breath and made his stomach concave.

The punch from Lucian was one aimed to take Jonathan's life, so it was a brutal blow.

At the same time, Jonathan took in as deep of a breath as he could to the point his ribcage pressed harshly against his lungs. Soon, a mouthful of blood accumulated in his mouth.

Schluk!

Jonathan spat out the mouthful of blood that shot right into Lucian's eyes.

Simultaneously, he crossed his arms to form the Heart Defense Technique.

Despite his defensive stance, Jonathan flew backward from Lucian's punch. Upon crashing onto the ground, he continued to slide for another three meters.

Since Lucian had just reached the level of Nascent Soul, he had yet to reform his vitality fully. In simpler terms, Nascent Soul fighters had to use their vitality to create vigor and let it protect their body.

However, as Lucian had yet to form vigor, his eyes were the weakest spot of his body.

Hence, Jonathan had used all of his vitality on that spit of blood to pierce Lucian's eyes.

I Am Unstoppable Chapter 124-Lucian closed his eyes right before the blood was shot at his face. However, as the spit of blood contained all of Jonathan's vitality, it still managed to pierce his eyeballs through his eyelids.

If he were not so eager to kill Jonathan and instead waited till his cultivation

reached the Nascent Soul stage and for his vigor to be fully formed, then that spat of blood would not have dealt any damage at all.

Lucian's vitality was at its most intense and hence most unstable state when the blood hit him. With his eyes wounded, his vitality was subsequently shattered as well.

"Ah!" the man screamed. Shaken to the core, he stumbled backward and collapsed to the ground. The parts that used to be his eyes were just two bloody holes, with blood still pouring out of them. Wrecked with pain and humiliation, Lucian was completely devoid of the air of elegance he used to exude.

He held a shaky hand against the wound. His vitality, shattered, was in a dangerous condition, and he could lose control of himself at any moment. Blindly, Lucian left the ring and rushed out from the back.

As for Jonathan, he was also hurt. Unfortunately, the injuries were not minor. At that moment, he could feel his vitality coursing through his body in a turbulent manner. Lucian's attack had wounded his internal organs. His lungs were also seriously injured as he had expended all his energy on spitting the blood at Lucian. Dizzy with pain, he could hardly stand up. Still, injuries or otherwise, Jonathan knew he had won since Lucian voluntarily stepped out of the ring, which would be counted as a forfeit.

Polly and the others hurried to Jonathan's side and helped him down from the ring.

With that, the first half of the Golden Sword Tournament had concluded.

Amber and Yasmin were on either side of Jonathan, holding him up. Guarded by Polly and Jessica, the group quickly made their way out of the tournament venue and into the Mercedes-Benz, still driven by Donovan.

Once in the car, Jonathan rested with his eyes closed.

Though Jessica and the rest were worried about his well-being, they dared not disturb his rest lest his condition worsened.

"Should we send him to the hospital?" Amber asked Polly in a muted voice.

“His internal organs are probably injured. The hospital can treat him, but it’d take at least three months of rest for him to recover. Not to mention that his wounds might not even be completely healed,” Polly said quietly. She paused before continuing, “But you don’t have to be overly worried. Jonathan is able to heal himself. He’ll adjust his vitality accordingly to mend the internal injuries. Even so, this will still take around ten days, which means he won’t be able to continue participating in the Golden Sword Tournament.”

“It’s better that he’s not participating,” Jessica said immediately.

Both Yasmin and Amber were thinking of the same thing.

Polly’s brows puckered in a frown. “You know as well as I do that Jonathan has signed that form. It’s considered a forfeit if he discontinues his participation, and it’ll be seen as a breach of terms. Strikezone Martial Arts did so much just so they could settle their grudge with Jonathan in the tournament. There’s no telling what they’d resort to if he were to withdraw.”

“But look at how hurt Jonathan is,” Amber said, clenching her teeth in anger. “There’s no way he can continue to take part. He’ll die if he does. To hell with Strikezone Martial Arts! If they dare do anything funny, I’ll go up against them with everything I’ve got.” It was clear that she cared about Jonathan a lot. However, the feeling was not born out of romance. Rather, it was a testament to the friendship she had with him.

Polly let out a sigh. “It’s not that simple, Amber. I know you have connections, but Strikezone Martial Arts is more powerful than you think. Its leader, Edward Weiss, in particular, is extremely strong. If he wants one dead, that person is doomed for sure. Let’s say Jonathan withdraws from the tournament because of his severe injuries. Strikezone Martial Arts would then take this opportunity to send someone to assassinate him and have the world believe that the cause of his death is his fatal injuries from the fight with Lucian.” She paused to let the others take in her words. Then, she continued, “On the other hand, if Jonathan were to continue the tournament and win, it would be more difficult for Strikezone Martial Arts to do anything to him because of the promise they made to Amber’s grandfather.”

“But it’s impossible for Jonathan to continue taking part in the tournament!” Amber exclaimed anxiously.

Frowning, Polly contemplated for a while before saying, “It’s indeed a

problem. I can only think of one solution..."

The other women perked up. "What is it?"

"Well, Strikezone Martial Arts is probably already monitoring our every move. It's unlikely that we'll be able to send Jonathan to Yaleview, where Amber's grandfather is, without the martial arts center's knowledge. They'll stop us for sure. But we might be able to seek help from Mabel Sandler. She's working for such a powerful and secretive organization. Maybe she has ways to help Jonathan," Polly explained.

The fact that Jonathan was injured was an unexpected development that made things more complicated.

Because of his injuries, Jonathan was in a dangerous situation.

Strikezone Martial Arts did not foresee such a turn of events, but after everything they had done, it was almost certain they would not let him walk away alive.

Every martial artist could guess what Strikezone Martial Arts was trying to do when someone as strong as Jareth appeared in the tournament in advance. Along that vein, they were able to deduce whether Strikezone Martial Arts was behind the scenes of the tournament.

Regardless, Strikezone Martial Arts had expended all efforts to kill Jonathan, yet every attempt of theirs had ended in failure. If it went on, the organization would become a laughing stock in the martial arts world.

Martial artists generally had no interest in political correctness. In the world of martial arts, where power was everything, they hailed Strikezone Martial Arts because its fighters were the cream of the crop, thus making the organization a terrifyingly strong entity. However, such a reputation would no longer hold if people were to know that Strikezone Martial Arts was unable to kill Jonathan.

There would be doubts about the organization's prowess and if it was overrated.

Amber nodded. "I'll contact Mabel at once."

The call was picked up a few rings later.

“Ms. Sandler, have you seen the match earlier?” Amber asked, cutting to the chase.

Mabel’s voice was calm and even. “I have.”

Her aloofness bothered Amber somewhat, but it was not something the latter had time to address. “Jonathan’s badly hurt. He can’t participate in the Golden Sword Tournament anymore. But we all know Strikezone Martial Arts won’t call it quits. If Jonathan were to withdraw from the tournament, they’d try to assassinate him.”

Once Jonathan withdrew, there would be speculations that he was gravely injured. If he were to die, people would naturally assume that he died of the injuries.

Those who were sharp might have guessed that Strikezone Martial Arts was behind Jonathan’s death. However, no one would be willing to seek justice on his behalf. His death would only serve as a reminder to everyone that Strikezone Martial Arts was not to be messed with.

While Strikezone Martial Arts would prefer for Jonathan to be killed by one of their men during the tournament, it would nevertheless be a good opportunity to assassinate him if he withdrew due to his injuries. In that way, Arthur would not be able to hold them accountable.

Jonathan was hence in a precarious situation.

“What do you want me to do?” Mabel asked.

“Bring Jonathan to a safe location,” Amber said immediately. “And it has to be done discreetly.”

“I’m sorry, but I can’t do it.”

“Why not?” Amber blurted out in surprise.

“I no longer owe you or Jonathan anything. I’ve already done my best to help him. The sixth division works to ensure national security. It’s not someone’s personal tool,” the other replied coolly.

Amber was incredulous. “Ms. Sandler, Jonathan and I see you as our friend. How can you just leave him to die?”

“I’m sorry.” It was the only thing Mabel said before hanging up.

Stunned, Amber put away her phone. A moment later, anger started burning in the pit of her stomach. I can’t believe she’s so heartless.

“What’s wrong?” Polly asked.

“Ms. Sandler refused to help, didn’t she?” Yasmin asked softly.

“It’s fine.” Amber bit her bottom lip, eyes shining in determination. “I can ask my friend to contact Fairlake’s gendarmerie division and get them to dispatch armed forces to protect Jonathan. Then, I’ll ask my grandfather to send a military aircraft to deliver Jonathan to a safe place. Strikezone Martial Arts is powerful, but they can’t be that powerful.”

“No, don’t.” Jonathan opened his eyes suddenly.

The ladies turned to him with concerned expressions. “You’re awake! How are you feeling?”

The man took a deep breath, wincing as pain flared up from his internal injuries. However, his heart warmed when he saw the worry in their eyes. “I’m fine,” he reassured.

“Really?” All of them were overjoyed.

Though Polly was aware of Jonathan’s true condition, she chose not to expose his white lie.

Jonathan turned to Amber and said, “Even if you were to get the gendarmerie, Strikezone Martial Arts would have made their move first before the gendarmerie could get here.”

Amber paled slightly. “What do you think we should do then?”

“Tell the tournament’s organizing committee that I need half a day’s leave, so I won’t be taking part in tonight’s matches. I’ll be back in the tournament by tomorrow,” he said decisively.

“Are you sure?” Amber looked uncertain. “How are you going to take part tomorrow, given your condition?”

Yasmin and Jessica, too, looked at him anxiously.

“Don’t worry. I have a trick or two up my sleeve,” Jonathan declared, smiling.

He had said it with such confidence that the ladies were reminded of the time he was framed by Leonardo and yet solved the crisis effortlessly.

That’s right... He’s a clever one, to begin with. He’ll figure it out.

With that thought in mind, Amber and the rest were reassured by Jonathan’s words and were no longer as worried as before.

“All right,” Polly said. “I’ll take tonight off as well and get some medication for your injuries.”

“Sure.” Jonathan nodded, knowing that thanks were unnecessary between him and Polly.

Having reached a conclusion, the group returned to Pearl Hotel.

Jonathan went to rest in his suite while Polly liaised with Morgan for approval of a leave of absence for herself and Jonathan.

The tournament’s organizing committee was informed of the situation as well, so they granted the two of them a leave of absence.

Naturally, the news of Jonathan’s leave had also reached Yasir. He was frustrated that things had deviated from his plans, so he had monitored Jonathan and the ladies closely for the past two days. When Jonathan was injured during the match against Lucian, Yasir had the feeling that the situation would only get more derailed from what he had planned.

Like what Polly had speculated, he was, in fact, contemplating Jonathan’s assassination if the latter withdrew from the tournament, as he knew it would be the only way to kill the other man. Otherwise, he would forever lose the opportunity to kill Jonathan. After all, he could not afford to offend Arthur.

Yasir did not want to resort to assassination unless absolutely necessary. Hence, he was relieved to hear that Jonathan would still be participating in the tournament and had merely taken half a day off.

I Am Unstoppable Chapter 125-Even though Yasir was relieved, he did not completely let his guard down. To prevent Jonathan from escaping in the middle of the night, he arranged for the constant surveillance of the former's movements.

Just as he was done making the arrangements, he received a call from Edward.

At that moment, Yasir was also in the presidential suite of Pearl Hotel in Jipsdale.

His phone had an anti-tapping device installed, so he was not worried that his conversation would be tapped by Mabel and her crew.

The sun was still shining brightly outside as he stood in front of the windows, staring at the passing traffic and innumerable pedestrians.

Edward's cold voice sounded from the other end of the line. "How are things going?"

"Some minor mishaps occurred, but everything is still going according to plan," replied Yasir respectfully.

In a low voice, Edward questioned, "Your system's been suppressed by a hacker—you call this a 'minor mishap'? Are Jonathan's severe injuries, inflicted by a man called Lucian Yandell during their match, also considered a 'minor mishap'?"

Yasir did not expect him to have found out about everything. A thin layer of cold sweat instantly appeared on the former's forehead as he answered, "Edward, Jonathan will continue taking part in the tournament tomorrow."

"So? Are you going to duel with an injured person and even kill him?" Stunned by Edward's words, Yasir could not utter a single word in response. After a moment of deliberation, Edward continued, "There's something that you might not have noticed."

Dazed, Yasir took a moment to grope for the words to reply to him. "You're referring to..."

"You've already shown your hand against Jonathan twice, and both times you

failed to kill him. This is your third opportunity. If Jonathan still survives tomorrow, don't bother thinking about killing him anymore. In fact, you have to apologize to him."

"Why?" asked Yasir in confusion.

"You can take chances once or twice to complete a task, but not thrice. If you can't take his life after three chances, that means your luck has already run out. If you keep on being his enemy, you'll be the one courting death instead. Such is fate," Edward explained.

Yasir's entire body shuddered.

The man went on, "Also, there's one more thing that you mustn't reveal. If Jonathan's wounds have not recovered tomorrow, and if it's one of our representatives fighting against him in the ring, they must show no mercy and take his life. Secondly, whether it's Leonardo or Jareth who kills him, you have to take a stance and expel them from Strikezone Martial Arts. Of course, they can be readmitted to our center later on."

"Got it!" Yasir immediately answered. He understood why he had to expel the two from the center. It was because others would criticize them if a representative of Strikezone Martial Arts dealt Jonathan a killing blow despite the latter being gravely wounded. Thus, Yasir must take a stance and punish them severely.

By then, he also understood a key point.

The next day would be his final opportunity to take Jonathan's life. If Jonathan were to survive, then he would no longer be able to go after him. The worst part was that Yasir was an incredibly proud person. Considering his hatred toward Jonathan, making an apology to him was something he could never accept.

While Jonathan returned to his suite, Polly asked Donovan to get some medicine from the drugstore. Amber and the two other ladies remained by Jonathan's side to keep him company. As he sat cross-legged on the bed and saw the look of concern on the three women's faces, his face cracked into a bitter smile. "How can I rest when the lot of you are right in front of me? Go and take a break. I'm fine."

“We can’t do that! What if Strikezone Martial Arts leaps at the chance to hurt you? I want to stay here and protect you,” said Amber.

Yasmin and Jessica were also adamant about not leaving him.

Jonathan sighed and remarked, “Don’t worry. They won’t resort to such underhanded methods unless the situation is dire.” After a brief pause, he continued, “You girls staying here will only hinder the recovery of my wounds. So, if you want me to survive tomorrow, you should go back to your rooms and rest.”

Thus, Amber, Jessica, and Yasmin had no choice but to leave his room, as he had made himself very clear.

However, the trio stood guard outside the door as though they were Jonathan’s bodyguards.

As for Polly, she stayed in her suite and only went over with the medicine once Donovan returned from the drugstore.

When she came and saw the three women guarding the door, she could not help but let out a chuckle. “What are the three of you doing?” She paused for a moment before going on, “Don’t worry. Jonathan is a very blessed and resilient man; nothing will happen to him. You should all go back and rest.”

Amber and the other two ladies trusted her a lot. Since she was making the same request of them, they could only trudge back to their rooms.

Polly opened the door and entered the suite.

The curtains were drawn, and the lights had been turned off. The atmosphere was so quiet that one could hear a pin drop.

Jonathan remained seated cross-legged on the bed with his eyes shut.

Dazzling sunlight instantly shone into the room when she drew back the curtains.

And so, he opened his eyes.

Polly turned around and said to him, “Take off your shirt. I’ll rub some

ointment on you.”

Jonathan nodded, took off his shirt, and lay face down on the bed.

Sitting down on the side of the bed, she rubbed some ointment onto his back and massaged it into his skin with Latent Force to thoroughly spread its medicinal effects into his organs. Then, complementing her efforts, he utilized his vitality to ensure the quick absorption of the medicinal effects and speed up the recovery of his wounds.

While exerting her Force, she commented, “You should know very well that even if I treat your wounds like this, it’ll still take at least ten days for your injuries to heal completely.”

Jonathan closed his eyes, enjoying the warm and comfortable feeling on his body. “That’s right,” he responded. What Polly said was the truth, and he could not refute it at all.

She added, “I know what you’re planning to do. You want to attain Nascent Soul tonight, don’t you? Only by achieving the Nascent Soul cultivation level and successfully forming your vigor can you fully recover within one night.”

A wry smile touched his lips as he replied, “You know me well, Polly.”

“But you haven’t succeeded in forming your vigor for more than three years. Do you think that you’d be able to make it tonight? It’s too risky,” said Polly.

In a low voice, Jonathan uttered, “But I have no other choice. I’ve experienced firsthand how impressive a Nascent Soul expert is. Lucian has just stepped into that cultivation stage, and I’m already unable to defend against one mere punch from him. Moreover, you know Leonardo’s and Jareth’s cultivation stages. My Shadow Punch is far from being as powerful as Hector’s, and he, too, died in the end. This means that even if I’m not injured, I’ll still have to duel with Leonardo or Jareth tomorrow. Only by attaining the Nascent Soul stage tonight will I have the chance to survive.” He paused for a second and continued, “Humans must push themselves one way or another. Otherwise, we’ll never find out how much potential we truly have within us. If Lucian can achieve the Nascent Soul level in the ring, why can’t I? Am I dumber than him?”

She took a deep breath before saying, “It’s not just you. Now that the system’s

been destroyed, it's very likely that I'll also encounter them tomorrow. Hector and Stephen had the courage to fight till their last breath, so I, Polly McDaniels, mustn't back away from fighting too. If I can't attain the Nascent Soul level tonight, I'm afraid that doom will be inevitable for me tomorrow as well. You're right; we must all push ourselves to the limits. Even if we don't succeed, we can at least die in bliss knowing that we tried."

Jonathan did not speak any further. He knew that night was a decisive life-and-death moment for the both of them.

Once Polly finished the treatment, she got up and bid him goodbye. "I'm going back to my room. See you tomorrow!"

Jonathan sat up as well and replied, "See you tomorrow!"

Hopefully, we'll be seeing each other as Nascent Soul experts tomorrow!

It was their unanimous thought, but they did not verbalize it.

Jonathan sat cross-legged in the suite with his top bare.

At that moment, his organs felt as though they were ablaze, which meant that the ointment was taking effect to cure his wounds. Nevertheless, he understood that damage to the organs was not so quickly healed.

Experts like Jonathan were strong because they knew their bodies like the back of their hands. They could pinpoint wherever there was a problem with their bodies.

Just then, his phone rang.

Jonathan picked it up and gave it a glance. It was Jennifer calling. He could not help but smile wryly. Is she calling to give me a good scolding?

Having given it some thought, he decided to answer the call.

To his surprise, Jennifer's voice was gentle, as though she was suppressing some emotions. "Is this Jonathan?"

"Jen, it's me."

Jennifer asked at once, "Where are you now? How are you faring?"

Jonathan was somewhat weirded out by her question. Regardless, he replied, "I'm fine. Everything's okay. What's the matter?"

"I want to see you. Where are you?"

A headache came over Jonathan. He did not wish for her to know what he had done for her. Besides, that was nothing to show off about. What befell Winnie was also his fault.

The wheels in his mind began to turn. Suddenly, a thought occurred to him.

Jonathan, oh, Jonathan. You're already dying soon. Why worry so much when you're on the brink of death? Ask Jennifer to come here and talk things over with her, and then you can enter the ring tomorrow with no regrets. There won't be anything left to hold you back, whether you live or die. Isn't that great?

At that thought, Jonathan answered, "I'm at Fairlake!"

"I'll be there shortly," said Jennifer before hanging up the phone.

He did not stop her. Of course, he did not want to meet her there either.

After all, there were too many acquaintances here, so he felt it was an inconvenient location.

Jonathan instantly got up and put on his shirt.

Even though his wounds were rather severe, they did not impede his movements. In fact, he would have no issue teaching some punks a lesson.

After exiting the hotel, Jonathan took a taxi to Falbriand Hotel and booked a room. He was going to meet Jennifer there.

Truth be told, he still had some sly thoughts.

If I really am going to die, then I might as well have some fun with Jennifer before that!

Upon entering the suite in Falbriand Hotel, Jonathan scanned the area to eliminate all possibilities of someone secretly taking his photos or eavesdropping on his conversation. After all, Strikezone Martial Arts was

constantly on the lookout here. He did not want to do any live broadcasts as well, especially with Mabel and her crew around.

Only when he ascertained that there were no devices planted in the suite did he heave a sigh of relief. He sat down cross-legged once more and began to treat his wounds.

At five in the afternoon, Jennifer arrived at Fairlake by car, and Jonathan informed her to come straight to Falbriand Hotel.

At twenty past five, there was a knock on the door.

Jonathan was slightly excited as he sprinted to open the door.

As soon as the door was opened, he saw Jennifer's pretty figure standing outside. She was dressed in a crimson dress that revealed her snow-white cleavage. The woman was sexy and beautiful as always. Her bodily fragrance intoxicated him.

Jennifer had lipstick on, causing her lips to look so inviting that he was tempted to nibble on them.

I Am Unstoppable Chapter 126-Jonathan called out with slight excitement, "Jen!"

Jennifer flushed a little. She had too many questions for him. When she heard from Amber about everything he had done for her, she could not wait to see him.

At that moment, all the resentment had disappeared.

Soon after, Jonathan let Jennifer in.

As she sat on the couch, she was cautious not to expose herself by crossing her legs.

Seeing that she had settled into the seat, he asked, "What would you like to drink? I have coffee, wine, and soft drinks."

"I'll just have plain water," she answered.

Jonathan nodded and took out two bottles of mineral water from the fridge. He

gave one to Jennifer, and the other was for himself.

After passing the bottle of mineral water to her, he sat on the armchair next to her.

Jennifer twisted the cap open and took a sip. Then, she looked him in the eye and said, "Can you tell me exactly what happened? When I called you earlier, Amber picked up the phone and said a lot of things that I didn't understand."

Jonathan's expression became awkward as he had no idea about that incident. However, he decided to come clean. "It's Strikezone Martial Arts again. The person who came knocking isn't those from the same generation as Cyclops and Leonardo, but someone from the same generation as the leader of Strikezone Martial Arts!" he explained.

Jennifer was clueless about everything, so she asked, "What do you mean?"

Jonathan was stunned for a moment. With an odd expression, he inquired, "Do you know who the abbot of the monastery that invented Kung Fu is?"

That was when she suddenly remembered something. I think the abbot's name is Trenton Sullivan.

Jennifer's face turned pale as she asked, "Are they powerful?"

He nodded. "Do you remember when I called you to say my goodbyes?"

"Yes. Don't tell me... That day..."

"That's right. That day, an expert from that generation was pursuing me. I was making my escape on a highway and thought I would die, so I called you."

Jennifer immediately prompted, "What happened afterward?"

"Then... Then we have to thank Amber. Her grandfather is a big shot in Yaleview, and he asked Edward Weiss, the leader of Strikezone Martial Arts, for a favor. If it weren't for that timely call, I wouldn't be here talking to you," explained Jonathan.

The woman's eyes reddened as she found herself overwhelmed with emotions. At the same time, she blamed herself.

I can't even begin to imagine what was going through his mind when he phoned me while anticipating his death. Yet, I was cold to him. He must've been heartbroken.

"I'm sorry, Jonathan!" Jennifer hung her head.

Jonathan chuckled and replied nonchalantly, "What is there to be sorry about? You didn't know."

He would never put the blame on her. Deep down, Jonathan was a generous and forgiving person. When Yasmin and Jessica misunderstood and doubted him, he was not truly angry.

Seeing him act that way, Jennifer felt even more guilty. She thought he was a dependable man, whereas she was a petty woman. However, she soon found something was amiss. "Since the grudge had been resolved, why was Winnie..."

Jonathan clarified, "Edward promised Old Mr. Johnson that he wouldn't kill me, but Strikezone Martial Arts wouldn't be satisfied until I'm dead. They didn't dare to make a move on me, so they decided to target those around me. Under these circumstances, they messed with Winnie. In fact, I was the one who dragged you and Winnie into this mess."

Jennifer was frightened but relieved that Winnie was no longer in danger.

He continued, "Strikezone Martial Arts did it surreptitiously, so Old Mr. Johnson couldn't say anything either. That day when you asked me where I went, I actually received a call that told me to go to a certain location to save Winnie."

Jonathan then told her everything that happened that day.

When Jennifer heard he had signed a liability waiver form, she could not help but shed tears even though Winnie was involved in the matter because of him. Regardless, he risked his life to save her daughter.

At that moment, she only had gratitude for Jonathan and not a speck of resentment.

Once again, she apologized, "I'm sorry, Jonathan!"

The man laughed aloud and said, "It's nothing."

"What's the situation now?" Jennifer immediately asked another question.

With alacrity, he answered, "Tomorrow will be the last day of the Golden Sword Tournament. It is also the last chance for Strikezone Martial Arts to kill me. They will definitely fight like crazy. Plus, I'm injured, so I likely won't survive tomorrow." There, he paused before adding, "Which is why I don't want to hide anything from you anymore, Jen. I don't want to die with you still hating me."

Jennifer was appalled. There was no way she could handle the grief from his death. "If that's the case, don't fight anymore. Can't we run away from here?"

Jonathan said, "It's not that simple. Strikezone Martial Arts is constantly monitoring me. I wasn't injured that day, and I drove to the highway, yet I still didn't manage to escape. Now that I am injured, the chances of escaping are even slimmer. The only way for me to survive is to fight."

"Amber is so capable. We can ask her for help!" she suggested.

"She wouldn't be able to help us either." He paused, then continued, "Don't worry too much, Jen. There's still a chance for me to make it out alive. I have to break through the most critical step of my cultivation tonight. If I manage to succeed, my injuries will likely heal, and I can survive the Golden Sword Tournament tomorrow. Now that I have told you everything, I don't have any more regrets."

Jonathan actually wanted to say he would truly have no more regrets if he could sleep with her that night. However, he could not bring himself to say it before her.

When Jennifer fell silent, he, too, remained quiet.

Time ticked by.

After an unknown period of time, she suddenly lifted her head and looked at him. "I've been thinking about something for the past few days."

Puzzled, Jonathan asked, "Thinking about what?"

"Will you not feel pressured and be willing to date me as long as I don't think about marrying you?"

He began to sweat as he fumbled for words.

Jennifer went on, "I understand that you like wandering around without any concerns. Then I wondered which is more important, the marriage certificate or you?"

Jonathan stared at her but did not interrupt.

"I mulled things over, and I finally thought things through." She paused a bit, then said, "I have a bar and enough money, plus I have Winnie. I shouldn't be asking for too much. I'll be happy as long as I have you. If you go out, I still have the bar and Winnie. Besides, I know you'll come back. It's actually not such a bad idea. You were never the average joe, to begin with. Why must I change you?"

Her utterances caused him great excitement, and he gazed at Jennifer with an indescribable desire. Then, he suddenly thought of something and hurriedly declared, "I can't promise that I won't cheat on you."

An unfathomable emotion darkened her gaze, and she looked at him resentfully. "Why do you always have to make everything so clear? Why do you have to tell me everything?"

"Sorry, Jen. I've never liked any other woman before this. That's why when it comes to you, I'm all the more worried that I'll hurt you since I know what kind of a person I am," he said while smiling wryly.

"Instead of wondering about that, you should focus on whether or not you can make it past tomorrow. Otherwise, you don't even have the right to think about these things. If you can survive tomorrow, I only have two conditions if you ever cheat on me. Number one, don't let me know. Number two, tell me if you fall in love with someone else." She paused, then added, "That's my limit, Jonathan. Don't push me any further."

Jonathan took in a deep breath and answered seriously, "Okay. I promise you."

Rising to her feet, she said, "I don't know if you can survive tomorrow, but I know what you want tonight. I'll take a shower. Wait for me." By the time she said the last sentence, her face was as red as an apple.

Jonathan's heart pounded wildly in excitement. He could feel a reaction in his nether regions.

When he thought of Jennifer's perfect figure, he could no longer control himself.

For many days and nights, he had fantasized about Jennifer being under him.

His wish was finally going to come true, and no one could stop him.

The sounds of running water came from the shower, and he could make out a blurry silhouette through the glass door. The hazy silhouette was graceful as a swan.

To Jonathan, every second that passed by was torturously slow.

Just then, his phone rang.

He was about to turn off his phone, but the caller was Amber. After some thought, he decided to answer the phone.

Amber asked concernedly, "Where are you?"

Jonathan immediately covered the microphone and answered earnestly, "I'm taking a walk outside to deliberate over some things about cultivation. Don't worry. I'll be fine."

She did not doubt him and moved on from that topic. "You have to tell me ahead of time if you don't think you can make it so that I can think of a solution." She paused, then said, "I didn't expect Mabel to bail on us last minute. To think I see her as a friend! Now that she's angered me, I'll ask Grandpa to give her an order! How dare she acts so arrogantly!"

Jonathan was moved by how much Amber cared for him. He understood her concern, so he could not help but feel bad because he was about to sleep with Jennifer.

However, when he thought about Jennifer's beautiful body, the little guilt he had fled his mind.

Not in a hurry to hang up either, he merely said, "Don't blame Mabel, Amber."

Amber asked in annoyance, "Why?"

"I think, as humans, we need to have gratitude. Mabel has helped us a lot. She was kind enough to help us, but she wasn't obligated to. To me, it only makes sense to thank her, not resent her."

I Am Unstoppable Chapter 127-Amber was momentarily stunned, but in reality, she was delighted with Jonathan's response. That was because, in her heart, he was someone who knew how to distinguish between gratitude and grudges and was magnanimous.

However, she still replied flatly, "All right. All right. You guys are the good guys, and I'm the bad guy."

Jonathan's heart softened, and he said gently, "Amber, please don't say that. I don't want to be sentimental and say thank you, but..." He paused for a while, then continued, "I'm very thankful that I could get to know you. I'm also touched to have a friend like you in this life. Although we can't be a couple, you will always have a special place in my heart."

Amber's eyes instantly reddened, as she was not used to hearing such sentimental words. "Please don't say such things to me. Now you're making me cry. Anyway, I don't care. I won't allow anything bad to happen to you, and you have to stay alive. If anything happens to you tomorrow, I will raze Strikezone Martial Arts to the ground even if it costs me my life."

He did not thank her but merely replied, "Amber, I won't let anything happen to me, even if it's for your sake."

"You better remember your words," she responded. "You should focus on recuperating. I won't disturb you anymore," she added before ending the call.

Following that, Jonathan also put his phone away. When he looked up, he saw that Jennifer was done showering and had just walked out of the bathroom with a towel wrapped around her. Her snow-white shoulders were exposed, and her hair was damp. At that moment, she looked especially seductive.

However, her cheeks were flushed, and she seemed slightly embarrassed.

All it took was one glance at her for him to be aroused. Could it be that she isn't wearing anything underneath?

At that thought, he felt his passion for her spreading throughout his body.

"You should go and take a shower too," Jennifer said shyly. She could not hide her bashfulness.

Jonathan chuckled and replied, "Sure!" With that, he immediately got off the bed and headed toward the bathroom.

I'm not going to wear anything later, and I bet she would be hiding under the covers when I come out of the bathroom. Haha! This is a dream come true. My wish is finally going to come true! How can I not be excited about this?

Yet, someone knocked on the door right at that moment.

"Damn it!" Jonathan cursed under his breath.

Jennifer jumped at the sudden knock. A trace of panic flashed across her face as she asked him worriedly, "What do we do now?"

In comparison, Jonathan was calm as a cucumber. Why should I be scared when I'm not doing anything illegal?

However, Jennifer was not as thick-skinned as him. Signaling to him with her hands, she whispered, "I'm going inside to get dressed."

Jonathan nodded in response. Meanwhile, the knocks were starting to sound more urgent. Just which co*k block is it that ruined the moment for me? As he cursed inwardly, he hurriedly went to open the door.

However, when he caught sight of the smiling woman standing outside the door, he could not bring himself to vent his anger.

Dressed in an elegant long black dress, the woman was Mabel from the sixth division at Department of National Security.

As usual, Mabel exuded a powerful aura. With a sly smile, she apologized, "I'm so sorry. It seems that I have interrupted something."

Jonathan could only laugh awkwardly in response, as he could not possibly admit it. Thus, he quickly changed the topic and asked, "Something must be going on for you to be seeking me out, isn't it?"

Wearing a faint smile, she replied, "That's right." After a momentary pause, she continued huffily, "You sure are calm. I can't believe you still have the mood to fool around during a time like this."

Embarrassed, he rubbed his nose and suggested, "Why don't we get to the main point?"

"Come with me."

"What are we doing?" Jonathan could not help but ask her.

"Cut the nonsense. It's not like I'll harm you."

Immediately after she finished her words, she turned around and walked off.

He pondered over it for a moment before heading back to the bathroom and knocking on the door.

Jennifer opened the door a few seconds later. Although her face was still flushed, she had gotten fully dressed. "You're going out?" she asked shyly.

"Yeah." Jonathan nodded.

The woman was understanding about it and replied, "Then you should get going now. I'll be fine on my own. I'll be waiting for you here."

He chuckled and praised, "You're the best, Jen." Once he finished his sentence, he suddenly leaned forward and planted a kiss on her lips.

He had long wanted to kiss her. After all, her lips were simply irresistible.

Meanwhile, Jennifer froze on the spot from his kiss.

Jonathan felt that the kiss was soft and even had a magical sensation to it that he could not quite describe. In short, he enjoyed every bit of it.

Once that kiss ended, he wasted no time and dashed out of the room. From

behind, it seemed as though he was running away.

Despite being stunned by the sudden kiss, Jennifer could not help but be amused as she watched him scamper away.

Upon exiting Falbriand Hotel, Jonathan and Mabel headed toward a Mitsubishi sportscar.

Mabel got in, and he naturally settled into the front passenger seat.

“Where are we going?” he asked out of curiosity.

“You talk too much. You’ll know when we get there,” she responded flatly, then stepped on the accelerator.

Seeing that she was focused on driving, Jonathan did not probe any further.

It was six in the evening, and the setting sun made the sky seem especially picturesque.

Due to Mabel’s fast driving, they went on a highway that led to a forest on the city’s outskirts in ten minutes.

At the same time, Jonathan scanned his surroundings to see where the people from Strikezone Martial Arts were.

“You can stop looking,” Mabel said. “There is an expert following us, but you won’t be able to tell with your abilities.”

That had him feeling slightly dejected as he could not seem to get rid of Strikezone Martial Arts.

“As long as I don’t run away with you, they won’t take action.” She then paused for a moment before continuing, “But if I do bring you away with me, their men here won’t be able to stop us.”

Just then, Jonathan seemed to realize something and asked, “You rejected Amber’s offer, and now you’re deciding not to help me get away because you’re trying to give me pressure, aren’t you?”

Mabel lifted the corner of her lips to a faint smile and replied, “I guess you’re

not that dumb, after all... Your performance was pretty good today, so I guess my hard work has paid off."

"My performance?" He was perplexed by her words. "Are you referring to..."

"Didn't Amber call you to complain about me?"

Jonathan was shocked by her question. His expression made it seem as though he had just seen a ghost. "Woah, how did you know that?"

I know my phone isn't bugged. Was she eavesdropping from outside?

Just as he thought of that, Mabel replied, "I don't have a habit of eavesdropping."

After hearing her response, he was still puzzled. "Then how did you know what Amber and I were talking about over the phone?" To him, it was eerie, and he felt insecure.

Mabel sped on, and soon, they reached the outskirts.

By then, it was already nightfall, and the moon was high up in the sky.

To their left was a forest, which gave off a cold and mysterious vibe at night.

Mabel stopped the car. "Do you really think that the people at the sixth division are incompetent?"

"I'm very sure that my phone isn't bugged and that there isn't any such thing in my room. There's no way for you to know my conversation with Amber over the phone."

Upon hearing his words, she shot him a look of disdain. However, he had to comment that it still seemed alluring.

The entire car was filled with her scent, enough to hold him spellbound.

"Installing a bug is so old school. Let me tell you this. If we want to bug someone's conversations, we would directly infiltrate into the network in that area and use that to obtain information from their phone. We can trace everything, such as your data and phone calls. Besides, I can even use your phone to make calls and send texts without having it with me."

A shiver ran down Jonathan's spine as he heard her explanation. He felt that he could no longer keep up with the times. Since such technology had existed in Chanaea, it must mean that it also existed in Anglandur. It would also be present in his upcoming battle in the forest, and he knew that he would fall behind if he did not try to keep up with it. As such technology developed at a rapid pace, it would be hard for him to guard against it.

"I didn't intend to eavesdrop on your phone call. It's just that I heard my subordinates saying that you were talking about me, so I decided to listen for a while." She let out a chuckle, then added, "I have to admit that you have a great attitude."

However, Jonathan paid no attention to that matter, as he was still terrified by Mabel's earlier words. "Although technology has brought us a lot of conveniences now, it is getting more difficult for civilians to maintain their privacy."

"It's easy if you want to have privacy. You can just use a homing pigeon to send messages. If you don't use phones or computers, there will be nothing we can do about it. Nowadays, most major corporations exchange information through letters."

Jonathan fell into a deep thought.

"Stop talking to me about this nonsense. This isn't the reason I brought you out here. Now, do you think you will be able to survive tomorrow in your current state?" Mabel questioned.

It was only then that Jonathan realized that it was already dark. There was not much time left for him.

If he could not make it past the next day's tournament, he could forget about doing anything else.

Just then, he seemed to have remembered something and asked Mabel again, "There must be a reason why you brought me here, isn't there?"

"Get out of the car," she said.

After saying that, she got out of the car first, and he followed her.

Afterward, Mabel headed straight toward the forest, with Jonathan trailing behind her.

There was dense foliage in the forest, and the air was especially damp since it was at night.

“I brought you out here because I wanted you to get far away from the concrete jungle. I want you to think about what it is that you want.”

When Jonathan heard that, he fell into a quandary. It was a fact that he wanted to find his Destino Art. However, his biggest obstacle was that he just could not seem to find it, and he was stuck in an invisible maze.

The duo continued to walk on until Mabel finally stopped before a huge tree. With an agile leap, she got onto a tree next to it and used it to climb onto the huge tree in just a few steps.

Her ability to climb trees was indeed remarkable.

Jonathan also followed in her footsteps and made his way up the tree. The two of them sat atop a tree branch, less than one meter apart from each other.

Mabel suddenly voiced, “Jonathan, you should know that the Chosen One isn’t unique. There are many others who are like you. I’ve seen many young men who are outstandingly talented, such as Lucian, Braxton, and Leonardo. All of them are young and incredibly talented.”

Upon hearing her utterance, Jonathan could not help but shoot her a weird look at how old-fashioned she sounded.

I Am Unstoppable Chapter 128-Mabel spoke again. “However, among all these people, I like you the most. Do you know why?”

Jonathan rubbed his nose and said, “Because I’m the most handsome!”

She snickered. “Can you stop being so shameless? You may not be ugly, but you’re not more handsome than Leonardo, Lucian, or Braxton.”

He couldn’t refute that point. Regardless of whether it was Leonardo, Lucian, or Braxton, they were indeed more handsome and more monstrous than the last.

A sigh escaped his mouth.

"I like you the most for several reasons." She continued, "Number one, and this is the most important one. We tend to describe an excellent person as a gentleman—emphasis on the 'gentle' part. Without a doubt, when compared to them, you are the most honest, upright, kind, and gentle one. Leonardo is rather cold as he doesn't care about other people. He's also pretty perverted since he loves his own aunt. I'm not going to comment anymore about his private matter. As for Lucian, he's an egotistical man. He was scolded by his grandfather, Peacock King, a lot when he was young. Thus, he grew up to be someone with an obsession with surpassing his grandfather's accomplishments. His sense of right and wrong is blurry at best. As for Braxton..." There was a pause before she said, "He's Jetroinian. Nothing much needs to be said about that."

Jonathan smiled bitterly. "Being described as upright and kind feels like an insult in this day and age."

"It's impossible to avoid gossip, rumors, and the like in life. A wise man has no need to care what a stupid man says. Even if you donate money or do charity work, there will always be an idiot saying that you're virtue signaling."

He agreed with Mabel's point of view. The path was his to walk. There was no reason to change it for someone else.

Just like the real estate fiasco from many years ago. Those who had the money to buy a house believed the lie, and at present, they couldn't afford to do the same anymore. They didn't want to listen to the advice given to them. When the famous real estate tycoon said the price was going to rise, everyone ignored him. In the end, the people who believed him got rich, and those who called his bluff all lost.

There were even some that said buying a property a year later meant thirty fewer working years, and yet they still bought a few properties themselves.

Of course, since the real estate prices had gone limp at the moment, it wasn't suitable for investment anymore. All people needed was their own place to live. Moreover, if they had the ability to buy it, they wouldn't need to think that much.

Mabel continued, "The first reason is that I like you and your character. Of

course, this is also because you're the Chosen One. If you didn't have the luck, I couldn't have cared less about you. The second thing is your ability. Your cultivation may still be lacking right now, but your potential is limitless. Once you cross the gap right in front of you, you'll be able to win against Leonardo and the others."

Jonathan was slightly shocked. "Why do you think that way?" He didn't even think that highly of himself, even though he tended to see himself as a pretty awesome person. Compared to Leonardo and the others, he wasn't confident he could be stronger than them by a mile.

After all, he still couldn't comprehend Nascent Soul.

"Do you know why they can achieve Nascent Soul but you can't?" She smirked.

"If I knew, I wouldn't be struggling right now."

"You can't see your faults, but I can. Leonardo and Lucian have a clear but narrow goal. They want to master Destino Art, and they want to be stronger."

"I don't even know what I want. Does this mean I'm worse?"

"What's the most powerful thing in the world?"

Jonathan was a little confused. "What?"

Instead of directly answering the question, Mabel said, "I'm sure you know how destructive the disasters caused by fire and water are, right? And yet, those two things are inseparable from human life. They don't have a fixed form and can do whatever they want, just like you. Get it?"

He smiled bitterly. "If I didn't know you any better, I would think you're a charlatan. A man with no ambition like myself can even be criticized to hell and back by you."

Mabe rolled her eyes at him. "You may not have ambition, but you're not ordinary. Do you really think you're ordinary? Do you believe you have no ideals at all?"

He thought for a while before saying, "I don't think I have any ideals."

"Then you should give it more thought. You always have your own fixed principles. When you see injustice, you will interfere; when you see the people around you getting hurt, you will interfere. It's the same thing as when Jennifer and Yasmin were bullied. You can't stand by and watch them suffer."

"Isn't that just normal?" He retorted depressingly, "As a man, I can't just stand at the side while my family and friends are in a tough spot!"

"But there are very few people like you who'll jump into the fire to save others, even though you know you'll be in danger."

"I still don't understand what you're trying to say. What exactly are you trying to tell me?"

She was getting a little annoyed. "Just give it some thought. Recall what it was like when you were almost killed by Yasir in the coffee house. If Amber hadn't arrived to save you, you would already be dead. That day, when you were chased by Yasir on the highway, if it weren't for Edward's call, you would've been dead. Also, try to remember the time when Lucian almost killed you in one punch back in the ring. If you don't have your breakthrough today, you'll die tomorrow. Think about that. Your friends and family will be sad. Jennifer will be sleeping with another man. Can you really endure this? You want to be strong, but for what? Lucian wants to defeat his grandfather while Leonardo wants to be so strong that no one in this world can stop him from marrying his aunt. What about you?"

It was then inspiration flashed across Jonathan's mind, as though he was just waking up from his stupor.

He fell silent as a burning light shone in his eyes.

A passage he saw before entered his mind. I think the passage was... I have a dream that when I want to fly, the sky will open its roads for me. When I dive into the sea, it'll split apart for me. Gods and goddesses will greet me as a friend when they see me. I'll be as free as a leaf in the wind. Nothing will be able to tie me down, and no one will be able to stop me. There will be no place that I can't go, nothing I can do, and no victory I can't achieve.

Suddenly, he felt his body filled with joy because he finally understood, at that moment, what he should do. I don't want to be the best or a god. I want to be

free! Free of anyone's bullying! If the heavens want to squash me, I want the ability to split it open. If the earth wants to chain me down, I want to be able to break it apart! I want to be the freest man in the whole world! What I want isn't to be a god, but to be an unshackled monkey in the wild, doing whatever I please whenever I want it.

An empyrean light burst out of his eyes. At that moment, he had finally achieved his breakthrough.

The vitality in his body began to surge and swirl like a leaf in a tornado.

Even though he was sitting motionlessly, he could feel the power coursing through his veins.

Finally, Jonathan had become a true Nascent Soul expert.

He had jumped over the gap and transformed into an immortal.

Once the process ended, Mabel let out a deep breath of relief. A look of ease flashed past Mabel's eyes. I knew I didn't pick the wrong guy.

He abruptly jumped down and sat cross-legged.

At that moment, the vitality in him had twisted into a rope. All the vitality in his body was instantly concentrated in the Nascent Soul. The explosive strength of a Nascent Soul was terrifying. It would allow him to punch with the force of one thousand kilograms instantly.

His vitality could disperse and coalesce whenever he wanted.

With that, he began to heal his body. His organs healed rapidly thanks to his vitality.

An hour later, all his wounds were gone, and his life force had reached its peak. Even the grass around him could feel his lively spirit and cheer for him, metaphorically.

Jonathan began to reform his vitality.

As a Nascent Soul expert, vigor flowed freely in his body. Vigor was an incredible thing as it was the result of mastery over the vitality in one's own body.

In the eyes of an outsider, they would think vigor was spirit. An ability like crushing rocks with one's own chest relied on vigor. A street performer simply held their spirit in their chest to do that.

On the other hand, vigor could prevent any damage from average weapons from hurting him easily as a Nascent Soul expert.

Of course, if the weapons were used by experts who coated it with their Force, then vigor wouldn't be able to block the attack.

An hour later, the process was over. When he stood up, he felt invincible. It was all thanks to the flowing vigor in his body.

Needless to say, Jonathan was overjoyed. He had finally reached the legendary level of Nascent Soul, which meant that there was no need for him to look up to Leonardo and the others anymore.

His fear of Yasir had also decreased significantly.

Of course, there was still a gap between him, Yasir, and Jareth.

That was because Jareth had achieved middle-stage Nascent Soul. A single punch from him packed the strength of more than one thousand kilograms.

Yasir, who had achieved late-stage Nascent Soul, could unleash fifteen hundred kilograms worth of force.

Lastly, Edward was rumored to have gone beyond Nascent Soul and had achieved the legendary Celestial Soul.

Jonathan used to have no idea what Celestial Soul was like. However, after achieving the level of Nascent Soul, he began to have ideas about what Celestial Soul was like.

Celestial Soul was the ability to gather spirit and unlock the mind's potential. It would allow vitality to rush into the brain and increase a person's intelligence. With that newfound intelligence, the user would be able to further improve the vitality in their body.

The cycle would continue on and on until there was no weakness left in the person's body. They would be able to comprehend the magnetic field of the planet and could absorb the true essence of the world.

It was an unimaginable cultivation stage.

That cultivation stage was quite similar to how Gabriel described it to be.

Gabriel could understand the principles, but his body couldn't keep up with the cultivation. The cultivation stage Edward was in basically meant both his mind and body had evolved to the same level.

I Am Unstoppable Chapter 129-Mabel had been protecting Jonathan as he reformed his vitality. Once it was done, she jumped down and asked, "So, how does it feel? What's the difference between Nascent Soul and Peak Neutralizing Force?"

He stayed silent for a while before replying, "Peak Neutralizing Force is all about concentrating my body's vitality into a dragon. A vitality dragon. Nascent Soul is all about compressing the vitality inside my body into a singular point before unleashing the most explosive force. Now, I'm capable of releasing a punch that has the force of one thousand kilograms, which is twice as much as what I could do before. It's not because my strength has increased. It's because I've learned how to consolidate it. If I have to make a comparison, it's like compressing the flow of water into an arrow in order to increase its power."

There was a pause before he continued, "A Nascent Soul expert is powerful because they have great mastery over the usage of the vitality in their body. It's like a racer driving his racing car however he wants. He can speed up, stop, or turn whenever he wishes. A normal racer will be far more restricted when doing that because they aren't one with their car."

Mabel praised, "Your metaphor is quite apt. Our body and vitality are like the car. As we cultivate, we're basically improving our skills as the mechanic and the driver. We learn how to upgrade our car to maximize its efficiency and how to drive it effectively. Only then will the perfect racer be born."

Jonathan nodded in agreement. He was no longer afraid of the competition tomorrow or Strikezone Martial Arts.

It was his belief that, even though he still couldn't win against Strikezone Martial Arts, he was definitely capable of protecting himself, or at the very least, running away from a confrontation with them.

"Thank you, Mabel!" He bowed.

She smiled. "You don't need to thank me. I have my own selfish reasons for helping you."

"Oh?" He was slightly stunned.

"You are the Chosen One and the best one I've laid my eyes on. You can say that I'm betting on you. One day, the Great Tribulation will befall the planet, and demons will roam the streets. We, the Department of National Security, are responsible for the country's safety. However, we don't have the luck to do so, which is why we need you to subdue those demons. Our directive is to protect the citizens of the country. Will you be willing to help us when the time comes?"

A bitter smile appeared on his face when he realized what was going on. "If I'm the Chosen One, then how can I defy the heavens? Still, even if you didn't mention any of that, I will still help you because you helped me first. If you need me, just call me."

She smirked. "I'm glad to hear that. It's getting late. If you go back now, you'll still have time to enjoy your Jennifer. Now go."

A faint blush appeared on his face. "You really don't hold back, huh, Mabel?"

She covered her mouth and snickered before leaving. He followed right behind her.

At that point, Jonathan felt there was a difference in his surroundings. The image of the surrounding in his mind became much clearer. He could also sense something evil coming from the east.

It wasn't necessary for him to take a look in that direction because he knew someone from Strikezone Martial Arts was spying on him from that direction.

He didn't care if he was being spied on.

Jonathan and Mabel arrived at the Mitsubishi sportscar. She went into the passenger's seat and said lazily, "You drive. I'm not your chauffeur."

When he got into the car, he saw her stretching her limbs and a particularly pleasant scene. He chuckled as he turned on the engine. "I have a question

for you, Mabel. Don't get angry, okay?"

"I don't want to hear you say it, pervert."

He pouted and exclaimed, "I haven't even asked the question yet!"

"I know you don't have anything good to say."

He still grinned and said, "I just wanted to ask you about your body! You see, a normal woman has no armpit hair because they shave it off to look pretty. But, for an expert like you, is the reason you don't have armpit hair because you shave it off or because you use vitality to stop it from growing?"

Mabel's face grew red before she gave him a kick. "Go and die in a gutter!"

Jonathan grimaced when he was kicked by her high heels. Still, he chuckled because he felt good that he was able to tease a goddess like her.

Both of them finally arrived back at Fairlake at eleven at night.

Once they did, she chased him out of the car and shouted, "Go and do what you want to do! You better take it easy, though, or you're going to shrivel up!"

He almost tripped the moment he heard that. When he turned back, he saw a mischievous smile on her face.

In any case, he was feeling quite agitated and wanted to see Jennifer as fast as he could. He already made a call to her on his way back, telling her that he had a breakthrough in his cultivation and that there wouldn't be any issues tomorrow.

After she expressed how happy she was for him, he told her to wait for him to return. He wanted to tell her to wait for him on the bed, but he didn't.

Just as he happily arrived at the entrance of Falbriand Hotel, his phone rang. He wanted to ignore the ringing, but he couldn't do that, so he unwillingly pulled out the phone.

It was from Polly.

He answered the call immediately.

When the call connected, Polly immediately asked in a worried voice, "Where are you, Jonathan?"

Jonathan was slightly surprised as he answered, "I'm outside. What's wrong, Polly?"

"I've been thinking about Nascent Soul for a long while. And yet, there's a question that keeps bugging me. I feel like I'm going crazy right now. Also, I don't think I can pull myself out in time for the competition tomorrow."

His expression darkened. This is a serious situation. "I'll be there immediately. Wait for me," he reassured.

She nodded.

Without delay, he rushed over to Pearl Hotel in Jipsdale.

Since he had become a Nascent Soul expert, his running speed had exceeded a race car's speed.

It didn't take long before he arrived at Pearl Hotel.

He rushed straight toward Polly's room and knocked on the door.

"Come in!" Her voice was still filled with anxiety.

When Jonathan entered the room, he saw the room was dark. The light was off.

She was sitting on the bed in her purple sleeping gown. Her hair was a mess, while her pale thighs were clear to see.

At that moment, she had lost the grace befitting of a goddess. Instead, she looked like a seductress.

It was the first time he saw her like that.

She looked as though she had been stripped of her godhood and became a mortal after falling from the heavens.

In all the time he had ever known her, she had always appeared cool and outstanding.

“Polly.” Jonathan arrived in front of her.

Polly raised her head and stared at him. Her eyes were filled with worry. It was a sign that she was indeed going crazy.

“If there’s no other way, you can just quit the competition tomorrow. No one’s restricting you, so there’s no need to force yourself like that. You’re still young. There’s always another chance,” he consoled.

She shook her head. “No. If I can’t achieve a breakthrough under these circumstances, then I’ll never reach Nascent Soul in my life.”

Suddenly, she turned her sight to him, and her expression changed. “You did it?”

He nodded. “I managed to think things through.”

Joy flashed past her eyes. “It’s good that you made it. In the end, I’m not as good as you.”

“There’s no need to compare yourself to me, Polly. Come, I’ll take you to a certain place. I know there are still some loose ends in your heart that need tying up. Otherwise, you’ll never achieve a breakthrough. Let’s go!” He pulled her hand, which was soft and cold.

No one had ever pulled her hand like that, until now.

Polly’s body trembled as she wasn’t used to it and shoved his hand away.

Jonathan wasn’t going to force her.

Still, she stood up and said, “Go outside. I’ll change my clothes.”

He nodded and went outside.

Moments later, she exited the room in a white sports outfit, and her hair was in a simple ponytail. Her face was pale, clean, and supple.

She had always looked beautiful without any makeup.

If she does use makeup one day, I think she'll be so beautiful that I'll be afraid to even lay my eyes on her.

After they left the building, they got into the Mercedes-Benz. Polly sat by his side while Jonathan drove as fast as he could.

The person from Strikezone Martial Arts who was spying on him was probably cursing him for going out in the middle of the night instead of resting.

Both of them went to the suburbs. He was just going to guide Polly like how Mabel guided him.

Half an hour later, they arrived in a forest.

When he killed the engine, Polly asked, "Why did you bring me here?"

He smiled. "Follow me and you'll find out."

Both of them began to hike up the hill of the forest.

As they went deeper inside, the surrounding dew became heavier and wetted them as they brushed past the plants.

Then he climbed up a tree and gestured for her to do the same. "Come up, Polly."

She did just that.

"We live in a concrete world every day, but the best and oldest place to cultivate is still the forest." His gaze swept past the trees. "This is where we're closest to nature. Here, there's no technology. You didn't bring your phone, and I left mine in the car. It's also an obscure spot here, so we can do what we want. Therefore, whatever we do or say today will not be known by anyone else."

She looked around her surrounding and finally calmed down. Seconds later, she asked, "How did you achieve your breakthrough? What is it that you want?"

He smirked. "What I want is simple. I want a life where no one can offend me. And if someone does offend me, I want to have the ability to return the favor tenfold!" When he finished, he jumped down and said, "I have something I want to show you, Polly."

I Am Unstoppable Chapter 130-The moonlight shone on the leaves while rays of light passed through them.

The vision was not clear.

However, Polly's cultivation level was enough for her to travel in the dark effortlessly. Hence, at the moment, Polly and Jonathan could see the path clearly.

Gaining his balance, the man fell into deep thought.

A few moments later, he finally made a move.

To be exact, he did not move physically. Instead, Polly could feel an aura surging through Jonathan.

At that, a murderous intent radiated from Jonathan's body. One could feel the spiritual fighter within him.

The vitality was excessively ferocious, unlike anything one had ever felt. It could destroy everything that stood in its way. Besides that, it was similar to the rebellious feeling when an individual endured hardships and unfairness in life.

Right now, Polly could feel the vitality in Jonathan.

She knew that this was the specialty of a Nascent Soul fighter. The vitality unleashed by a Nascent Soul expert was the most astounding part of the cultivation level. Moreover, the power it produced was unlimited.

Shortly after, Jonathan moved his palms as he raised his body. It was as if a mighty being had arrived as a domineering aura covered the entire place. On Jonathan's palm was the almighty Great Sage Seal.

At that moment, all changes were inside the Great Sage Seal. If Jonathan unleashed it, it could crush all minds and power.

The technique was a creation of Jonathan.

When he did the Great Sage Seal, Polly was stunned as she knew she could not handle the pressure no matter how hard she tried. She felt that way

because she could feel the force when Jonathan released it.

Jonathan combined everything he had learned as a spiritual fighter and all his comprehension in martial arts into the Great Sage Seal.

Thus, it was not something others could copy from him, as nobody could possibly have the same vitality as this Great Sage Seal.

“Nascent Soul! It’s Nascent Soul!” muttered Polly.

After summoning the skill, Jonathan jumped, held a branch, and got on a tree.

“Polly!” shouted Jonathan.

Upon hearing that, Polly looked at Jonathan in confusion.

“You haven’t told me how realization struck you. It’s very difficult to explain to you in concrete. All the while, I’m unsure of what I want. However, Mabel’s words reminded me I couldn’t take oppression, unfairness, and insults. But because I’ve got a stubborn attitude, I always offend others. Hence, if I don’t want to get bullied, I have to become stronger. That’s all I’ve ever wanted. How about you? Polly, what exactly do you favor most? Or what makes you want to make a breakthrough and reach Nascent Soul?” asked Jonathan.

At his words, Polly pondered for a moment. A brief moment of silence later, she replied, “In this world, I have no desire for anything. I’m not interested in money, power, and man. The only thing I want to pursue is the final destination of my body, as I want to reach the mysterious end. That’s all I ever wanted.”

Out of curiosity, Jonathan asked, “Are you always uninterested in money, power, and man? Do you know that you’ve reached a state where you’ve forgotten about sentiment? During cultivation, many focused on forgetting their feelings and being abstinent to prevent their body from being hurt. Hence, I think it’s good for you. But why can’t you break through Nascent Soul?”

Polly could not help but smile bitterly. “You’re asking me? How would I know? I’m more eager to know the answer than you are.”

With a half smile, Jonathan replied, “I’m not asking you. I’m just trying to think

of the key to your problem. In fact, I think something's amiss about you. Previously, I couldn't tell what it was, but now I've got a brief idea."

"Oh? Tell me, then," uttered Polly in a hurry.

"You have no desire. I'm not talking about the ordinary wishes of the human realm. Instead, you don't have the desire to want something. To become powerful, enter Nascent Soul, and reach the other end are all desires. However, your desire is not strong enough. If you do, your nervous system will feel excited, and it'll increase your vitality."

"But shouldn't we control our vitality? From what I've learned, we can't possibly let our vitality control us. To do that, we'll need to be calm!" refuted Polly.

"What you're saying is correct. However, if you want to boost your vitality, you'll have to pair it with your emotions. Don't you think you lack that?" questioned Jonathan.

Again, Polly gave it a thought before responding, "Maybe you're right, but I can't find the emotion you're talking about."

"That's normal. See, that's the key to breaking through. The Destino focuses too much on forgetting our sentiments, but do you know what that means? If you want to let go of your feelings, you need to have that feeling before you can have something to forgo. For example, if an individual wants to see through wealth and fame, the person needs to obtain them before giving them up. If the person is always a broke man and that person tells you he doesn't care about money, wouldn't you think of him as a joke?" remarked Jonathan.

Then, he continued, "There are three stages in life. In the first stage, when we see a mountain, we will only think of it as a mountain. Then, we'll gradually enter the second stage. When we grow up and gain experience, we start to have thoughts about the same mountain, such as how severe the ecosystem damage is and how we can make money from selling wood gained from the trees. At this point, the mountain is more than a mountain to us. Then, when we grow old and see through fame and fortune, the mountain is now back to only a mountain to us. We're back to the basics. To put it simply, you're innocent when you're young. When you grow old someday and understand more about the world, you'll forgo many things and return to that state."

After explaining, Jonathan paused for a short while before adding, "Hence, it's apparent that you have not experienced the second stage in life. It's no wonder you cannot enter the third stage."

Immediately, Polly's eyes sparkled as if realization had struck her.

Meanwhile, Jonathan stared at Polly intently. Naturally, he would hope that Polly could break through.

All of a sudden, Polly looked at Jonathan with an awkward and bitter smile.

It was an expression that seldom appeared on her face.

As Polly was always confident and had an imposing aura, Jonathan had never expected to see that look on her face.

Sucking in a deep breath, Polly uttered, "All this while, I've always had something deep down in my heart. I've never mentioned it to anyone, and I hope I can forget about it someday."

Jonathan remained silent. Right now, he thought it would be most appropriate to be a listener.

It might be because they were in a hidden place. Polly finally dared to spill it out. A person like her did not fear death, but it would take much courage to say the thing that was bothering her deep down.

Soon, Polly started to narrate a piece of memory. "I grew up in the northern region. My family has an established business there. My grandpa, Tyler McDaniels, was a well-known person in the area. Besides that, he had a high cultivation level. He taught me all the martial arts skills I have today. Before I turned six, I was a child, just like the other children—innocent and naïve. However, when I was six years old, I went to Grandpa's summer villa to spend my holidays. I can still clearly remember that it was August, and the weather was hot. When I was enjoying my time there, a perverted servant in his fifties approached me. I addressed him as Old Mr. Quillen. At first, he treated me kindly. He even brought me to the kitchen for some delicious food, but when we were there, that scumbag suddenly showed me his private part and demanded that I touch it. As I was unwilling to do it, he yelled at me. While he hugged, kissed, and even bit me, I could only glare at him. No matter how hard I tried, I couldn't break free of him. If nobody had come to my rescue that

day, he would have taken my virginity. Hence, from that day onward, I hated men. After the incident, Grandpa killed him. Although I wanted to forget about it, I couldn't. It's something that haunts me to this day. I'm turning thirty years old this year, but I've never had a relationship. I always appear in front of men as if I'm the queen because I want all men to bow down to me."

After hearing Polly's story, Jonathan smiled bitterly, as he did not expect a woman like Polly to go through such an experience.

It's true that a terrifying childhood memory can traumatize a person for life.

Immediately after spilling everything out, Polly breathed a sigh of relief. At that moment, she felt more relaxed than ever. Jonathan even felt she was not as unapproachable as she used to be.

"Polly, you have to conquer your fear," stated the man.

"Of course, I know that. I've been trying to get rid of the nightmare for many years. Sadly, I still can't do it!" replied Polly.

Rolling his eyes, Jonathan responded, "Maybe I can help you."

"How?" questioned Polly. "We must make you hate man less. Why don't I try to be your boyfriend to let you experience being a normal woman?" Jonathan had his motive, as he wanted to try dating her.

If I can hug a goddess like Polly, I bet it'll feel wonderful! In addition to that, I think it's a great way to help her, and it looks like the only way.

As expected, Polly immediately felt tempted as she looked at Jonathan. Unbothered by what was going on in Jonathan's mind, she nodded and replied, "Sure!"

Upon hearing her answer, Jonathan was overjoyed.

"I don't know much about relationships, though," Polly uttered shyly. "You've got to teach me."

Although Jonathan felt like laughing, he answered her seriously, "Usually, we have to take our time to get to know each other. However, you only have a night. Hence, we have to speed up the process."

At that, Polly asked with a weird expression, "Are you trying to bed me tonight?"

Upon hearing that, Jonathan puffed, feeling embarrassed. I can't believe Mabel and Polly speak so straightforwardly regarding matters like this. Even I feel shy talking about this topic.

"Of course not!" replied Jonathan instantly. "Polly, we can't possibly develop feelings for each other now. It's also impossible for me to sleep with you. However, we can kiss and hug each other as ordinary couples do. I'm not trying to take advantage of you. Everything I do is sacrificial."