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Never Late, Never Away Chapter 993

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.

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“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.

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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

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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

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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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