When the sky darkened into the later hours of the evening, just before Evan got off work, he decided to log into the company system to take a look.

The studio maintained its own website where employees, from managers to receptionists, photographers to makeup artists, possessed their dedicated accounts.

The receptionist diligently uploaded information of customers who had already fulfilled their deposits.

All client information went under summarization by the manager, Liliana. By day's end, Liliana orchestrated the allocation of orders, disseminating tasks to photographers, makeup artists, and their respective assistants.

When the page loaded in, Evan checked his account and saw that he had no tasks scheduled on the 21st.

He comforted himself that Liliana might not give out the order yet.

The following morning, with a sense of anticipation, Evan revisited the studio's website only to find that there was still no schedule that day. He wondered what happened.

There was a colleague nearby. Perplexed, Evan asked, "Has your schedule been updated?"

The colleague next to Evan was a fellow great photographer with a noteworthy reputation in Philade. Many clients often specifically requested his expertise to shoot, leading to his schedule being arranged through to the 25th.

When Evan asked him, he checked and said, "Yes." More than that, he got two additional orders, securing his schedule until the 27th.

Evan's heart skipped a beat. Could it be that Bella knew of this

Chapter 413 Lance Has A Girlfriend very colleague's reputable standing and had specifically appointed him?

Evan stood up and rested his hand on his colleague's seat to lean over and scrutinize his schedule. It became evident that his colleague had indeed received two new clients, yet neither bore the name Bella.

It seemed that Bella must have appointed other leading photographers.

The thought of this caused Evan's heart to drop in disappointment.

It would have been a golden opportunity to get close to Bella, but he missed it.

Liliana's assigned tasks were typically unalterable once on the list unless a designated photographer had something to do and couldn't shoot.

Wait a minute. The photographer couldn't shoot... An idea in his mind betrayed a flicker of dark light in Evan's eyes.

At noon, the offices emptied as everyone went to lunch.

Waiting patiently, Evan saw Liliana leave her office.

Evan seized his chance. With a swift glance around to ensure no one was around, Evan hurriedly entered Liliana's office and opened the website on her computer.

Liliana, opting for convenience, had the website system automatically logged into her account.

Navigating through the system, Evan swiftly located the clients 'list and zeroed in on Bella's name. What he discovered left him momentarily stunned.

Bella's photographer was Sabrina. Sabrina? The new photographer?

Work had pulled Evan and Sabrina apart from a proper introduction. When Sabrina first arrived at the studio to work, Evan was away on a travel shoot, and by the time he returned on Wednesday, Sabrina was away at the filming site.

It was not until yesterday that Evan noticed an unfamiliar face sitting in the corner. He had only realized she was the new girl because of a work email he received two days ago, welcoming a new addition to the studio. Sabrina must be his new colleague.

Previously, Evan had given Sabrina little regard or attention and devoted his focus to his work.

The last thing he expected was Bella to be assigned to Sabrinal

It could only have happened if Bella herself had requested Sabrina. Otherwise, Liliana wouldn't have made such an arrangement.

If Sabrina couldn't take the shooting for Bella, Bella would have no choice but to turn to another photographer, right?

The gears in Evan's head began to turn as he plotted. He preemptively informed Liliana that he had commitments on the upcoming Monday, so Liliana would refrain from arranging clients for him on that day.

Now, he started to think about how he could make Sabrina cancel the shooting for Bella voluntarily.

During the weekend, Sabrina was engrossed in private photography work.

This time, her client, an international student from a local university, sought to memorialize her portraits. She prepared casual attire and posed on the streets of Philade, with no fixed place stipulated.

In addition to several portrait photos, the client also wanted a series of scenic photos to be taken to emphasize Philade's beautiful scenery through the shots.

This type of photography was Sabrina's specialty.

Sabrina was waiting for her client in front of the City Hall at half past nine in the morning, her camera readily at hand.

The client arrived within two minutes, well on time. It was a round-faced girl who greeted Sabrina warmly with a bright smile.

After exchanging greetings, the shooting commenced.

The client was relaxed and cheery as she trusted Sabrina's aesthetic and photographic prowess very much. Sabrina performed well and took many satisfactory photos, leading to a collaborative and enjoyable time.

At noon, following the successful shoot, the client invited Sabrina to a nearby restaurant on the square and enthusiastically introduced Sabrina to the specialties of the establishment.

The two sat by the window, chatting and enjoying the food.

Adjacent to the restaurant stood a large, bustling shopping mall that was teeming with people in the afternoon sun.

From where she was seated, Sabrina had a clear view of the mall's entrance.

Halfway through lunch, Sabrina happened to glance out the window, and her gaze was unexpectedly drawn to a familiar figure. Lance?

Curious, Sabrina fixed her eyes on the man. He was in a dark shirt, meticulously groomed hair, and sporting gold-rimmed glasses, presenting himself with an air of refinement.

Sabrina took a second look and confirmed that it was indeed Lance.

Lance had come to Philade.

What caught her eye next, however, was a woman in a white dress who intimately clung to Lance's arm. Their body language hinted at a special relationship.

Sabrina couldn't tell what Lance must have said, but the girl shook Lance's arm as she clung to it, acting like a spoiled child.

Sabrina couldn't see the girl's face, but the girl's act of coquetry was easy to spot.

Then, Sabrina recalled Bettie had previously mentioned Lance having a girlfriend.

Damn it! Lance was such a jerk. He had a girlfriend, yet he pestered Bettie. What an absolute jerk!

Feeling the need to act, Sabrina abruptly stopped talking, discreetly capturing a photo of Lance and the girl beside him.

Lance, seemingly sensing something, cast a sharp look in her direction. Swiftly, Sabrina ducked her head, strategically using her client to obstruct his view.

When Sabrina dared to look down again, Lance had already disappeared into the shopping mall with that girl.

Noticing Sabrina's sudden change in demeanor, her client followed her gaze and glanced out the window. "Sabrina, is something wrong?"

Sabrina offered a reassuring smile. "No. I just saw an acquaintance."

"What? Are you going to say hello?"

"No, we're not familiar. Let's continue eating."

After concluding the shooting and saying goodbye to the client, Sabrina took a taxi back to her apartment. On the way, she pulled out her phone and texted Bettie, "Has Lance been looking for you recently?"

Bettie did not reply immediately. Maybe because of the jet lag, she was probably sleeping.

More than two hours passed when Bettie finally replied, "I just woke up. He hasn't been looking for me these days. But I think he has done something to my father. My father keeps badgering me to date him."

Bettie's father was unaware that Bettie was in love with Lance in high school.

"He's in Philade now. I saw him with a girl." Sabrina sent the photo she had captured to Bettie.

Bettie must have been fuming. She took a while to type before finally responding, "What a jerk! Last time, he wanted to date me, but he called his girlfriend in front of me. He wishes!"

Sabrina replied, "I'm relieved to hear that."

"What? Were you afraid I would lose my mind and still fall for him? Do you think I'm you?" Bettie sent Sabrina a laughing emoji, clearly poking fun at Sabrina.

Sabrina was speechless.

"What about your father?" Sabrina replied, deciding to redirect the conversation.

"Not a big deal. I will show this photo to him. After he sees this photo, I don't think he will still see Lance a catch anymore."