

Falling For My “Disabled” Wife by Veronica Winifred

Chapter 31

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Having eaten their fill, Sophie and Roger left the restaurant together.

On the way home, Sophie asked, “Thomas said we’ll talk at home. Is he going home today?”

Thomas seemed to have his own house outside and is said to only occasionally go home. Sophie didn’t know why he was going back tonight.

“Maybe, he was on a business trip a few days ago. He should be going home today to see Grandpa.”

“Oh.” Sophie nodded in understanding. “So if he goes home, everyone will be home, right?”

“Yes, you’ve met my family,” Roger replied casually.

“Well, then, I’m not afraid now. I’ll just meet them all together,” Sophie said confidently.

“Are you worried about what happened today?” Roger raised an eyebrow.

“Otherwise? Rebecca will definitely shift the blame. Clearly, she seized the opportunity to alleviate her guilt, but in the evening, she’ll probably blame it all on us.”

“Don’t worry. I’m here,” Roger said with determination. “The Bourn family treated you like that, and they still expect goodwill from the Nicholls family? Wishful thinking.”

His words instantly warmed Sophie’s heart. Recalling how Roger protected her today, Sophie couldn’t help but gaze at him tenderly. She had lived for so many years, but it was the first time that someone had protected her like this, even in front of her adoptive parents. The feeling of being protected turned out to be so good.

Sensing her sudden silence, Roger suddenly asked, “What are you thinking?”

Sophie blushed slightly and quickly averted her gaze, saying, “Nothing...”

Roger smiled. “My baby, are you secretly watching me again?”

Teased by him, Sophie nervously shook her head and said, “No. Don’t be conceited.”

Roger was becoming more relaxed with her and dared to joke around.

Roger seemed to sense her shyness and continued playfully, “No need to be shy. You’re my wife. Feel free to watch me as much as you want.”

“I already said I didn’t...” Sophie thought, ‘Why doesn’t he believe me?’

Roger didn’t say anything more, looking as if he understood.

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Sophie couldn’t help but roll her eyes helplessly. She thought he may have poor eyesight, but he had a thick hide.

Soon, they arrived at the Nicholls family.

At this time, only Norman, Jasmine, and Rebecca were in the Nicholls family because Damian and Humphrey were not at home. It seemed they had finished lunch and were chatting in the living

room.

When Sophie and Roger entered, they heard Rebecca saying with false sympathy, “I didn’t expect Miss Bourn to say such things. It was just a moment of anger. Roger also unexpectedly hurt her. Now, Miss Bourn is in the hospital, and I’m afraid our relationship with the Bourn family will be even tenser.”

In just a few words, Rebecca shifted all the blame, as if Roger was the bad person.

Sophie couldn't help but want to speak out, but Roger patted her shoulder, signaling her not to speak. The two of them continued to listen in the doorway.

Jasmine was now irritated. "Oh, originally, I wanted them to return to mend the relationship with the Bourn family, but how did it turn into such a mess?"

Rebecca sighed and then said, "Sophie wasn't in help. She just said a few words when she went back and ended up arguing with them. Anyway, the Bourn family **has** raised her for so many years. She shouldn't **have**...

Hearing this, Sophie finally couldn't hold back and wheeled the wheelchair into the living room, saying, "Rebecca, you've lived for so many years. What exactly happened today? Don't you have a sense of right and wrong?"

Not knowing when Sophie had returned, Rebecca was shocked immediately. She realized that Sophie had heard all the words just now.

Rebecca decided not to pretend anymore and said directly, "Sophie, of course, I have my own sense of right and wrong. You're the junior, so you should..."

"I should what? Let people bully me at their will?" Sophie questioned coldly.

At this point, Jasmine seized the opportunity, immediately stood up, and said, "Look at what you said. You don't even respect your seniors in the Nicholls family. If you go back to the Bourn family, you'll be even more arrogant!"

Norman's face also looked unpleasant at this point, and he said, "Sophie, mind your tone."

When he heard Norman's words, Roger frowned and said, "Norman, I was present during today's incident. Sophie did nothing wrong." Roger's calm statement instantly eased the tense atmosphere in the living room.

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Norman's tightly furrowed brow gradually relaxed. He knew that Roger wouldn't lie.

Jasmine, however, persisted, “Roger, you’re her husband, of course, you’d defend your wife. But there are family rules. If she is not disciplined, she’ll become even more arrogant in the future.”

Seizing the opportunity, Jasmine hoped Norman would quickly reprimand Sophie.

Sophie’s eyes darkened. She felt that Jasmine was a real troublemaker..

Last time, Sophie didn’t complain to Norman about the incident where Jasmine unintentionally caused harm to Roger. Yet, Jasmine was actively trying to provoke the situation this time.

Roger’s expression turned extremely ugly at this point, and he coldly turned towards Jasmine, saying, “I know my wife. You, an outsider, don’t need to meddle.” His icy words made the entire living room suddenly quiet.

Jasmine and Rebecca were both startled. They wondered when Roger became so powerful.

However, Jasmine quickly reacted and started to make a scene. “Norman, look. Last time, when you defended Roger, you said I was an outsider. Now he’s also saying that I’m an outsider too. I may **have** a different last name, but I’m not an outsider! How can he treat me like this? Is it because of

that woman?”

Seeing Jasmine accusing her, Sophie smiled and said, “Jasmine, your skill in shifting blame is truly unmatched. You can blame everything on me. Do you also want to say that your bad temper is my fault?”

Jasmine immediately said, “Yes! It’s because of you. Since you came to the Nicholls family, it’s been chaos. You’re like a jinx!”

Seeing Jasmine become more offensive, Norman couldn’t bear it anymore. “Enough! Things aren’t clear yet, and you’re making a fuss here. Shut up!”

With Norman’s shout, Jasmine was startled and immediately closed her mouth. She dared not cry

anymore.

Rebecca also didn't expect Norman to scold Jasmine and didn't dare to say much.

Norman then turned to Roger and said, "Roger, you're an honest kid. Tell me what really happened."

Although Roger's eyesight was poor, he wasn't blind to the truth. He wouldn't tell lies.

Seeing Norman willing to listen, Roger explained the situation succinctly.

This included what Laura said, Rebecca's reactions, and Laura's intention to push him, which resulted in his fall and injury. Even at the end, Ursa asked Sophie to donate blood to Laura.

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When he heard this, Norman's expression changed. "Donate b

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Sophie didn't expect that Norman could grasp the key point of the matter. She initially didn't intend to mention this matter, but in the end, she revealed the truth. "Actually, the Bourn family adopted me because my blood type matched Laura's. For all these years, no matter how my—health is, I have to give her blood every month. What outsiders see is just the Bourn family's kindness in raising me, but I believe I have a clear conscience toward the Bourn family."

Sophie showed no signs of seeking sympathy. Instead, she appeared strong and proud.

Norman's eyes gleamed with a touch of radiance. "The Bourn family is using your blood to save their daughter's life. Providing you with a good life is only natural."

Hearing Norman's words, Roger couldn't help but feel relieved. He knew Norman was a reasonable person and naturally understood who was in the wrong.

Jasmine became anxious and said, "Norman! How can you protect her like this?"

Norman was not lenient toward them. Whoever made a mistake, Norman would be the first to reprimand. Jasmine wondered why he indulged Sophie.

Rebecca also showed some reluctance, but it wasn't the time to speak up.

Sure enough, with a stern expression, Norman said, "Shut up! Just for the sake of quarreling with *the* younger generation, you're disregarding right and wrong. Understand this clearly! Sophie is already a member of our family, and you all need to support her. Got it?"

Jasmine became flustered. "When did I disregard right and wrong? Norman, how can you label me like this? Neither of **us** was present at the time. Shouldn't we hear both sides of the story? Sophie said that the Bourn family always asks her to give blood to Laura. Does she have any evidence?"

How cold Jasmine was! This kind of thing happening to Sophie was already tragic enough. Now she wanted evidence.

Roger's face darkened, and he said directly, "Grandpa, Laura pushed me and injured me. Mrs. Bourn forced Sophie to give blood to Laura. Both Rebecca and I were present, right, Rebecca?"

Roger spoke coldly. His eyes were still lifeless, and he didn't look at Rebecca.

Yet, Rebecca felt a sudden chill inexplicably. The situation wasn't favorable to her, and she couldn't afford to tell lies with wide-open eyes. Rebecca had to lower her head and say, "I was indeed present, and Mrs. Bourn did insist on having Sophie give blood to Laura, but Sophie refused." She still wanted to emphasize Sophie's indifference.

Unexpectedly, Norman, in a fit of anger, declared, "Sophie is already a member of the Nicholls family. How dare she ask Sophie to give blood to Laura? Dream on! Refusing was the right thing to do! Sophie, in the future, no matter who from the Bourn family asks for you, you are not allowed

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to meet them! Better **not** to return to such a family!”

If he had known about Sophie’s relationship with the Bourn family, Norman wouldn’t have agreed to let Roger and Sophie return to the Bourn family.

Surprisingly, Norman also defended her, and Sophie felt an indescribable warmth in her heart.

“Norman, are you going to cut ties with the Bourn family?” Jasmine was stunned. She thought, ‘Norman has always valued harmony. How could he easily fall out with one of the top ten families. like the Bourn **family**?’

Norman replied, “What’s the point of maintaining ties? Waiting for them to **use** a lady with a blood disease to get into the Nicholls family? No way!” He was already dissatisfied when they sent a paralyzed woman over. Fortunately, Sophie could still stand, but he would never accept a person with a genetic disease.

These words made Rebecca secretly relieved. Luckily, she had been clever before, exchanging Ronald for Roger. Otherwise, with Laura marrying into the family, her grandchildren might have been at risk of illness.

However, before she let go of her grudge completely, Norman gave her a cold look, saying, “You too. You’re already picking sides when you learn things. How can it be the fault of Roger and Sophie?”

Norman almost misunderstood Sophie and Roger because of her, and he couldn’t help but suspect that she had done it deliberately.

Rebecca quickly apologized, saying, “Norman, I was confused by the Bourn family. I only thought from the seniors’ perspective and didn’t consider Sophie’s hardships. If I had known, I wouldn’t have agreed with Jasmine’s suggestion to let them go to the Bourn family.”

Rebecca shifted the blame to Jasmine and accused her.

Jasmine was bewildered. “What are you saying?” She had always been the one speaking, with Rebecca echoing her. She wondered why Rebecca didn’t support her today.

Rebecca gave her a nudge and quickly said, “Jasmine, don’t say anything more. Norman hasn’t blamed us. After all, we were well-intentioned.”

Jasmine glared at her, feeling slightly better and turning her gaze.

Sophie found this scene amusing. She had thought that the hot-tempered Jasmine would be the most difficult to deal with. Now she realized that Jasmine was just a tool. Rebecca was really good at manipulating people.

Norman, seeing Rebecca say this, could only scold them halfheartedly, “Since you have realized your mistakes, don’t give unnecessary suggestions! Don’t mention the matters of the Bourn family

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in the future! Sophie has married into the Nicholls family, and you all need to support her. Understand?”

With Norman’s admonition, Jasmine looked unconvinced. However, Jasmine thought, ‘Support her? She is more eloquent than me. Where does she need help?’ But Rebecca pulled her, and she had to quickly agree, “Got it.”

Rebecca also nodded. “Okay.”

Norman finally relaxed his brow, then turned to Sophie and Roger, saying, “You’re tired too. Go rest. I’m going upstairs.”

“Okay,” Roger responded.

After Norman left, they didn’t want to linger. Roger directly pushed Sophie upstairs.

Jasmine couldn’t help spitting at their backs. She murmured, “I couldn’t believe that Norman asked me to help that damn woman! Dream on! Sooner or later, I’ll personally kick her out of the house!” Sophie had never been pleasing to her. Jasmine thought the Nicholls family couldn’t tolerate her either.

Rebecca, on the other hand, secretly sighed in relief. She was glad that today's crisis had passed. It would be good not to have any ties with the Bourn family in the future.

Once Roger and Sophie returned to their room, he poured her a glass of water.

Sitting on the sofa, Sophie took a sip of hot water and sighed. "Thank you for speaking up for me just now." If Roger hadn't spoken up for her, Norman probably wouldn't have patiently listened to her explanation.

Roger frowned and said, "Didn't we agree not to thank each other?"

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Sophie paused and then replied, "I did agree not to thank you, but today I really want to thank you. sincerely for your support. Whether it's in the Bourn family or the Nicholls family..." He had been standing in front of her, accompanying her all the way. It **felt** really good.

Knowing that she sincerely wanted to express her gratitude, Roger slowly said, "No need to thank. You've also stood

up for me. We can be considered comrades, right?"

Hearing him use this peculiar word, Sophie couldn't help but laugh. "Comrades? Your choice of words is quite unique."

Roger looked at her with a smile, and the corners of his mouth couldn't help but lift. "Isn't it?"

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Sophie smiled. "Yes. Although using this term between husband and wife is strange, it's indeed quite fitting."

Roger remained silent, lowering his head to drink water.

Sophie's gaze couldn't help but shift to the window. "I wonder how things are going on the Bourn family's side."

Although Laura's injury was minor, her wound wasn't healing, and she would definitely need a blood transfusion.

"Her situation has nothing to do with you anymore." Seeing that Sophie still had some softness, Roger coldly stopped her thoughts.

Sophie sighed bitterly. "I know. This is what I've always wanted, but we are humans. Who can be without feelings? Despite Laura being hateful, I also want her to keep alive."

Seeing Sophie's concern, Roger thought for a moment before saying. "As long as you want, I can try to contact the blood bank for them."

Sophie was momentarily speechless. She didn't expect Roger to see through her thoughts. However, based solely on her own wishes, she couldn't do this on her own. Because in a wealthy place like Habourland, there were too many people who could get things done with money. Connections and power were the keys.

Over the years, she hadn't been able to escape from the Bourn family because she knew that even if she had the money to escape, she wouldn't have the ability to ensure her safety. Moreover, revealing her wealth could harm her security. While Roger was blind, he was precisely the person with wealth and connections.

"Should I offer help?" Seeing her silence, Roger thought she was hesitating.

Sophie

took a deep breath and finally said, "Yes. As Rebecca said, they did raise me for so many years. I'll consider it as repaying their parental kindness for the last time. I will repay this favor to you sooner or later."

Roger elegantly shook his head and said, "We're husband and wife. What is there to talk about repaying kindness? I can help them. Consider it a reward for them bringing you to me."

His eyes, for some reason, seemed somewhat profound. His words were so gentle that they warmed her heart.

Roger actually thought her coming to him was a good thing. And he wanted to repay the Bourn family for it. Maybe he really thought so. Unexplainably, Sophie felt a bit happy. It seemed like the first time someone thought that her arrival was not a burden but a sweetness.

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Without saying more, Roger picked up the phone and called Dillon to help find a blood bank.

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After hanging up, Roger said, "Don't worry.

We'll get

it."

Sophie smiled. "Just do your best. Whether there's blood or not, it's Laura's fate... She could have stood by, and now she had done her utmost.

"True." Roger smiled, took a sip of water, and asked, "Do you want a cup of coffee?"

"Sure." She was getting used to enjoying quiet moments with him now.

However, in the hospital, things were not going well for the Bourn family.

Since Laura entered the emergency room, Russell **and** Ursa had been on the verge of collapse. Because Laura's bleeding was just as they expected, it couldn't be stopped, and it took half an hour to barely control the bleeding. However, Laura had lost too much blood and had fallen into a coma.

Without Sophie, they couldn't directly give blood to Laura. Russell was desperate. He contacted various blood banks but cursed when he found that there was no Rh-negative trait available. After all, there was a perennial shortage of this blood group, and he knew it. Now, he could only call others to contact other blood banks.

Seeing he was about to continue making calls, Ursa was on the brink of collapse. "Why

were you so spineless just now? If you had forcibly brought Sophie here, Laura could be saved now.”

“Are you crazy? Didn’t you see Roger’s attitude? He protected Sophie so much. Do you think we can succeed if we clash with him?”

“So what if he can protect Sophie? He’s just blind! Can’t you beat him?” Ursa looked at Russell as if he were a coward.

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Russell couldn’t take it anymore and said urgently, “Are you you see Roger was Norman’s most beloved grandson before he went blind? Even if he’s blind, he still has the ability to deal with us! If I really have a conflict with Roger, the entire Bourn family will be finished. By then, who will pay for Laura’s medical expenses? You?”

Scolded by Russell, Ursa finally sobered **up** a bit. Offending the Nicholls family would indeed have serious consequences. She asked, “What can we do now? If we can’t find blood, won’t we have to call her here? Should you call her to win her sympathy?”

It had been Russell who had protected Sophie all these years, and at home, even if Sophie had been disrespectful to both Ursa and Laura, she would have listened to Russell once in a while. Perhaps Sophie would not be **so** unsympathetic to him at the moment.

Russell mocked with a smile, “When I carried Laura out earlier, what were you doing? You even forced her to come and give blood. Do you think she will come even if we ask her now? Ursa, with your lousy tactics, I told you to shut up before. Did you listen? Now, you want me to clean up the

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trouble for you? Dream on!” He ignored Ursa and turned around to continue making calls.

Ursa couldn't help but feel extremely wronged. "Why are you shouting at me? I'm doing this for our daughter!"

The two of them kept shouting in the hallway.

Dillon walked over with a gloomy expression. He didn't understand why Roger asked him to help such a couple. At this point, they were still thinking about getting Sophie to donate blood. However, since he was here, he could only obey orders.

Taking a few steps forward, he coldly said, "Mr. Russell, right?"

When called by name, Russell was stunned and immediately put down the phone, saying, "Yes, you

are....

Dillon coldly responded, "Mr. Roger asked me to come and deliver plasma." With that, he handed a thermos box to Russell.

"Plasma?" Russell was momentarily stunned. "Are you Roger's man?"

Seeing he wasn't clueless, Dillon responded coldly, "Yes. This is the plasma that matches Miss Bourn's blood type. Mr. Roger had me contact all the blood banks and medical laboratories in Habourland to get this much. Please cherish its use."

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Upon hearing that it was his daughter's life-saving plasma, Russell immediately took it, but he was still dazed. "But why would Mr. Roger help me?"

Ursa couldn't help but pat Russell. "Why are you asking the reason? He must feel guilty! Consider him having a bit of a conscience. Give Laura a blood transfusion!" Saying this, Ursa grabbed the

thermos **box**.

Seeing her attitude, Dillon couldn't help but snort and convey Roger's words. He said, "Mr. Roger said that this is to thank you for bringing Sophie to him and he returned the favor to you, but only t

his once. This is not a precedent. Please don't think about his wife in the future. Otherwise, I guarantee that you won't find plasma that Miss Bourn can use even if you search the entire country..."

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Dillon's eyes were fierce when he said the last words. And his words instantly pierced through Russell's and Ursa's hearts, making them shudder involuntarily. They didn't know who Dillon was, and they just knew that his gaze looked so terrifying.

Seeing the couple bewildered, Dillon then softened his gaze and said, "I've delivered the message. Mr. Bourn, Mrs. Bourn, take care." After speaking, Dillon turned around and left arrogantly.

Russell and Ursa exchanged a glance, still with lingering fear in their hearts.

"Who is this person and why is he so frightening?" Even the usually impolite Ursa found him somewhat alarming.

"I don't know, but anyone around Roger must be extraordinary." Russell breathed a sigh of relief, then turned and said, "Stop standing there, go quickly and get blood for our daughter!"

"Yes!" Ursa replied. They almost forgot the main task due to the scare.

Ursa quickly handed the item to the nurse.

Russell stood where he was alone, looking at Dillon's departing figure, wiping off sweat. 'It seemed that Sophie had changed a lot, he thought. With Roger backing her, they could no longer control her.

Time passed quickly. Sophie spent the afternoon rehabilitating with Roger's support. She was noticeably anxious as she couldn't rehabilitate in the morning. After taking only a ten-minute break midway, she resumed the exercises.

Roger was very patient, accompanying her tirelessly. Although he had only been with her for two days, her progress was remarkable.

Sophie couldn't help but exclaim, "Having someone accompany my rehabilitation does indeed yield excellent results."

Roger gently curved his lips, and compared to focusing on rehabilitation, he seemed to enjoy Sophie's continuous touch on his arm.

After walking for a while, Sophie suddenly let go and said, "I've practiced enough. I want to try walking back to the sofa by myself. Is that okay?"

When he felt her hand letting go, Roger's heart inexplicably felt lost, but he could only nod. "Sure. Be careful." He agreed, but he still walked alongside her.

Sophie released her grip on the wall, wanting to try walking back to the sofa without relying on anyone, which was her goal for the day.

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Taking a deep breath, Sophie took the first step. The pain in her legs made her hold her breath, preventing herself from collapsing immediately.

"Are you okay?" Roger asked as he sensed her struggling breath.

"Yes..." she took a breath and replied, and her feet involuntarily took the second step. It was closer, another step closer. "Sophie, you can do it!" she thought.

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Trying to boost her own morale, Sophie felt her legs stiffening, but she still forced herself to take another step. However, after just half a step, she lost her balance, and she suddenly fell toward the coffee table.

"Ah!" Sophie exclaimed. Knowing that she couldn't dodge in time, she was sure to be scratched by the glass coffee table.

But at that moment, a strong arm caught her around the waist! Then, with a spin, he directly lifted her out of the danger zone and held her in his broad embrace.

“Are you okay?” Roger’s voice resounded in her ears.

Sophie, in shock, lifted her head to look at him. At that moment, his eyes seemed somewhat tense while looking at her. In that instant, her heart trembled slightly. She thought, ‘Can he see me? Otherwise, how could he accurately catch me when I was quite a distance from him?’

Caught in her gaze, Roger suddenly sensed something. His eyes instantly returned to their usual dullness, and he pretended to be surprised, saying, “It’s a good thing that I’ve been following behind you. What if I didn’t touch you and you got hurt?”

“You’ve been following me?” Sophie stared at him suspiciously. Her eyebrows furrowed.

Roger sensed her doubt, but his tone remained calm. “Yes. I can hear your breath and analyze your direction. So whenever **you** call, I reach out to help you.” His gaze shifted away from her, no longer looking at her.

Sophie, unwilling to give up, extended her hand and waved it in front of him. But she found that he had absolutely no reaction to her hand.

Sophie wondered if she was overly suspicious. But Roger saved her several times before: He could catch her with such precision every time.

“What are you thinking? Did you get hurt?” Roger asked in a gentle voice, interrupting her thoughts. Roger frowned deeply, seemingly quite nervous.

Sophie sighed. She thought perhaps it was because of her cry that he rushed over.

As a blind person, Roger could freely move around the house with such accuracy. He was indeed more exceptional and outstanding than an ordinary person. Sophie didn’t know what he couldn’t.

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Thinking of this, Sophie didn't delve deeper. After all, if he could see, he would know that she wasn't injured, and there was no need to be so nervous.

"Don't worry. I'm not hurt. You saved me in time. Otherwise, I would have fallen onto the coffee table and got hurt." She teased with a playful smile.

Roger's expression, however, became serious, and he didn't find it amusing. "Wait for me a moment. I'll have someone remove the coffee table now."

"What? There's no need..." Sophie felt it was a bit exaggerated.

But Roger directly helped her to the sofa, saying, "Wait for me."

"Roger..." Sophie wanted to stop him. But Roger had already gone out and called for Willard.

After a while, Willard brought two bodyguards upstairs and directly took away the glass coffee table. Aside from the coffee table, all the items that could potentially harm her, like vases and glass cups, were taken away and replaced with wooden ones.

After everything was taken away, Willard looked at Sophie sitting on the sofa and said, "Mrs. Sophie, I've removed the items. You don't have to worry about getting hurt anymore."

"Actually, I didn't..." Sophie wanted to explain.

But with a glance at the gloomy Roger nearby, Willard understood everything. "I know. Mr. Roger is worried about you. Mrs. Sophie, you're so fortunate. Mr. Roger has never cared so much about anyone. You're the first."

After speaking, Willard turned and walked out of the room. He really saw it. Since the first day they met, Roger treated Sophie differently. In the future, Willard must not treat Sophie lightly.

With everything removed, Sophie felt a bit embarrassed as she said to Roger, "It's really not necessary to be so exaggerated."

Roger calmly sat down beside her and said, "Anything related to your safety is not an exaggeration."

He spoke calmly. But his words warmed Sophie's heart.

Roger couldn't **see** anything, but he was too good at speaking. What he said was heartwarming, yet very domineering. It made Sophie inexplicably happy.

But on the surface, Sophie couldn't help but playfully tease, "You have such a sweet mouth. If your eyes were fine, you would definitely be a playboy."

Roger heard her teasing tone and suddenly leaned toward her. "What? Are you scared I'll leave once

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Roger suddenly approached Sophie, the distance closing to the point where their noses were about to touch. This closeness instantly made Sophie's heart tremble slightly.

"He can't see how close we are, so he won't be nervous," she thought. Sophie was so nervous that she held her breath.

She quickly stepped back, moved out of his range, turned around, and said, "I'm not afraid. If you want to run, you can do it now. There are plenty of women who want to marry into the Nicholls family."

However, Roger wouldn't let her go. He reached out, found her chin, pinched it, and forced her to turn to him, saying, "You're quite self-aware. But you need to put in some effort to keep me."

Sophie was almost enchanted by his seductive tone. Despite the fact that he was blind, Sophie felt that she almost fell for him when she looked into his eyes.

Before she could answer, Roger tentatively approached her face. Sophie felt that Roger was getting closer, and her mind went blank.

However, **just as** their lips were about to touch, Sophie suddenly came back to reality. She quickly turned her head and angrily said, "I don't have time for th

at! It's you who should think of keeping me if you don't want me to leave you once my legs are healed!"

After saying that, Sophie unexpectedly pulled over the wheelchair beside the sofa and struggled to sit on it. Then she wheeled the wheelchair and hurriedly left.

Sophie, who usually preferred staying upstairs and didn't like going downstairs, drove away in a wheelchair.

Roger's eyes regained a playful look, and he smirked with a hand supporting the back of the sofa. He murmured, "Her refusing to show weakness is quite interesting." In her eyes, if he left her, he would be bullied by others.

"Well, this game is quite interesting. I can continue playing for a while, Roger thought. Being protected by a woman felt good.

Soon, it was dark outside. Even though Jasmine was a bit upset at noon, she prepared a large table of delicious dishes in the evening.

As soon as Sophie came downstairs and **saw** such a feast, she knew that Thomas must have returned.

Otherwise, Jasmine, who had always **eaten** plain and simple food since Sophie married into the Nicholls family, wouldn't have gone to such lengths with these delicious dishes.

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Sophie had always been a thorn in Jasmine's eyes, but she didn't care about Sophie and Roger today. She kept her eyes on the kitchen where the dishes were being prepared.

Sure enough, not long after Sophie and Roger sat down, Thomas and Norman came down from upstairs.

Damian was on the other side of Norman, and Roger and Thomas supported Norman on both sides.

Norman looked at Thomas and Damian with a face full of affection. Even someone meeting them for the first time could sense that they must be most favored by Norman.

Seeing her husband and son accompanying Norman downstairs, Jasmine quickly greeted them, "Norman, did you miss Thomas so much during his absence? You look so happy to see him."

Since Sophie married into the family, Jasmine had been quite frustrated. It had been a long time since she had such a glamorous moment.

Norman glanced at her, and without hiding his smile, said to her, "Yes, and Thomas brought back good news for me."

Thomas, skilled in socializing, always managed to secure cooperation during his business trips, almost becoming Norman's trump card.

Jasmine's eyes lit up. "Could it be that he secured the cooperation project with Smartaid Company?"

Damian immediately smiled and nodded. "Yes."

Jasmine was ecstatic. "Oh, my dear! That's fantastic! It's a project that top domestic companies have been eyeing! Thomas actually negotiated it successfully?"

Thomas smiled modestly. "Thanks to Mr. Harris's support. The cooperation proposals provided by Dad were feasible. So, the negotiations went smoothly. The contract has been signed."

Thomas had a triumphant smile, and Damian also looked proud.

Norman patted Thomas—on the shoulder and said, "Well done, Thomas. I need to reward you for this."

“Thank you, Grandpa, but I don’t need anything now. Besides, working for the family company is my duty, and I don’t need a reward.” Thomas was extremely humble in front of Norman.

However, Ronald thought it was a mockery. “Tsk. Thomas indeed lacks nothing. He’s already the vice president of the company, and he can afford houses, cars, and luxury watches

himself. Grandpa, why not give me something? Thomas doesn’t lack these things, but I do.”

Before

he could finish, Rebecca kicked him under the table and said, “Shut up.” She thought,

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‘Doesn’t Ronald see how much Norman favors Thomas today? His sarcasm is simply inappropriate.

“Mom, I...” Ronald wanted to say more but was directly glared at by Rebecca. He couldn’t help but furrow his brow. He didn’t know what was poor. He thought, ‘Didn’t she tacitly allow me to mock Thomas before? Why doesn’t she let me speak today?’”

Norman glared at him, coldly snorted, and said, “Do you think you deserve it? All you do every day is go out and revel. If you can be like Thomas and contribute something meaningful to the company, I’ll give you a car!”

Ronald got

Upon hearing this

“Sure! Grandpa, then make me a vice president too. I can also go out and negotiate business deals! As long as I act as the vice president of the Nicholls Group, I guarantee that I can secure many collaborations.”

Seeing Ronald getting more enthusiastic, Rebecca gave him a slap and said, “What nonsense are you talking about?”

Ronald became anxious. “Mom, why hit me? Did I say something wrong? Thomas is just taking

advantage of the situation! With the identity of the vice president of the Nicholls Group, does he need to make an effort to negotiate collaborations? He's simply reaping the benefits!"

Ronald's words immediately made the atmosphere in the living room awkward.

Rebecca was furious. She slapped him a few more times and said, "Doesn't your grandpa know about that? All you do is talk. Get upstairs and don't ruin everyone's mood!"

After receiving a few slaps, Ronald became annoyed. "Fine. I'll leave! Who wants to attend this hypocritical dinner? It's something anyone can do. What's there to boast about?"

His final words were directed at Thomas. Damian's and Jasmine's expressions immediately turned ugly. But before they could react, Ronald knocked over a chair and turned to leave.

"Norman! Look at Ronald's attitude!" Jasmine complained, pointing at Ronald's retreating figure.

Norman was also stunned, just about to scold him.

However, before Norman could get angry, Rebecca stood up and said, "You little rascal! You're getting more and more unruly! I have to give you..." Before she could finish her words, she clutched her chest in pain.

Humphrey sensed that something was wrong. He exclaimed and quickly supported her. "Rebecca! What's wrong? Is your heart bothering you?"

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Chapter 36

Posted by **AdminM**, 461 Views, Released on March 18, 2024

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Rebecca, at this point, couldn't find words to say.

Even Emily, who usually didn't care about anything, became nervous and quickly handed a glass of water, saying, "Mom, are you okay?"

Norman, seeing Rebecca in such a state, had to suppress his anger and asked, "How are you feeling? Should you go to the hospital?"

Rebecca had a heart condition, and everyone in the family knew about it.

As if not wanting everyone's concern, Rebecca, supporting her weak body, shook her head weakly and said, "No, I'm fine... Norman, Thomas just came back. Don't let my situation ruin your mood. You all eat. I'll go upstairs and rest for a while."

Norman sighed, showing impatience, and waved his hand. "Alright. Have a rest. Rebecca was already in such a state. Norman couldn't say anything more to her.

Rebecca, feeling embarrassed, lowered her eyes and whispered to Humphrey, "Could you help me upstairs?"

"Sure. Apologetically looking at Norman, Damian, and Jasmine, Humphrey said, "Dad, Damian, Jasmine, I won't be joining you for dinner tonight. I'll take Rebecca upstairs first."

Jasmine was full of resentment at this moment, but she couldn't express her anger with a single word. She could only watch as Humphrey and Rebecca went upstairs.

Seeing her parents and brother going upstairs, Emily, without saying a word, also followed.

Sophie, witnessing this exciting scene, couldn't help but feel happy silently.

Rebecca was impressive. She managed to leave without a trace, escaping unscathed. The family of four didn't stay to see Thomas bragging about himself. All of them left. Clearly, they didn't want to see Jasmine stealing the spotlight.

The atmosphere remained awkward. Thomas, however, broke the silence and said, "Grandpa, I'm hungry. Let's eat." He cleverly avoided mentioning what Ronald had said, diverting everyone's attention, and asked them to take their seats.

Sophie couldn't help but smile playfully. Every member of the family had ulterior motives. It was quite amusing.

“Alright. Sit down quickly.” Norman immediately invited Thomas and Damian to sit, while Jasmine, wearing a gloomy expression, sat across from Damian.

Jasmine had prepared lots of dishes, planning to flaunt her son’s return. However, Rebecca

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unexpectedly took the whole family away. Jasmine suddenly lost the joy of showing off.

“Rebecca is really outrageous. She can’t even control her son. A perfectly good dinner has been ruined!” Jasmine complained.

Ronald even dared to mock Jasmine’s son, saying that Thomas only secured the collaboration using the identity of the vice president. It was simply too much.

Damian furrowed his brows and said, “Alright. Let’s eat. Don’t spoil the mood.”

Thomas cleverly avoided bringing up the topic. But Jasmine wouldn’t shut up.

Jasmine gritted her teeth and glared at Damian. Jasmine was very dissatisfied that when Humphrey and Rebecca spoke, Damian never said a word and only scolded her.

Noticing the unusual look in his mother’s eyes, Thomas quickly said to Jasmine, “Mom, you’ve prepared many dishes I like. Thank you for your efforts.”

Hearing her son’s gratitude, Jasmine immediately raised her chin, regaining a bit of her composure. “Oh, it’s no trouble. You haven’t been home for a while, and you must be uncomfortable with the food and living conditions abroad. You must be exhausted as well. I just wanted to treat you to something delicious.”

Jasmine took advantage of the opportunity to highlight the difficulties Thomas faced. While saying this, she even picked up a piece of food and handed it to him.

Norman also tacitly agreed with her words, saying to Thomas, “Your mom is right, Thomas. You’ve worked **hard.**”

Thomas smiled and shook his head. “It’s my pleasure to help the company.”

Sophie, no longer interested in their playacting, took the opportunity of their conversation to turn to Roger. “There are so many delicious dishes today. Chicken wings, barbecue, oatmeal, pudding... What would you like to eat?”

Suggesting a few dishes that Roger might like, Sophie waited for his choice..

Roger smiled. “Chicken wings, and a bit of pudding.”

“Alright,” Sophie replied and sweetly smiled, helping Roger to the food.

Jasmine, who had been accompanying her son to enjoy Norman’s praises, didn’t notice that Sophie had been picking up dishes. When she came back to her mind, she realized that Thomas’s favorite chicken wings had been taken.

The anger she had been holding back seemed to have found an outlet. She couldn’t help but say to Daisy, “Rebecca can’t control her son, but Daisy, you used to be a refined young lady. You shouldn’t

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have trouble managing your son and daughter-in-law, right?”

Daisy, who had been quietly drinking her soup, was suddenly called out. She frowned and said, “Jasmine, what do you mean?” ‘Did I offend Jasmine somehow? Why the weird sarcasm?’ Daisy thought.

Seeing Daisy still pretending to be innocent, Jasmine straightforwardly said, “What do I mean? Everyone at home knows that chicken wings are Thomas’s favorite dish. We’ve only chatted for a while, and the chicken wings are about to be eaten up!”

Jasmine’s words immediately drew everyone’s attention to Sophie and Roger.

Coincidentally, Sophie still had a chicken wing in her hand. She had just served three to Roger and took two for herself. With such a large plate of chicken wings, Jasmine exaggerated and said they were about to eat up the chicken wings.

Seeing Sophie's stunned expression while eating chicken wings, Thomas couldn't help but find it amusing. He casually teased, "It's alright. If Sophie likes chicken wings, let her eat more. Willard, bring the chicken wings over to Roger and Sophie."

This gesture seemed generous, but the servants' gazes at Sophie changed. It seemed as if she didn't understand propriety, fighting over chicken wings with others.

Sophie simply put down the chicken wings, gracefully saying to Thomas, "No need. I probably don't like chicken wings as much as Thomas does. He likes them to the point where the whole family has to yield to him. I wonder if Thomas was also quite possessive when he was a child. Jasmine still treats him like a child even now."

Sophie was smiling, but her words were sharp. Actually, she was telling the truth. Everyone in the house knew that Thomas liked chicken wings because he used to be quite possessive when he was a child. As long as a plate of chicken wings was served, they all had to be his. Even his brothers. weren't allowed to eat them.

As Thomas **grew** older, he became a bit better and stopped fighting over them, but Ronald and Roger developed habits and seldom ate chicken wings. If it weren't for Sophie serving them to Roger today, Roger probably wouldn't have eaten them.

The dining room suddenly fell silent, and Sophie couldn't help but smile even more. "Why does Thomas have that expression? Could it be that I hit the nail on the head? I was just joking. There are so many wings left. We're all over thirty years old. We should learn to share."

With that, Sophie, with an elegant smile, picked up a chicken wing and took a bite.

Thomas's smile was about to crack. Sophie's words seemed to suggest that if he didn't yield a little, he would be unjust to his age of over thirty. But if he did,

it meant he was indeed too possessive when he was young. He thought Sophie was not simple.

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Chapter 37

Posted by **AdminM**, 450 Views, Released on March 18, 2024

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Damian saw that Thomas was unable to speak and quickly smiled to defuse the situation, saying, “Thomas hasn’t met her yet. This is Roger’s wife, Sophie.”

Without waiting for Thomas to respond, Sophie said, “We met during the day at the restaurant. Thomas was just having dinner with his friends and ran into us. He came over to greet us.”

Damian, observing the situation, glanced at Thomas and asked, “You’ve met before?” He thought, “How come Thomas never mentioned it?”

Thomas nodded and said, “Yes. We did meet during the day.”

It was just that at that time, he didn’t expect Sophie to be so sharp-tongued. But he didn’t say that. He just smiled mischievously. “Since Roger lost his eyesight, he rarely goes out for meals. I happened to run into him and his wife at the restaurant, so I went over to say hello out of curiosity.”

Norman, upon hearing that Sophie went out for dinner with Roger, brightened up. “Sophie, you went out for dinner with Roger?”

Sophie immediately smiled. “Yes. It’s a newly opened restaurant, and I wanted Roger to try it.”

“He went out to have dinner with you?” Norman’s eyes showed some disbelief.

“Yes.” Sophie blinked suspiciously. “Is there a problem?”

Although Roger had mentioned that he rarely went out for meals, Norman shouldn't be so shocked.

Norman laughed heartily. "Good. You did well. The last time Roger went out for dinner was three years **ago**. Back then, I had to force him to accompany me to have dinner outside. Now, he actually went out with you. Indeed, having a wife makes a difference. Roger, go out more in the future. I

support you."

Since Roger lost his eyesight, his personality became peculiar. Apart from his daily walks, he rarely socialized, let alone went out for leisure. Norman thought Roger was not normal anymore. Now, Roger was married and actually took his wife out for dinner. It was like a rare event.

"Three years ago... Sophie finally understood what surprised Norman. **She** thought, 'Is it normal for a person not to go out for meals for three years?'

Roger

nodded slightly and said, "Understood, Grandpa. With Sophie by my side, I'll go out more."

Norman nodded contentedly.

Jasmine, on the side, was now stunned. Just a moment ago, she was about to reprimand them for taking too many chicken wings. How come Norman was now praising them instead?

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"Norman, that's not what we were talking about..." Jasmine wanted to correct the topic.

But Norman frowned. "Alright. Let's eat. It's just a plate of chicken wings, ask the chef to make another one. If they like to eat chicken wings, make a bit more next time. Besides, there is still a lot on this plate, and you're a grown-up. Don't be so petty. Let's eat."

No one dared to answer back. Norman's words made both Jasmine and Thomas feel a bit awkward.

Damian couldn't help but sigh. Thomas was supposed to receive praise from Norman today for bringing good news. Instead, Thomas was continuously mocked by Rebecca and overshadowed by Sophie and Roger. Damian couldn't help but cast a slightly dark look at Sophie. He thought, "What she did was just to have a meal with Roger. How does it seem like her achievement surpasses Thomas's?" His eyes narrowed, and he suddenly realized Norman seemed to care a lot about Roger.

Thomas should have had a happy dinner, but now it turned into an awkward situation. Even if Thomas wanted to speak again, he adhered to the family tradition and remained silent during dinner. Only Sophie and Roger were exceptions. This made him involuntarily glance at Sophie again. He had only been away for a few days. He thought, 'How did Roger's family dynamics change so much with Sophie's arrival? What means did she use?'

After dinner, Roger and Sophie went upstairs together.

Sophie entered the room and couldn't help but chuckle. She said, "Your family is really interesting. It looks like Damian's branch is the most glorious, but in terms of scheming, Jasmine can't beat Rebecca. Thomas is also interesting. He seems successful in his career, liked by Norman, but he even wants to protect a plate of chicken wings. How childish."

The fact that these people could gather together was truly amazing.

Roger coldly smiled. "Indeed, interesting." He didn't originally plan to eat chicken wings, but today, he wanted to mess with Thomas's food. Unexpectedly, Thomas fell into the trap.

Moreover, Sophie's performance didn't disappoint Roger. With a few decent words, she managed to embarrass Thomas.

"I originally planned to just taste two pieces. But when I saw his appearance, I couldn't help but eat a few more. Jasmine even stared at me later, making me enjoy it even more." Sophie didn't care how Jasmine looked at her. The more Jasmine stared, the more delicious the wings became.

Sophie raised her chin in a proud way, and Roger found her very cute. “If you like it, eat more.”

Looking at Roger, Sophie, with a proud smile, said, “It’s not about liking to eat. I want to seek fairness. From now on, no one in this house will have exclusive dishes.”

She had experienced enough in the Bourn family and didn’t want Roger to go through the same as she did in her family. She was adopted into the Bourn family, but he wasn’t. He was Norman’s biological grandson. Among the three grandchildren, there shouldn’t be favoritism.

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Facing the indignant Sophie, Roger couldn’t help but appreciate her more. “You’re right.”

Sophie, being approved, smiled triumphantly. “From now on, tell me what you want to eat, and I’ll have the chef make it.”

Being pampered by her, Roger smiled. “Okay.”

The night arrived. Sophie leaned against the bedside and opened her computer. Seeing that Night had sent her some investigation information about the Dawson family, she had mixed feelings.

After contemplating for a while, she opened the chat box and left a message for Night. She sent, [Night, help me investigate Evelyn again. If she’s not from the Dawson family, I need to find out her background.] If Sophie were to reclaim her position, she needed to know who had taken her place.

She thought that Night might be sleeping at this time. But unexpectedly, he replied immediately. [Already looking into it.]

Sophie’s heart couldn’t help but warm slightly. Night was truly good to her. Before she could speak, he had already thought of it for her.

If Sophie hadn’t clung to Night on the hacker forum, she might have died in the Bourn family a long time ago.

Night knew about her situation and provided her with a lot of study materials, which not only improved her hacking skills but also taught her about investments, finance, and design. Almost everything she learned was taught by him. He even helped Sophie find a way to leave the Bourn family. If it weren't for him, Sophie might have been confined to the Bourn family for the rest of her life.

Sophie sent, [Night, thank you so much. If it weren't for you, I probably wouldn't have escaped the Bourn family in my lifetime. Let's meet when I can move freely.]

Falling For My “Disabled” Wife by Veronica Winifred

Chapter 38

Posted by **AdminM**, 462 Views, Released on March 18, 2024

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For someone who had helped her so much, Sophie genuinely wanted to meet him in person and prepare a generous gift as thanks.

Unexpectedly, there **was** silence for quite a while on the other side.

Just

when she thought Night might not reply, she suddenly received a response, which read, [When the time is right, we will meet.]

Sophie's heart suddenly warmed, but at the same time, she felt that Night's words seemed to carry a hidden meaning. However, she didn't care. As long as there was a chance to meet, Sophie would definitely express her gratitude to Night.

These days, Sophie's most important task was to focus on rehabilitation and prepare for Norman's birthday banquet.

At midnight, Sophie didn't know if it was due to the intensive rehabilitation these past few days, and she surprisingly felt hungry in the middle of the night. After she endured the hunger for a while, her stomach actually growled.

Helpless, Sophie had to sit up and search for something to eat at the bedside. Unfortunately, since she arrived **at** this house, there was no stash of snacks.

“Alas, if I had known, I should have bought some snacks when I went out during the day,” she muttered to herself. Sophie decided to go downstairs to find something to eat.

She glanced in the direction of the study. Roger seemed to be sleeping soundly. Not wanting to disturb him, she quietly supported her body, got out of bed, and slowly wheeled her wheelchair out

of the room.

Fortunately, her wheelchair was already silent, making little noise. She quietly slipped out of the room after gently closing the door. Little did she know that in the darkness, Roger slowly opened

his eyes.

Sophie **took** the elevator downstairs and arrived at the kitchen. Because it was midnight, there weren't many people in the kitchen. She breathed a sigh of relief and wheeled her chair into the kitchen. Looking around, she actually found a pack of bread.

“Not bad. Someone left a pack of bread for me,” she murmured. Although there were snacks at home, she didn't know where the servants kept them, **so** finding a pack of bread was already good.

But eating plain bread was not very appetizing. Sophie decided to open the refrigerator to look for peanut butter.

“It's up there.” Seeing the peanut butter on the top shelf, Sophie took a deep breath and supported her body to stand up.

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“This is peanut butter, right?” She looked at the label to confirm.

Suddenly, a hand reached from behind, directly taking a can of beer in front of her.

“Who’s there?” Sophie was startled, instinctively turning around, but her eyes collided with Thomas’s. She suddenly felt a thud in her heart. “It’s you?”

Thomas’s eyes were sizing her up and down at this moment. He trapped her between the wheelchair and the refrigerator and leisurely opened the beer.

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“This question should be asked by me. Sophie, you really hid it well. You’re not disabled?” Thomas assessed her legs, then coldly took a sip of beer.

Sophie only now realized that only Jasmine, Rebecca, and Norman knew that she could stand up. Thomas had no knowledge of this. She quickly sat down and replied calmly, “I never said I was disabled.”

Thomas spoke harshly, which really annoyed Sophie. Disregarding him, she turned to leave, intending to eat the bread at the dining table.

Unexpectedly, Thomas went to the refrigerator again, took out a pack of snacks, and sat down next

to her.

Feeling him approaching her without reason, Sophie felt some repulsion. But she could only continue eating, hoping he would finish quickly and leave.

“Tsk. Having bread for a midnight snack. How unappetizing!” Thomas coldly teased.

Sophie rolled her eyes and said, “I only found bread. I didn’t see any other snacks.”

Thomas raised an eyebrow. When Sophie was sharp-tongued and annoying, he didn’t like her. But seeing her eating bread so plainly, he felt that she was pitiful.

Helplessly,

Thomas took out a few packs of biscuits and snacks from a drawer behind him, holding the beer, and handed them to Sophie. “Snacks are here. You can come here when you’re hungry in

the future.”

Sophie instinctively caught the snacks that he threw at her, and she felt a bit stunned. She thought, 'He actually helped me find something to eat.'

Thomas saw her puzzled expression. Thomas smirked and said, "After all, we're family. I won't poison you."

Sophie naturally knew he wouldn't poison her. She opened the snacks and mumbled, "I just thought you wouldn't be so kind"

Thomas couldn't help but frown. "We've only met for the first day, and you've concluded that I'm

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not a good person?"

Sophie coldly snorted and replied. "For people from prominent families, self-interest comes first. What is a good person? Just someone who is beneficial to themselves."

As she spoke, she opened a packet of biscuits and took a bite. Biscuits do taste better than bread, Sophie thought.

Hearing her words, Thomas couldn't help but feel intrigued by Sophie's casual remarks. "You are right, my presence is indeed detrimental to Daisy's branch, and naturally I am not considered a good person in your mind."

Sophie smiled, finding Thomas quite self-aware. Without saying anything more, Sophie focused on eating, intending to finish quickly and leave.

Thomas also remained silent, just drinking his beer, then taking out two more cans, sitting next to Sophie, and continuing to drink. At this moment, he seemed to have lost the arrogance of the daytime. His eyes were deep, and between his brows, there was a hint of melancholy.

Seeing this, Sophie couldn't help but sarcastically say, "You're quite imposing during the day, but why do you seem so melancholic at night?"

Thomas glanced at Sophie. He was currently feeling depressed. Even if he could tell that Sophie was deliberately mocking him, he couldn't help but speak t

he truth. He replied. The imposing demeanor during the day? I merely helped my father secure the cooperation. But when it comes to project implementation, I don't even have the qualification to propose ideas."

He originally wanted to talk to Damian about his suggestions for this cooperation project at night. but Damian simply didn't listen.

Sophie, upon hearing this, instantly understood. Thomas had talent but couldn't utilize it, so he felt frustrated.

Seeing him helping her with the snacks **just** now, Sophie kindly refrained from further teasing and calmly said, "Although I don't know much about Damian, he seems quite stubborn. If you want him to consider your suggestions, a few words won't help at all. Why don't you put your ideas all down on paper, calculate the profit as well as the loss that will be caused if you don't improve it, and bring out the actual evidence to convince him?"

Damian was someone who prioritized his authority. He definitely wouldn't like others interfering in his decisions. His only weakness was avarice. As long **as** there was enough benefit, he would be

drawn to it.

Sophie's words made Thomas's eyes light up.

Having finished eating, Sophie, while cleaning up, continued, "Nevertheless, I suggest that next time, if you have good ideas, just go directly to Norman, bypassing Damian."

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Thomas hesitated and said, "But for now, my father is managing the company."

Sophie confidently smiled. "The older generation will eventually step down. As long as you contribute positively to the company, you should start playing a role sooner. Succession is natural. Norman should be happy about it."

Falling For My “Disabled” Wife by Veronica Winifred

Chapter 39

Posted by AdminM, 498 Views, Released on March 18, 2024

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Sophie’s words immediately brightened Thomas’s mood. Indeed, even if he was afraid of hurting his father, there would come a day when he had to take over the company.

With the fog in his mind cleared and under the influence of alcohol, Thomas unconsciously looked admiringly at Sophie. She was very clever, but it was a pity that such a smart woman was just the adopted child of the Bourn family. If she were the heiress of the Bourn family, the one who married her might be him.

After clearing away, Sophie threw the trash into the bin and said, “Take your time with the food. I’m going upstairs.”

“Okay.” Thomas responded.

Sophie politely smiled and turned to leave. However, there was some surprise in her heart. Thomas surprisingly had ambitions. It seemed he was not just a shallow person.

Soon, Sophie returned to her room. She tiptoed into the room, intending to go straight to the bedside. But suddenly, she found a figure sitting on the sofa. “Oh, my dear!” Sophie exclaimed in surprise.

Then she realized that it was Roger who had woken up. Indeed, she reached for the switch, and as soon as the light turned on, she saw the person on the sofa clearly.

At this moment, Roger’s face seemed a bit unpleasant, and he asked, “Where did you go?”

For some reason, Sophie felt inexplicably guilty being questioned like this..

“I... I went downstairs to eat something.”

Roger furrowed his brows and asked, “Are you hungry?” He thought, ‘Didn’t she eat several chicken wings at night?’

Sophie nodded awkwardly and said, "These days of rehabilitation are quite tiring, and I get hungry easily. Since my stomach was growling, I didn't want to wake you up, so I went down stairs..."

Sophie was considerate to him. She wondered why Roger questioned her like this. And it was strange. Roger was blind, yet she always felt like he was staring at her.

Seeing her seeming a bit guilty, Roger realized he had been too harsh. "It's fine. If you're hungry next time, just wake me up. I have some snacks in my study."

"What?" Sophie was surprised. "You have snacks in your study?" She had actually gone downstairs to look for snacks. How embarrassing.

"Yes. I'll put some by your bedside tomorrow," Roger replied calmly.

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Sophie said, "Thank you."

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"No trouble. Since you eat well, go to sleep early."

"Okay," Sophie responded.

Roger approached her, guided her to the bedside, and then lifted her, placing her on the bed.

Sophie lay back on the bed, feeling a bit shy. In front of Roger, she felt like a baby.

Roger tucked her in, saying, "Sleep well." After that, he went back to his study.

“Thank... Sophie wanted to thank him but remembered what he had said, so she swallowed her words. Indeed, they were husband and wife. There was no need to be so polite all the time.

After Thomas returned, Jasmine’s focus shifted to him.

Humphrey

and Rebecca were busy with the birthday banquet, and Sophie enjoyed a few peaceful days, focusing on rehabilitation and doing nothing else.

Roger also reduced his daily walks, and he almost accompanied her in rehabilitation every day.

After more than ten days of practice, Sophie could walk steadily without Roger’s support. Although her legs felt a bit sore if she walked for a long time, as long as she moved slowly, no one could tell that just half a month ago, she could only walk with a wheelchair.

At this moment, Sophie was slowly walking around the room like a normal person.

Watching Sophie grow more confident and stable, Roger couldn’t help but smile. “Congratulations! You’ve almost fully recovered.”

Accepting his congratulations, Sophie smiled and said, “It’s all thanks to you.”

If Roger hadn’t accompanied her diligently in rehabilitation and helped with massages, her legs wouldn’t have recovered so quickly.

Roger shook his head and said, “It’s your own effort.” He had never seen any woman as resilient and powerful **as** her.

Despite nearly falling countless times these days, Sophie had never shown fear. Every setback made her more determined. Even when she was improving, she increased the **practice** time every day, leading to such a quick recovery.

Sophie accepted his praise, smiling. “But it wouldn’t have been possible without your care.”

Seeing her being polite, Roger could only accept the thanks, saying, “Alright. Treat me to a big meal another day.”

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“Sure.” Since Norman liked him going out, taking Roger out would surely make Norman happy.

But thinking of Norman, Sophie suddenly remembered something. “Oh, no! Tomorrow is the birthday banquet. My gown!” Saying that, Sophie quickly opened her computer to check the status of the custom gown she ordered.

These past ten days, she had been so busy with rehabilitation that she forgot to check the logistics. Most of the things she bought had arrived, but the custom gown was still going through customs.

Roger sat calmly on the sofa, sipping coffee without getting up, but his expression was somewhat subtle. “Did you order a gown for yourself?”

While searching for the order, Sophie replied, “Yes. To attend Norman’s banquet, I can’t just dress casually, so I ordered a custom gown. Because international shipping is slow, it will take at least seven to eight days...”

As she spoke, Sophie had already found her order. It was then that she realized the custom gown she ordered from abroad had arrived in the country but was still going through customs.

“Oh, no. If it’s still going through customs now, it definitely won’t arrive tomorrow night. What should I do? Where can I find a custom gown at this hour?” Sophie was anxious. Tomorrow was the important day when she would meet her family. It was also Norman’s birthday banquet. She absolutely couldn’t embarrass herself. But now, with an error in the custom gown, she felt disappointed.

“No. I must go out now to find one,” Sophie murmured. Even if she had to search the entire Habourland, she must find a custom gown. After saying this, she stood up to leave.

However, Roger suddenly said, “No need. I’ve prepared one for you.”

Sophie suddenly froze. She turned to look at Roger and asked, “What? You mean you also prepared a gown for

me?” She hadn’t mentioned this to Roger at all. She didn’t expect him to think of helping her order a gown.

Slowly getting up, Roger, with deep eyes, stared straight ahead and said, “Isn’t this a husband’s duty?”

He answered quite casually, but Sophie felt awkward for a moment. She didn’t expect him to say so.

In her shy moment, Roger actually walked into the study and took out a large gift box. The gift box was very delicate, with a gold-embossed totem on the lid, looking very precious.

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But there was no brand on the box, and Sophie didn’t know which brand the gown was from. Well, at this point, even if it was not a famous brand or custom-made, as long as it fitted, she could it. After all, this was the first time she had received a gift in her life.

Falling For My “Disabled” Wife by Veronica Winifred Chapter 40

Posted by **AdminM**, 1484 Views, Released on March 18, 2024

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It was Roger’s present, so Sophie would surely accept it.

While Sophie was thinking, Roger had placed the box in front of her.

Sophie did not overthink about it and reached out to open the box.

She **was** instantly drawn to the dazzling and attention-grabbing gown in the box.

Sophie was shocked to notice the edges of the dress were adorned with gold threads.

The dress’s hem was adorned with delicate diamonds, sparkling with dazzling brilliance.

She cried inside, 'I would look gorgeous and become the focus if I wore this dress!'

Seeing Sophie's eyes light up, Roger smirked and asked, "Do you like it?"

Sophie nodded instinctively and replied, "Yes, I do. But... isn't this too expensive?"

She thought. The dress Roger prepared was not cheaper than the one I chose.

'After all, I can tell the top-notch design and materials.

'I can't identify a specific brand, but it feels like it is from a renowned designer

Roger said, "Don't mind the price. Try it on."

Sophie cried, "Now?" Her eyes were filled with surprise.

"Yeah. Try it on to see if it **fits** you," Roger replied calmly.

Sophie thought, "That makes sense. Roger probably doesn't know my size. If the dress doesn't fit me, I can **ask** a tailor to customize it'

Therefore, she replied, "Okay, I'll try it now."

As Sophie spoke, she returned to the bed, holding the dress. Then, she started undressing.

Roger's pupils constricted, and he quickly turned around.

He thought, "This girl. She is getting bolder and bolder. Now she even takes off her clothes before

1. me.

Soon, Sophie changed into the dress. As she zipped it up, the gown revealed her flawless curves.

Sophie subconsciously looked at herself in the mirror and was stunned by herself.

She cried, 'Oh my god. The color of this dress suits me so well.

I've never had a dress that fits me so well in my life!

"This dress is even better than those high-end customized ones!

'It is comparable to an exclusively designed gown!

'What surprises me the most is that the size is exactly right for me. The chest and waist parts fit perfectly!"

Sophie asked, "Roger, how did you know my **size**?"

She wondered, 'How did Roger figure out my size since he is blind

Roger sat on the sofa and answered without looking at Sophie, "I don't know your size, but the servants do. After all, they do your laundry."

Sophie replied, "I see." She murmured inside, 'But even so, this dress suits me too perfectly.

'Moreover, the design is incredibly innovative. Every detail on the dress flawlessly accentuates all my shining features.

Roger calmly took a sip of water and inadvertently glanced at Sophie.

Then, he was instantly attracted to Sophie.

He commented inside, 'I asked the world's number one designer to create that dress for her. Seeing it fit her so well, I realized my money was well spent.

'She is already indescribably beautiful without putting on shoes and makeup.

'I have to admit that Sophie is a natural beauty.

'She looks a lot like her mother, who was once a renowned movie star.

Anyway, Sophie felt relieved because she had a gown now, and the crisis was resolved.

Noticing that it was about time, she began to prepare her makeup.

However, Sophie watched makeup tutorials on her phone for a long time but failed to decide on the right makeup style. When she lived with the Bourn family, she rarely went out, so makeup was not a necessity for her,

Seeing Sophie's distressed look, Roger thought for a while and sent a message to Dillon.

The butler brought someone up in less than twenty minutes.

2/5

Chapter 40

Π

Just as Sophie was wondering why the butler brought someone over, the butler smiled kindly and introduced, "Mrs. Sophie, Mr. Roger instructed Dillon to arrange for a professional makeup artist for you."

Sophie looked at Roger nervously and asked, "What? A makeup **artist**?"

She thought, 'Why did he **ask a** makeup artist over without a word with me?'

Seeing Roger enjoy his coffee and have no intention to speak, Sophie had no choice but to say to the artist. Thank you for coming over. My makeup counts on you now."

The makeup artist grinned and said, "That's what I'm here for, Mrs. Sophie. You're so beautiful. There are plenty of makeup styles that would suit you perfectly."

"Really?" Sophie murmured inside, **That** would be great. I have not yet chosen one style.

Then, Sophie sat in front of the mirror and let the makeup artist do her job.

Other than Sophie, everyone in the Nicholls family started to get busy. They changed their clothes and styled themselves. Everyone was waiting to make a splash at the banquet.

In the blink of an eye, the afternoon flew by.

Sophie did not expect the makeup artist to work on her face for more than an hour and apply so many products.

She thought to herself, 'Fortunately, it turns out great.

"When I look at myself in the mirror, I almost can't recognize myself.

To Sophie's surprise, the makeup artist had not finished her job. She dedicated another two hours to craft a hairstyle for Sophie. Not only that, she carefully matched the shoes and bags to complement Sophie's look. Not-satisfied with the available handbag, she ordered a new one from a specialty store online and arranged for it to be delivered to the house.

When Sophie finished her styling, she realized Roger was gone.

Sophie asked confusedly, "What? Where is Mr. Roger?"

The makeup artist replied, "Mr. Roger changed his clothes half an hour ago and went downstairs. He said he would wait for you there.

"Is that so?" Sophie did not notice things around her when she was on her styling.

At this moment, the makeup artist put on the last earring for Sophie and said to the mirror, "Done!

Perfect!"

Sophie glanced up and exclaimed inside, 'No wonder she is a professional. The makeup artist's

delicate work has me shining from head to toe.

She murmured, "Isn't this too much?" She thought, 'I'm not the star of the birthday banquet."

The makeup artist replied, "Why do you say that? The Nicholls family is hosting today's birthday banquet. As the host's daughter-in-law, there's nothing wrong with you dressing up.

Sophie thought about it and agreed. "That makes sense. Thank you so much for everything."

The makeup artist replied happily, "Mrs. Sophie, I appreciate your kindness. Let me help you. downstairs."

Sophie smiled and nodded, replying. "Thank you."

Despite being a woman, the makeup artist was drawn to Sophie's smile.

The artist cried inside, 'Oh my god! Sophie is so beautiful!

'She looks like a fairy with that makeup!

This is my most satisfactory masterpiece this year!"

Almost everyone had arrived downstairs.

Norman and Roger sat silently on the sofa, sipping their coffee, with Daisy patiently seated beside Roger, waiting.

Humphrey was responsible for organizing everything for the birthday banquet, so Rebecca followed him to the banquet early, leaving Ronald and Emily with the others. The two of them were sitting at the side and on their phones.

Jasmine got impatient from waiting. If Damian and Thomas returned home and had prepared early, she would have left long ago.

"Grandpa, sorry to keep you waiting." Thomas's voice suddenly rang out.

Jasmine immediately raised her head and looked at her son. When she saw her son dressed so handsomely, she smiled and cried, "Oh my, why is my son dressed so elegantly today? He's remarkably debonair!"

Thomas felt awkward about his mother's compliment and responded, "Mom, I'm not a child anymore. I don't need exaggerated praise. You should admire Dad more. He looks fantastic today.

Jasmine looked at Damian and realized he **was in** a decent new suit. Damian looked greater than ever before. Jasmine said, "Yeah, Thomas, your dad looks much more handsome. That suit suits

him."

Damian was happy with Jasmine's compliment. He looked like he enjoyed it.

4/5

Chapter 40

Seeing her husband and son here, Jasmine suggested, “Norman, everyone is here. Let’s go.”

Norman opened her eyes calmly. At this moment, Roger slowly replied, “Sophie hasn’t here yet. Let’s wait a little longer.”

Roger’s words shocked Jasmine. She asked, “Why are we waiting for her? Isn’t she not going to the banquet because of her legs?”

C