

Chapter 698 Albert, I'm Your Wife! (Part Three)

Before long, they reached Weldon's ward.

It was very quiet inside. Weldon was lying on the bed with his eyes shut. Because of his illness, his face looked haggard and gaunt.

Seated on the chair nearby was a middle-aged man who looked like a lawyer.

His head was lowered and he seemed to be writing something on his notebook.

When Weldon heard the sound of someone entering, he opened his eyes and looked up. At the sight of Melissa, his eyes suddenly lit up and he said, "Finally, you've come to see me."

But Melissa didn't go up to him. Instead, she stood where she was and said in a cold tone, with her eyes fixed on him, "If there is anything you want to say, just say it now."

Weldon was quite upset to see how cold she was.

"You still don't want to forgive me, right?" he asked.

But he'd hardly finished saying this when he fell into a coughing fit and collapsed on the bed, his entire body shaking like a fallen leaf.

It never crossed Melissa's mind that Weldon would end up like this one day.

Perhaps Thomas was right. Weldon didn't seem to have much time left.

After recovering from the coughing fit, Weldon stared at the incandescent lamp overhead and murmured, "I've been diagnosed with stomach cancer. Unfortunately, it's terminal and beyond cure. Melissa, I had a dream in which I met your mother again. She was as beautiful as

< Chapter 698 Albert, I'm Your Wife! (Part Thre... 🎁 +120 Points at most

when I first met her. To be honest, even till today, I'm yet to see a woman that's as beautiful as she is. Her eyes looked so bright when she looked at me! Please can you tell me if she's still willing to give me a chance to atone for my sins?"

"She has already forgotten about you," Melissa told him pointedly.

Weldon fell into another coughing fit when he heard this. This time, it was so bad that he held his chest with his withered hand and gasped for air.

Thomas quickly rushed over to try to help him sit up.

But Weldon refused.

When the coughing ended, he was left panting and even the sound of his voice had changed as he said to her, "I also dreamt of you and you were so little. You looked so cute with your chubby face. It's unfortunate that I never got a chance to see you when you were a little girl, my dear Melissa."

Melissa's eyes nearly became moist with tears when he said this.

She quickly went over to the window and asked with her back to him and Thomas, "What's the point of saying all these now?"

Weldon tried to sit up so he could see her face.

But after several failed attempts, he collapsed down on the bed dejectedly. "Both Thomas and my lawyer are here. They'll act as witnesses to everything I say here. Melissa, I want you to take over the Smith family. I want you to inherit the family wealth, take charge of the family and make it prosperous in the future," he declared, his eyes shining brightly.

"When I knew that your mother was pregnant" he went on, "I felt that given her personality, she wouldn't be able to give birth to a promising child. I never expected that you would one day encounter Marcus and Albert. Anyway, I've just made my final declaration. You can take it as a compensation."

He said the last few words in a pleading tone.

There was silence in the room for a moment before Melissa responded.

"Compensation for me?" she scoffed. "You really are something, Mr. Smith. You lied to my mother and then you totally abandoned me. Now, you're asking me to spend my time to manage the Smith family for you. How can you be so selfish?"

"You don't want to accept this?" Weldon asked in disbelief. "Being in charge means that you'll be inheriting hundreds of billions of dollars! I'm sure Albert can't do so much for you, even if you worked for him for the rest of your life."

"I don't give a damn about your money," Melissa swiftly retorted.

Then she turned to Thomas and said, "Well, the task has been completed. I'm done with him."

Thomas wanted to say something but he changed his mind and instead only said, "All right."

But Weldon had still not given up. "Don't let her go!" he shouted at his brother.

But Melissa walked past his bed as she made for the door. "Get well soon," she said in an indifferent tone.

Then she left the room without looking back.

"Will you be present for my funeral?" Weldon called after her in a voice that seemed to be filled with hatred.

Melissa clenched her fists and tried hard to hold back the tears. "Nope!" she called back.

When Weldon heard this, he spat out a mouthful of blood.

Thomas quickly walked up to him and asked in a gentle tone, "Why do you beat yourself up so hard?"

Meanwhile, Melissa had since reached the corridor and was walking along it with her high-heeled shoes.

Since the surroundings were so quiet, she could hear the sound of her high heels as she walked.

She felt like someone in a trance and it almost seemed as if she had

< Chapter 698 Albert, I'm Your Wife! (Part Thre...  +120 Points at most
heard her mother calling her.

Melissa... Melissa...

She closed her eyes and shook her head in an effort to bring herself back to reality. Fortunately, there was no one around. When she opened her eyes again, there was a firm and determined look on her face.

With that, she walked out of the hospital environment.

When she finally got to the parking lot, she opened the door of the white Bentley and got in.

Almost instantly, she could smell Marcus' scent and she also saw a pendant with the shape of a rabbit hanging from the rearview mirror.

Melissa stretched out her hand to touch it gently.

All of a sudden, she missed Marcus so much.

It took her a while to calm herself down. Then she picked her phone and called Jessie. "Where are you now?" she asked.



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