

Chapter 18 Confrontation

The meeting was over.

Posture slumped, Tyrone propped himself against the chair's backrest while massaging his brows.

Suddenly, his cellphone buzzed.

He picked up the phone, gave the display a fleeting glance, and greeted, "Hello."

"Tyrone, are you at the office? I'm heading your way."

Glancing at his desktop calendar, Tyrone inquired, "You've wrapped up the shoot so early?"

"Today..." Galilea paused, seemingly unsure. "We didn't have a shoot today."

"No shoot? Why so?" Tyrone probed.

Moments ago, he had noticed Sabrina's office door bolted shut indicating she was out, probably at a location shoot.

Sabrina was always on site for commercial shoots.

If she was at the studio today, why was there no shoot?

"When we got to the studio, Sabrina abruptly informed us about an emergency and cancelled today's shoot. She left

Glancing at his desktop calendar, Tyrone inquired, "You've wrapped up the shoot so early?"

"Today..." Galilea paused, seemingly unsure. "We didn't have a shoot today."

"No shoot? Why so?" Tyrone probed.

Moments ago, he had noticed Sabrina's office door bolted shut indicating she was out, probably at a location shoot.

Sabrina was always on site for commercial shoots.

If she was at the studio today, why was there no shoot?

"When we got to the studio, Sabrina abruptly informed us about an emergency and cancelled today's shoot. She left immediately. We're in the dark about the whole situation."

"There must be an emergency. If there's no shoot, feel free to swing by the office."

Tyrone had observed Sabrina's commitment over the past three years.

She wouldn't call off a shoot unless circumstances were extraordinary.

Noting that Tyrone didn't blame Sabrina, Galilea sneered inwardly and said softly, "I figured something must've come up. Actually, Tyrone, I have a favor to ask of you."

"What is it?"

"I'd like to bring my personal makeup artist. Having spent the past few years overseas, I'm still adjusting to the local climate, which is affecting my skin. Local makeup artists might not understand my condition, affecting the makeup output. My makeup artist knows my skin better."

Tyrone dismissed the issue as trivial. "You needn't report such minor details to me."

However, Galilea asserted, "Minor? It concerns the shoot, we need to scrutinize every detail. I'm taking this endorsement very seriously, Tyrone. I have to be meticulous. Otherwise, people might assume I'm throwing my weight around."

"You have a point."

While Galilea sought his opinion on minor issues, Sabrina hadn't even informed him about the shoot's cancellation.

Tyrone, however, had always trusted Sabrina's professional competence. Historically, he had limited his interference in MQ Clothing's progress, delegating sufficient authority to Sabrina.

He decided not to question her today.

Next day, as anticipated, Galilea and her crew were punctual for the shoot.

The set from the previous day was still intact.

After getting ready, Galilea slipped into her outfit, all set to roll.

But, a mishap ensued.

"Ms. Chavez, you're needed in the dressing room." An assistant scurried over to inform Sabrina.

"What's the issue?" Sabrina inquired, looking up.

"Galilea has brought her personal makeup artist who seems to be at odds with Bettie regarding makeup style."

Sabrina dropped the magazine and made her way to the dressing room.

Upon seeing Sabrina, Bettie, who seemed upset, approached her. "Just in time, Sabrina. Galilea's personal makeup artist has caused... Well, you better see for yourself."

After Sabrina entered the room, Julia greeted her with a smile. "allow me to introduce Regina Mirah, Galilea's make-up artist. She's quite renowned, having served as the makeup artist for the Global Pageant Queen Competition."

Bettie responded with a roll of her eyes.

"Hello." Regina greeted Sabrina.

"Hello, Regina." Sabrina returned the greeting to Regina before turning to Julia. "While I respect Galilea's preference for her personal makeup artist, why deviate from the requirements set for the commercial shoot?"

"Please don't get upset. Regina feels that your makeup style didn't suit Galilea. Isn't her judgment professional enough?"

Before Sabrina could respond, Bettie burst out angrily. "This isn't about professional judgment. Regina's makeup style doesn't align with the commercial's theme at all."

Julia chuckled. "What are you implying? Galilea's popularity is massive. As long as her fans are satisfied and buying, it's all good."

Bettie was about to retort, but Sabrina interrupted her, addressing Julia, "I hope you understand the importance of cooperation in this project. According to our agreement,

Galilea should work with us on the commercial. Any changes to makeup or hairstyle should be discussed with us first."

Suddenly, Galilea interjected, "I apologize, Sabrina. I failed to inform you. I did, however, mention it to Tyrone yesterday, and he gave me his approval."

Sabrina was taken aback.

She opened her mouth, but the words failed to escape her lips.

She found herself rendered speechless.

Her earlier insistence seemed like a farce to others.

