

The Villainess Needs a Hug – Hug 6

Chapter 6

Everyone present was stunned.

Adkins' eyes widened. "How's that possible? When we went to the station, the report clearly said she'd had a child and tested positive for HIV..."

Jamison's expression soured. "You asked me to examine her, and now you won't believe me—is this some kind of joke?"

By age and status, Jamison and Adkins were peers, so he didn't bother being polite.

Adkins hurried to apologize, "No, no, Dr. Ludwig, I didn't mean to question you."

Emma still wasn't convinced. She piped up, "Maybe it just hasn't shown symptoms yet? Carrying the virus is still terrifying!"

Jamison checked his watch, his voice flat. "Even if she did have HIV, you're not going to catch it from normal contact."

Ivy bristled at his words and snapped, "I don't have HIV."

Jamison glanced at her, letting out a cold, amused huff. "Why are you snapping at me? I'm not the one doubting you—your own family is."

With that, he turned to Adkins. "Now that the engagement's called off, I'll be on my way."

Adkins thought he'd offended Jamison and quickly tried to smooth things over. "Dr. Ludwig, since you're already here, why not stay for dinner?"

But Jamison was already at his Bentley, sliding behind the wheel without a backward glance. "I'm really not interested in your family drama."

Adkins' smile froze, his face tight with embarrassment, but he still managed a polite send-off. "Take care, Dr. Ludwig. Safe drive."

Ivy had no fondness for the man.

Watching her father fuss and bow, then remembering the Ludwig family's standing in Neo Haven, she instinctively dismissed Jamison's reputation as hollow. With that much power and influence, what did he care about honor?

Once Jamison was gone, Adkins turned back and decided to send the last few guests away, eager to keep the family's dirty laundry from the public eye.

Ivy followed her family up the steps, about to go inside, when she was stopped yet again.

"Ivy... wait a minute." Rosetta paused, calling toward the house, "Edna, go get a room ready, quickly."

The housekeeper, Edna, answered at once and hurried off to prepare.

Rosetta turned to her eldest daughter, anxious that Ivy might slip inside, and called out again,

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"Just wait a little, Ivy. It'll be ready soon."

She then took Emma by the hand and drew her into the living room. The two of them huddled together, whispering.

Emma, for all her earlier complaints, didn't look the least bit ill now.

Ivy stood at the front door, her face cold, feeling like she'd been left out in the cold—forgotten,

unwanted.

Micah stood quietly nearby, his piercing eyes fixed on her, his handsome face marked by a mix of shock and pain.

But Ivy never spared him a single glance.

Soon, Edna returned and smiled. "Miss Ivy, come with me."

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Ivy followed, expecting to be led upstairs to her old bedroom.

Instead, Edna guided her through the living room, out to the back veranda, and pointed to a tiny building tucked in the corner of the yard. "Miss Ivy, Mrs. Windsor says... you'll have to stay here for now."

Micah had followed Ivy the whole way. When he realized what was happening, his face darkened and he turned back to the living room, calling out to his mother-in-law. "Rosetta, what is this supposed to mean?"

Rosetta pursed her lips, stood up, and crossed the room, her disdain plain as day. "Micah, this has nothing to do with you."

The so-called "building" was, in truth, a luxurious doghouse the Windsors had built for their beloved pets—half as tall as a person, with over a hundred square feet of space.

In some ways, the dogs in this family lived better than most people—a classic case of "better to be the family dog than a daughter."

vy stared at the doghouse in disbelief, then turned back to her mother, barely able to process it. You want me... to live with the dog?" she managed, her voice thick with bitter irony.

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