

## Runaway 48

### Chapter 48

The caretaker happened to return after buying ravioli.

Seeing Zac, she said with a smile, "Sir, are you here to see Ms. Larson?"

"Shh."

Zac quickly stopped her and said, "Don't tell her. Take good care of her. I gotta go."

Puzzled, the caretaker nodded. "Okay."

Olivia drank the soup, checked the time, and glanced at the caretaker, who had been sitting next to her. She was worried.

She had no idea who hired the caretaker. If it was John, would the caretaker give away her whereabouts?

She had to find a way to trick her into leaving.

"Am I the only one you're taking care of?"

The girl froze slightly. "Yes, just you, Ms. Larson."

"You must be tired of taking care of me these days. I've woken up today. You should go back. Have a good night's rest and come back tomorrow morning."

However, the caretaker shook her head and walked up to her with bright eyes staring at her. "Ms. Larson, did I do something wrong?"

"No... No."

Olivia was surprised and thought she had figured out something.

"Then I can't leave. I promised my employer I'd take good care of you."

The girl looked young. She must have learned nursing because her family could not afford to let her study.

Watching the caretaker's innocent look, Olivia thought of her former self and could not help smiling faintly. "Calm down. I'm not going to fire you. I only want to be alone."

Seeing her smile, the caretaker said happily, "Ms. Larson, you look nice when you smile."

"Do I not look good without a smile?"

"No, no. You look indifferent and distant when you're not smiling. But you're as beautiful as a blooming flower when you smile."

She made Olivia laugh. "You're such a sweet-talker."

"Ms. Larson, you can let me do something else if you want to be alone. What do you want to eat?"

Olivia thought carefully. "Can you make chicken soup?"

"Yes, I swear it's delicious."

With that said, the caretaker glanced again at Olivia and said sadly, "Ms. Larson, you're malnourished. I'll also

make you some salad."

Olivia was about to say no when the girl packed up her things and left merrily.

She was bubbly-just like her old self.

Olivia changed her clothes and left after looking at the time.

When she arrived at the designated hotel, she went

straight upstairs and stood in front of Room 3321's door. She clenched her hands nervously and knocked.

"Come in."

It was a male voice that was somewhat familiar.

Olivia took a deep breath, pushed the door open, and walked in.

There was only one light on in the room, making it a little dim.

The man was sitting on the couch when he saw her come in. He put down his phone, got up, and walked over to her.

When she got a good look at his face, Olivia took a few steps back.

However, the man came rushing over, raised his hands, and locked her between his arms. With the door closed

behind her, she had no way to escape.

"I remember you!"

Olivia said through gritted teeth.

The man smiled and said, "Ms. Larson, you spent one night with me. It will break my heart if you don't remember."

"Nonsense! I never spent a night with you. You're just a hotel waiter! It was a misunderstanding!"

"But Mr. Freeman doesn't believe you, right?"

That sentence took all of Olivia's courage away.

'He's right. Johnny doesn't believe me.'

The man grabbed her by the wrist and threw her onto the bed. Then he leaned over and said with a smile, "I didn't get to touch you two years ago. Let's make up for it today."

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“Let me go!”

Olivia struggled.

“Don’t you want the old man’s body?”

Olivia froze instantly.