

Nowhere to Hide from My Bossy Girlfriend

Chapter 3

"Don't push your luck, Marcus Blackwood!" Lily instinctively covered her chest, flushing with anger and embarrassment. "Tomorrow's the first day of school. I swear I'll tell our homeroom teacher you're harassing me!"

Even the perfect student with excellent grades and behavior could only use the teacher as a shield.

Marcus waved dismissively, then realized he was still holding the sanitary pad. He tossed it casually onto the coffee table.

"Go ahead. That would give me the perfect opportunity to discuss the contents of your letter with the teacher. Something about 'I'll leave as quietly as I came,' and 'if you don't love, please don't hurt...'"

"Shut up!" Lily reacted like a cat whose tail had been stepped on, her head buzzing. She instinctively reached out and covered Marcus' mouth with her hand.

How was this possible? That farewell letter was her secret alone. Lily was certain she hadn't shown it to anyone. How could Marcus possibly know about it?

A flash of surprise crossed Marcus' eyes as he felt the soft hand against his lips. He hadn't expected such a strong reaction from Lily. She'd actually touched him.

Marcus wondered what would happen if he licked her palm. Would it break through her composure? Still, he shouldn't.

Though he wanted revenge for how she'd ruined 20 years of his life and wanted to make her suffer a bit, he wasn't that shameless. So, he kept his mouth firmly shut.

Lily came to her senses and realized how awkward the situation had become. She'd only wanted to stop Marcus from reading that embarrassing letter aloud.

But now, her hand was pressed firmly against his mouth, her fingers squeezing his cheeks from the pressure. Even so, Marcus hadn't struggled—he just stared directly at her.

Lily's eyes revealed her conflicted emotions as she clearly felt the warmth of Marcus' breath against her palm. She hastily pulled her hand away and asked defiantly, "What exactly do you want?"

Marcus became unusually serious, his expression stern. "Give me that letter. That will give me leverage over you, and I'll make the letter public if you ever try to test whether your head is harder than a pickup truck again.

"I'll let everyone in class—no, everyone in the world—see Lily Summers' inner thoughts."

Lily was clearly suicidal. Marcus could save her today, but what about tomorrow? Or the day after?

He couldn't watch over her every moment. So, the letter would be his collateral to keep Lily from entertaining dangerous thoughts.

Lily grew surprisingly calm after hearing his demand. She turned her head to look at Marcus, her earlier panic and fear gone. "The letter isn't on me."

Marcus shook his head.

"Don't believe me? Search for yourself." Lily tilted her head back, her body as rigid as a statue.

Marcus didn't hesitate. He'd already found only a sanitary pad in her back pocket, so he checked her other jean pockets, finding nothing but three dollars and 50 cents in change.

Lily kept her head raised as Marcus searched her pockets. Her reddened eyes glistened with unshed tears, but her stubborn nature wouldn't let them fall.

After his search, Marcus found nothing but softness and smoothness, along with some loose change. Where was it? Where was that farewell letter?

"What about your shirt pocket?"

Marcus was determined to find that letter. Otherwise, Lily in her red dress would continue haunting his dreams. He truly couldn't bear those nightmares any longer.

Seeing Marcus shift his gaze to her chest, Lily's beautiful face flashed with alarm as she instinctively crossed her arms.

Watching her long eyelashes flutter nervously, Marcus became convinced the letter was hidden in her clothes. He stepped back to give her space, confident he had her cornered.

"How I miss the world and the way the morning sun shines on me..."

"That's enough!" Lily tried to escape reality by covering her ears. She felt she'd completely humiliated herself in front of Marcus.

How could she have written such a sappy, melodramatic letter? And now, Marcus knew about it.

Lily's face burned with embarrassment. After an intense internal struggle, she finally chose to surrender.

Her slender fingers slowly unbuttoned her blouse. As each button came undone, her long neck became visible, along with elegantly curved collarbones.

Marcus' gaze fixed on the slight hollow at the base of her throat. Lily was truly full of surprises.

"Here, since you wanted to see." Lily tossed her shirt at Marcus, leaving her wearing only a small camisole that outlined her youthful, beautiful curves.

Marcus ignored her deer-in-headlights expression and her embarrassment. He carefully examined the faded shirt, confirmed there was nothing hidden in it, then turned his attention to her delicate camisole.

If Lily's icy aloofness served as her protective armor, then now, the vulnerable, delicate beauty beneath was finally revealed with that armor stripped away.

Her dark hair fell to her waist, and her skin was porcelain and alluring. Her slender waist seemed disproportionate to her chest, and the small camisole was stretched tight, as if it might burst open at any moment.

Marcus instinctively moved closer, catching a faint, subtle fragrance. He was certain this wasn't perfume. The scent was sweet, yet carried the freshness and softness of morning flowers touched by dew.

As Marcus unconsciously took a deep breath, Lily's voice came out as if squeezed between her teeth. "I told you it's not here. Do you believe me now?"

Lily clenched her jaw, fighting back the tears that threatened to spill. She instinctively lowered her gaze, only to see that Marcus had stepped back.

He sat down in the chair and took another piece of candy. In his previous life, Marcus had been very repressed and developed a heavy smoking habit. Now, he could only substitute that habit with candy. The sweet flavor burst across his taste buds, easing some of his agitation.

Marcus reflected that he had suffered terribly because of Lily in his past life, which instinctively made him want revenge—hence the two slaps.

But with a soul approaching 40 years of age, he figured he'd collected enough interest already. There was no need to truly harm her beyond this point.

Lily must have her own sorrows and troubles, too. Otherwise, an 18-year-old young woman in the prime of her youth wouldn't contemplate ending her life.

Marcus grabbed a piece of candy and offered it to Lily, his eyes narrowing with a pleasant smile. "Lily, when you have dark thoughts, try eating some candy. Candy is sweet, which can make your life seem less bitter."

After a long silence, Lily finally spoke. "This is actually chocolate, which is bitter."

"Huh... you're right." Marcus was speechless. "Let me get you a different candy, then."

But Lily snatched the chocolate from Marcus' hand, tore open the wrapper, and put it in her mouth. It was indeed bitter.

But after the bitterness faded, the sweetness of the chocolate lingered in her mouth. Lily suddenly felt much better.

She thought to herself that since Marcus somehow knew about her farewell letter that she'd never shown anyone, perhaps he truly was sent by heaven to save her.

At the same time, Marcus noticed the hair tie tied around Lily's wrist and froze momentarily.

Today probably wasn't her first attempt to test her head against a pickup truck. There must be scars under that hair tie, right?

Gosh... It seemed he needed to find that letter as soon as possible.