

Falling For My “Disabled” Wife by Veronica Winifred

Chapter 3

Chapter 3

Roger spoke so naturally, but Sophie felt embarrassed. “Don’t talk nonsense ...”

The photographer chimed in at that point, “The groom is right. You can take your time to look tonight.”

Sophie’s face blushed even redder.

The photographer wasn’t done yet. “Can the bride and groom move closer?”

With that, Roger unexpectedly reached out and embraced Sophie’s slender waist. Sophie stiffened at once. She didn’t dare to move at all. She only hoped to quickly finish the photoshoot and escape from the awkward scene.

The photographer called out, “Great! This posture is good! Can the bride smile more naturally?”

They could hear the sound of shutters going off as the photographer shot away.

Finally, the photos were done. Willard immediately took the photos and documents and led the two to register their marriage.

Everything went smoothly. After Willard received the marriage license, he looked at Sophie repeatedly, seemingly regretful on behalf of Roger.

Sophie didn’t mind. She just cooperated silently..

When all was done, Roger carried Sophie into the car once more. Sophie was more accustomed this time. She even took over Willard’s role and verbally guided Roger. Since Roger became her legs, she would be his eyes.

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Soon, the car drove back to the Nicholls family’s residence. After getting out of the car, Roger pushed Sophie through the entrance of the Nicholls family’s residence.

Willard didn't guide them anymore. Sophie was a bit worried. "Maybe it's better for Mr. Rehbein to push me." Roger was blind, so it was inconvenient for him to take care of her.

Seeing her concern, Willard smiled and reassured her, "Mrs. Sophie, rest assured. Mr. Roger remembers every turn and every step in the house very clearly. He doesn't need a blind man's cane at home. He can walk smoothly without hindrance."

"How capable you are!" Sophie couldn't help but marvel at Roger's abilities. The Nicholls family's residence was enormous. It must have taken many repetitions to remember everything. It showed that Roger was an exceptionally dedicated person. He was so strict on himself. It was no wonder that most of the time, he didn't seem like a blind person in front of others.

1/4

Chapter 3

Returning to her senses, Sophie began to assess the Nicholls family's residence. The Nicholls family had a long history in Habourland. The entire mansion resembled a castle. Upon entering, there was a magnificent corridor. In addition to Gothic-style large windows, the corridor was adorned with artworks from renowned artists.

Sophie had some knowledge of painting, **so** she couldn't help but appraise these art pieces. She marveled at the wealth of the Nicholls family. Most of them were genuine artworks. Even if a few were mixed in as forgeries, they were high-quality pieces that even experts would find hard to discern. Apart from her, there were probably only three people in the world who could tell them.

apart.

As they reached the end of the corridor, Sophie was attracted by the last painting. 'Am I seeing things? This abstract painting is the one I sold last year!' she thought.

"Do you

like this painting, Mrs. Sophie?” Sensing Sophie’s gaze fixed on that painting, Willard said, “You have a good eye. It’s Mr. Norman’s favorite piece in the past two years. It’s a work by the mysterious genius painter Sophian. Mr. Norman spent 16 million dollars to buy it at a charity auction.”

Sophie was speechless. She had known how much that painting was sold for. However, only she knew that the painting was a casual one she had painted and donated to the charity foundation. It was then bought by a wealthy collector who fancied it. The foundation, being grateful to her, had returned part of the money to Sophie as if she had sold the painting.

Ever since then, Sophie’s paintings skyrocketed in value within the circle. It seemed that Norman Nicholls had been her benefactor. Sophie did not expect that she would marry into their family. What a small world it was.

Roger knew which painting Willard was talking about and said in a deep voice, “Grandpa likes Sophian’s works very much. Unfortunately, the artist has painted very few pieces. After that time, she only released two paintings. Uncle Damian and Uncle Humphrey went through a lot of trouble. but couldn’t get their hands on them. Moreover, this painter is quite mysterious. No one has seen her, **so** we can’t even reserve her works.”

“Oh...” Sophie didn’t expect that the two paintings she created later caused such a fuss **in** the Nicholls family. Fortunately, the foundation was willing to keep it confidential for her. Otherwise, her identity might have been exposed.

While talking, the group walked out of the corridor filled with art pieces. After **passing** through a spacious hall, the servants went upstairs to deliver Sophie’s luggage. Willard led her and Roger to the main room nearby.

As Sophie was pushed in, she saw several people sitting on the Chesterfield sofas in the room. The person sitting in the main seat was probably Norman. He was watching the servants prepare coffee.

On the sofa to his right sat three middle-aged women.

2/4

Chapter 3

The first one was dressed luxuriously, with a somewhat intimidating aura. She watched arrogantly as the servants made coffee, appearing somewhat impatient.

The second one was dignified and virtuous. She appeared unhurried with the coffee-making process. She was slightly more ordinary in appearance, with only some luxury brands highlighting her presumably high status.

As for the third one, Sophie could tell at a glance that she must be Roger's mother. Her appearance was the most outstanding among the three, and she bore a striking resemblance to Roger. Although she was nearing middle age and dressed plainly, she maintained her elegance and figure well. She exuded the air of a noblewoman. The only flaw was her somewhat pale complexion, indicating frailness.

Hearing sounds at the door, everyone's attention immediately turned toward it. They had planned to say some polite words to express their welcome, but their expressions changed upon seeing Sophie being pushed in.

The first woman was Jasmine Nicholls, Damian Nicholls's wife. She cast a cold glance at Sophie and questioned Willard, "Willard, what's going on? Didn't you go to pick up Miss Bourn from the Bourn family early in the morning? Who is she?" Jasmine's eyes were full of disdain.

The second woman was Rebecca Nicholls, Humphrey Nicholl's wife. She sensed something was wrong and echoed, "Yeah. I've seen Miss Bourn from the Bourn family at a party. That's not her, right?"

Norman furrowed his brows deeply, withdrawing his gaze coldly from Sophie and turning to Willard. "Willard, what's going on?"

Willard had to step forward and explain, "We went to pick her up, but Mr. and Mrs. Bourn insisted that she is their daughter who has been kept a secret from the public. They said since the elder sister was not married yet, there was no reason for the younger sister to marry before her. Therefore..." Willard couldn't speak further. He still felt it was unjust even now.

When Jasmine heard that, she flew into a temper. "Nonsense! I think Mr. and Mrs. Bourn don't want to marry their biological daughter to Roger! Even so, do they think anyone can marry into the Nicholls family? Do they think they can get away by sending a cripple to us?" Jasmine was furious and did not care whether Norman was present or not.

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Rebecca hurriedly advised, "Jasmine, don't get agitated first. The Bourn family wouldn't take such risks to offend the Nicholls family. Perhaps she is truly the daughter of the Bourn family?"

3/4