

Chapter 1935 Psychotherapy

Brandon's expression softened instantly as he glanced at Janet.

The attending doctor, observing their departure, breathed a sigh of relief.

Exiting the office, Janet and Brandon made their way to the psychologist's office, arranged by Frank.

Janet couldn't shake off a slight nervousness as they reached the office, yet Brandon's reassuring grip on her hand offered her a sense of security.

The psychologist made some adjustments to the lounge, adding touches that made it feel warmer and more inviting. The gentle aroma of fresh fruit in the air put Janet at ease.

Upon spotting Janet and Brandon, the psychologist greeted them with a warm smile. "Mrs. Larson, please, take a seat. There's no need to feel nervous."

Janet's tension eased as she returned the smile and settled into the chair, replying, "Hello, doctor."

"Today, there's no agenda or deadlines, Mrs. Larson. Just think of it as a friendly chat with someone you know," the psychologist suggested.

The psychologist's friendly yet professional approach helped Janet relax further. Gradually, she opened up, feeling at ease in the psychologist's presence as they engaged in a comfortable conversation.

"So you believe your insomnia began around the time you discovered your photos being taken without your knowledge?" the psychologist inquired, jotting down notes.

"Yes," Janet affirmed with a nod.

Setting aside the pen, the psychologist leaned forward and asked, "May I pose a somewhat personal question? Do you harbor any distrust towards your marriage or perhaps towards your husband?"

Janet shook her head emphatically, her voice firm as she replied, "No, not at all. My marriage is a happy one. I trust my husband from the depths of my heart."

The psychologist nodded thoughtfully, sensing Janet's overall contentment. "It seems that your insomnia may have deeper roots beyond the incident with being photographed secretly. Your upbringing may have primed you to be hyper-aware of potential threats. Mrs. Larson, perhaps changing your environment could alleviate some of your concerns as your worry extends beyond yourself to those close to you."

Janet fell silent upon hearing these words.

Their discussion continued for almost two hours before concluding the psychological consultation.

Despite appearing composed outwardly, Janet's mind buzzed with thoughts until she bid farewell to the psychologist and left the office, feeling a wave of relief wash over her as she confirmed she hadn't undergone hypnosis.

Brandon wrapped his arms around Janet's shoulders. "I'm sorry, I didn't fully consider everything. I won't insist on taking you to see a psychologist again. We'll find another solution to help with your insomnia."

Janet took a deep breath, a soft smile gracing her lips as she replied, "It's okay. I'm not scared, especially when I have you by my side. I feel reassured. Perhaps the doctor is on to something—I might just have some subconscious vigilance."

Perhaps, she mused, her past experiences had left her more easily on edge than she realized.

"Don't worry," Brandon reassured her, holding her close. "I'll always be here for you."

As they settled into the car, Brandon turned to her and asked, "Are you headed to the studio today? Or would you like to spend some time just the two of us?"

Janet felt slightly tempted but shook her head firmly, keeping her pending order in mind. "I prefer sticking to my work routine."

Brandon teased, "Ah, I see I'm not as high on the priority list as your work."

However, despite his playful remark, he was already steering the wheel towards Janet's studio.

Janet grinned in response, playing along. "Precisely! How else could I afford such a handsome chauffeur like you if I didn't put in the effort?"