

37 Chapter 37

"Are you sure?" 1

"Yeah, why do you keep asking about this anyway? Just go to the living room and turn on the TV and relax while I'm cooking." 1

...

Henry said nothing but stayed in the kitchen watching Kate's every movement as she busied herself chopping the vegetables she needed to cook a Minestrone soup.

His gaze darkened when he saw her frail body, "That stupid bitch hurt my woman." 10

Henry felt unprecedented fury gnawing inside him, like a hundred fire ants biting his heart, not letting go until he finished what he had to do. He knew well that he had to teach that bitch called Erin a lesson for hurting Kate. 5

He didn't even know why he felt upset after knowing that woman hurt Kate. Erin was her sister, and he should be happy that Erin bullied Kate because that meant it'd be easier for him to

enter her heart and obtain her love. 4

It was, in fact, would be the easiest way, as if the universe was working in his favor.

Henry wasn't a stranger to the game called Love. He knew that it was easier to hook a vulnerable woman, enter her weak heart, and make her believe that you were meant to be with them, as if whatever god they believed in sent you as her man, until they were fully dependent on you and you alone. 6

So the sentence that he should've said right now was,

'You look pale, come here and let me hug you.'

Not,

'What did that bitch do to you? I will make her remember not to mess with my woman.'

But all of the perfectly laid out plans in Henry's head simply disappeared when he saw Kate looking frail and pale, with a forced smile as if she was holding a lot of emotional torment.

And that second sentence almost slipped out of Henry's mouth plenty of times to the point that

he had to bite his lip so he wouldn't slip and utter those stupid words.

Besides, he couldn't bring up the topic of Kate's sister unless Kate told him about it. She wasn't a stupid woman, Kate would definitely realize that Henry had her investigated and spied on if he suddenly spoke of her sister and of issues he wasn't supposed to be aware of.

'Then why is she not telling me about it? I thought she'd be vulnerable enough to tell me everything, so I... I can do something to make that bitch pay for what she did to my Kate.' 3

Knowing that he was stuck in an infuriatingly useless position, all he did was stare at Kate with eyes that could burn a hole in her back. 1

Kate felt a bit uncomfortable as Henry watched her like a predator stalking his prey. She glanced at him a few times and realized that he looked pissed for some reason. 1

'Did I make him angry somehow?' Kate asked herself. 'No, no, I don't think we've had any fights so far. So what made him angry all of a sudden?'

Kate wanted to ask Henry if everything was

alright. But she decided to just shut her mouth and finished cooking.

It was already an exhausting day. She wasn't ready for another argument. 1

Kate poured the Minestrone soup into two bowls and told Henry, "Okay, it's done. Can you bring yours to the dining table?"

Henry nodded and grabbed both of the bowls to the dining table, much to Kate's confusion, "Hey, you don't need to bring mine, the bowl is still hot," Kate said while chasing after him.

But Henry said nothing, somehow, now he looked even more pissed. He put the hot bowls on the dining table and sat on the chair, waiting for Kate to join him.

Kate was a little hesitant at first, but seeing that Henry got even more pissed as time went by she decided to sit with him.

She braced herself and sat across from him on the dining table.

Kate sipped on the soup and sighed in relief as her body felt warm. She was relieved that the

Minestrone Soup she made tasted good. It had been a while since she cooked something.

Had it not been for the Young Master in front of her, she wouldn't even think of eating anything for dinner because Erin's torment was enough to make her lose her appetite.

Kate glanced at Henry to check on him. She was a bit worried that Henry would spit out the soup because he didn't like it.

But he actually scooped the soup nonstop until he finished the whole bowl in less than five minutes.

He burped a bit and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. Kate rolled her eyes, 'Why am I worried about him anyway? What young master? He's like a typical frat boy that would eat moldy pizza without any issue.' 3

'But... I'm glad that he seems to be in a better mood after eating the soup.'

Kate smiled sarcastically at Henry and asked, "So, Young Master, what do you think about my cooking? Is it suitable for your palate?"

alright. But she decided to just shut her mouth and finished cooking.

It was already an exhausting day. She wasn't ready for another argument. 1

Kate poured the Minestrone soup into two bowls and told Henry, "Okay, it's done. Can you bring yours to the dining table?"

Henry nodded and grabbed both of the bowls to the dining table, much to Kate's confusion, "Hey, you don't need to bring mine, the bowl is still hot," Kate said while chasing after him.

But Henry said nothing, somehow, now he looked even more pissed. He put the hot bowls on the dining table and sat on the chair, waiting for Kate to join him.

Kate was a little hesitant at first, but seeing that Henry got even more pissed as time went by she decided to sit with him.

She braced herself and sat across from him on the dining table.

Kate sipped on the soup and sighed in relief as her body felt warm. She was relieved that the



Minestrone Soup she made tasted good. It had been a while since she cooked something.

Had it not been for the Young Master in front of her, she wouldn't even think of eating anything for dinner because Erin's torment was enough to make her lose her appetite.

Kate glanced at Henry to check on him. She was a bit worried that Henry would spit out the soup because he didn't like it.

But he actually scooped the soup nonstop until he finished the whole bowl in less than five minutes.

He burped a bit and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. Kate rolled her eyes, 'Why am I worried about him anyway? What young master? He's like a typical frat boy that would eat moldy pizza without any issue.' 3

'But... I'm glad that he seems to be in a better mood after eating the soup.'

Kate smiled sarcastically at Henry and asked, "So, Young Master, what do you think about my cooking? Is it suitable for your palate?"



"It was good," Henry said. He was in a better mood after eating the soup. His cheeks reddened a bit and added, "It's very good, in fact, have you ever considered a career as a chef?" 1

"A chef? Pfft—hahaha!" Kate laughed out loud when she heard that. 1

"Hey, I'm not joking!" Henry was a bit offended that Kate took his statement as a joke. "I'm serious. This is very good. You can be a chef if you take proper training!" 1

"Okay, okay, young master, thank you for your flattery, but it's just a regular soup that anyone can cook," Kate said.

Henry clicked his tongue, "When did you learn to cook anyway? I thought you didn't cook since you're very busy at work."

"Well..." Kate's wide smile faltered a bit. "I was raised in a small town, inside a conservative family. For a woman like me, the end goal is to marry a good man and support my husband at home. I was trained my whole life before I got married to Matt so that I could be the perfect housewife." 4

