

To many more good days

Doctor X's office – Day time:

Namjoon's least favorite place in the whole institute has suddenly become his most favorite. Ushered by Nurse Abby to take a seat and wait for the doctor, he wondered how different this session will be from the previous ones.

"Good morning Namjoon," a figure in a lab coat entered the office. "How are you feeling today?"

"Good morning Doctor," he greeted back. "I missed seeing you dressed in white."

"Now, now, behave yourself," Liliana stopped him. "This session is being monitored by the institute board. This will decide if you're fit to resume your activities, or if you still need to go under observation."

"You never mix business with pleasure, just like old times," he smirked.

Ignoring his playful attempts, Liliana gave her husband the thumbs up and initiated the session.

This is the individual assessment of Patient Namjoon K., Registration Number R1209, final log.

Please be seated and face the one-way mirror, your assessment will begin shortly.

You will be put under hypnosis to allow the evaluation to go smoothly.

Feel free to talk about your feelings and condition according to your current situation.

You may remain silent if you do not wish to share.

"The nightmare is finally over. I have been saved.

"Last year was the only memory I owned. Now, it has become all blurry with the old memories rushing back inside my head.

"I used to think that I was a loner, but I ended up being the husband of a loving wife.

"This session is set to determine whether I can get a free pass or not, I'm beginning to think that I shouldn't.

"I don't know if I can live with the guilt. I don't know if I can go back to how I was before.

"I don't know if I can be deemed fit to go back to work and lead a daily normal life.

"Then again, I don't have a say in this. Not anymore.

"She sacrificed a year of her life to get me back. She revived her trauma every time she saw me. She never looked back, she never gave up.

"If I can't do it for myself, I should do it for her.

"Just like I used to tell her once before: I can do it, I'm not alone. I'm never alone."

Leisure room – Day time:

While the staff held a meeting to discuss his current state, Namjoon was waiting in the leisure room. He couldn't even remember when was the last time he set foot in this place, since he spent the last couple of months wandering between the healing room and his ward.

"It brings back memories, doesn't it?" Nurse Abby snapped him out of his inner world.

"It does," he smiled. "I still remember the first time I came here, it feels like yesterday."

She smiled back, "Time goes by fast, and so do we."

Namjoon always enjoyed the small talk with Nurse Abby. It took him a minute to notice that she wasn't in the meeting. "Is it over? What is the verdict?"

"I didn't sit through it until the end," she unveiled. "It was too much for my poor heart."

"You? The iron lady?" he gasped, "Since when have you turned this soft?"

"Since I saw her torture herself for the past year in the name of love." the old lady took a deep breath, "I haven't shed a tear since my late husband passed away. I cried every time she asked for an individual assessment."

Her statement rose Namjoon's eyebrows, "Speaking of which, why did she have to go through the individual logs? I understand that she had to take part in the group activities as part of her disguise, but she could've spared herself the trouble of going through the painful sessions."

"Of all the people, you should know better," the head nurse chuckled at how clueless he was. "Do you think it was easy to pose as a mental patient and keep up with the whole routine? She risked her own sanity for you. You should acknowledge that much."

"The individual logs were her pause button from all the madness," he realized.

In that moment, Liliana accessed the leisure room, cutting the pair's conversation short, "Why does it feel so gloomy in here?"

"How did it go?" Nurse Abby urged, while Namjoon stood in silence.

"Well," Liliana revealed, "I guess I will need more of these individual sessions in the future."

The sudden revelation put both the nurse and the patient in shock.

"I'll need more of these individual sessions because I will be taking this lunatic back home with me," Liliana examined their faces in amusement. "Babe, you're free."

Ward R – Night time:

The time has come and Namjoon was back in his room, packing his bags. He recalled every moment spent inside this asylum, how the tables have turned, and how he switched from being a victim to becoming a culprit.

"Babe, did you get everything?" Liliana interrupted his nostalgic moment.

"Almost," he replied. "I still have some paperwork to fill."

Walking towards him, she hugged him from behind. She knew that this specific step was going to be the hardest one yet. "Do you need some help with it?"

"It's okay, I'll manage." he put his hands on top of his wife's as he examined the desk before him, "I never thought a day will come where I'll have to use it myself."

Next to Liliana's journal on the desk, lay a blank piece of paper. Just like the other patients, the pledge form was handed to him on his first day of admittance and was asked to be kept aside until he felt ready to move on.

Seeing him in this state tormented her, "I have something that may come handy."

Liliana went to fetch something from her room, leaving her husband anticipating. She came back with a package and handed it over, to Namjoon's surprise. "Here, I believe this belongs to you."