

My Wife Is A Secret Assassin

Chapter 92: Even If You Are A Murderer

"What did he say dad?"

"He is not interested in your personal life and neither he considers you as a great assassin. You are helping him so he assured he would never harm you or people closer to you"

Samantha was not offended with the former statements and sighed in relief with the latter ones.

"I am glad Chance won't be harmed then" Samantha blurted out her true feelings.

"You really like him" Bill again commented but she glared at him.

Bill and Samantha wanted to clear things with the Grim Reaper but their plan to fake their deaths and leave San Diego was still there as Samantha decided she does not want to hurt Chance in the future.

Even if she rejects him after thirty days, he might not give up on her and also, she was scared of herself and her feelings. If she spends thirty days with him then she was sure she would fall more deeply in love with him.

If she really ends up being with him then when he will know her truth, he might hate her and she won't be able to bear with it.

She only wants him to remember her with love and not with hatred.

After knowing Chance's past, Bill too didn't want to drag him into their world.

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Samantha was in a gloomy mood as she and Bill decided to fake their deaths after ten days.

She only had ten more days to spend with Chance unlike the thirty days she promised to him earlier.

Just as she passed Chance's house, she subconsciously looked inside as the door to his home was open.

Chance greeted her with a smile as he was sitting on the couch facing the door.

"Today, you came so late, I was waiting for you" Chance approached her.

"Wow and you came home so early"

"How can I not after your warning?"

Samantha just smiled at him.

"I prepared the dinner for us" Chance informed her.

"Great, I'll freshen up and join you"

"Sure"

Samantha stepped towards her home when she recollected something and turned back to see Chance leaning on his door, watching her.

"Why are you still standing here?" She asked.

"I don't want to take my eyes off you"

Samantha helplessly shook her head, "Tonight let us go to Coronado Beach after dinner, is that fine?" she earlier promised to take him here but they couldn't go due to his work.

"I would love that"

Samantha then went back to her home.

Chance could see she was in a gloomy mood today.

Earlier, his call with Bill went very well and he assured he would never harm her so, she was supposed to be normal but he could feel she was in a bad mood and was feeling low.

Chance wondered what happened to her.

Later, the two had dinner at his home, Samantha didn't talk much and seemed very lost.

"What happened Sam? Is everything alright?" Chance was worried for her.

"Hmm, I am fine"

"You seem like you are in a bad mood"

"Nothing, just a bit tired"

After dinner, they went to Coronado Beach. It is one of San Diego's most popular beaches with soft white sand that gets covered by low tide water.

Chance and Samantha walked along the beach in silence.

The fresh air and the beautiful scenery were very pleasant to one's eyes.

"It is so beautiful; I think I am falling in love with San Diego. After living the fast-paced life in New York, I am enjoying this calm life here" Chance informed her.

"You don't miss your friends?" Samantha asked him.

"Even when I was in New York, we used to meet only during the weekends, everyone there has a busy life and we can't meet every day. So, I am fine."

"How is everything at your work place?"

"It is good"

The two continued walking.

"What happened Samantha? You don't seem like yourself today, is something bothering you?"

Samantha shook her head, "I am fine"

Chance stopped in his tracks but Samantha didn't realize it and continued walking, he held her arm and pulled her towards him.

She almost lost her balance but Chance was quick, he held her tightly.

Samantha was confused with his actions and looked at him.

Chance stroked and played with her soft hair while looking into her eyes, "What happened? What is bothering you?" He asked her.

Samantha didn't answer him and tried to free herself from his tight grip but surprisingly he was very strong.

She decided not to be gentle with him so she used her real strength to free herself but this time Chance too used his real strength and didn't let her go.

She was shocked that Chance was stronger than her.

'How is that possible?' She wondered.

"Chance, let me go" Samantha ordered him.

"First answer my question" Chance tightened his grip around her.

"I am fine"

"No, you are not"

"What the fuck Chance, leave me"

Chance continued to hold her using his one hand, and he caressed her cheeks with his other hand, his thumb rubbing her cheeks.

"Why are you upset? Tell me I'll make everything fine"

"No, you can't"

"Try me"

"Leave me Chance"

"No"

Samantha was annoyed that his one hand alone was so strong she couldn't get out of his grip without hurting him.

She finally decided to say what was bothering her, "Chance, you claim you love me but what if you find out something very disturbing about me? What will you do then?"

Chance understood it was something related to his phobia as that can be the only thing troubling her.

"I'll love you in spite of anything" He calmly blurted out the truth.

"No, you won't"

"Samantha, I am suffering from OCD and if you are lazy and won't keep your surroundings clean, even then I'll love you. I am insomniac and if you are a sleepy head, even then I will love you. I am suffering from Foniasophobia and even if you are a murderer, I will still love you as much as I do now"

The first two sentences didn't affect Samantha as much as his last sentence did.

She looked at him stunned by this revelation.

He said the exact words which she wanted to hear; it was like he can see through her.

For a moment Samantha wondered if he knows her truth, but there was no way he can, then how did he...

Chance could see the impact his words had on her and seeing her expression, he understood he used the right words and at this moment this is what she wanted to hear.

Change hugged the shocked woman, he held the back of her head and rested it on his shoulder, he then lovingly stroked her head, "I love you a lot Samantha, no matter what, my love for you is not going to change, it is going to remain constant."

Samantha tightly closed her eyes and hugged him back, surprising him.

Chance smiled when she too hugged him. He could feel her tears on his shirt and he didn't stop stroking her hair or playing with it.

They stayed like that for a few minutes.

After her tears dried up, Samantha moved away from him and didn't look at his face.

She stepped towards the beach, sat on her knees and washed her face with the beach water.

"The water here is cold and fresh, washing face with it feels good" Samantha explained and Chance nodded his head, "I'll try it then"

He too washed his face.

Samantha knew he was just acting along with her; how could he not feel her tears

when the part of his shirt where she rested her head was still wet.

The two people then calmly walked along the beach, not saying a word and spent time together in silence.

Samantha enjoyed this time with him, there were no exchange of words between them, only silence.

At times words were not necessary to have a good time, only spending some moments together calmly was equally effective.

After two hours, the two people headed back home and went to sleep.

While sleeping on the bed Chance wondered why suddenly Samantha bothered herself if he will love her or not after knowing about her true identity.

Although this concern was always at the back of her mind, today it felt different.

Today, his phobia seemed to have some huge impact on her.

He then recollected how David informed him that Bill looked into his past.

Something stuck Chance and he called one of the people who work for him and asked him to find out what information about him Bill came across.

He was sure something happened between the time after they went to work and came back home.

Bill was the only person who Samantha could have met during this time which could explain her behaviour.

Chance had a very bad feeling about it but he had no choice but to wait for the information.