

Chapter 19 Time For Doctor Zero's Return

Rather than going over the details of Evelyn's hands that evening Leon and Evelyn called it a night and finally allowed themselves some genuine rest.

The next day, Leon pulled up a chair and asked Evelyn to recount every detail about the condition of her hands.

Shock flashed across his face the instant he studied the MRI scan taken of Evelyn's hands the previous month.

The second her message asking for help reached him, he had booked the first overnight flight home without hesitation.

Even the people who had traveled all the way to Meridia to track him down—those who had spent days rushing around to arrange the paperwork for his return—had been left behind in his haste.

Truthfully, however, he carried a quiet doubt in his heart about whether he could truly repair Evelyn's hands.

Measured against the almost miraculous precision Evelyn had once displayed in the operating room, he understood painfully well that his own abilities fell far short of hers.

Back then, he hadn't possessed the skill to operate on her hands at all.

Years had passed since then, and with the damage continuing to worsen, the chances of recovery should have grown even slimmer.

Yet the moment Leon studied the scans, astonishment widened his eyes—Evelyn's hands had healed far beyond anything he had dared to hope during the past five years.

A single nerve anastomosis procedure could allow her hands to return to normal.

Across the table, Evelyn caught his stunned stare and offered a small, almost bashful smile.

"I've spent the past few years staying strict with rehab and hand therapy. Every single day, I've practiced fine-motor exercises without missing a session. At this point, all I need is one nerve repair surgery, and my hands should be able to recover completely. But I don't trust anyone else to do it—only you. And I can't let anyone find out that my hands have healed, let alone discover that I'm Zero. So... will you help me?"

At the sight of those misty eyes shimmering with hope and quiet pleading, Leon realized there was no way he could turn her down.

Reaching out, he ruffled Evelyn's hair with an affectionate hand and answered instantly, his voice warm, "Is that seriously even a question? If I didn't come back for you, then what the hell would I be here for? You have no idea how many years I've been waiting for this moment. It's finally time for Doctor Zero to step back into the medical field."

Only then did another thought suddenly surface in his mind.

The influential Martin family from Sreles had crossed oceans just to track him down.

As one of the most powerful families in the country, they weren't people he could casually brush aside.

Not long ago, he had already gone through the medical report the Martins personally delivered to him.

Judging from the scans and surgical notes, the operation required an almost impossibly delicate level of precision, and Leon knew with grim certainty that his abilities simply weren't enough.

Because of that, he had refused the case outright.

Still, the Martin family had no intention of accepting that. They kept returning pressing him again and again, demanding to know where Zero could be found.

Back then, Leon had already known that Evelyn's hands were ruined beyond repair, and since she had absolutely no intention of revealing her identity, he had no choice but to keep silent about the matter.

Soon after, the man everyone feared arrived to see him in person.

Elias was a figure whose influence stretched across the world like a looming shadow.

Leon had weathered countless storms in his career, yet the mere presence of Elias had unsettled even him.

Crossing Elias was not a risk he dared to take.

Still, he couldn't tell him where Zero was since Evelyn's hands were ruined and she couldn't perform surgery.

But what if Evelyn's hands could actually heal?

If that happened, he might finally have a way to accept the Martin family's task on her behalf.

That very afternoon, Leon stood beneath the surgical lights and began the nerve anastomosis procedure on Evelyn's hands.

Because Evelyn had only received a brachial plexus block, she remained awake throughout the entire operation.

From the operating table, she stayed uncannily composed, her clear, steady voice guiding Leon through each meticulous step. With precision, she anticipated potential complications before they surfaced and calmly mapped out backup strategies, often finishing the explanation before Leon had even considered the problem himself.

It was easy to picture how often, during those long five years, she had rehearsed this surgery in her mind, how many sleepless nights she had spent imagining the moment her hands would heal, and she could return to the operating table.

Two hours later, Leon tugged off his gloves and removed his mask with a slow breath.

Seeing Evelyn—sweat dampening her pale forehead while fierce determination blazed in her eyes—made his vision blur with emotion.

In that instant, he understood the truth. From this moment forward, the most brilliant name in the medical field—Doctor Zero, the legend patients had once chased across continents—had returned.

The proud, unyielding Evelyn had returned as well.

"You're staying home and resting from now on," Leon said firmly. "For the next seven days, no delicate hand movements and absolutely no putting strain on your hands."

Once he finished explaining the precautions and entrusted Evelyn to Nicola's careful watch, Leon finally left and headed back to his hotel.

With Evelyn preparing to step back into the field, he had already decided he wouldn't be leaving the country.

She was the last true genius his mentor had taught.

If he didn't stay nearby to protect her, who knew whether someone would try to hurt her again?

The moment Nicola's words replayed in his mind—every hardship Evelyn had endured all these years—Leon's expression darkened.

Thinking about the Ward family and Carsten made his jaw tighten in anger.

After everything Evelyn had given that family, those shameless people still had the audacity to treat her that way.

Did they honestly believe she stood alone in this world with no one behind her?

Just then, the shrill buzz of his phone cut through his thoughts.

The instant Leon answered the call, a deep, frost-edged male voice slid through the receiver.

"Mr. Carter, where are you right now?"

A brief pause followed as Leon stiffened, his fingers tightening around the phone. Carefully choosing his words, he replied with a strained edge of nervousness. "Mr. Martin, I... I had something urgent come up, so I

came back to the country.”

For a moment, nothing but silence lingered on the other end of the line. Then, the man spoke again, his tone smooth and almost relaxed, yet the calm only made it more chilling.

“Are you playing games with me?”

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