

The Villainess Needs a Hug – Hug 11

Chapter 11

Those words hit Ivy right where it hurt most.

She stared at Jamison, her gaze turning icy cold, her face completely expressionless.

With just that one sentence, he'd become her sworn enemy.

They were strangers—if they didn't get along, they could've just ignored each other. But he had to take it a step further, poking at her wounds for his own amusement.

The Ludwigs were supposed to be the most prestigious family in Neo Haven, yet this was how they raised their heirs? Unbelievable.

When the elevator doors slid open, Ivy withdrew her gaze, silent and frigid, and walked out without looking back..

Jamison watched her go, her reaction replaying in his mind. For a fleeting moment, regret flashed through him.

A victim, gone for three years, barely making it out alive—emaciated, battered, scarred—shouldn't she have been welcomed home with open arms, with love and relief from her family?

But she wasn't wanted.

That pain had to be even worse than the kidnapping itself.

And he'd just twisted the knife.

The elevator filled and emptied as people came and went. When the doors finally closed again, Jamison's line of sight was cut off.

The junior doctor trailing behind him looked puzzled. "Professor Ludwig, is she your patient? Why was she so hostile? And that's the first time I've heard anyone call you a quack. You could sue her for slander."

Jamison snapped out of his thoughts. Remembering Ivy's accusation, his momentary regret vanished. He replied coolly, "She's unwell."

The intern assumed he meant Ivy was mentally unstable and nodded knowingly. "That explains it..."

Ivy finished all her tests without a hitch.

The good news: she was clear of HIV.

The bad news: her body was suffering in other ways.

Years of malnutrition had left her dangerously underweight, her leg muscles atrophied, blood protein levels low, and she was severely anemic.

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“In addition to that, you’ve got arthritis, chronic eczema, swelling in your legs...” The doctor looked over her chart, then glanced at the scars on her wrists, his expression growing serious. “Miss, have you been abused at home? You know, you can call the police for help.”

Ivy managed a grateful smile. “Thank you, I already have. Just tell me what I need to do to get my health back on track.”

Relieved, the doctor wrote out a prescription and reminded her to eat well and exercise as much as she could.

With her medication in hand, Ivy left the hospital..

As she passed through the lobby, an ambulance roared up to the entrance.

Paramedics rushed inside, pushing a gurney with a blood-soaked patient.

The crowd parted instantly. Ivy stepped quickly aside.

The situation was clearly urgent. A doctor was giving CPR right there on the moving gurney, not giving a damn about the blood soaking his coat.

Ivy frowned, watching the scene speed by, a little surprised.

Because the doctor racing against death was none other than Jamison—the so-called “quack.”

But Jamison’s face was colder than ever, his presence more commanding, more intense.

He worked with brisk, practiced precision, barking orders while his team responded in perfect sync. The chaos was controlled, the whole team moving as a single unit.

Only after the gurney disappeared into the emergency ward did the lobby return to its usual hum.

Ivy glanced away, her eyes landing on a giant screen across the hall, cycling through the hospital’s leading specialists.

At the very top: Jamison.

She scanned the list—dozens of titles and honors, some groundbreaking

surgeries, even founding roles in several international medical organizations. Ivy scoffed and turned to leave, thinking, money really does open every door. A bit of skill, some good PR, and suddenly the world applauds you. Endless accolades, opportunities, resources—all within reach.

After leaving the hospital, Ivy treated herself to a real meal for the first time in ages.

Then she went to cash the check, depositing half a million into her account.

With nearly fifty thousand in cash still stashed in her bag, she didn't hesitate—she went straight to the dealership and put a down payment on a Maserati.

Getting around without a car was just too much hassle.

14:02

Chapter 11

"The total is two hundred thousand. Here's forty thousand now—the rest when the car's ready to pick up." Ivy handed over the money and slung her designer backpack back on.

The sales staff stared, speechless, as she stacked bundles of cash on the counter.

Moments later, the manager and the whole team bowed deeply and ushered her out like royalty. It was dusk by the time Ivy got home.

Rosetta saw her and couldn't quite hide her mixed feelings.

Her eldest daughter's hair was newly cut, she wore fresh clothes and shoes, carried several shopping bags, and even her backpack was a designer brand. Rosetta put it all together in an instant.

"Ivy, you went shopping? Why didn't you tell us? We were worried about you," Rosetta said, forcing a smile, but keeping several paces between them.

Ivy's lips curled into a faint, chilly smirk. "Glad to know you still remember me."

Rosetta's face stiffened, but she quickly recovered, frowning. "Where did you get the money for all this?"

Three years ago, after Ivy disappeared, they'd frozen her accounts to prevent any losses. She'd only come back yesterday, and hadn't asked for any money from the family.

"I sold all the jewelry," Ivy replied flatly.

"What?" Rosetta's face drained of color, then flushed with anger. "If you

needed money, you could've come to us! We're not stingy. That jewelry was valuable—you'll get pennies for it secondhand!"

Ivy thought, If you really cared, you would've offered it to me last night, without making me ask.

Why should I have to beg?

She met Rosetta's gaze, her tone indifferent. "I don't like people touching my things. It makes my skin crawl. Selling them felt good."

"You—" Rosetta was left speechless with rage.