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His face was the same, just like she remembered. Round, chiseled jaw, little mustache, his hair was neatly styled and his beautiful eyes.....it was as though she was staring into the eyes of the little angel she dropped at school this morning.

Vicky had no idea how long she continued to stare at him as her heart ached. She couldn't wrap her head around one thing. What the hell he was doing here in Australia.

And that was when it hit her. That he could be the client she was there to meet. "No." She mumbled, shaking her head in disbelief.

She snapped out of her thoughts when she saw his mouth quiver and thought he was about to say something.

"Viiiiii....Victoria?" He finally voiced out, looking really surprised to see her.

"Sorry?!"

"Vicky?!" He called again.

"I don't know what you're talking about. Who's Vicky?" She responded with a stern look, still on her feet, wondering what excuse she would come on with to avoid this meeting with him.

"Victoria." He mentioned again and this time around, She swallowed painfully, as he rose to his feet. Even though there

was a table in between them, separating the duo, she couldn't help but feel intimidated by his presence and his muscular body. She remembered him being taller than her and that hasn't changed a bit as she would always tiptoe just to steal a kiss from him.

"Victoria?? Is this really you?" He looked confused and lost confronting her.

"What? Victoria? I don't know who that is."

Oscar sighed, rubbing his face with his palm to know if he was dreaming or if this was real. He had mistaken her for other people on the street in the past few years. He just wanted to clarify if he was daydreaming this time around.

Slowly opening his eyes, he saw the same figure. She looked exactly the same and anyone who knew her before would be able to testify to that.

Except that she looked even more mature, more beautiful than he could remember. He couldn't help but notice that she had fuller boobs, wider hips, and even a well-defined ass. He knew Vicky had never been a fan of excessive makeup and she looked just as beautiful as he remembered. She looked really gorgeous in her work clothes, Oscar was tempted to take a look at her lower profile and saw that her long legs were still there. Heaven knew how much he missed the way her legs were usually wrapped around his waist whenever they were having a good time and how could he forget those beautiful eyes which never failed to hunt him everywhere he went in the past few years.

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"God, Vicky? Is this really you?" He was still stunned that he couldn't even form a proper sentence nor did he even know how to react or what exactly to say to convey his emotion.

He was almost walking towards her with the intention to hold her to know if she was real but she stopped him with her voice.

"Don't come near me, please. I don't know you or who the hell Vicky is." She tried to say with so much confidence but eventually turned around and rushed towards the exit.

The moment Vicky was out of the Cafe, She rushed into the car and buried herself in the driver's seat, started the engine, and tried to catch her breath, with her mind trying to replay what just happened in there.

As far as Vicky was aware, Oscar was very rich and would get anything that he wanted at the snap of his fingers. She started panicking at the thought of him coming down to Australia to come to ruin her again.

At this point, Victoria's eyes were filled with tears, thinking of what to do. She was almost losing it with her deadly thoughts when the buzzing sound of her phone caught her attention.

She sniffled, reached for her handbag which She had placed earlier in the front passenger seat, opened it, and took out her phone.

It was a text message from a stranger, apologizing for being late and promising to be with her in the next ten minutes.

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Vicky sighed in relief as she kept her phone aside, glad that he wasn't the client that she was dealing with. She mentally slapped herself for approaching him, thinking he was her client.

Victoria's relieved heart started pounding really hard again when she thought of the fact that she saw him again. She knew Oscar to be more of a traveler but he would never go as far as Australia no matter what. This country had been her safe haven and now that he was here, She had no idea what was going to be her fate.

"Breathe, Vicky, Breathe." She tried to do a few breathing exercises, ignoring the tears in her eyes.

Even though she had thought She would never set her eyes on him again, She felt all weak and teary not because their path crossed again but because his presence reminded her of all her struggles and pain she has had to endure.

With Vicky being lost in her thoughts, She had no idea how time passed her by, and soon enough, her phone buzzed beside her.

She reached for it and it was her Client, telling her that he was already in the cafe. He told her the color of the suit he was putting on for easy identification. She responded that he would see her soon.

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Oscar froze on the spot as he saw Vicky walking away from

him. Just as she did years ago. He wanted to say something. Perhaps tell her to stay but he was short of words. He watched as her hair bounced behind her and she took fast steps towards the exit of the cafe.

As far as Oscar remembered, he loved her hair. He loved when she put them down and wouldn't hesitate to run his fingers through them.

But her hair was no longer straight. It was now wavy and was a different color, unlike the golden brown he was used to.

But that didn't mean he wouldn't recognize her with a different hair color.

Oscar snapped out of his thoughts when she was nowhere in sight anymore. He was torn between running after her but he knew that she would have escaped with the fast pace she took out of the cafe.

Oscar picked up his phone on the table and plopped down on the chair he was previously seated on and aggressively scrolled through his contact list.

Seeing the number he was looking for, Oscar dialed it immediately and waited for the person on the other end to answer.

"Good day, Boss." The thick husky voice came through.

"What was the last update you gave me concerning Victoria." He said with venom, trying hard to control the tone of his voice since he was in a public place.

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"We couldn't find anything about her, Sir."

"Did my mother threaten you?"

"I don't understand you, Sir. But No. Madam didn't threaten me. We just didn't find any information on her."

"If I find out you're lying to me, I swear I'm going to cut off your balls and feed them to the dogs"

"I just set my eyes on my Vicky here in Australia but she escaped me by chance before I could grab a hold of her. She's also denying her identity so perhaps you should look that up too. I want to know all about her and I need a valid report in an hour."

"I'll get to work right away Sir."

Oscar ended the call.

He was thinking of what he was going to do to maintain his sanity for the next one hour till he got a response when his eyes flashed towards the entrance door and he sighted her again.

He had no idea why his heart rate suddenly increased. But a part of him was glad that she was back. He felt a little excitement down there seeing that she was walking towards him but the excitement died down when she passed where he was seated and took a seat opposite a man in a dark blue suit.

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Victoria dabbed the corner of her eyes with a handkerchief just to put the tears away. In as much as being in the same environment with him still made her feel a bit tense, she gathered enough courage and got down from the car with her handbag.

Vicky felt those particular eyes on her the moment she stepped back into the cafe but she ignored the reactions on her body by trying so hard not to look at him. She headed straight to the table her Client was.

"Miss Adlyn?" Vicky's client rose to his feet the moment she approached the table reserved for them.

"Mr. Moore Cornell."

He nodded when Vicky said his name

"Good afternoon, I'm so sorry for keeping you waiting. I'm deeply sorry about it."

"It's fine, Good afternoon." She gave him a polite smile even though it didn't reach her eyes. They shook hands after which they sat opposite each other.

The Client waited for Vicky to take a seat, then he sat.

"You look beautiful."

"Thank you." She said with a polite smile.

"Do you want anything before we go into details? Of course, it will be on my tab."

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"No, it's fine." She replied immediately, trying to hide the fact that she was nervous. Vicky honestly had no idea how long the meeting was going to be but she hoped it was going to be as quick as possible.

"I insist. It's the least I can do for keeping you waiting."

Knowing he might continue to bug her, she decided to give in to something. "I'll have iced latte"

He nodded, called the attention of the waiter, and ordered two glasses of iced latte.

While the Client made conversations with the waiter, Vicky could feel that familiar eyes bore holes into her body but she tried not to think too much about it by distracting her mind.

"Do you know him?"

Vicky arched a confused brow. "The waiter?"

"No, the man behind us."

Vicky swallowed painfully. "No. Why do you ask?"

"If it were possible for looks to kill then I think I would be buried long ago. He's staring at you and at the same time, throwing an ugly glare at me."

"Really?"

The client nodded.

"It must be some Maniac. Please let's proceed with the

meeting." She said, refusing to look behind.

Vicky brought out her tab, then started the business conversation with Moore.

The convo lasted for about twenty minutes after which they decided to call it a day.

The said Twenty minutes were said to be one of the most tense couple of minutes Vicky had ever experienced. Oscar's scare really made her uncomfortable. At some point, She was hoping he would leave but he didn't, making her wonder if he had better things to do.

The moment the meeting was over, she tucked her tab and phone into her handbag and rose to her feet with the same emergence of someone who had a flight to catch.

Moore rose to his feet too.

"We hope to hear from your company soon. Thank you for having me."

"Sure, see you soon." They shook hands again after which Vicky turned to take her leave. She was only a few steps away when she felt a strong arm grab her by her hand.