

Nowhere to Hide from My Bossy Girlfriend

Chapter 5

"Can I go now?" Lily's delicate face bore a clear handprint. Not wanting anyone to see it, she kept her head down, using her long hair to hide half her face.

Marcus was still concerned. He worried that Lily might not show up at school tomorrow, which would defeat much of the purpose of his second chance at life.

He took out the letter again and said menacingly, "Listen, don't get any bold ideas. If you don't come to school tomorrow, I'll read this letter at the school assembly. You know I'd do it."

Lily paused for a moment, but showed no anger or resentment. She simply nodded gently. "I'll do as you say."

Only then was Marcus satisfied.

At this point, Lily carefully collected her three dollars and 50 cents along with the sanitary pad from the table. As she brushed past Marcus, he suddenly grabbed her hand.

Thinking that Marcus wanted to search her again, Lily hastily backed away. Her large eyes blinked pitifully.

Marcus simply said, "Are you leaving just like that? You haven't paid for the coffee and cake yet."

Lily glanced at the steaming coffee and the cream cake she'd eaten, arguing reasonably, "I didn't drink the coffee."

After a pause, she added, "And you made me eat the cake."

Marcus scowled. "You ate it just because I told you to? If I told you to jump off a cliff, would you do that too? No excuses. The cake is 15 dollars. You have 3.50, right? You still owe me 11 dollars and 50 cents."

Marcus rudely snatched the money from her hand, not sparing even the sanitary pad. "I'll count the pad as one dollar. You still owe me ten dollars and 50 cents."

Lily bit her red lips, glaring fiercely at Marcus. Those three dollars and 50 cents were money for food for two days. Her stomach was full after eating the cake, so at worst, she'd skip a few meals for a couple of days.

But that sanitary pad... Her period was due in two days, and she truly had no money to buy a new one.

Watching Lily's utterly unthreatening expression, Marcus found her quite adorable. He couldn't resist teasing her.

So, he took out the letter again and said casually, "Write me an IOU. You can pay me back when you have the money."

Marcus picked up the pen and quickly wrote on the letter, still imitating Lily's handwriting.

When Lily saw the amount on the IOU, she immediately exclaimed with indignation, "Marcus, you're going too far! I only owe you ten dollars and 50 cents, but you wrote 150 dollars! You... you..."

Her cheeks instantly flushed crimson, her eyes filled with flames, and her chest heaved dramatically. Then she stomped her foot and shouted, "Tomorrow, I'm telling our teacher that you're bullying me!"

Her voice carried a hint of tears.

Marcus noticed Lily was particularly sensitive about money. She hadn't reacted this strongly even when he'd searched her entire body. This gave him the additional impression that she was a penny-pincher.

Of course, Marcus also knew that Lily truly had no money. So, he made a show of looking at the paper again and raised an eyebrow.

"You're right, I did write it wrong. I'm too lazy to fix it, though. How about this—I'll give you 140 dollars, so then you'll actually owe me 150. What do you think?"

Marcus' family owned several café branches, so he wasn't short on money. Otherwise, he wouldn't have developed such a brash personality in high school.

He pulled two hundred-dollar bills from his pocket and handed them to her impatiently. "I don't have any change. Keep the extra as compensation."

Lily tilted her head slightly, looking directly at Marcus. Something crossed her mind, and a spark of life suddenly danced in her bright eyes.

She took in his handsome features, and her face bloomed like a flower. There was even a faint blush spreading from her cheeks all the way to her ears.

When she noticed Marcus looking back at her, she hastily averted her gaze, the bashful redness growing more intense.

Marcus had imagined this moment countless times. He often wondered what would have happened if he hadn't pressed on the accelerator that day. How wonderful it would be if Lily could have lived.

Marcus had investigated Lily's family situation and knew her father had died early, leaving her mother to raise her in difficult circumstances. He had thought countless times about helping Lily through her hardships, willing to give her an entire café if necessary, though his family might not have agreed.

Today, he finally got his wish.

In this moment, Marcus felt clarity of mind, and even 20 years of resentment dissipated considerably. His lips curved into a brilliant smile, and he was almost happy enough to break into song.

Lily noticed Marcus' sparkling eyes and instantly understood his intentions. She became even more certain that Marcus was sent by the heavens to save her. Suddenly, she felt that the world wasn't as terrible as she had imagined.

When they walked out of the café, the sunshine above was perfect. Lily left with her head down, but Marcus grabbed her wrist again.

She turned back, and her clear eyes no longer showed darkness and despair, but rather a hint of curiosity.

"That sanitary pad of yours is of poor quality. Buy a better one—I'll check tomorrow."

Lily instinctively looked around, afraid passersby might overhear, but Marcus didn't care about such things.

The sanitary pads Lily used were truly of poor quality. They were rough to the touch, with there being even tiny bumps and uneven textures on the surface. He feared that using them regularly might be detrimental to her health.

Marcus knew Lily was careful with money, so he looked straight into her eyes. "A small sanitary pad might seem trivial, but it can have serious health consequences.

"If you won't spend money on good ones now, you'll pay hundreds of times more later to fix health problems. Listen to me—you must buy quality ones, understand?"

Lily finally understood why Marcus had taken her sanitary pad. Although she was careful with money, she didn't argue for once but simply nodded gently. "Okay."

Lily looked up at Marcus, and their eyes met. She, who normally repelled classmates with her cold stare, now lowered her head, though she couldn't really see her toes.

As Lily turned to leave, Marcus' concerned reminder followed her. "Be careful crossing the street. Don't test your head against pickup trucks again."

Hearing his words, Lily immediately broke into a run, disappearing into the crowd in a flash. He watched her vanish with complex emotions in his eyes, then slowly raised his right hand. This was the hand that had just slapped Lily twice.

Truthfully, he harbored resentment toward her. It was no exaggeration to say that her suicide attempt had condemned him to 20 years of suffering and regret.

After getting haunted by nightmares on a daily basis, those two slaps that had been delivered with full force were a small consolation for 20 years of his life.

"Her face is so delicate. Those marks will probably take several days to fade. When school starts tomorrow, I wonder what she'll say if classmates were to ask. Will she tell them I hit her?"

After this self-musing, Marcus looked at his right hand again. He'd hit her so hard that his hand was still numb.

Then, he felt the farewell letter in his pocket. Marcus then began to worry again. He hoped Lily would appear safely at school tomorrow.