

The Villainess Needs a Hug – Hug 10

Chapter 10

The last update she'd posted was three years ago—a stock analysis that had been pinned as a “Featured Post” on the forum.

Back then, the replies had stuck to discussing the market. But as she scrolled further down, the comments gradually shifted. More and more people were asking, “Where did Mrs. Smith go?” “Is Mrs. Smith ill?” “Does anyone know what happened to her?”

The most recent inquiry had been posted just yesterday.

A sudden rush of emotion brought tears to Ivy's eyes. So, there were still people in this world who cared about her—even after three long years, she hadn't been forgotten.

Yet the people closest to her, her own family, could hardly wait for her to be gone.

Trying to steady herself, Ivy took a deep breath and calmed her racing heart. Then she updated her status.

****[Back from the dead.]****

Within moments, the comments flooded in.

****Holy smokes! Am I seeing things? Mrs. Smith is back!****

****Is this really you, Mrs. Smith? We all thought something terrible had happened. You vanished so suddenly!****

****Mrs. Smith! The legend herself! Do you remember when we bought that IPO together? That stock went through the roof!****

Reading the excited, heartfelt responses from strangers who were genuinely glad to see her return, Ivy felt a warmth spreading through her. Her spirits lifted with every line.

At Neo Haven's top hospital, she registered at several departments for a thorough check-up.

Naturally, she also retook the HIV test.

It had been years since she'd stepped into a hospital, and the place felt oddly unfamiliar. She shuffled between departments, clutching a stack of test forms. As she entered the elevator, a familiar face greeted her.

Jamison was dressed in a white coat, his demeanor still as cool and

detached as ever.

His eyes widened with a flicker of surprise when he saw Ivy, but his expression remained impassive.

Ivy barely glanced at him. Her first impression hadn't been great, so she didn't bother with a greeting.

The hospital was packed. Someone pushed in behind her, jostling her straight into Jamison's

arms.

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She frowned, then glanced up at the name badge pinned to his coat.

Jamison, Chief Physician.

Ivy's mind filled with disdain. A chief physician this young? He must be reckless with people's lives.

"Sorry." As soon as the crowd behind her settled, Ivy stepped away from Jamison, offering a curt apology.

Jamison's gaze dropped to the medical forms in her hand. His lips curled into a sarcastic smirk. "Looks like all you Windsors are hypochondriacs."

He'd told her just yesterday—no HIV. Yet here she was, back for another test. Wasting hospital

resources.

Ivy arched an eyebrow, catching his meaning. Her tone turned icy. "And how do I know you're not a quack? If you misdiagnosed me and I died without answers, who'd take responsibility?"

He'd barely examined her before making a snap judgment. Sure, the result was in her favor, but the entire Windsor family—and Micah too—had their doubts. Wasn't that proof enough that nobody trusted his medical skills or judgment?

So, of course she'd come in today for a proper test. It was the only sensible thing to do.

Jamison's expression darkened. "Did you just call me a quack?"

Unbelievable.

From the moment he'd entered medical school, Jamison had been hailed as a prodigy. His academic achievements were countless, and not a single patient had ever filed a complaint. He'd pulled people back from death's door more

times than he could remember; patients who'd recovered under his care were eternally grateful.

And now some arrogant woman dared to call him a quack to his face?

Ivy could tell he was annoyed. She thought to herself, With a temper like his, even if his patients survived their illnesses, they'd probably be scared to death by him.

"I don't know if you're a quack or not," Ivy replied coolly, "but the fact your own nephew doesn't trust your skills says a lot."

Her words hit home—she could see it in his eyes. Then she glanced at his badge again and added, "Don't think I don't know how people get these fancy titles. I know how the rich play their games."

After all, she'd once been Neo Haven's most prominent socialite. She'd grown up surrounded by the politics of privilege.

Jamison had never met a woman so full of herself. Her words left him with only a cold laugh. "No wonder your family doesn't believe you. With an attitude like that, who could stand you?"