

## Chapter 266 Chaos

Three beds had been prepared for the competition.

A volunteer patient lay on each one. The three competitors were each allocated a bed and patient. They were to go to the bed with the corresponding number and operate according to the competition requirements.

Melissa was told to go to bed number one.

As she walked toward it, she sensed a malicious stare and felt very uncomfortable.

When she reached the bed, she realized the source of her discomfort was her patient.

The man frightened her.

Melissa was good at ignoring all distractions during an operation. Even so, the dead-eyed stare disturbed her so much she worried that she might make a mistake.

She smiled and said quietly, "Don't be nervous. I'll be careful not to cause you any substantial damage."

Despite her comforting words, he still glared at her.

Why was he so nervous?

Before Melissa could ask, a voice announced, "Now, the competition begins."

The doctors began to operate.

The spectating doctors and nurses kept their eyes on Melissa.

After all, Melissa was well known and performed so well in the previous rounds of the competition.



She did not disappoint them. She worked skillfully and smoothly.

"My mommy is awesome," Lindsey said proudly.

"Yes, she is." Vivienne admired Melissa.

She liked and respected her. When Melissa was part of the Mayfield family, she did everything well. Now when Melissa was a doctor, she was still so outstanding.

Melissa was calm and collected. Her movements and body language were professional and inspired confidence.

"The patient's external examination is complete. Now, I will check his chest and heart."

She was about to lift the patient's clothes, but as her hand moved closer, the man's eyes glinted. Beneath his nervousness, Melissa saw a trace of viciousness.

The man jumped off the bed and held a sharp knife against Melissa's neck. "Don't move, or I'll kill you."

It happened so suddenly that no one had time to react.

When they came to their senses, it was chaos. The other competitors screamed and fled.

"Someone's trying to kill Dr. Sherman!"

"Help! Run!"

Among all the sounds of panic, only two little children behaved differently.

They were frightened too, but for their mother more than themselves. They rushed toward the assailant.

"Mommy! I want my mommy!"

"Mommy, don't be frightened. I'll save you. Don't touch my mommy!" 

"Stop!" Vivienne grabbed the children's hands. It was a dilemma.



She urged the people around her to help.

"Honey, we can't let anything happen to Melissa," she told her husband.

Melissa was held still by the knife at her neck. She couldn't see her children, but she heard them calling and tried to keep calm.

She had been through worse in Malorcia, and she had survived many trials and hardships. She knew it was better not to panic.

She took a deep breath and asked, "Who are you? Why are you holding me hostage? What do you want?"



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