

My Wife Is A Secret Assassin

Chapter 22: Special Person

"From that furniture shop" Chance signaled at a wooden furniture shop which was across the street.

"Why the fuck did you buy this?" Samantha felt like she would go crazy if she spends any more time with this mad man.

"I didn't buy it, I just burrowed it from him for some time"

"And he gave it to you? Just like that?"

"No, I paid him a few bucks, now tell me what would you like to eat?"

"Anything." Samantha lightly smiled seeing the excitement on Chance's face.

"Mexican?"

"Hmm"

Chance then placed the order and grinned, "Our food will be here in twenty minutes" He cheerfully informed her.

Samantha shook her head, "You are impossible"

The two sat on the chairs facing each other. The table and chairs were on the side near her shop and it didn't look weird. The atmosphere was actually very peaceful and surprisingly Samantha liked this setting.

"Now, even if there are guests there won't be a problem and neither will your shop stink with food" Chance happily explained how he solved her problems.

"Yeah" Samantha awkwardly smiled and nodded her head.

"Well, if you don't want something you should directly tell me, if you decide to be

polite with me, then this is how things would turn."

Samantha raised her eyebrows, "What do you mean?"

"If you don't want to spend time with me or have lunch with me, you should directly say so, if you make excuses like you can't leave your shop unattended for long, etc etc, and such silly lies, then this is how I'll come up with solutions and would solve the excuses you will raise." Chance happily explained.

"So, you knew I was trying to make an excuse?"

"Hmm, it is really easy to see through you Samantha"

Samantha chuckled, "Believe me, that is your wishful thinking"

"Really? Why?"

"I am not who you think I am" Samantha regretted the words she just said, she cursed herself for losing control over herself.

In general, Samantha is very conscious of her surroundings, her behavior and her words, she always talks after thinking twice but with Chance around she was slowly losing her fake façade, so she quickly composed herself.

"I mean..."

"I know what you mean." Chance smiled at her meaningfully, "You look very tough and cold but you are actually a softy inside."

"What the fuck do you mean by softy? And wait, I look cold and tough?"

"Yes" Chance nodded.

"Nonsense, I am very calm and composed" She almost shouted at him.

Chance laughed loudly, "You are shouting at me right now, and you call yourself calm and composed, seriously?"

"You are the only one who brings the worst out of him, I am not like this with others." She felt offended by his words.

"Well, then it only means one thing." He seriously concluded.

"That you are annoying and the worst person in this world?" Samantha questioned him

sarcastically.

"No, it means I am the only person around whom you let your guard down. I seem to be a very special person to you" Chance kept smiling.