

Chapter 178 She Seemed To Dream Of Tyrone

Ellen seemed to be a girl's name.

Tyrone was sure that Sabrina didn't have any friends by that name.

As he replayed the recent scene in his mind, Tyrone couldn't help but suspect that Ellen might be the child Sabrina had given birth to.

Sabrina didn't respond. She was peacefully asleep, her lips slightly pouting.

Determined not to give up, Tyrone leaned closer and whispered into her ear, "Sabrina, who is Ellen?"

"Who is Ellen?" Sabrina mumbled, her voice barely audible.

"Yes, Sabrina. Who is Ellen?"

"Ellen is—"

Suddenly, Sabrina clutched her forehead and curled up. Her face contorted in pain. Impatience laced her voice as she groaned, "My head! It hurts!"

Concerned, Tyrone gently massaged her temples and whispered, "If you can't remember now, don't strain yourself. Just rest and sleep."

After a while, Sabrina's distress subsided, and she finally drifted back to sleep.

Tyrone studied her serene sleeping face, his expression serious and contemplative.

Taking a moment, he tidied up Sabrina's clothes and pulled the quilt over her. He lingered by her bedside, lost in thought, before leaving the room.

The next morning, Sabrina began to stir in her bed. Despite the early hour of 6 a.m., darkness still enveloped the outside world. Slowly rousing from her sleep, she opened her eyes, squinting in pain as she was met with an immediate pulsating throb in her head.

Shutting her eyes quickly, she lay in bed, resting for some time before mustering the energy to sit up again.

Sabrina tried to recall what happened the previous night. But she couldn't remember anything.

Only vague, dream-like images of Tyrone flickered through her mind.

Sabrina looked down and realized that she was only wearing thermal underwear. She assumed that Aylin must have helped her change.

After splashing cold water on her face and brushing her teeth, she spent some time on her phone. About an hour had passed when she decided to give Bettie a call.

The phone rang out, but no one answered.

Then she dialed Aylin's number.

Still no response.

They must still be sleeping.

Given the amount of alcohol she had drunk the previous night and the lack of food, Sabrina felt hungry. She decided to head down to the hotel restaurant for breakfast.

When she stepped out of her room, she noticed a figure exiting the end of the hallway. It looked like Tyrone.

She froze and gasped, her heart racing. But when she looked again, he was gone.

Shaking her head, she wondered if she had imagined it. "Maybe I'm still drunk."

Sabrina brushed it off and went down to have breakfast. When she finished, Bettie and Aylin got up.

Last night, they were supposed to hire a car and chase the aurora. However, their plan was derailed when they all got drunk instead.

Today, they were determined to carry out their plan.

The aurora was visible from both Shadowlake and Sagecoast. After Bettie organized a car rental online, they checked out of the hotel and headed for Shadowlake.

Shadowlake is located west of Marblewald. The island experiences two months of Polar Night beginning in November and two months of Polar Day in May.

The Polar Night and Day are natural phenomena that occur inside the polar circles, where the sun remains either below or above the horizon for more than 24 hours.

Therefore, this island was called the island without time.

Due to it being a time-free zone, the locals would go to sleep according to their individual needs. So it wasn't unusual to see the townspeople having coffee with friends on the beach at 2 a.m.

The island had a small population. It boasted many charming wooden houses that lined the coastline.

After an hour, they crossed a bridge and arrived at Shadowlake.

Despite the Polar Night, it felt more like dusk than the deep and dark nights of Mathias. The environment resembled an evening atmosphere with dim but visible light. Though the sun was absent, the landscape was not entirely shrouded in darkness.

Snow blanketed the island, creating a serene white expanse. They felt like they had entered a winter wonderland.

Everywhere they looked, they saw snow-capped mountains.

Upon reaching the coastal hotel, they completed the check-in at the Timber House Hotel. With its charming timber facade and expansive windows, the hotel offered a breathtaking ocean view.

Locals claimed that the aurora was visible from the windows. After unpacking, they eagerly headed to the shore. The vast white beach beckoned, and they frolicked like carefree children. They joyfully captured shots of each other and the charming small log cabins that dotted the area. Completely engrossed in the present, they lost track of time and didn't notice the cold.

Only when they finally paused did they realize it was already two in the afternoon.

They went back to the hotel for lunch.

Returning to the hotel's restaurant, Sabrina spotted a familiar face as they lined up for food.

She peered closer and exclaimed, "Damon?"

Turning at the sound of his name, Damon smiled and said, "What a coincidence!"

Despite his words, his expression didn't reveal surprise.

"What are you doing here? I didn't expect to see you."

He shrugged casually and said, "This place is well-known. My friend wanted to check it out."

Sabrina glanced past Damon, searching for his handsome friend.

Anticipating her thoughts, Damon chuckled. "My friend went for a walk."

"How long are you staying?"

"I'm not sure. It depends on my friend."

"Do you plan to go back, or have you got other travel plans after you leave here?"

"It depends on my friend," Damon repeated, a playful grin tugging at his lips.

"We're going to Sagecoast later. Would you like to join us?"

Damon was taken aback, not expecting an invitation from Sabrina. Surprise flickered in his eyes briefly.

He looked down and coughed. "I'll go back and ask my friend. Why don't we exchange numbers? I'll tell you later."

"Sounds good." They exchanged numbers, and just as Damon was about to turn away, Sabrina queried, "Damon, do you know me?"

Damon nodded subconsciously.

As soon as he raised his head, he saw Sabrina's suspicious gaze. He explained calmly, "I've seen you in the news."

"Oh, I see."

"Alright, I'll get going now. I'll get back to you about my friend's decision."

"Sure."

As she watched him walk away, Sabrina couldn't shake a feeling of suspicion.

Something about Damon seemed off, but she couldn't quite put her finger on it.

After lunch, Sabrina and her friends ventured up a snow-covered slope behind the hotel.

The lower elevation made it an ideal spot to overlook the entirety of Shadowlake.

The climb through the heavy snow was tiring for Sabrina. By the time they reached the midpoint, she was already puffing, and her breath was visible in the cold air.

The trio pressed on, supporting each other as they ascended the snow slope.

Finally reaching the peak, Sabrina took in the sprawling beauty of Shadowlake. The icy wind kissed her cheeks, invigorating her.

Meanwhile, Damon entered the neighboring room, knocking lightly before entering. With a smile, he remarked, "Guess who I bumped into?"

Tyrone glanced at him indifferently.

Did he really need to guess?

"Sabrina invited us to join them on a trip to Sagecoast. She even gave me her number," Damon said, settling onto a sofa. "Do you think she might have a thing for me?"

Tyrone's expression darkened, and he playfully kicked him. "You're a narcissist."

Casting another glance at Damon, Tyrone couldn't help but acknowledge his striking handsomeness. Regrettably, Damon had a history of incarceration.

However, Sabrina remained unaware of this fact. What if she genuinely had affection for Damon?

The mere contemplation of this scenario ignited Tyrone's anger.

Bradley, Trevor, and now Damon...

Tyrone wanted to rid her of all the men around her and reclaim her for himself once again.

"I said I'd ask my friend. But I know you won't agree. How about this? You follow them, and I'll join them?" Damon suggested.

Tyrone cast a sharp glance at Damon.

Damon chuckled, seeing Tyrone's inner turmoil. "Relax, I'm just joking. I promise I'll reject her after a while."

