

The Villainess Needs a Hug – Hug 2

Chapter 2

After being abducted, she was passed from one set of hands to another before finally being sold into the depths of the mountains.

For three long years, she was kept in chains inside a filthy animal pen, forced to eat and sleep alongside two pigs.

She endured every form of cruelty and abuse imaginable. Time and again, she nearly fell victim to rape—each time, her “simple-minded husband” intervened at the last second and saved her.

She once believed she would never escape, that her life would be spent in that nightmare

without end.

Yet fate, it seemed, hadn’t completely abandoned her.

The Ministry’s human trafficking task force finally found her, and she was rescued at last.

For three years, she had imagined returning home a thousand times. Never had she pictured it

like this.

Standing at the entrance, she was greeted not by open arms, but by her boyfriend and younger sister’s engagement party.

A stunned silence fell over the room. Then, from among the guests, someone piped up with forced cheer.

“Ivy, is that really you? You’re home!”

Ivy blinked, tearing her gaze away from the poster at the door. She looked at the older woman who’d spoken to her and managed a small smile. “Yes... I’m home.”

Someone else, voice tinged with concern, spoke up. “You must have suffered a lot, haven’t you? You look so thin and pale...”

Before the words were finished, a family member nudged her sharply and hissed under their breath, “Why are you saying anything at all? Didn’t you hear she caught a disease? It might be contagious!”

The first woman scoffed, “I’m just making conversation. What’s the harm?”

The awkward exchange was abruptly cut short as the Windsors hurried out to the entrance.

Rosetta Windsor stared, frozen at the top of the steps, eyes wide as she took in the girl standing below.

Her eldest daughter, once so beautiful with her long hair, now stood before her with a hacked-off, uneven mess. Her clothes were ragged, caked with dirt. She wore men's shoes several sizes too big, and her exposed arms and ankles were crisscrossed with bruises and scars from bindings.

Rosetta's shock was overwhelming as she looked her daughter up and down, struggling to find

Chapter 2

her voice. After a long silence, her lips parted, and she whispered, "It really is Ivy..."

Seeing her mother at last, Ivy couldn't hold back her tears of relief and joy. She stepped forward, voice trembling. "Mom, I'm home."

As her words faded, she saw her father and older brother approaching as well, and she called out, even more emotionally, "Dad! Michael!"

Adkins Windsor, the family patriarch, wore an odd expression. He glanced at his eldest daughter, then nodded stiffly. "Yes... you're home. That's what matters."

He turned to his wife, and the two exchanged a look heavy with unspoken meaning.

Both of them remembered last year, when they'd received news about their missing daughter and visited the police station. There, their younger daughter had seen the case file-

It said Ivy had been sold off deep in the mountains, forced to marry several old men, and had even borne a child-one born with missing limbs and HIV-positive.

After that trip to the station, Rosetta hadn't slept for a month. She lost more than twenty pounds. She cried until she thought she had no tears left.

But in the end, for the sake of the Windsor family's reputation, for everyone's health, she'd steeled herself and told the police not to look for Ivy anymore.

Yet despite everything, her eldest daughter had been rescued and brought home.

"Adkins, your daughter's finally back-why do you all look like this?" The lead detective frowned, clearly displeased by the Windsors' cold and distant faces.

He'd seen countless families reunited with their kidnapped daughters or sons—most waited at the door for hours, and when the police car arrived, they'd rush out, clinging to their loved ones with sobs of joy and relief. It was always moving.

But this family... their faces showed nothing but confusion and detachment. It was as if they didn't even want to recognize her.

Called out by name, Adkins snapped out of his daze and hurried to offer a handshake, his smile forced. "Officer, thank you for everything. It's just... well, last year you said it was impossible, that the place was sealed tight, no one ever gets out."

Back then, the police had told them that the village was filled with locals who stuck together. Even law enforcement had been beaten back. For any woman taken there, escape was all but

impossible.

"What are you saying? You're not happy your daughter's safe?" the detective shot back, his tone sharp.

"No, no, of course we're grateful." Adkins forced a laugh, taking a few steps toward Ivy. "Ivy, it's ~~so~~ good to have you home. Your mother and I have worried ourselves gray over you..."

Ivy looked up at her father, but saw no gray in his thick, dark hair.

Chapter 2

Still, she smiled and replied in a hoarse voice, "I missed you, too."

"Ivy..." Rosetta stepped forward. As she drew close, a wave of foul odor hit her, and she

instinctively covered her nose with her hand.

14.01