

Falling For My “Disabled” Wife by Veronica Winifred

Chapter 6

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Roger did not worry about her not managing on her own. He whispered, “Okay. Then I’ll go to the study and listen to some books.”

Sophie didn’t mind. She sighed with relief when she saw him entering the study.

Roger seemed a bit tired. After entering the study, he turned on the audio to listen to a classic. He lay down on the small bed in the study to rest. It seemed that the bed was specifically there for him to listen to books.

With no one paying attention to her, Sophie began to tidy her things. Sophie tried to tidy while sitting in the wheelchair at first, but it was inconvenient. She glanced in Roger’s direction and noticed he seemed to have fallen asleep. She quietly reached out to support her body and forced herself to stand. However, Sophie’s legs felt a bit weak as she stood up, and she almost stumbled. She let out a gasp.

Hearing the sound, Roger opened his eyes. “What’s wrong?”

Sophie looked up in panic. Her eyes met his. Her heart skipped a beat for a moment, but she quickly realized he was blind, and there was nothing for her to be afraid of. She answered quickly, “It’s nothing. I almost dropped something.”

Roger’s eyes, however, remained fixed on Sophie for a moment. Sophie inexplicably thought she saw a hint of surprise in his eyes..

However, after a moment, Roger responded, “Oh. Be careful.” Then, he closed his eyes and returned

to his rest.

Sophie finally breathed a sigh of relief. She forced herself to stand steadily, took a step toward the cabinet, and continued tidying her things. Her legs still felt weak, and Sophie couldn’t help but sigh.

She could only manage to walk a few steps now. It would take some time for a full recovery. Fortunately, Roger was blind. She could move around in the room without anyone noticing. With this in mind, Sophie continued packing while seizing the opportunity to try walking. But even if all she did was walk a few steps and pick up things, Sophie was sweating profusely by the end of it.

Feeling thirsty, Sophie turned around and suddenly saw Roger coming out. Sophie was startled and quickly sat back in the wheelchair, her eyes focused on Roger.

Roger went to the coffee table, poured a glass of water, and casually asked her, "Want some water?"

Sophie was indeed very thirsty, so she nodded. "Yes. Thank you."

Roger didn't mind the trouble. He poured another glass of water and walked toward her.

"I'm here," she reminded Roger to avoid any confusion about the direction.

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Roger smiled and placed the water in front of Sophie, praising, "You are very clever."

Sophie blushed slightly. "Not really. I'm just afraid you won't find me."

A light flickered in Roger's eyes. "Don't worry. I can find you wherever you are." His words seemed to have a deeper meaning, but Sophie couldn't quite understand. She lowered her head and took a sip of water.

After finishing the water, Roger suddenly took a piece of tissue from the bedside table and handed it to her. "Wipe your mouth."

Sophie was a little puzzled. 'Do I need to wipe my mouth after drinking water?' she wondered. However, Sophie needed to wipe off her sweat, so she agreed. She wiped her face with the tissue, then threw it away.

Because she stank after sweating, Sophie asked awkwardly, "Where's the bathroom? I want to take a shower."

Roger's body visibly stiffened for a moment, but he still pointed in a direction. "There **is** a restroom and bathroom over there."

"Okay." Sophie nodded.

Roger asked, "Do you need my help?"

Sophie blushed. "No. It's okay. I can manage on my own." She couldn't possibly ask him for help. since he was a man.

"Isn't it inconvenient for you? Should I call someone to help you?" Roger seemed a bit worried.

"No need. I'm used to bathing alone." When Sophie couldn't stand up, she felt like a puppet, allowing others to manipulate her. She hated that feeling. Since she was now with the Nicholls family, she didn't want to start that again. Otherwise, she would always rely on servants for bathing

in the future.

"Really?" Roger seemed a bit skeptical. "Then, let me carry you in. There's a bathtub. Call me when you're done."

"I..." Sophie wanted to explain, but she couldn't tell Roger that she was no longer a cripple.

"Change into clothes that are easy to take off before going to the bathroom." Roger knew Sophie was shy, so he suggested a compromise.

Sophie felt awkward, but she could only go along with what he suggested. After all, that was more reasonable. "Okay."

After Sophie agreed, Roger took her glass and left.

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Sophie sighed and turned her head. She saw Roger sitting on the couch as if waiting for her. Even though she knew he couldn't see, having another man in the room still felt strange.

Sophie thought about it for a while and took out a white tank dress. She reached out to pull the curtains close to change. Even though Sophie closed them, she could still see Roger sitting on the couch. The curtain was indeed thin and just for decoration.

Sophie sighed. Even though she felt uncomfortable, she had to undress. Slowly, she removed her clothes one by one until she was naked. Her figure could be seen on the other side of the semi-transparent curtains. Any normal man would find such stimulation unbearable.

Sure enough, Roger felt his nose itching. He rubbed it and realized his finger was red. 'Damn it. Doesn't she know how tempting her figure is? How can she undress in front of me like this?' Roger thought. Afraid of being discovered, he quickly pulled out a tissue and wiped away his nosebleed.

Hearing the sound of tissue being pulled, Sophie was puzzled. "Wh— what's wrong?" she called out. At the same time, she wondered, "What is that sound? Why is he using tissue?"

Roger was embarrassed and covered his nose for a moment. He wiped it vigorously and then replied, "Nothing. I just spilled some water. I'm wiping it off."

"Alright." Sophie's heart settled. She quickly put on the white tank dress and sat back in the wheelchair. "I'm changed."

"Okay," Roger replied, but she heard him pulling out another tissue.

'Perhaps the water isn't wiped off yet,' Sophie thought. She waited for a minute or so before Roger came. He bent down, picked her up, and headed to the bathroom. For some reason, Sophie felt Roger's body temperature was high. He even seemed a bit tense while holding her.

Roger counted his steps as he walked into the bathroom. He felt for the bathtub and gently placed Sophie inside. Then, He adjusted the water temperature. The smart bathtub began filling with warm water, heating Sophie's body.

Sophie's white tank dress became wet, clinging to her thighs. Roger had to shift his gaze away. "Wash up. Call me when you're done." Roger only wanted to leave immediately.

Unaware of his discomfort, Sophie felt a slight gratitude toward Roger and smiled. "Okay. Thank you." She thought although his eyesight was impaired, Roger had a good character.