

The Martial Immortal Heir Chapter 2 - Poisoned

C2 Poisoned

Standing beside the woman was an elderly man dressed as a butler.

Upon noticing Mckay's awakening, the old man whispered to Sofia, "Miss, he's come around!"

Sofia turned, and her stunning visage caught Mckay's gaze, leaving him momentarily taken aback.

She appeared to be in her early twenties, with a delicate complexion and skin as white as snow. Her tall stature carried a noble and icy elegance.

In all his years, Mckay had never laid eyes on a woman so beautiful!

Next to her, his ex-wife Maisy seemed utterly plain.

But Mckay quickly grasped the situation and asked softly, "Was it you who brought me to the hospital?"

He had blacked out in the hotel earlier, and it stood to reason that these two were his rescuers.

"I'm Sofia. We've traveled here from Vludence specifically to discuss the annulment of our engagement," Sofia stated calmly.

"Annulment?" Mckay was taken aback.

Raised by his foster mother from a young age, he had never been told of any fiancée from Vludence. Had he known, he never would have married Maisy.

"You're unaware?" Sofia's brow furrowed slightly.

"Twenty years ago, my grandfather and the Carrillo family arranged our betrothal. However, it's clear now that we're not meant to be together. If you agree to the annulment, feel free to name your price for compensation," Sofia said, looking down at Mckay on the hospital bed, a hint of regret in her sigh.

Had Mckay been a more impressive man, she wouldn't be seeking this separation.

"Okay! I want nothing. Just tell me what you need me to do," McKay responded promptly.

He was grateful to Sofia for getting him to the hospital. Besides, the recent revelation of Maisy's betrayal had left him disheartened. He had no desire to entangle himself with someone of Sofia's distinguished background.

"What?" Sofia was visibly surprised.

She had thoroughly reviewed McKay's file. He was a delivery man with a gravely ill foster mother. She was certain McKay could see her family's affluence.

She had expected him to seize this chance to demand a hefty sum. Yet, McKay had made no such request. Had he done so, she would have found it easier to handle.

She glanced at McKay and whispered, "I've taken care of your foster mother's medical bills. I'll be staying in town for a bit. Once you find the marriage contract at home, bring it to me."

McKay, caught off guard, managed a grateful, "Thank you!"

Sofia nodded. "I'll be around for a while. If you need anything, don't hesitate to reach out. And if you run into any trouble down the line, Uncle Isaac will be in Juustin for the next few years. He can help you."

She then turned to the butler beside her.

With a smile, the butler presented a business card to McKay. "Here's my card, Mr. Carrillo. Please accept it."

McKay accepted the card, which boldly featured the title of the Sampson family's head steward.

"Get some rest. I'll return in a few days for the marriage contract," Sofia said before heading for the door.

Relieved that McKay was open to calling off the engagement, she felt at ease.

Her trip to Juustin wasn't just about the engagement, though; she had other matters to attend to.

But as she was leaving, Sofia's vision blurred, and she stumbled forward.

"Miss!" Hunt exclaimed, reaching out to steady her.

Mckay's reflexes were quicker. He caught Sofia by the waist before she hit the ground.

"How did I move so quickly?" Mckay was astounded.

His reaction had been instinctual, yet he had effortlessly caught Sofia.

Her heart pounding, Sofia's cheeks turned a shade of pink. This was her first close encounter with a man her age in over twenty years.

Regaining her composure, Sofia murmured, "Thank you. You can let go now."

Mckay, realizing the intimacy of their proximity, promptly released her.

Yet he furrowed his brow, and after a brief pause, he softly added, "Miss Sampson, you've been poisoned!"

Mckay was hesitant, but as soon as he touched Sofia, a flood of ancient medical knowledge filled his mind, as if he had spent centuries mastering the craft. He recognized the symptoms immediately.

Sofia was clearly suffering from the effects of a poison—a mix of datura and Snake's Tail.

Those afflicted with this poison initially experience dizziness, but within six months, they often begin to vomit blood. After a year, the poison infiltrates their bone marrow, sealing their fate with certain death.

Yet, Mckay was uncertain whether the knowledge in his head was accurate.

Sofia's brow furrowed slightly as she said, "You're suggesting I've been poisoned? I'm just anemic. I've been dealing with this for a few months now."

In fact, her body started showing these symptoms four months ago. She had been to all the major hospitals for checkups. But everything came back saying she was just anemic.

Mckay gently inquired, "May I examine your symptoms once more?"

Just then, a young doctor entered with an armful of gauze and other supplies, cautioning, "Miss, don't fall for his lies. This man isn't a doctor. How could he possibly cure anyone?"

Gianni watched McKay with a sneer. He had been the one to greet Sofia when she brought McKay here, and from the first glance, he was captivated by her beauty, even daydreaming about having children with her.

Gianni had learned from the hospital leadership that Sofia hailed from an aristocratic family.

He eyed McKay, clad in a delivery man's uniform, and suggested with a smirk, "Miss Sampson, he's merely a delivery man. How could he possibly treat illnesses? Perhaps you should consider a comprehensive examination at our hospital?"

Unfazed, McKay ignored Gianni's jibes and kept his attention on Sofia.

He would not have gotten involved if Sofia hadn't covered his foster mother's medical bills. Ultimately, the decision was up to Sofia.

With a cool tone, Sofia commanded, "Silence, and leave!"

Gianni's smile stiffened, and though reluctant, he had no choice but to exit.

Internally, Gianni seethed, "I refuse to believe a delivery man can cure illnesses! I'll find someone to debunk your lies."

In a hushed tone, Sofia queried, "Are you certain I've been poisoned?"

"I'm about 90% sure," McKay assured her.

"Then please, proceed with the examination," Sofia requested.

"Of course."

Having finished speaking, McKay extended his hand and gently rested two fingers on Sofia's wrist. Her skin was incredibly soft to the touch.