

## Benefits 119

### Chapter 119: Erasmi- Demetri

Demetri entered Erasmi's room, relief washing over him to find Erasmi had been placed in a wheelchair. As he moved, he suddenly had a feeling that Erasmi had indeed reacted with a flicker of his eyes.

"Erasmi?" he called out, the anticipation in his voice echoing in the sterile room hoping that the slight movement was not his own illusion. However, there was no response. The hope that had briefly ignited began to wane, replaced by a deep sadness.

"Until when are you going to punish me? hmm?"

Demetri pulled a chair closer, his gaze fixed on Erasmi's still form. "Erasmi?" he called again, a mixture of hope and uncertainty in his voice. The room remained silent, save for the hum of medical equipment.

The man who had been attending to Erasmi knocked and entered at this time, his expression reflecting the weight of the situation. "Mr. Frost, I've been monitoring Erasmi's condition closely.

There's a pattern we've observed—the patient's blood pressure spiked dangerously twice in the last three months. The last time, he had been on a video call with you and he had heard a woman's voice. And then this time again when he saw the lady's picture. It's as if there's a deep emotional response to the person related to you. If I am not wrong, the patient had reacted to your wife's voice in the past."

Demetri's eyes narrowed, a knot forming in his stomach. "What are you saying?"

The man hesitated before continuing, "It seems there might be a connection between these emotional stimuli and Erasmi's physical response. Perhaps there's a yearning, a desire to engage with these familiar stimuli, even if the patient's current state inhibits a visible response."

Demetri's mind raced as he absorbed the information. "Are you suggesting that Erasmi wants to see my wife?" he questioned, a mix of confusion and realization in his voice. And something more. He could not arrange for Nora to meet Erasmi. It would destroy Erasmi...

The man nodded solemnly. "It's a hypothesis, but there's a possibility that these stimuli hold significant emotional weight to Erasmi. It's worth exploring, Mr. Frost. It might be a key to understanding and potentially improving the condition."

Demetri's eyes flickered with a blend of emotions—hope, skepticism, and a tinge of guilt. "She cannot come here. Erasmi's existence cannot be revealed to anyone. Can we proceed in some other way? Maybe play her voice, or show more pictures?"

The man nodded thoughtfully, "We can try different stimuli and monitor the reactions. It's a delicate process, but it might provide insights into the emotional and cognitive responses. It's crucial to tread carefully, considering the medical history."

Demetri took a deep breath, the weight of responsibility settling on his shoulders. "Let's do it. If there's a chance that connecting with familiar stimuli could help Erasmi, I won't hesitate."

As the medical team prepared to test this hypothesis, Demetri couldn't shake the internal struggle. He questioned the morality of using Nora's voice and image, knowing that the long-term repercussions could be dangerous.

With every medical instrument in place and the medical team on standby, Demetri called Nora. He did not have her voice recordings but he could speak to her directly.

The ringing of the phone echoed along with the medical beeps and Demetri sighed deeply. The past and the present were all mixing up and he felt nauseous about it.

The call was answered with a cheery, voice calling out, "Mr. Husband! You called me instead of messaging? Where did the sun set today?"

Demetri said nothing as her voice echoed in the room. His entire being was focused on Erasmi who had no reaction.

When he said nothing, Nora continued, "Did you dial by mistake? Do you need something?"

Demetri closed his eyes as there was no reaction from Erasmi, feeling a hint of sadness and relief.

"I won't be coming home tonight."

"Ahh. So that is why you called me? Alright then, thanks for letting me know. Toodles...."

Demetri nodded and was about to disconnect the phone when suddenly the machines started beeping, the monitor indicating that the patient's blood pressure was on a rise.

This time the doctors were prepared and quickly started to administer the medicine to stabilize Erasmi.

Erasmi's eyes, for a brief moment, locked onto Demetri's with a mixture of accusation, anger, and an unidentifiable emotion. His fingers flinched, a subtle sign of life breaking through the stillness. Demetri leaned in, a surge of anticipation coursing through him as he waited for more signs of recognition. However, in the next moment, Erasmi's eyes closed, and he lapsed back into unconsciousness.

Demetri, a mix of excitement and impatience, turned to the attending doctor. "Did you see that? He reacted! Can we continue the experiment?"

The doctor, while acknowledging the progress, held a cautious tone. "We need to proceed with caution, Mr. Frost. Rapid stimulation could have adverse effects. Erasmi's response is promising, but we must allow his system to adjust gradually. Rushing could lead to increased stress, affecting his overall well-being."

"How long until we can try again? I need him to come back, to be aware."

The doctor considered, "Give it a day or two. We'll closely monitor his vitals and reassess. It's a delicate process, and we must ensure his safety above all."

Demetri nodded and turned to look at Erasmi who was now sleeping peacefully on the bed. "Welcome back, Erasmi. Welcome back. I knew you would someday return to me. After all, how can you abandon your twin like that? Come back, my brother. You've rested enough. Come back fast. It's been too long."

However, As Demetri spent the night by his brother's bedside, he could not help but worry about what the future would hold. If Erasmi had reacted like that to Nora's photograph, how would he then react to when she met him? And how would Nora react when she finally discovered his deception? His reason

for helping her was not that she looked like his ex-girlfriend but because she looked exactly like his twin's dead girlfriend...