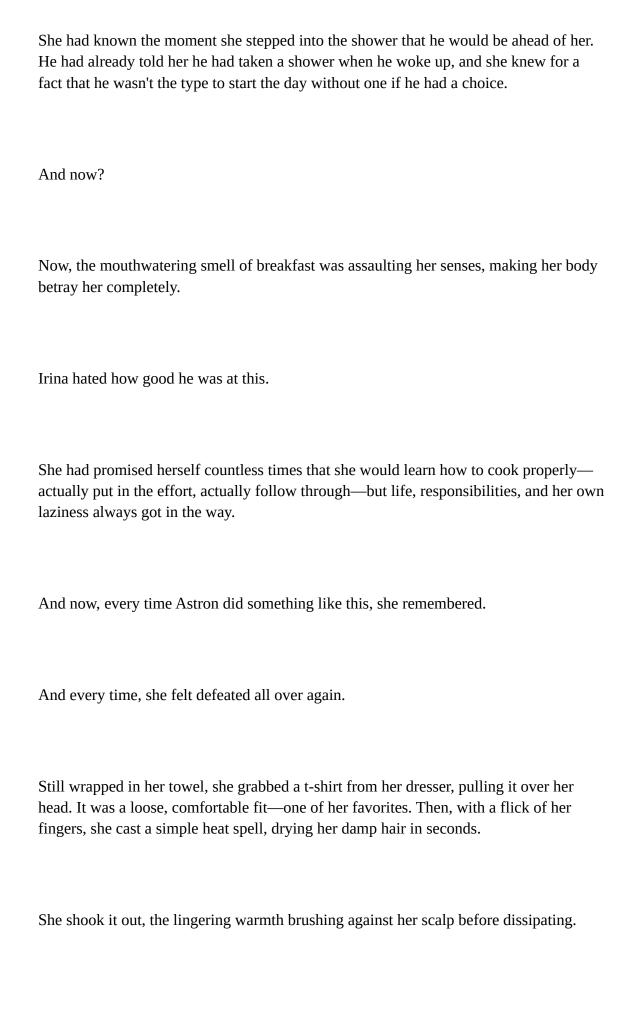
H. Academy 909

Chapter 909 Good Morning
Steam clung to Irina's skin as she stepped out of the shower, wrapping a towel around herself while stretching out her sore muscles. The rush of warm water had done its job she was fully awake now.
She ran a hand through her damp hair, exhaling. Alright. Time to get moving.
But the moment she stepped toward her dresser—
The scent hit her.
Something delicious.
Her stomach growled instantly, and she almost cursed at herself because—of course.
Astron was already cooking.
Irina clicked her tongue. This guy

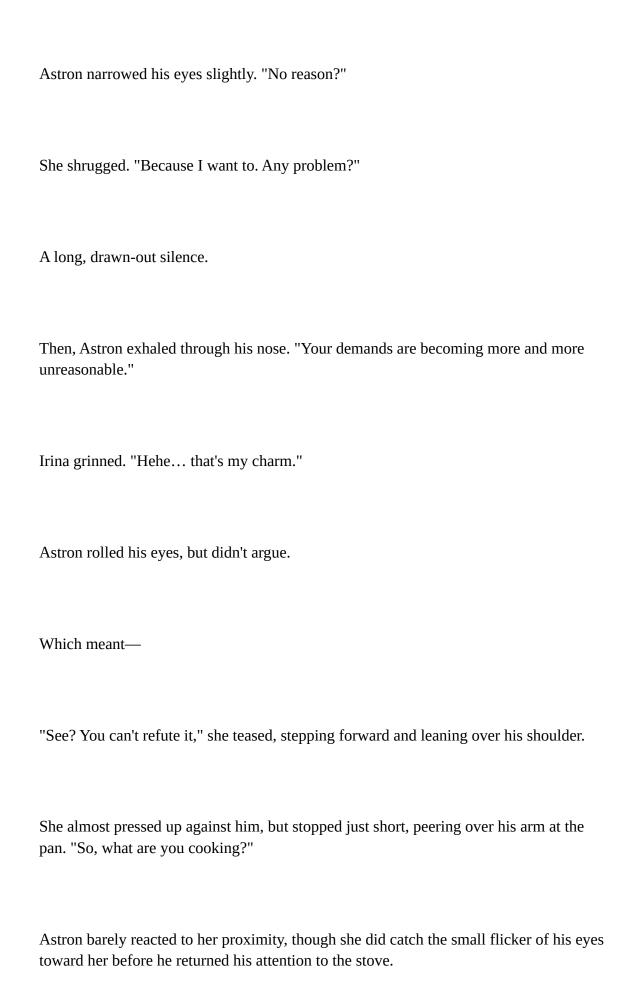


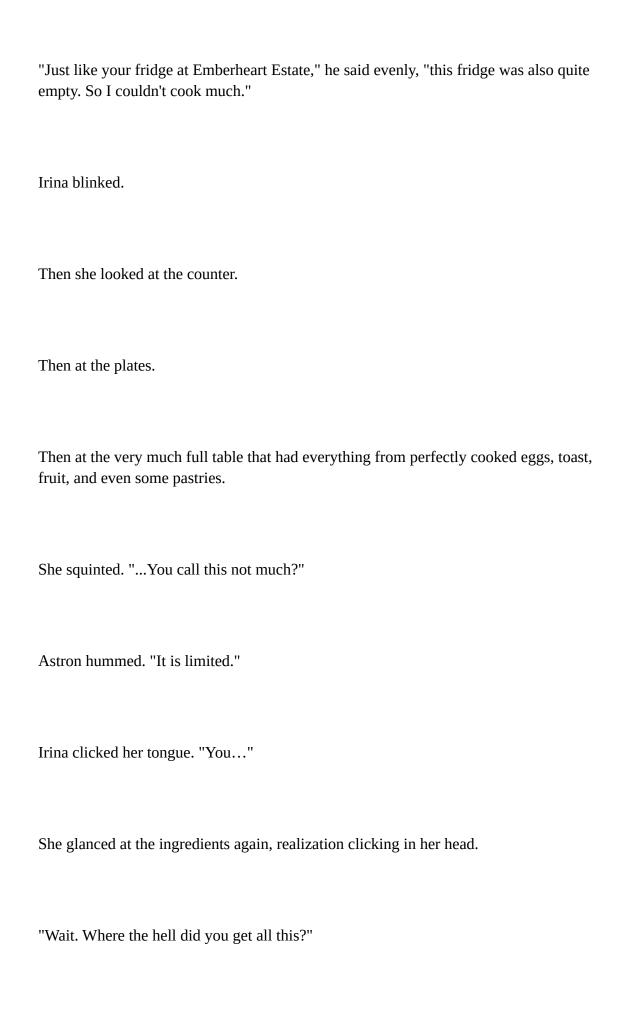


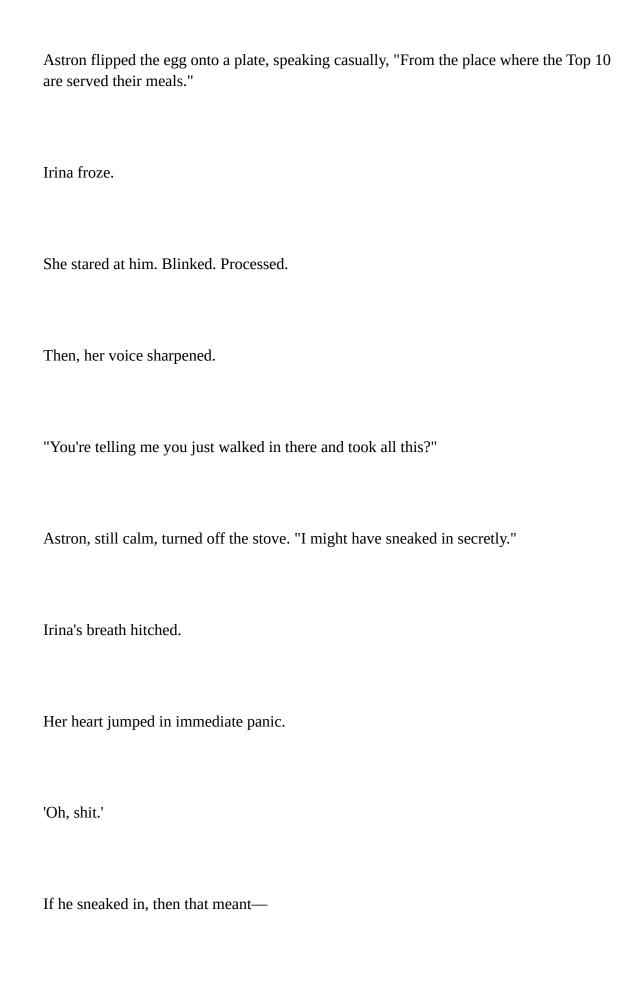
Astron exhaled lightly. "You're suggesting this because you don't want to cook yourself, aren't you?"
Irina ignored that.
Instead, a stray thought popped into her head—a memory from years ago.
A cooking show.
She had watched it as a kid, one of those high-class gourmet programs where the chefs cooked right in front of the customers. Some of them were beautiful, others had a sharp, commanding aura, and all of them had this magnetic pull that made people obsess over them.
It was a known thing, right?
Good-looking chefs? People went crazy over them.
And Astron—
Irina's eyes unconsciously trailed down from his shoulders, past the way his fitted shirt rested against his frame, down to the way his muscles shifted subtly under his movements.

'This guy.'
Her lips pressed together.
Because damn it, he had changed.
If he had been sharp before, now he was razor-edged.
That cold, unreadable face. That effortless grace in everything he did. The kind of beauty that wasn't just about looks, but about presence—the kind that made people look twice without even realizing why.
And if he were to become a chef?
If he worked in one of those high-end restaurants where people watched the cooking happen?
Oh, people would lose their minds.
The hype would be insane.
Irina's expression twitched.



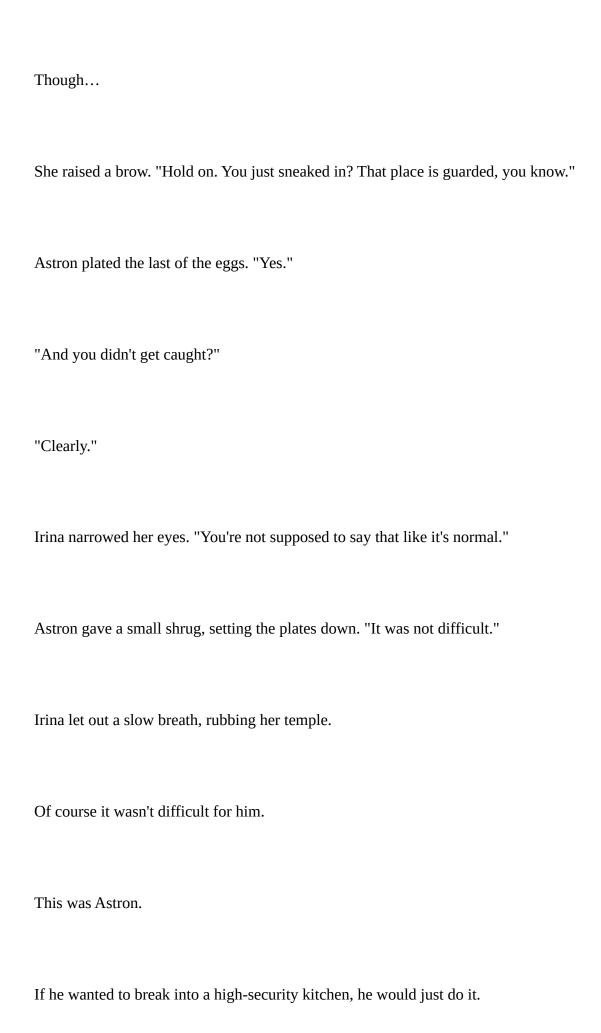












And the worst part?
He probably didn't even consider it illegal—just a minor inconvenience he needed to work around.
Irina dragged a hand down her face. "One day, this is going to bite you in the ass."
Astron sat down, unbothered. "I will deal with it when that happens."
Irina clicked her tongue.
Fine.
Whatever.
She was too hungry to argue anymore.