

My Dreamy Old Husband

Chapter 522

While Sarah felt completely worn out, Harry, on the flip side, was in a good mood. Throughout the entire car ride to Sarah's place, he whistled all the time.

Ever since he found out that she was the famous Little Kitten on Twitter, he was determined to find out everything about her, including where she lived.

Just as there was a top fan named 'Eddie Fletcher' in Taylor's fan group, there was also a top fan named 'Little Kitten' in Harry's fan group.

Little Kitten was almost as crazy as Eddie when it came to idolizing stars. Not only did she turn Harry into the main character of her dirty comics that had become a success, but she also spent a lot of money purchasing posters and watching his films. Every time Harry had a new film, Little Kitten would rent the big screen in the biggest mall in Bayside City to promote the new film for half a month.

Even though these actions were dumb, Harry was greatly moved by them.

Right now, Sarah felt conflicted. Even though her biggest dream as a fan was to sleep with Harry, now that it happened, she felt somewhat lost. When the car went past a pharmacy, she shouted, "Stop the car! I need to buy some medication."

While parking the car, Harry asked, "What medication?"

Not saying a word, Sarah got out of the car after the car came to a halt. She quickly rushed to the pharmacy just to stop right outside the entrance for a good

instant. A few seconds later, she returned to the car and got into the passenger seat—she was silent while her face was flushed.

Harry asked, “Didn’t you need to get medication? Why didn’t you go in?”

Feeling extremely embarrassed and scared, Sarah replied, “I’m scared.”

Harry shook his head in annoyance before taking out his wallet and phone.

“What do you need? I’ll get it for you.”

After stammering for a good while, Sarah finally uttered something, “That one...”

Harry understood what she meant. So, he got out of the car while trying to drag her down the car at the same time.

“Let me go. I’m not going...” Sarah tried hard to break away from his grasp.

Still holding onto her arm, Harry replied, “I won’t go alone to get ‘that’ medication. I’m embarrassed.”

As such, Harry finally managed to drag Sarah into the pharmacy while Sarah’s entire face was wrapped up, showing only her eyes.

Still looking gorgeous, Harry then walked into the pharmacy and stood in front of the counter.

“A morning-after pill please.”

Following that, Harry placed a one hundred bill on the counter.

All of a sudden, the pharmacist and everyone else in the store turned over and looked at Sarah.

“Isn’t that Harry Winston?”

“Oh my. Look at that lady next to him. She must be his girlfriend. She has the same hairstyle as the person in the picture!”

Hearing that, Sarah placed her hands on her face and stormed out of the store.

Seeing that, Harry could not help but chuckle.

Finally, Harry collected the change, medication, and water before returning to the car under the flashlights of numerous phone cameras. After getting into the car, he saw Sarah who was all curled up in the seat—she looked like she wanted to bury her head in the ground due to embarrassment.

“There you go.”

Harry then opened the water bottle and unwrapped the packaging of the morning after pill for her.

Sarah took them right away. After that, she finally felt somewhat at ease.

While fastening his seat belt, Harry commented, “This pill isn’t good for you. Let’s just make this time an exception. I’ll wear a condom next time.”

These words agitated Sarah as she railed, “Dream on!”

Hearing that response, Harry tried to agitate her further. “Fine. I won’t use a condom next time; I’ll just pull out before I ejaculate.”

Sarah was so angry that her face was beet-red. “There’s no next time!”

The car engine was ignited again, and Harry, sitting in the driver’s seat, said in a provocative tone, “Isn’t the biggest dream in your life to have sex with me? I made that happen, so why aren’t you happy?”

Harry knew about Little Kitten's existence seven years ago when she was still an innocent girl. At the time, her watercolor drawing of Harry's film poster was extremely hideous.

However, she did not seem to be ashamed of that. After drawing that picture, she even posted it on her Twitter account for Harry to see.

At that time, what was on her mind was that since Harry had tens of millions of fans, given the numerous messages and tweets he received daily, there was no chance he would ever see her drawing. That was what gave her the motivation to post that hideous drawing.

Much to her surprise, Harry did see it as it was so hideous that it attracted his attention. Not only so, but he even read every single message and tweet from her, but because of how ugly that drawing was, he did not want to respond to any of her messages and tweets.

Year after year, she would post one drawing once every couple of days, and Harry had witnessed her improvements. Right now, her drawing of him was a sophisticated illustration with special effects done on the computer. As time went by, her followers started to increase. From a nobody, she had gradually become a well-known artist in that circle.

Sarah did not know what to say in response to his provocative words, so she took out her phone and started using it to distract herself. Right at this moment, she noticed that Harry's previous tweet was still there, and she realized that the lady in the picture was her.

Seeing that, she quickly shouted, "Delete this tweet!"

Harry responded, "I don't want to."

While driving attentively, he continued, "You can just change your profile picture."

Meanwhile, Sarah's cheeks flushed red while she pretended to scroll through her Twitter feed in a serious manner.

The West Family was a new elite family in town, and they managed a huge family business. However, business was never Sarah's cup of tea since young; she had always liked drawing, so she had opened an account on Amazon to sell her drawings. Slowly, she became an influencer on all the major artist groups on Twitter, going around selling her signed artworks and receiving commissions. Now, she even had her own business, so she was fully independent by now.

As of now, she had almost a million Twitter followers, and she was also the most frequent user on Twitter when it came to news on Harry. She ran several fan groups related to Harry on Twitter.

Apart from her Twitter account, all her other social media accounts had the same profile picture that had this one line: no sex with Harry Winston, no new profile picture.

Staring at her Twitter profile picture, she was conflicted as to whether to change it or not.

Since Harry posted that picture of the two of them, her Twitter feed was overloaded with tweets from other fans trying to comfort her.

"Little Kitten, don't cry; be strong! In our heart, you will forever be Mrs. Winston!"

"Tonight, we are fellow little kittens supporting you!"

After dinner, Harry dropped Sarah off at the entrance of the West Residence. Right after she opened the door, she jumped out of the car and ran off. Upon entering her room, she closed the door and jumped into her bed, her heart still thumping hard.

Ever since Harry tweeted that picture, the entire Twitterverse was overloaded with responses. At this time, Sophia had been paying particular attention to Sarah's Twitter account.

Finally, three days later, Sarah uploaded a new dirty comic on her Twitter feed, and this time, the character was Linus...

For the past couple of days, Sophia had been at home in The Imperial sorting out the old belongings of Annabel from the Johnson Family.

There were the clothes that Annabel used to wear, her photo albums, her diaries, and so on. Apart from those that were still with the Edwards Family, Sophia nonetheless received many of Annabel's belongings, including clothes that she wore while she was pregnant, her old diaries, and old photographs that she took.

Ever since the Johnson Family found that Sophia had made a name of herself here, they quickly came to visit her. To get on her good side, they brought Annabel's old belongings with them as Sophia had been wanting to collect them but had not been able to find the time to do so. Finally, she was able to have them.

Putting on a diffuser with a calming essential oil and turning on the heating, Sophia sat by the French window, attentively reading Annabel's diary.

On that yellowed diary were pages full of pen-written words. Sophia could still recognize that handwriting: shapeless, twisted, and ugly, but each word was sincere and real.

Flipping through the pages in the faint sunlight, Sophia seemingly saw a pregnant lady sitting at a desk and writing. Looking lonely and despaired, her words emanated sadness but at the same time, hope.

This diary was written for her unborn child.