

## 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...

She had known the moment she stepped into the shower that he would be ahead of her. He had already told her he had taken a shower when he woke up, and she knew for a fact that he wasn't the type to start the day without one if he had a choice.

And now?

Now, the mouthwatering smell of breakfast was assaulting her senses, making her body betray her completely.

Irina hated how good he was at this.

She had promised herself countless times that she would learn how to cook properly—actually put in the effort, actually follow through—but life, responsibilities, and her own laziness always got in the way.

And now, every time Astron did something like this, she remembered.

And every time, she felt defeated all over again.

Still wrapped in her towel, she grabbed a t-shirt from her dresser, pulling it over her head. It was a loose, comfortable fit—one of her favorites. Then, with a flick of her fingers, she cast a simple heat spell, drying her damp hair in seconds.

She shook it out, the lingering warmth brushing against her scalp before dissipating.

Satisfied, she stretched again before making her way down toward the source of her suffering—

And there he was.

Astron stood at the counter, his movements precise and unbothered, as if cooking was nothing more than an extension of himself.

A pan sizzled lightly, the aroma of seasoned eggs and crisping toast filling the air. A second plate already had what looked like freshly cut fruit, arranged neatly in a way that Irina knew he wasn't even thinking about—his instincts just made everything aesthetic as hell without effort.

She leaned against the doorframe, arms crossed, her voice carrying just a hint of mock irritation.

Irina smirked as she watched him work, shifting her weight against the doorframe.

"You know, you should really consider working as a cook."

Astron, still flipping the eggs in the pan with infuriating precision, barely glanced at her. "Why?"

Irina stretched her arms over her head, humming. "You could make a lot of money off this. Good food, good hands, good technique—" she gestured toward the counter, "chefs get paid ridiculously well."

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.

She did not like the idea of random customers going crazy over him.

At all.

She crossed her arms. "I take it back."

Astron turned his head slightly, eyebrows lifting just barely. "Why?"

Irina huffed. "You're not allowed to work as a cook."

Astron blinked. "...I never said I would."

"Even if you didn't say it, you are not allowed."

Astron stared at her, unimpressed. "That's illogical."

Irina waved a hand dismissively. "Doesn't matter. I've decided."

Astron gave her a long, unimpressed stare before finally asking, "Why?"

Irina smirked, tilting her head slightly. "No reason."

Astron narrowed his eyes slightly. "No reason?"

She shrugged. "Because I want to. Any problem?"

A long, drawn-out silence.

Then, Astron exhaled through his nose. "Your demands are becoming more and more unreasonable."

Irina grinned. "Hehe... that's my charm."

Astron rolled his eyes, but didn't argue.

Which meant—

"See? You can't refute it," she teased, stepping forward and leaning over his shoulder.

She almost pressed up against him, but stopped just short, peering over his arm at the pan. "So, what are you cooking?"

Astron barely reacted to her proximity, though she did catch the small flicker of his eyes toward her before he returned his attention to the stove.

"Just like your fridge at Emberheart Estate," he said evenly, "this fridge was also quite empty. So I couldn't cook much."

Irina blinked.

Then she looked at the counter.

Then at the plates.

Then at the very much full table that had everything from perfectly cooked eggs, toast, fruit, and even some pastries.

She squinted. "...You call this not much?"

Astron hummed. "It is limited."

Irina clicked her tongue. "You..."

She glanced at the ingredients again, realization clicking in her head.

"Wait. Where the hell did you get all this?"



Astron flipped the egg onto a plate, speaking casually, "From the place where the Top 10 are served their meals."

Irina froze.

She stared at him. Blinked. Processed.

Then, her voice sharpened.

"You're telling me you just walked in there and took all this?"

Astron, still calm, turned off the stove. "I might have sneaked in secretly."

Irina's breath hitched.

Her heart jumped in immediate panic.

'Oh, shit.'

If he sneaked in, then that meant—

Her entire dorm must have already been compromised. The chefs, the assistants, maybe even the damn faculty probably knew by now—

News was going to spread.

She could already hear the whispers.

"Astron was in her dorm?"

"How long has he been there?"

"Are they—"

Irina tensed, fully ready to start damage control, until—

Wait.

Wait, wait, wait.

She paused, narrowed her eyes at him. "...Secretly?"

Astron nodded. "Yes."

A beat of silence.

Then—

She exhaled, all tension draining from her body.

"Damn it, Astron. Say that first!" She slapped his arm, scowling. "I thought you meant everyone knew you were here!"

Astron gave her a flat look. "If they knew, they would have arrived already."

Irina huffed, crossing her arms. "You could've led with that."

"You assumed incorrectly."

She clicked her tongue, but the relief settled in.

So he hadn't gotten himself caught.

That was good.

Though...

She raised a brow. "Hold on. You just sneaked in? That place is guarded, you know."

Astron plated the last of the eggs. "Yes."

"And you didn't get caught?"

"Clearly."

Irina narrowed her eyes. "You're not supposed to say that like it's normal."

Astron gave a small shrug, setting the plates down. "It was not difficult."

Irina let out a slow breath, rubbing her temple.

Of course it wasn't difficult for him.

This was Astron.

If he wanted to break into a high-security kitchen, he would just do it.

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.