The Domineering Boss is Addicted to the Convict

Chapter 4

Ling Luoyin's face changed just as Ling Guozhi's vicious slap landed on Ling Yiran's face.

"What are you talking about! You drove a car into someone else and were locked up in jail because of it. Our entire family was put to shame because of you. You don't have a future anymore. Do you want to ruin your sister's future as well?" Ling Guozhi scolded.

His eyes were full of disgust for his older daughter. When he thought back to the time when his family had been able to make connections with the Xiao family, and the amount of respect his relatives and friends had had to give him back then, he couldn't help despising her for what she did.

Ling Yiran's cheeks hurt so much and it was like they were on fire, but her expression remained calm, as if she didn't care at all.

"I originally just wanted to offer some incense for my mother, but now it seems that there is no need for me to do it here. I won't step foot in this house ever again."

After saying this, Ling Yiran turned around and left the place that had once been her home.

There was no place for her in this "home".

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When Ling Yiran got to her apartment, the place was dark and the lights were off. When she turned on the lights, she was greeted by a cold silence.

She could tell at a glance that there was no one else in the room.

Was Jin gone? Her heart suddenly felt a little empty. It turned out that in the end, she was still the only one left!

Ling Yiran let out a bitter laugh. Just as she was about to turn around and close the door, she saw a figure slowly walking towards her. She was stunned.

It was Jin!

He was still wearing those worn-out clothes of his from yesterday while he held a bag in his hand. His thick bangs almost covered the entire upper part of his face, making it difficult for people to see his face clearly at a glance, but she knew that under the bangs was a face that could easily take over people's hearts.

Such a person... was he really a homeless person?

She was not familiar with him at all, and she didn't even know much about him. She knew that taking him in like this was an impulsive decision and could put her in danger, but... she couldn't stop herself.

Perhaps humans were tribal animals after all. They needed company.

"I'm back." A cold and indifferent voice sounded, but it also sounded like the most beautiful sound nature could produce.

Her throat suddenly felt warm, and her words caught in her throat. "I... I thought you wouldn't come back."

He stared at her. "I just went out to buy something."

She quickly leaned to one side, pulled him into the room, and closed the door. Then, she saw two white steamed buns in the bag he held.

She smiled gently and felt that her whole body seemed to be much more relaxed now.

"We'll eat together later, but before that, I... wanted to offer some incense to my mother. Today is the anniversary of her passing," said Ling Yiran. She took out some red candles and incense she had bought on the way home from her bag, along with a framed photo.

It was a black and white photo of a woman. The woman in the photo was only about 30 years old, looking gentle and beautiful.

She lit the candles and incense, held the incense in her hands, and bowed three times to the photo respectfully.

"Mom, I've started a new life now. I'm living a good life. I have a job that pays well enough for me to feed myself. You can rest assured, and in the future, I will only live a better and better life..."

Yi Jinli stood to one side and looked at the woman in front of him with a smile on her lips. However, her almond-shaped eyes looked misty. The light of the candles and the light of the lamps mixed together and caused shadows to dance across her face.

She had arched eyebrows, a small nose, and pink lips. She was not at all bad-looking, but Yi Jinli had already seen too many beautiful women. Back then, Hao Meiyu, his fiancee, had also been a rare beauty. To Yi Jinli, Ling Yiran's looks were only ordinary.

He had seen her information and naturally knew that today was her mother's death anniversary. She was just a woman who had just come out of prison and was doing a road-sweeping job, but she was still saying she was doing well?

"Also, there's another person here who's staying with me," she said softly. She then turned her head and looked at him with her round eyes. Under the light of the candles, she was quiet and indifferent, but also seemed to be filled with infinite joy.

It was like his presence in and of itself was enough to satisfy her. After a moment, she turned to look at the woman in the photo again. "So, I am doing really good, mom. You can rest in peace now."

After saying this, she respectfully bowed three more times, and only then did she insert the incense into the box. She then quietly stood there and looked at the photo inside the frame.

After 15 minutes, the incense burnt out. Ling Yiran blew out the candles and said to Yi Jinli, "Alright, I'll clean up and make some soup. Let's have dinner together."

"Sure," he responded.

She quickly packed the things up before taking out an egg and a tomato from the refrigerator and cooking up an egg and tomato soup. They then began to eat dinner together with steamed buns as a side dish.

"Oh right, Jin, what kind of work did you do in the past?" Ling Yiran asked as she ate.

"I did all sorts of work. If there was work to do, then I would do it. If there wasn't, then I would just find a place to rest," he said.

Rest? She wondered if his "rest" meant sitting by the side of the road lifelessly like yesterday. He must have suffered a lot in the past. Otherwise, why else would he be sitting out on the streets on a cold winter night?

"How old are you?" she asked again.

"Twenty-seven," he replied.

"We're the same age," she said in surprise. "Which month were you born in?"

"November."

"It's July for me. In that case, I'm a few months older than you," said Ling Yiran. "You don't have any family, and neither do I. Why don't you treat me as your sister from now on? I will also regard you as my younger brother."

"Sister?" He smiled lightly. There had never been anyone who had dared to be his sister before, and yet this woman still insisted on being his sister shamelessly?

If she knew who he was, would she still dare to say such a thing?

However, it was exactly because she didn't know that it was so interesting to him.

"Can't you?" Her eyes darkened.

When her mother passed away, she had only been 3 years old. She only knew that her mother had had an accidental miscarriage and died from it. As for the baby that had been in her stomach, she had heard from her family's elders and relatives that it had already been 6 months old. It was a boy, but unfortunately, he had only lived for 10 minutes after being taken out.

If that boy had survived, he would have been her younger brother, and perhaps then she would not have been as lonely as she was now!

"Are you sure you want to be my sister?" His voice suddenly sounded.

She quickly looked up and saw his beautiful, amorous eyes behind his bangs. His eyes were clear, but they also made her feel as if they were clouded in a mysterious mist.

"Mm," she replied.

"But, neither do I have a permanent home nor do I have an actual job. I can't even provide for myself properly. Why do you want to be my sister?"