

Benefits 118

Chapter 118: A Panic

"I think you need to start investigating along these lines, detective." Demetri instructed the man by her side. Demetri could not help but frown as he wondered what it was they were missing. They'd already guessed that Lara Anderson was behind the attacks that had happened on Nora but still could not find the missing link that would connect her to the crimes. He needed those links to finish off what that woman had started.

Just as the detective was about to say something, Demetri's phone started to ring. Frowning, he looked at the screen, ready to decline the call when he glanced at the name. Waving for the detective to leave, he answered the call hurriedly. "Doctor?"

Doctor Mills gulped when he heard the voice on the other side as beads of sweat gathered on his forehead. He'd been thinking for a while on how to answer the phone but no amount of practice could protect him from the storm that was going to come their way.

"Something's happened. Please, come to the medical centre right away," he stammered, his voice betraying panic.

Silence filled the phone line for a moment, broken only by Demetri's sharp intake of breath. His heart raced, and a lump formed in his throat. "What happened?" he demanded, the panic in his voice mirroring the doctors' urgency. He'd already prepared for the worst, he reminded himself, however, the doctor would have directly told him that...if Erasmi had... left the world...

The air hung heavy with anxiety and yet the doctor said nothing. Worrying that his fears had come true, "I'm on my way," he declared, the gravity of the situation cutting through any other thoughts as he raced out of the building.

Behind the wheel, Demetri's hands gripped the steering wheel with intensity, his mind racing with worry. He weaved through traffic, glancing at the clock, every second ticking louder in his mind as he wondered what could have happened.

On the one hand, he prayed that Erasmi had really passed on to the other life and ended the suffering. On the other, he knew that if Erasmi was really no longer in this world then he would definitely know by instinct. They were two halves of a whole, how could he not know?

Demetri screeched into the medical centre's parking lot, the abrupt halt jolting him forward. Ignoring the still-running engine, he flung the car door open, the metal clanging against the frame. With long strides, he sprinted towards the entrance, his heart pounding in sync with each step. Panic etched across his face, he disregarded the automatic doors, pushing them open with urgency.

Spotting the doctor in a nearby consultation room, he stormed in, his eyes locked onto the man. "Dr. Mills!" he barked, his voice strained with a mix of fear and frustration.

The doctor, visibly startled, turned towards Demetri. He had not expected the man to reach so soon. It usually took at least a couple of hours to reach the medical centre from the city during the evening rush hour...

"Mr. Frost, I—" he began, attempting to explain as Demetri cut in sharply.

"No explanations, just tell me what happened to Erasmi!" Demetri's tone brooked no delay.

"We're addressing it urgently, and Erasmi is stable now. I assure you, we're doing everything we can to rectify the situation. In fact, Mr Frost, the outcome jolted us and the circumstances under which it happened were also unworthy, but I think what happened might prove beneficial to Erasmi in the long run."

Demetri's jaw tightened, but he nodded, absorbing the information. "I need detailed answers, and I need them now," he demanded, the tension in the room palpable. Even though the doctor hinted that the events might be good for Erasmi, Demetri paid it no mind. Unless the doctor had something solid to show him, he was not going to back down.

Dr. Mills hesitated for a moment, collecting his thoughts before beginning to explain the unusual circumstances surrounding Erasmi's reaction. "Mr. Frost, what transpired was highly unexpected and, frankly, unprofessional. Two nurses, unfortunately, engaged in a conversation within Erasmi's room. They were gossiping, talking about personal matters, and, inappropriately, discussing your marital status."

Demetri's eyes narrowed in disbelief, a mixture of anger and concern etched across his face. "My marital status? What does that have to do with Erasmi's condition?" he demanded, his voice edged with frustration and a sense of foreboding.

The doctor sighed, acknowledging the absurdity of the situation. "One of the nurses, in her misguided enthusiasm, found a picture of your new wife on the internet. She believed showing it to Erasmi might elicit a positive reaction, thinking it could be a source of joy for the patient and harmless way to engage.

Demetri's jaw clenched as he tried to process the absurdity of the situation. "Are you saying that Erasmi actually saw the picture?"

Dr. Mills nodded solemnly. "Yes, I'm afraid so. The nurse's misguided attempt at providing a form of stimulation for Erasmi backfired. The reaction was unexpected, leading to a spike in blood pressure and heightened brain activity. It was an unfortunate turn of events, and I apologize for the lapse in professionalism."

Anger flickered in Demetri's eyes, but beneath it, a profound concern for Erasmi prevailed.

"How could this happen? This is a medical facility, not a gossip hub. What were those nurses thinking?" he growled, wanting to strangle them.

The doctor sighed deeply, acknowledging the gravity of the situation. "Mr. Frost, I share your concern and disappointment. This incident was a breach of our standard protocols, and I assure you, both nurses are facing disciplinary actions. We are conducting a thorough review of our procedures to prevent such incidents in the future."

Demetri paced the room, his mind racing with a mix of emotions. "What about Erasmi?"

Dr. Mills nodded, attempting to offer reassurance. "Yes, thankfully, Erasmi is stable now. We've implemented corrective measures and closely monitored the condition. The team is working diligently to ensure the patient's recovery remains on track. Despite the unfortunate circumstances, we are hopeful that the increased brain activity might have positive implications for his overall condition in the long run."

As Demetri left the room to see Erasmi, the doctor couldn't shake the weight of the error that had occurred under his watch and worried about what would have happened if things had not been handled properly.