

# My Wife Is A Secret Assassin

## Chapter 44: How Do You Survive ?

"Hmm, it's okay to not like someone back who loves you. Everyone has their own choices and preferences." Samantha tried to console him.

"I just hope Carol understands this and moves on" Chance took another sip worrying about Carol.

"Hmm, give her some time"

Chance just nodded his head and ordered another drink for himself.

"You want to dance?" Samantha asked him as he was still a bit upset.

"I can't believe I am doing this" Chance muttered to himself, "Sam, I want to sit at the bar for some time, if you don't mind..."

"Oh, it is totally cool, if you won't mind, I'll go" Samantha pointed at the dance floor and he smiled, "Why would I mind? Have fun"

Samantha went to the dance floor, she thought Chance would agree to her request but when he didn't, she weirdly was not offended, she actually liked it that he has his own mind and he doesn't do stuff only to make her happy.

But since she suggested to go to the dance floor, she decided to go and dance for some time and then she planned to come back to the bar and join Chance.

Samantha went on the dance floor and started dancing, for a moment she recollected her old days when she used to party hard with her friends, go clubbing and dance all night till her legs gave her away.

'If not for that tragedy maybe this is how I would have had always led my life, carefree and no fucks giving' Samantha thought to herself and sighed.

'Fuck it, I'll just have some fun' Samantha closed her eyes and was just enjoying

herself when she felt a gaze on her.

After being an assassin for many years, even sensitive movements around Samantha alert her, she opened her eyes and directly looked in the direction where she saw some young man eying her.

Samantha rolled her eyes as she was used to this, then she just went towards the other side of the dance floor and continued dancing but she didn't expect the guy she saw earlier would suddenly approach her.

She ignored him but he directly walked towards her and was standing right in front of her.

"Would you like to dance with me?" He confidently asked her.

"No"

Samantha didn't explain herself much and turned around to leave but he suddenly held her wrist.

"Hey come on, stop playing hard to get, I am just asking for a dance" The man casually suggested still holding her wrist.

"Let go of my wrist" Samantha coldly warned him.

Her cheeks were a bit red as she drank a few bottles of beers and therefore she looked cute instead of her scary self. He couldn't see through her chilly gaze and was not that scared of her, he also took her words lightly.

He tightened his hold on her wrist, "What will you do if I don't let you go?"

Samantha clenched the fist of her other hand and was planning to punch this man on the face, she didn't care about the ruckus that she might create later but she really wanted to punch this guy who was confidently smirking at her in victory.

Before she could raise her hand, Chance appeared there and he tightly grabbed the arm which was holding her wrist.

That man too was startled with Chance's sudden appearance but before he could say something, Chance tightened his hold on that man's arm and tightly twisted it.

"Ahh" The man shouted in pain and immediately left Samantha's wrist but Chance didn't let go his arm and twisted it harder.

"Fuckk dude, leave my hand" The man shouted as the pain was becoming intolerable.

"Why? What will you do if I don't leave your hand?" Chance asked him coldly, that man and Samantha both were scared seeing this side of him.

"Because you are hurting me" The man again shouted, "Pleaseee, I'll leave" He begged.

"Remember one thing, if anyone says No to anything then you should just fucking respect it and move on, not force him / her to do otherwise" Chance coldly advised him and twisted his hand harder before letting go of it.

"Fuck" The man left from there after cursing.

"Are you alright?" Chance asked Samantha checking her wrist.

Samantha who was in a daze came out of her stupor, "Yeah, I am fine."

"Does it hurt?" He asked her softly rubbing his thumb across her wrist.

"No, it does not"

"Good. Should we head back to the hotel?"

"No, I want to drink some more" Samantha just thought of a plan and she wanted to execute it, for that they needed to stay here for some time.

"Fine, let's go" Chance's hand was at her back and he led her to the bar protectively.

This was the first time someone protected her like this.

Always, she was the one who protected herself or it was Bill who was there for her.

She felt warmth spread through her heart with Chance around and they moved to the bar.

Samantha and Chance ordered more drinks.

"Why did you decide to start your own business?" Samantha questioned him as she wanted to know everything about his life.

"I didn't like being answerable to anyone or work under someone, I wanted to lead my life my way, so after college, I, David and Lucas started our own real estate business as they too wanted to build something on their own."

"Oh, and Jack? What about him? Why didn't he join you guys?" She was asking about their other friend.

"He was not into business and he applied for a job in an ad agency and he got through it, he likes being creative and loves doing his regular office work as he finds more peace in it."

"Hmm, makes sense"

"Why did you decide to be a florist?" He asked her.

"Well, I was not interested in having a big serious career for myself, I just wanted to lead a simple, peaceful life with no stress. Also, I love flowers so I chose this profession."

"If you don't mind me asking, how do you survive with this profession? I mean, I don't think you earn much by selling flowers."

Samantha smiled at his frank question, she is able to survive because of her missions, she earns hefty sums of money after every assassination but she is careful about her spending as she didn't want to look suspicious.

She can afford a Mercedes or a BMW but she bought a second-hand Ford with basic amenities, so that no one would question on why a florist has an expensive car. She has always been careful on how she carries herself, she buys good branded clothes but she shops only when there are heavy sale discounts, even though she does not need to.

Samantha is not very materialistic or brand conscious so she never minded living a simple lifestyle and she is prepared to answer any question about her lifestyle.

So, she smiled at Chance, "Actually, I don't have many expenses, the house that I live in belonged to my adopted parents which I inherited after their death. Also, my birth parents had some good savings which was transferred to my adopted parents after they adopted me and they invested that money for me and it grew ten times what it was, so I inherited a lot of money from both my parents. So, money was never a bother" Samantha shared partial truth of her life.

"Your adopted parents were very good, it seems, you are lucky to find a good family after your parents died" Chance was genuinely happy for her and then Samantha realized that his parents too died when he was very young.

Then she recollected that she didn't ask Bill what happened after his parents' death and where did he live or grow up.

"What about you?" She directly asked him.

"My parents have a very close friend, after their death, he raised me as his own son."

"Oh"

"He never got married so he had no one else other than me after my parents' death, we two were the only family."

"Where is he now?"

"He died few years back"

Samantha felt bad for him and realized their life stories are not very different.

"I am sorry to know that"

"Don't be, some things are never under our control."

Samantha nodded her head as indeed some things are never under one's control.

The two then drank in peace for an hour, their moods were gloomy after recollecting their past so they drank more.

Chance then looked at Samantha, who was on the verge of sleeping, her cheeks turned redder than they already were, it was clear she was very drunk.

"Sam, let's go back to the hotel" Chance got out of his chair and signaled the bartender to give him the check.

"Hmm, let's drink some more, pleasee" Samantha cutely requested him, she sounded very drunk.