

Chapter 415 Conflict

The day before the shooting, Sabrina dialed up the client using the digits stashed away in the system.

Once the call linked up, Sabrina chimed in with a dash of flair, "Hey there, is this Keilani? Sabrina here, the photographer in charge of your shooting."

After a beat, a feminine voice responded, "Yeah, it's me. What's up?"

Sabrina, sensing a hint of déjà vu in the voice, pressed on, "I've got a burning desire to chat about your go-to style. Any special requests for the vibe and backdrop of your shooting?"

"Hmm... Hashing this out over the phone feels like deciphering hieroglyphics. Let's rendezvous on-site tomorrow," came the reply.

Sabrina, caught off guard, responded with a simple, "Okay."

As the day of the shooting unfolded, Sabrina caught sight of the woman prepping in the dressing room. There was a twinge of recognition, a whisper of familiarity.

It didn't take long for Sabrina to connect the dots. Keilani, the woman before her, had crossed paths and clashed with both her and Bettie on a flight to Austrain. And the drama didn't stop there. Another skirmish had unfolded at Linbourne shopping mall, this time over a watch.

No wonder that voice felt oddly familiar the day before.

Sabrina's mind raced. Why did Keilani tap her as the photographer? Did she recognize her?

Pretending to be oblivious, Sabrina treated Keilani as a fresh face, casually remarking, "Keilani, right? Sabrina, your photographer. Let's dive into your style and preferred backdrop. Got any reference snaps? My assistant's on standby for the prep."

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Keilani glanced at Sabrina through the mirror and replied, "I can't explain it. Let's discuss it on-site once I'm done glamming up."

Sabrina, foreseeing a time lag in scene setup post-makeup, tried to reason, "Setting up after makeup will take time."

With an air of indifference, Keilani shrugged off, "That's your problem, not mine."

Well, in the initial skirmish, Sabrina detected an air of unfriendliness.

A gut feeling whispered to her that Keilani's agenda wasn't about striking poses but rather targeting her.

Despite Keilani donning a foreigner's face, her accent hinted at local ties or mixed heritage. Judging from Keilani's affluent attire and appearance in Austrain, it seemed she hailed from a well-to-do family, well-versed in local circles. This knowledge fueled Sabrina's suspicion that Keilani deliberately chose her as the photographer, envisioning a more straightforward path to inflict torment.

Sabrina harbored doubts about receiving any accolades from Keilani.

These uncertainties solidified as events unfolded.

Past 10:00, Keilani, finally done with her makeup, made her way to the filming site, accompanied by a helping staff who catered to her wardrobe and handbags.

Keilani subtly signaled to her attendant.

The attendant produced Keilani's phone, displaying a photo for Sabrina's scrutiny.

"This is the backdrop I require. Swift preparation is imperative. I have a tight two-day window, and there's no room for makeup delays." Wearing a smirk, Keilani cast a pointed glance at Sabrina, adding, "Failure to complete the shoot on time may warrant a refund application."

Typically, clients signed contracts after making deposits.

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The agreement stated that if the studio failed to fulfill its obligations or if clients were dissatisfied, they could request a cancellation with a full refund.

However, cancellations were rare, as most clients approached the process in good faith, expecting the studio to meet their needs. If a photographer caused a cancellation, it could tarnish their professional record.

Sabrina assured, "I'll expedite the process, but cooperation is key for a successful shoot."

Keilani chuckled and replied, "Certainly, I'm genuinely cooperative. Though fair warning, I have a bit of a temper. I hope you'll pardon me."

"Now, since we're on the same page about cooperation, I will go straight to the point. The chosen backdrop doesn't complement your attire. It's a bit chaotic and might impact the visual appeal of the photo," Sabrina remarked.

Keilani retorted, "I like this kind of background."

Sabrina found herself momentarily without words as she absorbed Keilani's unwavering stance.

Staring at Keilani's smiling visage, Sabrina grasped that coaxing a change wouldn't be a walk in the park. "Alright, duly noted," she uttered.

"Begin setting up the scene. It'll take a bit," Turning to her assistant, Sabrina directed. "While that's in motion, let's capture shots with alternative backdrops," Sabrina suggested. "This way, we optimize our time, ensuring a smooth shoot. I'm sure you'll appreciate the efficiency."

Reluctantly, Keilani agreed with a hint of mockery in her smile.

The second bout had only just concluded.

Yet, another challenge emerged during the shoot.

Sabrina didn't know whether Keilani did it intentionally. Each time Sabrina issued a pose directive, it was executed poorly, yielding subpar results in the photos.

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Attempting to refine the poses meant repeated instructions and extended time commitments.

By mid-morning, the collection of satisfying shots was disappointingly scant.

As the session paused, Sabrina presented the just-captured photos to Keilani.

A quick glance and Keilani exclaimed, "What's with these photos? They're hideous. We need a do-over."

"Retaking the photos is fine, but it's a morning down the drain. Keilani, would you mind putting in some overtime tonight? Since you're so fixated on the visual outcome, time shouldn't be a concern for you, right?" Sabrina said calmly.

Keilani retorted, "It's your fault for snapping those awful photos. Why should I bear the overtime?"

"The issue is, we have just a day and a half left. At our current pace, we can't wrap up the shoot. Your reluctance to make up for lost time leaves us no choice but to work late. Or are you banking on waiting until the day after tomorrow to demand a refund? If that's the case, we can call it quits now, and you can have your refund," Sabrina stated matter-of-factly.

At least, that way, Sabrina wouldn't have to waste her time.

This proposition left Keilani unable to counter. "Fine. Let's do the overtime," she begrudgingly agreed.

Unbeknownst to Sabrina, Keilani had indeed contemplated subjecting Sabrina to two days of torment before opting for a refund.

Observing Keilani's expression, Sabrina offered a reassuring smile. "Let's break for lunch and resume shooting in the afternoon."

As the afternoon session commenced with the backdrop in place, Keilani adhered to her customary proclivity for taking ample time to strike a pose.

Sabrina recognized that if this trend persisted, an all-nighter might be on the horizon. Her strategy was precise snapping,

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securing a handful of commendable shots, with background adjustments remaining on the to-do list.

Concluding the initial phase, Keilani approached to inspect the photos.

Sabrina systematically zoomed in, showcasing each picture.

In response, Keilani bit her lip, casting a resentful gaze at Sabrina. She had to admit Sabrina was undeniably a nice photographer.

Despite Sabrina's efforts in capturing a commendable image, Keilani remained fueled by her motive to avenge past humiliations on Sabrina.

With a sneer, Keilani remarked, "This one, that one, and this one. None of these are up to par. We need to retake them all."

It signaled that the time spent earlier had been in vain.

Confused, Keilani questioned Sabrina as Sabrina stowed her camera, "Where are you going?"

Sabrina, picking up her bag, responded, "You chose me as your photographer, indicating you appreciated my style and trusted my skills. If I've fallen short, it's merely a waste of time. Perhaps it's best if I request the manager to assign another photographer for you."

Keilani, intent on making things challenging, proved further shooting a futile endeavor.

Fuming, Keilani exclaimed, "You..." As Keilani glared at Sabrina's retreating figure, she stamped her feet in frustration.

Keilani vowed not to let Sabrina go so easily!