The Domineering Boss is Addicted to the Convict

Chapter 5

"Because..." She swallowed what was left of the steamed bun she was holding as she waited for him to finish his sentence.

The taste of these steamed buns was subpar. In the past, she probably would not have liked them, but now, the taste was secondary. The most important thing for her was to fill her stomach.

"We are the same kind of people. We've both been abandoned by others and can only look for a living on the bottom-most rung of society. No one will want people like us, and no one will care about us, but at least we can keep each other warm. I can care about you, and you can also care about me, right?"

Her smile at him contained a bit of hope, desire, and also some uncertainty.

"Is that so? It seems that we really are the same kind of people..." he muttered. His gaze was like that of a hunter watching a small animal fall into his trap as he heard her say that. Perhaps the days were really becoming too boring for him. He could easily get whatever he wanted with a wave of his hands, but now this game was becoming somewhat interesting to him.

"Sister." He gently spat out the word as she had hoped.

In the blink of an eye, her smile turned as bright as the starry sky.

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After dinner, Ling Yiran took Yi Jinli with her and left for the night market to buy some clothes.

Although the prices for used clothing were cheap, it still cost her 500 yuan in total.

Ling Yiran had Yi Jinli directly put on the cotton-padded jacket. "Is it warmer now?"

"Yes." Yi Jinli answered indifferently. He lowered his eyes and looked at her. She was almost a head shorter than him. "Actually, you don't need to buy these clothes for me. I am used to the cold. I'd be fine even if I were to only wear my previous clothes."

"It doesn't mean that you should be cold just because you're used to it," she said. "I don't have much money and I can't buy a lot of clothes for you, but I can at least let you wear some warmer clothes."

"Why are you so nice to me?" he asked in a low voice.

"Because I am your sister." She smiled and accidentally touched his hands. She found that his hands were freezing, so she held his hands with her own, lowered her head, and blew on his hands before starting to rub them back and forth.

"Your hands are too cold. Rubbing them like this should make them a little warmer," she said.

His hands turned stiff for a moment, and his amorous eyes hidden behind his bangs narrowed. Never had a woman rubbed his hands like this before just to warm them.

He had never liked physical contact with other people, but it seemed that he did not reject her touch as much. Perhaps he was fine with her touch because, right now, she was an important part of this game for him.

Seeing that he had no reaction, she suddenly seemed to think of something and glanced at her hands, which were full of calluses. "Did I hurt you? My hands are quite rough..."

As she spoke, she quickly let go of his hands.

He frowned slightly as he felt that the warmth in his hands dissipated. "I don't think your hands are rough at all, but your hands actually felt quite cold as well. Sister, why don't you rub your hands on mine for a while longer?"

As he spoke, he offered his hands to her again.

She was slightly stunned, but then she held his hands in hers again. Compared with his big hands, hers were much smaller.

However, on a cold winter night such as this, her small hands were trying their best to wrap around his big hands, with her palms repeatedly rubbing against the back of his hands.

She lowered her head and breathed warm air over his hands from time to time. Her nose had gone slightly red due to the cold. In his opinion, she looked a little adorable like this.

His long eyelashes trembled slightly. Yi Jinli looked at his hands, which were being held by her little hands. It seemed that... they were really getting a little warmer.

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Two days later, Ling Yiran received a phone call from Ling Luoyin. "Sister, father said that he was going to throw the album away today. It was not easy for me to ask him to leave the album alone. I want to give the album to you, but can you first come to my place?"

Ling Yiran was shocked as she knew what Ling Luoyin was referring to. It was the album that contained photos of her and her mother before she had turned three years old.

"If you don't come, then I might accidentally lose the album," Ling Luoyin said in a gentle voice. She then added the specific address and ended the call without waiting for Ling Yiran's reply.

Ling Yiran stared at the phone in her hand. She naturally knew that Ling Luoyin would never hand the album to her for no reason. She had to be plotting something.

However, that album contained memories of her mother, and almost all of her memories of her mother were from that album.

"Sister?" A cold male voice rang in her ears.

She came back to her senses, took a deep breath, and said, "Jin, I have to go out for a bit. You should get to bed." As she said that, she hurriedly stood up, put on her coat, and went out. She didn't realize that a pair of eyes remained fixed on her, staring at her back thoughtfully.

When Ling Yiran got to the address Ling Luoyin had provided, she found out that it was a clubhouse. When she walked into the private room Ling Luoyin had mentioned, she found that Ling Luoyin wasn't the only person inside. There was also a slightly overweight middle-aged man who looked to be in his forties in the room.

"Luoyin, is this your sister? She was the girlfriend of Young Master Xiao from the Xiao family back then?" the man looked at Ling Yiran and asked.

"Yes, Assistant Director He. This is my sister. Sister, this is the assistant director in my film crew. He has always said that he wanted to see you after learning that you were Xiao Ziqi's girlfriend," Ling Luoyin said with a smile.

"Where is the album?" Ling Yiran asked coldly.

"I'm first going to have to ask you to put in a good word for me with Assistant Director He. If Assistant Director He is happy and is willing to give me more screen time, I will naturally give you the photo album," Ling Luoyin said in a low voice, and her words sounded like a threat.

"Well, since you are already here, let's have a drink." Assistant Director He directly poured Ling Yiran a glass of red wine, indicating that she should start drinking.

Ling Yiran was still staring at Ling Luoyin with pursed lips. It seemed that this kind sister of hers was going to sell her off in exchange for increased screen time in her film.

Ling Luoyin picked up the wine glass and handed it to Ling Yiran. "Sister, since you destroyed my opportunity to stardom in the past, it's not too much for me to ask you to compensate me now. What's more, if you win Assistant Director He's favor, you might be able to live a better life in the future. I'm doing this for your own good."

"It's the first time I've heard someone say such things in such a clean and righteous-sounding way." Ling Yiran directly swatted the wine glass away, causing the red wine inside to spill all over the ground.

"Don't you want the album anymore?" Ling Luoyin said in a low voice through gritted teeth.

"I never thought I'd have to be selling my body in exchange for it," Ling Yiran replied. Her mother would not have been happy to see her do such a thing.

However, when she turned around and was about to leave, Assistant Director He suddenly said, "Well, you don't care about giving me any respect, do you? Do you really think that you are still the girlfriend of the young master of the Xiao family? I heard from Luoyin that you are now a cleaner. You should consider it a compliment that I even offered you a drink!"