

The Villainess Needs a Hug – Hug 7

Chapter 7

Rosetta shot her eldest daughter a quick glance, always careful to keep her distance. Even her words sounded perfunctory. “Ivy... there’s plenty of space for you—in the guesthouse out back...”

Ivy said nothing.

She would never have dreamed that after three years of being trafficked and forced to live in a filthy shack, coming home would mean being sent to the doghouse—literally.

It was as if she’d just escaped one hell, only to fall straight into another, colder abyss.

And this one... she could never escape. This was home.

“Rosetta, this is going too far. Ivy is your own daughter—how can you treat her like this?” Micah’s voice broke in, sharper now, anger rising.

Emma frowned, quickly slipping her arm through Micah’s. “Micah, are you so worried about my sister because you still have feelings for her?”

“I...” Micah faltered, glancing at Ivy. He saw her fighting to hold herself together, her face pale, lips pressed tight, and felt a crushing weight in his chest.

He and Ivy had grown up together, childhood sweethearts whose love had always seemed destined. They’d been inseparable—until Ivy vanished three years ago.

Even now, in his heart, the one he truly loved was still Ivy.

But the Ivy before him was no longer Neo Haven’s dazzling socialite, nor the prodigy who’d once made headlines at school.

She’d been violated by men old enough to be her father, forced to bear a child for someone with the mind of a child, and now carried a disease no doctor could cure.

Micah’s heart twisted with guilt and confusion. In the end, he shook his head and muttered, “No... I’m just... I just feel sorry for her.”

“Of course...” Emma nodded solemnly, her eyes downcast in a display of sympathy. “She’s been through so much... But we can’t let our pity for her put the whole family’s health at risk. Letting her stay at all is already generous...”

She used the word “let,” as if she’d forgotten she was the one adopted into

this family.

Micah stared at Emma, lips parted, but couldn't find any words.

Clearly, no one here had actually listened to what Dr. Jamison said. Deep down, they all still believed Ivy had HIV.

Rosetta glanced back at her eldest, her tone softening for a rare moment, almost coaxing. "Ivy, use the bathroom on the first floor, the one guests use. For now, stay in the guesthouse out back. Later, we'll have someone build you a little place in the yard, just for you."

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The main floor bathroom was for staff and visitors; the Windsors all kept to their private suites

upstairs.

Even so, the thought still unsettled Rosetta. But what else could she do?

Ivy stood rigid, every word from her mother slicing into her like a knife. Just moments ago, she'd still held out some faint hope for her family—maybe they were just shocked to see her, unsure how to welcome her back.

But now she understood.

To them, she'd died three years ago. Emma, the adopted daughter, had taken her place as their

own.

Emma's coup had succeeded. In three years, she'd fully replaced Ivy, becoming Miss Windsor in

every way.

The realization tore at Ivy's heart. Her eyes burned with sudden pain.

But she didn't cry. She forced herself to breathe deeply, steadying the storm inside, and walked over to the couch. "If anyone wants to sleep in the doghouse, be my guest. I'll take the living room."

"You—" Rosetta started, stunned. She stammered for a long moment, then managed, "Sleeping in the living room? What will people think? Are you trying to make trouble for us?"

Ivy didn't answer.

She was too exhausted, too raw. Every word cost her more strength than she

had to give.

So she simply turned, lay down on the couch, and closed her eyes—right there in front of

everyone.

The whole family stared, speechless.

Only Emma's eyes flashed with a sly, satisfied smile.

She couldn't have hoped for anything better. The more Ivy acted out, the more their parents would resent her and the sooner they'd throw her out for good.

the living room for most of the day, as if no one else existed—leaving the in silent outrage.

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