

Chapter 334 Her Mental Health

The next day, when Waylen woke up, the first thing he saw was Rena's pretty face.

She was squatting beside the sofa, covering Alexis with a blanket.

Perhaps it was because he knew she heard him touching himself in the bathroom last night that they both felt a bit awkward. But Rena still spoke to him in a gentle and considerate manner, "Why did you sleep in the study with Alexis?"

Waylen fixed his eyes on her, but he didn't answer her for a long time. Finally, he opened his mouth and explained in a hoarse voice, "I was scared I'd wake you."

They both knew it was just an excuse.

Rena didn't press him further. She just stroked Alexis' head tenderly and said, "I'm going to make breakfast."

Then she stood up to leave, but Waylen grabbed her by the arm. "Rena, I also want breakfast."

Rena didn't respond at first. After a while, she smiled at him and nodded, and he finally let her go.

She walked out of the study and pondered a little, only to realize that the man seemed to be having a tantrum.

But she refused to satisfy him due to his silence.

However... If he told her what he really wanted, if he asked for it, would she really give it to him?

While Rena was busy making breakfast, Waylen entered the kitchen. He was dressed nicely in a crisp shirt and tailored slacks, his faintly refreshing scent of aftershave filling her nose as he approached.

He hugged Rena from behind and asked her for a morning kiss.

He kissed the dewy skin behind her ear and asked in a low, hoarse voice, "You heard me last night, right?"

Heard what?

Rena's thoughts were muddled.

She tried to push him away, but he wrapped his arms around her waist firmly.

They were so close to each other that she could tangibly feel his desire for her. She couldn't help but recall how he had pleased himself last night. Wasn't that enough?

"I have to take Alexis to school later, and you should get going to work, too."

Still, he was unwilling to set her free. "You can keep blowing me off with whatever excuse you can come up with. Rena, you've gotten used to fooling your husband, haven't you? Now, you don't care about me. The letter from Mavis, me touching myself... You didn't ask anything because you just don't care anymore. You never call me even when I attend social engagements and come home late..."

Finally, he couldn't contain his fear and blurted, "Rena, do you still love me?"

Rena was taken aback by his blunt inquiry.

Because after they reconciled and got back together, he had treated her with utmost care and never required anything of her.

Now, he was suddenly pining for her love.

There were plenty of things in life that could be attained through hard work, but love wasn't one of them, and it had become a luxury for people their age. She reminisced the times she was young and once desperately yearned for his love.

But now, the tables had turned.

Rena gently caressed his handsome face. Over the years, he had aged gracefully, and she could feel his warmth at her fingers.

She was content with their current life.

She thought they could live like this forever, but his unrelenting stubbornness had exceeded her expectation.

A faint smile tugged at the corners of Rena's lips. "Of course I do," she answered softly.

Waylen stared at her intently for a long time. "I'll ask Jazlyn to free up my schedule. Let's go on a family trip next month, okay?"

A crease formed on Rena's forehead.

"But Alexis has classes," she protested. "And she needs to catch up on her piano lessons. Marcus' still too young, and..."

She counted off a lot of reasons, but she didn't give him a definitive answer.

Waylen's expression darkened.

Rena never expected that he'd propose they travel together. In fact, she never expected anything from him.

Waylen's heart skipped a beat as the truth dawned on him. Maybe... She really didn't love him at all!

Waylen just stared at her quietly, trying to read her emotions.

After a prolonged silence, he said, "Rena, let's go see a therapist."

He couldn't accept things as they were. Maybe he was sick, or maybe she was mentally ill. Either way, something was terribly wrong with their relationship.

But Rena refused. She turned around and continued to prepare breakfast. "Waylen, aren't we good now? Isn't this normal? Many couples go through stuff like this."

Waylen's arms went slack.

He stood behind her and said in a low voice, "Don't compare us to other couples."

He saw how passionate Rena was with that "Waylen" in the past, so he could tell that she was somewhat distant from him now. She treated him as though their relationship was meticulously arranged, flawless but formulaic.

Six months after their reconciliation, Waylen now finally admitted that he didn't really claim her.

Owing it to his perseverance, Rena was still as gentle and considerate as usual, perfectly playing the role of a good wife and mother in the following days. Of course, that included trying her best to satisfy him in bed...

But Waylen could still tell that Rena was no longer as passionate whenever they had sex.

Usually, he'd be so enthusiastic, while she'd just humor him without any emotion.

Stuff like this was frustrating for a man, especially for a proud one like Waylen.

Because it showed that he couldn't make her happy anymore.

Unwilling to force her, their sex life gradually reduced from twice a week to once a month.

Plain as their life was, fortunately, the two children were

healthy.

Waylen knew that Rena was likely depressed, but she refused to see a therapist.

So he treated her with utmost care, walking on eggshells every single day.

He was afraid that she'd abandon him one day because of their dull life.

As for the reunion, it was postponed for another month due to some unspecified reasons. By the time it was to be held, it was close to October.

Rena went shopping with Cecilia to prepare for the event.

As a prominent model, Cecilia was earning a lot now. She slowly became financially independent and moved out of the Fowler family's house with Edwin. Rena was taken aback by Cecilia's decision, finding it incredible.

But she remained oblivious to Cecilia's true reason for moving out.

It was because Mark had once proclaimed that he liked independent women that Cecilia took it seriously.

Exhausted after shopping, they sat down for coffee.

Coincidentally, they ran into Vera there, which took them by surprise.

Vera looked at her old friend from head to toe and sighed. "Have you found the fountain of youth? Your skin looks even more dewy than the last time we met. Or is it because you have a wonderful sex life?"

Rena didn't want to disclose her private affairs, so she just smiled.

In reference to the reunion, Vera sighed. "It's been so long since the last reunion. I wonder how everybody's doing now."

Suddenly, Vera's eyes took on a gossipy look and she whispered in a hushed tone, "Remember Aline? She became the mistress of a coal magnate, eventually replacing the bastard's first wife. She's become complacent now. Oh, and Harold's still alone! Ha!"

Rena listened to her gossip quietly.

Cecilia also remained silent.

They hadn't heard Harold's name in a long time now, and it almost felt surreal to be hearing about him now.

After coffee, Cecilia went ahead. Vera also had to leave to pick up her son from school.

Alexis had an afterschool activity that day, so Rena decided to stay a little longer in the mall before picking her daughter up. Thinking about the class reunion reminded her of the time she had lost her virginity to Waylen on the night of their last reunion.

Women always remembered their first time clearly.

Overwhelmed by the memory, she felt a sudden impulse to get away.

She called Waylen and asked him to pick Alexis up, saying she had to deal with something.

Waylen didn't answer her right away. He just stayed silent.

In the end, he agreed to her request.

Rena didn't ask the chauffeur to send her back. She wandered around aimlessly along the streets. Suddenly, she found herself in their old neighborhood. Their previous apartment was only two blocks away...

Enveloped in the embrace of twilight, she gazed at the old Ferris

wheel, lit up with neon lights that shone brightly in the night.

Tears welled up in her eyes.

That night, she opened the door to the old apartment.

It looked the same, aside from the empty spot where the Morning Dew piano used to sit. Sitting down on the sofa, engulfed in darkness, Rena finally gathered the courage to ask herself what the problem was.

What was going on? Didn't she love him?

He treated her well, and she stubbornly wore the previous wedding ring, unwilling to take it off.

And wasn't she the one who wanted to start over with him? So why did she refuse to move on now?

Filled with bittersweet memories of the past, she found that she rejected the current Waylen. She didn't treat him as her husband, but as a mere tool to remind her of the man she loved, the man who didn't lose his memory and remembered everything about her...

Oh, God. Was she really as cruel as this?

She sat in the apartment without moving all night.

Maybe it was because she was so exhausted that she needed to take a break from it all. At least here, she didn't need to play the role of a good wife, and her true emotions bubbled up to the surface.

She cried. She cried silently in the dark, unending tears streaming down her face.

All of a sudden, she heard the door unlock. It creaked open, and a beam of light from the corridor streamed inside.

She raised her head and found her husband standing by the

door, carrying a bag of takeout food. She didn't know what it was, but it smelled good.

Waylen said softly, "The kids are asleep. The servants at home can take care of them, so we can stay here for tonight."

Rena didn't say anything. She just stared at him quietly.

Waylen reached out to turn on the lights, but Rena quickly stopped him. "No, don't."

She didn't want him to see how fragile she was at that moment.

As soon as Waylen closed the door, he walked towards her. He set down the food, sat down next to her, and hugged her tightly. "Rena, I'm so sorry..."

It was he who ignored her all this time.

When she gave birth to Alexis, she suffered from postpartum depression.

Later, when she gave birth to Marcus, he disappointed her again.

Everyone thought she was incredibly strong. Even she thought that her wounds would heal after they reconciled. But no one knew the truth: Rena was mentally ill. The more anxious they were to repair their relationship, the worse her condition got. Only now did she realize this.

Waylen held her close, comforting her in a voice both sorrowful and tender. "Don't be afraid. I'll be with you. Let's go to a therapist tomorrow, okay?"