Young Master?

Every eye in the room turned toward the physician.

The head doctor of South City's most prestigious hospital stood frozen.

His mind was in chaos.

Honey. Ginger. Pepper. Boiling water.

What kind of medicine was that?

He had spent thirty years studying abroad.

He had chaired conferences. He had authored papers. And this young man...this former inmate had walked in and overturned everything. He looked around the room.

Jeffrey Sky, Vanessa Sky, the nurses, the security guards. All watching and waiting.

His reputation hung in the balance. How could he kneel? To an ex-convict? To a man with no degree?

His pride rebelled violently.

"Don't get cocky, you scammer!" he snapped suddenly, his face flushing red. "She recovered because of my earlier treatments and antibiotics! Her body was already stabilizing!"

He pointed accusingly at Kade.

"It was coincidence! Timing! Not your ridiculous potion!"

The room stiffened. Vanessa's expression darkened. Jeffrey's eyes turned cold.

The doctor pressed on desperately.

"You're all being fooled! He mixed kitchen ingredients and you're worshipping him like some miracle worker!"

He turned sharply toward the guards.

"Security! Remove this man from my hospital immediately!"

Although hesitant, the guards exchanged uncertain glances before stepping forward.

"Sir... please come with us," one of them muttered, though his voice lacked conviction.

They approached Kade cautiously, as if unsure whether they were escorting a criminal, or provoking something far worse.

Kade didn't move, or try to resist. He simply stood there calmly. As though the entire situation was beneath him.

Before the guards could even reach out—

"Stop."

Jeffrey's voice cut through the room like a blade.

The guards froze instantly.

Jeffrey stepped forward, his expression no longer emotional or grateful.

"Anyone," he said slowly, his eyes sweeping across the security team, "who dares lay a finger on Mr. Hollow…"

His jaw tightened.

"…will regret it for the rest of their miserable lives."

The threat wasn't exaggerated. It was factual.

Everyone in South City knew who Jeffrey Sky was. If he decided to ruin you. You were finished.

The guards immediately stepped back.

The doctor's face turned pale.

"You— you can't threaten hospital staff!" the doctor protested, though his voice had already lost strength. "I am the head physician here! I will not allow some fraud to undermine medical authority!"

Jeffrey turned to face him.

His gaze was filled with disappointment.

"No," Jeffrey said quietly. "You are the head physician of this hospital."

He stepped closer.

"And yet you wagered your professional integrity in front of witnesses."

The doctor swallowed.

Jeffrey continued, voice steady and sharp.

"You entered into a public verbal agreement. A binding conditional contract witnessed by multiple parties."

He gestured around the room.

"Nurses. Security. Myself. My wife."

His eyes hardened.

"Under civil liability law, refusal to honor a witnessed agreement constitutes fraudulent misrepresentation and professional misconduct. I can file a formal complaint with the Medical Licensing Board for ethical violation and breach of professional oath."

The doctor's breathing grew uneven.

"And if I choose," Jeffrey added calmly, "I can press charges for defamation and attempted unlawful detention."

The doctor's forehead began to bead with sweat.

"You... you wouldn't..."

Jeffrey's voice dropped lower.

"Test me."

The weight of those two words crushed whatever pride the doctor had left.

His knees trembled.

This wasn't just about humiliation anymore.

This was about losing his license. His career. His reputation.His freedom.

Then slowly—

The head doctor of South City Hospital bent his knees.

His expensive coat wrinkled against the sterile hospital floor.

He lowered his head.

"I..." His voice cracked. "I apologize."

He forced himself to continue.

"I was wrong to doubt your abilities. Please forgive my arrogance, Mr. Hollow."

The nurses stared in disbelief.

The guards looked away in embarrassment.

Kade looked down at him. His expression didn't change. There was no triumph in his eyes. No satisfaction. The doctor was insignificant.

Whether he knelt or stood—

It made no difference.

Jeffrey walked over respectfully.

"Mr. Hollow," he said sincerely. "Thank you once again. As agreed..."

He gestured toward one of his subordinates.

The man stepped forward immediately and handed over a thick stack of files.

Jeffrey took them and presented them with both hands.

"These are everything I've gathered over the years. Financial trails. Witness statements. Internal reports."

His voice lowered.

"It will aid you in your search for justice."

He looked directly at Kade.

"And I will support you in any way I can."

Kade accepted the documents without ceremony.

"I shall take my leave now."

Jeffrey hesitated.

"But... where will you go? You may stay at my residence until you decide your next move. It would be an honor."

Kade interrupted calmly.

"I'll find my way."

Without another word, he turned and walked out of the hospital room.

The hallway parted naturally as he passed.

When he stepped outside , the evening air was cool. Meanwhile across the street. A fleet of black vehicles lined the curb.

They weren't ostentatious, but unmistakably elite.

Three figures stood in front of the lead car.

A woman in a fitted black suit and two men behind her.

The moment they saw him...

All three dropped to one knee.

They lowered their heads, as they said in one voice.

"Young Master, the Azure Organization has awaited your return."