

The Martial Immortal Heir Chapter 5 - Cancel Their Qualifications

C5 Cancel Their Qualifications

"Sofia!" Mckay called out with a face full of regret. He then turned, fixing Maisy with an icy glare. An intimidating presence radiated from him as he warned, "For old time's sake and because of the kindness your grandmother has shown me, I'm willing to let bygones be bygones. But cross me again, and I won't be so forgiving!"

Evan and Maisy felt as though a mountain bore down upon them, their bodies involuntarily shuddering. They stared at Mckay, their faces a mix of shock and disbelief, wondering, "Is this the same guy we used to call trash?"

"Let's go!" Sofia decided it was pointless to squabble with such a minor character and turned to leave.

Mckay promptly followed her out.

By the time Evan and Maisy regained their composure, Mckay had vanished.

Evan, seething with rage, clenched his teeth. "Damn! I must have been cursed!"

The idea of being intimidated by a nobody was too much for him to bear.

Maisy, fuming and covering her face, spat out, "That wretch better not cross my path again, or she'll regret it."

Meanwhile, inside the Rolls-Royce Cullinan, Sofia glanced at Mckay and asked, "Does the divorce hurt?"

Mckay paused, then admitted with a touch of bitterness, "A bit, yes."

"Your ex-wife will soon regret her decision," Sofia said, gazing intently at Mckay.

Scratching his head, Mckay sheepishly responded, "Thanks! Miss Sampson, could I possibly borrow some more money?"

Even though Sofia had covered his mother's medical bills, he needed to improve his cultivation to fully heal her. Without a penny to his name, he couldn't even buy the necessary herbs.

"Here, take this card. The PIN is on the back. It has a million in it," Sofia offered, extending a bank card.

Mckay hastily declined, "I just need 50,000 dollars, really!" The herbs he required for his cultivation weren't costly, and 50,000 dollars would suffice. Besides, he was confident he'd have plenty of chances to make money later on.

Sofia blinked her large, dewy eyes and flashed a warm smile. She firmly pressed the bank card into Mckay's hand, saying, "Here, take it. Whether it's fifty thousand or a million, it makes no difference to me. And from now on, just call me Sofia, okay?"

Mckay's mouth fell open, but all he managed to do was clutch the bank card tightly, a wave of emotion swelling in his chest.

As they drove into an upscale gated community, the car came to a halt in front of a standalone villa. Sofia handed Mckay a set of keys and announced, "This is your new home."

Stunned, Mckay sputtered, "Sofia, what are you doing?"

With an eye roll, Sofia explained, "Your mom's place is in a neighborhood slated for demolition, right by a stinking ditch. That's no place for someone in her condition."

She then added, "Just take them. You've already borrowed the money; what's a house on top of that?"

Mckay was at a loss for words. Finally, taking a deep breath, he accepted the keys, his expression earnest. "Miss Sampson, I am in your debt. I will find a way to repay this kindness."

Sofia's smile was radiant. "No need for such formality with me!"

Her words carried an undertone of closeness that made Mckay's heart skip a beat. Could Sofia have feelings for me? The thought was daring, yet he

dismissed it as absurd. He was a man of no notable success and already divorced; how could someone like Sofia see anything in him?

"Dummy. I've got to run. I'll drop by to see you another day!" Sofia called out, leaving Mckay lost in thought as she drove off.

Watching her retreating figure, Mckay's resolve to better himself grew firmer. Mckay didn't opt to rush to the hospital to see his adoptive mother since her condition no longer required surgical intervention at the hospital; he could heal his mother's illness himself. However, he needed to make some preparations first.

With the key in hand, he unlocked the villa's door. Once inside, he eagerly made his way to a room, sat down cross-legged on the bed, closed his eyes, and devoted himself to studying the legacy.

At this moment, a vast expanse of knowledge lay before him, ripe for the taking.

Mckay paused to reflect, then decided to delve into the medical knowledge first. To save his foster mother, he needed to master this area.

As he absorbed some of the medical lore, Mckay realized that this was not the realm of mere mortals. Each concept was intricately linked to the spiritual energy within him.

With sufficient spiritual energy, he could even revive the dead.

The array of pills, including the Essence Cultivating Pill and the Longevity Pill, promised miraculous effects, making a century-long life seem easily attainable.

Yet, the herbs required for these pills were exorbitantly priced, far beyond Mckay's current means.

Next, Mckay turned his attention to the secrets of martial arts cultivation.

Despite his mental preparation, the revelations left him utterly astounded.

Suddenly, Mckay felt his composure slip. Who wouldn't dream of becoming immortal?

For a moment, he was so enraptured by the study of martial arts cultivation that he forgot to breathe.

Qi Refining was the initial step on the path to immortality, followed by Foundation Building, Golden Core, Breatharianism, and nearly ten other levels of mastery.

Reaching the Qi Refining Stage meant he could do anything he wished.

At the Foundation Building level, he would be unstoppable, able to dispatch foes with a mere gesture and extend his life to three hundred years!

With this newfound knowledge, excitement blazed in McKay's eyes. "If I become such a powerhouse, who on earth could ever belittle me again?"

McKay's fists clenched as he was haunted by memories of Chloe, his mother-in-law, Maisy, his former wife, and Evan's taunts.

"Just wait. You'll all regret it," McKay vowed, his fists tightening and his gaze turning steely.

Without hesitation, he embarked on his cultivation journey. The spiritual energy from around the villa converged upon him, seeping through his pores and melding with his aura in the elixir field.

Meanwhile, in another opulent villa, Sofia sat on the sofa, her demeanor icy and authoritative.

The butler approached and informed her, "Miss Sampson, the chairman and wealthiest individual in Juustin have extended an invitation to dine with you privately."

Sofia promptly declined, "I refuse. If they wish to meet with me, they're welcome to attend the cocktail party."

Unfazed, the butler went on, "The chairman of Duaver Province and the supreme commander of the military zone have also reached out. They've confirmed their attendance at the cocktail party."

Sofia gave a nonchalant nod, then suddenly mused, "McKay seems quite decent. He's certainly more intriguing than those from Vludence!"

With a smile, the butler replied, "The Patriarch's choices are always impeccable."

Sofia offered a smile in return and steered the conversation elsewhere, "Speaking of which, has the Reeves family shown interest in the cocktail party lately?"

"Indeed. They hold significant influence in Juustin. We've extended an invitation to them for this event," the butler remarked after a brief pause.

Without missing a beat, Sofia commanded, "Revoke their invitation to the cocktail party immediately!"