

Falling For My “Disabled” Wife by Veronica Winifred

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Damian quickly bowed his head upon being reprimanded by Norman. “It’s my fault, Dad. I’m sorry it upset you. Please don’t be angry.”

When she saw her husband being scolded, Jasmine immediately became anxious. “Norman! Why are you blaming Damian? It’s those two young ones...”

“Shut up!” Before Jasmine could finish, Damian interrupted, “Why are you making a fuss so early in the morning? Don’t you know Dad cares most about keeping the peace in the morning? A good day begins with a good morning! Your shouts may have spoiled the whole day! Hurry up and shut up!”

Damian knew too well about his father’s beliefs. Every morning, the Nicholls family had to maintain their peace, with no arguments or disputes allowed, striving for a good start to the day.

However, Jasmine had shattered the peace early in the morning, making a din. Who else would Norman blame other than her? Whatever reason it was did not matter anymore. They needed to apologize to Norman immediately to appease his mood. Otherwise, Damian would also be implicated.

After being scolded by her husband, Jasmine felt even more aggrieved. However, seeing that Damian was genuinely angry, his eyes glaring at her with authority, Jasmine could only stare furiously at Sophie and Roger. Jasmine forced herself to apologize to Norman, “Norman, it’s my fault... I shouldn’t have shouted. Please forgive me.”

Jasmine’s words were forced and insincere. She apologized merely because Damian made her. However, seeing that Norman was genuinely angry, Sophie refrained from saying anything, not wanting to infuriate Norman further.

Norman shot Jasmine an icy glance and responded coldly, “You shouldn’t be apologizing to me.”

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Jasmine was taken aback momentarily, seemingly not understanding what Norman meant.

Damian gritted his teeth and immediately reminded Jasmine, "What were you just talking to Roger about just now? Apologize to him quickly."

Jasmine's face darkened instantly, "You want me to apologize to him? Why?" 'It had been the two of them who were rude to me, so why should I apologize?" she thought."

Seeing Jasmine's unwillingness, Norman's gaze turned cold. "Why? Because Roger is my grandson! Everything he eats and uses is provided by me! You are an outsider and don't have the right to order him around. Instead of talking about him, you should reflect on yourself and consider where

food and necessities come from!"

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Everything that Jasmine ate and used came from the Nicholls family. She relied on the Nicholls' influence to get her way. 'Does all that make her think she is someone important? How dare

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Jasmine raise her voice at my grandson!' Norman thought.

Norman's chastisement made Jasmine's face turn pale at once. She felt as though she had been humiliated before the younger generation.

Jasmine had indeed done nothing at home except boss everyone around. However, her husband had been managing the company all along, overseeing the entire family. Jasmine included herself in her husband's contribution and thought they should listen to her and do everything she said. How could Norman humiliate her after Roger married the cripple?

Seeing that Jasmine finally became subdued, Norman turned to Roger and Sophie. "You don't need to leave. Stay for breakfast." After saying that, Norman ignored Jasmine and allowed the butler to help him to the head of the table, where he sat down.

Seeing this, Sophie and Roger returned to the table, slowly taking their seats.

them, Jasmine couldn't help but feel resentful. However, with Norman present, Jasmine didn't dare to say another word and could only glare at Sophie. 'Fucking cripple. Let's wait and see!' Jasmine thought furiously. She wouldn't allow herself to be bullied by a cripple. She would deal with Sophie today.

Seeing Norman show such favoritism to the two or
say

The atmosphere at breakfast was strange. Although Norman defended Roger and Sophie, he didn't much to them during the meal. Everyone dared not speak much as they sensed Norman's dark mood and only ate silently.

Unable to bear the tension in the room, Sophie quietly continued to serve Roger food, occasionally lowering her voice to say, "The scrambled eggs today are delicious. Try it."

"Okay." Roger seemed not to perceive the tension, cooperating with Sophie.

The two of them continued to interact, speaking in hushed tones, seemingly unaffected. Norman remained silent throughout. The others didn't dare to say much and continued eating.

When breakfast was over, Sophie and Roger returned to their room.

Sophie sighed. "It might be better if I eat in the room in the future. Your Aunt Jasmine seems to regard me as a thorn in her eye." Jasmine didn't win in the argument just now. Sophie was afraid that when they met again, things might get even worse.

Roger was not biased toward his Aunt Jasmine. He calmly replied, "She has been too arrogant at home for too long. It's time for her to learn a lesson."

As Jasmine didn't criticize his mother, Roger was willing to overlook her behavior. However, Jasmine was a bit unperceptive. She even dared to bully his woman.

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Sophie heard Roger's words and inexplicably felt a chill down her spine. However, when Roger turned around to hand her a cup of water, Sophie didn't see any emotions in his eyes. She wondered, 'Am I overthinking again?' Sophie re

sponded, "I really can't be bothered to deal with her. Unfortunately, she always comes looking for trouble."

Roger raised his eyebrows and looked at Sophie with a hint of playfulness. "If Aunt Jasmine causes trouble again, don't hold back. Teach her a lesson."

Sophie detected a hint of gloating in his words. "You seem to hope I'll deal with your Aunt Jasmine?"

It appeared that Daisy and Roger were indeed not treated well by Jasmine at home. Otherwise, why would they so eagerly wish for her to discipline her? It seemed that Roger was slightly dependent on her. Sophie inexplicably felt a sense of pride. The feeling of being relied upon is not bad at all.

Little did Sophie know, Roger just wanted to see how capable Sophie was. Regardless of whether Sophie could handle Jasmine or not, he would protect her.

"Don't worry. If there's a chance, I'll help you settle the score and make you happy." Sophie smiled as she gazed at Roger, determined to stand up for him.

Roger didn't expect Sophie to take on Jasmine for his sake, and he felt strangely moved. No one in this family had thought of him before. Despite knowing him for only two days, Sophie cared more about him than anyone else. This feeling warmed Roger's otherwise cold heart.

"What are you thinking?" Sophie asked. Was Roger staring at her blankly? If Sophie didn't know Roger was blind, she might have suspected he was looking at her.

Roger snapped out of his thoughts and slowly averted his gaze. "I was just thinking that it feels nice to be defended by someone."

Roger's gaze shifted to the window, and Sophie could only see his profile. However, Sophie sensed a hint of tenderness and warmth in his tone.

Sophie fell silent. She felt the same despite being at his home for two days. "Perhaps it's destined that we're a family." Because they were both disabled and had similar experiences, they couldn't help but sympathize with each other.

"You're right." Roger didn't refute her. His gaze seemed to deepen.

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The morning passed quickly without either of them talking. Roger listened to books on the computer while Sophie checked for messages on her computer. It didn't take long for Sophie to receive an email. To her surprise, it was from her teacher.

[I have already located your parents' identities, but we need a DNA sample for confirmation. If you're willing, send your sample to this location...] Night's email ended with an address.

Sophie was excited. Her teacher was indeed quick. Night found hints about her parents yesterday, confirmed who they were today, and even got a DNA sample. Restraining the elation inside her, Sophie sent an email agreeing to it.

However, after closing the computer, Sophie fell deep in thought. She had just arrived at this place two days ago, and her mobility was limited. If she went out, the Nicholls family would surely send someone to accompany her. Moreover, with her legs not fully recovered, Sophie couldn't walk far. What should she do? She must send the sample as soon as possible.

As she was pondering, Roger left the study and began dressing at the doorway.

Seeing that Roger was preparing to go out, an idea came to Sophie. “Are you ... going out?”

Roger, upon hearing Sophie's voice, turned slightly. “Yes. Do you need something?”

Sophie bit her lip, intending to shake her head. However, if Roger went out, Sophie might not get another chance today. She gritted her teeth and asked reluctantly, “You should have a driver accompanying you, right?”

“Yes,” Roger calmly responded.

Sophie made up her mind. “There **is** something I hope you can help me deliver to a place. Can you?” As Roger was her husband and the only person Sophie could trust in the Nicholls family. Sophie could only entrust him with this.

She thought Roger would consider it, but to her surprise, he agreed at once. “Okay. Give it to me.”

Sophie felt relieved and took a few strands of hair from a comb, putting them into a self-sealing **bag** and then into an envelope, which she handed to Roger. “Please deliver this letter to the testing center at 75 Central Street. Thank you.”

Roger fumbled with the envelope, putting it in his pocket without asking further questions. He told her, “Alright. I’ll take a walk and be back around four. Rest well at home.”

Roger had even stated the time he would be back, making them seem like an ordinary couple. Sophie felt a warm feeling in her heart and smiled. “Okay. I’ll wait for you to come back.”

“Okay.” Roger nodded, turned around, and left with his blind cane.

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As the door closed, Sophie secretly breathed a sigh of relief. She hoped Roger could safely deliver the item.

Downstairs, Willard escorted Roger to the car. After closing the door, Willard spoke to Dillon Lester, the driver, “Mr. Roger is in your hands now.”

Dillon nodded. “Don’t worry, Willard.”

Willard nodded, turned, and left.

Roger would go out for a walk every day, so he hired a personal assistant and driver. Dillon had been accompanying Roger for two years, and he was careful and trustworthy, Willard felt that Roger was safe in Dillon’s hands.

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Once the car was on the road, Roger took off his glasses, revealing dark and mysterious eyes. He took out an envelope from his pocket and handed it to Dillon. "Let's deliver this."

Dillon nodded and accepted the envelope, putting it aside carefully.

Stopping at a red light, Dillon couldn't help but ask, "Mr. Roger, why are you so concerned about **that** girl?"

Roger had helped Sophie leave the Bourn family and even helped her find her parents. Roger had hidden himself well within the Nicholls family for so many years. He had never treated anyone this way, even altering his plans for her.

Roger's eyes were drawn to the beautiful scenery outside the window, and he smiled faintly. "Because she is beneficial to my plan, of course."

Dillon furrowed his brows slightly. "Is it because she might be the daughter of the Dawson family?" Roger's pupils constricted. He glanced at Dillon through the rearview mirror. "You're quite clever."

Dillon became nervous. "I'm sorry. I shouldn't have speculated about what you are thinking."

Although everyone in the Nicholls family thought Dillon had only been with Roger for two years, Dillon had actually worked for Roger for seven years. Dillon understood how deep Roger's thoughts were. He had indeed overstepped just now.

But today, Roger seemed to be in a good mood. "It's okay because **you** were right."

Dillon instantly understood, and admiration appeared in his eyes. Roger had prepared for so many years. However, to complete his plans, Roger needed a good helper. If Sophie was indeed the real daughter of the Dawson family, then Roger would receive help from the Dawson family. When that happened, Roger would soon be able to take back everything that should belong to him. With this.

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thought, Dillon's eyes flashed with determination.

Soon, they arrived at the destination. Dillon handed Sophie's sample and the one obtained from the Dawson family to the testing center.

Meanwhile, in the back seat, Roger opened his laptop and started to handle his company's affairs.

Time passed gradually. Sophie had been rehabilitating at home for more than two hours before taking a rest. After a bath, she waited at home for Roger to return.

However, when the time Roger mentioned came, Sophie did not see him. She felt somewhat worried. Could Roger get lost while delivering the items she asked him to? 'No, Roger should have someone following him when he goes out', Sophie thought.

Still, Sophie was worried. The more she thought about it, the more restless Sophie became. Unable to sit there and wait. Sophie reached out and wheeled her wheelchair to leave the room.

Sophie went downstairs and arrived quickly in the living room. For some reason, there was no one in the hall at that time. Normally, the servants should be preparing dinner by then, but it seemed like none of them were in the front **hall** now.

Curious, Sophie maneuvered her wheelchair into the hall. However, at that moment, Sophie suddenly felt something rushing toward her from behind.

Instinctively, Sophie tried to turn the wheelchair. That was when she saw that Million had been let loose into the living room. As if that wasn't enough, the ball Million loved the most was flying through the air. It ended up hitting her wheelchair coincidentally.

Million was caught off guard and collided with Sophie's wheelchair. Bang! Before Sophie could react, the wheelchair had lost control and rushed forward, crashing into a shelf with a large antique vase nearby.

"Oh my

God!" The servants who came in saw the scene and exclaimed.

Sophie raised her head only to find that the large vase on the shelf had lost its balance. It swayed for a moment before it came crashing down toward her. Sophie let out a gasp.

Just when Sophie thought she would be hit by the large vase in the next second, a figure rushed out suddenly and protected her. What followed was a crash and a grunt.

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The sound of the vase hitting the body and a low grunt occurred simultaneously. Then came a loud crash as the vase fell to the ground, shattering into pieces.

Sophie instinctively curled up into a ball. After a moment, she realized that she didn't feel any pain. She even felt warm. Sophie opened her eyes. To her surprise, she found herself being held by someone! It was none other than Roger.

A trace of blood flowed from the right side of Roger's forehead, probably from being hit by the

vase.

“Oh my God! Roger! Are you okay?” Sophie exclaimed. She thought, ‘How did Roger appear out of nowhere? And why did he just come rushing over to protect me?’

“How did you rush out to protect me?” Sophie asked; her eyes full of shock. Roger shouldn't be able to see, right? How did he come to protect me at that moment?’ she wondered.

Roger's eyes quickly flickered with a strange light, but it instantly returned to dullness. He looked ahead with unfocused eyes, holding his head in a daze. “I just... heard you calling, so I came over. I didn't expect... It hurts!”

Roger suddenly covered his wound, prompting Sophie to shift her attention. She quickly checked Roger's injury. “Let me see!”

Sophie removed Roger's hand and hurriedly examined the wound on his forehead. It seemed that the mouth of the vase had hit him and caused a small wound. Although it wasn't big, being injured by the sharp edges of porcelain would have hurt. Sophie was upset. She regretted not being injured herself. There was no need for Roger to suffer for her.

The servant finally regained her senses and approached them, apologizing profusely, "Sorry, Mr. Roger! We were cleaning up the garden in the backyard, and Million ran out... I'm so sorry!"

The servant seemed frightened and apologized repeatedly to Roger.

Roger was about to say it was okay, but Sophie got angry. "Roger is already injured. Are your apologies of any use? Hurry up and get the first aid kit!"

The servant, after being scolded by Sophie, immediately snapped back to reality. "Okay! I'll get it right away!" With that, she ran off to fetch the first aid kit.

Sophie, with a pained expression in her eyes, held onto Roger. "Come. Let me apply medicine for you."

As Sophie touched him with her gentle fingers, Roger felt a hint of warmth. Despite the pain in his head, a smile involuntarily appeared on Roger's lips. "Okay."

The two of them moved to the couch, and the servant also brought the first aid kit. Sophie treated

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his wound skillfully, to Roger's surprise.

Sophie told him, "Fortunately, it's just a superficial wound. It's not big, and there's no need for stitches. But you should get a tetanus shot."

Roger asked curiously. "Why are you so proficient in treating wounds?"

Sophie paused for a moment, and her eyes slightly darkened. "I often got injured in the orphanage when I was a child, and I used to treat myself."

When she was bullied in the Bourn family later, Sophie learned medical skills through the computer. Although she was only proficient in traditional medicine now, Sophie knew how to handle external injuries.

Little did Sophie know that her answer made Roger purse his lips. Just thinking about her having to learn to treat wounds by herself when she was so young made Roger inexplicably upset. Who was responsible for sending Sophie from her real family to the orphanage? Roger would find out the truth for Sophie.

Roger's wound was just treated when other people who heard the sound rushed downstairs.

Seeing that Roger seemed to be injured, Daisy immediately rushed over. "Oh my God! Roger, what happened to you?"

Roger could not see and was usually very careful at home and rarely got injured. "What happened?" Daisy wondered.

Sophie felt inexplicably guilty upon seeing Daisy so worried about Roger. "Daisy, I'm sorry. Roger got hurt because he was protecting me."

Before Sophie could finish, Jasmine raised her voice. "You are the one who caused Roger's injury? Why are you so careless? You are married into the family for two days, and your husband is already injured. I think you're not just a cripple. You're a jinx!"

Jasmine's words instantly made Daisy's face turn bad. Her son was already injured, and now her daughter-in-law was scolded. Daisy couldn't bear it any longer and said through gritted teeth, "Jasmine, can't you speak nicely? Roger is injured, and the person who cares most must be his wife. How can you say such things about Sophie?"

Jasmine was rebutted by Daisy yesterday and did not expect the same from Daisy again. Jasmine's face became unpleasant. "Daisy! Your temper has grown in these two days, hasn't it? Does having a daughter-in-law give you the courage to shout at me now? You are ill and your son is blind. Do you think having a cripple means you have someone to rely on? Dream on! Your whole family is destined to be looked down upon for a lifetime!"

It was evident that Jasmine, after being continuously suppressed, had lost it to the point where she didn't even care about Daisy's pride and spoke harshly.

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Having realized that Jasmine had gone too far, Rebecca quickly interrupted, “Jasmine, you went too far...”

“Did I?” Jasmine coldly snorted. “Did I say anything wrong? She caused chaos in the house as soon as she arrived here, even causing her husband to get hurt! Such a woman is a jinx! She should be kicked out of the Nicholls family!”

Crash! A glass shattered at Jasmine’s feet suddenly. Glass shards flew every where. A sharp shard even cut Jasmine’s face.

Jasmine’s cheek stung. She couldn’t help but scream, “My face!”

Hearing Jasmine’s scream, Rebecca was startled and quickly looked in the direction behind Daisy. Sophie’s chest was heaving with anger, and the hand she used to throw the glass was still outstretched.

Rebecca was dumbfounded. She never expected the Bourn family’s adopted daughter to be so formidable. Sophie dared to throw things and even injured Jasmine.

“Jasmine, are you okay?” Rebecca hurriedly went to support Jasmine.

Jasmine only felt the intense pain on her face. When she touched her face, Jasmine found it was covered in blood. She was immediately frightened. Her face turned pale. “Blood! I’m bleeding!”

Realizing that her face was injured, Jasmine couldn’t help but look toward Sophie with anger. “You... How dare you hurt me!”

Sophie looked at Jasmine’s furious face. With a cold gleam in her eyes, she supported herself against her wheelchair and stood up. Sophie could have stood up before, but she didn’t have much time for rehabilitation, so she couldn’t stand for too long. However, after two days of training, Sophie could stand steadily.

Under the astonished gazes of everyone, Sophie walked toward Jasmine, approaching her in a cold and imposing manner. “So what if I hurt you? If you disr

respect my husband or my mother-in-law again, I won't just hurt your face next time. I will do much more than that." At that moment, Sophie's eyes were filled with blood thirst and fury.

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After being bullied for so long, Sophie couldn't rein in herself anymore. Sophie stared intensely at Jasmine, appearing intimidating and formidable. "Daisy is frail, and Roger is indeed blind. But soon, I won't be a cripple anymore. They will be able to count on me. What can you do to stop me?" Sophie had never felt such a strong desire to protect someone. From today onward, Sophie would protect Daisy and Roger at all costs.

Upon seeing Sophie stand on her feet for them, Daisy was shocked. She agitated that she wouldn't speak.

covered her mouth, so

Roger's gaze became extremely profound. Sophie had endured for so long, and unexpectedly, she stood up for him today. Although Roger was strong and didn't need her protection, at that moment, seeing Sophie with her slender and frail body standing in front of him, emotions rippled through

him.

Threatened by Sophie, Jasmine gritted her teeth resentfully. "You? You can't even protect yourself. Who do you think you can protect?" Jasmine pushed Sophie without thinking.

Sophie staggered back. She did not fall. A man stood behind her, his warm chest providing the support she needed. Sophie looked up. Roger was there again. Even though Roger couldn't see, whenever Sophie was in danger, he would appear in the nick of time.

Sophie felt safe and smirked at Jasmine. "I'll show you whether I can protect them today." With that, Sophie glanced at the servant who hadn't kept an eye on the dog earlier. "Come here."

The servant was terrified by Sophie's gaze. She shivered and hurriedly answered, "M— Mrs. Sophie..." Sensing that something was wrong, the servant was scared and couldn't speak properly. "What happened? Mrs. Sophie seemed weak and gentle yesterday. Why is her presence so powerful now?" the servant wondered.

"It's you who didn't watch over Million, right? That's why it ran into the living room and hit me, causing Roger to get injured. It's all because of your negligence," Sophie stated.

As soon as the servant heard Sophie wanted to hold her accountable, she was immediately frightened. She hurriedly found an excuse. "Mrs. Sophie, spare me! I... I didn't do it on purpose!"

"Not on purpose?" Sophie glanced coldly at the ball on the ground. "Million only chases after the ball. Who threw the ball just now? By checking the fingerprints on the ball, the police can find out who did it. Why don't you tell the truth?"

"Mrs. Sophie!" The servant looked at Sophie in astonishment. Was Sophie going to call the police? Seeing that Sophie was about to accuse her, and she might have to go to jail, the servant was so frightened **she** glanced at Jasmine.

Jasmine couldn't be bothered with the pain in her face and erupted into fury. "What are you

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looking at me for?"

In that instant, everyone present knew who was behind the incident.

Seeing Jasmine still denying it, Sophie decided to go all the way. "Willard! Since she won't confess, there's no need to keep her! Call the police and report her for intentional harm. Tell them that she attempted to murder her employer!"

File a lawsuit and demand compensation! Intentional harm, at the very least, should get a three-year sentence!

Willard was surprised by Sophie's nerve and nodded. "Understood, Mrs. Sophie. His respectful address signaled his acknowledgment of Sophie's status in the house.

The servant was frightened. "Mrs. Sophie, please, no! I didn't mean to harm anyone. I had no choice!"

"Shut up!" When Jasmine saw that the servant was about to spill the beans, she rushed up, only to pull on her wound.

Seeing this, Willard acted quickly. He immediately blocked Jasmine and told her, "Mrs. Jasmine, the matter must be clarified, or I have to inform Mr. Norman." Since someone dared to plot against Roger and Sophie, they must get to the bottom of it.

With Willard's intervention, Sophie berated the servant, "Who forced you? If you're willing to confess, I can let you off, and find you a good job. Otherwise, you can forget about this line of work for the rest of your life!" With just a few sentences, Sophie scared the servant out of her wits.

Seeing Sophie offering her protection, the servant, afraid of missing the opportunity, nodded immediately. "It was Mrs. Jasmine who forced me. She gathered everyone to her courtyard, then told me to secretly open the door, and when you were coming downstairs, throw the ball at you..."

"You wretched bitch! Shut up!" Unable to bear it any longer, Jasmine kicked the servant and sent her sprawling to the ground.

The servant let loose a scream. "Mrs. Sophie, save me! Mrs. Jasmine is trying to kill me!" The servant curled up on the ground and shouted exaggeratedly.

Willard saw Jasmine fly into a rage and quickly intervened again. "Mrs. Jasmine, you're injured. Go take care of your wound. Let me handle this."

"You!" Jasmine was furious but knew she had been exposed. If Willard reported to Norman, she would be in big trouble.

Sophie looked at Jasmine with a teasing expression. "You injured Roger today, and I returned the favor. Let's call it even. I won't complain to Grandpa. But, Aunt Jasmine, remember what I said. If you dare to bully Roger and Daisy again, be careful of your eyes next time!" *

Her threat startled Jasmine. "You dare to blind me?"

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Sophie laughed maniacally. "Who knows? I don't like it when people keep saying my husband is blind. One day, I might let her experience the same!"

Sophie's eyes, at that moment, seemed a bit maniac. The sudden change scared Jasmine, sending shivers down her spine. The cripple must have mental issues. Why else would she have such a crazy thought?" Jasmine thought.

"Sophie, you're indeed ruthless. You better watch out!" Jasmine refused to show her fear and, after gritting her teeth, dragged Rebecca away with her.

As Rebecca left, she couldn't help but glance back at Sophie. When Rebecca met Sophie's cold gaze, she felt a chill in her heart. Fortunately, it was Jasmine who clashed with her. Otherwise, Rebecca wouldn't get any advantage in setting herself against Sophie. Sophie wasn't someone easy to deal with.

Seeing them leave, Sophie finally relaxed, feeling a bit weak in the legs.

Fortunately, Roger supported Sophie and instructed promptly, "Willard, bring the wheelchair."

"Yes, sir." Willard immediately brought the wheelchair over.

Roger helped Sophie sit down in it, asking with concern, "Tired?"

Sophie forced a smile. "Yes. If I stand for a long time, I'd still be tired. During her daily rehabilitation, Sophie had to take breaks after walking a few steps. She stood for quite a few minutes just now. Without Roger's support, Sophie might not have endured it for so long.

"That must be tough. Thank you." Roger's tone still carried indescribable worry.

Willard, who stood at the side, could sense that Roger truly cared for Sophie.

Sophie, however, cared nothing for herself. She reached out to touch his forehead, and replied, "Compared to what you've done for me, it's not tough at all."

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The two of them were **so** considerate of **each** other.

Daisy, who was watching from **the** side, felt delighted. Even Willard **was** moved. Willard couldn't understand why Roger would accept a handicapped person. Now, **it** seemed Roger had made the right choice.

Sophie's legs would **recover** sooner or later, and her courage just now showed that she **was** not someone to be trifled with. In the future, no one would dare to bully Daisy and Roger in this house again.

Coming back

to her senses, Sophie quickly instructed, "Willard, **Roger needs to get** a tetanus shot for his wound. I leave it to you."

"Alright." Willard nodded and immediately told her, "Mrs. Sophie, rest assured. I'll have the driver take Mr. Roger for an injection."

"Good." Sophie smiled and entrusted Roger to Willard.

Roger initially wanted to stay a bit longer, but Willard had come over to help him up, so Roger had no choice but to leave. Before leaving, he reminded Sophie, "If you don't want to come downstairs for dinner tonight, just have someone send it up." Roger was worried that Jasmine might bully her again in his absence.

Seeing his concern, Sophie understood and reassured Roger, "Don't worry. She probably won't come downstairs for dinner tonight. I'll wait for you to come back."

Sophie's words made Roger curl his lips slightly. Indeed, he had been overly worried.

Without saying more, Roger turned and left the Nicholls family's residence.

As she watched Roger leave, Sophie felt an inexplicable emptiness in her heart. Unfortunately, due to her current condition, she couldn't accompany him to the hospital.

Sophie glanced at her legs and couldn't help but murmur, "It seems I have to recover quickly." Only in this way could Sophie protect the people she wanted to protect.

Seeing her determination, Daisy stepped forward and held Sophie's hand. "Sophie, you don't need to be so strong. Although I am not in good health, I will become strong and protect you well in the future."

Seeing Sophie using her frail body to **protect** both of them, Daisy couldn't help but be moved. Since her husband's death and Damian took control of the family, **Daisy** and Roger gradually lost their influence. Jasmine and **Rebecca** also took advantage of the situation and pushed them around. For the sake of Roger, Daisy had endured for years.

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But now Daisy **realized** that her tolerance did not bring happiness to Roger. **Instead**, Sophie would suffer after marrying into the family. As a mother, Daisy felt guilty toward Roger and Sophie.

"Daisy... don't say that. With your gentle nature, standing up for me just now **was** already very brave. In the future, if there's something you don't want to do, just leave it to me," Sophie comforted Daisy in a low voice. She did not want Daisy to force herself.

Seeing how good Sophie was, Daisy couldn't help but feel that her son had a discerning eye. With red-rimmed eyes, she said, "It's my and Roger's fortune to have such a good daughter-in-law. Don't worry. I've already contacted the best doctor abroad, and he'll arrive tomorrow to help you recover **as** soon as possible."

Sophie didn't expect Daisy to do as she promised and found the best specialist for her. Sophie was grateful. "Okay. Thank you, Daisy."

Sophie had been using traditional medicine for her legs. If combined with modern medicine, perhaps she could recover more quickly.

"It's nothing." Daisy held her hand, chatted for a while, and then personally escorted Sophie upstairs.

It **was** only at dinner time that Roger returned, and Sophie came downstairs again. The two of them sat down together.

Norman was unaware of the events in the afternoon. He **saw** the wound on Roger's forehead and asked curiously, "Roger, you are injured?"

Roger did not speak. At the opposite end of the table, Damian's expression seemed somewhat gloomy, appearing a bit nervous.

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Sophie knew that Damian would have known the truth by now, but he chose not to speak out. It seemed that no one in the family truly considered **Daisy** and Roger's welfare.

However, Sophie was also a person who knew how far to push. Since she had already agreed to compromise with Jasmine, she would consider it as doing Damian a favor.

Thinking of that, Sophie smiled and answered, "I accidentally bumped into a **vase**. Roger was injured while protecting me, but it's just a minor wound. He has already received a tetanus shot. Mr. Norman, don't worry."

Seeing Sophie's brilliant smile, Norman believed it was nothing serious. "Then, let's eat."

Everyone began eating. Damian secretly breathed a sigh of relief, but he glanced at Sophie.

Sophie also gave Damian a meaningful look. "Uncle Damian, you owe me a favor," she seemed to

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say.

How could Damian not understand what Sophie meant? He nodded and noted it down.

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Sophie speculated that the next few days would be better, **so** she decided not to say anything more. "Roger, **what** do you want to eat? Let me help you with the food."

Sophie continued to **list** out the food on the table, asking Roger what he wanted to eat. Roger responded to her. The family had become accustomed to only the **two** of them talking during mealtimes while the others remained silent.

After dinner, Roger pushed Sophie upstairs. Roger was about to carry Sophie to the bed but Sophie calmly told him, "There's no need to carry me from now on. Assisting me **is** enough."

Roger didn't ask and just smiled. "Alright."

Sophie liked Roger's sense of propriety and trust. She handed her hand to him and he helped Sophie stand up. With a bit of force, Sophie leaned on him and gradually returned to the bed.

It **was** the first time Sophie didn't hide her ability to stand from him. Being helped onto the bed by Roger, she unexpectedly felt a strange sense of dependence. "Thanks." She smiled.

He frowned. "You're saying thanks again."

Sophie couldn't help but stick out her tongue. "Oh, I can't help it. I'll slowly change."

This time, Roger didn't scold Sophie. He just smiled indulgently. Although the two didn't say anything more, the atmosphere was a bit **sweet**.

Sophie had never been alone with any man in such a quiet manner. Although it felt a bit unusual, it wasn't awkward either.

After a while of silence, Roger poured Sophie a glass of water. “I’ll go to the study to listen to a book.

Rest.”

“Okay.” Sophie smiled,

Roger turned and headed to the study. However, Sophie’s gaze involuntarily followed Roger, watching **as** he sat in the study and opened the blind-friendly computer. Sophie was somewhat curious about what Roger did on the computer every day, apart from listening to books. But they weren’t familiar enough to casually discuss such matters, **so** Sophie decided to lie down and rest.

Sophie’s phone suddenly received a message. Surprisingly, it was an email notification. She immediately opened it and checked it.

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Unexpectedly, it turned out to **be** another email from Sophie’s **teacher**. [They indeed are your biological parents.] Night’s email included not only **that** single sentence but also attached the **result**

of the **test**.

Sophie **was so** excited that she almost jumped up, staring wide-eyed in astonishment. She quickly checked the names on the document. Sophie had been waiting for this day for too long. After searching for her biological parents for so many years, she had finally found them.

“Marcus... Dawson?” Sophie murmured. Where had she heard the name before?

Falling For My “Disabled” Wife by Veronica Winifred Chapter 18

Posted by AdminM, 571 Views, Released on March 18, 2024

Chapter 18

Sophie didn't dwell on it for long. She quickly used her mobile phone to search for the name on Google. Soon, all the personal information of Marcus appeared on the screen. It turned out he **was** the chairman of the board at Brodesia Group.

Sophie **was** stunned. Was this a joke? How could her father be the head of the prestigious Brodesia Group in Habourland? That meant he was a billionaire.

The Nicholls family **was** the leader among the top ten families currently, but the Dawson family, before the rise of the top ten families, was the number one family in Habourland.

Although the Nicholls family's **rise** in the past decade had overshadowed the Dawson family's brilliance to some extent, it didn't change the **fact** that the Dawson family still held the position as the top family with a long history in Habourland.

After all, twenty years ago, the heads of the top ten families were all groomed by the Dawson family's patriarch, Clifford Dawson. It could be said that they **were** once followers of Clifford, including Norman, who received guidance from Clifford. That **was** why the Dawson family **was** undoubtedly an existence surpassing the top ten families in Habourland.

Sophie had occasionally heard about such a legendary family and of the prestigious Marcus when she lived with the Bourn family, but she never thought that one day she would be connected to

them.

Sophie stared blankly at the screen. She **was** already in a **daze**, forgetting even to breathe.

Sensing that something was wrong with Sophie, **Roger** walked out of the study and asked in a low voice, "What's wrong? Are you not feeling well?"

Only then did Sophie come back to her senses. "**No**, I'm fine. I only feel a bit suffocated." As she spoke, Sophie hurriedly put away her phone.

Roger seemed to sense that she was having trouble breathing. "Let me help you get some fresh air on the balcony."

Sophie fell silent for a moment, then nodded. "Okay." The news was indeed too shocking. She needed some fresh **air** to calm down.

Roger smiled and then bent down to help Sophie. Sophie carefully followed his guidance, putting her feet on the ground and slowly standing up.

During the day, Sophie had been undergoing rehabilitation on her own, and every step was challenging. However, with Roger supporting her, Sophie surprisingly stood quite steadily. With Roger helping her, Sophie walked slowly toward the balcony.

Roger did not hurry. With **each** step he took, he would pause, giving Sophie time to take the next

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step. Sophie had never been cared for so attentively before. Feeling Roger's meticulousness, Sophie couldn't help but feel **a** warmth and dependence. In this manner, Sophie took **several** minutes to walk to the balcony with Roger's aid.

Finally, without needing to hide from anyone anymore, Sophie used her ability to reach the balcony to breathe in the fresh night air. She couldn't help but greedily take a deep breath of the night breeze. As the balcony faced the backyard, the night wind carried the sweet **fragrance** of flowers and grass to them.

"The flowers in the Nicholls family's garden smell so nice," Sophie couldn't help but remark.

Roger smiled. "Most of the flowers in the garden are taken care of by my mother. If you like them, you can bring a few pots into the room."

Sophie shook her head. "No need. I can smell them from the balcony. Wouldn't **that** be better? I won't be able to take care of them if they are in the room." Sophie couldn't take care of these things now, considering her limited mobility.

Roger said nothing but helped her sit on the white wicker chair placed on the balcony.

After Sophie sat down, Roger sat opposite her and reached out to find the jug and **glasses**, pouring her a glass of water.

Looking at Roger struggling, Sophie **suggested**, “I’ll handle pouring water in the future.” She might have trouble with her legs but not with her hands.

Roger smiled. “It’s nothing. I’m more familiar with this room than you are.”

Thinking about it, Sophie admitted he made sense. She accepted the water from Roger. Never had she enjoyed such a quiet post-meal time with anyone. Sophie couldn’t help but lean back in the chair, take a deep breath, and relax. She needed to ease the tension she had just experienced.

The Dawson family was not a group of people Sophie could easily approach. Even though Sophie now knew Marcus and his wife were her biological parents, she had no idea whether the Dawson family had looked for her or if they would acknowledge her. Before she made all those clear, Sophie would not approach them rashly. It would be better, hopefully, to have a chance to meet them.

When Sophie did not talk, Roger spoke after a while. He asked, “Actually, since you can stand, why don’t you attend Grandpa’s birthday party?”

Sensing that Roger was particularly concerned about this, Sophie hesitated before telling him, “I want to go because I’m not good at socializing.”

Sophie had been confined by the Bourn family for several years, and she had not interacted with people for a long time. Additionally, most of the people at the party were children of prominent families, and Sophie didn’t like the demeanors of those spoiled and privileged individuals.

Roger

seemed to understand her character. “Well, **if** you don’t like it, don’t go. However... many people will come on that day. All ten major families will **be** present. You are my wife. They should know who you are, at **least**.”

Sophie could hear that though Roger hadn’t given her a wedding due to his blindness, he **still** wanted to give her status as much as possible. Although slightly moved, Sophie still intended to refuse. Then, she realized something. “You say... all ten major families will be there?”

Roger put down the glass of water elegantly and nodded. “Yes.”

Sophie’s eyes lit up. “Then... What about the Dawson family?” If all the top ten families were coming, perhaps members of the Dawson family would be there too?

Sure enough, after a slight pause, Roger nodded. “The patriarch of the Dawson family, Clifford Dawson, has a deep friendship with my grandfather. Every year, Clifford brings the entire family. That includes Marcus Dawson and his wife, their sons, and only daughter.”

Upon hearing this news, Sophie couldn’t help but feel excited. It seemed that everything was falling into place effortlessly. If the Dawson family came to Norman’s party, including Marcus’s children, that meant if Sophie went to the party, she would be **able** to meet all her family. Sophie’s heart couldn’t help but race. Was fate working in her favor?

However, something dawned on Sophie. “You just mentioned the only daughter of the Dawson family?”

Roger’s unfocused eyes seemed to look **at** her. “You didn’t know? Ronald wanted to marry the daughter of the Dawson family, which **is** why he ended up switching with me for the marriage alliance with the Bourn family.”

Sophie was momentarily speechless.

Although Sophie had heard something about it when she first arrived at the Nicholls family yesterday, she had no impression of the Dawson family's heiress.

"So, **it's** because of her that I was married into the Nicholls family and entered into this marriage alliance with you," Sophie remarked with a tone of irony.

Although they had never met, the whole situation seemed like **a twist** of fate. Due to Ronald's desire to marry the Dawson family heiress, the marriage alliance candidate **was** changed to Roger, and the Bourn family also replaced Laura with Sophie.

"You're not wrong in saying that." Roger's lips curved slightly, showing his agreement. However, only Roger knew the real truth. Sophie's marriage to him was not a coincidence.

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Falling For My "Disabled" Wife by Veronica Winifred

Chapter 19

Posted by **AdminM**, 624 Views, Released on March 18, 2024

Chapter 19

A bitter smile flashed across Sophie's face. She felt an indescribable emotion in **her** heart. Though **they** were both daughters of the Dawson family, fate treated them differently. The one raised in the Dawson family had more choices, while Sophie could only be forcibly sent to the Nicholls family.

Without this marriage alliance, Sophie might have **to** spend the rest of her life confined in the Bourn family, being nothing more than a blood supplier to Laura. Thinking about it this way, Sophie found some consolation. This unknown **sister** had, in a way, saved her life. Sophie asked calmly, "The Dawson family... only has one daughter?"

Roger nodded without hesitation. "Only one. Clifford has three sons and nine grandsons, but only one granddaughter. Since her birth, she has been cherished by Clifford, seen as the apple of his **eye**. None of the nine grandsons receive as much favor **as** she does. She **is** truly the darling of the Dawson family."

Upon hearing that, Sophie furrowed her brows. “Only granddaughter? How old is she?”

Roger sensed that Sophie was interested in the woman, and his grin grew wider. “Probably about the same age as you. According to rumors, when she **was** born, there was a fire in the hospital that day. Several children died in the fire, but the daughter **was** saved by a nurse. Since then, Marcus and his wife have cherished her deeply. For her birthday this year, they even named a planet after

her.”

For some reason, Roger seemed to know a lot about the Dawson family heirss. His detailed knowledge made Sophie’s heart **feel** heavier. She thought, ‘A fire...’

When Sophie was at the orphanage, the director mentioned that she and several children were sent to the orphanage after losing their families in a hospital fire. Sophie was sure she was present on

the scene of that fire.

Given that Sophie and the daughter of the Dawson family were of the same age, could they be twins? The more Sophie thought about it, the more absurd it seemed. Sophie’s head was about to explode. She couldn’t help but blurt out, “Did Mrs. Dawson give birth to twins that year?”

Roger was taken aback. “Why did you ask this?”

Sophie realized she might **have** asked too much. Moreover, this should be the Dawson family’s private matter, something unknown to the public. “Nothing. **It’s** just pure curiosity. I’m making conversation...” Sophie tried to cover up her uneasiness, silently relieved that Roger couldn’t **see** her. Otherwise, he might notice her anxiety.

“Alright,” Roger responded.

Sophie thought he wouldn't answer, but after a moment, Roger said again, "If they were twins, how could there be only one daughter? The Dawson family cherishes their children. If there **were two**,

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they would have both been raised **as** the jewels of the family."

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With that, Sophie suddenly understood. If Marcus's wife had indeed given birth to two children, and one went missing or died in the fire, she would undoubtedly be heartbroken. Such an incident would not have gone unnoticed by the public. Therefore, the only possibility left was that she only gave birth to one daughter. That child was Sophie.

However, Sophie had been mistakenly identified as an orphan and sent to the orphanage, while the other child, mistakenly believed to be Sophie, was returned to the Dawson family.

Suddenly, all the pieces of the puzzle fell into place. This could explain why the Dawson family had not been looking for Sophie all these years. They didn't even know they had lost their daughter. It **was** the only logical explanation. Realizing this, Sophie's eyes filled with excitement.

Roger's eyes remained unfocused, seemingly looking straight ahead, **as** if he couldn't see everything. Yet, somehow, everything was within his control.

They chatted casually for a while before returning to rest. Roger helped her **back** to bed, then went to his study to sleep.

Unable to contain her curiosity, Sophie **used** Google to search for information about all the members of the Dawson family, especially the person who had spent the past twenty-two years **as** her substitute.

For Sophie, the night was destined to be a sleepless one.

The next day, Roger pushed Sophie downstairs for breakfast. While waiting for the elevator, she couldn't help yawning.

Roger couldn't resist asking, "Didn't you sleep well last night?"

Sophie tried anxiously to conceal herself. "No.., **it's** fine..."

God knew Sophie hadn't slept at **all** last night. Her mind was filled with images of the Dawson family's daughter and her experiences over the years.

She had grown up in a prestigious family from a young age and, being highly favored, was almost unaware of the hardships of life. Most of the information Sophie found depicted a life of wearing designer clothes, attending various events with celebrities, participating in celebrity weddings, and traveling to famous places.

It was supposed to be Sophie's life, but due to her mistaken identity and being raised in an orphanage since childhood, Sophie endured hardships while the Dawson family was completely unaware of her existence. If Sophie hadn't **persisted** in searching for her parents, perhaps the Dawson family would never have known the truth.

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Chapter 19

To say that Sophie **wasn't** disappointed or sad would be a lie. She felt a sense of inferiority now. 'Can the Dawson family accept me in my current pathetic **state**? Or should I refrain from disturbing their lives?' Sophie wondered.

Roger observed her deep thoughts and said in a low voice, "You seem to have something on your mind."

There was a heavy burden in Sophie's heart at the moment. Hearing the concern in Roger's voice, Sophie couldn't help but clench her hands and choked out, "I... recently found the people I've always dreamed of meeting. But now, I've learned that they're living well... they don't even know of my existence. I'm not sure if I should disturb them... especially with my current condition..." The last bit **was** difficult for her to **say**, and Sophie's heart hurt.

Sophie did not want to give up returning to her parents, but she was afraid that her parents and family wouldn't be able to accept her in her current **state**, and the thought of being rejected or even resented terrified her.

Roger's eyes darkened. He hadn't expected Sophie to have such thoughts.

There **was** a soft ding. The elevator doors opened. Roger silently pushed Sophie into the elevator.

As the doors closed, Roger said in a low voice to her, "You are fine the way you are now. I like you as you are."

I like you... Those words struck her instantly. Sophie had never experienced being liked by

someone.

The director of the orphanage had to care for many children, and after being adopted, her foster parents used only coercion and temptation. **Her** foster sister and grandmother had always shown extreme aversion toward her. No one had ever liked her. But at this moment, in her most pathetic state, Roger said that he liked her.

Falling For My "Disabled" Wife by Veronica Winifred" Sophie Bourn finally managed to escape from the Bourn family. However, she never expected that it would be in the way of a marriage as a stand-in bride. It was all because Laura, the biological daughter of her foster parents, did not want to marry a blind man.



Falling For My "Disabled" Wife

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Therefore, Sophie's foster mother forced her to leave the Bourn family and take Laura's place. To outsiders, Sophie seemed like a disabled girl who could only live in a wheelchair, but little did they know that Sophie was skilled in medicine and had long since cured her legs. Roger Nicholls was a pampered and privileged young man from a wealthy family, yet he was "blind." At the arrangement of his family, he was forced to marry Miss Bourn, who was also disabled. After they got married, Sophie gradually found out that her "blind" husband was a bit strange. He couldn't see anything but would ask her to close the door when she showered. When she got hurt, he would help her immediately. Could it all be a coincidence? It wasn't until one day, when Sophie was almost killed and he came to her rescue, that Sophie realized he wasn't actually blind.

Falling For My “Disabled” Wife by Veronica Winifred

Chapter 20

Posted by **AdminM**, 565 Views, Released on March 18, 2024

Chapter 20

Sophie suddenly felt like crying. Her **eyes** grew red. She lowered her head and widened her **eyes to** prevent the **tears** from flowing down.

Roger could see how hard Sophie held back tears through the elevator's mirror. His hands tightened their grip on the wheelchair. A strange emotion fluttered through his chest, prompting Roger to touch her head gently. In a tone he had never used before, Roger told Sophie, "If there's someone you want to meet, go meet them. Don't worry about the consequences. I'll be here for you."

Sophie seemed to feel a surge of strength from his large hand and soft caress. She couldn't hold back her tears anymore. "Roger... thank you..." Her **voice** shook.

Roger knew Sophie was crying. He intentionally didn't press the button to go down stairs and just waited for her until she regained her composure.

After breakfast, Sophie thought it over and was determined to go to the party. She asked Roger to take her to find Norman.

At the door of Norman's study, Sophie knocked. Norman's **voice** quickly came. "Come in."

When he heard the sound, Roger was about to push Sophie in when she told him, "Wait for me at the door. I'll go in by myself."

Seeing that Sophie wanted to talk to Norman alone, Roger didn't object. He said calmly, "Alright. I'll wait for you at the door. Call me if you need anything." His words reassured her and gave her

courage.

Sophie couldn't help but nod gratefully. Then, Roger opened the door for her, and Sophie wheeled herself in.

Norman didn't expect Sophie to come looking for him. "**It's** you? What brings you here?" Although Norman was over sixty, he exuded a commanding presence.

Sophie, however, was not intimidated. She greeted Norman as she always did. "Mr. Norman, I have something to discuss with you."

When Norman saw Sophie wasn't afraid of him, he couldn't help but admire her even more. "From the first day I met you, I thought you were clever and sharp. Now, it seems you are not only clever but also quite bold. You've been in the Nicholls family for only three days, and you dare to come to my study to talk to me. Tell me, what do you want to discuss?"

Norman couldn't help but be curious. What could Sophie, who had just married into the family three days ago, have to **discuss** with him?

Sophie didn't beat about the bush. She said plainly, "Mr. Norman, I want to attend your birthday

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party."

When Sophie brought up the birthday party, Norman's brows furrowed slightly. "Didn't you **say** day before that you wouldn't **go**?"

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Although Norman didn't dislike Sophie and even somewhat admired her, she was **still** wheelchair-bound. He didn't want the outside world to know that the marriage alliance between the Nicholls family and the Bourn family had ended like that.

Taking a deep breath, Norman decided to advise her. He said, "Sophie, I admire your personality, but with your current condition, attending the party in a wheelchair might lead to gossip about the Nicholls family. I think it is better not to force the issue."

Sophie had already guessed that Norman would have concerns. After **all**, Roger **was** blind. A blind man pushing a wheelchair-bound woman would undoubtedly attract attention. The others might laugh at them.

With a solemn expression, Sophie's eyes shone with determination. "Mr. Norman, I don't need the wheelchair." With that, Sophie exerted force with both hands, supporting her body **as** she stood up from the wheelchair.

The wheelchair made a faint noise. Roger caught it outside the door. His heart clenched. 'Sophie is standing up again. She is too strong-willed,' he thought.

Seeing Sophie supporting herself against the wheelchair and standing up, Norman's eyes were immediately filled with surprise. "You... can stand up?"

Norman was shocked. He thought, 'What's going on? Wasn't Sophie paralyzed? How can she stand up just three days after arriving here?'

Sophie **saw** Norman's astonishment and could only explain in exasperation, "Actually, I could stand up a long time ago. **It's** just that, due to some **reasons**, I didn't have much time for rehabilitation when I was with the Bourn family. Your birthday party is still two weeks away. I promise that I will recover in two weeks. I won't embarrass you."

Norman saw Sophie's determined effort and felt both admiration and sympathy. But, thinking of the Nicholls family, Norman still hesitated. "Two weeks might be too short. Don't force yourself. If you fall..."

"I promise I won't. Mr. Norman, trust me." Before Norman finished speaking, Sophie made a determined promise. "I will not only avoid embarrassing you, but I will also make you proud."

Sophie's eyes **were** sincere, and Norman felt she was convincing.

Seeing Norman waver, Sophie continued, "**Rest** assured. I will double my efforts in rehabilitation. I will stay by Roger's side that night, and he won't need Willard to take care of him."

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Chapter 20

Roger **was** Sophie's trump card and Norman's soft spot.

When Norman heard that Sophie would take care of Roger, he sighed. "Well, considering that the matter of **Roger** getting married is already known to the public, it's beneficial for you to attend the party and meet those elders. It's good for your and Roger's future."

Hearing Norman finally agree, Sophie couldn't help but feel a little excited.

However, Norman added in a cold tone, "But I still have to see how your recovery is two weeks later. If you can't walk well enough, then you can't force it."

Sophie's expression became serious. She understood that Norman wasn't satisfied with her being able to walk. He wanted her to walk steadily. So be it. Sophie didn't want to embarrass herself in front of her biological parents, so she would double her efforts.

"Mr. Norman, don't worry. I'll work hard for my own sake too," Sophie assured him.

Norman could see Sophie's determination and didn't **say** much. He just nodded and told her, "You can leave now."

Sophie nodded and slowly returned to the wheelchair, suppressing her excitement. She turned the wheelchair and left the study.

Looking at her departing happily, Norman grinned. Sophie reminded him of himself when he was young. She was strong, resilient, intelligent, and brave. "Roger... has a good eye," Norman murmured.

Although separated by a door, Roger's hearing was excellent. He heard almost everything. Pushing Sophie **back** to the room, he could **feel** her happiness. Seeing her smiling, the tension in his heart eased a bit.

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Sophie was someone who took action. Sophie decided to start rehabilitation when they returned to their room. She had intended to hide it from Roger, but now that he knew everything, Sophie asked directly, "Do you have anything **else** to do later, Roger?"

Roger looked dully ahead and calmly replied, "No. Do you need something?"

Seeing that he was free, Sophie smiled. "Then, can you help me with rehabilitation?"

Sophie had been holding onto the walls during rehabilitation. However, there were places where Sophie couldn't support herself, and she couldn't turn around. If Sophie sat down and got up again, it would take a lot of time. Therefore, having someone assist during rehabilitation would be more efficient.

Roger's eyes narrowed slightly. He didn't expect Sophie to ask a blind man to help her with

rehabilitation.