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## Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1793

Chapter 1793 Let You Off

Yasmin immediately shuddered at the sight.

But she quickly composed herself as a mixed feeling of hatred and resentment brewed within her, causing her emotions to run wild.

“Did I say anything wrong? Her grandfather killed so many people! Why do she and her brother still get to live comfortably?”

Ian fell quiet.

“Look at how many families were destroyed just because that b\*stard snatched their children, Ian! And how many more died because of his ridiculous dream? Why does Eddie Limmer get to have descendants even after all the horrible things he’s done?”

By the last sentence, Yasmin was screaming at the top of her lungs.

Ian continued to say nothing, but a look of never-before-seen disappointment appeared on his face, and the air around him turned terrifyingly cold.

“Mr. Ian?”

“Hand her over to the cops. Let them deal with her.”

That was all the disheartened young man could say before getting up to leave, as though there was no one in front of him.

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Yasmin immediately grabbed onto him in horror upon hearing his words.

“Don’t hand me over, Ian. It’s over for me if I’m taken to the cops,” she begged, tears trickling down her cheeks as panic began to set in.

Yet, the young man merely shot her an icy glance.

“What about my aunt, then? If she weren’t so smart, she would’ve been dead by now. You need to be taught a lesson, Yasmin, or you’ll only keep going down the wrong path.”

With that, he freed himself from her grasp and left mercilessly.

If this woman refused to reflect on her deeds and continued to believe she was doing the right thing, letting her off now would only hurt her.

Everyone has the right to live without being persecuted illegally.

Why, then, should Aunt Susan be an exception?

Even if someone commits a serious crime, no one can take away any of his children’s rights to live. Who does Yasmin think she is to be able to say that?

What makes her any different from Eddie Limmer?

Every life should be respected.

By the time Ian returned to the hospital, Susan had already woken up.

“Ian, is... is everything okay at work?”

That was the first thing she had in mind, despite having just regained consciousness and looking extremely unwell, her face remaining swollen too.

Ian hurriedly stood next to her. “Everything’s fine. What about you? Are you feeling any better?”

He gazed at her with concern, unable to hide the worry in his pitch-black eyes.

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Susan grinned.

"I'm okay. Just a few external injuries. Don't worry about me, Ian."

After scrutinizing her and making sure she was really fine, Ian walked away, poured her a glass of water, and handed it to her.

When she had taken a sip, the woman watched him sit back down, looking less anxious.

"I heard from Timothy that you locked Yasmin up," she said while holding her glass.

"I did," Ian admitted. "She was behind this. I can't forgive her for doing such a thing to you, so I handed her over to the police."

"What?"

Susan hastily sat up as she heard that.

"Ian, don't. Her life will be ruined if you let the cops deal with her."

For some reason, the woman was actually helping Yasmin.

With some traces of fury left within him, Ian stared at her. "But how could I ever let her off after she's done something so wicked? I talked to her after that, but she wasn't sorry at all. She even thinks she did what was right! If I don't hand her to the police and teach her a lesson, she'll come after you again one day!"

The young man finally spoke from his heart – he just didn't want his aunt to get hurt anymore.

Besides, given how blinded by revenge Yasmin was now, there was certainly a possibility she would act again.

Susan gazed down at her glass, where the water remained hot.

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"I know you're worried about me, Ian. But I'm still Eddie Limmer's granddaughter, and there's nothing I can do to change that. That's why I understand why she hates me. Forgive her if you can. I don't mind making it up to her if that's what she wants."

"Aunt Susan!"

Ian was instantly livid.

Making it up?

She's not Eddie! Why should she have to pay for his sins? Is she stupid?

The young man's face flushed in anger.

Even so, due to his aunt's insistence, he eventually agreed not to send Yasmin to the police, but to let her off instead.

However, he decided to settle for the next best option, which was to personally request to have Yasmin transferred to a different university.

After Yasmin received word about this, she went looking for him at the library.

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## Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1794

Chapter 1794 Let Her Be

“How heartless could you be, Ian?”

Ian, who was in the midst of reading a book, glanced up at her while looking visibly perplexed.

“Heartless? Getting your transferred is the best way to deal with you, and you don’t know how to be thankful?”

Thankful?

He’s actually using this word on me?

Yasmin was so indignant that she could only smirk at him.

“You’re right. You come from such a powerful family, while I’m just a commoner. I suppose any slightest bit of charity from you is something I should naturally be grateful for.”

“What?”

Ian’s expression soured.

Yet, the young woman walked straight toward him. “Let me ask you this again,” she said sternly, standing next to the lad. “Have you been kind to me all this time just because of my brother?”

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“Is there something wrong with that?”

Ian frowned.

“I wouldn’t have let you off so easily if it weren’t for him. Also, my aunt insisted on giving you a chance. She said you’re still too young to have your life ruined, so I decided to trust her. I hope you use this chance wisely and stop messing up.”

The furious young man couldn’t sound any colder than he did now, and there was naturally not a hint of warmth left in his eyes.

Seeing that, Yasmin’s heart turned cold, and she suddenly thought back to all the times they had spent together – from the first day when she was berated by him after touching his computer at the library to when they met again after he fell off his bike.

Does he not have any feelings for me at all?

No, that’s impossible.

He always kept me company whenever I went out to get coffee or headed to work. And during all those times, he always looked so gentle, and his eyes would look so warm.

With a clench of her fists, Yasmin walked out of the library, left campus, and took a cab to the hospital.

Meanwhile, a nurse was currently unwrapping the bandages on Susan’s fingers. The latter’s nails wouldn’t grow out well if she kept her fingers wrapped up.

“Please bear with it, miss,” the doctor urged.

Susan’s face instantly paled.

Everyone in her family knew her lack of tolerance for pain. In fact, she had braced herself the whole time while being hospitalized.

By the time the bandages were removed and some medication was reapplied, the ashen-looking woman’s forehead dripped with sweat.

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She was supposed to return to her ward after leaving the nurse's office, but she bumped into a familiar face that seemed to have come to see her.

"Yasmin? What are you doing here?" she called out after a brief moment of astonishment.

The one who had come looking for her was none other than Yasmin.

The latter was evidently surprised to hear Susan greet her after such a huge ordeal. It was as though nothing had happened before.

Hence, Yasmin found herself unable to express the words she had long prepared in her heart.

"Yeah... I came to see you. H-How are you? Are you doing better?"

"I'm okay. I just got my bandages removed, and I should be out of here by tomorrow.

Beaming, Susan showed Yasmin her fingers that had just been tended to.

The latter didn't know what to say.

Finally, she spoke after following Susan back to her ward.

"Ian wants me to transfer to another university. He said it's the only way to make sure you're safe, but I don't want to change schools. Coming to this school has always been my dream. I don't want to leave."

Susan was speechless.

"So, can you transfer instead?"

Yasmin lifted her head and stared at Susan.

The latter certainly wasn't prepared for this.

What's with that frankness?

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And that matter-of-fact tone?

Susan gazed at her blankly, seemingly having seen through the depths of the latter's heart within those few seconds.

It was Yasmin's turn to fall silent.

In spite of having felt slightly enraged just a while ago, she watched the woman who was just a year older than her retract her gaze.

"Then, can you guarantee that those guys behind you won't cause me any more trouble?"

"What?"

Yasmin was taken aback.

She... knows there are people telling me what to do? Even Ian never brought this up.

"If you can guarantee that, I'll change schools. If you can't, then I'm sorry, but I won't leave. I don't want to have to worry about getting hurt again even after I transfer."

Susan calmly emphasized her terms.

Meanwhile, Yasmin froze in place as her ears turned red. This time, she really couldn't answer Susan's question.

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