

# Nowhere to Hide from My Bossy Girlfriend

## Chapter 4

The hair tie on Lily's wrist signaled to Marcus that saving her would definitely be a long and difficult journey. Even so, Marcus didn't expect one piece of chocolate to cause an instant epiphany in the beautiful Ice Queen.

Still, at least she was safe for today. Having been given this rare second chance at life, Marcus didn't want to live with any regrets.

So, after finishing his candy, he turned his attention back to Lily.

The delicate straps barely resting on her shoulders, the defined collarbones, the impressive curves, the fullness threatening to spill over, and the slender waist that looked like it could be encircled by his hands—none of these looked capable of hiding anything.

It seemed the letter truly wasn't on her person.

Marcus suddenly thought of Victoria. She had been the one who gave him the letter 20 years in the future. Could it be in her possession now?

Back then, Marcus had pined after Victoria just like many other admirers in their class. After Lily's accident, Victoria's slight show of concern had made him even more devoted to her.

Victoria knew that Marcus felt guilty about Lily. She knew the truth about Lily's suicidal thoughts, but she chose to conceal it to enjoy Marcus' devotion.

At that time, Marcus' family owned several cafés. Victoria often brought large groups of friends to visit, and Marcus would slavishly foot the bill for them without limits.

He'd give expensive gifts without blinking an eye, yet never earned Victoria's genuine affection. She simply kept him at arm's length, claiming it was a test of his devotion.

Even in university, Victoria went through boyfriend after boyfriend, but Marcus remained her backup option. Looking back on it now, Marcus only wanted to call himself an idiot.

Was he angry? Somewhat, but after experiencing so much, many things no longer mattered to him. Besides, he'd been given a fresh start. Everything could be made right.

With one last hope, Marcus shifted his gaze downward.

Lily immediately flushed bright red. "You already checked my pants pockets."

She showed little aversion, with no disgust or hatred in her eyes. As for her embarrassment, Marcus chose to ignore it.

Lily's low-rise jeans were faded from washing and hugged her shapely hips. Her legs were straight and long—not excessively slender, but perfectly proportioned. Neither too thin nor too full, they were balanced and athletic.

When searching her pockets earlier, Marcus had felt their softness and elasticity firsthand. Though the possibility seemed slim, Marcus held onto his last hope.

"Nothing in the pockets doesn't mean it couldn't be hidden inside the jeans themselves."

Now, Lily was truly panicking. Though she saw Marcus as her lifeline and was willing to give him the letter, that didn't mean she had no boundaries. She'd already removed her shirt, but her jeans were absolutely out of the question.

Lily instinctively backed away, though there was nowhere to retreat with her back against the corner of the room.

Marcus noted the alarm in her eyes but pressed on indifferently. "I'll give you two choices. Either let me check your jeans, or... write me a new farewell letter."

Lily hesitated, but Marcus didn't give her time to think. He was glaring at her as he pretended to reach forward.

She immediately yielded. "I'll write it..."

Marcus' hand came within a fraction of an inch of those sweet-looking legs. He'd hoped she might hold out just a little longer, but alas...

Marcus turned to find a piece of paper and a pen after reluctantly withdrawing his hand.

Lily pointed at her belongings on the table, her voice carrying a hint of pleading. "My things... Can I have them back?"

Marcus glanced at the three dollars and 50 cents and cheap sanitary pads on the table, dismissing her request with a wave. "After you write the letter for me."

There was no paper in the lounge, so Marcus had to go outside to find some. When he returned, he was carrying a cup of coffee and a slice of cake.

Seeing Lily still standing by the window, Marcus raised an eyebrow as he asked, "Why are you standing so far away? Come over and write the letter."

Lily had put her shirt back on. Her beautiful eyes instinctively glanced at the cake before she slowly moved to sit down.

Marcus handed her the paper and pen, adding cautiously, "Just so you know, I'm completely familiar with the letter's contents. If you try to write something different, don't blame me for being unpleasant."

Lily kept her head down but didn't start writing.

Marcus sat nearby, waiting patiently. One minute passed, then two. His patience gradually wore thin as his fingers drummed on the table.

Finally, he couldn't hold back. "Do you not want to write? Then I'll have to search you."

As he spoke, Marcus slowly moved his hand toward her thigh.

His movement was deliberately slow, giving her time to react, but Lily remained motionless. Even when Marcus placed his hand on her soft thigh, Lily kept her head down. Her delicate face was hidden by her hair, making her expression unreadable but appearing terribly vulnerable.

Just as Marcus began to think he'd gone too far, Lily slowly raised her head. Two drops of tears fell from her eyes like pearls. "I can't remember how the first sentence goes..."

Lily was crying. She hadn't cried earlier when facing death on the street, or even when Marcus had slapped her twice in public.

But now, the tears came simply because she couldn't remember the first line of her farewell letter.

She hadn't cried earlier because she'd lost all hope for living. Now, having finally gathered the courage to go on living, she couldn't remember what she'd written.

Marcus placed the cake in front of her, smiling brightly. "Remember what I said? When life is bitter, something sweet makes it less so."

Lily lowered her head, her voice barely audible. "This is all the money I have. I can't afford cake..."

Marcus ignored her protest and deliberately smeared a bit of frosting on her lips. "Now it's on you. If you don't eat it, it'll just go to waste."

When Lily saw Marcus actually moving to throw the cake in the trash, she hurriedly grabbed his hand and took a bite. It truly was sweet.

Marcus took the paper and pen from in front of Lily and began writing himself. Though he'd only seen the letter once, it seemed etched into his soul. Even if Lily couldn't remember, he wouldn't forget a single punctuation mark.

By the time Lily finished her cake, Marcus had completed the lengthy letter. He handed the finished letter to Lily, saying casually, "Sign your name. From now on, this letter is yours."

Lily took the letter and stared at the neat, elegant handwriting on the page, momentarily showing an expression of disbelief. It wasn't just that the content matched exactly what she'd written, but more importantly, the handwriting was 90% similar to her own.

If she hadn't been the author herself, most people would never have noticed the difference.

Little did she know that during the 20 years after the accident, Marcus had lived in nightmares, wanting to make amends and understand everything about Lily. He even began practicing her handwriting.

While Lily was shocked by the handwriting on the page, Marcus focused on the corner of her mouth. Earlier, he had deliberately smeared cake frosting there, and it hadn't been wiped away.

So Marcus reached out, his fingertip gently brushing across the corner of her mouth. Then, looking at the small bit of cream on his fingertip, he put it directly in his mouth. It was indeed sweet.

At that moment, Lily carefully handed the letter that now bore her signature to Marcus.

The letter read, "Dear Mom, by the time you read this letter, I may no longer be by your side.

"How I cherish this world and the first rays of morning sunlight on my face. Don't grieve for too long. I've only gone ahead to a distant place, where there is no pain and no worries. Quietly, I leave, just as I quietly came...

"August 25th, 2005. From your loving daughter, Lily."

Marcus solemnly folded the letter and carefully tucked it away. He looked at the young woman before him. "Lily Summers, I have leverage over you from now on. You can't escape."