

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 450

I was dumbfounded when I saw Stacey staring at me with an odd grin. “What’s up?”

“Don’t you think you look like Nancy?” she asked, pursing her lips.

She was so loud her fellow colleagues could hear her. I was rendered speechless because I was aware of the fact I resembled Nancy.

I looked her in the eyes with a frown. “So what?”

Stacey cast a sincere gaze and begged, “Scarlett! Can you do me a favor?”

I was confused for a few seconds. “What sort of favor do you need?”

She hesitated and had a hard time bringing up the request. Thus, those around her got ahead of her and said, “She does resemble Nancy in terms of look, but the vibe she’s giving off is far more exceptional than Nancy’s!”

All of a sudden, someone looked at Stacey and stuttered, “M-Ms. Holmes, are you going to—”

Stacey nodded and glanced at me. “Scarlett, Nancy could never be a match for you. I need to get the promotional clip produced today. Otherwise, Fuller Corporation will sustain a serious loss. If Mr. Fuller confronts me, I’m afraid I’m going to lose my job for good. Can you please help me with the promotional clip?”

“A promotional clip? Are you sure? I’m a complete rookie with zero exposure to the things you’re talking about.”

Stacey assured, "It's fine! It's not a big deal! As soon as you got changed and dolled up, the photographer will take over!"

When I saw the beads of sweat streaming down her forehead, my resolve wavered.

After hesitating for a short while, I nodded and gave in to her request.

Her colleagues heaved a sigh of relief because they managed to resolve the emergency. Stacey dragged me away and said, "Thank you so much!"

She showed me the way to the dressing room, asserting over and over again, "You have no idea how grateful I am, Scarlett! I was afraid you would turn me down because Mr. Fuller might not want you to show up in the limelight. My last option was to get down on my knees to acquire your consent."

I thought she was exaggerating things and assured her once more, "It's not that big of a deal. There's no need for that."

"You have no idea how impactful this seemingly trivial favor of yours is going to help me!"

After we got into the dressing room, the stylists and makeup artists had everything ready. As soon as Stacey delivered the instructions, she returned to the studio for the setup.

When I took a seat in front of the dressing table, the makeup artist couldn't help but exclaim, "Ms. Stovall, you really do resemble Nancy!"

I responded with a faint smile and brushed her off.

Someone interrupted and said, "Their facial features are the only things that are the same, but Ms. Stovall's ones are way more natural. I can't help but wonder if Nancy is trying to mimic someone."

The makeup artist started dolling me up. They started gossiping in front of me without holding back because they thought I was just another substitute for the role.

“Do you think she’s trying to mimic Rebecca? After all, Mr. Fuller has been protecting Rebecca all this while.”

“I think you’re right! Rumor has it that Ms. Larson was Mr. Fuller’s mistress. Over the years, he had been keeping her in his villa, afraid of exposing her to excessive risk.”

“Are you serious?”

“Do you remember the time I was dispatched to doll her up for the auction? Oh, God! If you tell me Nancy is Ms. Larson’s twin, I won’t doubt it at all!”

While the duo was engaged in a hectic discussion, I thought Ashton must have been keeping Rebecca away from the public as part of his duties.

The duo continued gossiping. “I heard Mr. Fuller would get engaged to Ms. Larson soon! Someone told me they had been having a great time together!”

“Really?”

“Of course! Someone uploaded photos of Mr. Fuller and Ms. Larson kissing in the middle of the square and said the woman she saw resembled Nancy! However, only the woman’s back could be seen in the photos!”

I was astonished when I heard them talking about photos of Ashton kissing with another woman in the square.

Another person interrupted and said, "I don't think that woman is Ms. Larson nor Nancy because it's impossible for them to show up on the streets when they have garnered the attention of the public. On top of that, Nancy's clothes have always been designer's items, but the woman's clothes are merely from a fast-fashion brand."

Someone wanted to say something, but they were interrupted by a commotion coming from outside the dressing room.

The makeup artist gaped at me in silence after she dolled me up. "Oh, my! Ms. Stovall, you have such flawless facial features and skin!"

All of a sudden, a bunch of people barged into the dressing room under the guidance of a middle-aged woman in her early forties.

She seemed to be frustrated and yelled, "Nancy isn't here yet! Who gave you the permission to proceed with a substitute?"

Isabelle, the person in charge of the Publicity Department, rebuked, "Vanessa, didn't you say Nancy has fallen ill? Since she's not coming for the shoot, we need to get someone else to carry on with the production!"

Vanessa scowled at me and announced, "It's true that Nancy is not feeling well, but since when has anyone mentioned anything about not coming? Do you really think this woman here is able to take over Nancy's role? She's nothing close to Nancy!"