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Never Late, Never Away Chapter 997

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."

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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.

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"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.

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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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