

Chapter 429 Neighbor

Sabrina felt a little confused, but almost immediately, she put the matter out of her mind and went to the magazine company.

In addition to the photos of the actor, there would also be a text of the interview as well as a short description inside the magazine.

The photos would accompany the written content and should capture the actor's charisma.

The actor had his own style and had brought his own makeup artists along.

Seeing Sabrina was a young lady and a foreigner, the actor's agent was skeptical about Sabrina's skills, worrying that Sabrina was not a skilled photographer and would only mess up. Therefore, he asked the editor if there was another photographer available.

The editor-in-chief reassured the agent, "Don't worry. Sabrina is an excellent young photographer. Let her have an opportunity to showcase her skills first. I am confident you will be pleased with the results."

As a matter of fact, the editor-in-chief shared the agent's concerns. While Sabrina had experience photographing people, taking pictures of amateurs and celebrities required different skills, and the presentation had to be adjusted accordingly. However, since Sabrina was already here and ready to do the shoot, letting Sabrina showcase her skills first wasn't a big deal.

The agent knew that the editor-in-chief was a woman of few words and hated wasting time discussing irrelevant things, so he didn't insist on getting another photographer.

After a while, Sabrina approached the agent and the actor about their preference for the shoot.

When Sabrina first found out that her client was an actor, she went out of her way to research his photos and works. She delved into a wealth of information about the actor and carefully studied his appearance. She even read magazines to get a sense of his style. With all this knowledge, she had a general shooting plan in mind.

Once Sabrina had a clear idea of what the actor and the agent wanted after the discussion, she instructed the staff to gather and arrange the necessary props.

All the necessary props and arrangements were prepared beforehand. Sabrina stepped into the space and surveyed her surroundings, making simple adjustments to the arrangement.

After seeing the way Sabrina commandeered the shoot and gave precise orders, the agent started feeling at ease. It seemed Sabrina was experienced.

The actor had taken many magazine and photo shoots, so he knew what was expected of him. He and Sabrina worked well together.

Apart from the photos needed for the magazine, Sabrina took a lot of extra photos.

When the photo shoot session was over, Sabrina uploaded all of the photos onto the computer and showed them to the editor-in-chief, actor, and agent one after the other.

They had to pick out several photos and use them in the magazine.

Then the actor could decide how to deal with the other photos.

The lighting was expertly crafted, ensuring that even unpolished photos would still exude beauty.

The editor-in-chief scrolled through the photos, one by one, and let out a sigh of relief. Liliana didn't lie to her. Sabrina was indeed a gifted photographer. She made the right decision hiring Sabrina for this shoot.

Several photos were praised by the agent.

They thoroughly examined each photo, from start to finish, before deciding on a final selection of twelve photos.

The agent declared, "Let's call it a day. Once you make the necessary adjustments to the photos, we can select a few more from the batch and proceed with our usual protocols for handling them."

Sabrina understood the agent's intention. He would purchase the additional photos and upload them online or print them out once the magazine was published.

"Okay," the editor-in-chief agreed.

Next, the agent provided Sabrina with instructions on what changes she needed to make. Sabrina recorded it on her phone.

Over the next few days, her only task was to edit and tweak the twelve photos until both the agent and actor were satisfied.

Sabrina added the agent's phone number to her contacts so that she could keep in touch with him.

When Sabrina got home, she powered on her laptop and started to edit the photos.

She only took a break around dinner time. After having dinner, she continued with her work. She was so busy she didn't have the time to think of anything else.

At eleven o'clock in the evening, Sabrina had called it a day and was lying in bed. She was not sleepy yet, so her thoughts drifted to the man who chased her next-door neighbor away. She wondered who the man was.

Moments later, overwhelmed by exhaustion, Sabrina fell asleep.

However, before she was fully asleep, an idea flashed through her mind.

But before she could fully grasp the idea, she fell asleep.

By the time Sabrina woke up the next day, she had already forgotten the idea she had the night before.

By the end of the day, she had finished editing the photos per the agent's request and sent them to him. All she had to do now was wait for his feedback.

The agent was likely swamped at that moment or was communicating with the actor about the photos because he did not respond to Sabrina's message promptly.

Sabrina grabbed her phone and purse and went out for dinner.

While eating, another idea about the man who drove her noisy neighbor away flashed through Sabrina's mind. She was somewhat certain about it. However, she needed to go to the police station to confirm her hunch.

After finishing her dinner, Sabrina made her way to the police station. The policeman on duty happened to be involved in her case.

After exchanging pleasantries with the policeman, she asked, "Is Tom a man from my country?"

"Yes," the policeman answered. "I didn't remember it until you left, so I didn't tell you back then."

"Thank you." Sabrina smiled.

Now that she had gotten the answer she expected, Sabrina was more certain of her guess.

The question now was, how was she going to force Tom out into the open?

Sabrina walked down the street as she tried to come up with a plan.

A group of hooligans swaggered over to her, clad in trendy attire and adorned with necklaces. Their arms were adorned with tattoos.

When the leader of the hooligans saw Sabrina walking alone on the road, clearly a foreigner, he immediately saw an opportunity to carry out his evil intentions. He exchanged glances with his friends before blocking Sabrina's path. "Hey, pretty lady, care to join us for a little fun?"

Sabrina halted and scrutinized them warily. She took a few steps back and reprimanded, "Leave me alone. Who wants to have fun with you?"

The leader of the hooligans sneered, "It's not up to you! You have to go with us!"

As he spoke, he grabbed Sabrina, wanting to pull her away.

"Go away!" Sabrina wiggled herself free and tried to evade his questing fingers.

The other hooligans covertly circled Sabrina and nudged her. "Hey, gorgeous, let's go have some fun."

"Fuck off!" Sabrina screeched at them.

"You bitch!" The group of hooligans grew restless, their impatience boiling over as they yanked Sabrina's hair and forcefully pulled her back.

Sabrina let out a loud cry and stumbled back a few steps. She struggled to keep her balance but ultimately fell to the ground.

One of the hooligans was mad at Sabrina's display of arrogance and he vented his anger by pulling Sabrina along with her hair.


Out of nowhere, a man appeared from behind and kicked the hooligan away, causing the latter to stumble and fall to the ground.

The other hooligans immediately took a few steps back.

The leader of the hooligans looked at the unknown man vigilantly. "Don't meddle in our business!"

"Go home now." Damon helped Sabrina to her feet and waved

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 +120 Points at most

at the group of hooligans with a contemptuous look. His words dripped with disdain.

Before the leader of the hooligans could say anything, the one who had been kicked to the ground was consumed by anger and shame. He clenched his fist and charged at Damon.

Damon dodged sideways and kicked the hooligan in the ribs. The hooligan fell to the ground, clutching his ribs.

Damon looked down at him and said, "Get out of here, little boy." He didn't even bother to spare them another glance. His behavior and the way he spoke to them reeked of arrogance.

The hooligan glared at Damon from his spot on the ground. His ribs hurt too much to get back at Damon, so he glared at Damon with all the pent-up fury and hatred he felt.

In a matter of seconds, the leader of the hooligans pegged Damon as a malicious individual, so he quickly ushered his companions away and out of the area.

Damon turned around and asked Sabrina, "Are you okay?"

"I'm fine." Sabrina looked Damon up and down and grinned. "So, Tom?"

Damon smiled awkwardly.