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"But I want to take a shower now," Kate argued. She glanced down, and her cheeks reddened again, "Y—You know, it's a little uncomfortable down there. It's sticky." 1

Henry looked down and remembered how he had shot all his seed inside of her. His ears reddened in an instant, and gently released Kate's hand, "Then I'll wait for you to take a bath first, then we can eat dinner together."

"It won't be as tasty if you eat it later."

"That's fine. I know it'll taste good since you're the one who cooked it for me," Henry said. "I don't want to eat alone, I'll wait for you."

Kate felt that Henry's words carried more meaning than he let on, but she wasn't in the mood to talk, especially now when she desperately needed to clean herself.

So she went to the bathroom and took a hot shower to wash off all the remaining sweat. It took her a while to clean things down there, and after she was done, she borrowed Henry's fresh towel to dry herself. 1



She went out of the bathroom wearing only Henry's towel covering her chest and half of her thighs.

She went to the kitchen to ask the man, "Henry, can I borrow your short pants? My jeans are soaked."

Henry was stunned when she saw Kate wearing his towel. He was even more dumbfounded when Kate asked to wear his pants.

His already reddened ears got even redder. He nodded and replied, "You can check my bedroom. There's a walk-in closet there."

"Also, you should probably wear my shirt as well, I'm sure you need a new shirt since yours must be soaked as well," Henry added. He already imagined how cute Kate would look wearing his shirt.

"But my shirt is fine...."

"I—It's definitely soaked and uncomfortable! Don't be shy about using my shirt, do it!" 1

Kate didn't understand why Henry insisted on it, but she gave in and went to his bedroom. 1

It took her a while to come out, but Henry felt he would jump out of excitement when she did.



Kate was wearing his white shirt and boxers.

She was quite tall, around 170 cm or 5' 5 feet. But she had a somewhat thin frame except around her breast and hips area, making his white shirt look huge and droopy on her body since Henry had wide shoulders. The white shirt fell beyond his boxers, giving the illusion that Kate wasn't wearing anything except the white shirt, showcasing her smooth and slender legs. 2

Henry couldn't help but click his tongue and commented, "It looks good on you."

Kate was embarrassed when she came out wearing this shirt. She complained, "Your shirts are all too big for me, and you didn't tell me that you don't have any short pants. All you wear are long trousers, jeans, and boxers."

Henry chuckled, "It's fine, it looks good on you anyway," Henry praised. "You should wear my stuff more often. You look really good in it."

"What do you mean I look good? I feel like I'm wearing a bed sheet on my shoulder," Kate complained. "Besides, don't you use detergent on your laundry?"

"I specifically asked for non-fragrant detergent. I don't like the smell of chemicals on my clothes. I



usually wear perfume before work," Henry explained. "Why? You don't like it?"

"Well, all of your clothes smell like... you," Kate said.

"They smell like me?"

Kate nodded. She was fidgety, not wanting Henry to know that she had secretly sniffed the shirt because it smelled like him.

It made her feel like she was being embraced by Henry the entire time. 1

Henry didn't understand what Kate meant. He interpreted it as her saying he had a bad body odor, so he checked himself by sniffing his armpit, "Huh, it doesn't smell." 1

"It's not body odor, idiot. It's... uh..." Kate wanted to say that Henry had a masculine scent to him. It didn't smell bad. It made her feel so comfortable and weak in the knees, wanting to fall into his embrace.

"Ah, just forget it, let's have dinner before it gets too cold," Kate said.

Henry grinned, "As you say, Princess."

Kate and Henry ate their dinner in silence. Kate



thought the dinner she had made was nice, but it was already a bit cold and too simple.

Henry had a fully stocked fridge with so many ingredients that she never had before. She'd experiment with those new ingredients if she had more time here.

'Hmm, maybe I should come to his apartment often... just to cook for him and watch the sunset from his living room, of course. Definitely not for other things.' 7

Meanwhile, Henry was busy with his dinner. He was eating fast, and after he was done with it, he said, "Are you sure you don't have a culinary degree?"

"Come on, Henry, the food is not that good," Kate said. "It's cold, and I think I overcooked the salmon a bit."

"No, you didn't. It's perfect," Henry refuted. He glanced at the fridge and suggested, "Why don't you become my private chef instead? I'll pay you twice your salary in our company, all you have to do is to cook me my dinner every day. It'd be even better if you could live here with me." 3

"You don't need to pay me for that," Kate replied. "I can visit sometimes and cook for you. You



have so many ingredients, yet you don't cook. You're wasting them, don't you know that?"

"I mean, if you don't want it to go to waste, then you should just live with me here. You can use everything in this apartment for free," Henry shrugged as if he had no other choice, such as not stocking his fridge just to throw everything out a few days later. 1

Kate was speechless over Henry's shamelessness, but she had gotten used to him for some reason, so she simply sighed and said, "I'll try to come here often to cook dinner."

"And sleep on my bed too?" Henry grinned. 4

"T—That's just for tonight because I don't have a choice!" 1

