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Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover

Chapter 1761

Chapter 1761 Everyone Hates An Outstanding Person

Yasmin had never felt so embarrassed before.

With Ian's unrelenting reprimands, topped off with the astonished looks of the crowd in the library, all she wanted to do at the moment was to find a hole to crawl and hide.

I only took a glance at his laptop. Is there a need for him to have such a reaction?

She grew frustrated.

"I didn't touch your laptop. It's just that someone gave you a video call, and it's affecting the other students here. That's why I wanted to turn it off for you."

"You could've just shut the laptop!" Ian, whose rage was still burning, retorted.

At once, the library fell into a deafening silence.

Yeah, that's true. She could've just shut the laptop if it was noisy. Why fiddle with something that doesn't belong to her? Is that girl dumb? Or is she trying to invade his privacy?

The crowd threw their stares toward Yasmin again.

Her face turned scarlet as anger consumed her.

Without uttering another word, she clenched her fists tightly as she glared at Ian, then returned to her desk, packed her stuff, and hurried out of the library.

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Very well. Remember what you did, Ian!

Nonetheless, Ian could not care less about how the situation had turned out.

That afternoon, after finding some finance-related books, he accepted a project by the Hayes Corporation on his laptop.

Coincidentally, or perhaps not, that project was in the same city.

Caleb: Mr. Ian, According to observations, developments are still possible for that building. So, other than clinching the deal, you have to think about its development plans. Is there any problem for you?

Ian: It's fine.

He merely responded with two words as he stared intently at the map of the commercial district surrounding the building that Caleb had sent over.

Caleb: All right. If there are any other matters, feel free to contact me. Also, I've arranged for Ms. Myers and the others to assist you in work.

Ian: Mm-hmm.

After adding the contacts of his new assistants, he left the library as he realized it was time for his afternoon class.

That class was a foundation course. In fact, Ian did not have to bother himself about attending such classes. But that afternoon, when he entered the lecture hall, he noticed that everyone had sat together even though it was not a huge crowd.

After he entered, he noticed the empty seats at the back.

"You're saying that guy scolded our ice queen at the library?"

"Yeah, everyone at the library saw it. How can anyone not know who the ice queen is? She's our goddess, someone who is so precious to us. And him? He's just a new transfer student. What right does he have to do that?"

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“Exactly!”

When the crowd saw Ian making his way in, they immediately gave him a pointed glare and deliberately displayed an enraged expression.

Nonetheless, Ian walked to the empty seats with his backpack, paying no attention to their behavior.

And he was perfectly contented with that.

“Look; he’s really sitting there all by his own.”

“Yeah, don’t you guys think he’s a weird dude? He never talks, and neither does he mingle with us. Perhaps there’s something wrong with him?”

“Transfer students like him most likely have some problems. I observed him during the two classes this morning, and I noticed that he doesn’t even know what lessons are supposed to be like.”

Hearing the comment someone made, everyone immediately turned to Ian again and shot him their mocking-filled gazes.

“What are you guys saying? Don’t spout nonsense. I’m warning you!”

Right then, a round-face girl, with her hair tied up in a bun, trotted into the lecture hall. Hearing the intense chatters among the crowd gossiping about Ian, she knitted her brows and chastised them.

It was Zaylynn.

The group dared not say another word upon seeing her presence.

Following that, she cheerily carried her backpack and walked up to Ian.

“Ian, you’re here. Look what I’ve brought for you. Your aunt and I made a trip to the supermarket at noon, and this is what she got for you.”

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Instead of taking her books out, she passed the box she was holding onto in her hands as soon as she sat down.

It was a box of cake, or more specifically, Ian's favorite chocolate lamingtons.

Since Ian did not finish the spaghetti during lunch earlier, Susan was worried he would get hungry and, hence decided to go to the supermarket to buy him the cake.

Hearing that it was from his aunt, his grim expression turned slightly better as he took the cake over.

Of course, Zaylynn was overjoyed.

Not long after, the professor arrived. Earlier that day, Zaylynn had sounded Susan out regarding Ian's interests. She also learned that the thing he hated most was getting interrupted while doing something.

As such, she sat through the entire class quietly, without making any noises while beside him.

But just as things seemed fine, troubles came.

"Everyone, this question is slightly more complicated. I wonder if you guys grasp what I've explained? Do raise your doubts if anything is boggling your mind."

"Sir, I think you should ask the new transfer student, Ian, to see if there's anything he is unclear of."

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Chapter 1762

Chapter 1762 He Is Poor

All of a sudden, someone within that group mentioned Ian again.

And with that, a commotion broke out within the class, asking for their professor to show more “care and concern” for the new student.

The teacher had no choice but to turn to Ian.

“Then... Ian, do you understand this question?”

Within seconds, everyone averted their gazes on him. A contemptuous expression was apparent on their faces, an obvious sign that they were all waiting to watch a show.

Indeed. They were waiting to watch Ian make a fool out of himself.

Other than his words and actions that seemed out of the normal, the fact that the gorgeous beauties of their faculty—Zaylynn and Yasmin—had all got close to him after his arrival naturally made them feel even more uncomfortable about it.

“Sir, Ian—”

“I understand.”

Little did anyone expect that even before Zaylynn could finish her words, Ian cut her off and nodded his head as he stared expressionlessly at the professor standing right in front.

The professor put on a satisfied smile. “That’s great. Then—”

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“Sir, how about we get Ian to demonstrate? We’re still a little confused about it, to be very honest. By getting Ian up, you can point out and clarify the mistakes he makes.”

“T-This...”

That put the professor in a tight spot.

While he was still in a dilemma, Ian stood up and walked to the front. His black eyes remained blank and glacial, and his statuesque face still carried his usual nonchalance.

Arriving at the podium, he uttered, “Give me the chalk.”

“O-Oh, sure.” The professor apparently had yet to pick up what was going on but went ahead to pass him the chalk. Under the crowd’s bewildered gazes, Ian began penning down notes on the blackboard as he elaborated.

It had taken him two minutes. Only two minutes!

That question, without a doubt, was a challenging one for an average year one student. Yet, he had written out the perfect explanation with his slender fingers.

“All right. There are two points that you didn’t illustrate clearly enough earlier, but I’ve corrected them for you.” Ian passed the chalk back to the professor.

The professor was dumbfounded.

Similarly, the students in the seating area gaped at the scenario, leaving the whole lecture hall to fall dead silent.

H-He actually corrected the professor? Oh my gosh. Did we hear wrongly? T-There’s... nothing wrong with that fellow?

Everyone felt like they were given a hard slap in the face.

With that, no one dared to make another comment about Ian for the rest of the class. As for that professor, he immediately returned to the office to look for the dean as soon as class concluded.

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“Sir, didn’t you mention that the new transfer student in the Faculty of Finance has never attended high school? But how did he manage to solve a university question that easily? H-He even pointed my mistake out.”

The professor’s face grew red in embarrassment. In truth, that was the first time a student corrected him throughout his entire teaching career.

The dean regarded him with an icy cold gaze.

“What’s so strange about that? Do you mean that a person who hasn’t studied at a high school is incompetent?”

“Do you know what’s his relationship with Susan Jadeson from the Faculty of Business Administration?” the dean suddenly asked.

The professor was momentarily stunned.

Susan Jadeson? Isn’t she one of the two students that our school is putting extra focus on? Together with her brother, Timothy Jadeson!

“Uhm... what?”

“He calls her ‘Aunt Susan’. Now, go and figure it out yourself. Decide what kind of attitude you want to show toward that child again after you’ve thought it through.”

The dean picked up a lesson plan on the desk and shoved it in the professor’s hand.

The latter froze in shock.

When he finally came to realization, he widened his eyes. At the same time, his unhappiness toward Ian for correcting his mistake dissipated.

That’s right. What is there not to understand? As the descendant of the Jadesons, it’s no wonder he can point out my mistake.

With that, he merrily headed back for lessons.

Meanwhile, Ian was preparing to head home after classes.

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He had planned to return home early since he would be meeting Yvonne and the others at his apartment to discuss the project.

“Ian, where are you going? Heading back home? Shall I give you a ride back?” A voice called him from behind as soon as he strode out of the building. Several seconds later, Zaylynn popped out and warmly asked if he wanted her to send him back home.

The Neal family was relatively wealthy and could be considered one of the prominent families in the city.

Needless to say, Zaylynn had a private chauffeur who would send her to and fro school daily. Because of that, many in the Faculty of Finance tried to suck up to her.

Sadly, she had been completely disregarded on that particular day.

Walking up to the bike-sharing zone, Ian fished out his phone and read through the instruction manual Susan sent him. Next, he scanned to make his payment and rode off on a bicycle.

That entire scene left Zaylynn seething with anger.

“Zaylynn, he’s ignoring you again? He has gone too far! What’s so good about that useless bicycle? He’s really blind to how lucky he is!”

“He probably has been too used to being poor. That’s why he doesn’t know how nice it is to have a luxury car send him home since he has never been on it before.”

Two other girls came running up to Zaylynn and began grumbling beside her.