

The Martial Immortal Heir Chapter 3 - Treatment -

C3 Treatment

"How's it going?" Hunt inquired, eyeing McKay with concern.

"Sir, that delivery guy intends to treat Miss Sampson. Should anything go wrong, our hospital will be held accountable!" Gianni's voice echoed from outside the ward at that moment.

Returning with an elderly man in tow, Gianni reentered the ward. He witnessed McKay taking Sofia's pulse upon their arrival.

A flicker of astonishment crossed Old Mr. Ashley's face. He hadn't expected a food delivery man to practice traditional medicine. McKay's technique suggested he had a solid foundation in the medical field.

McKay gave a quick glance at the two men just entering, and then released Sofia's arm. "You've definitely been infected by a mixture of Gilded Datura and Snake's Tail."

"Are you kidding me? Gilded Datura poison?" Gianni scoffed dismissively.

"Silence!" came a stern rebuke from behind.

Gianni trembled; Old Mr. Ashley was a revered figure in their hospital. Even the director showed him utmost respect. It was common knowledge that Old Mr. Ashley had retired from Vludence's premier hospital, and without his local ties, they would never have had the opportunity to employ him.

Approaching Sofia, Old Mr. Ashley gently asked, "Miss Sampson, may I examine you?"

Sofia consented with a nod.

After assessing her, Old Mr. Ashley released her wrist, his face etched with embarrassment. "I must admit, I'm at a loss. I can only detect some anemia in Miss Sampson, nothing more. Young man, I'm aware of the Gilded Datura you speak of. But it's a deadly toxin; one would die instantly upon exposure, which doesn't align with Miss Sampson's condition."

Gianni interjected hastily, "Old Mr. Ashley, Miss Sampson isn't versed in medicine. He's probably concocted some story to deceive her."

Mckay regarded Old Mr. Ashley calmly. "Ignorance breeds boldness. The Gilded Datura is indeed a potent toxin. If one is poisoned, the Snake's Tail can serve as an antidote if administered within half an hour. Yet, when combined in a specific ratio, Gilded Datura and Snake's Tail create a slow-acting poison. Its early symptoms mimic anemia, causing frequent dizziness. After about six months, the victim will begin to vomit blood without a clear diagnosis. Typically, within a year, their condition deteriorates, ultimately leading to death by heart failure."

Gianni was on the verge of speaking when he noticed Sofia's furrowed brow. He hastily choked back his words.

"Out!" Sofia commanded, her voice brooking no argument.

Desperate for support, Gianni turned to Old Mr. Ashley, only to hear him echo the command firmly, "Out!"

Reluctantly, Gianni shot McKay a venomous look and withdrew.

"Miss, perhaps we should return to Vludence for a thorough examination?" Hunt suggested quietly.

The Goodman's health was failing. Should any harm befall Sofia, the Sampson family might soon see a new master.

Hunt had reason to believe Sofia had been poisoned, based on the information he'd collected.

Yet McKay was so young, and the records indicated he had no medical expertise.

"Can you heal me?" Sofia inquired, her voice a gentle murmur as she gazed at McKay.

"I'll need silver needles," McKay replied.

"Fortunately, I have a set right here," Old Mr. Ashley said, placing the needles on the table before turning to Hunt. "We should step outside."

As a seasoned physician, he understood the delicacy required for treating a female patient with acupuncture.

Mckay composed himself and instructed, "Miss Sampson, I'll need to access your back. Please remove your shirt."

"Very well."

Despite her readiness and past experiences, Sofia's pulse quickened and her cheeks reddened as she shed her upper garments.

Her body tensed and her hands shook slightly when Mckay's fingers grazed her skin.

Mckay himself was far from unaffected. The sight of a beauty like Sofia disrobing could unsettle any man, even one as principled as he.

But he quickly mastered his emotions, focusing on recalling the correct treatment from memory.

With full concentration, Mckay proceeded to treat Sofia. He located the crucial acupoints on her body as per his mental blueprint and began the acupuncture.

With each insertion of the needle, Sofia felt a comforting warmth spread through her. As the needles were removed, it seemed as though impurities were being extracted from her being.

By the end, her entire body was tingling with a profound sense of relief and comfort.

She couldn't resist; a moan escaped her lips.

Mckay's frame shuddered. Sofia's voice nearly drove him to the brink of losing control.

Sofia hadn't anticipated such an embarrassing sound slipping out. In that instant, she wished the earth would swallow her whole. How mortifying!

Her cheeks blazed a fierce red.

Once she had regained a semblance of composure, she warned Mckay, "You heard nothing. You understand?"

Mckay promptly responded, "Absolutely, I heard nothing!"

Ten minutes later, just as the doctor and Sofia's attendants were on the verge of barging in, Mckay retracted his hand and said with a hint of weakness, "Miss Sampson, we're finished."

Sofia's eyes snapped open to find Mckay's face ashen, sweat drenching his brow as he slumped on the ground.

Startled, she asked, "Are you alright?"

"I'm okay," Mckay assured her. "I've just expended a lot of energy. I need a moment to rest. Please, get dressed."

With a reassuring smile, Mckay gestured dismissively with his hand.

It was then that Sofia realized she was still undressed. Her face flushed a deeper shade of red as she hurriedly clothed herself.

Afterward, she took a moment to assess her physical state and was relieved to find a newfound lightness in her body, the persistent weakness that had plagued her now vanished.

"Has the poison been neutralized?" she wondered aloud, astonished. Her research on Mckay had painted him as nothing but a failure, with no indication of any medical prowess.

Yet, against all odds, this 'failure' had just remedied her longstanding ailment, transforming into a Divine Doctor before her eyes. It was beyond belief!

The more she observed Mckay, the more she realized there was more to him than met the eye. And as she scrutinized him, she noticed an ineffable aura surrounding him, sparking a flicker of curiosity within her.

Stepping closer, she blinked her large, expressive eyes and offered a warm smile, extending her hand. "Allow me to introduce myself properly. I'm Sofia Sampson."

Seeing her approach, Mckay rose to his feet and took her hand gently, introducing himself, "Mckay Carrillo."

With a smile still playing on her lips, Sofia inquired, "I'm quite curious. Where did you learn your medical skills?"

Mckay scratched his head, at a loss for words. Silence was his only refuge.

Sofia noticed his reluctance to answer and let it slide. "Everyone has their secrets. I apologize for prying," she said with grace.

She then settled onto the hospital bed, her snow-white legs crossed as she fixed Mckay with a playful gaze. "You've healed me. What reward do you desire? Name it, and it's yours," she offered.

Mckay quickly dismissed the idea with a wave of his hand. "There's no need. You've already done enough by getting me to the hospital and covering my mother's medical bills. We're square now, wouldn't you say?"

But Sofia's smile held a hint of mischief. "Are you certain you want nothing? Perhaps, if you ask, I might even reconsider calling off our engagement."

Mckay, taken aback, replied softly, "Miss Sampson, please, no jokes."

Having just been betrayed by Maisy, he was in no mood to entertain such thoughts.

"And what if I'm serious?" Sofia teased, her smile enigmatic.

Mckay shook his head firmly. "Even so, it wouldn't be right. If I were to save you only to demand repayment, that would make me contemptible. I may be poor, but I'm not without honor."

Seeing his integrity, Sofia's view of Mckay shifted. Beneath his timid exterior shone a commendable character.

Just then, Mckay's phone rang. It was Maisy. His expression darkened, but he answered the call.

Maisy's voice came through, venomous and threatening. "You worthless fool, where have you disappeared to? I've been sitting here at our attorney's office. I want a divorce! Don't you dare try any tricks or refuse the divorce shamelessly, or Evan will show you the harsh realities of life."

Mckay's fists tightened, his forehead veins standing out. "Rest assured, I won't cling to you. But mark my words, Maisy, you'll come to regret this," he seethed.

"Regret? My only regret is listening to Grandma and marrying you. Drop dead, you scoundrel!"

After hurling a venomous insult, Maisy decisively ended the call.

Mckay gripped his phone tightly, feeling as though flames were igniting within his chest.

Sofia glanced at him and remarked coolly, "Don't be upset. You ought to be relieved to be rid of such a woman!"

Snapped out of his stupor, Mckay replied with a touch of sheepishness, "Sorry, I didn't mean to make a spectacle of myself."

Sofia pulled out her car keys, rose to her feet, and said, "There's nothing amusing about it. Let's head out."

Mckay, still somewhat bewildered, asked, "Where to?"

With a playful wink, Sofia teased, "Your wife is eager for a divorce, right? I'll drive you over."

Mckay shook his head, "No need to go out of your way. I can just grab a cab."

Sofia asserted firmly, "Enough talk. I'm taking you."

And with that, Sofia strode towards the door, her long, snow-white legs carrying her with purpose.

Mckay opened his mouth as if to protest, but no words came out. Ultimately, he had no choice but to obediently follow Sofia.