The Domineering Boss is Addicted to the Convict

Chapter 2

"Sh*t! The man before me is merely a common passerby wearing poor clothes, so why do I feel terrified?"

Sun Tengyang spat and wanted to directly punch the passerby.

However, the next moment, the passerby trampled on Sun Tengyang, whose face was tightly close to the ground. How poor Sun Tengyang was!

The other two men saw this and hurried to beat up this passerby who had suddenly appeared.

Immediately after, all Ling Yiran could see was the passerby beating the three men. It was quite a brutal scene.

Not far from there was a car in a secluded corner of the intersection. Sitting in the car, Gao Congming saw what had happened before him and prayed, mumbling, "Young Master Yi had better not go crazy!"

If Young Master Yi did something crazy, the result would be terrifying and unexpected. It would not be strange if he were to kill someone.

Gao Congming had witnessed his crazy behavior before. Moreover, he did not want to encounter it again for the rest of his life.

Tonight, the road had already been closed, so who would have expected that five people and a Ferrari would break in here? They disturbed Young Master Yi, who wanted to be alone.

Every year on this day, Young Master Yi always closed the whole road and stayed on the road alone, wearing old clothes.

No one dared to ask the reason, as if it were a taboo.

Even though Gao Congming had followed Yi Jinli for many years, he did not know the reason, either.

At this moment, as Gao Congming watched his boss lifting a slightly fat man with ease and pressing his head against the wall over and over, he did not know whether or not he should stop him.

But just then, suddenly, his boss stopped fighting the man. Gao Congming blinked his eyes in shock. He was sure that he had stopped because the woman who had almost been raped said something, which caused Young Master Yi to stop what he was doing.

Ling Yiran said, "If you punch him again, he'll die."

"So what?" said Yi Jinli, lowering his head to coldly stare at Ling Yiran, who climbed up to her feet with difficulty.

Ling Yiran was stunned. It wasn't until this moment that she really was able to see the man clearly.

He was handsome and the bridge of his nose was straight. His lips were thin and stylish. Even though he had fine features, he kept a poker face.

His Amorous Eyes were filled with dull and deathly stillness under his bangs, as if people's lives meant nothing to him at all. Therefore, he did not care about others' lives nor his own.

Ling Yiran took a deep breath and said, "It is not worth being imprisoned for a douchebag like this."

After silently gazing at her for a few seconds, Yi Jinli loosened his fingers. Sun Tengyang felt as if he regained his life. Without caring about the blood on his face, Sun Tengyang rushed over to the car with his three companions and then fled.

Grinning maliciously in the car, Sun Tengyang said, "I'll ask more people to come and give that guy a good beating!"

The silent woman, whose pupils suddenly contracted, knew why the passerby looked a little familiar. At a party that she had attended before, she glanced at him from a distance. The passerby was... "He's Yi Jinli. That passerby just now is Yi Jinli!"

The other three men looked at her with shock and asked, "Yi Jinli, the richest man in Shen City? How can it be?"

"But, he really looks exactly like Yi Jinli," said the woman timidly.

The four people all turned pale, looking at each other darkly.

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Staring at the man in front of her, Ling Yiran hesitantly said, "For just now... thank you."

"Why didn't you ask for help?" he asked abruptly while gazing at her.

"I really thought that there was no way you could defeat them, so it was unnecessary to bring trouble to you," she answered.

He did not say anything but walked to the other side of the road, sitting down with his back against the wall.

"Isn't he going back home? It's chilly now, and it will be 10 degrees below zero tonight. If he were to sleep on the road for the night, would he be alive tomorrow morning?"

After considering that the man had saved her, Ling Yiran started walking over to him.

"Aren't you going home now? Where is your family? Do you have their phone numbers? I can help you call them and ask them to pick you up," said Ling Yiran as she stood in front of the man.

He slowly raised his head, his deathly Amorous Eyes lingering on her again, but did not reply to her.

All of a sudden, she felt as if everything were still.

Suddenly, Ling Yiran thought about her miserable life in prison.

Back then, it was a dark period of time for her. Even though she was alive, she did not have any hope.

"If you have nowhere to stay, please come with me," she said in order to persuade him.

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Ling Yiran did not expect that she would bring a strange man back to her apartment on impulse.

Perhaps it was because the man had saved her or because he had reminded her of her experience in prison.

"This is the place where I live. If you're okay with it, later I'll lie a mat on the ground for you to sleep," said Ling Yiran.

Seeing that the man kept silent, Ling Yiran took out a fresh towel and a new toothbrush and gave them to him. "You can wash up in the bathroom. However, I don't have any clothes to give you, so don't get your clothes wet."

When the man entered the bathroom, Ling Yiran started arranging the mat and then fetched a spare quilt.

The rental apartment was not big, covering about 10 square meters. It was a studio apartment with a bathroom.

When the man came out of the bathroom, his hair was wet. Obviously, he had washed his hair but did not change his clothes.

Looking at the man's wet hair, Ling Yiran fetched a towel and said, "Bend over, please."

The man fixed his eyes on her.

"I just want to help you dry your hair with a towel. I have no malicious intentions," she said. "If you don't dry your wet hair, you could easily catch a cold."

He still gazed at her. After a few minutes, he asked in a cold but attractive voice, "Are you concerned about me?"

"Yes." Ling Yiran did not avoid eye contact with him. "After bringing you to my home, I don't want you to catch a cold."

With his eyelashes quivering, he slowly bent over.

Toweling his wet hair, Ling Yiran asked, "What's your name?"

He remained silent for a long time, but finally answered, "Jin."

"Jin." Ling Yiran repeated his name and thought that it should be a nickname. "My name is Ling Yiran. Where do you live? What about your family?"

"I don't have any family," he responded.

She suddenly stopped. "Is he alone? Is that the reason he became a tramp?"

On the contrary, her family was alive, but she felt as if they were not her family. The only difference between them was that she had rented an apartment.

"Looks like we're in the same boat," she said with a bitter smile on her face as she continued to towel his hair dry.

When his hair was dry, she put down the towel and combed his hair.

When she combed his bangs up onto his head, his full forehead appeared. Ling Yiran found that he was more handsome than she had originally thought.

His fine but strong features were rare among East Asians. His eyes were now not as blank as before and he was giving her a seemingly probing look.