

Chapter 17 Her Weakness

As the commercial shoot was about to commence, Sabrina reached the location early and assigned her crew the task of readying the space.

In no time, the photographer and makeup artist also arrived. Sabrina had an excellent working relationship with them. It took them just a few exchanges to grasp her vision for the shoot.

The venue was all set and Sabrina glanced at her watch. It was nearing 9:00, which meant Galilea and her team were thirty minutes late.

The assistant had already tried to hasten them once.

Aylin, the photographer, adjusted the camera in his hand and sighed. "Galilea acts like a diva."

The make-up artist, Bettie, sneered and remarked, "What can we do? She returned from abroad, after all. We have no control over her. Who are we to fire her? Even Sabrina doesn't have the power to."

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Being the brand director of MQ Clothing, Sabrina could replace anyone but Galilea.

They had no choice but to tolerate her haughty behavior, even if she acted like a diva.

Sabrina swiftly unlocked her phone, dialed Julia's number, and called her.

A ring was heard, followed by a beep.

The call had been abruptly ended.

Bettie, taken aback and then irritated, grumbled, "They're crossing the line. They don't even respect you because they have Mr. Blakely backing them."

Sabrina patiently waited for a return call or even a text, but none came.

So, she dialed Julia's number again.

No sooner had she made the call than it was disconnected once more.

Several more attempts to reach them were futile.

Sabrina finally tucked her phone away and said to Aylin and Bettie, "I'm guessing they'll show up by lunchtime at the latest. You guys can head out. I'll let you know when they get here."

Sabrina had seen it all in her years of dealing with clients. She had a fair idea of Julia's game plan on the day of their collaboration.

"I've been in this industry for years but this is a first," Bettie scoffed. "A couple of years overseas and she thinks she's royalty. She hasn't even bagged any significant awards or

produced anything noteworthy. I can't believe she's so full of herself here."

"Don't let it get to you. We can grab dinner another day. My treat. I apologize for the inconvenience," Sabrina said.

"Then we'll go back first."

With that, Bettie and Aylin bid Sabrina farewell and left the venue.

Sabrina stayed back, requesting her assistant to bring her laptop. She decided to get some work done in the lounge.

Suddenly, Sabrina heard a commotion outside. A quick look at her watch told her it was already half past eleven.

She was right about their arrival time.

In that moment, her assistant knocked on the door. "Ms. Clifford and her team have arrived."

"Alright, noted."

Sabrina shut down her laptop, stretched a bit, leisurely put her laptop in her bag and then made her way out of the lounge.

On seeing Sabrina, Julia approached her with a smile. "I apologize. We had an unplanned morning meeting that ran

over. My assistant was handling my phone and failed to tell me about your call. I'll deal with him. I'm truly sorry."

Yet her face gave away no signs of remorse.

"Apologies, Sabrina. The meeting was unexpected," Galilea chimed in.

Sabrina, maintaining her smile, responded, "No worries. I was just about to leave."

Julia continued to smile. "Feel free to head home. Our team can manage here."

Sabrina, still smiling, countered, "Actually, we won't be shooting today."

Julia's smile froze as her face turned stern. "What are you suggesting?"

"Of course I mean it literally."

"Are you making fun of us? If you had planned to cancel the shoot, you should have let us know beforehand. We could've avoided coming."

"Well, it's an emergency. The makeup artist and photographer are not around. I was about to call you and inform you, but you never answered any of my calls. But of

course, you wouldn't ignore me. It must have been your assistant. He seems quite irresponsible. I figured he wouldn't relay a message if I texted either, so I decided to wait here for you." ⑧

Julia's and Galilea's faces turned sour. ⑨

"I've informed you now. I have some other work to attend to, so I'll head out. Let's hope you both manage to make it on time for tomorrow's shoot," Sabrina stated, flashing a smile and walking away with her laptop.

Julia and Galilea stood motionless, their expressions hardened with rage, as they watched Sabrina exit. ⑩

"She has some nerve! Who would've thought she could be so calculating."

With a smile, Galilea answered, "I've already told you that it wouldn't work on her. Just think about it. She managed to marry Tyrone after I left. She's obviously cunning."

"What's our next move?" ⑪

Julia realized that she had exhausted her excuses for being late today. If she were to repeat the same tomorrow, it would be too conspicuous.

"I'll get in touch with Tyrone," Galilea suggested, brandishing

her phone.

Sabrina was no pushover. The only person capable of influencing her was Tyrone, her beloved.

