

## Chapter 7

"How dare he!"

Rowan was panting angrily.

Rowan never expected to see that hint of coldness in Malachi's eyes. She had never seen such eyes before.

It was blatant disrespect!

This was the only description that she could think of.

"Who is he? How dare he disrespect me!"

Rowan's heart turned cold.

"Rowan!"

Just as she was about to teach Malachi a lesson, she heard a voice ringing out from behind her. The voice sounded so powerful. She then saw an energetic, old man approaching her.

Malachi's pupils shrunk.

Just a moment ago, he could feel a slight

hint of spiritual Qi emitting from Rowan's body.

"Cultivator?" he wondered.

However, he quickly shook his head. Her spiritual Qi was too weak. It was nothing compared to his.

The spiritual Qi on Earth was scarce. Even if there were cultivators, the cultivation methods they practiced would be incomplete. Rowan was at most an expert in martial arts if she was in ancient times.

Malachi lost interest in her soon as he figured that out. Elder Ching, however, caught his attention.

The old man was exuding a thicker air of spiritual Qi than Rowan.

Malachi could sense his spiritual Qi while he was talking a moment ago. It had ignited a slight interest in him.

He had lived on earth for about twenty years and had never met any so-called martial arts experts. It was surprising for him to meet

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two this day.

"Maybe I can get some information from them."

Malachi muttered inwardly.

"Mr. Chi, this is my granddaughter, Rowan," Elder Ching said with a smile.

"I hope you can forgive her for her offensive remarks."

He sized Malachi up, his eyes sparkling with a slight gleam of curiosity.

The moment he entered the ward, he released a wisp of Sha Qi. Every ordinary person who sensed it would definitely frown. But Malachi was expressionless as if he didn't notice anything.

"Is he a master?"

Elder Ching was skeptical, but he immediately shook his head. No way that Malachi could be a master; he looked too young.

The masters whom he had met were at least in their 30s or 40s.

Malachi remained expressionless nor made a word.

How could he not sense the Sha Qi? It might cause discomfort to others, but it was nothing to him.

"Mr. Chi, tell us where this mysterious master is, please. I'll agree to anything you ask for."

Elder Ching continued with a chortle, "I have more power than you think."

Malachi's heart missed a beat.

Elder Ching had a domineering aura; Malachi could tell that he was someone with an important social status. He was filled with Sha Qi. It was obvious that he was once with the dead. If Malachi had guessed it correctly, Elder Ching was once a soldier.

"You may leave now."

Malachi shook his head.

Rowan was furious. Just as she was about to speak, Elder Ching gave her a glare. He then put up a smile and turned to Malachi. "Mr. Chi, please call us if you change your mind."

Rowan reluctantly handed out a gold-plated business card to Malachi.

There were only her name and phone number on the business card. Malachi accepted the card, put it in his pocket, and waited for them to leave.

Once they both left, Aunt Layla hurried forward and whispered, "That old man seems to be very influential. Even the dean and deputy dean of this hospital had to bow to him. I saw it with my own eyes."

Aunt Layla could not help feeling worried. "Will you get into trouble..."

Malachi raised a smile. "You're overthinking, Aunt Layla. Though they are powerful, I have not done anything wrong. What can they do to me?"

"Besides, I have no idea where the master was. He had left Skysea City right after he gave me the pill." He lied.

Aunt Layla was doubtful at first but was convinced after being reassured by Malachi

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again.

Three days later, Aubree had recovered completely.

Early in the morning, Malachi went to the registration counter and settled Aubree's discharge procedures. Aubree was very excited.

Though Aubree was only four years old, she had already understood the meaning of being ill.

She looked around as soon as she got out of the hospital. She could not stop giggling.

"Mr. Chi."

As soon as they walked out of the hospital, Malachi saw Rowan walking towards them with a broad smile. Beside her was a hulking man in a black T-shirt with sunglasses.

Malachi glanced at the man; he could tell that that man was a trained fighter.

"Aubree, congratulations on your discharge. I'll send you home, okay?"

Rowan turned to Aubree as Malachi did not

respond to her. She gave Aubree another big smile while waiting for a reply.

Aubree turned her head to Malachi as she did not know what to do. Malachi replied to her with a silent nod and reassuring grin. Only then did Aubree nod and give Rowan a big smile.

"Thank you, pretty sister," Aubree praised.

The smile on Rowan's face grew wider. She was amused by Aubree.

Malachi, who was standing on the side, stared at Rowan, wondering how Rowan would address him if Aubree was calling her a sister.

Uncle?

Malachi smiled. He had lived for more than 500 years. It was more than enough for him to be Rowan's uncle.

The group got into the car.

Aubree was delighted. The car they rode on was an old version of the Audi A6. However, Malachi noticed the car plate was a military-

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only license plate. He was right. Rowan indeed came from a family of armies.

"Daddy, can we buy a car too?"

Aubree asked softly while raising her head and looking at Malachi.

"If you behave well, I will buy you a car and take you out every day."

Malachi made a promise with a beam.

"I will. I didn't even cry from an injection!"

Aubree's serious expression amused everyone in the car, and they started chortling. Quickly Aubree buried her face in Malachi's arms, embarrassed. She was so adorable.

The car stopped in front of Dawnrise Garden after an hour. Many people were drawn to the car.

It was rare to see an Audi show up in this neighborhood.

They started gossiping when they saw Aunt Layla got out of the car with Malachi, a young man who was holding Aubree.



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More eyes were focused on Malachi and Rowan; they were speculating about their relationship with Aubree.

"Aunt Layla, why don't you bring Aubree home first? Miss Ching and I have something to discuss."

Malachi broke the silence.

"Come, Aubree. Grandma will carry you home," Malachi said softly.

Aunt Layla nodded and took Aubree from Malachi's arm. "Let's go home, Aubree."

Aunt Layla held Aubree in her arms and greeted their neighbors at the gate. Once they left, Malachi turned to Rowan. "The reason why you're trying so hard to please me is because of your grandfather, right?"

His words lit a fire in Rowan's heart.

She roared silently, "What do you mean by trying so hard? If it wasn't for my Grandpa's illness, I won't even look for you!"

However, for the sake of her grandfather, Rowan maintained a smile on her face. "Mr.

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Chi, go ahead. Tell me about your conditions."



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