

My Wife Is A Secret Assassin

Chapter 60: 'Wow Privacy'

Chance chuckled when he heard her words as he could see she was lying, maybe her feelings were not that deep but he knew she too had some strong feelings for him, he felt that with her.

"You are such a bad liar Samantha"

"Excuse me?"

"Let it be, you know what I mean and you are pretending to be dumb about it."

"Hey..."

"Listen, I am not trying to force you to be with me, okay?" He tried to clear the air.

"Then why are you here?"

"For the last one week I couldn't stop thinking about you, I called you but it was a wrong number and I wanted to see you again. The thought of never meeting you again kind of killed me from inside and then I thought maybe you are just a memory I need to cherish forever but then why? Why should you be a memory I have to cherish?" Chance looked at her seriously and took a pause.

"What if you too like me and you too decided to cherish me as a memory? Then what? Why should we spend our lives this way? What the hell is stopping us from being together? So, I decided to find you and meet you again, if I have the same feeling after meeting you for the second time like the one, I had the first time I met you, then I decided to pursue you and if I didn't have the same feeling, I would leave. Also, I wanted to see if you too have such feelings for me or I am the only one over-thinking all of this."

Chance poured his heart out to her but he lied about leaving if he doesn't feel anything for her the second-time as he wanted to sound a bit more practical.

She has no idea that they know each other for a good long time as assassins, for her he just met her so he also wanted to sound sane and therefore he tweaked a few words.

"Am I just blabbering or you are able to understand what I am trying to say?" Chance broke the silence between them after a few seconds.

"You are the one who are over-thinking this."

"Really?" Chance didn't believe her.

"Yes"

"Fine" He didn't intend to prolong on this topic as she was upset.

The food was delivered to them so they had their dinner in silence.

But Chance couldn't keep quiet so he questioned her, "What does your boyfriend do?"

Samantha glared at him in anger.

"What? Can we not even discuss about your imaginary boyfriend?"

"Stop it"

Samantha looked annoyed so Chance decided to shut up. They had dinner in silence and then Samantha dropped him at the hotel he was staying at.

Without giving him a chance to talk further, Samantha left for her home.

Chance was still happy about how the night progressed; it was better than what he expected.

She was not even supposed to turn up to have dinner with him but now they had dinner and even had an honest conversation.

Honest from Chance's side, although semi-honest and not-so-honest conversation from Samantha's side but he was satisfied as it was more than what he hoped for.

He could see through her lies and for a second he even wondered how did she ended up being such a good assassin while being such a bad liar.

Then he recollected how she easily lied to his friends and fooled them well and that's when he understood she can lie to others but in front of him her fake façade breaks.

He was happy that he is the only one who could see through her.

After going back to his hotel room, he called his man who he chatted with earlier before leaving for the restaurant, he was the man who informed Chance about the attack at Cannonball.

"Any information on that terrorist attack?" Chance asked him.

"Yes boss, they were there to catch you and Rook, it is confirmed news"

"How the hell did they know about our meeting?"

"No idea but the information, has been leaked from someone on Rook's side, he said he will find who it is"

"He better does and what about those men?"

"Police believe it is a terrorist attack and those people couldn't reveal the truth that they were there for you two as it would only open a box of pandora"

"Hmm, did they know how we look like?"

"That's the catch, they don't and they are rookies, they messed up the time and attacked before you guys could reach and got easily caught by the cops, there is nothing to be worried about."

"Don't be so overconfident, those we think are not capable enough to take us down are ultimately the ones who destroy us. Never let your guard down." Chance seriously ordered and his man felt ashamed for being careless.

"Sorry boss, will always be careful"

"Good, keep me updated on those people."

"Sure boss, for now they are under police custody and you can assume that they are gone now"

"Even if they are gone, the people who sent them are not gone, they will send a different set of people next time"

"Rook is in contact with me, as soon as we get any information, we will immediately inform you"

"Okay"

Chance then went to sleep, a very tiring day it was for him and he knew the next day is

not going to be any easy, he had to save energy is what he thought and went to sleep.

Next day after getting ready, Chance went to visit Samantha, at her florist shop. He just wanted to spend more time with her and trouble her before leaving for New York.

When he visited her shop, he saw Samantha was alone in there, she was sitting on her knees on the floor and was arranging some freshly arrived flowers, it was a pleasant view and unlike a day before, her assistant was not present.

'Wow privacy' He happily thought and walked towards her but as expected Samantha ignored him.

"It seems the service at this florist shop is not very good" Chance commented and sat next to her; he observed her actions and then he understood how exactly she was arranging the flowers and then he too did the same.

"Why are you still here?" Samantha coldly asked him, her focus was still on the flowers and she didn't even spare a glance to him.

"I am leaving in four hours for airport, so wanted to see you once again." He honestly told her as he couldn't get a late-night flight to New York and had to fly early than he planned.

"Okay" She indifferently replied and he smiled seeing her.

"I was wondering if you might have changed your mind." He casually exclaimed

"No, I didn't"

Chance pretended to sigh in disappointment.

"I guess then this would be the last time we will be seeing each other" Chance concluded with sadness evident in his tone, he just wanted to see how she reacts as he has no intention of letting this meeting be their last one.

"Hmm" As expected of her, she was not affected.

Chance helplessly shook his head.

They arranged the flowers in silence and once they were done, Samantha thanked him.

"One last time, lunch with me?" Chance wanted to try his luck as after this, although they will meet again it won't be for at least a month, as he is a bit busy with other plans.

"Sorry Chance, I already have plans" Samantha rejected him and just then they had a new visitor.

Chance was surprised when he saw an old but very fit man. He was wearing a brown shirt; black pants and he was wearing black rectangular glasses. The old man was so fit, Chance for a second assumed he is from military.

Even the old man was surprised when he saw Chance there but Chance ignored it.

Anyway, Chance observed the interaction between the old man who just arrived and Samantha, he realized this new person is not some regular customer and there is some missing link here.

"Hello Mr Bill" Samantha sweetly greeted the old man.

'Hmm, Bill' Chance thought to himself and kept repeating this name in his mind as if he was trying to recollect something.

"Hi dear" Bill greeted her back.

"Any specific boutique you need?" Samantha formally asked him.

The way Samantha greeted the old man, it was evident the two know each other for a long time.

"May I take a look?" Bill politely requested.

"Sure" Samantha flashed her signature sweet smile.

'Why doesn't she smile like that at me' Chance thought to himself and sulked in a bad mood.

Bill then went around to look for flowers.

Chance felt Bill's behaviour was a bit off and he didn't look like a customer and he subconsciously kept observing him, for a moment he forgot why he was here and kept looking at Bill when Samantha distracted him