

# **Nowhere to Hide from My Bossy Girlfriend**

## **Chapter 2**

Lily stood at the roadside, head bowed as tears slid down her face. Her internal struggle was evident. Her slightly trembling shoulders revealed the intense battle raging within her mind.

Passersby behind her had noticed her emotional distress. Some called out warnings, but this only hastened her steps forward.

In the final three seconds of the green light, the light in Lily's eyes was completely replaced by despair. She suddenly stepped forward, rushing toward the pickup truck speeding from the opposite direction.

Marcus abandoned the electric scooter and sprinted wildly, adrenaline making his senses extraordinarily sharp.

In the next moment, just before Lily could throw herself in front of the pickup truck, a large hand seized her wrist. Marcus yanked her backward with tremendous force, pulling her safely away from the oncoming vehicle.

The sharp wail of emergency brakes, accompanied by the harsh friction between tires and pavement, pierced their eardrums. The entire intersection instantly fell into chaos.

Lily let out a muffled groan as she fell to the roadside after getting pulled by the powerful force. The surrounding commotion and noise seemed to have nothing to do with her.

Her mouth was now slightly open. Her flawless face was completely drained of color due to tension and fear.

Marcus looked at her while breathing heavily. He felt no joy in having saved someone, nor relief in having escaped disaster. There was only resentment and pent-up frustration.

After all, his life had been turned upside down because of her for 20 whole years.

Feeling guilty for allowing him to drive, Milly had gone gray overnight. Robert sighed constantly at the sight of his dejected son. A once-happy family had completely lost its vitality.

And all of this was thanks to the young woman before him. To say he didn't pin any blame on her would be impossible.

"Thank you..."

Lily stood up, not even daring to look up to see who had saved her. She just wanted to escape as quickly as possible before things could spiral further out of control.

Marcus instinctively reached out. "Hold it."

He still had something to say.

Suddenly, Lily felt a strong force at the back of her head. Her scalp tightened sharply as her body involuntarily arched backward.

She instinctively reached back to feel what it was, and her fingertips touched a hand that wasn't her own. It was firmly gripping her ponytail.

In an instant, her eyes widened, and her cheeks quickly flushed red. She whipped her head around, glaring at the young man behind her. However, her tear-filled, indignant eyes were instantly full of terror.

It was only at this moment that she finally saw clearly—the person who had just saved her and was now holding her ponytail was none other than her classmate, Marcus.

"Can't you watch where you're going? Don't you know red from green? If you want to die, do it without endangering others..."

After a long screech of brakes, the still-shaken pickup driver cursed loudly as he walked toward them.

The light had still been green for three more seconds, giving the pickup truck plenty of time to pass through. The driver never expected someone would suddenly dash out from the roadside, heading straight for his vehicle.

He had come so close to causing a tragedy. This brush with disaster left him shouting in fear and anger. Meanwhile, the crowd parted around them as Marcus released Lily's ponytail.

Then, Marcus took a deep breath in full view of everyone. With resolute eyes, he raised his hand high and delivered a sharp slap across Lily's face.

The slap was so unexpected and shocking that everyone nearby froze in disbelief.

As Lily held her cheek in stunned silence, Marcus turned to the pickup driver and bowed deeply. He said with complete sincerity, "Sir, I'm terribly sorry. My sister's not right in the head.

"She wasn't paying attention when crossing and nearly caused a disaster. I know we're completely at fault here. I apologize for the trouble we've caused you."

The pickup driver was clearly stunned by Marcus' slap as well. He glanced at the deeply bowing Marcus, then at Lily, who stood cupping her cheek with tears streaming down her face, before waving his hand dismissively.

"Forget it. We're lucky nothing serious happened."

With those words, the pickup driver put his arm around Marcus' shoulder and whispered something in his ear before waving goodbye and leaving.

Then, Marcus flexed his numbing wrist and approached Lily. He grabbed her arm and pulled her toward the café behind them.

The shock on Lily's face immediately transformed into fury as she shouted, "What are you doing? Let go of me!"

As she yelled, she clawed at his fingers with such force that her nails turned white from the pressure. While Lily struggled desperately, Marcus raised his hand a second time. Lily held her cheek and stopped resisting after another crisp sound.

"Hey now, young man, why'd you hit her? How could you bring yourself to strike such a beautiful young woman?"

Just as an elderly man with a strong sense of justice was about to step forward, an older woman beside him immediately pulled him back.

"Don't get involved. I saw everything clearly. That young lady deliberately ran toward the pickup truck. She nearly caused a tragedy—someone needed to knock some sense into her..."

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Marcus' family café had a staff lounge. He locked Lily inside, then turned to ask a server to collect his electric scooter and the scattered supplies.

When he finished and reopened the door, he found Lily standing by the window with a blank expression.

Her eyes were rimmed with red, her long lashes casting shadows below. Her pink lips were slightly parted, moist and glistening. Her dark hair fell in disarray around her shoulders.

As a breeze stirred the sheer curtains, Lily looked like a painting—beautiful enough to break hearts.

Marcus searched his pockets but found no cigarettes. He took a piece of candy from the fruit bowl and popped it into his mouth, mumbling, "Do you think your head's made of steel or something?"

Lily touched her red, burning cheek and glared at Marcus.

Still, he showed her no sympathy. His next words drained the color from her face. "If you're not harder than a pickup truck, why try to charge against one?"

Lily instinctively lowered her head, the anger in her eyes instantly replaced by fear. She stubbornly replied as she fought back tears, "I didn't..."

"You didn't? So, were you just blind and couldn't see the traffic light?" Marcus sat on the stool and extended his hand toward her. "Hand it over."

Strands of hair fell across Lily's forehead, hiding her flushed cheeks.

Marcus then slammed his hand on the table. He coldly demanded under Lily's startled gaze, "The letter."

Panic flashed across Lily's face. She instinctively pressed her hand against the pocket of her jeans and quickly stepped backward, shrinking against the window. "I don't know what you're talking about."

Her manner practically screamed guilty.

Marcus suddenly crushed the candy between his teeth. The crunching sound was jarringly loud in the quiet room.

He stood up and advanced toward Lily, who kept backing away, looking like a lamb awaiting slaughter.

Marcus quickly closed in, slamming his hand against the wall beside Lily's head, trapping her. Lily was dumbstruck.

She looked up to find Marcus' intense eyes staring down at her. This was her first time properly looking at him despite being classmates for two years.

Marcus was handsome and cocky. He had sharp, defined facial features, a straight nose, pale lips, and healthy, tanned skin. At six feet tall, he was among the tallest in their class.

Cornered against the wall with nowhere to retreat, Lily could only force herself to overcome her embarrassment and fear as she tilted her head up to meet his gaze. But she was easily flustered, and her delicate, fair neck soon flushed pink with nervousness.

Just as Lily was struggling not to cry, she suddenly felt a hand reach for her back pocket. "What are you doing..."

For all her innate pride and standoffish demeanor that normally kept people at arm's length, Lily found herself completely vulnerable before Marcus. Her carefully constructed walls were crumbling.

When Marcus finally finished rummaging through her back pocket and pulled out nothing but a sanitary pad, Lily snapped back to reality and shoved him away forcefully.

Marcus was gradually reclaiming his teenage boldness. His eyes drifted briefly to the young woman's heaving chest as he wondered aloud, "You haven't hidden the letter inside your clothes, have you?"