

The Second Act: Revenge by Edwina Onedia and Jackson

Chapter 1

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*ida, let me draw another tube of blood. Your sister's anemia is getting serious again. You both have rare blood types, so only your blood can save her, know **you** are suffering, but don't worry, I will marry you, I will definitely marry you."

A handsome and elegant man with gold-rimmed glasses walked toward her. His **voice** was soft and charming

Oneida Chaser lay on the cold and hard bed, shaking her head desperately

She wanted to refuse, but her throat felt constricted, making it difficult to utter any words.

Oneida realized that her physical state could not tolerate any more blood being taken away.

She had given countless tubes of her own blood in order to **save her** sister, Jennifer Chaser, who was suffering from severe anemia.

Her body was depleted, and her veins were emptied from the constant blood draws.

She had become like a walking blood bank, devoid of any dignity, and her health had been severely compromised. At this point, her condition was extremely terrible.

If she had more blood taken, she would surely lose her life.

However, the man seemed oblivious to **her** struggle and resistance and proceeded to insert the cold needle into her blood vessel without hesitation.

Dark blood gushed out from Oneida's body continuously while a single tear trickled down from the corner of her eye.

She didn't hold anyone else responsible for her current miserable state. She only blamed herself for being foolish and mistakenly trusting the man in

front of her.

He was also the man she had once deeply loved.

He once professed his love for her and expressed his desire to marry her, but **he** then betrayed her trust by tricking her into donating blood for Jennifer.

Trapped and unable to leave, Oneida could only watch herself go from being healthy and energetic to slowly dying,

It turned out that his love **was** fake, and his marriage promise was just a bore.

If he truly loved her, he wouldn't use her blood to save another woman.

The man's act of taking another tube of blood from Oneida seemed to drain the last bit of life from her

"Done," the man said with a smile. "Ida, you're a good girl. I'll come to visit you

later

After saying those words, he left without looking back,

Oneida **was** overcome by a sudden chill, and her eyes grew heavy as if she might fall asleep at any moment

As she was about to fall into darkness, she faintly heard a conversation happening near **the** door.

"Christopher, will you really marry Oneida?" asked Jennifer, her voice as gentle **as** falling snow.

"I won't," replied the cold voice of the man, Christopher **Faraday**. "Jenn, I will only marry you. All the sweet nothings I said to her were just a means to make her willingly give her blood to you,"

"But it looks like **she's about** to die."

Christopher's reply was callous. "If she dies, I'll find another convenient blood donor for you."

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He added, "Since she's useless now, let's burn her."

Oneida pressed her pale lips together and felt like crying, but no tears would come.

At that moment, her body was completely drained.

Suddenly, a fire ignited around her, and hot air washed over her.

Christopher stood by his statements. He started a fire to burn Oneida, the now useless and worthless woman, to ashes.

“Christopher... Christopher, I will never love you again if there’s a next life!” Oneida thought.

Suddenly, she heard the sound of quick footsteps.

Her face was gently caressed by someone with soft fingertips and warm palms.

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“Cece. Cece...

A familiar, masculine voice **was** calling out her nickname with a deep and sorrowful tone.

“Come on, wake up. Don’t **fall** asleep. I’ll help you escape from here,” the man said.

Oneida summoned all her strength and managed to open her eyes slightly.

An elegant and handsome face with well-shaped eyebrows and defined eyes came into view.

The man’s red **eyes** and tired face suggested he had gone without sleep for many days.

“Jackson Bane? Why is he here?” Oneida questioned silently.

It was widely believed that Jackson Bane, the fourth son of the Bane family, lived a chaste and celibate life, uninterested in women. Little did **anyone** know that he harbored a profound love for Oneida alone.

Despite being a proud man, he only had eyes for her.

He even confessed his love to Oneida and claimed that he wanted to protect her for the rest of her life.

Unfortunately, she couldn’t reciprocate his love when she was already dedicated to Christopher.

In addition, Oneida had gone out of her way to display her affection for Christopher in front of Jackson and kept a great distance from the latter to avoid his advances.

She never imagined that he would come to her when she was on the brink of **death**.

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“Cece, don’t close your eyes. I’ll take you home.”

Jackson extended his arms and lifted the emaciated Oneida from the bed.

The flames cast a glow on the man’s pale and handsome face, and his deep eyes were brimming with affection and tenderness as he held Oneida in his

arms

Oneida gazed at him with a blank expression and was unable to avert her gaze.

Suddenly, a charred beam crashed down from above.

With his body, Jackson shielded Oneida securely, and the falling beam hit his back, creating a dull thud.

Yet the man bore the pain without making any sound.

Even so, Oneida detected a slight smell of burning on him.

“It must hurt a lot,” she thought,

The ceiling collapsed in succession, hitting Jackson one piece at a time.

The once extraordinary and noble man was covered in dirt, looking disheveled.

Oneida was totally unharmed **as** he held her tightly in his arms.

Slowly, she opened her mouth in an attempt to speak, but no sound came out

She gathered all her strength to force out a few syllables **with** labored breath. “You... should leave me...”

Though it was merely a short **sentence**, she said it with difficulty as she gasped for air in between each word.

Upon hearing this, Jackson curled his lips into a smile and held Oneida even tighter. “I said I’d take you home.”

Oneida felt tears welling up **in her** eyes. She almost spoke hysterically, vomiting out each syllable. "You... will die..."

She felt she was a hindrance, **and** he wouldn't be able to escape the fire with her.

She was just a useless person who would die sooner or later. If he left her, he might have a chance of survival.

"No, we will survive this together," Jackson comforted her with a soft voice.

"You... are... a fool..." After great effort, Oneida finally managed to utter the complete sentence. Her voice was infused with an imperceptible sob

Soon, a large piece of the ceiling fell down, completely blocking the entrance.

Their surrounding was engulfed in intense flames.

The burning flames kept surging toward the two. Jackson bent down and shielded **Oneida** with his body, keeping her between his arms and the unburned ground.

At that moment, **Oneida** realized that it was already too late for them to escape from the raging fire

"You shouldn't have..she said hoarsely, **teagi** gushing out of her eyes.

She was trying to say that he shouldn't have come to save her. He shouldn't die for a useless person like her.

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At that moment, Jackson lowered his head and pressed his **forehead** against Oneida's.

Their breaths overlapped.

"I don't regret it, Cece." His eyes were dark and focused solely on Oneida. "Dying with you is worth it."

"Jackson..." Tears flowed down Oneida's cheeks uncontrollably as she sobbed, "Jackson..."

She called out his name repeatedly

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The man tenderly wiped away her tears using his fingers. “**Cece**, don’t be scared. I’ve said before that I don’t want you to be alone. How pitiful it would be if you had to die alone here, my little girl. That’s why I’m here to be with you. Don’t blame yourself because I’m doing this willingly. Cece, I love you. Will you come to find me in your next life?”

Oneida bit her lip while tears streamed down her face. Finally, she parted her lips to agree.

Before she could make a sound, Jackson’s lips landed on her dry lips.

Then, overwhelming darkness enveloped them.

Oneida flung her eyes open.

Surrounding her were the once familiar dilapidated walls made of mud.

It took her a while to realize that she **was** having **that** bad dream of past again.

Then she recalled the fact that she had been sent back to three years ago, when she was 19. She didn’t know why, but she believes it happens for a reason, and this time she’s not gonna mess it up again.

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At this point, she had not yet returned to Jahren to reunite with her biological family

Upon recalling the scene in her dream earlier, Oneida instinctively reached for her lips

For some reason, every time Oneida closed her eyes in the three days since she was back, she would dream of the scene from her previous life where she was about to die.

Oneida silently pronounced the name “Jackson” in her heart, her face filled with affection.

She then swore secretly. “I will come looking for you!

u this Be.”

“**Cece**, some wealthy people are looking for you!” Oneida’s neighbor, Lydia, burst into her house with excitement at that time. The latter’s eyes sparkled as she knew that gossip was coming her way. “They came in a big, **cool**-looking car”

Lydia went on. "They came all the way here for you. They're determined to see you!"

Upon hearing this, Oneida began to count the days. She remembered **that** in her previous life, the Chaser family had come to Nusridge Village to bring her back around the same time

Oneida's life was actually rather ridiculous.

After Oneida's mother gave birth to Oneida, the nanny swapped Oneida with her own daughter so the latter could become the fake daughter of the Chaser family. Oneida, the real daughter of the Chaser family, was then abandoned by the nanny and later adopted by a poor woman in the village.

Oneida's adoptive mother was a mentally disabled woman who did not have a proper name and was referred to **as** "Dummy" by the villagers.

As Dummy's daughter, Oneida didn't have a name at first.

Eventually, the villagers started calling **her** "Cece" because that was the manner Dummy addressed her.

Three months ago, Dummy had accidentally fallen into the reservoir and died. Oneida didn't even have a chance to see her one last time.

Meanwhile, the Chaser family stumbled upon the shocking secret after **the** death of the nanny.

After that, the Chaser family made great efforts to **find** their real daughter. They eventually succeeded in tracking down Oneida in Nusridge Village.

"Okay," Oneida replied coolly, her tone devoid of any hint of excitement. With that, she left Lydia behind and exited the adobe house alone.

Ever since she was back three **days** ago, Oneida had been waiting for the Chaser family to come and bring her back to Yeahron.

Only by going to Yeahron could she meet all her old acquaintances.

A sleek black limo was parked outside the courtyard fence.

Then, someone pushed open the car door,

A plump middle-aged man stepped out of the car, accompanied by a middle-aged woman dressed luxuriously.

They were taken aback when they

y saw Oneida in the yard.

At first sight, they knew that this girl must be their daughter as her face was a combination of all their best traits.

Lucas Chaser appeared excited to see Oneida, but Tatiana Chaser's expression became slightly rigid.

Although the girl before her was her own daughter, Tatiana had raised Jennifer for 19 years. Even if they were not related by blood, Tatiana still **had an** emotional attachment to Jennifer.

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Except for her poor health, Jennifer excelled in every other aspect. She was intelligent and graceful, and Tatiana couldn't help but wonder if her real daughter possessed these qualities.

Tatiana calmly sized up **Oneida**, taking note of the her washed out shirt, crumpled jeans, and sneakers stained with mud. Her expression grew increasingly unpleasant.

It was difficult for Tatiana to accept the fact that her own daughter was an unsophisticated country bumpkin.

Tatiana was deeply affected by this realization and struggled to hide the contempt on her face.

"If I bring this girl back home, she will definitely embarrass me!" Tatiana reasoned silently.

"Dear child, I'm from Jeahron," Lucas said with a kind smile to Oneida, unaware of what his wife was thinking. "**We've** come to pick you up and take you back to your real home!"

Oneida looked at them with a half-smile.

This time, she didn't hesitate at all and answered firmly, "Okay."

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Chapter 4

On the way to Jeahron, Lucas told Oneida the **whole** story

Meanwhile, Tatiana sat on one side of the car and uttered no words throughout the journey.

As the man in front of her kept talking, Oneida listened carefully, lost in thought

Lucas, in fact, was not a bad person and held no ill feelings toward Oneida. He **was** just easily influenced and a bit naive.

In Oneida's previous life, her relationship with Lucas soured over time and eventually crumbled due to Tatiana and Jennifer's instigation

But in this life, Oneida wouldn't allow the same thing to happen.

Lucas' mansion was!

s situated in Quakersville of Jeahran, surrounded by other wealthy homes

Calmly, Oneida followed her parents into the mansion.

"Ms. Chaser is back!"

At the sight of the trio, a maid ran over to greet Oneida and the couple

Her shout caused a stir throughout the entire mansion.

Other servants peeked out their heads to catch a glimpse of their masters' daughter who had been away from the family for 19 years. They were all quite intrigued about her.

Then, the sounds of footsteps sounded from the stairs.

Wearing a white cotton dress, Jennifer descended the stairs with a handsome young boy following her.

This young man was the only son of Lucas and also Oneida's biological brother, Edmund Chaser.

Oneida recalled that in her previous life, she and Edmund had a bad relationship, and she had always believed that Edmund only saw Jennifer **as** his true

sister.

To Oneida's surprise, when the entire family wanted to use her blood to save Jennifer, Edmund stepped forward and objected to the suggestion,

“Oneida, my little sister Jennifer **called** out, bringing Oneida back to reality.

Oneida was considered the younger sister because Jennifer’s real birthday came a bit earlier than hers.

“Welcome home,” Jennifer said with a gentle smile, her appearance resembling that of a pure lily.

Jennifer’s demeanor gave off the impression that she was the legitimate and true daughter of the family.

Although everyone knew that Jennifer **was** not the lineage of the Chaser family, her biological mother had passed **away**. The Chaser family raised Jennifer for so many years that everyone still **regarded** her as the family’s daughter.

At this moment, Oneida, who actually carried the blood of the Chaser family, seemed like an outsider.

Pursing her lips, Jennifer said **generously**, “Oneida, I’ve packed my things and emptied the room. You can move in anytime.”

“Why did you pack, Jennifer?” Tatiana’s brow furrowed. While she sounded like she was scolding Jennifer, a hint of concern flashed across her eyes. “Our house is so spacious, and we don’t necessarily need your room. I told you that you’re still my daughter and the precious jewel of the Chaser **family**. Nothing will change. You don’t need to move out of your room

“But this room originally belonged to Oneida,” said Jennifer while lowering her eyes, appearing innocent and considerate. “And it’s the best room on the

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second floor, I’m afraid Oneida won’t be comfortable staying in the other rooms.

“Why wouldn’t she be comfortable in the other rooms?” Tatiana retorted and gave Oneida a meaningful look. It was clear from Tatiana’s expression that she believed even the worst room in this mansion was a luxury for a country bumpkin used to living in an adobe house

With a calm expression, Oneida watched the incident unfold before her,

Just like in her past life, Jennifer suggested changing rooms on the day of Oneida’s return to the Chaser residence.

In her past life, Oneida didn't see such a proposal as a problem.

She had thought it was natural for her to take back what belonged to her.

However, this action made Jennifer appear **as** the victim and earned her sympathy and pity from the whole family, while Oneida was seen as petty and calculative.

"It's not needed. I'll just take the first room on the third floor," Oneida said softly.

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The first room on the third floor had plenty of sunlight and was **spacious**. It even came with a huge balcony.

No one **was** occupying it. Later, though, Jennifer would transform it into her private paradise.

"The first room on the third floor?" Jennifer **was** slightly startled, her expression stiffening.

d that room.

She had long fancied

Initially, she had planned to decorate it nicely, display her collections, and even turn it in to a place where she could practice playing the piano. She and Christopher could also stargaze on the balcony,

But now, it was going to be taken away by Oneida.

"The first room on the third floor, huh? No problem. I'll have someone tidy it up immediately. Upon hearing this answer, Lucas instantly breathed a sigh of relief.

He was truly afraid that Oneida and Jennifer would have a falling out over a mere room.

In this way, the current situation was basically the best it could be

"But that room... Jennifer said hesitantly with a frown, her tone revealing faint reluctance.

'Why?

y? Is there a problem?" Lucas turned to look at her in puzzlement.

Jennifer gritted her teeth and denied it repeatedly, "No. No"

Of **course**, she wouldn't ever express her true thoughts.

The servants moved swiftly and went to the third floor to tidy up the room right away, eventually uncovering a pile of items that Jennifer had previously placed there.

Jennifer didn't dare to claim those things, so she could only let the servants regard those as garbage and throw them away.

The corner of Oneida's mouth curved subtly as she revealed an imperceptible smile. She approached Jennifer nonchalantly and spoke in a voice that only the two of them could hear. "I won't take your room... because I find it filthy."

As soon as those words fell, Jennifer's eyes widened in a fury, and the color drained from her face. Regardless, she dared not **flare** up.

Oneida then skimmed over Jennifer and walked straight to the young man behind her.

"Edmund, my little brother," she called out in a sincere **tone**.

Edmund was stunned.

At first, he was extremely wary and curious about this elder sister that he had never met before.

However, the words "little brother" unknowingly made him let down his **guard**.

"Hello, my big sister," Edmund subconsciously responded in kind, his appearance youthful and exuberant.

He patted him on the shoulder.

Oneida patted

In this family, only Lucas and Edmund were willing to care for her, Thus, in this lifetime, she would not let their relationship be undermined again and would also protect them wholeheartedly.

As for Tatiana and Jennifer, she was looking forward to making their lives a living nightmare!

Chapter 5

The next **day**, Lucas and Tatiana took Oneida to the Chaser manor.

Since the descendant of the Chaser family had returned, she definitely had to pay respects to the family's elders.

Nathan Chaser, the patriarch, had a total of three sons. Lucas was the youngest and also the least favored one

Because, in comparison to his brothers, Lucas was truly too unremarkable.

The Chaser manor was grand and palatial with a classical charm.

Oneida was led to the main hall, where Nathan and his wife, Hazel Chaser, sat up ahead, looking dignified.

Oneida lowered her eyes with an impassive countenance as she answered whatever the elderlies asked.

In no time, the two seniors lost interest in her. After all, unlike their other sweet tongued grandchildren, Oneida seemed soulless and distant.

"As expected, being raised in a village had caused her to turn out flawed!" was their thought.

Lucas still looked light hearted, seemingly oblivious to anything amiss, but Tatiana keenly discerned the disappointment of the two elderlies.

She couldn't help but clench her fists, and her dissatisfaction with Oneida **intensified** in her heart.

Their family had never been favored by the elderlies, to begin with. She felt that they were seriously unlucky to **have** an addition of such a "weird" among them now....

Finally, the elderlies gave Oneida a new name—Oneida Chaser.

After all, she was a child who only returned home more than a decade later.

"Long

awaited" was what Oneida signified, and that was how her **name** came to be.

After leaving the manor, Oneida came up with an excuse of wanting to buy something and went out alone

She went to Jussipi Clubhouse

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