The Domineering Boss is Addicted to the Convict

Chapter 9

After coming out of the hospital, Gao Congming said, "Young Master Yi, do you want to go back to the mansion, or...?"

"Let's go back to the Western District," Yi Jinli said faintly.

The Western District was where Ling Yiran's rental room was. Gao Congming didn't know how long his own superior was planning to stay in that small rental room.

On the way to the Western District, at a traffic light intersection, Gao Congming suddenly noticed something. "Young Master Yi, Miss Ling Yiran is on the side of the road."

Yi Jinli turned his head slightly and saw a slender figure sweeping the garbage with a broom at the side of the road.

She was wearing a fluorescent work suit with a simple ponytail. Because of the cold weather, every breath she exhaled was accompanied by white vapor.

At this moment, an electric bike sped by, trying to catch the green light. It bumped into Ling Yiran’s leg and made her fall to the ground.

However, the person riding the electric bike didn't stop but simply rode away.

This scene was witnessed by Yi Jinli and Gao Congming.

"Young Master Yi, do you want to find out who the owner of this electric bike is and make him take responsibility?" Gao Congming asked. In his opinion, his boss should still be interested in Ling Yiran. Considering his actions when Ling Yiran had gotten drunk and been beaten up, naturally he would stand up for her again.

Yi Jinli's gaze was fixed on the woman who had fallen to the ground outside the car window. Master Yi's voice rang out again in his mind: "Remember what you have said today. Do not act like him..."

He would never care about a woman like his father did. It was just a game, and right now he was not Jin, so why would he care about a sanitation worker named Ling Yiran?

"There's no need to worry about it," he said placidly as he looked away.

Gao Congming was stunned. "Could it be that I guessed wrong and that Young Master Yi doesn't care about Ling Yiran at all?!"

The red light ahead turned green, and the car continued to drive forward.

At this moment, Sister Xu helped Ling Yiran to her feet and said, "Yiran, are you alright? Do you want to go to the hospital?"

Ling Yiran gritted her teeth and checked her injury. There was no bleeding. There was only some heavy swellings where her ankle had been scratched. "No need. I will go back and massage them with safflower oil."

"Then remember to massage them when you get back. Just rub the congested blood away," Sister Xu said, and then she swore at the driver who had done the hit and run. He was too wicked.

In the evening, Ling Yiran turned around and returned to the rented room. As soon as she entered the room, she saw a figure sitting under the light.

"Sister, you're back." The man stood up and greeted her.

In an instant, the chill in her body seemed to have been dispelled by this figure. It turned out that what she wanted was just a person who could wait for her at home, even though this home was simple and small.

"Well, I'm back." She smiled gently. "I'm hungry. I bought two lunch boxes today. I can cook a pot of soup and eat it."

"Okay," he answered, and then watched her limp across the room to put the lunch boxes on the only table. Then she limped towards the kitchen to wash vegetables and cook some soup with the induction cooker.

"Sister, what's wrong with your foot?" he asked, even though he already knew.

"It won't be a problem since it's just a scratch. I'll massage it with safflower oil," she said lightly, but her face would change slightly with every few steps she took, and her forehead was already sweaty.

Yi Jinli pursed his thin lips slightly and said, "Then it would be better to clean it up now." As he said this, he stretched out his arm and pulled her over. Then, he pulled up the cuff of Ling Yiran's pants.

Immediately, an obvious lump met his eyes, even though it was still covered by her sock.

When he pulled the sock down, he saw the bruise on her ankle which had already swollen to the point of going purple.

He thought that he wouldn't care. Even if she broke her leg, he would still be indifferent. However, for some reason, when he saw her swollen foot, he felt a little uncomfortable in his chest.

"It's nothing, the safflower oil will do." She was so embarrassed that she wanted to pull her ankle out of his hand, but his fingers were firmly holding onto her and making her unable to move at all.

There was a moment of silence that filled the air.

"Where's the safflower oil?" he suddenly asked.

"It's in... the medicine cabinet on the bedside table," she answered.

The next moment, she exclaimed because he had suddenly picked her up, bridal-style. Carrying her, he walked to the bed, put her down, and took out the oil from the medicine box.

He sat on the edge of the bed, putting her injured right foot on his leg. Then, he took off her shoes and socks and pressed his finger against the lump that had already turned purple.

There was nothing wrong with the bone. It seemed that it was as she said, only a flesh wound. Yi Jinli poured some safflower oil into his palm and began to rub Ling Yiran's swollen wound.

His touch was not light, but she gritted her teeth and did not cry out in pain.

"Sister, isn't it painful?" he asked. If it had been any other woman, she would have screamed in pain a long time ago.

"I'm fine," she said as she gasped slightly. "This doesn’t hurt as much as when I..." She paused but did not say the word "prison". Instead, she said, "It’s nothing compared to what I’ve had to deal with before."

Yi Jinli glanced at Ling Yiran with a thoughtful look in his eyes. He naturally understood what she had not said.

When she had been in jail, even when he had only watched coldly and not taken any action, the Hao family had not let her go. Moreover, there were many people there who had wanted to be on the Hao family's side. Her life in prison had been much worse than that of an ordinary person.

"It seems that my sister has suffered a lot before," he whispered.

"It's all in the past," Ling Yiran said. She could feel the pressure on her ankle and when the pain gradually disappeared, it was replaced by a warm and comfortable feeling.

"Jin, thank you. You're a really good person." She smiled at him.

"Good person?" His lips curved. Even those who flattered him never used the words "good person" to describe him. Throughout his entire life, he had had nothing to do with being a "good person".

"Sister, do you really think I'm a good person?"

"Yes, of course, my Jin is a good person." She spoke matter-of-factly as if, at least in her eyes, he really was a good person, her good younger brother.

"Then, if one day you find out that I'm not a good person, will you be disappointed?" he asked.