

# My Wife Is A Secret Assassin

## Chapter 119: What A Show-Off

"Of course." Bill kissed her forehead and was about to leave when she asked him, "Dad, you were here to discuss something, what was it?"

That's when Bill realized the blunder, so he made up a lie, "I just wanted to know, how was your camping trip, I missed you."

Samantha smiled, "It was great dad. Although I didn't care much about Chance's friends, they were fine people. I have been invited to his friends' wedding too"

"That is really nice Samantha, mingle more with normal people, it feels good"

"I'll try dad"

Then Bill left for his home and after working for a few more hours, Samantha headed back to hers.

When she reached her floor, before heading to her home, she couldn't control herself from knocking on Chance's home door as they didn't see each other after she dropped him at the hotel.

This was a weird feeling for Samantha, but she wanted to spend time with him and be around him as much as possible.

Chance opened the door, but he looked sleepy. When he saw Samantha, there was a bright smile on his face and he tightly hugged her.

Samantha was startled by his hug and he gently pulled her inside the house.

"I missed you" Chance said in a drowsy voice and rested his head near her neck and sniffed into her flowery scent.

Due to spending so much time around flowers, Samantha smelt good even though she

just came back home from work.

"You smell so good" He hugged her tighter.

"Chance, did I disturb your sleep?" She felt guilty.

"Hmm, don't bother with silly things" He slowly sucked on her neck, when Samantha pinched his arm with full force.

"Woahhh" Chance shouted in pain and let her go, he rubbed the part of his arm where she pinched.

"Why would you hurt me?" He looked at her as if she wronged him.

"Because you... are shameless" She felt her heart flutter at his actions.

Chance smiled and stepped towards her, "Are you sure, only I am shameless?"

"Obviously"

"Then who was the one, who forcefully entered into my tent last night and forced themselves on me?" He raised his eyebrows.

"Heyy, you are going way ahead of yourself" Samantha was embarrassed but she didn't want him to know that.

Chance just smiled and said, "To what do I owe the pleasure to have you knock at my door?"

Samantha rolled her eyes at him, "Can't you talk directly?"

"No, I can't" He shamelessly smiled.

"Chance, remember I told you about my father, last night?" She again turned nervous.

"Yes?"

"Would you like to meet him tonight?" She hesitantly asked him but before Chance could say anything, she added, "Please don't freak out, it is not because of the future and all, it is just that, I pretended like I am an orphan, so I just want you to know my dad exists and just causally meet him. It does not mean anything else" She desperately explained as meeting parents is a big step in a relationship.

Chance smiled to himself at her desperate explanation and he wanted to tease her more,

"What do you mean by 'It does not mean anything else'? What else can this meeting mean?"

"Well, you know..." Samantha hesitated in answering him.

"No, I don't know" Chance smirked at her.

"Well..." Samantha was not sure how to explain but when she saw the smug look on his face, she realized he was playing her.

"Fine, I'll cancel the dinner tonight with my dad which I planned." Samantha was not the one to be fooled by him, at least that's what she believed.

"No need" Chance held her wrist and pulled her with him to his bedroom, "Help me choose a nice outfit. I want everything to be perfect while I am meeting your dad"

"Seriously? You own such a big business, and you don't know what to wear for tonight?" She taunted him.

"Yeah, I never met any girl's family before. So, be nice and help your boyfriend out" They were now standing in front of his big wardrobe, which he opened for her.

Samantha was surprised looking at his collection and variety of clothes.

"Wow, what a wide collection of clothes you have. You don't repeat your clothes for at least six months?" She asked Chance who was standing right behind her.

Chance laughed, "Hahaha, nothing like that."

"You are a spendthrift, if I am not wrong" Samantha commented.

"Yeah, I earn so much that I am not sure what to do of it, so I spend" He hugged her from behind and rested his chin on her shoulder.

"What a show off" She murmured to herself and observed his clothes.

Finally, she chose a white shirt, black pants and a black blazer.

"Seriously?" Chance looked at her choice, which was so normal.

"Yes, it is classy and never fails" Samantha turned around and handed the clothes to him.

"Okay boss"

"8 PM, Offside restaurant. Let's head together and remember my dad hates people who lack sense of time, so it is better if we leave at 7:30 PM"

"Sure, after all he is a cop" Chance acted along.

"Was" She corrected him.

"Got it"

"Also, don't act cheekily in front of him, he is a very serious man, who loves discipline. Please be at your best behaviour" Samantha anxiously instructed him.

Chance laughed seeing her state.

"What is so funny, Chance?" Samantha glared at him.

"You are so nervous" Chance hugged her and patted her back, "Don't worry, everything will be alright. Your dad will surely love me." He assured her.

"Don't be so confident, he is more difficult than you can imagine" Samantha warned him.

Her father is a famous assassin and only she knows how scary he is towards other people. She and Sarah were the only people, Bill was gentle and sweet towards. With rest others he never hesitated in being rude.

Although Bill was nice with Chance when he met him at Samantha's florist shop, a week back. It was because he met him like a customer not as his girlfriend's father. So, situation now was different, this therefore really worried Samantha.

She was unaware of things happening behind her.

"No matter how difficult he is, I'll manage. Even his daughter was not any easy, since I won your heart, I'll do the same with him too" Chance still hugged her.

"Chance, please don't take this lightly" Samantha warned him and hugged him tightly.

He could feel how fast her heart was beating, "I'll be at my best behaviour" He promised and kissed her head.

Samantha smiled at him and pulled his cheeks, "Don't talk too much. My dad is a man of few words, he doesn't like talkative people"

"Noted"

"Also, be as courteous as possible, he notes every minute thing about people."

"Noted"

"Also..."

Chance covered her lips with his and kissed her, Samantha was surprised and before she could react, he moved back.

"Everything will be alright, relax." Chance caressed her cheeks.

Samantha just nodded her head, and went back to her home to get ready, as there was less than an hour left for 7:30 PM.

Chance smiled to himself, she was showing new side of hers everyday to him. He loved how much she cares of her dad's opinion.

By 7:15 PM, both the people were ready.

Chance headed to her home to receive her and knocked on her door.

"One minute" Samantha shouted from inside and after a minute opened the door.

Chance was impressed at what he saw. She was wearing a blue long dress, high neck, short sleeves. Her hair was left open, she wore silver hanging in her ears and wore white high-heels. Even with high-heels, Samantha's head reached only his neck.

Samantha looked absolutely graceful.

"You are looking dazzling" He praised her and kissed her cheek.

Samantha looked at Chance, who looked perfect.

"You look good too" Samantha then checked if she is forgetting something.

"Wow, just good?" Chance asked her who was looking around the house for something.

"Yes, what else?"

"What are you looking for?"

"My handbag"

Chance glanced at the table on his left and there was a black handbag there.

"This one?" He asked her lifting her bag.

"Oh yes thank goodness," she was about to take her bag, he lifted her bag more up in the air, not letting her grab it.

"Chance, we are getting late, don't be childish" Samantha got annoyed due to his actions.

His watch was on his other hand, he checked the time, and said, "There is ten more minutes for 7:30 PM"

"Chance" Samantha warned him but her hand couldn't reach her handbag, he was taller than her.

"Now tell me, how do I look?" He questioned her.

Samantha couldn't believe this guy, "Are you serious?"

"Yes, your praise earlier felt very unsatisfying" He smirked at her.

"You are looking damn good" She said and tried to get a hold on her bag but he didn't let her.

"What now?"