

## Chapter 4

Five years Later

Victoria's lips curved into a sweet smile the moment she stepped into her baby's room. Her smile grew even bigger when she saw that her little angel was still sleeping soundly on the bed.

She gently shut the door behind her and made her way over to the bed, where her bundle of joy was.

She sat on the bed beside her baby girl.

"My love."

"Sophie darling." She called as she gently shook her little body.

"Hmmmmmm." The little girl groaned, with her eyes still closed.

Victoria chuckled.

"You are going to be late for school."

"I want to sleep some more" She mumbled, still not opening her eyes.

Victoria chuckled out loud this time around. No matter how early her daughter went to bed, the little girl was never a morning person.

"Okay, what if I tell you that I'll drive you to school today."

Her eyes flashed open.

"Really mama?"

Vicky nodded, smiling. "Gloria has something to take care of so she got the day off. I'll drop you off at school and also pick you up."

The edges of Sophie's lips curved into a smile. She helped herself into a sitting position and crawled towards her mother.

Victoria eagerly embraced her daughter in a warm hug,

"Good morning, mama."

"Good morning, my love." She kissed her forehead twice, then made her sit on her lap.

"You slept well?"

She nodded, smiling.

"I had a dream."

"Okay.....with the smile on your face, I bet it's a good one." She said, always eager to hear her daughter's dreams, no matter how silly they may sound.

"Yes, I made a new friend."

Victoria chuckled, softly caressing her daughter's cheek. "Honey, you have lots of friends already," Vicky said in all honesty as she hardly kept track of the names of all her friends in school.

"I know, mama. They like me and I like them too. But the friend in my dream was very special."

"How do you know that?" Vicky couldn't help but ask.

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"Because he played with me."

"He?" Vicky arched her brows as she stared intently at her little girl. "I thought we agreed to slow down on Male friends."

Sophie shrugged, "He was very friendly."

"Would you mind describing him?"

"Uh..." she mumbled, with her tiny finger against her chin, trying to recall the description of the person.

"I don't know but he had a beautiful face." She smiled.

Vicky chuckled, "Good to know."

"What do you want for breakfast? Cereal or eggs with bre..."

"Froot loops, please." She grinned and at the same time, giving her mommy a puppy dog face.

"We are out of froot loops."

"No, Mama. There's some in the cabinet."

"Oh really?"

Sophie nodded.

"I don't think so."

"Please, Mommy. Let me have froot loops for breakfast. I can have vegetables for dinner."

"How old are you again, Miss?"

"Four" She giggled, raising four fingers.

"I'll think about it, but let's get you ready for school, okay?"

Sophie nodded, smiling.

After placing the little girl on her feet, Vicky got up too. She arranged her baby's bed after which she led Sophie to the bathroom.

In approximately an hour, both mother and daughter had breakfast and were ready for work and school.

Sophie was well buckled in the back seat, pretty occupied with the cartoons she was watching on her iPad while Vicky drove and at the same time attended to three calls, using the car's speaker. Soon enough, they arrived at Sophie's school.

Vicky pulled up in the driveway, got down, then went to the backseat to unbuckle her baby.

"I miss you already." She showered Sophie's face with kisses after unbuckling her seatbelt.

The little girl giggled. "But I just got to school."

"I still miss you already."

She smiled, "I'm gonna miss you too, Mommy."

Victoria smiled back, caressing her daughter's cheek, wondering how she got so lucky to have the most amazing four-year-old as her baby.

"Mama, are you crying?" Sophie's sad voice came through.

"No baby." She sniffled, just noting that her eyes were glossy. "I feel so lucky you chose me to be your mom." She stared at her daughter's beautiful eyes, even though it reminded her of someone very painful.

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Sophie smiled. "I love you, Mommy. I love you forever."

"I love you too, sweetheart." She embraced her daughter into a long warm hug after which she placed a deep kiss on her forehead.

"Now let's get you to class."

"Yes, Mommy. I want you to see my friends."

Vicky chuckled, bringing her daughter down from the backseat. "Honey, I'm not sure I have enough time to say hello to everyone."

"You do, Mommy. It's not going to take time." She pouted.

Victoria shook her head in disbelief as she reached for her baby's backpack and wore it for her. She reached for her lunch bag too, shut the door, intertwined her hand with Sophie's little ones, and led her to her class.

Vicky and her daughter took a bit longer in getting to Sophie's class as Sophie stopped a few times to greet the familiar faces she saw on her way to class.

Sophie delayed her mom a little by introducing some of her friends. Victoria chatted with them for a few minutes after which She said her goodbye, stealing a kiss from Sophie.

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Victoria did her very best not to go beyond the speed limit and after what felt like forever, she finally pulled up in the parking lot of the office building.

She picked up her handbag from the backseat, then got down from the car, heading into the direction of the office building.

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"Good morning Ma'am." That sweet, familiar voice greeted her the moment she stepped into the reception area of the office building.

Vicky tried to hide her blush as she stared at the owner of the deep but beautiful voice she was starting to get addicted to.

"Good morning." She said with a polite smile as they walked side by side in slow steps toward the elevator.

"You look good."

"Thank you." She said in a whisper. Something he would have missed if he wasn't listening attentively.

"Had a good night?"

She nodded.

"Sophie?"

"She's fine. Dropped her off at school before coming here."

"I miss her."

Vicky chuckled. "I would say the same."

"So," Ashton nervously scratched the back of his neck as he spoke. "You're still up for dinner tonight?"

Vicky stopped in her tracks, turning around to face him.