

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 452

Stacey's remark was a vital blow for a celebrity in showbiz. On top of that, she exposed the fact that Nancy had undergone plastic surgery in front of others.

If there were any paparazzo nearby, the news would definitely make it to the headline within several hours.

I did, however, noticed the similarities between Rebecca and Nancy when I heard Stacey's remarks. Both of them seemed to enjoy putting on monochromous dresses. If I hadn't run into her before, I would have mistaken Nancy for Rebecca.

"What sort of nonsense are you spouting?" Enraged, Vanessa pounced on Stacey and pinned the latter to the ground. "Stacey, don't you dare abuse your authority as Fuller's Corporation staff! I can file for defamation against you!"

I rushed over and helped Stacey up. She tapped on my hand and assured me, "It's fine! It's nothing big!"

After she brought herself up, she glared at Vanessa and smirked. "Are you infuriated because I touched on your nerves?"

"Y-You—"

Vanessa could barely keep her composure. She rushed over and pushed me aside before slapping Stacey in the face.

I didn't expect the middle-aged woman would go berserk out of the blue. As a result, I staggered and fell, knocking my arms on the edge of the dressing table.

An intense fight broke out between Stacey and Vanessa. The onlookers dared not interfere and simply shouted in an attempt to stop them. "Stop it!"

Unfortunately, their yells were of little to no effect at all.

Nancy crossed her arms and stared at me with a deadpan expression all the while Stacey was being beaten to a pulp.

Stacey, who had long hair and a pair of heels on, was an easy target.

When I saw Vanessa started scratching at Stacey's face, I sprinted over to stop the former's brutality. Vanessa pushed Stacey aside, aiming at me the moment I reached her. She seemed to be anticipating me all along.

Because I was not prepared, I couldn't defend myself against her slap when I reached her. Hence, I braced myself through the impactful slap.

For a few seconds, my ears were ringing and I could feel the racking sensation from my swollen cheek.

Yelling, Stacey threw everything she could get her hands on from the dressing table in Vanessa's direction. "Have you lost your mind? How dare you slap her?"

Initially, the spot that I was standing at made sure I won't get caught in the line of fire. However, someone pushed me over to take the blow on Vanessa's behalf.

Stacey gaped in silence and looked at Nancy in disbelief. "You despicable woman! How could you push her?"

Nancy jeered and asked, "She's merely a substitute of mine, isn't it? Is it worth making a fuss because of her?"

Joseph rushed into the dressing room when Stacey was about to go berserk.

He brought everyone to a halt and gaped in silence when he saw my pathetic state. “W-What’s going on?”

Stacey stepped forward and complained, “Nancy and her manager are causing a ruckus! I asked Scarlett to help me with the production of the promotional clip, but they started a fight because they were against it!”

She made it sound as though the other party was the one at fault.

Joseph was on pins and needles when he saw my pathetic state. He glared at Nancy and announced, “Ms. Goldstein, I don’t think it’s necessary to have you in the showbiz anymore since you can’t even get the job done.”

He was Ashton’s assistant. In other words, to a certain extent, his instructions could be Ashton’s instructions.

Nancy paled upon hearing that. She looked at Joseph and asked, “Mr. Campbell, don’t you think you should listen to the other party’s story as well?”

“That won’t be necessary!” Joseph wasn’t the one who answered the question. The voice belonged to Ashton who had just made his way in.

He approached me and had his eyes narrowed into a slit when he ran his fingers across my swollen cheek.

Shooting daggers at the rest in the room, his tone was icy when he asked, “Who’s the one behind this?”

“Ashton!” Nancy was thrilled by the man’s presence.

He ignored her and peered into my eyes. “Who did this to you?”

The crowd fell silent as they exchanged glances, speculating about the sort of relationship we had.

Stacey, whose hair was completely messed up, glared at Nancy and said, “It’s Ms. Goldstein’s manager, Vanessa! I believe Scarlett is injured elsewhere as well!”

It was evident that Stacey was trying to get the better of the vicious duo. I pursed my lips in silence.

Ashton frowned and had his eyes glued to me. He uttered in a hoarse voice, “Are you hurt anywhere else?”

I shook my head and flashed him a faint smile. “I’m fine. Have you sorted out the emergency?”

By now, the room was so silent to the extent I could hear others breathing. Some were surprised, some were thrilled, but most were confused.

Ashton had no intention to let them off the hook just yet. He caressed my swollen cheek and glared at the rest.

“Who’s the fool that dares lay a finger on the woman I have been looking after with utmost care?” As he spoke, he emanated a strong murderous intent.

Nancy's knees turned to jelly. She took a few steps back as all the colors drained from her already pale face.

Similarly, Vanessa also noticed something was wrong. Her face paled and she stared at Nancy with a confused look, wondering how Ashton was associated with me.