

The Villainess Needs a Hug – Hug 8

Chapter 8

She still carried the stench of the pigsty on her, and after lingering in the living room for too long, that foul odor crept into every corner of the space.

By evening, Rosetta finally relented.

She brought her eldest daughter a clean, well-fitting set of clothes and spoke impatiently. "Go take a shower. There's a spare room on the first floor—you can stay there for now."

Ivy didn't open her eyes.

But she'd been awake for some time, quietly turning over countless thoughts in her mind.

How to shamelessly make herself at home here.

How to expose Emma's schemes and settle the score.

How to get those traffickers locked up for good.

How to pick up her unfinished studies.

And what to do with her life next...

She knew the Windsor family wouldn't keep her around for long. With relatives like these, she might as well consider them dead already.

Rosetta, seeing her silent, struggled to keep her patience. "Ivy. Did you hear me?"

Only then did Ivy open her eyes—cold and unreadable, the look in them enough to send a chill through Rosetta.

Ivy sat up and glanced at the clothes draped over the arm of the sofa. "These aren't mine."

"They're Emma's," Rosetta answered awkwardly, hesitating before continuing, "Your clothes... Well, everything was cleared out when we renovated the house."

"Renovated?" Ivy arched an eyebrow.

"You weren't here, and the room was just sitting empty, so we combined it with Emma's and made it into a walk-in closet," Rosetta explained, her voice lacking all conviction.

Ivy's lips twisted with a bitter smile. Of course. Emma had even taken over her room.

"You all really did treat me as if I was dead," she said, her tone eerily calm. Rosetta fell silent.

Ivy gave a cold laugh. "But even if I'd died, I was still your daughter. Yet you didn't keep a single thing of mine as a remembrance."

Rosetta, feeling guilty, finally said, "We kept your valuables, of course. As keepsakes."

Ivy lifted her gaze, fixing her mother with a steady look. "Bring them to me."

Rosetta hated being ordered about by her eldest, but she didn't want to argue either—especially not with the living room smelling so foul. Without another word, she turned and went upstairs.

The so-called 'valuables' were Ivy's jewelry—gifts for every birthday since she was a child.

But now, every last piece belonged to Emma.

Rosetta entered her younger daughter's room, opened the safe, and took out all the jewelry.

Emma's eyes went wide with longing. "Mom..."

"Sweetheart, give these back to your sister. Let's avoid any more drama. I'll take you shopping for new ones, tomorrow even," Rosetta coaxed.

At that, Emma's attitude shifted instantly. She nodded, all sweetness and light. "Mom, these were always Ivy's. Now that she's back, of course she should have them. Come on, let's give them to her together."

Rosetta felt a rare surge of gratitude. "You really are the sensible one. Your sister... she's changed. Every word from her is a dagger to my heart."

"Don't be upset, Mom. Ivy's probably been through a lot—she's not herself. We just need to be more patient and loving with her."

"Yes... Thank goodness I still have you."

Together, Rosetta and Emma headed downstairs, carrying over a dozen jewelry sets.

Emma put on her best show. "Ivy, while you were gone these past three years, I kept all jewelry safe for you. Now it's all yours again."

Her words sounded generous, but the smug glint in her eyes said otherwise.

See? While you were gone, everything you left behind became mine.

your

Ivy looked at the jewelry, mentally tallying up how much she could get for selling them. Then she turned to Emma with a smile. "Thank you, little sister. It must hurt, doesn't it? Having to spit back out what you've already swallowed. But don't worry, now that you're the beloved Miss Emma, you'll have no shortage of jewelry—Mom and Dad will buy you plenty more."

Rosetta shifted uncomfortably, averting her gaze.

Emma pretended not to understand, keeping her smile in place. "Which set do you like best, Ivy? I'll help you put it on."

Ivy looked her sister straight in the eye and tilted her chin toward her. "I like the one you're wearing around your neck. What should we do about that?"