

## **Never Late, Never Away Chapter 991**

Vivian didn't want to keep lying to herself. She crept forward and tried to touch the charred body, but Finnick stopped her.

"Vivian, there's sulfuric acid on the body."

Hearing his warning, Vivian merely paused for a second before reaching out stubbornly. Finnick immediately grabbed her hand. As sulfuric acid was harmful to the human body, the consequences would be dire to those who touched it. Finnick held her tightly, fearing she would escape his hold and run toward the body when he wasn't paying attention. If that really happened, it would be too late to stop her.

"Listen, Vivian. That isn't Larry. He appeared after Evelyn's death. That isn't Larry," he repeated firmly.

Alas, Vivian no longer trusted his words.

As he had tricked her previously, she refused to believe him. I won't be tricked easily. Never again.

Tears rolled down her cheeks as she glared at Finnick.

"Stop lying to me. Does lying make you feel better? I know what you're trying to do. Stop it," she

declared and turned to leave. However, before she could step out of the door, she passed out and collapsed in a crumpled heap.

"Vivian!" Finnick gave the police officer a look before he picked her up and rushed to the hospital.

After a thorough examination, she turned out to be fine. The recent events had shocked her immensely and caused her to faint out of a sudden. The doctor said she would be alright and hooked her up to an IV drip.

Finnick sat by her bed and stared at her wordlessly as thoughts flooded his mind.

Vivian soon regained consciousness as she wasn't really ill. When her eyelids fluttered open, Finnick was nodding off.

He hadn't slept for twenty-four hours. Vivian took a glance at him and slowly put on her shoes to not wake him up. She left the room for a stroll outside. It felt too claustrophobic being in the ward.

"Little pumpkin, I'm here!" Vivian spotted someone who resembled Larry and called out excitedly. When she turned around, the figure disappeared into thin air.

Vivian felt her head buzzing. Am I seeing things?

Five minutes later, the same scene happened all over again. It was obvious that something was wrong.

Vivian had hallucinations.

When Finnick jolted awake, Vivian wasn't around. He dashed out and tried to find her, but she was nowhere to be seen. After all, he wasn't capable enough of stopping a person who was determined to leave.

Finnick wandered around the hospital in an effort to find Vivian.

"Did you see a skinny woman this tall in a hospital gown?"

"Did you see a woman about this tall wearing a hospital gown?"

Finnick asked around, but no one had spotted her.

Anxiety grew in his heart. Even if Vivian tried to escape, there's no way she could escape this far.

He ran his fingers through his hair in frustration. Staring at the people walking along the hallway, he was

at a loss at what to do next. Suddenly, a commotion caught his attention.

In a daze, Finnick thought he heard Vivian's voice. Something must've happened to her! Without

hesitation, he dashed into the crowd and saw Vivian, who he had been wildly searching for.

"Vivian!" She's no longer the elegant and gentle Vivian I know, Finnick realized with a start. Right now,

Vivian was chasing after something invisible, her hair a disheveled mess.

Immediately, Finnick thought she had gone crazy. As he stepped forward and reached Vivian's side, he

heard her muttering, "Little pumpkin, Mommy and Daddy miss you a lot. You're finally back!"

Frowning, Finnick guessed she must be seeing things. Otherwise, something must've triggered her senses.

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“Vivian, he isn’t here. This isn’t Larry,” said Finnick as he pointed at nothing. However, Vivian ignored his words and shoved him away.

“Finnick, you’re his father. How could you say that? Look, our little pumpkin is standing right in front of us!” she demanded while pointing at the figure she saw.

Finnick froze, not knowing what to say.

He was racking his brains, trying to find a solution, when Benedict rushed down the hallway toward them.

After both men exchanged brief greetings, Benedict immediately asked about Vivian’s condition.

The crowd dispersed once the show was over. Finnick started explaining everything to Benedict.

“That wasn’t Larry, but Vivian refused to listen to me. She insisted it was Larry. Well, I’m at a loss now.”

Finnick knitted his brows in concern.

“Remember the psychologist? Let’s bring Vivian to him now,” suggested Benedict. There was no other choice now. They had to try all available means.

Finnick nodded in agreement. Back then, Vivian recovered after taking the drugs. He didn’t know if she could recover easily this time, but he still had to give it a try.

Knock, knock, knock! At the doctor’s office, Benedict and Finnick knocked three times before entering with Vivian.

When the doctor spotted Finnick, he immediately knew Finnick’s wife had relapsed.

“Can you examine my wife?” asked Finnick as he helped Vivian onto the chair.

Vivian didn’t want to sit, but she was no match for the two men.

The doctor examined her and came up with his diagnosis soon. Vivian was living in her own imaginary world. No one could enter her world, and she couldn’t leave it either. It was up to her to get out of it.

“How is she?” Finnick gazed at the doctor earnestly. A bitter smile appeared on the doctor’s lips.

It looks like he cares for his wife a lot. I remember how aloof he was back then. Now, he's keen to know his wife's condition.

"There are two solutions. The first one is hypnosis. Mrs. Norton will experience the same thing all over again through this method. The second is to do nothing and allow her to live in her imaginary world."

The doctor presented two solutions immediately without using any complicated medical terms so Finnick could understand easily. It was now up to Finnick to pick one.

"She will experience it all over again? What if her condition worsens?" Finnick was afraid she wouldn't be able to take another blow.

I can't afford to lose her. She might be living in her imaginary world now, but at least she's still happy.

Maybe this is for the best.

Finnick made up his mind and looked at Benedict, who shot him an encouraging nod. They dared not try anything reckless as Vivian's life was at stake.

The consequences would be too hard to bear.

"Let's take the safe approach," said Finnick. He sounded worn out.

That was within the doctor's expectations, so he nodded readily.

"I'll prescribe some meds for Mrs. Norton to aid with her condition," he replied. Finnick nodded in

approval, so he began writing the prescription down. Finnick glanced at the prescription and went to retrieve the medication, leaving Vivian with Benedict.

It was similar to the prescription previously, but there were some minor changes to it. Hopefully, Vivian will recover after taking her meds, he thought.

As he strode out, he wondered if he should bring Vivian home to recuperate. It would be better for her to rest at home. He could also take care of her.

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Finnick then took the time to analyze the situation before deciding to bring Vivian home with him.

As Vivian had lost her mind, he had to search for Larry himself.

After retrieving the medications, he returned to find Benedict waiting at the door with a seemingly

excited Vivian. The corners of Finnick's mouth turned up in a smile as he reached out and caressed Vivian's cheek.

Turning to Benedict, he said, "Ben, I broke my promise. Instead of taking good care of Vivian, I let her suffer." Back then, when Finnick came to plead for Vivian's return, he gave Benedict his word that he would take good care of Vivian.

Guilt crept across Finnick at the sight of Vivian's predicament. Benedict seemed unperturbed. He knew how upset Finnick was.

"Back then, I wasn't in love. But now, I know how hard it is to protect someone you love. You don't have to apologize, for you have done your best. Think about your next step carefully," Benedict concluded.

After patting Finnick's shoulder, he bade goodbye to the former and walked away.

He wasn't needed here anymore. Plus, they needed their alone time. Spotting Vivian's chapped lips, Finnick rushed to the water dispenser and filled up a cup of water for her.

Instead of drinking it, Vivian poured it onto the ground while mumbling, "Little pumpkin, have some water. You must be parched."

Finnick could only watch as she emptied the cup's content onto the floor. He promptly refilled the cup and brought it to her lips.

"Vivian, your lips are chapped, too." After Vivian gulped down the water obediently, she wrapped her arms around Finnick.

"Larry's such a good boy, Finnick. But why isn't he as cheerful as before?" she declared. "Never mind. As long as he remains by my side." She started giggling happily.

At her words, despair welled up in his chest.

Vivian must've missed Larry dearly to have conjured him out of thin air. He stared at the ceiling blankly. That's why she started having visual hallucinations. Back then, when I was separated from Vivian, I poured myself into work. I remember how unbearable it was whenever I

thought of Vivian. She must be suffering greatly as she thought Larry was dead. Whenever I imagine

Larry dead, my heart would constrict painfully. However, I believe Larry is still alive. He can't die yet. He still has to grow to be a man just like me.

Finnick had only spaced out for a brief moment. When he snapped back to reality, Vivian was jumping on the bed. Vivian imagined herself having fun with Larry on the trampoline.

Finnick couldn't bring himself to stop her, so he started cleaning up. When he was done, Vivian had calmed down and was resting on the couch.

He took her hand. "Vivian, let's go home with our little pumpkin."

Vivian beamed happily and took his arm to head out.

Gazing at a mentally unstable Vivian, Finnick couldn't help but think she was much likable now. A

clear-headed Vivian would only glare at him icily, while a mentally unstable Vivian would hold his arm intimately.

It felt good, but Finnick still wished she could recover as soon as possible.

Back home, Vivian went to Larry's room and lay on his bed.

Finnick knew she was putting the imaginary Larry to bed as it was close to bedtime.

Vivian hadn't eaten dinner yet, so she couldn't go to bed. He pulled her up and helped her to wash up before leading her to the dining room.

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The housemaid, who had received Finnick's text earlier, had prepared a spread for them.

Vivian took her seat and started eating quietly.

Clearly, she was starving.

Finnick knew she would continue being mentally unstable after filling her tummy.

Even so, he piled her plate with nutritious food good for her health. Vivian ate her dinner without any complaints. Contrary to Finnick's expectations, Vivian returned to their bedroom, lay on their bed, and immediately dozed off.

Finnick wanted to wake her up as she hadn't brushed her teeth, but seeing how she was sleeping contently, he let her be. Let her sleep. She must've been exhausted from today's events.

The next day, Vivian woke up early in the morning. Immediately, she made her way to Larry's room and hugged his Doraemon plushy tightly.

"You're up my little pumpkin. I thought you would still be asleep," she uttered in delight and patted Doraemon's head.

Finnick stood aside silently. Yesterday, she thought the air was Larry. Now, she thinks the plushie's Larry?

Well, at least now it's something that exists. It looks like the doctor's medications worked. I believe if she takes them regularly and stays calm, she will recover one day.

With that thought in mind, Finnick gazed at Vivian, whose attention was focused on Doraemon.

She looks like a loving mother.

It was a beautiful sight. If Vivian were sane, Finnick would be very much in love with her. Shaking his head, he berated himself for being too greedy and got rid of that thought.

After glancing at his watch, he brought her to wash up and had breakfast. He would be bringing her out to have some fun today.

Vivian didn't kick up a fuss during breakfast, so they finished their breakfast in no time. Finnick helped her changed into new clothes. They then headed out.

Before leaving the house, Vivian took one last look at Larry's room.

As she wanted to have fun, she left Larry at home for the time being.

Instead of acting like a mentally unstable patient, she was acting like a child.

Finnick planned to bring her to the mall to buy some clothes. After she fell sick, she hadn't managed to

buy any new clothes. The weather was great, so Finnick decided to bring her out to let off steam.

To his surprise, Vivian remained obedient until she saw something which triggered her emotions.

When she spotted a claw machine full of plushies, she went over and tried to get them out, but the clear

glass in between stopped her from doing so. Immediately, she gazed at Finnick in dejection. Seeing her reaction, Finnick got some change and started trying his luck. Finnick had no experience with the claw machine. As it was his first time, plus it wasn't that easy to win a prize, Finnick failed on his first try. Disappointment shone in Vivian's gaze. Finnick plucked up his courage and decided to give it another try. I must win this time! He focused his gaze on the claw and made sure it was in the right position before dropping the claw. Indeed, the claw landed on a plushy and hooked it up. When the plushy was dropped into the hole, Vivian picked it up in delight. "Little pumpkin, look how awesome your daddy is!" Hearing her words, the joy in Finnick died away. So she thinks every plushy is Larry? However, seeing how excited Vivian was, Finnick thought his efforts had paid off.

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Finnick, look. Our son is very obedient, right?" Vivian gazed at him and waited for his answer earnestly.

Finnick gave her a nod and ruffled her hair affectionately.

He hadn't seen her smile this joyfully since Larry's disappearance.

Sometimes, he wished Vivian would stay this way forever.

But soon, something shocking occurred—Vivian nearly fell to her death off the escalator!

She had dashed out without warning and was already on the ground before Finnick could react. It wasn't because he wasn't paying attention. It was because Vivian was too swift for him to react in time.

"Vivian, are you alright?" He immediately rushed to her and helped her up before glaring at the lady who had just shoved Vivian away rudely. Everyone who had hurt Vivian deserved to be punished.

"S-She took my little pumpkin away!" Vivian pointed at the lady angrily. Finnick followed her gaze and



realized the lady was holding a plushy in her arms.

Instantly, he stopped in his tracks awkwardly. That lady had bought a plushy for her son, but Vivian thought it was Larry.

At once, Finnick apologized to the lady, who snorted and spun on her heels to leave.

The matter should be over by now, but Vivian broke down completely when she saw the lady leaving with the plushy. Sprinting ahead, she grabbed the plushy from the lady like a madwoman.

“Are you crazy? What the heck are you doing?” the lady scowled and demanded furiously. Finnick strode forward and came to a stop in between them. He whipped out one hundred from his wallet and gave it to the lady.

“I’ve apologized earlier. Here is one hundred for that plushy. You can get another one easily.” Finnick’s voice showed no room for negotiation. The lady had bought the plushy at a cheap price, so she was delighted upon receiving the hundred bill.

She promptly forgot about the previous unhappy incident and rushed home, afraid Finnick would change his mind.

After she left, Finnick took Vivian’s arm and helped her up. “Look, our son is back. Are you happy now?”

He tidied her fringe as she stared at him quietly.

Bending down, he pressed a kiss on her lips. Shortly after, they both returned home. Each had a plushy in their arms.

It was now late after they spent the day strolling around in the mall. To Finnick’s shock, Vivian puked her guts out before she entered the car, which worried him immensely, so he immediately brought her to the hospital.

At the hospital, the doctor told him Vivian had vomited because of her fall earlier. He reminded her to get a good rest and didn’t prescribe any medicine.

It was too minor an illness to take any medicine. Vivian could recover on her own. It wasn’t too good to over-rely on drugs, after all.

Finnick nodded in acknowledgment and brought her back home. They had just entered the house when an elderly man's voice rang out. "Finnick, you're back?" It took Finnick a while to recognize the voice. The elderly man was Palmer Lochlan, an old friend of Samuel Norton's. Palmer used to adore him a lot in the past. Why is he here? Finnick wondered. He pulled Vivian along and they both sat on the couch across from Palmer. After greeting the old man briefly, he turned to see Vivian sitting with her hands folded in her lap. "Finnick, your wife..." Palmer trailed off, waiting for his explanation. Finnick then proceeded to explain the entire situation to him. As a matter of fact, Palmer knew exactly what had happened, but he wanted to hear what Finnick had to say. He also wanted to know if Finnick had changed his mind. Never Late, Never Away Chapter 996 After hearing what Finnick had to say, he touched his beard jovially. Something occurred to him as he declared, "Since your wife is in this state, you should find another one." Finnick was still young, so it must be exhausting for him to take care of his ill wife. It would also affect Finnick's company and career.

Finnick understood this better than anyone. Yet, he couldn't bring himself to leave Vivian alone. He loved her dearly to give her up just because of a minor illness. There was no way he'd find himself another woman.

Vivian was his one and only wife. "Mr. Lochlan, I won't do that," he refuted without hesitation. If I marry another wife, what will happen to Vivian? I can't do that. "Finnick, I know you love her dearly. I feel sorry for her, but there's no other choice. Don't tell me you're not going to bear another child to be your successor?" He continued, "Your grandpa has passed, so it's up to me to give you a piece of advice. I don't want to feel guilty when I eventually meet with your grandpa after my passing."

“Mr. Lochlan, that’s enough. I will apologize to him personally in the future. I won’t be marrying another woman.” Upon recalling his grandfather, Finnick shut his eyes in anguish. “Mr. Litt’s daughter is a pleasant girl. She has just returned from abroad. I told her about you. If you change your mind, you can marry her,” said Palmer. “I’m too old to interfere in your matters any longer.”

With that, he rose to his feet.

Finnick stood up and led Vivian to see Palmer out. When Palmer’s figure was no longer in sight, Vivian spoke. “Finnick, who was that? He’s so scary.”

She fiddled with the plushy in her hands and added, “Look how afraid little pumpkin is.”

Finnick didn’t say a word. Instead, he ruffled her hair adoringly.

“That was Grandpa’s friend. Don’t be scared. You’re fine now,” comforted Finnick gently.

Palmer’s words made sense, but he wouldn’t betray Vivian as long as he loved her.

He said I can decide for myself, but he had already taken action before I had time to prepare myself.

Finnick smiled bitterly. Forget it. Let him be.

Shortly after Palmer left, the doorbell chimed. Finnick furrowed his brows and answered the door.

As soon as the door was opened, a pungent scent of perfume wafted in.

At once, Finnick’s frown deepened.

“Hello, I’m Paige Litt. My father is...” Before Paige could finish her introduction, Finnick had already

turned and strode away. Upon hearing her last name and relating it to how she appeared right after

Palmer left, Finnick immediately knew who she was.

“Don’t you want to know who my father is?” This was the first time Paige had ever been ignored in her

life. Her temper sparked as she glowered at Finnick.

From what she remembered, Finnick preferred adorable girls. Hence, she was acting cute now.

“I’m not interested,” came Finnick’s reply. He didn’t even spare Paige another look as he fed Vivian her

medications. In the beginning, Vivian refused to cooperate and even broke the glass in Finnick’s hands.

Seeing her action, Paige immediately knelt and cleared the mess. She pretended to be hurt by the glass shards, but Finnick only glimpsed at her before turning away. "There are napkins on the table. You can leave after cleaning your wound." Having said his piece, Finnick brought Vivian along to the dining room to get another glass of water. He successfully persuaded her to take her medication there. Paige knew Finnick no longer went for adorable girls, so she changed her attitude at once. She grew up overseas and was smart enough to improvise, adapting according to circumstances. It could be said that she was like a chameleon who changed her behavior according to the situation. "Since you don't like me, I'll leave for now. I'll be back another day," she uttered sadly and spun on her heels to leave.

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If Finnick bothered to glance at Paige, he'd realize she was trudging away bleakly. Her desolate figure appealed to all men's sense of sympathy and love. Alas, Paige's efforts were in vain. Finnick didn't even look up until he heard the door closed behind her. Only after that, he brought Vivian back to the living room. He looked at the glass shards that Paige had tidied up and discarded them in the trash can.

Finnick didn't have time for others as Vivian had taken up most of his time. Vivian was engrossed with the TV, so he started going through his company's documents. Finnick hadn't been in his office for days. His company was still functioning smoothly as usual, but the profit remained stagnant. He had to find the reason and increase the profit as soon as possible.

As long as I have enough money, Vivian's condition will get better one day. I don't want her to regain consciousness and realize I've become broke. With that thought in mind, he focused his attention on the files.

Sensing how busy he was, Vivian hugged her plushy and watched the TV program silently. Occasionally, when Finnick raised his head to look at her, her quiet figure would appear in his gaze.

They spent a long time in silence until Paige showed up once again. Looking at Vivian, who was running around with her plushy happily, Paige didn't show her disgust, opting to cast her eyes at Finnick instead.

"Finnick, I'm serious. She will be a burden to you. Send her to the asylum," she told Finnick in all seriousness. Even if he wasn't doing it for her, he should consider his company.

To her utter surprise, Finnick's rejection came swiftly. "Ms. Litt, Vivian Morrison is my wife. I don't care who sent you here to change my mind. Stop embarrassing yourself here."

An awkward smile flitted across Paige's lips. She wanted to tell him not to joke around, but she couldn't bring herself to say it out loud and could only freeze awkwardly.

Finnick took Vivian's hand and headed upstairs so Paige could leave on her own. After all, he had already made things clear. It was up to her to make up her mind now.

Paige watched them going upstairs before she herself left. Since Finnick doesn't like me, there's no need for me to stay here. There are plenty of handsome men who like me. Paige regained her confidence and strode out haughtily. Upstairs, Finnick watched as she left with a smirk.

It looks like I did the right thing. Otherwise, she wouldn't have left so easily.

"Finnick, look. Little pumpkin is growing up!" Right then, Vivian showed him another bigger plushy. It was blissful to watch one's kid growing up, and that was something that made Vivian extremely pleased.

It was Finnick who bought the bigger plushy for her so she could experience that herself. Seeing how delighted she was, happiness glowed inside Finnick.

That very night, Vivian had a nightmare.

She dreamt that Larry died in front of her eyes. Of course, she tried to save him, but there was nothing

she could do.

She started panicking.

Gradually, she realized she had been holding a plushy all along instead of her beloved little pumpkin. She

found herself disgusting without reason.

Luckily, the nightmare didn't go on for a long time. Soon, it became another scene. Vivian rolled over and slept peacefully.

"Vivian, good morning!" The next morning, Finnick opened his eyes to find an awake Vivian staring ahead

blankly like a lifeless puppet.

"Is something wrong, Vivian? Do you feel unwell?" Finnick asked worriedly. His gaze turned wary.

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Something felt amiss to Finnick. Vivian seemed like a completely different person now. She refused to utter a word no matter how he called out her name.

"Vivian, don't scare me. Should we go to the hospital?" Vivian used to be sensitive toward the word

"hospital." Previously, when he told her they would be going to the hospital, she would escape without hesitation.

Yet, Vivian remained expressionless when he mentioned the hospital.

Finnick tugged her arm anxiously,

hoping she would reply to his question. However, Vivian didn't move an inch.

Finnick got out of bed and washed up hurriedly. After changing clothes, he helped Vivian to wash up.

They would definitely be heading to the hospital later. If something had indeed happened to Vivian, he wouldn't be able to find a solution at home.

No matter what he did to her, she remained silent and stared ahead blankly. Every time they reached a corner, Finnick would have to steer her in the right direction lest she walked straight into the wall.

He was wondering if they should have breakfast, but the housemaid had already prepared a spread.

Finnick brought her to the dining table and began feeding her carefully.

This scene caused the housemaid

to let out a sigh.

Mr. and Mrs. Norton used to be a loving couple. They could be living together happily now, but life was harsh to them. One of them is sane, but the other had lost her mind. Mr. Norton must be suffering a great deal more than Mrs. Norton, as he is the sane one in this relationship. I can't imagine seeing my loved one going mad.

She wanted to say something but thought the better as she was afraid of offending Finnick with her words. I'll just do my job and prepare their meals on time.

Vivian's chin was stained with gravy, so Finnick wanted to wipe it off with a napkin. The housemaid immediately handed him a clean handkerchief.

"You can use this to wipe off the stain on Mrs. Norton's chin. The material is softer," she explained when Finnick glanced at her. She had been working for Finnick for some time, so she knew what his look meant.

Hearing her answer, Finnick gave her a nod and wiped Vivian's chin gently with the handkerchief. Soon, her dirty chin was wiped clean.

Finnick chuckled and discarded the handkerchief on the table before taking Vivian's hand. As they left the house, Vivian didn't demand to bring Larry along. Clearly, something was wrong with her.

On the way to the hospital, Vivian kept her mouth zipped. Whenever Finnick tried to start a conversation, she'd stop him with an icy glare.

Finally, they arrived at the hospital. As Vivian showed no signs of improving, Finnick shook his head and brought her to his friend's office.

Upon reaching the doctor's office, he knocked on the door and went in. "Please take a look at my wife.

She's been quiet the whole morning."

Immediately, the doctor stood up to examine her. He had seen patients who would either fall silent or go berserk. Therefore, Vivian didn't seem like she was ill.

After examining her, the doctor couldn't find anything wrong with her. Frowning, he wondered what it

could be.

“Oh, where is your son?” he asked after noticing Vivian hadn’t brought the plushy along today. Could it be related to that plushy?

“I don’t know. She hadn’t mentioned Larry all morning,” came Finnick’s helpless reply. Upon hearing his words, Vivian rose to her feet and stared at him.

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Finnick, don’t you know our little pumpkin’s dead? Don’t you know?”

Vivian let out a devastating cry as

her face contorted in anguish. Her sudden roar shocked Finnick into silence.

Has she regained her memories? Finnick instantly shot a puzzled gaze at the doctor, who hurriedly asked

him to hold Vivian down so he could figure out what went wrong.

Swiftly, the doctor observed her condition and measured her heartbeat.

He concluded that she was still

mentally unstable. The only difference from before was that she had now accepted the fact that Larry was dead.

To Finnick, it was bad news. He thought she could live in her imaginary world without being bothered, but then this happened.

Even if he wanted to advise her, she wouldn’t listen to him as she had lost her mind.

“I suggest hypnosis,” said the doctor. That was the only way to help her get better.

Finnick was at a loss for words. Should I take the risk? What if the therapy fails?

“The worst possibility is that she will continue being in a mentally unstable state. Her condition might also worsen. I’ve already explained the pros and cons to you. We’re friends, so I’ll leave it to you to make up your mind.”

The doctor told Finnick to consider carefully as there was still hope. After all, they were hoping she

would recover by taking the medications, too. Both methods were possible, so he wished Finnick could



give them both a try.

Finnick couldn't make up his mind and gave Benedict a call. After explaining the situation to Benedict, he rushed here in ten minutes.

"Ben!" Finnick greeted Benedict warmly. Benedict nodded at both Finnick and the doctor in return

before asking anxiously, "So you still can't decide?"

Actually, when Benedict first heard of the situation from Finnick's lips, he didn't feel like answering. After

all, Vivian's Finnick's wife. She would be spending the rest of her life with Finnick.

He would support Finnick's decision wholeheartedly. Upon seeing how stumped Finnick was, he analyzed the situation for him calmly.

"Look, Vivian won't be able to recover for the time being. She will either have a slow recovery by taking

the prescribed drugs or recover swiftly through hypnosis. The first method is slow but safe, while the second method is fast but risky."

He picked out the important points and explained them to Finnick.

Shortly after, Finnick met his gaze and announced, "I pick hypnosis. Let's do this."

I can't see Vivian being in this state anymore. It breaks my heart to see her suffer. He had made up his mind after thinking through it carefully.

Turning to glance at Vivian, who was sitting in her chair obediently, he fell into deep thought. Vivian, if

this therapy fails, will you blame me for ruining your whole life? Don't you worry. Even if you remain ill

for the rest of your life, you'll be my only wife. No one will ever take over your spot. I'm only worried

you'll blame me for choosing the slow recovery method that caused your condition to worsen. If you

become sane again, that is.

Tears shimmered in his eyes. No one knew how much courage he had to pluck in order to make this decision.

Vivian was also gazing at him earnestly. For a moment, Finnick thought she was no longer mad, but that

was only his imagination. He let out a bitter chuckle and tore at his hair in frustration. "How will you hypnotize her?"

Finnick had no idea how it would work. He wanted to ask the necessary questions so he could prepare himself before the session began.

"There's no need to prepare anything. I only need someone who she trusts," the doctor looked at them and answered. Two among three of the most important people in Vivian's life were right here.

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"It's you, Ben," Finnick recalled how Vivian said she would no longer trust him, so he thought Benedict would be the perfect candidate for the hypnosis session.

"You should do it because you're Vivian's husband," responded Benedict. He didn't know why Finnick asked him to take up the job.

Isn't Finnick the one that Vivian trusts the most? She's known him a lot longer than I have.

"Vivian said she would no longer trust me," uttered Finnick sadly. At his words, Benedict furrowed his brows.

"You should know women don't mean what they say. You should take up the job. Stop evading responsibility." Clearly, Vivian had said those words out of anger. Benedict knew how much she loved her husband.

Naturally, Finnick hesitated. Vivian's life was at risk, so he couldn't help but take every step carefully.

Finally, he took a deep breath and nodded. Benedict promptly encouraged him, and Finnick then told the doctor, "Let's begin now."

The doctor nodded in response. He put on his gloves and prepared a pocket watch before glancing at Finnick.

"Take your wife's hand. Remember, no matter what happens during the therapy, you can't let go." He

wanted someone who Vivian trusted to give her courage when she was in trouble. That way, the success rate would increase.

Finnick gave him a firm nod. The doctor proceeded to swing the pocket watch slowly in front of Vivian's eyes. Soon, she closed her eyes and fell into a trance.

In her dreams, she met Finnick for the first time and registered their marriage before spending an awkward time together. After falling in love with each other, they were separated because of

circumstances. They went through many hardships together.

A few times in between, Vivian nearly gave up when Finnick left her alone. She held her hands together

tightly to give herself strength. Whenever Vivian grasped his hands tightly, Finnick would beam happily.

Meanwhile, in Vivian's mind, she gave birth to a baby named Larry. Due to their negligence, their child was kidnapped.

This incident coincided with reality. The only different thing was that Vivian was currently witnessing the kidnapping incident with her own eyes. By now, blood was trickling down Finnick's hand.

Benedict was about to help him clean the blood, but the doctor stopped him from doing so. After all, a slight movement would wake Vivian up from her trance. If that happened, the consequences would be dire.

Judging from how hard Vivian was clutching his hands, Finnick knew she must be in agony. He wished he

could help by bearing some of her pain, but alas, it was impossible.

The objective of the hypnosis therapy was to let Vivian experience the blissful moments in life again so she would recover swiftly.

When Vivian saw Larry being abducted, she immediately went to rescue her child with Finnick. In the

end, they successfully rescued him. In her dreams, Finnick comforted her gently as the three of them

embraced each other. Her mouth curved into a blissful smile.

Finnick hadn't seen her smile this merrily for a long time.

Shocked, he gazed at the doctor while pointing at her. The doctor nodded and flashed a warm smile. He then gestured for Finnick to look at Vivian. When Finnick turned at his shoulder, he noticed Vivian had opened her eyes.

She's awake! He couldn't hide the astonishment in his gaze. Has she regained her sanity?

"Vivian?" he called out cautiously. In response, Vivian gave him a slight nod.

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