

## Chapter 441 Try Again

The editor-in-chief walked over and inquired, "What's the hold-up? Is something wrong, Sabrina?"

Sabrina displayed the photos on her camera, expressing her dissatisfaction, "I can't capture good photos now."

Perplexed, the editor-in-chief examined the photos and looked up at her, confusion evident. "Aren't they good?"

Sabrina questioned, "Are they okay?"

"Aren't they good?"

"Why are they good?"

"Aren't you asking too much? Why don't you let Mr. Blakely judge for himself?"

Sabrina looked up from the camera at Tyrone and said, "Come here and take a look."

Tyrone stood up and approached. He inspected the photos on the camera and complimented with a smile, "They're all good, Sabrina. You're a good photographer."

White also came over and glanced at the photos.

Considering Tyrone's undeniable handsomeness, anyone could capture good photos. Why did Tyrone praise Sabrina as a good photographer? Well, Mr. Blakely was quite kind and polite.

"Tell me the truth."

"I'm telling the truth."

Sabrina fell silent, pursing her lips. Was she overthinking it? She felt these photos weren't good enough. Tyrone was still

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+120 Points at most

handsome in these photos, but she always felt he looked even better in person. Was it because she was too familiar with Tyrone? How familiar was she with him?

Truth be told, Sabrina was so familiar with Tyrone that she could recognize him with just one glance. In high school and college, he never left her mind, and she dreamt of him in various ways.

Wherever he appeared, she would relentlessly seek him out and always look at him.

Then, they had been a couple for three years.

Even if she didn't want to admit it, she was familiar with every detail of him. The more familiar she was with him, the more imperfections she noticed in these photos.

Sometimes, even a master photographer who was good at modifying photos couldn't satisfy a customer.

There was no denying that Tyrone was exceptionally handsome, and photos of him taken by anyone would turn out well.

However, to Sabrina, Tyrone in these photos was not as handsome as she knew he could be. People couldn't see his good features in these photos.

Making up her mind, Sabrina said, "You can sit back. I'll try to take more photos."

"Okay." Tyrone returned to his chair and sat down.

Sabrina resumed her position with the camera and took a close-up shot of his face.

When she checked the photo, she suddenly felt this one was the best.

Turning to White and the editor-in-chief, Sabrina inquired, "How many photos do you need?"

"Four or five," White replied. "Can you do it or not? If you can't

do it, I'll find another photographer who can."

"Of course I can. Don't worry." Holding the camera, Sabrina directed Tyrone, "Come on. Let's take another photo. You don't need to smile... Just imagine that you're seeing your ex-wife's boyfriend. That's it."

White was speechless. It was the first time he had seen a photographer guiding the subject in such an unconventional manner.

Sabrina treated the shooting seriously, determined to capture his best angles and let others see the best photos of him.

She planned to capture four pictures, each from a different angle and background. She still needed to take three more photos.

Sabrina walked over and stood in front of Tyrone and carefully observed his face with eyes narrowed in focus. Sometimes, she moved to the left, and sometimes, she moved to the right. She was determined to find the best angle for him.

"Haven't you seen enough for so many years?" Tyrone teased in a low voice, his lips curling in a smile.

Sabrina retorted, "You will smile like this when we take the rest of the photos later."

Tyrone was helpless.

"Change the background and the clothes."

The assistant quickly produced a black suit from her bag and handed it to Tyrone. She went to the set next to them to take more photos.

Sabrina continued to guide Tyrone when taking the shooting. "You can smile just like just now... Okay, that's it."

After Sabrina enlarged the photo and examined it carefully, she found it satisfactory. "Take off your coat. Let's go there and take some more."

White was surprised. "So fast? I don't think you've taken many photos."

"There are only four required in total. I don't need to take a lot."

"What if Mr. Blakely can't choose four of them?"

"I'm sure he can do it."

Tyrone was sitting on the sofa for the next pose.

Sabrina intended to capture a full-body shot.

She instructed him, "Don't be too stiff. Sit however you like."

After the photo was taken, Sabrina reviewed it again. Looking at his long legs, Sabrina nodded, satisfied with the composition. Then she moved on. "Change the place."

"So soon?" White questioned skeptically.

"Yes."

However, Sabrina wasn't satisfied with the remaining backgrounds. After some thought, she suggested to Tyrone, "Let's go outside and take a photo in the car."

"Okay."

"Where is your car?"

"In the underground garage."

Sabrina turned to the editor-in-chief and White, inquiring, "Whose car is in the parking lot in front of the building?"

"Mine," the editor-in-chief replied. "I just washed it a few days ago."

Several staff members gathered the reflecting boards, and together, they descended to the parking lot.

Tyrone took the driver's seat and rolled down the window.

"Look here. Just imagine him as your ex-wife's boyfriend." Sabrina pointed at White.

White was completely bewildered by her direction.

After capturing the final photo, Sabrina scrutinized the four images to ensure there were no issues. "Well, it's over."

"Are you done?" White asked, his eyebrows furrowing in doubt as he opened the car door for Tyrone.

"Yes."

Although White didn't entirely trust Sabrina, he still put on a smile for Tyrone and suggested, "Mr. Blakely, let's go upstairs and choose the photos."

Tyrone glanced at Sabrina.

Upon returning to the reception room, Sabrina uploaded the photos to the computer from her camera and showed them four of the photos she had carefully taken. She looked at Tyrone and expressed, "I believe these four photos are the best."

White frowned disapprovingly. "It's Mr. Blakely's decision not to make, not yours." He couldn't help but wonder what was wrong with Sabrina. Why was she so strange? Yet, he couldn't deny that these four photos were indeed excellent.

Tyrone concurred, "I also think these four are good. Let's go with them."

White looked at Tyrone, shocked. All right. He would shut up.

"Then I'll head back to edit and refine the photos." Sabrina briskly closed the computer and tidied up her backpack, picking up her camera.

"Wait a minute, Sabrina. Let's have lunch together. Folks, please join us," Tyrone suggested before she could leave.

Keenly and in haste, White agreed, "Mr. Blakely, that's so kind of you. I'd love to join you for lunch."

Noticing that Sabrina hadn't said anything, White urged her in a low voice, "Why don't you agree quickly? This is a rare opportunity!"

"Okay," Gazing at Tyrone's eager eyes, Sabrina ultimately gave in and agreed.

White recommended a local restaurant.

Tyrone instructed his assistant to book a chamber for them in advance.

Once they were at the restaurant, the waiter placed four menus on the table in front of them.

Tyrone didn't open it. He spoke to them all, but his eyes were fixed on Sabrina. "Order whatever you want to eat. It's my treat."

White politely expressed his gratitude, "Thank you, Mr. Blakely."

"The classic Nice Salad with cream cheese, Australian Sirloin, black pepper sauce, noodles with Trotter sauce, Tiramisu for dessert, and Moscato white wine," Sabrina told the waiter with no hesitation.

White stared at her, speechless. What the hell was going on with Sabrina? She was acting so casual. She wasn't polite to Tyrone at all.

Throughout the dinner, White and the editor-in-chief tried to make conversation.

Meanwhile, Sabrina focused on eating without saying anything. While eating, she contemplated how she could further teach Tyrone a lesson now that she didn't have a fake boyfriend.

Yesterday, Tyrone was righteous in plotting against Richard. Today, he became her client and spent time with her under the name of the shooting. He was so arbitrary. Had he not played those tricks, she might have told him the truth.