

The Martial Immortal Heir Chapter 6 - A Pair of Broken Shoes -

C6 A Pair of Broken Shoes

"Alright, Miss!" the butler responded with a smile. Without further inquiry, he prepared to take his leave.

"Hold on!" Sofia called out to him, her smile spreading. "Never mind. I believe they'll be in for quite a shock when they lay eyes on Mckay at the banquet!"

The butler looked puzzled.

"Please add two more invitations for the banquet," Sofia instructed. "One for Maisy and one for Mckay."

"Certainly, Miss," the butler replied, bowing respectfully.

The following morning, Mckay emerged from his deep meditation. He had spent the entire night practicing the cultivation techniques. Upon awakening, he felt not the slightest bit of exhaustion from the all-nighter; instead, his body brimmed with vitality. He even entertained the fanciful notion that he could punch a cow to death.

Testing his newfound strength, Mckay swung at the nearby tea table. With a resounding crash, it shattered into fragments. A thrill of excitement sparkled in his eyes. Though he was only at the outset of his cultivation journey, having not yet reached the first layer of Qi Refining, the transformation in his physical power was immense.

"Now I can heal my mother," Mckay declared, rising to his feet. His elixir field was teeming with enough spiritual energy to aid in her recovery.

After freshening up, he took the bank card Sofia had given him and headed to a herbal medicine shop, where he purchased several herbs, a purple clay casserole, and a set of silver needles.

He then returned to the villa, intent on concocting the herbs into a healing pill before taking it to his mother in the hospital.

Sofia had provided him with accommodations in Tulip Villa, nestled within an upscale neighborhood in Juustin. The area was not only home to villas but also to various apartment complexes.

As Mckay made his way back to the residential district, a BMW X6 cruised slowly ahead of him. Preoccupied with thoughts of his adoptive mother's health, he paid little attention to the vehicle. To his surprise, the BMW abruptly halted before him. As he stood there, puzzled, the car door swung open.

Evan and Maisy stepped out, their presence charged with hostility. Maisy, in particular, wasted no time in berating Mckay, jabbing a finger at his nose. "Mckay, you're nothing but trash. You slapped me yesterday, and I haven't even begun to settle that score. And now you're skulking around, following me? It's revolting. Your relentless badgering is utterly despicable."

Mckay furrowed his brow and said icily, "I'm simply heading home. I wasn't following you. You're reading too much into it."

"You! Living here? Do you have any idea that these houses cost millions of dollars each? Even if you got a loan, you wouldn't be able to cover the down payment."

Maisy scoffed with disdain, "Next time, try not to come up with such a pathetic excuse. It's laughable."

Evan wrapped an arm around Maisy's waist and smirked, "Mckay, Maisy is with me now. Stop bothering her. If I catch you harassing her again, I'll break your legs, got it?"

Mckay looked at the couple with revulsion and replied coolly, "To me, she's no more than a pair of unwanted second-hand shoes. You're the only one who sees her as a prize. Sorry, but I'm not in the business of taking back used goods!"

Maisy reacted as if she'd been stung, her voice rising in fury, "You jerk, who are you calling a second-hand broken shoe?"

"Why so defensive? Feeling guilty?" Mckay shot back without missing a beat, "Clearly, you're well aware of what you are."

Maisy was shaking with rage, her complexion turning a mottled purple, yet she found herself at a loss for words to counter him.

Evan, of course, wasn't about to stand by and let his woman be insulted. He stepped up to Mckay, jabbing a finger at his nose, and threatened, "I'm giving you one chance. Kneel and apologize to my wife right now, or you'll regret it!"

A flash of anger crossed Mckay's eyes as he clenched his teeth and retorted, "Fine, I'll give you a chance as well. Kneel and apologize to me, and I might let this slide today!"

"What did you just say?"

Evan was incredulous upon hearing Mckay's words, wondering if he had misheard.

Mckay stated coldly, "If you're going to kneel, make it quick. I'm pressed for time and have no interest in wasting it on you!"

"Are you an idiot?"

Evan burst into derisive laughter, "You got a good thrashing from me just yesterday. Have you forgotten that already?"

Unable to resist, Maisy taunted Mckay, "Are you brainless? How can you have the nerve to talk to Evan like that? Are you looking for trouble?"

Mckay's voice was icy as he began to count, "I'll count to three. One, two—"

"I'm going to beat you to death!"

Evan's words, laced with malice, cut Mckay off mid-count. He launched a punch at Mckay's face, a savage grin spreading across his own.

In his mind's eye, he saw Mckay's face bloodied by his fist, imagined him screaming and writhing like a beaten dog.

But in the next instant, Evan's grin vanished.

Mckay's fist swung out, landing a crushing blow to Evan's chest!

Evan felt as though he'd been struck by artillery. He let out a scream and was sent flying backward, slamming into his car before tumbling to the ground.

"Evan!"

Maisy cried out, her voice echoing with shock. She stood frozen, unable to process the scene before her.

Was this the same Mckay she remembered as being so ineffectual?

"I'm going to kill you!"

Disbelief and humiliation surged through Evan. He scrambled to his feet, teeth clenched, and lunged at Mckay once more.

Without a moment's hesitation, Mckay delivered a swift kick to Evan's stomach. Evan doubled over as if he were a lobster, his face flushing a deep crimson.

"Is this the transformation that comes with cultivation?"

Mckay was elated. Just one night of practice, and he was already powerful enough to defeat Evan, who had once bested him.

If he kept up his training, there was no limit to how strong he could become.

"Trash!"

With that thought, Mckay dismissed the pair before him. He turned on his heel and walked away without a second glance.

Maisy was seething with anger, yet she didn't dare confront Mckay. She forced herself to ignore what had happened and hurried to Evan's side to help him up.

"Evan, are you okay?" she asked, concern etched in her voice.

Evan, wiping the fresh blood from his mouth, glared at Mckay's retreating figure. A low growl of rage escaped him, "I will kill him. I swear, he's going to pay dearly!"