

My Wife Is A Secret Assassin

Chapter 62: Having A Future Together

Samantha was confused and he realized why she was confused as his behavior didn't make any sense.

"Oh god, you should look at your face, you really think I would cross the line?" He again laughed at her, he just dodged an assassin's attack, he had to cover up his actions before she reaches any conclusion.

"How were you able to dodge my kick?" Samantha directly asked him.

'Fuck, all my efforts went into drain' He thought but he still had to explain himself, so he said, "I knew what you were planning to do, that is what usually all girls do, it is the best strategy you know, to hit the guy troubling you, in the groin. I am proud of you" He patted her on the head.

"It seems you have lot of experience on getting hit there?" She sarcastically asked him.

"Hmm, not exactly, you see I am a gentleman, so never experienced something like this but I did teach this technique to Mia and Abigail so I was able to dodge it." He decided to tell her a more believable lie.

"Oh" Samantha nodded her head remembering his two friends he mentioned.

He was hoping she is convinced by his explanation but she wasn't.

"Abigail is a cop, yet you had to teach her?" Samantha looked doubtful.

"Yeah, she is but I taught her this before she became a cop, we know each other for a very long time"

"Oh"

"I am hungry, shall we go for lunch, please?" Chance begged her, he wanted to stop her from asking him any more questions.

"Fine but I'll stay with you only for five minutes, can't keep my shop closed for long, I have maximum sales during the weekend."

She gave an excuse to leave early which he knew so he suggested to order food instead but she rejected that too giving the excuse of her shop stinking with food.

Chance acted as if he believed her then he came up with a weird solution, he saw a furniture shop here earlier so he went out to that shop, convinced them and brought a small round table and placed it outside her florist shop, few meters away from the entrance door.

There were two chairs in the shop, Chance took out those chairs outside and set them around the round table in a way that the two chairs were facing each other.

He came up with a solution which Samantha could not find an excuse to deny and was happy with himself. She asked him a few questions about how he brought this table which he patiently answered. Then he ordered Mexican food which would be delivered in twenty minutes.

Chance was happy that he somehow managed to convince her to have lunch with him.

The two sat on the chairs facing each other.

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

"Yeah" Samantha awkwardly smiled and nodded her head, Chance therefore decided to give her a piece of advice.

"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, he wanted to warn her so that she doesn't repeat such mistakes when with him, and is careful.

"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"

He knew what she meant but he acted clueless and wanted to see how she would answer his questions, "Really? Why?"

"I am not who you think I am" Samantha told him the truth; Chance was surprised that she would blurt out the truth like this. He could see the regret on her face and he felt bad for her as he understood she was desperate to hide the truth from him.

"I mean..." Samantha was struggling to explain herself but Chance interrupted her.

"I know what you mean." Chance smiled at her meaningfully, "You look very tough and cold but you are actually a softy inside." He was sorry for putting her in a situation like this so he himself came up with an explanation to assure her that he is clueless about her and didn't read much into her words.

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

"Yes" Chance nodded, he was glad she was distracted.

"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, 'How can Grim Reaper not be special for Danger-Ace' he thought.

Samantha glared at him in anger, "You are wrong"

"Well, if that is what you want to believe, then that is it"

"Stopping talking like this"

"Like what?"

"You are too cheesy"

Chance chuckled, "And you are so unromantic"

"Whatever"

The delivery guy reached there with their order, he even bought dispensable utensils.

"How did you manage this?"

"Everything is possible these days" He winked at her.

Samantha rolled her eyes, "How much did it cost?"

"What?"

"The food and everything, these utensils. How much did it cost?"

"Why?"

"Isn't that obvious, I want to pay you."

"Why?"

"I don't like owing anything to anyone"

"Fine, then you owe me one lunch." He wanted to use this some day again in future if she ever refuses to spend time with him.

"No, I don't"

"Fine, as you wish"

All this while he was focused on serving food and once, he was done he suggested they have their meal.

Samantha was hungry and after looking at the yummy food, she let go of her anger and indulged herself in it.

The two had a good lunch in peace.

Chance returned back the table to the furniture shop and set all chairs back in its original place.

After he was done, he entered the shop and again smiled at her, "I had a good time with you Samantha" He was proud of himself for taking this trip to San Diego this weekend.

"Okay" Seeing her indifference, he smiled.

In addition to meeting Samantha, the other task he came here was too successfully done. The third thing he planned with Rook was the only failure but since he was not caught, he was fine with it, it was anyway on the last priority for him so he didn't mind.

His first two priorities, Samantha and a meeting he came to attend were both successful.

He didn't expect her to fall for him but her reaction to his every action was enough for him to reach the conclusion that there is a good possibility of them having a future together.

"Do you have those small cards, which people stick to their bouquets if they have a message to write?" Chance suddenly asked her.

"Yeah"

"Can I have one of those?"

"Why?"

"Come on, please" He begged and Samantha gave him a card.

Chance wrote his number on it and slid it towards her, "Here is my number, the day you realize your feelings for me, please contact me." He warmly smiled at her.

"What if you already find someone when I contact you."

"Wow so you will contact me?"

"WHAT IF?"

"Don't worry about that, I have dated a few women in my life but you are the first one I really fell in love with, and therefore I decided you are my one and only, I'll wait for you forever and there will be no one else." Chance honestly shared his plan as that is what he actually decided.

Samantha glared at him in anger, "You think you are going to make me fall for you with such cheesy, meaningless words and you think I will believe all of this."

Chance grinned at her and shook his head, "Of course not, if you would fall for such words then I would never have been interested in you."