

Enchanted 647

She knew she had to cooperate with him, so she tried to persuade herself.

"Irish, I am your tutor, and now I am your therapist, so you have to stop resisting me in your heart and trust me, or I can't get into your subconsciousness." Fredrick sat beside her and said softly.

Irish took a deep breath, nodded, and closed her eyes.

"Okay. Be relaxed." Fredrick stared at her and felt sore for her, especially when he saw her pale face.

It was easy to tell that she suffered from mental torture, so he would help her at any cost.

Irish tried her best to relax, following Fredrick's instruction from the beginning, and gradually she entered the state of hypnosis.

When she woke up by Fredrick's instruction, she found it snowing heavier outside. The white snowy world and the tranquil environment where she was at the right moment formed a peaceful world.

Fredrick input the record into the computer and looked gravely.

After perceiving his seriousness, Irish was nervous and stepped to him, asking, "What's wrong with me?"

Fredrick asked her to sit down and took a cup of water for her, asking her seriously, "Did you accept hypnotherapy from other people before?"

"No," Irish replied firmly without any hesitation, while Fredrick kept silent after hearing from her.

"What's wrong?"

Fredrick looked to another side with complicated eyes, but soon he replied with a faint smile, "Nothing. I just ask casually."

"Is there any problem with me?" She felt something weird.

Sitting across from her, Fredrick pulled over a chair and said, "You also understand that your problem could be found through hypnosis. To be honest, you still take Adam's death to your heart."

Irish was hesitant.

Fredrick clicked the mouse and began to play the record of the conversation between them.

"Walking towards the light. What do you see through the light?"

"I.... see a person."

"Woman or man?"

"A man."

"Do you know him?"

"Yes. It's..... Adam."

"What does he look like?"

"He is tall and has a soft smile."

"Does he look the same as Joseph?"

"Joseph? Who is he?"

Irish was shocked after hearing this.

"How do you know Adam?"

"I..."

She stopped for a few seconds and then replied slowly, "We have known each other since we were kids."

"Is he your neighbor?"

She was silent again, and Irish knew it was because of the subconscious block. She needed the therapist to guide her patiently at this time. As expected, Fredrick said to her again, "Well, let's go back to your childhood. Walk along this dark road slowly. It is dark, and you have to find the exit."

His voice was magnetic, and he instructed her patiently.

"I see a little girl."

"What else do you see?"

"A pack of dogs is chasing the girl."

"How old is she?"

"Around three or four years old."

"What is she doing?"

"She is running. It seems that she was terrified."

"You can help her."

"No. A small boy is helping her, taking her to run."

"Well, then follow them and try to see what they look like."

She was silent for a while.

"Do you see them clearly?"

"The little girl is me, and the small boy is Adam."

"So, do you meet each other at that time?"

"Yes...."

"Have you been with each other since then?"

"No, he is busy."

"Does he like rock climbing?"

"Yes."

"What does he do besides rock climbing?"

"He is a diamond businessman." The record stopped suddenly while Irish was stunned.

After a long while, she pointed at the computer and asked hesitantly, "Why does Adam turn out to be a diamond businessman?"

"It is because, in your subconsciousness, you have mixed Adam with Joseph into the same person," Fredrick replied while frowning.

"How could it be possible?"

Fredrick sighed slightly and then said, "Irish, now I suspect that you've got some problems with your memory. This is like a computer with a confusing program. It needs to be reorganized."

"Well..."

"Though the memory is in disorder, your subconsciousness is real. As a result of your memory problem, the disorder occurs during the process when your subconsciousness reminds you, and that is why you can't tell your dream from reality."

"But why am I unable to recall what Adam looks like?"

"It is normal. Adam's death is a death blow to you, and perhaps you had a deep relationship before, so you couldn't accept the reality while Joseph's appearance satisfied your memory vacancy. You moved Joseph's appearance to Adam, which would give you mental satisfaction, so your brain mechanism automatically shielded what Adam looks like. It is normal physiological protection."

"Do I really know Adam since childhood? Why can't I remember that?" Did the little boy named Adam appear in her dream frequently?

"No. When your physiological protection gets strong, your subconsciousness may be clouded. All we can do is take the most authentic part from our subconscious. But it needs time."

After hearing this, Irish bit her lips slightly.

"Irish, I suggested that you should put down your work for some time." Fredrick returned to his table and created a new personal file for her. "Now you have some problems with your memory. Though it is not organic, it is still aroused by your mental problem, and I have to treat it for you. It is not suitable for you to work during this period because I am afraid the problem will get worse if you don't accept treatment."

"Don't work? How could it be possible?"

"What's more, I hope I can ask for your consent. Then, I will do a deeper hypnosis treatment for you next time. Today, the hypnosis only reached a middle level because your subconscious rejection is powerful."

"What does it mean?"

"It means that there is a secret hidden deep in your brain. This secret may be the key to all your problems."

Irish was frightened by his words while Fredrick said seriously, "But don't worry. I will try my best to help you." In fact, another horrible problem he didn't tell Irish was that he suspected that someone had falsified her memory before.

Muddleheaded, Irish walked out of Fredrick's office while a copy of the treatment was in her bag. She couldn't figure out how her memory could be wrong. Did it mean that she was deceived by herself?

In this way, she walked to Time Square.

A blast of cold wind blew and gave her a shudder, and then she saw a familiar car stop in front of her.

As the car window winded down, Joseph's face showed up in front of the car. "Get in." He said coldly to her.