

# My Wife Is A Secret Assassin

## Chapter 78: Can We Be Friends ?

She was not sure why but she couldn't bring herself to say no to him.

His gaze messed with her mind and she ended up doing what she didn't want.

"Fine, I'll join you in some time" Samantha went inside to her home and Chance smiled in victory.

'Next time, I won't look at him before saying no' She told herself and went to freshen up.

After some time, Samantha went to Chance's house.

His house, looked beautiful.

Earlier she only moved furniture inside and randomly arranged stuff but in the last few hours, Chance seemed to have arranged everything perfectly and also cleaned the house.

"You did all of this by yourself?" Samantha looked around his house in surprise.

"Hmm, as I told you, I have OCD and therefore my mind can't be at peace if my surroundings is not clean"

"Hmm, the house looks very pretty"

"Do you want to take a tour?"

"Sure"

Chance then showed her around the house and Samantha was impressed as the house was so pretty that it didn't look like he moved in here today morning, it rather looked like he had been living here for a very long time.

Even her house was not as beautiful as his.

"You decorated it very well" Samantha commented while looking around the place.

"Hmm"

"Your taste is amazing" Samantha exclaimed while looking at a beautiful painting hanging on the wall.

"Hmm, I know" Chance whispered in her ears standing behind her.

Samantha shivered when she felt his hot breath near her ears.

Her heart was beating fast as she could feel him standing very close to her.

Samantha was frozen at her spot and was not sure what to do next.

"This painting that you are admiring was painted by a man who lost his hands, he painted it by holding the paint brush between his lips. Yet, this painting came out to be so beautiful" He explained still standing behind her.

"Oh" Samantha was surprised to know the history of this painting. "It must have cost you a fortune" She predicted.

"It belongs to my uncle who raised me. It did cost him a fortune" Chance informed her and moved back.

Then he showed her the rest of the house and the two sat on the couch.

"I still can't believe you managed to arrange your house all by yourself and that too so perfectly." Samantha couldn't help but keep praising him as his home looked that good

"Yeah, I am awesome. You know that's why what my friends always say?"

"What?"

"The woman I'll marry would be the luckiest woman in this world."

"Oh"

"So, Sam, do you want to be the luckiest woman in this world?" Chance smirked at Samantha and she frowned at him.

She glared at him angrily.

"I am kidding" Chance lied.

"Seriously? are you really kidding me?"

Chance was surprised she was frank, so he didn't continue to lie.

"No, I am not."

"Chance, let me be very clear with you..."

Chance seriously looked at her giving her his full attention.

"Look Chance, my life was not normal. It was quite complicated and depressing. After the things I went through, I decided I always want to be alone. I don't want to get entangled with anyone in any kind of relationship or in marriage. I would love to spend my life alone. So, please don't bother yourself with me. Give up on any hopes you are harbouring."

Chance was calm, he understood she was telling the truth.

He didn't expect Samantha to reject him the very first day he would shift here, he thought she would reject him after a week.

For a few minutes, no one spoke a word.

Chance then cleared his throat, "Why are you rejecting me now?"

"Because the last time I met you in Austin, I thought this was it. I didn't expect you to shift to San Diego."

"Hmm, so my moving here is making you feel uncomfortable?"

"No, you don't mean anything to me, so I don't care where you live and I am not affected by your presence"

Chance was smiling to himself as she gave him the perfect reply, if she would have said she was uncomfortable in his presence then he would have trapped her but she was smart enough to escape the trap.

'I am only falling more and more in love with you' He helplessly thought.

"Then why are you rejecting me now?"

"I should have told this to you before, I am regretting it now that why didn't I. You moved to San Diego from New York; I know it is a big deal. You opened a new

branch here. What you are doing is not normal Chance. You have invested a lot of money, your time, your energy in me and I am feeling bad that you are in hopes to be with me and are doing so much. I am feeling guilty for what I did"

"I am really glad that you can see how much I love you" After a few seconds Chance said.

Samantha was surprised, "That is what you are focusing on after everything that I said?"

"Hmm, I only focus on important things" He smiled at her.

His smile was pure, there was no sadness on his face. Samantha expected or rather hoped, her words would hurt him and he would give up on her but he looked indifferent as if her words have no effect on him.

"Samantha, I was preparing ravioli pasta for dinner today, everything is ready I just need to prepare it. I wanted to serve it hot so I didn't cook it yet" He informed her and stood up from his seat.

'How can he be so casual after what I said?' Samantha wondered and just nodded her head.

"Samantha, what is your favourite food item?" Chance asked her from the kitchen.

She too walked over to his kitchen and stood outside, "Why?"

"So that I can cook them for you. Let's have meals together from now on"

"Why?"

"Because we both live alone and why waste resources, let's cook food together and eat together. Or we can do one thing." He smiled at her and she waited for him to continue.

"We can cook every alternate day for the other person, what say?" Chance excitedly asked her.

"Chance, are you still harbouring hopes?" Samantha seriously questioned him.

"Why not?"

"Chance, I am very serious. I am never looking for a relationship"

"That's nice"

"How is that nice for you?"

"It means you won't consider other guys too and I therefore will not have a love rival. Isn't that nice?"

Samantha rolled her eyes, "Chance..."

"Hey, I understand what you are saying. I should not waste my time in pursuing you, right?"

"Yes"

"Cool, Samantha although it took a moment for me to fall for you, now it cannot take a moment to get over you. It will happen eventually. Give me some time, okay?"

Samantha was surprised that he agreed so soon, she thought it would take a lot of discussion and argument for him to give up.

"You serious?"

"Hmm, if you already made your mind, I'll respect your decision. I won't bother you and will really try my best to get over you."

"Wow, you are really very unpredictable Chance"

Chance chuckled, "Are you disappointed that I am ready to move on so quickly?" He teased her instead.

"No, I am not. I am just surprised; I didn't think our talk would go so smoothly." She was honest with him.

"Sam, I can empathize with your situation, Carol too has hopes for me but I know I can never reciprocate the same feelings for her. So, when I am in Carol's situation and you in mine then how can I not understand your dilemma"

Samantha was moved by what he said.

'Fuck, Samantha don't fall for him, please, stop getting affected by his words. Why is he so understanding? But no don't fall for him don't.' she told herself and nodded at him, "Good to know that"

"Samantha, can we be at least friends as nothing more than that is possible between

us?" Chance casually asked her.

"Chance, is it some new way to get closer to me?"

"Hahaha no, I am not a sneaky person Sam. I am a very honest person. If I feel something I will honestly tell you and if I don't then I am truthful about that too. If I am saying I'll move on, I will. I hate lies and therefore I would never lie" Chance uttered these words so sincerely that for a moment he too believed himself.

Samantha couldn't see through his lie; she really believed his words.

"So, can we be friends?"

"Sure"

'My love is so innocent' Chance smirked in victory as she fell into his perfectly laid trap.

"Great" Chance then continued to prepare the dinner.

"Should I help you?" Samantha offered as she was bored doing nothing.