

## **The Martial Immortal Heir Chapter 9 - A Person Without Selfawareness**

### C9 A Person Without Selfawareness

Maisy couldn't hide her displeasure as she spoke, "Mom, why bring him up? You're killing the vibe."

Evan's face clouded over. Despite having received emergency care, his chest was still throbbing with pain.

"It's my fault. Let's not talk about him on such a happy day," she conceded.

Chloe quickly steered the conversation elsewhere, "Why hasn't Walker come back yet? Where did he go?"

At the mention of Walker, Evan's face lit up with an easy smile. "He's off handling a big matter!"

"What kind of big matter?"

The Fletcher family was instantly intrigued.

"You'll find out when the time is right. For now, it's a secret," Evan said with a knowing grin, almost as if he could already envision Mckay, broken and defeated like a lifeless dog.

The Fletchers laughed at his cryptic hint.

Meanwhile, the Sampson family's banquet was the talk of the town, with the news spreading like wildfire throughout Juustin and the whole of Duaver.

The buzz was that post-banquet, Juustin would see the rise of a new elite. Any family that could forge strong ties with the Sampson family of Vludence stood to rapidly climb the social ladder, extending their reach from Juustin to the national stage.

Rumors swirled that the Sampsons might even single out a young prodigy from Juustin for a significant promotion.

This tidbit of gossip detonated like a bomb, igniting a wildfire of speculation about who might win the Sampson family's favor.

For the average Joe, it was an incredible chance to leapfrog up the social ladder.

Unaware of the frenzy, Mckay had depleted all his spiritual energy treating his mother. Weakened, he mustered a smile, "Mom, your condition's improved, but you'll need a few more days of hospital rest. You sleep; I'll settle the bill."

Post-treatment, Keira was also spent, managing only a nod before succumbing to sleep.

After settling the bill, Mckay took a brief respite at the villa before heading to the pharmacy.

He felt his current strength lacking, his reserves of spiritual energy too thin. He needed to bolster his power—and fast.

Breaking through to the Qi Refining Stage was the least he could do. He believed that only by achieving that level could he be worthy of pursuing Sofia.

He wasn't foolish. After two days of interaction, it was clear to him that Sofia was fond of him. Knowing he had an opportunity, he was determined to seize it!

In Juustin, the spiritual energy was scarce, but this villa district had the most concentrated energy he could find. Yet, after a night of intense cultivation, he had nearly depleted the area's energy. To advance swiftly to the first layer of Qi Refining, Mckay realized he'd need to consume even more pills.

Thankfully, he had inherited an abundance of pills, along with a bank card holding over four hundred thousand dollars.

By the time Mckay emerged from the herbal medicine shop, arms laden with herbs, the card was empty.

"The cost is staggering. I haven't even begun my cultivation journey, and I've already spent hundreds of thousands of dollars. How much more will I need for future cultivation?" Mckay was astounded, feeling like he was pouring money into a bottomless pit.

It made sense now why the legacy mentioned that the cultivation path intertwined with wealth, companions, spells, and land—with wealth being paramount.

"It seems I'll have to find ways to make money in the future," Mckay resolved quietly.

Back home, he fetched the purple clay casserole and set to work on refining pills.

His goal was to create the Spirit Gathering Pill, extracting every ounce of spiritual energy from the precious herbs. Despite two initial failures, he finally succeeded in producing one.

He then dedicated the entire morning to his task, ultimately refining three Spirit Gathering Pills.

"Three Spirit Gathering Pills should be enough for me to enter the first layer of Qi Refining and become a true immortal cultivator," Mckay whispered to himself.

Without a moment's hesitation, he swallowed the three pills, sat down with legs crossed, and commenced his cultivation.

The pills transformed into three streams of warmth, coursing through his body, honing his bones and meridians, and converging in his elixir field.

Two hours later, Mckay's eyes snapped open, shining brightly.

He exhaled a breath of white vapor which, like a bullet, shot out and punctured a nearby chair with a resounding thud!

"Is this what the first layer of Qi Refining feels like?"

Mckay reveled in the surge of immense power within him, his face lighting up with elation.

Just then, the doorbell chimed!

Expecting Sofia, Mckay hurried to the door. To his surprise, he found a professionally dressed woman standing there.

"You must be Mckay. Miss sent me to fetch you. Please, follow me."

The woman was strikingly attractive with an impressive figure, but her demeanor and tone dripped with condescension, exuding an air of superiority.

Mckay's brow furrowed. "Excuse me, but which Miss are you referring to?"

"It's Miss Sampson, obviously. Cut the act. Without her, how could someone like you afford to live in a villa like this?" she snapped, her gaze upon Mckay laced with scorn before she spun on her heel and stepped into a Maybach parked at the curb.

With a shadow crossing his face, Mckay reluctantly got into the car.

As they drove, the woman couldn't resist taunting him further. "You should recognize your place, Mckay. Our Miss is the esteemed eldest daughter of the Sampson family from Vludence, the cherished granddaughter of the Patriarch, the moon in the heavens, while you... you're mere dust on the earth!"

The Sampson family from Vludence? Mckay was taken aback. They were among the elite in Foploarus. He had assumed Sofia was merely the daughter of some wealthy family from Juustin, not realizing the true extent of her prestigious lineage.

"I suggest you gracefully exit Miss Sampson's world and retain some dignity. Someone of your lowly status has no business being near her," the woman continued, her voice thick with derision.

Even the usually composed Mckay felt the sting of insult.

He inquired icily, "So, are you part of the Sampson family?"

With a haughty lift of her chin, she declared, "I am not, but I am the personal secretary to Miss Sampson."

Sarcasm laced Mckay's response, "Ah, so you're just another speck of dust. Yet you carry yourself with such unwarranted pride, as though you were the Sampson heiress herself!"

"I believe you're the one who's mistaken about their own status. You're merely Sofia's secretary. On what grounds do you presume to address me with such arrogance?"