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## Returning from the Dead His Secret Lover Chapter 1763

### Chapter 1763 New Experiences

Although Zaylynn was still mad at Ian at the time, she turned around and glared at the two girls upon hearing that.

“Who are you two calling ungrateful, huh? Who I offer a ride to is none of your business! His family’s financial status has nothing to do with either of you!” she shouted angrily.

The two girls then quickly left in the cars of their respective drivers after that.

Ian was cycling rather slowly as he wasn’t too familiar with bicycles. Unlike Matteo, who was a lot more physically active, Ian had gotten used to being driven around by their family’s chauffeur.

Beep! Beep!

Suddenly, a honking sound could be heard from behind him.

Startled by the sudden noise, Ian lost control of the bicycle’s handlebars and fell down after crashing into a pole.

“Ugh...”

The pain was so intense that he broke out in a cold sweat on the spot.

Fortunately for him, he happened to fall down behind a corner of the university, so no one was there to see it. He then quickly got back on his feet and tried to carry on cycling, but a sharp pain tore through his ankle before he could take a step forward.

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He was about to give Timothy a call to ask if he had come out when another cyclist passed by and saw his little accident.

Screech!

The brakes made a loud screeching noise as the bicycle came to a halt next to him.

“What happened to you?”

A cold female voice echoed throughout the quiet corner, making the situation even more awkward than before.

Ian looked up in response, but quickly turned his head when he saw that it was Yasmin.

He then pulled out his smartphone and began dialing a number instead.

Yasmin went livid with rage when she saw him ignore her act of kindness and rode off angrily.

“Are you still in class right now? Oh... Okay, carry on, then. I’ll figure something out on my own.”

The disappointment in Ian’s voice was clear as day when he hung up the phone.

Upon hearing that, Yasmin instinctively slammed on the brakes and turned around to check on him.

What the... Is he actually planning on walking? Has he lost his mind or something? Where is he going? The nearest bus station is a few miles away! Why doesn’t he call for a cab instead?

Despite still being mad at him, Yasmin doubled back and stopped her bicycle next to him anyway.

“Where are you headed?”

“That’s none of your business.”

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Ian was probably better off keeping his mouth shut, because Yasmin nearly exploded with anger when she heard that.

She had never experienced such strong emotions until she entered this university.

“As much as I’d love to just up and leave, the student council secretary did task me with looking after you, so it is my responsibility to ensure your safety. Wait here while I hail you a cab,” Yasmin replied as she got off the bicycle and pulled out her smartphone.

Huh? I can hail a cab here?

Ian narrowed his eyes at the thought of that.

Because he had always depended on his family’s chauffeur to drive him around, he knew nothing about hailing cabs using smartphones at all.

After successfully hailing him a cab, Yasmin shifted her gaze back toward Ian and saw him standing on one leg while reading a white notebook.

Yasmin recognized that notebook as she had seen him taking notes with it in class earlier.

Huh? Going through his notes at a time like this? Is he really that hardworking?

She thought to herself with a sneer and looked the other way.

About ten minutes later, the cab that Yasmin hailed finally arrived.

“All right, stop studying. Your ride is here,” she reminded him patiently.

Ian looked up and saw a car pulling up in front of them.

“Thanks,” he said as he got into the car.

What? Did he just thank me after practically ignoring my presence the whole time? I don’t understand his behavior at all! Yasmin thought to herself.

Had she known how Ian’s mind worked, she probably would’ve understood why he behaved that way toward her.

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The truth was, Ian viewed every incident separately. Although he was mad at her for looking at his computer earlier, her helping to hail a cab in his time of need was a completely separate and unrelated matter.

As such, he felt it was perfectly reasonable to thank her for it.

Yvonne and the others were already waiting at the house by the time Ian got home, and they were all shocked when they saw him limping through the front door.

“What happened to you, Mr. Ian? Are you all right? What’s wrong with your leg?”

Ian brushed it off casually by replying, “I’m fine. I just fell down on the way home, that’s all.”

With the first aid kit that he had bought from the pharmacy downstairs, Ian began treating his wound inside his room.