

## Read Novel Love Change Of Heart Chapter 871-872

Love Change Of Heart Chapter 871-In the hospital, from the opposite side of a glass, Daniel stood while Daphne sat, staring intently at the person in the intensive care unit, their eyes bloodshot from not catching a wink of sleep all night.

The doctor had just come to examine Theodore and said his vital signs were still stable. If nothing unexpected happened, he should be able to get through the critical period safely.

After a while, one of Daniel's subordinates came over and whispered something to him; they had dealt with several groups of people trying to infiltrate the hospital throughout the night, and this was already the fifth group.

Daniel nodded, and after his subordinate left, he asked Daphne, "Would you like to take a nap? I can keep watch over here."

However, Daphne shook her head and turned down his offer because she wanted to see Theodore awaken with her own eyes so that she could rest assured. Daniel didn't say anything more and just crossed his arms, leaning against the wall and waiting patiently as time ticked by.

They didn't know how much time had passed when the lights in the corridor suddenly turned off. Looking up, Daphne jumped from her seat and asked, "What's happening?"

Daniel cast a look toward the intensive care unit. The circuit inside was separate from the hospital's main circuit, so the lights and equipment were still functioning normally. "Don't worry and stand at the door of the ward," he assured calmly. "Don't let anyone in."

Agreeing to this, she ran to the door and gripped the handle of the intensive care unit door tightly, her hands trembling slightly.

Meanwhile, Daniel took out his phone and made a call, but no one answered, and his face darkened. It seems like their previous failures have made them lose their patience, he thought. Now, they're prepared to do whatever it takes so that Theodore Frost dies in the hospital.

In the entire corridor, apart from the faint light from the intensive care unit, there was no other light source. Seconds later, sounds of hurried footsteps were heard, and many people arrived.

Putting away his phone, Daniel whispered to Daphne, “I might not be able to take care of you later. You —”

Daphne interrupted, “Don’t worry about me. I’ll stay here. Even if it means death, I won’t let them in.”

There was no time for Daniel to reply before the people were already in front of him. Taking the offensive stance, he initiated the attack, hitting one of the men’s legs, and a fight ensued.

Leaning against the door, Daphne couldn’t see what was happening, but she could hear the sounds of punches and kicks in the darkness, and she held onto the door handle even tighter as the smell of blood filled the air.

Almost at the same time, someone came from the other side. When they came to open the door, they probably didn’t expect someone to be blocking it and hesitated for a moment before roughly grabbing Daphne’s arm, trying to shove her aside.

Nevertheless, they didn’t expect that they couldn’t move her aside when they pulled, and time was running out for them.

The man used even more force. Even so, he couldn’t pull her away. She was like a tree rooted to the door, refusing to budge. Furious, the man slapped her on her body and face, growling, “Let go!”

Daphne gritted her teeth, and a metallic, salty taste started to spread out in her mouth. “No, I won’t let go!”

In the darkness, chaos and noise filled the air. Although the man was strong, Daphne didn’t know what kept her going. All she knew was that if she let go of the door handle, Louis’ life would be ruined. So, she absolutely couldn’t—and wouldn’t—step back.

All of a sudden, the lights turned back on, and she could finally clearly see the man in front of her who was exuding a menacing aura—Justin’s assistant, Hunter Sins.

As the lights came on, many people flooded into the corridor.

Hunter glanced at Daphne, his eyes filled with determination, then looked at the person coming from the other side. Without hesitation, he turned around and jumped out of the window. As for the men he brought, some managed to escape in the chaos while others were detained by Daniel's men.

Daniel was injured in the fight. Wiping away the blood from the corner of his mouth with a frown, he turned to Daphne, who was leaning against the door. Her hair was disheveled, half of her face was swollen, and her breathing was shallow, her eyes without any focus.

Seeing that it seemed safe now, she slowly slid down against the door, her wrist still hanging from the gap of the door handle. The flesh on the back of her hand was a blur; it was a horrifying, gruesome sight from rubbing roughly against the door.

Daniel was about to go over when he suddenly heard footsteps behind him. Spinning his head around, he saw that William had arrived.

William came to a stop in front of him with a grim face and glanced at Daphne at the door. After a moment, he said to his assistant behind him, "Call a doctor."

For a moment, Daniel was silent before asking, "Have you been to the police station?"

William peered at him. "Not yet. I came here directly after getting off the plane, but it looks like I was late." Then, he added, "Take care of the situation here. I'm going to the police station and will be back later."

Daniel nodded, and the doctor arrived after William left. A nurse went to help Daphne, but she was still on high alert and shrank back toward the door.

Pacing over, Daniel was about to speak when he accidentally touched his own wound, causing himself to hiss in pain. "It's alright now. Thanks to you, Theodore Frost is still alive and well."

Light returned to Daphne's eyes, but tears rolled down her face unwittingly. She felt like crying and laughing at the same time because of the irony. The nurse helped her up and sat her in a nearby chair, and the doctor began to examine and treat her wounds.

Seeing this, Daniel turned around and found that William had left his men behind. He was about to go to the window at the end of the corridor to check when Daphne suddenly spoke up, "That person is Justin Pearson's assistant."

Daniel turned his head. "What?"

Daphne repeated, "The person who tried to enter just now. He's Justin Pearson's assistant, Hunter Sins. I've seen him before at Pearson Group."

"Are you sure he's the person you saw?" Daniel asked.

She nodded. "I saw it very clearly, and I definitely won't mistake it."

"In that case, things just got a lot simpler."

Although they didn't have any strong evidence that could topple Justin at the moment, setting everything else aside, just Daphne's injuries and her accusations meant that Hunter couldn't escape.

"Alright, take care of your wounds and rest at home," he said.

But Daphne shook her head. "I'm not leaving."

Daniel paused for a couple of seconds before saying, "I don't mean to chase you away, but the person who just came is Louis' father. After he visits the police station, he'll return here. It doesn't seem appropriate for you to meet here."

Speechless, Daphne lowered her head and remained calm. "I understand. I'll leave in a while."

"Don't worry, I'll keep an eye on Theodore Frost," he assured. "I'll inform you immediately once he wakes up."

"Thank you."

"Don't stand on ceremony. You're Zoe's friend, too."

Daphne stared at him with sincerity in her eyes. "Thank you for saving Theodore Frost's life." Only then can we save Louis, she added silently.

Daniel smiled. "In that case, there's no need to say thank you."

Love Change Of Heart Chapter 872-At the entrance of the police station, William and Mr. Jackson arrived almost at the same time. With the support of someone, Mr. Jackson walked quickly to William and asked, "Why didn't you tell me about such a big thing?"

William helped him and replied, "You haven't been feeling well lately, so I don't want to bother you."

"This is no trouble! It's just a trip." Mr. Jackson walked in with him and sighed. "I didn't expect him to be Sandra's child. I always thought he looked a bit like you. Fate is really quite something."

William pursed his lips and said, "I didn't take good care of them."

Again, Mr. Jackson sighed. "Don't say that now. Let's get him out first."

In the station, a police officer asked them why they were there, and Mr. Jackson said while resting on his cane, "My surname is Jackson. Please get Chief Jensen to meet me."

Seeing that both of them had extraordinary backgrounds, the police officer immediately went to inform Nick, who rushed over. "Sir, what brought you here?"

As Mr. Jackson had great prestige in Highside, especially among William's generation, and many of them had attended his lectures, most of them would address him with respect, and Nick was one of them.

In a deep voice, Mr. Jackson said, "I have something to discuss with you."

Nick supported him and said, "Please, let's talk in my office."

William didn't follow them and went outside to make a phone call instead. After they left, a few police officers whispered to each other. "Why do you think Mr. Jackson suddenly came over? I haven't heard of any case involving a powerful figure recently. Have you?"

"The one who came in yesterday... Isn't he President Pearson's brother?"

"That's his wife's brother, not his own, and I haven't heard that Mr. Jackson and the Pearsons have a close relationship."

“But besides this case, all the other cases in our bureau are insignificant. There’s no need for Mr. Jackson to come in person, but the case involving Louis McKinney is a big deal. Whether Theodore Frost lives or dies will determine the outcome.”

“I think Theodore Frost would rather die. If he survives, he’ll have to go back to prison, and his sentence will be extended because of Daphne’s case. He won’t be able to get out for the next twenty or thirty years.”

“Hey, do you think Theodore Frost went to Louis McKinney because of this? After all, he’s already living a miserable life. It’s better to die than to be imprisoned, and he can even drag someone down with him.”

In the office, Nick appeared troubled after hearing Mr. Jackson’s purpose for visiting. “Sir, I would like to release him, too. President Pearson came here yesterday, but there’s still no way. Half of the reporters are still outside. How about waiting for a couple more days?”

Mr. Jackson said solemnly, “I heard that it was Frost who first verbally provoked him on campus. Louis is a good kid, excellent in academics and character, and well-liked by his teachers and classmates at school. Besides having a conflict with Frost, he has no other blemish on his record. You can’t push over a good person like this.”

“Sir, I’ve investigated and learned about him. But as you know, we must follow a certain procedure to handle cases. Don’t worry; once the reporters have left in a few days, I promise to send him back to you safely and clear his name in public after the trial is over. As for Frost, we’ve started internal investigations and will question everyone involved in his release on bail.”

Without a word, Mr. Jackson leaned on his cane. Nick had a point. Although Theodore deserved no pity, his death should be judged and executed by the law. After coming to a decision, he stood up and said, “I won’t make things difficult for you, but this child is the son of an old friend of mine. Please take good care of him. He has a bright future ahead of him.”

Startled, Nick thought, Not only is Louis McKinney President Pearson’s brother-in-law, but he’s also the son of Mr. Jackson’s old friend. Seems like he has a powerful background, but who exactly is this old friend?

Before leaving, Mr. Jackson asked, “May we visit him?”

Nick nodded. "Of course, you may."

When they came out of Nick's office, William had just finished his phone call and walked in. Because of what Mr. Jackson had said earlier, Nick took a few more glances at William and could confirm that William was a completely unfamiliar face to him, a face that had never appeared in his mind before.

Turning around, Mr. Jackson said, "Go on ahead with your work and just have someone take us there."

As Nick had other matters to attend to, he arranged for someone to take them to see Louis. When they reached the waiting room, Mr. Jackson stopped in his tracks and announced, "I'm not going in. Talk to him properly because this child is stubborn, just like his mother and sister."

"I know," William replied.

In the waiting room, Louis sat on a single bed, looking out the window, lost in thought. He wasn't handcuffed, but he was confined to this small room. No matter how many times he went through this, he concluded that he had no regrets.

Just then, the door was pushed open. Thinking that it was a police officer coming to interrogate him, he asked, "Is he dead?"

"Not yet."

The answer came from a strange and calm male voice, and Louis' eyebrows furrowed after he spun his head toward the source.

William closed the door behind him and walked toward Louis. Pulling out a chair in front of the desk and sitting down, he fixed his gaze on him. "Do you want him to die or not?"

Louis averted his gaze, lowering his eyes without an answer.

William continued, "You're an adult, so you should understand the consequences. Even if he deserves to die, there is still a legal process. What you did is taking the law into your own hands."

Louis replied coldly, "If the law worked, how could he have escaped prison?"

This time, William remained silent, and Louis lay on the single bed with no intention of discussing this matter further with him, facing away from him.

“I saw your girlfriend at the hospital,” William mentioned.

The knot between Louis’ eyebrows furrowed even deeper. His thin lips pursed together, and he gradually clenched his fists.

“She has been waiting outside the hospital room for you,” William said. “If you want to see her, the only way is for you to get out of here. Right now, you may feel fearless of the consequences, but have you ever thought that your actions only moved you? Those worried about you are still waiting outside, working tirelessly to ensure your safe release from here.”

Louis turned his back to him and remained silent.

“A man’s true sense of responsibility is to protect his loved ones and not bring trouble to others, and not to let the person he protects live a life of self-blame and pain. Have you fulfilled any of these things I’ve said?” Rising to his feet, he added, “I’ll come to pick you up the day after tomorrow, at the latest. Before that, think carefully about what you truly want and the meaning behind your actions.”