

The Villainess Needs a Hug – Hug 5

Chapter 5

Suddenly, Ivy remembered-

Micah had a young uncle, only five years his senior—a late-in-life surprise for his grandparents, born when they were nearly fifty.

Rumor had it that, as the cherished only child of their twilight years, he'd been spoiled rotten. The result? An entitled, volatile brat with a temper as unpredictable as a summer storm. Eventually, his family shipped him off overseas, hoping he'd fend for himself.

He's back now? And he's a doctor?

Ivy was genuinely surprised.

Jamison Ludwig stepped out, towering over Micah by a good half a head. He glanced down with a cool, dismissive air. "What's going on?"

Micah had always been wary of his uncle.

Despite being just five years older, Jamison was shrewd, calculating, sharp-tongued—always wielding his status as an elder like a weapon. Over the years, he'd made Micah take the blame for more things than he could count.

When Micah stayed silent, Emma quickly jumped in, her voice sweet and pleading. "Uncle Jamie, could you check on my sister? That way she can't say we're all accusing her unfairly."

There was a hint of amusement in Jamison's eyes as he replied, "So you're afraid, but I'm supposed to be fearless?"

Micah finally mustered the nerve to speak up. "But you're a doctor—a professional. And don't you always carry those emergency meds with you?"

Jamison was a renowned surgeon, famous in his field. Years in the operating room had taught him to be cautious—he always kept post-exposure medication on hand, just in case.

Most surgeons did.

"Please, Uncle Jamie..." Emma coaxed, laying it on thick.

But Jamison never gave her so much as a glance. Instead, following their conversation, his gaze landed on Ivy, still surrounded by the family in the courtyard.

He vaguely recalled the old Miss Ivy—proud, radiant, untouchable. Once the queen of Neo Haven's social scene.

Who could have imagined she'd be kidnapped by traffickers for three years, only to return in such a wretched state?

The atmosphere was tense—no one made a sound. Jamison strolled down the steps, unhurried, until he stood before Ivy.

14:01

She frowned, eyes wary and defensive, fixed on him.

There was something about his presence—the oppressive chill he carried seemed to **cut**

through the suffocating summer heat, like a thundercloud blotting out the sun.

Aren't doctors supposed to be compassionate? she thought. How could someone this cold and indifferent ever be called a healer?

He looked more suited to being an executioner.

"Give me your hand." Jamison lifted his own, his words flat and impersonal.

Ivy instinctively pulled her hand back, her brow furrowing deeper.

Emma immediately jumped in, seizing the moment. "Come on, sis, let Dr. Ludwig take a look. He's the youngest medical professor in the whole country—everyone knows his name!"

Ivy stared at the hand he offered—pale, elegant, with long, precise fingers.

Emma pressed on, her voice soft but pointed. "Are you hiding something? There's no need to lie to us. We're family—no one's going to judge you. Just be honest, so we know what precautions to take. Otherwise, the whole family—"

Before Emma could finish her sentence, Ivy lifted her hand and held it out to Jamison.

He took her delicate wrist, his face unreadable, and methodically examined her elbow, the joints, her skin.

Her arm was crisscrossed with scars—some faded, others fresh. It was clear the wounds hadn't had time to heal before new ones appeared.

Still, her skin looked healthy. No sores, no lesions, no warts.

After finishing with her arm, Jamison looked up, his gaze moving to her neck.

"Have you had a fever recently?"

"No."

He said nothing, just reached out with his other hand, brushing her cheek, then gently pressing behind her ear.

He was checking for swollen lymph nodes—something common in HIV patients.

The entire courtyard held its breath, watching Jamison perform his examination in the open, making his judgment right there and then.

Emma clung to Micah's hand, barely breathing, desperately wishing for Jamison to declare Ivy infected.

But when Jamison turned to address the Windsors, his tone was as cold as ever: "She's fine."

What?

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