

## Chapter 845 Weather Every Storm Together

Trapped inside his own body, hearing the world move around him but powerless to respond, feeling life slip through his fingers like sand—for Jarrett, this was agony that transcended language itself.

The instant the doctor's words landed, Cole's heart clenched, a vicious ache spreading through his chest. He cursed himself for the secret he'd kept buried. If he'd spoken up sooner, his father might have seen his mother one final time. In that crushing moment, he felt he was responsible for any regret his father still harbored.

Ruben and Diane fell into each other, their bodies shaking with grief too big to contain. They had to release it here, now, in this sterile hallway, so that when they stepped into that room, their faces could carry nothing but forced smiles. They wouldn't let Jarrett leave this world drowning in their sorrow.

Bertram suddenly grabbed Cole's sleeve, his fingers trembling, voice cracking with urgency. "Cole, your father's biggest regret is never seeing your mother again. Call her—right now. Let her say goodbye. It's the one comfort he deserves before the end."

Emmanuel jumped in, his words tumbling out fast. "Yes, do it now, Cole! He's only got two hours left. She'll never make it here in time, but at least let him hear her voice once more."

Cole knew they were right. But something in him refused to accept it—he refused to hand his father over to death without a fight. His thoughts flew to Elliana. If anyone could drag his father back from the edge, it was her.

So instead of dialing Sophie, Cole's thumb found Elliana's name. He'd barely hit the button when a ringtone echoed down the corridor.

Everyone turned. Elliana was racing toward them, her footsteps quick and purposeful.

Cole lunged forward and seized her hand, his grip almost painful. His voice came out rough, scraped raw by desperation. "Elliana, you have to save my father. Please. I can't lose him."

Tears finally broke free, streaming down his face. His eyes burned red with grief.

Elliana squeezed his hand back, her voice calm and steady as stone. "Let me check on him first."

"How did I forget? Elliana is Dr. Atkinson!" Ruben practically shouted, snatching her hand. His tone lurched between panic and fragile hope. "With you here, we've got a real chance. Elliana, I'm begging you—save my son. Please."

"I'll do everything I can," Elliana said, her voice firm with promise. She gave Ruben a reassuring look and then glanced toward Diane.

Up until today, Diane had been caring for Jarrett at the villa. Today marked the first encounter between Diane and Elliana. Still, Elliana recognized Diane instantly, having seen Diane's photographs before.

Yet, there wasn't time for pleasantries. With a quick, polite nod in Diane's direction, Elliana disappeared into the emergency room.

Diane stood frozen, her face twisted with heartbreak. But as she watched Elliana vanish through those doors, something complicated flickered in her expression. She'd never met Elliana face-to-face, but she knew everything about Elliana—every incident, every consequence.

Elliana had driven Trinity out of the Evans family, and the Craig family had crumbled in the aftermath. But what cut deepest for Diane was that Elliana had pushed her daughter, Eva, out of the Campbell family. Diane had nursed a bitter resentment toward Elliana for months, clutching it tight like a weapon she'd one day use. If Jarrett hadn't talked her down again and again, she would've stormed back long ago to confront Elliana herself.

But now, in this moment of raw desperation, all that resentment evaporated like smoke. Diane found herself praying that Elliana could save her son. She made a silent vow—if Elliana could bring her son back, she'd let every grudge die for good.

Elliana, of course, had no idea about the shift happening in Diane's heart. The second she stepped into that emergency room, she took complete control of Jarrett's resuscitation.

While Elliana fought for Jarrett's life inside, Cole refused to stand there and do nothing. He found a quiet corner and called Sophie, telling her everything—every brutal detail about Jarrett's condition.

Sophie's voice shattered instantly. Her sobs came loud and broken. "I was so wrong! I should never have left without a word back then. I destroyed him—that is all my fault!"

Cole couldn't speak. He just stayed on the line, his own tears falling silently as hers echoed through the phone.

After the call ended, Cole pulled out a pen and paper and began writing his third application. Compared to the first two, this one was the simplest he'd ever written. On the blank page, he scrawled just one sentence. "We'll weather every storm together, never leaving each other's side."

When he finished, he folded the paper carefully, tucked it away with the pen, and walked back to the emergency room doors.

Elliana had been inside for two hours now.

Since she'd entered, a nurse had been coming out at intervals with updates.

"The patient's blood pressure has stabilized!"

"The heartbeat has returned to normal!"

"His fingers are moving!"

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Each report lifted the weight on everyone's chest, bit by bit, pulling their spirits back toward hope.

Just as Cole walked back to the group, the nurse hurried out again—with the brightest news yet. "All of the patient's vital signs have returned to normal!"

"Thank heavens! Thank heavens!" Diane cried, overwhelmed with relief.

Ruben let out a laugh that echoed down the hall, tapping his cane against the floor. "Didn't I tell you? It's our sheer luck to have Elliana join our family!"

Bertram and Emmanuel exchanged thrilled looks, admiration written across their faces. "Dr. Atkinson truly earns her reputation."

Cole exhaled a long, shaky breath. Then without any delay, he pulled out his phone and sent a text.