

Chapter 410 You Know A Rich Woman

After solving the problem of work, Sabrina had to turn her attention toward her accommodation.

Despite having some savings, she had no intention of buying a house here. She instead opted to find a place close to her workplace for convenience. She wanted to rent an apartment with one bedroom and a living room.

At eight in the morning, Collen and Bella arrived to pick up Sabrina and check out the apartments.

Bella was over the moon to hear that Sabrina had joined a photography studio. "That's fantastic! I posted the photos you took for me on Instagram the other day, and several friends asked me who the photographer was."

Sabrina responded with a warm smile, "You're a beauty. You always look good, no matter the quality of the photo."

"Don't be so modest. I've had many photo shoots for albums before, but your shots were by far the most satisfying," Bella praised Sabrina.

"I'm glad you liked them. The studio I joined happens to have the type of service you want. If you're interested, you should give it a try," Sabrina suggested.

During the interview, Sabrina learned from Liliana that photographers in the studio were organized into groups, each assigned responsibilities for different work depending on their skills and experience.

As a newly joined photographer, Sabrina still had to build credibility and was thus tasked with serving customers at the lowest level.

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After the shooting, customers were invited to fill out evaluation forms based on their experience. The studio then conducted a summary of the photographer's performance every three months. If at least eighty-five percent of the customers praised the photographer, the photographer could be promoted to a higher level to handle more advanced projects and more esteemed customers.

Conversely, if they failed to satisfy some of their customers and less than 60 percent praised them, they could be demoted.

Photographers' levels were tied to their salaries. The higher a photographer's salary was, the higher the commission would be.

However, there was an exception for everything. For instance, if a customer liked a specific photographer's style, the customer could request that photographer for shoots regardless of the photographer's level. The studio would manage to meet the customers' needs as much as possible unless the customer couldn't wait.

Bella, eager to have Sabrina as her photographer, said, "I'll go. Can I ask you to shoot for me?"

"Of course."

"That's good. By the way, will you attend my father's birthday party tomorrow evening? I'd love to introduce you to my friends."

After a brief consideration, Sabrina agreed, "Sure, what gift should I prepare?"

"No need to prepare any gifts. You just have to attend."

As they continued chatting, they inadvertently left Collen on the sidelines.

Upon arriving at the apartment, Sabrina's thoughts finally wandered to Collen's presence.

The trio had inspected three apartments in total, all conveniently not far from the studio where Sabrina worked. Sabrina eventually settled on one.

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The apartment boasted a bedroom, a living room, a kitchen, and a bathroom. Sabrina was particularly pleased with the spacious balcony.

The furnishings, which consisted of tables, chairs, a sofa, air conditioning, a washing machine, and more, were all in place and fully equipped. While the rent was slightly higher, Collen managed to negotiate a lower price with the landlord.

Sabrina made it official and signed a contract with the landlord, paying an advance on the rent for three months.

Collen drove Sabrina and Bella straight to the shopping mall for daily necessities. Laden with shopping bags, the car was almost bursting upon their return.

When they were back at Sabrina's apartment, the trio unloaded the car and collectively stocked the purchased items into the apartment, making it less empty and more homely.

Sabrina, expressing gratitude, invited them for afternoon tea.

Once Bella and Collen departed, Sabrina threw the newly bought sheets into the washing machine. The newly acquired quilts were set aside to bask in the sunlight. Then, she neatly organized the necessities and cooking tools.

The following day, Sabrina checked out and officially moved into her new apartment. She meticulously arranged the space according to her preferences and stocked up on essentials like noodles, seasoning, vegetables, fruit, and milk.

Finally, she settled down.

After finishing her work, Sabrina sprawled on the sofa, allowing herself a moment of relaxation.

In the past few days in Philade, every moment had been occupied with activity, leaving her with a full and bustling life devoid of any spare moments for thinking of anything else.

Even if a thought about Tyrone crossed her mind, she would quickly dismiss it.

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It proved she could live well without Tyrone.

If she had realized it earlier, she might not have put herself through so much suffering.

In the evening, Sabrina selected a formal dress and adorned herself with delicate makeup. She then got into a car that took her to Bella's house.

Knowing that Sabrina didn't own a car, Bella had thoughtfully arranged for someone to pick Sabrina up.

Bella's family resided in Rockefeller Manor in the suburbs.

Having been to Dracwynne and visited the mansions of the wealthy before, Sabrina was familiar with opulent décor. The mansion she once visited was decorated magnificently with beautiful carvings and furnishings, but nobody inhabited the place. It had become a scenic spot, even accompanied by guided tours for visitors.

Thus, this marked Sabrina's first experience seeing a private manor.

As the car journeyed to the suburbs, the driver perked up and enthusiastically pointed at the looming stone wall in the distance. "That's Rockefeller Manor, one of the largest manors in Philade."


The stone wall, constructed with natural stones, each one of them different, enveloped the manor securely, its size reflecting the manor, daunting and pronounced.

Upon reaching the magnificent, iron-wrought gates of the manor, there stood a pavilion with a servant checking the guests' invitation cards.

Inside the manor, a road stretched ahead, consisting of more natural stones. Both sides of the road were decorated with lush greenery, adding to the grandeur of the area.

After advancing for around ten minutes and making a turn, Sabrina found herself in a vast parking lot. It rivaled a university

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playground in size, already filled with numerous luxurious cars,
their grandness glinting in the evening light.

Several waiters were strategically positioned around the
spacious parking lot to guide guests toward the hall.

As a taxi approached, a waiter promptly stepped forward.
Sabrina alighted, and the waiter guided her toward the banquet
hall.

Bathed in the soft glow of the night, the magnificent building
commanded attention with its resplendent presence.
Stretching across four gracefully adorned floors, it emanated
an aura of refined elegance and timeless sophistication, bathed
in a beautiful glow beneath the stars.

Two European-style corridors covered in vibrant greenery
flanked the castle's entrance. The center of the area consisted
of a central fountain illuminated by neon lights on its bottom
edges.

Following the waiter through the lengthy corridor, Sabrina
reached the castle.

The hall was ablaze with light, radiating magnificence, and
teeming with well-dressed attendees.

The high social standing of Bella's father was evident, as all the
people present were donned in sharp suits and haute couture
gowns.

Upon entering the hall, Sabrina scanned the surroundings, but
Bella was nowhere in sight. Instead, Sabrina spotted Collen
engaged in conversation with a group of people around him, a
glass of wine in his hand.

Guests came in one after another, and the air was abuzz with
joy and excitement.

Sabrina found a seat in the rest area, discreetly pulling out her
phone and snapping a photo of the glamorous hall. She sent it
to Bettie with the message, "Look! It's awesome!"

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It was still morning on Bettie's side. Bettie, who was having breakfast, responded without delay, "Is this Bella's house?"

"Yes."

Over the past few days, Sabrina had kept in touch with Bettie and had informed her about Bella's invitation to the party.

Bettie expressed her surprise, "You've known a rich woman! I'm jealous of Collen!"

"Ha-ha..."

As Sabrina continued chatting gleefully with Bettie, a scornful comment emanated from nearby, "She must be showing off to her friend."

"I caught a glimpse of her screen. There's no such person in Philade. I don't know how she wormed her way in here," added another woman.