


## Chapter 177 Why Did I Dream Of You

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Bettie didn't know that Tyrone was nearby, and she ordered a few bottles of wine.

"Sabrina has been with us for the past few days, and she's been feeling down. But now she's finally happy. Let's raise our glasses and celebrate her successful divorce and being free and single again!" 

"Cheers, let's drink to that!"

Sabrina poured herself a glass of wine with a smile and said, "I'm with you on that. Cheers!"

The trio chatted and kept drinking. The clinking of glasses and laughter filled the air.

As Bettie became more intoxicated, she became more chatty and less discerning. "You know, I've always known Tyrone was a scoundrel. How did you put up with him for so long? If I were in your shoes, I'd have left him and enjoyed the company of handsome men."

With a self-satisfied smile, she emptied the remaining wine from her glass. "Come closer. Let me show you something, my dear. Don't tell anyone. I've never shown this to anyone else."

Bettie unlocked her mobile phone and opened a private photo album. "Take a look at this. These are all stunning men. Look at this one—his physique is so robust, those muscles are to

die for."

She continued, "And this one, observe the shape of his... well, you know what I mean."

She pointed to another picture. "And this butt is the best I've ever seen. There are so many men. There must be one you like. Just forget about Tyrone!"

Bettie proceeded to introduce each photo, growing bolder in her descriptions.

Sabrina's cheeks flushed with embarrassment, yet Aylin watched the display with great interest.

Sabrina was also attracted, even as she grappled with an involuntary comparison of each photo to Tyrone.

For instance, she remembered Tyrone's toned and firm muscles. She couldn't help but recall his prowess as a lover. Even his physique, down to his buttocks...

A deeper shade of red painted Sabrina's face. She shook her head, attempting to dispel her thoughts.

Despite the array of men in the photos, she continued to measure them against Tyrone, convinced he was the epitome of perfection.

While some men appeared excessively muscular and others too slender, none matched Tyrone's ideal physique.

Though a few were similar in build to Tyrone, they weren't as handsome as he was.

She promised herself to forget him, yet the intoxicating haze

of alcohol made it nearly impossible to control her thoughts.

She couldn't escape thoughts of Tyrone, a persistent loop in her mind despite her resolve to let him go.

She wondered if she should just let go and get drunk.

If she was completely drunk, she wouldn't think of him.

She decided to have another drink to commemorate her fruitless love that lasted for ten years.

Tyrone watched on with a long face.

Bettie suddenly felt a chill and commented, "Is the heating not working? I'm feeling a bit cold."

Quickly regaining her focus, she continued, "How about we head to a club and find a man for tonight? Those guys are quite attractive. I'm sure you'll forget all about Tyrone."

At these words, Tyrone's countenance grew even darker.

Fortunately, he caught Sabrina's response, "Well, I'm not going."

She felt like she hadn't fully let go, and the fear of getting sick added to her hesitation.

A hint of relief brushed across Tyrone's features.

Bettie didn't mention it anymore. The trio continued to drink and chat. The topic of conversation now was the contents of Bettie's phone.

Sabrina's thoughts went blank, and she realized she shouldn't continue drinking. Otherwise, she'd become too intoxicated.

"It's best to have all your bearings in a foreign country," she

advised Bettie and Aylin. The girls agreed and hailed a taxi back to their accommodations.

As they settled into the car's cozy interior, a wave of dizziness swept over Sabrina, gently nudging her towards the edges of sleep.

When the girls arrived, Sabrina couldn't wait to fall into bed. She collapsed on her bed, fully clothed, too drunk to change into pajamas.

The room descended into a tranquil silence, cloaked in darkness.

Suddenly, the door to Sabrina's room creaked open.

Tyrone approached Sabrina's bedside and lowered himself with care onto its edge.

His gaze lingered on her peaceful visage, bathed in the soft glow of the moonlight.

He could finally look at her without hiding.

The ache of missing her had never left him.

Tyrone reached out his hand and tenderly caressed her cheek. He then leaned in and placed a gentle kiss on her forehead, taking in her scent. However, he quickly realized that the smell he detected was just alcohol.

"Little drunkard!" Tyrone whispered playfully, pinching Sabrina's nose.

Tyrone felt relieved that Sabrina didn't agree to go to the bar. Otherwise, he feared that he might have lost control.

The heating was on, and Sabrina was wearing a thick cotton-padded jacket. She began to sweat and feel uncomfortable. She groaned and unconsciously tugged on her clothes.

After carefully unzipping the jacket, he removed it and her thick leggings, leaving only a layer of thermal underwear on her.

Perhaps due to intoxication or the heat, Sabrina's face was flushed, her lips slightly parted, revealing her white teeth. She groaned unconsciously.

The close-fitting thermal underwear accentuated her graceful curve, making her all the more enchanting and enticing.

At first, Tyrone had no ulterior motives. He simply wanted to make her more comfortable.

However, as he watched her, his heart raced in his chest, and his breaths came in short gasps. His mouth was dry, and he couldn't think of anything else but her.

When she emitted occasional groans, it was as if fuel was added to an already blazing fire.

Unconsciously, Sabrina turned over, revealing her alluring figure as she shifted sideways.

He held his breath, unable to resist any longer. Turning Sabrina over, he leaned in and passionately kissed her captivating red lips. All his self-control slipped away.

Tyrone couldn't help but indulge in the kiss, a sensation he had longed for, craving the intimacy he had been missing for so long.

"Hmm..."

A deepening crimson hue painted Sabrina's face, and her breath caught in her throat. Feeling uncomfortable, she opened her eyes and gently pushed him away. "Tyrone?"

Tyrone was stunned. His gaze met Sabrina's.

He hadn't anticipated Sabrina's awakening and was about to explain.

To his surprise, Sabrina's eyes closed, and a murmur escaped her lips. "Why did I dream of you? I don't want to dream of you at all."

Those words hit Tyrone like a blow, and his expression clouded over.

If she didn't want to dream of him, then who did she want to dream of? Bradley? Or Trevor? Or the man who had a baby with her?

A surge of anger coursed through Tyrone, his jaw clenching tightly. As he noticed Sabrina about to say something further, he leaned down, kissing her lips in a passionate, almost rough kiss.

A soft moan escaped Sabrina's lips in response.

The heated exchange of breath between them only stoked the flames of her inner heat, with her fingers clumsily tugging at her clothes in a bid for relief from the escalating temperature.

In their entanglement, her collar was drawn down, revealing the contours of her breasts in a tantalizing unveiling.

Tyrone's eyes were bloodshot. The memories of their past

sexual encounters flooded his mind. He could no longer control himself.

He kissed Sabrina's temple and sensually licked her sensitive earlobes, causing her to groan and tremble.

Tyrone then trailed kisses down her neck, collarbone, and chest, gradually lifting her clothes.

Feeling uncomfortable, Sabrina murmured, "Ellen, don't bite me."

Tyrone stiffened, raised his head, and asked in a low voice, "Who is Ellen?"

