

## I Am Unstoppable Chapter 14

### Chapter 14

That night, Jonathan bought some fast food for dinner. He wasn't a picky eater or afraid of unhygienic food. After dinner, he got a bucket of water and took a quick shower outside. He then sat cross-legged on his bed and started cultivating the Celestial Meditation Mantra. After combining his breathing with the celestial bodies, he sensed a powerful force of energy surging within his body. The energy traveled all over his body to cleanse his bone marrow and blood. A true elite's bone marrow would be pure as snow and his blood thick and rich. Celestial Meditation Mantra wasn't just any random mantra; it was a technique to purify oneself. The most important part was to control one's spirit. In the morning, the sun would rise from the horizon, full of vitality. As such, the practitioner would be full of vitality as well. At noon, the hottest time of the day, the practitioner's heart would grow strong and full of energy. In the evening, one's heart would calm down. At night, one's heart would regain peace. If one's heart and the celestial bodies were on the same path, one would have absorbed the essence of nature. It was a brilliant internal energy regimen. In fact, humans and their spirits existed as one. If their spirits remained, they would survive. If their spirits perished, they would die. Those who practiced martial arts were actually training their spirits. The stronger one's spirit was, the more capable one would be. After a whole day of training, Jonathan opened his eyes. He felt especially refreshed. After training for the entire day, his body was drenched with black sweat. It was the result of expelling the impurities and toxins that he breathed in and ate throughout the day from his body. He was full of vitality now. People like Jonathan would never get ill. When the training ended, Jonathan fell into a deep sleep. That very night, to his aggravation, he dreamed of Jennifer again. In his dream, he and Jennifer had an intense lovemaking session. Jennifer's curvaceous body and her matured character were too great a temptation to him. Jonathan stood no chance against an alluring woman like her. At midnight, Jonathan woke up and sighed. *I'll have to get a change of underwear.* Actually, he was quite disappointed with Jennifer. She was an ungrateful wretch. Thus, Jonathan wouldn't take the initiative to contact her. Despite his frivolity, Jonathan was extremely prideful. To his surprise, Jennifer gave him a call early the next morning. Answering the call, Jonathan mocked, "Jennifer, I haven't done anything to provoke you. Isn't it beneath your dignity to contact a nobody like me?" Clearly, he resented Jennifer a lot. Then again, it was no surprise he'd think that way. Jennifer seemed anxious as she pleaded in a low voice, "Jonathan, can you come over to my place?" "Nopel!" Jonathan rejected her swiftly. "Please come over. I'm sorry for what I've done previously. If you don't save me this time, I'll be doomed," Jennifer begged. She was out of ideas. Otherwise, she wouldn't have resorted to calling Jonathan and asking for his help meekly. It was all her fault for being too harsh earlier. Fortunately, Jonathan wasn't a heartless man, especially when it concerned Jennifer's wellbeing. His voice softened as he asked, "What's wrong?" Hearing his tone, Jennifer knew that he had agreed to help. "A while ago, my ex-husband gave me a call. He went gambling and ended up in debt, so he demanded one hundred thousand from me. As I refused to give him the money, he threatened to hand me to the loan sharks to pay his debt off, and they'll make me a prostitute. He's a despicable man who would do anything just to get money. After our divorce, he never gave me any alimony. I'm burdened with the mortgage, car loan, and my daughter's school fees. I barely have any savings left after making the payments every month. Even if I have money, there's no way I'll give it to him!" she revealed hastily. "You have a daughter?" Jonathan asked curiously. "Yes, my daughter lives with my parents. She's five years old," came Jennifer's answer. Jonathan told her, "All right. I'll come over now." He didn't probe any further. Jonathan quickly washed up and left his rented house. He took a cab and headed straight to Baykeep. Ten minutes later, Jonathan arrived at his destination. Harrison was delighted to see Jonathan. "Jon, are you coming back to work? I have good news—Benjamin's left." Chuckling, Jonathan answered, "Haha! No, I don't think so. I'm in a better place now. Let's have a drink together next time. Today, I have something else to deal with." "All right. Let's do that!" Harrison nodded happily. Jonathan then called Jennifer. After receiving his call, Jennifer said, "Okay, I'll come downstairs now." Shortly after, Jennifer showed up. She was clad in a black blazer and formal dress. As her heels clicked against the ground, she looked seductive in her uniform. One look at her was enough to stir a man's desire. Jonathan couldn't help but stare at her bust. "Jennifer!" he greeted her. At the sight of Jonathan, Jennifer heaved a sigh of relief. "Let's get the car and head to the office," she suggested. Jonathan agreed readily. "Good idea. However, I'll have to get out of the car before you do. If the CEO and the rest spot us together, they'll assume I'm harassing you again." "I'm sorry," Jennifer apologized. "I went overboard yesterday." Jonathan gave a dismissive wave. "Forget it. Your apology is sincere, so I shall let it slide. Since you're childish, you'll have to show respect to me. I shall treat you as though you're my little sister!" He was amused by his own words. Jennifer rolled her eyes. *What a shameless man.* They went to the garage and drove the car out. Soon, the white Volkswagen Lavida drove out of Baykeep. Once the car exited the neighborhood, a van roared to life and came to an abrupt stop before their car. Their only route was blocked. Three burly men clad in black shirts alighted from the vehicle accompanied by a skinny and soft-spoken man wearing glasses. He was none other than Wesley Ackerman, Jennifer's ex-husband. The moment Jennifer saw him, the color drained from her face. Comprehension dawned on Jonathan when he spotted her reaction. Patting Jennifer's shoulder, he assured her, "Don't be afraid. I'm here, remember? I'll settle the matter for you right away." Jennifer glanced at him and responded nervously, "Stop joking around." "I'm not joking. All you have to do is call me 'Jon' from now on," Jonathan said. "Fine, then. Jon!" Jennifer blurted out. Hearing that, Jonathan let out a satisfied chuckle. He promptly got out, and Jennifer did the same. As Wesley had three burly, muscular men with him, he was full of confidence. With a smug expression, he parted his lips, ready to state his purpose. Before he could say anything, Jonathan declared, "Are you cowards blind? How dare you block my way? Do you have a death wish?" Hearing that, Wesley and his gang froze in shock. *What's going on? He's quite arrogant, huh? That should be our speech instead of his!* Wesley glanced at Jennifer before turning to Jonathan. His face darkened as he demanded icily, "Who are you?" Jonathan chortled gaily and retorted, "No, who are you? You're blocking my path early in the morning. Now, get out of my way!" Wesley felt a jolt of anger upon hearing that, but he quickly tamped his irritation down. "This is none of your business," he declared. "I'm here to talk to my wife." "Oh? Who is your wife?" Jonathan's eyes widened. In response, Wesley pointed at Jennifer. "She is. What's wrong with that? Can you get out of my way now?" "F\*ck you!" Jonathan cursed. "Aren't you divorced? Jennifer is mine now. How dare you blockade the road? You're playing with fire!" Wesley's anger flared. He ignored Jonathan and turned to Jennifer. "Oh, Jennifer. You got yourself a new lover that quickly, huh? What a b\*tch. I have to question your taste, though. His only advantage is that he can satisfy you in bed, I guess." His words were impudent and rude. Jennifer was utterly infuriated by his comment. Her chest heaved violently as she tried hard to calm down. "Watch your words," she warned him. Wesley merely chuckled icily. He spat and responded, "Pfft, you pretended to be a saint before me, but no one knows what you're like in private. Forget it. I won't waste time trying to reason with you. Now, just hurry up and give me the money!" "No f\*cking way!" Jonathan cut in. "Her money belongs to me. Why would she give it to you for no reason?" Obviously, Wesley was taking the opportunity to take advantage of Jennifer. He was evil to the core! Wesley could no longer tamp down his anger. A furious look took over his face as he exclaimed, "You have a death wish!" With that, he turned to the leader of the gang and said, "Holger, please teach this b\*stard a lesson." Holger nodded and ordered his subordinates, "Go!" "Yes, Holger!" both men replied. They then charged at Jonathan in a menacing manner. One man stretched his hand out and grabbed Jonathan's collar, intending to toss him back. To his shock, Jonathan grabbed his wrist and twisted it deftly. The man immediately shrieked in pain and dropped to his knees. Seeing that, the other man flinched. Without hesitation, he raised his large fist and swung it toward Jonathan's face forcefully. *Whoosh!* Along with the punch, an outburst of gust ensued, and the air around them reverberated in clangor! Jennifer immediately went white at the frightening sight. However, Jonathan let out a dry chuckle. Suddenly, he launched the Scorpion Attack. His legs formed the shape of a scorpion's tail and swiped at the man deftly. The man instantly lost his balance and stumbled onto the ground with a loud thud. Holger paled at the sight. He quickly regained his composure and sneered, "Oh, so you're a trained martial artist, huh?" Jonathan cast Holger a disdainful look. "Stop talking nonsense. Shall we fight or not?" Holger stood before Jonathan and saluted him. "My name is Holger Cunnings, and I specialize in the Universal Punch. Let our challenge begin!" With that, he launched his attack. He was capable of moving at lightning speed. Clearly, his skills had surpassed those of his subordinates. The veins popping up on his upper limb created a look that resembled a black snake encircling his arm. "What the f\*ck is that?" Jonathan muttered. When he realized that Holger's elbow was aiming for his throat, he swung his hand out without hesitation. His speedy slap was ingenious. *Slap!* The force of the slap caused Holger to spin around in a daze. The slap was so forceful that Holger could see stars. Holger quickly snapped back to reality and retreated in trepidation. He took one last look at Jonathan before turning to return to his van. It was clear to Holger that the young man was an experienced elite. *I can't afford to offend someone as capable as him.* Thus, Holger and his men entered the van in a swift manner. Meanwhile, Wesley's mouth was open in a silent scream. Before he could flee the scene, Jonathan barked, "Stop!" He no longer wore a teasing expression. Fighting a rising panic, Wesley suppressed a shiver and asked, "What do you want?" Jonathan snickered and marched toward Wesley. "Don't you dare do anything funny," Wesley warned as his heart hammered in his chest. Jonathan gripped Wesley's wrist so hard that it snapped with a crisp cracking sound. "This is a warning. If you ever harass Jennifer again, I'll take your life!" After a pause to let that sink in, he added, "You can call the cops. However, if you are bold enough to call the cops, I'll break your limbs. I used to be an assassin, so I don't mind sending you to hell." Jonathan's voice was deadly and menacing. Only after killing dozens of lives could one exude such a menacing aura. Wesley nearly peed his pants as he fled the scene hastily. The group of people disappeared as quickly as they came. Jonathan spun on his heels and beamed at Jennifer. "Was that satisfying enough, Jen? As the saying goes, 'What goes around, comes around.'" Indeed, Jennifer was pleased with the results. Jonathan might be crude, but she was still thankful for his help. After all, Wesley didn't deserve her sympathy. If Jonathan wasn't here, her fate would have been a horrible one. Wesley managed to ask for Holger and his men's help, so he wasn't joking around. "Thank you!" Despair wrenched Jennifer's heart as she thought of the numerous times she was harassed by Wesley. Since young, she yearned to be a princess. Alas, life had treated her harshly. Such irony! After thanking him, she couldn't stop tears from welling up in her eyes. Jonathan was shocked to realize that she was about to cry. He was afraid of no god nor devil, but there was one thing he feared more than anything—a crying woman. "Uh, Jennifer. Did I go overboard earlier?" Jonathan asked carefully. "Hey, calm down. I'll make sure not to cross the line in the future, all right?" Wiping her tears away, Jennifer didn't answer his question but strode toward the car. "Let's head to the office now." Jonathan was confused at the abrupt change in her mood. *Women are so unpredictable!*