

The Martial Immortal Heir Chapter 7 - Mckay Met with Trouble

C7 Mckay Met with Trouble

As Mckay approached the villa's entrance, he witnessed Sofia strolling in the courtyard. She was adorned in an ethereal white sundress, her delicate feet adorned with shimmering silver pumps. The morning sun cast a golden glow upon her exquisite, unblemished features, creating a scene as breathtaking as a masterpiece painting. Sofia appeared as if she were a celestial being, gracing the earth with her divine presence.

Mckay was utterly captivated by the sight of her.

"Do I look good?"

Sofia moved closer, giving Mckay's shoulder a gentle tap. Her voice rang out, crisp and melodious like a songbird.

"You look beautiful," Mckay blurted out instinctively.

His cheeks flushed with color as he finished speaking, and he bashfully cast his gaze downward.

"If you think I'm beautiful, then feel free to keep looking. I'll let you," Sofia teased with a playful smile.

Mckay's heart raced, and he found himself unable to meet her gaze. Words failed him, and he stood there, mouth agape, at a loss for what to say.

It was then that Sofia's attention turned to the herbs he was holding. "Are these the herbs you bought? Are you planning to use them to treat your mother's illness?"

"Yes," Mckay confirmed.

Sofia seemed to understand everything about him, and Mckay had grown accustomed to it. Gathering his courage, he asked, "Sofia, is there something you needed from me?"

"Do I need a reason to seek you out?" Sofia responded with a playful roll of her eyes.

"Of course not," McKay replied.

With a smile, Sofia said, "Don't worry about it, silly. I just wanted to check on you. You need to prepare the medicine, right?"

McKay simply nodded in response.

"You don't need to keep this a secret, do you? I'd like to see how you prepare the medicine," Sofia remarked.

"Sure," McKay agreed without hesitation.

They both made their way into the villa, where McKay began to simmer the herbs in a purple clay casserole in the kitchen. True to her word, Sofia watched on in silence, genuinely interested.

McKay was intent on crafting the Essence Cultivating Pill, a remedy designed to reinforce the foundation of those who practice cultivation. A high-grade version of this pill could even aid a cultivator at the Qi Refining Stage in advancing to the Foundation Building Stage.

The pills McKay was making wouldn't have such profound effects, but they would certainly enhance the well-being of anyone who took them, significantly improving their physical constitution.

Armed with the pill and silver needle, McKay was on the verge of curing his foster mother's illness.

As he refined the pill, McKay had to channel his spiritual energy into the herbs continuously. His face quickly turned pale from the drain of energy, and his forehead glistened with sweat.

Sofia, carrying a handkerchief, stepped forward to gently dab at McKay's brow.

Her scent and striking beauty quickened McKay's pulse.

Yet, at this pivotal moment in the pill refinement, he summoned his willpower, casting aside all distractions to successfully create an Essence Cultivating Pill.

Sofia, upon seeing the finished pill, expressed her surprise. "Why is it black?"

"This Essence Cultivating Pill can enhance one's physical condition. Its black color is due to the ordinary quality of the ingredients and the abundance of impurities. Plus, my own strength is still lacking," Mckay explained.

Setting the pill aside, he scratched his head and added, "Once I get my hands on superior ingredients, I'll refine one for you too!"

"You better keep that promise!" Sofia's eyes twinkled with delight.

Mckay nodded in agreement.

"Come on, I'll take you to the hospital."

They left the villa, and Sofia moved to start the car.

But then, the roar of engines interrupted them. Two Buick MPVs blocked their path.

Doors flew open, and a gang of imposing men wielding machetes and steel pipes emerged, encircling Sofia and Mckay with menacing intent.

Their leader, a bald man in his forties, stood out prominently.

Next to him was someone Mckay recognized – Walker.

Walker pointed at Mckay, his voice filled with fury, "Mr. Deluge, this is the jerk who beat up my brother-in-law. Take him down!"

Mckay was taken aback. Mr. Deluge was a notorious figure in Juustin's underworld, a name feared by all.

To Mckay's disbelief, Evan had managed to enlist Mr. Deluge's aid.

Society has drastically changed from what it once was. Yet, when Mckay caught sight of Mr. Deluge, his heart grew heavy.

He wasn't sure if his current abilities were enough to defeat Mr. Deluge.

But without hesitation, he stepped forward to shield Sofia.

A glint sparked in Sofia's eyes.

"Kid, you've got some nerve hitting someone under my protection. You're quite bold," Peter, known as Mr. Deluge, said with a sneer to Mckay.

"He struck first. I was simply defending myself!" Mckay replied firmly.

"Enough with the excuses. If he hits you, you take it. Retaliate, and you're signing your own death warrant," Peter said with a menacing laugh, gesturing wildly. "Boys, break his legs!"

A gang armed with machetes and steel pipes charged at Mckay.

Mckay's expression turned grim. He wasn't scared for himself, but Sofia was still there, and he feared for her safety.

"Today, if anyone dares lay a finger on him, I'll ensure they don't live to regret it," Sofia's icy voice rang out from behind Mckay.

With a single step, Sofia emerged in front of Walker and Peter.

Walker immediately pointed at Sofia, flashing a sleazy grin at Peter. "Mr. Deluge, this chick is Mckay's mistress. She's quite a looker, with a nice figure to boot."

He then turned to Sofia with a threat, "You think you can threaten us? Better come over here and spend the night with Mr. Deluge. Make him happy, and maybe you'll both get to keep your lives."

Sofia returned the look with a smile. "Is that so? Looks like I'll have to ensure Mr. Deluge is thoroughly pleased tonight."

Peter's back was slick with cold sweat. He frantically gestured and stammered, "Miss Sampson, please, this is no time for jokes."

He then spun around and delivered a fierce kick to Walker, who was sprawled on the ground.

"Idiot, if you want to die, don't drag me down with you!"

They had dared to cross Miss Sampson. Even the city council chairman would kneel before her!

Walker was stunned, his face the picture of injustice. "Bro, why are you hitting me?"

Peter's rage only intensified. He unleashed a flurry of punches and kicks, leaving Walker spitting blood and writhing on the ground, unable to utter a single coherent sentence.

"Mr. Deluge, you've got some nerve. You even dared to lay a hand on my friend?" Sofia teased with a playful smirk.

As soon as Peter heard Sofia address him as Mr. Deluge, he dropped to his knees in an instant!

He had seen with his own eyes how the heavy hitters in Juustin and even at the provincial level bent over backwards to ingratiate themselves with Sofia!

"Miss Sampson, I'm truly sorry. I had no idea this gentleman was your friend! If I had known, I wouldn't have dreamed of touching him!" Peter pleaded through his tears.