

My Wife Is A Secret Assassin

Chapter 65: His Fantasy

Chance laughed louder, "Dude, seriously? You should be more worried about Carol."

David helplessly shook his head, "You are taking Carol very lightly. Lucas really spoiled her, if she wants something, she has to get it"

"I am not a thing or an object" Chance glared at David in anger.

"Chance..."

"Let it be David, if things get out of control then I know what to do, don't bother about silly things. We have more important stuff to worry about"

David nodded his head agreeing to it.

Then they reached the conference and checked into their rooms.

Chance then went downstairs to have brunch as he knew Ms. Garcia too would be heading there. With her age she can't afford to skip her meals.

Chance was dressed in a suit and was wearing a tie with a tie pin clipped on it.

He went to the brunch and casually socialized with a few people and was waiting for Ms. Garcia to show up.

Once, she appeared he casually, with other people, went over to her to greet her.

Ms. Garcia is aged and more experienced in the field of business so it was more respectful for the younger generation to approach her.

Taking advantage of this, Chance approached her. Ms Garcia, was surrounded by three people, Chance and two others joined her.

Everyone shook hands with her, Chance waited for his turn and he didn't shake hands

with anyone else, when it was his turn, he shook hands with her.

Ms. Garcia felt a light sting when she shook hands with Chance but he smiled and let go of her hand quickly and then others shook hands with her and she didn't realize that Chance just infected her with poison.

After shaking hands with her Chance dropped the poisonous needle which was stuck on his palm, down and he also dropped the tie clip on his tie.

The sound of the needle was not heard and it was not even visible to one's naked eye, but when Chance's tie clip fell down, it was able to grab attention and that's where everyone focused.

With a pleasant smile on his face Chance bent down and he picked up the tie clip as well as the poisonous needle but he was very careful with the needle as it was still poisonous.

Then he swiftly clipped the tie-clip back to his tie and while doing that he hid the needle in a slot that was customized to hide the needle.

It was a normal thing, so nobody bothered about it. Other people who later shook hands with Ms Garcia were not affected as the poison was inside her body.

Chance is an expert in this and he knows how to perfectly poison people.

Chance then excused himself and went back to his room, he got rid of the needle. He was careful not to touch anything else as he might poison someone else or his surroundings if he touched anything.

After getting rid of the needle, he came out of the washroom and David was already in his room. He was the one to open the door for Chance so that he doesn't have to touch anything.

Chance properly washed his hands then David gave him an antidote.

Although Chance was not infected by the poison, they did not intend to take the risk and he took the antidote.

This poison that Chance used is very special, it does not kill the person immediately but it will take around 3-4 hours for it to take effect.

The poison spreads inside one's body and mixes with the blood. This poison then results in one to die of cardiac arrest and it mixes well in the body and cannot be detected.

In this mission, the one who wanted Ms. Garcia to die requested it should look like a natural death so Chance took all these measurements to kill her at a later time as he needed to have an alibi when Ms Garcia would be declared dead.

Now, no matter where Ms Garcia will die, he won't be implicated.

"Is everything set?" David smiled at him and Chance smiled back, "Of course, is the presentation ready?"

"Yes, the final changes have been done, just go through it once as you will be the one presenting it."

Chance nodded his head as he wanted a strong alibi so he and David decided he will go on stage and will do the presentation.

As representatives, David and Carol were just supposed to be in conference so it was all set.

Chance then went through the presentation and after some time he went downstairs as he checked the flight timings for San Diego to Austin and had a rough estimate of when Samantha would arrive so he went downstairs, waiting for her.

He sat on a couch which was on the side of the lobby, he pretended to read a newspaper and his eyes were on the entrance.

Few minutes later, just like he expected, Samantha appeared there, dressed as a corporate employee.

She was wearing a black pencil skirt and a white shirt which was perfectly tucked in her skirt. Her hair was tied in a long high ponytail, her eyes were covered by a rectangular framed glass, which gave her a perfect corporate look.

For a moment, Chance was in awe of her. He always saw her casually dressed and this was his first time seeing her in formals. He realized, Samantha looks really pretty no matter how she dresses up or what she wears.

'How hot she would look in the clothes of an assassin holding a gun and killing someone' Chance excitedly thought about his fantasy

He also told himself, 'I am Chance Miller, I need to act like how Chance would when he will see Samantha after two months at a corporate conference like this and dressed in formals like that. I am not Grim Reaper anymore; I am Chance Miller' He kept telling himself and he walked towards her to greet her.

But just then he heard the receptionist address her as Sarah, so he stepped back and decided to meet her once she walks away as she will be embarrassed if he catches her using a fake name.

When Samantha, headed towards the elevator, Chance called her from behind, "Samantha?"

She didn't turn for a few seconds and he realized he scared her, but he continued standing there, a few meters behind her. He acted like he was surprised to see her there and that too dressed up in formals.

"Samantha, it is you, right?" Chance stepped towards her and now the two were standing in front of the elevator.

Chance was smiling happily to see her there; he could sense her hesitation but he acted like he didn't notice it.

"Yeah, what are you doing here?" Samantha was surprised, rather was shocked to see him there. Chance realized she probably never expected to meet him again, ever.

"This is a business conference and my company was invited to participate in it, so here I am. What are you doing here? And why are you dressed up like this?" Chance asked her, he was pretending so that she doesn't know that he was here for her.

"Why are you asking me like that? Am I not looking good in this corporate outfit?"

Chance smiled at her words as he could sense her nervousness, "You are looking amazing, I believe you look good no matter what you will wear and how you would dress up."

"Seriously? When will you stop being cheesy?"

"Whenever you want"

"Then stop from right now"

"As you wish my lady" Chance grinned at her.

The elevator arrived and the doors opened.

"Bye Chance" Samantha quickly entered the elevator but of course he too entered the elevator with her.

'Why?' She cried in her heart and clicked on the fourth floor.

"Oh, so you are staying on the fourth floor, nice" Chance commented.

"What is so nice about it?" Samantha got irritated again.

"I am on the fifth floor, isn't it nice to have you under me?" Chance teased her but she frowned at him so he added, "I meant we are just a floor away from each other"

"You think I am stupid?" She continued glaring at him in anger as she understood he was messing with her.

"I don't think you are stupid; you are a very smart woman." Chance really meant it and he thought to himself, 'But you are just not as smart as me'

When she got down on the fourth floor, he too followed her.

"Why are you following me?" Samantha got irritated with him.

"I am just going to David's room; he is on the same floor" Chance told the truth but she didn't believe him, Chance then stepped ahead of her and knocked on a room door and David opened it.

"Yeah, Chance give me two minutes" Saying this David went inside leaving the door open.