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## 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.

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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.

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“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.

## Never Late, Never Away Chapter 992

“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.

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“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.

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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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