

Chapter 440 My Scumbag Ex-husband

Before Sabrina could speak, Tyrone hastened to explain, "I sent someone to follow him. I wanted to find something on him, but I wasn't expecting to take these photos. Sabrina, trust me. This photo is absolutely true. I was afraid that you wouldn't believe me. That's why I used an unknown account to send these photos to you."

Sabrina crossed her arms and just stared at Tyrone without saying a word. He was lying.

If Tyrone had really sent someone to follow Richard, he would have known that Richard was just a waiter in the bar. But it was apparent he didn't know anything about it.

Tyrone smiled awkwardly and said sincerely, "Trust me."

Sabrina smiled and pointed at the woman in the photo. "Do you know her?"

"No. I don't know her." When he met Sabrina's stern gaze, Tyrone flushed and admitted, "Okay, I know her. I asked her to seduce Richard, but I didn't expect him to take the bait. Even if I hadn't set him up with this woman, a man like Richard would have an affair eventually."

"So you want me to thank you?" Sabrina scoffed.

"Um... I don't mind."

"Damn you! Get out!" Sabrina was angry. She shouldn't have been softhearted toward Tyrone. She should have known that Tyrone wouldn't give up so easily and would cause trouble.

"Sabrina, I really..."

Sabrina didn't give him a chance to speak. She pushed at his shoulders and shouted, "Get out!"

"Sabrina, Richard is not a reliable person. Please give me

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another chance..." Tyrone rambled even as he stepped back.

Sabrina remained stoically silent until he was out of the apartment. Then she shut the door with a loud bang.

Tyrone stared at the door and touched his nose.

Sabrina returned to the sofa, sat down and started eating her lunch. The food Tyrone cooked was really delicious.

After lunch, Sabrina returned to her work. She was in the midst of it when she received a message from the editor-in-chief.

The message read, "Sabrina, we need a photographer for an inside page of the new issue of our company's financial magazine. The other photographers are not available. Can you come?"

Sabrina replied, "When? What is the deadline?"

"We'll shoot tomorrow. And there's almost a month left before the photo needs to be submitted. Don't worry."

"Okay." Sabrina asked, "Who is the interviewee this time? Do you have any photos of that person?"

"The interviewee is the person in charge of Brown Tech. He doesn't have any photos. I will try to get a life picture of him. His secretary said that he likes a simple and lively style. You can think about it."

"Okay, I understand," Sabrina replied. But she was curious. Weren't financial pages like this interviewed and photographed in the office? Why was a company like that located in Philade?

Sabrina thought for a while and asked, "Where is the shooting taking place? The office or studio?"

"Studio." A few seconds later, the editor-in-chief sent another message. "The secretary has replied. He will be there on time."

"Okay." Sabrina tried to suppress the doubts that arose in her mind.

Until the shooting started, she still didn't see a photo of her client. However, the focus of such financial news was usually the content of the interview.

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Anyways, such high-level executives were usually old. It didn't matter how many pictures they took. They always appeared the same. No one would pay attention to the photos.

Sabrina submitted the photos of the new pair of rings, but the person in charge had not yet replied.

The next day, Sabrina went to the studio and found the staff setting up the scene.

At half past eight, the editor-in-chief sent a message, saying that that person had arrived at the dressing room and was doing makeup.

At about nine o'clock, Sabrina heard some noises outside and turned her head subconsciously.

The leader of the group was a handsome and tall young man in a navy blue suit. He was tall. He walked elegantly and nodded from time to time, conversing with the people around him. His every move screamed for dignity.

To his left was a strange man, and on his right, was the editor-in-chief whom Sabrina already knew. The makeup artists and assistant followed them.

Sabrina was shocked into silence when she saw the man's face. It was Tyrone. Before she could remember where she was, she blurted out, "Why are you here?"

Just like Tyrone, the editor-in-chief and the others came to a stop in front of Sabrina. When the editor-in-chief heard Sabrina's question, she wanted to ask if Sabrina knew Tyrone. After all, they were both from the same country and were in Philade, so it was reasonable that they knew each other.

However, the man on the left glanced at Sabrina with a displeased frown and said, "You are the photographer in charge of today's shooting, aren't you? How can you talk to Mr. Blakely in such a manner?"

Tyrone smiled faintly and winked at Sabrina. "It doesn't matter."

The editor-in-chief chimed in, "Sabrina didn't mean it. Come on, Sabrina. Let me introduce him to you. This is Mr. Blakely, the head of Brown Tech. This is White, the editor of the financial

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magazine. Mr. Blakely, this is your photographer for today. Her name is Sabrina."

All at once, Sabrina figured out what was going on here. She stared at Tyrone with a vicious expression. "Mr. Blakely, nice to meet you!" So Tyrone was the mysterious man she was photographing today. No wonder there was no name or photo of him given to her before the shooting.

"Hello. I'm happy to work with you." Tyrone's expression didn't so much as twitch.

"Mr. Blakely is broad-minded and won't make a fuss of your attitude. Be careful next time." White glared at Sabrina.

The corners of Sabrina's lips twitched but she nodded obediently and said, "Mr. Blakely, I'm sorry. I mistook you for someone else."

"Oh? Who?"

"My scumbag ex-husband."

Tyrone gaped at her.

Seeing that White was about to lose his temper, Sabrina quickly added, "Mr. Blakely is more handsome than my ex-husband. He is not even worthy of carrying your shoes!"

Tyrone was speechless momentarily. "You don't have to say that."

Sabrina stared at Tyrone with a fake smile and said, "Forget about him. It's my honor to photograph you."

Sabrina was already here, so she couldn't just walk away. She had no choice but to bite the bullet and continue with the shooting.

"I heard that you are from the same country as me? It will be easier to communicate with each other. What do you say if you will be in charge of all my shootings from now on?" Tyrone proposed.

Sabrina smiled toothily, the anger in her eyes barely veiled.

Seeing the angry expression on Sabrina's face made Tyrone

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happy. He wanted to pinch her cheeks and see if she would lose her temper right away.

White jumped in irritably. "Why haven't you thanked Mr. Blakely for his generosity?"

"Thank you, Mr. Blakely." Sabrina managed a smile.

"It's getting late. Let's start shooting," the editor-in-chief said.

"Okay." Sabrina glanced at Tyrone, raised her chin and said in a cool tone, "Sit over there."

Sabrina's tone bothered White and his expression darkened. "You..."

Before he could finish his words, the editor-in-chief pulled him and pointed at Tyrone. "Mr. Blakely is not angry. Why are you angry? He is in a foreign country and has just met someone from his hometown, so he won't care about it."

White looked over and saw Tyrone obediently sitting on the seat. He didn't appear angry at all. In fact, he was smiling softly.

White was left speechless. After a moment, he mentally shrugged his shoulders and decided that it was none of his business.

Tyrone didn't want to make the shoot difficult for Sabrina, so he did everything she asked without complaints.

After taking a few photos, Sabrina stopped. She looked at the photos carefully and shook her head slightly. She was not satisfied with these photos. Then she took a few more photos.

Sabrina checked each of the photos again, but she was still dissatisfied.

White and the editor-in-chief were watching them from the rest area.

When White saw Sabrina's brow furrow for the umpteenth time, he frowned and asked, "Is the photographer you recommended capable of completing this task?"