

Nowhere to Hide from My Bossy Girlfriend

Chapter 1

"So, are you telling me that Lily ran in front of my car on purpose? That she couldn't handle the sudden change in her family circumstances and wanted to end it all?"

"Back then, Lily was outstanding in both academics and character. Every boy in school saw her as their perfect dream girl. The day of her accident, the boys at school nearly beat me to death."

In the rented apartment, Marcus Blackwood stared vacantly at the woman sitting across from him. His face was unshaven, and he was surrounded by scattered beer bottles and takeout containers.

The woman wearing smoky eye makeup was Victoria Reed, his high school classmate.

Victoria looked around the room that was permeated with an atmosphere of despair and decay, frowning. "Lily and I were deskmates in high school. Her family situation was very complicated. She even wrote a letter before the accident."

Marcus took the yellowed envelope Victoria handed him, suddenly losing emotional control as he covered his face and sobbed. "So, it wasn't me who ruined her life—she ruined mine."

The sealed memories gradually surfaced in his mind.

During the summer break of junior year, 18-year-old Marcus became obsessed with driving. He pestered his parents to enroll him in driving school, and he obtained his license within a month.

At first, his family was concerned, so his father, Robert Blackwood, always sat in the passenger seat whenever Marcus drove.

He remembered that day—the day before senior year started. His family's café was running low on supplies. His father had a business engagement, so Marcus volunteered to deliver the goods using the family car.

In his haste, Marcus didn't hit the brakes early as Robert had taught him when the traffic light was about to switch to yellow in three seconds, but instead pressed down on the accelerator.

Just then, a figure suddenly rushed out from the sidewalk, and Marcus couldn't remember anything after that. The only thing he recalled was the sea of red everywhere—blood that stained the street.

When he regained consciousness, he was already in the hospital. He learned that the person his car had hit was Lily Summers, his classmate.

In that moment, 18-year-old Marcus felt his heart fill with terror and remorse.

For 20 years, Marcus believed that his decision to step on the gas had destroyed Lily's life. Every night, he would have the same dream—a blood-covered woman singing to him, her voice wretched and her face terrifying.

Marcus' heart felt like it was being twisted by a knife, day after day. But now, the letter in his hand clearly told him that even without him, Lily would have chosen another car to end her life.

Marcus looked painfully at Victoria sitting across from him.

When freshman year began, Victoria and Marcus had been deskmates. Back then, Victoria was the class belle, and like many guys, Marcus secretly had feelings for her. He even wrote her love letters.

After Lily's accident, Marcus fell into depression and ruin. During that time, Victoria was the only one who comforted him.

Marcus mistook her comfort for true love and fell into desperate devotion. For 20 years, he worshipped Victoria without boundaries, giving everything he had, only to receive her inconsistent affection in return—warm one moment, but cold the next.

Across from him, Victoria turned her head to look out the window. "You can start a new life now. Don't come looking for me anymore. I've found someone I care about."

So, she had known all along that Lily had wanted to end her life, but she had chosen to hide the truth to enjoy his unwavering devotion. At that moment, Marcus felt his world spinning.

He thought that if he could do it all over again, he would surely shake some sense into the woman who had ruined his entire life.

Lily Summers...

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"Marcus, get up! The store needs supplies, and your dad's not around. Hey brat, are you listening?"

In a room bathed in sunlight, Marcus opened his eyes to a world spinning violently. The ceiling and floor wildly alternated, each movement triggering waves of nausea.

Fighting the churning in his stomach, Marcus shakily rose to his feet and found himself in a room simultaneously familiar and foreign.

A young, bewildered face stared back at him in the mirror. Basketball posters covered the wall above his bed. Then, there was his cherished guitar that was not yet consigned to flames.

A bewildering thought seized his mind. He grabbed the Nokia phone from his nightstand and checked the date.

It was 20 years ago. The date was August 30th. Had he truly returned?

His heart, which had been dormant for 20 years, thundered in his chest as he shook uncontrollably. Today was the day both his and Lily's fates would be irrevocably altered.

One was living with a dead soul, while the other was physically gone, yet eternally haunting another's dreams.

Marcus had endured this suffering once. He refused to let it happen again.

He would break free from the nightmare that had tormented him for two decades. This time, he would personally pull that suicidal young woman away from the wheels of his car.

He pushed open the door to find his mother, Milly Fulton, on the phone in the living room. When she saw Marcus, the elegant-looking woman said to the person on the other end, "Mr. Wright, Rob's in a meeting. I'll have Mark deliver the supplies to you...

"Hey, you big goof, aren't you too old for hugs? ...Alright, alright. Mr. Wright, we'll leave it at that."

As Milly hung up the phone, she looked at Marcus, who had thrown himself into her arms, not knowing whether to laugh or cry. "Let me tell you, puppy dog eyes won't work. Your father's not here—if you don't make this delivery, what is our family supposed to live on? Thin air?"

Looking at Milly—her hair not yet grayed from years of worrying about him—Marcus felt a surge of emotion. "Mom, don't worry. I'll take care of you from now on."

Milly somewhat playfully pushed Marcus away and handed him a set of keys. "Charm won't get you out of this one, you brat. You still need to make the delivery. Since your dad isn't around, there's no car for you—take the scooter instead."

In his previous life, Marcus had wheedled and insisted until Milly, pressured by the store's urgent needs, finally let him take the car.

This time, she watched with surprise as Marcus grabbed the scooter keys without protest and bolted out the door.

"Strange... The brat didn't even try to take the car."

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The electric scooter whizzed through the crowded streets. After the accident, Marcus had never driven again and developed a severe fear of blood.

For 20 years, the same nightmare visited him nightly. The woman in red was always Lily, though he could never make out her face clearly.

In his memory, Lily was distant and solitary. She kept to herself, with virtually no friends in class—Victoria being perhaps the closest thing she had to one.

She was so impossibly pale that the term "deathly white" barely described it.

What stuck with Marcus most was how she excelled in everything, always sitting in the front row in class and wearing that same washed-out uniform. Her beauty seemed almost otherworldly, too perfect to be real.

Everyone in school placed her on a pedestal. She was their untouchable ideal, but few had the courage to actually approach her.

In high school, Marcus had been brash and loud, while Lily was painfully quiet. Without the incident, their lives might never have intersected.

The scooter couldn't match a car's speed, so Marcus pushed it to its limit, terrified of being too late again. When he reached the intersection by his family's café, everything looked normal. That momentarily calmed his nerves.

But before he could fully relax, he caught sight of a young woman with flowing hair walking dejectedly toward the street. Unlike the red dress from his nightmares, Lily wore a simple white shirt and jeans.

She had luminous, expressive eyes, a delicate nose, and soft pink lips. Her silky hair fell across her shoulders, gleaming like pearls in the sunlight.

Marcus couldn't help but think how unfair God had been—most people seemed carelessly molded, but Lily was clearly a masterpiece crafted with divine attention.

If beauty were currency, Lily would be wealthy beyond measure. She had the kind of beauty admired universally. Throughout the school, countless students worshipped her from afar.

Marcus was less than 50 feet from the intersection. He watched the light across the street turn from green to red, and cars began to move forward.

At that moment, Lily, who had been staring at the ground, suddenly lifted her face toward the sun. In the light, her skin seemed to glow with a gentle warmth, hazy like a vintage photograph with its soft yellow tones.

A breeze caught her hair, and she raised her hand to brush away the strands from her face, letting a single tear roll down her cheek. Then, as if gathering all her courage, she took a step forward.

Marcus' heart froze. He abandoned the scooter and sprinted toward her like a man possessed.