

# SUPER MAN OR SUPER MANNY

## Chapter 3

Malachi's heart softened when he saw Aubree's pale face.

He was once coldhearted enough to kill a vicious beast without blinking an eye. But, at this moment, when he laid his eyes on Aubree, his heart ached for her.

Malachi wanted to hug her but was afraid that it might wake her up from her sweet dream.

"Daddy... Mommy..." Aubree muttered in her sleep.

For some reason, her lips quirked upwards into a bright beam.

Malachi's heart missed another beat.

He wondered how many days and nights Aubree had spent calling out for him and Penelope in her sleep.

Or even when she was awake.

All she could do was to stare at their photos and cry over them.

"Aunt Layla, is there any money left?"

Malachi held back his tears and turned his head to look at Aunt Layla, whose eyes were already watery.

"Yes, give me a minute."

Aunt Layla was startled, and then she took out a bank card from her backpack and handed it over to Malachi.

"Penelope gave me this bank card before she left. She'll deposit money into the card every month. There is about seventy to eighty thousand yuan left," Aunt Layla muttered.

She then looked at Malachi. "What do you want the money for, Malachi? This is for Aubree's medical expenses..."

Malachi knew what Aunt Layla was thinking.

He was gone for five years!

She was probably convinced that he must have been living an awful life for the past five years. After all, he had never appeared in the last five years. Now that he did, he was wearing ragged clothes and looking shabby.&nbsp;

"Don't worry, Aunt Layla. I promise to cure Aubree's illness," said Malachi solemnly.

He then looked at Aubree who was sleeping soundly.

He turned around, pushed the door open, and&nbsp;closed the door gently. Again, he looked at Aubree before he walked out of the hospital.

There was a bank nearby. Quickly, Malachi withdrew all the money and headed to a nearby Chinese Medical Market.

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Inside the taxi, Malachi was carrying a small packet of Chinese medicine in his arms.

"They only sell ten-year-old ginseng; its efficacy is going to be so low. I've spent eighty thousand on it but I could barely concoct an elixir."

Malachi was pondering a solution while in the car.

He had spent the last few hours wandering around the Chinese medicine market; all the so-called hundred-year-old ginsengs were fake. They were at most twenty to thirty years old and all of them were produced artificially.

Malachi did not even glance at the ones that were labeled as a hundred years old.

If it had been five years ago, Malachi wouldn't even be able to tell whether the ginseng was real or not. However, he could now tell by feeling the ginseng's spiritual Qi with his fingers.

In the western suburbs of Skysea City sat a mountain called Chalkfog Mountain.

There was a famous resort there.

As he went closer to the mountain, Malachi could feel thicker spiritual Qi than the urban area. Perhaps it was because of the thunderstorm the previous night. The concentration of spiritual Qi in Chalkfog Mountain was denser than he imagined.

On a mountainside, Malachi got down from the car. He headed towards the woods right after the driver drove off.&nbsp;

The spiritual Qi shared the same logic as the water. They both flowed from the top to the bottom.

After walking for half a day, Malachi finally found a spot with the highest concentration of spiritual Qi.

"Let's see what cultivation method I should use to reach Foundation Phase."

Malachi was in deep thought.

After spending 500 years in the Immortal Realm, Malachi had mastered many Immortal and Taoistic cultivation methods he found across different universes.

However, most Immortal and Taoistic cultivation methods required a tremendous amount of spiritual Qi. The lack of spiritual Qi on Earth was not enough to support him to perform his cultivation.

The cultivators were divided into eight levels, namely Qi-refining, Xiantian, golden elixir, Nascent Soul, spirit form, duality, unity, and tribulation. Qi-refining was only the first phase. Even so, it was also divided into three sub-phases.

They were the Foundation Phase, Metaway Phase, and Fantasy Phase.

The Foundation Phase was the first step in becoming a cultivator. One would gain the strength of a thousand men after passing this phase. It was beyond the human body's limits. And by condensing spiritual Qi in the body, one could draw talismans and cast simple cultivation methods.

As the name implied, one who passed the Metaway Phase possessed strength beyond a human's comprehension. They could summon and command rain and wind. They were often called the Immortals in the eyes of mortals.

Fantasy phase: one who passed it had the powers and consciousness of an ocean. They had a vision that enabled them to see a thousand miles away. Their powers were mysterious and unpredictable.

As for the Xiantian phase after the Qi-refining Phase, one could gain the ability to fly and a lifespan of five hundred years. They were the true Immortal in the eyes of mortals.

"I'll go with Varidoor Vessel then."

Malachi made up his mind.

Back in the Immortal Realm, he had cultivated one of Immortal Arts' cultivation methods, which allowed him to achieve a perfect body for cultivation. It was how he became a Venerable Immortal within five hundred years and achieved the Judgement Phase.&nbsp;

A perfect body was like the foundation of a building. As long as the foundation was built well, only then could the building be constructed higher.

"Moreover, a Varidoor Vessel had the ability and space to absorb and accommodate thousands of rivers. A world like Earth has scarce spiritual Qi. One must rely on various herbs, ancient treasures, Yin Qi, Sha Qi, and many other things to aid in cultivation. Hence, Varidoor Vessel is the best foundation for a cultivator."

Malachi muttered inwardly.

A Yin Qi and Sha Qi contained energy just like the spiritual Qi. However, a spiritual Qi could provide a wider and better range in cultivation. Meanwhile, Yin Qi and Sha Qi required a special&nbsp;cultivation method&nbsp;to cultivate.

A Varidoor Vessel could contain almost everything, be it Yin Qi, Sha Qi, or even the thunder. It served as a portal for one to assess all kinds of 'nutrients' for cultivation.

Not only it had Qi-refining power, but it also had the ability to quench one's body to maximize performance. This involved both internal and external cultivation.

Recalling the keys of Varidoor Vessel, Malachi slowly immersed himself in the world of cultivation.



Not long after, a vortex appeared above his head, and all the spiritual Qi and Yin Qi within a hundred meter had swarmed into his body. One could faintly see the white mist condensing into two smoky dragon exhaling patches of fog.

Time flew. The sun rose again. Slowly, Malachi opened his eyes.

He had been cultivating for one whole day.

As Malachi opened his eyes, he spat out a mouthful of murky Qi. The murky Qi was like a sharp sword. It flew a distance of more than ten meters and pierced through thick tree bark.

"In just a day, I have successfully entered the first stage of the Foundation Phase. Varidoor sure is something special. At this rate, It's possible for me to enter the Metaway Phase in just six months."

Malachi stumbled.

As this was not the first time Malachi performed cultivation, it did not take him much time before he successfully entered the Foundation Phase although he was on Earth, a planet

deprived of spiritual Qi. On top of that, the Varidoor Vessel had offered great help.

"Time to concoct an elixir."

With a twinkle in his eyes, Malachi condensed his spiritual Qi to build a furnace. He threw a small packet of ginseng into the furnace and watched it melt in front of his own eyes. Soon, threads of yellow Qi danced its way into the air. The spiritual Qi could be seen effluxed all around.

Dense mist swirled around in the shape of an elixir.

The reason why Malachi concocted a mini elixir was that he did not have enough spiritual Qi and power to concoct one of the actual sizes. Even if he had sapped all the spiritual Qi on Chalkfrog Moutain, he would still not be able to make one.

A mini elixir had only one-tenth of the efficiency of its original. However, it was more than enough to treat Aubree's leukemia.

An hour had passed. Suddenly, a yellow, thumb-sized pill appeared in his hands. Carefully, he kept it in his pocket before he left.

"I wonder if Aunt Layla is waiting anxiously for me now..."