

The Martial Immortal Heir Chapter 1 - Betrayal -

C1 Betrayal

"Girls these days really don't take care of themselves. How can they possibly think it's okay to insert golf balls into their bodies?"

"Exactly. I was all set to have a big dinner with my bestie after work, but now it looks like I can't make it!"

In the elevator, Mckay, in the midst of a food delivery, couldn't help but steal a peek at the folded 911 cheat sheet in the young doctor's hand.

Spotting the toy he had just picked up from an adult store, Mckay thought, "Oh my god, was the 911 caller the same dude waiting for this? Did they start playing golf before the toy even arrived?"

Just then, the elevator doors opened.

The paramedics exited the elevator and sprinted down the hallway. Mckay followed suit, his destination seemed to be the room where the paramedics ran to.

Mckay trailed behind them, making his way straight to his delivery's destination: Room 8888.

"Where's the patient? Are you still conscious? I know you're seeking thrills, but this is life-threatening recklessness!" came the paramedics' voice from inside the room.

"Enough talk. I'm in agony. Get it out now."

Mckay recognized the voice; it sounded eerily familiar. He peered into the room.

Inside Room 8888 was an exceptionally beautiful young woman, her face flushed red, barely covered by a thin towel.

Mckay's black delivery bag hit the floor, spilling sex toys everywhere.

"Maisy!" he bellowed in rage.

The woman wrapped in the towel was none other than his wife, Maisy.

"Mckay?"

Maisy was just as shocked to see Mckay, her complexion turning even whiter.

Mckay could hardly believe his eyes. He had been married into the Fletcher family for a year, and to him, Maisy had always been a goddess. He never in a million years thought that she would cheat on him!

The young man in the room scoffed at Mckay's arrival, "Idiot, I never thought you'd be the one to pick up this order!"

Mckay glared at Evan, his voice seething with fury, "You, Evan! Did you force yourself on Maisy? You scumbag, I'm going to fight you right here, right now!"

Mckay was no stranger to Evan. Evan was a locally well-known wealthy man who had been harassing his wife long before Mckay had joined the Fletcher family.

He couldn't fathom that his wife, Maisy, would willingly engage in an affair with Evan. He was convinced that Evan had exploited his influential family status to coerce Maisy into the relationship.

Mckay's inner rage erupted, and he charged at Evan, recklessly aiming a punch at his head.

Evan was too slow to evade and took the full brunt of Mckay's fist to his face.

"Damn it! You dare to strike me?" Evan bellowed in rage.

A scuffle ensued between the two men. But Evan, a man steeped in alcohol and women, was no match for Mckay, the diligent delivery man.

Before long, Mckay had Evan pinned down, landing several solid punches to his face.

In the midst of the chaos, a red wine bottle crashed onto Mckay's head, shattering on impact. Blood streamed down from the gash as Mckay stared in shock at the assailant—it was his own wife, Maisy!

"Damn it! You dare to strike me?" Evan seized the chance to rise, unleashing a flurry of kicks and punches on Mckay.

Mckay was defenseless, absorbing the blows without the strength to fight back.

Yet, the physical pain paled in comparison to the heartache, sorrow, despair, and indignation swelling within him.

Overwhelmed, Mckay spat out blood and collapsed into unconsciousness.

Maisy, quivering, clung to the bed's edge and whimpered, "Evan, it hurts so much!"

The paramedics in the room exchanged helpless glances, uncertain of their next move.

Evan then thundered, "What are you staring at? I'm a Reeves. Don't you dare save him! Get us to the hospital, now!"

With Evan's command, they had no choice but to escort him and Maisy from the hotel room, leaving Mckay lying there, passed out.

Just then, a Rolls-Royce Cullinan with a Vludence license plate pulled up to the hotel entrance.

A woman of striking poise, beauty, and stature stepped out alongside an elderly man.

"Does he work here?" Sofia inquired in a hushed tone, turning to the elder beside her.

The elder spoke in hushed tones, "My subordinates have reported that Mckay is currently delivering food. His current order is destined for this hotel."

"Let's go meet him!"

Upon their arrival at the hotel, several individuals approached them and escorted them into a room.

Inside, they found Mckay sprawled on the floor, lifeless as a discarded doll.

"This is the man Grandpa has chosen for me to marry?"

The woman's gaze fell upon the prone figure, her brow creasing with concern.

"There's been some mistake! The Patriarch couldn't possibly have intended this man to be your betrothed."

The elder was equally incredulous. Accepting a tablet from an aide, he verified that the man before them was indeed the Mckay they sought.

"We should get him to a hospital," Sofia suggested with a gentle gesture.

"Right away, Miss!"

Two bodyguards promptly hoisted Mckay onto their shoulders and carried him to the waiting Rolls-Royce.

"Grandpa, surely you can't expect me to marry someone like this just to honor a debt of gratitude!" Sofia whispered, her eyes lingering on the unconscious Mckay.

Unbeknownst to her, a small bronze ring dangled from Mckay's chest. As it came into contact with his blood, it began to glow faintly before seamlessly blending into his body.

"Has the Carrillo legacy been reduced to such squalor?" A venerable voice echoed in Mckay's mind.

Blinking awake, he saw a blurred figure in the distance. Despite his efforts, the face remained elusive.

"Who are you?" Mckay murmured.

"I am an ancestor of the Carrillo family. You've awakened the ring, and with it, your destiny. I trust you will not tarnish our family's honor!" The voice enveloped him as the figure pointed, and a stream of golden light infused his consciousness.

Suddenly, a flood of memories cascaded into his mind—knowledge of the healing arts, martial arts, the Mystic Arts of Eight Gates, and geomancy, each more complex than the last.

His elixir field was now enveloped in a vibrant, life-giving energy.

As he was on the cusp of unraveling the mysteries before him, darkness overtook his vision, and he collapsed into unconsciousness.

After what felt like an eternity, McKay stirred awake to find himself on a hospital bed.

A young and beautiful woman stood in the room, her presence undeniable.

Her long hair cascaded down her back, and she was clad in a floral dress that highlighted her impeccable figure. Even though her face was hidden from him, the sheer elegance of her bearing and the allure of her figure were mesmerizing.