

Falling For My “Disabled” Wife by Veronica Winifred

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Sophie smiled. She was unaware that the man in the study closed a chat window and computer as well. Roger stood up and said, “It’s time for lunch. I’ll have someone bring lunch up, and then I’ll go for a walk. You can rest here.”

Hearing that he was going out, Sophie immediately nodded. “Okay. Be careful out there.”

It felt nice to have someone care. Roger smiled. “Sure.” Then, Roger left the room.

Sophie watched his graceful movements and found it unbelievable that a blind man could be so adept at moving around. However, she realized that with him gone, she could focus on rehabilitation. The thought made Sophie ecstatic.

Lunch was soon brought up. After a hurried meal, Sophie had the servants remove the plates and resumed her rehabilitation in the room. Without the Bourne family’s surveillance, Sophie could dedicate at least three to four extra hours daily to rehabilitation. Soon, Sophie would be able to move freely. “Laura, just you wait... I will settle the score with the Bourn family!”

Soon, the sun began to set.

To her surprise, Sophie was able to spend the entire afternoon in rehabilitation without being disturbed. Roger didn’t return to his room either, which puzzled her, but Sophie enjoyed the freedom. After another bath, Sophie returned to bed to rest.

It wasn’t until dinner time that Roger came back upstairs. “It’s dinner time, and Uncle Damian and Uncle Humphrey are home. You should meet the others since you’re family now. I’ll take you downstairs.”

“Oh.” Sophie hadn’t expected that after Jasmine and Rebecca, she’d have to meet with Damian and Humphrey in the evening. It seemed challenging to establish roots in the Nicholls family.

Roger calmly pushed Sophie into the elevator, and they descended together. Damian and Humphrey were already seated in the dining room.

Norman sat at the head of the table. Jasmine and Rebecca sat next to Damian and Humphrey. Daisy was seated next to Rebecca. The younger generation of the family seemed to be absent today. When Roger and Sophie arrived, Willard immediately assisted Roger in taking a seat next to Jasmine, and Sophie naturally sat beside him.

Strangely, each member of the Nicholls family had their own set of tableware, but there was nothing in front of Sophie. Willard was busy attending to Roger and did not notice her.

Sophie glanced in Jasmine's direction and saw the smugness in her smile. Sophie immediately knew this was a deliberate move to intimidate her. However, Sophie didn't care about such trivial

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matters. Looking up at the servant, Sophie coldly ordered, "Bring another set of tableware."

The servant hesitated, seemingly surprised that Sophie would give her such a direct order. She couldn't help but glance at Jasmine.

Jasmine immediately taunted, "Oh! We suddenly have an extra person at home. I forgot to instruct the servant to prepare an additional set of utensils." Sophie was so sharp-tongued that **Jasmine** found her annoying. Jasmine seized every opportunity to target Sophie.

But after being targeted by her foster mother in the Bourn family for so many years, Sophie was not at all bothered by such small tricks. "Aunt Jasmine, aren't you just around fifty? We met this morning. Did you forget already? You should consider some supplements for your brain if that is

50."

Sophie's sarcastic remarks not only mocked Jasmine for looking like she was fifty but also implied that she had a bad memory. Jasmine was stunned. "Who did you say is fifty years old? I'm only thirty-nine! I got married at a very young age and am seven or eight years younger t

han Damian. How could I look that old?” Jasmine erupted. Jasmine was sure that Sophie had done it on purpose.

Sure enough, Sophie continued with a feigned surprise, “Thirty-nine? Aunt Jasmine, you should pay attention to yourself. I happen to have a few boxes of anti-wrinkle face masks that I don’t need. Do you want me to send you a few boxes?”

Her statement immediately left the usually beauty-conscious Jasmine enraged. “You-”

Just as Jasmine was about to explode, Damian gave her a fierce glare. “Silence! Why are you quarreling with a child during a meal? Don’t you have any manners?”

Though it seemed Damian was scolding Jasmine, his words indirectly reprimanded Sophie as well. Daisy, hearing Damian speak, trembled slightly. She seemed to muster the courage to speak. “Sophie, let’s eat.”

Sophie saw that Daisy wanted to defuse the situation. She could tell from Daisy’s evasive glances that Daisy and Roger were frequently bullied by Jasmine and Damian.

Sophie was not in the wrong. Damian knew Jasmine was stirring trouble for Sophie, but he criticized her indirectly anyway. If Sophie allowed Damian to get away with such behavior, he would be able to oppress her in the future.

With this in mind, Sophie said slowly to Daisy, “Daisy, it’s my fault. As a newcomer, I don’t know there is a rule of not talking at meals in the Nicholls family. When Aunt Jasmine spoke to me just now, I should’ve pretended not to hear her.”

Sophie deliberately highlighted the fact that it was Jasmine who had spoken first. Damian’s expression darkened. Daisy was instantly worried about Sophie.

Damian stopped eating and looked up. “You are Sophie? I am your Uncle Damian. This is our first

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meeting. I must say, you have left quite a deep impression on me.” His statement was meant to be ironic.

However, Sophie took *it* as a compliment and smiled. “Is that so? It’s my honor to leave such a deep impression on you, Uncle Damian.”

Damian was caught off guard by her comment and was speechless.

Humphrey couldn’t help but glance at Sophie. He said to Roger, “Roger, you’ve married quite a capable wife.”

Humphrey expected Roger to feel awkward, but instead, Roger smiled and replied, “I thought the

same.”

It was as though Roger couldn’t tell that Humphrey was being critical. Roger took his statement **as** praise. Sophie felt an inexplicable sense of security as if she was being protected.

At this moment, the servants came and placed a new set of tableware before Sophie. Jasmine glared at Sophie indignantly but refrained from saying anything.

After receiving the utensils, Sophie said sternly to the servant, “If you can’t even count, you should resign as a servant in the Nicholls family promptly.”

Her remark immediately turned the servant’s face red, and the servant quickly apologized to Sophie, “Sorry, Mrs. Sophie. It was my negligence.”

Knowing that she was likely instigated by someone, Sophie didn’t make a big deal out of it. “You may leave.” With that, Sophie lowered her head to enjoy the food.

Sophie had to admit that the meals from the Nicholls family were much better than those sent to her room by the Bourn family. There were several dishes, making the spread quite diverse.

While Sophie was unsure which dish to start with, Daisy, who was seated across from her, helped

d her by serving her a portion. “These dishes are delicious. You should try the m.”

Sophie looked at Daisy gratefully, feeling a bit moved. It was the first time someone had ever served food for her. Daisy was wonderful. “Thank you, Daisy.” Sophie naturally expressed her gratitude, feeling no awkwardness this time.

Daisy acknowledged her happily with a smile.

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