

Chapter 335 The Therapy Session

In the soft glow of the dimly lit room, Rena found solace in the gentle embrace of Waylen, leaning comfortably against his chest.

Her visage nestled warmly against his waist, evoking a sense of intimacy that was undeniable.

Yet, beneath the surface, sadness lingered within her.

Having faced numerous trials and tribulations, Rena had lost touch with the once fervent love she held for Waylen. Enveloped in her own world, she believed that being a dutiful wife and mother might rekindle the flame that once burned between them.

Regrettably, the past still clung to her heart, refusing to fade away...

Tenderly, Waylen enfolded her in his arms, offering soothing pats as he held her close.

They shared the food he brought over after she calmed down, and Rena's thoughts were consumed with concern for their children, yearning to return home. However, Waylen had other plans, extinguishing the lights and cradling her gently on the sofa. Their bodies nestled close together, and the faint aroma of tobacco emanated from him.

In a husky voice, he implored, "Rena, tell me about our past."

The apartment they now occupied bore witness to countless memories they had shared.

He sought to hear every aspect, both the joys and the hardships.

With her head against his chest, Rena whispered, "Haven't you read the diary countless times?"

A soft chuckle escaped Waylen's lips.

He lowered his head, drawing nearer to her, their noses almost touching.

"Do you know how I fell in love with you this time?" he inquired.

Rena shook her head, genuinely unaware.

Gently caressing her delicate face, Waylen slowly spoke up in a husky tone. "During a lawsuit in Acoiclya, before returning home, I discovered I had a wife. I investigated your background and roughly knew how our paths crossed, but I couldn't accept the fact that I was married... I pondered how to distance myself from you during those days. Then I returned and saw you at the airport. I hadn't really paid attention to your pictures attached to the file and remembered how you looked like. However, at that moment, I recognized you instantly."

Curiosity prompted Rena to ask why that was.

A mischievous smile graced Waylen's lips as he leaned in, brushing them against hers while he recounted, "Because you are beautiful. Falling in love isn't easy for me but, as I looked at you, pregnant, I was certain that if I had a wife, she would resemble you."

Rena had always been Waylen's ideal, both before and after he lost his memory.

He openly admitted that his initial attraction to Rena was purely due to her beauty. Nevertheless, he emphasized that the relationship between a man and a woman began with appearances and eventually grew into something deeper.

He had no reservations discussing this matter with Rena.

However, it was after she signed the divorce papers, when he

saw the diary he wrote before losing his memories, followed her to the cemetery and witnessed her digging out their wedding ring, that his true feelings emerged.

From that moment on, he had feared losing her, cherishing her deeply.

Waylen had shared numerous profound psychological experiences with Rena, uncertain if she had truly absorbed them. As he leaned in, he discovered that she had already drifted into a peaceful slumber within his embrace, sleeping soundly.

Gently kissing her lips, he whispered, "Good night."

The following morning arrived.

Waylen brought Rena back to their villa, efficiently organizing everything before the children awakened. Everything proceeded as usual.

After a satisfying breakfast, Alexis hopped into the car, holding a small box filled with delightful cherry tomatoes, eager to share them with Leonel.

In the hallway, Waylen playfully pinched Rena's ear and softly instructed, "Go change your clothes."

Rena hesitated momentarily.

Without delay, Waylen leaned in and planted a tender kiss on her lips, his eyes holding a profound depth. Eventually, Rena acquiesced and ascended the stairs to change while Waylen making sure Alexis was seated properly with her seat belt buckled.

Upon reaching the school, Alexis unbuckled her seat belt and joyfully leaped out of the car.

Leonel awaited her in line, his striking appearance captivating the attention of all the girls in the kindergarten. Confidently, Alexis cut to the front of the line upon her arrival.

Gently placing his hands on Alexis' shoulders, Leonel guided her to stand upright before returning to the end of the line.

However, he also took away Alexis' schoolbag and cherry tomatoes so she wouldn't have to hold them while she waited in line.

Though initially saddened, Alexis quickly regained her happiness, walking proudly with her head held high.

A rare moment of laughter escaped Rena's lips.

Leaning against Waylen, she said softly, "Alexis truly takes after you."

Waylen lovingly wrapped his arm around Rena's shoulder.

As they settled into the car, Waylen fastened his seat belt and glanced sidelong at Rena.

Her smile was radiant. "I told you I'd go with you. I won't go back on my word."

Tenderly, Waylen reached out and caressed her long, brown hair. Then he held her close, resting his head against hers, whispering, "Rena, my intention isn't solely for our intimate life."

He knew Rena wasn't happy, and he wanted her to seek professional help.

Waylen was afraid she had misunderstood him for making the appointment.

Rena was aware of this and she gently pushed him away, saying, "I know."

Looking at her with affection, Waylen had been preoccupied with concerns and fears lately.

He genuinely questioned if the doctor had made an error and whether it was he who was truly unwell, not Rena.

Arriving at the clinic, they were right on time for their appointment.

Waylen accompanied Rena inside. The therapist began by inquiring about their daily lives before requesting Waylen to step out briefly to converse with Rena alone.

The therapist exhibited utmost gentleness, refraining from prying into Rena's private matters, merely encouraging her to confide in her.

Waylen, without the therapist's consent, remained unaware of the details of their conversation.

Seated in a comfortable recliner amidst a tranquil ambiance, Rena gradually eased herself and, in hushed tones, conveyed her profound feelings for Waylen.

"My husband has lost five years of memories and, though I know he cares for me, past disappointments have made me wary of accepting him wholeheartedly now. I find it hard to let go of my guard and fully embrace love, fearing that with it will come misfortune and betrayal once again. He helped a woman I don't particularly like and, even then, I forgave him generously and did my part to help this woman as well. I believed I had handled the situation well, choosing not to dwell on the past. However, during intimate moments, the faces of Elvira and Mavis would haunt my thoughts and I couldn't shake the feeling that I wasn't his first choice. If Elvira and Mavis were better suited for him, could our marriage withstand the test of time? I struggle to believe in his love for me. Our sex life is troubled and, upon realizing this, I couldn't bring myself to accept his advances. My body instinctively rejects him whenever he tries to get close..."

Softly, the therapist inquired, "How often a month do you engage in sexual intimacy now?"

"Once in a while," Rena replied with a tinge of bitterness.

The therapist was silent.

Raising her head, Rena broke into tears, feeling agitated. "I don't even know who to blame."

The therapist pressed her shoulder gently and offered comfort, saying, "Mrs. Fowler, those things belong to the past."

With the therapist's soothing presence, Rena gradually regained her composure.

The therapist suggested that Rena take a nap...

As Rena drifted off to sleep, the therapist exited the room.

Standing at the door, Waylen's face remained expressionless. However, upon spotting the therapist emerge, he hurried forward and inquired, "Where is my wife?"

Respecting Rena's privacy, the therapist didn't disclose any details.

Speaking in a hushed tone, she simply said to Waylen, "Mrs. Fowler is under significant pressure. She constantly strives for perfection, yet there are many unresolved issues between you both. You must slowly open your hearts to each other."

Desperate for guidance, Waylen asked, "Is there any solution?"

Gently, the therapist met his gaze and replied, "I'll prescribe some medicine for her. Once she's feeling better, consider trying to have another child. Of course, you must be considerate of her during pregnancy. It might improve your relationship as a couple."

Waylen nodded thoughtfully.

After a moment's hesitation, the therapist added, "Try to help her relax. Don't confine her to the home all the time."

Waylen was taken aback by the suggestion...