

The Second Act Revenge (Oneida and Jackson)

The Second Act 191

COMMENT

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Oneida was really sincere.

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Upon hearing Lionel's words, Bella showed a gloomy look, and tears streamed down her cheeks uncontrollably.

However, Claude looked utterly deflated.

He thought it was just a shabby wooden box. Who knew

Lionel immediately opened the wooden box.

Inside were two chess sets.

Chess sets?

The onlookers were stunned.

Why would Oneida give chess sets to Lionel?

Did Lionel play chess?

I was actually high-quality wood?

Lionel loved calligraphy and painting, which was well known within the whole Bane family.

But what about chess?

It seemed that Lionel wasn't particularly interested in this hobby.

Everyone instinctively looked at Lionel's expression, curious about how he would react to the gift.

However, Lionel's eyes lit up, and excitement flashed through them in an instant.

"Is this Scarlet Jade?"

Lionel looked at Oneida, his face a mixture of surprise and delight.

"Yes, Grandpa."

Oneida nodded with a smile.

The gift she presented to Lionel was actually chess pieces.

The pieces were of the Scarlet Jade type in the game of chess.

Ordinary chess pieces were typically black and white.

But the Scarlet Jade Chess' color and material were quite different from ordinary chess pieces.

The dark pieces were said to be made from mountain meteorites, pitch black but with a faint glowing red.

The light-colored pieces, however, were crafted from the most translucent jade, clear green with a hint of white wave patterns.

Thus, these pieces were named Scarlet Jade Chess.

Anyone who loved playing Go was definitely familiar with Scarlet Jade.

Some even spent a fortune just to obtain a set of these Scarlet Jade Chess pieces.

The fame of Scarlet Jade wasn't just due to its exquisite material and workmanship or its gorgeous appearance, but also because these pieces were personally crafted by an individual. Where did Scarlet Jade come from?

It was made by the world-renowned chess master, Jade.

Jade's expertise in chess was unmatched, and he was a man of elegant simplicity who enjoyed coffee and chess.

Scarlet Jade was born out of a sudden inspiration, personally created by Jade.

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Due to limited materials and energy, Jade only made five sets of Scarlet Jade Chess.

There were only five sets in the whole world!

It meant that Scarlet Jade Chess was extremely precious.

Many people, with heaps of cash in hand, tried to buy Scarlet Jade but ended up empty-handed.

To this day, nobody knew which lucky few ended up with these five sets of Scarlet Jade Chess.

Now, the highly coveted Scarlet Jade Chess was surprisingly gifted to Lionel by Oneida! So, Lionel was utterly amazed.

Others around had various expressions on their faces.

At the sight of the Scarlet Jade, Jackson was also slightly shocked.

He then covertly glanced at Oneida.

His gaze was deep.

What else about Oneida did he not yet know?

It seemed she still had plenty of secrets.

Among others at the table, some were clueless about Scarlet Jade, showing confusion, while some knew the origin of Scarlet Jade Chess and appeared somewhat shocked. Regardless, Oneida's gift managed to astound everyone.

In Lionel's heart, this set of Scarlet Jade Chess was truly a one-of-a-kind gift.

In the Bane family, almost no one knew he played chess.

Jackson was the only exception.

Because only Jackson had the skill to match Lionel in the game.

The others knew nothing about chess or played it badly.

So, since Jackson moved to Garrison Mansion, Lionel had lost the only chess companion.

He hadn't played chess in a long time.

It had been almost forgotten that Lionel knew chess.

Today, Oneida presented Lionel with Scarlet Jade Chess.

He was thrilled, not just because Scarlet Jade Chess was a rare treasure.

More importantly, Lionel was deeply moved.

It turned out that someone still remembered his secret passion.

"How did you know I love chess?" Lionel squinted at Oneida, his eyes crinkling with a tender smile.

Oneida smiled slightly, saying, "It was nothing but a happy accident. I just wanted to give Grandpa a precious gift. I thought that even if you don't play chess, Scarlet Jade Chess can be treasured as a collectible. But if you do play, that's even better." Of course, Oneida was lying.

She knew Lionel played chess.

However, her knowledge came from memories of her past life.

To others, Scarlet Jade Chess was indeed hard to come by, truly precious.

But for Oneida, it was not.

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Because there was none other than the legendary Jade

Scarlet Jade Chess was personally crafted by her!

In fact, Oneida never intended to become a chess master, but due to her remarkable talent, she inadvertently became the famously acclaimed Jade.

Making Scarlet Jade Chess was just a way not to waste those valuable materials.

Out of five Scarlet Jade Chess, two were given away, and the other three were with her.

This time, Oneida took out one to give to Lionel

The reason she gave Lionel Scarlet Jade was because, back when she was Jade in her last life, Lionel had sought her out.

At that time, Oneida was told by a subordinate that a big shot from Jeahron wanted to meet her and have a match of wits with her.

This prominent person was drawn by Jade's reputation and was eager to meet her.

Oneida pondered for a while.

Finally, she turned him down.

Oneida had an urgent matter to handle and didn't have time to meet Lionel

Only later did Oneida find out that this distinguished individual was Lionel.

Who would have thought that in this life, Oneida would marry into the Bane family and meet Lionel in such a setting?

He must be fond of chess.

Otherwise, Lionel wouldn't have traveled thousands of miles to meet Jade with the desire to challenge her to chess. So, when Oneida gifted Lionel a set of Scarlet Jade Chess pieces, it was certainly catering to his interests. Lionel chuckled and said, "It's really what I want. What a coincidence! I just happen to be a lover of chess."

"Grandpa, when did you fall in love with chess? I had no idea," Claude stared at Lionel with wide eyes, utterly puzzled.

On hearing this, Lionel frowned and said with displeasure, "Of course, you didn't know! I bet almost everyone in the family has forgotten that I play chess..."

Lionel's tone was harsh, which made the other frightened.

When Lionel was not smiling, he always seemed to be imposing and stern.

And that was exactly how it was now.

"Grandpa, it's our fault for not paying enough attention to you," said Jonas gently, puckering his lips as he spoke to Lionel.

Right now, Jonas's fair and delicate face showed no emotion.

Lionel snorted coldly and turned to look at Oneida, his expression changing to one of a smile. "Oneida, tell me, where did you get Scarlet Jade Chess from? I had people trying to get it too, but they never succeeded. "How did you manage that?"

Lionel was genuinely curious.

How did Oneida, such a young woman, manage to get her hands on Scarlet Jade Chess?

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Lionel really couldn't figure it out.

Hearing Lionel's words, others were also reminded.

Exactly.

Even Lionel couldn't get the famous Scarlet Jade. How on earth did Oneida manage to get it?

Could there be something hidden going on?

"Are you sure that what you gave to Grandpa is the real Scarlet Jade Chess?"

Just then, Bella, who had just dried her tears, suddenly spoke out and questioned Oneida.

Oneida had just exposed Bella, so she was eager to humiliate Oneida.

If the Scarlet Jade Chess turned out to be fake, things would really heat up.

That way, Oneida and Bella would be regarded as the same kind of people, and Oneida would have no right to despise Bella

"Exactly," Claude immediately echoed, looking at Oneida with an unfriendly gaze. "Go ahead, explain how you got this Scarlet Jade. You didd 1 jour fool Grandpa with a fake, did you?" "This is real. It can't be fake!"

Lionel's sudden refute stunned Claude and Bella.

"Do you think I can't tell if it's real or fake?" Lionel said with a cool gaze, his tone slightly stern. "I'm not out of my wits"

"I'm just wondering how Oneida managed to get Scarlet Jade Chess. You guys just can't keep your hands clean. You stole something from others Don't think Oneida would do the same," said Lionel.

He was actually standing up for Oneida.

At the same time, Lionel humiliated Bella again.

At these words, Bella frowned, and her face turned from livid to pale, a spectacle of emotions.

"Grandpa." At this moment, Oneida called out softly to Lionel, her face still tinged with a smile, looking bright and cheerful "Honestly, I play chess, too. I'm not particularly skilled in many things, but playing chess happens to be my forte." If Simon were here, hearing Oneida say this, he'd definitely be shocked and object.

What did Oneida mean by "not skilled in many things"?

Could she actually say that with a straight face?

"You play chess too?" Lionel asked, his face lighting up with excitement.

Oneida nodded and replied, "Yes. And I had the fortune to play against Jade before. She saw my talent and gifted me the Scarlet Jade Chess."

This was an explanation Oneida had prepared in advance.

Her sudden unveiling of the precious Scarlet Jade Chess was bound to stir controversy.

So, she had already crafted the entire backstory in her mind.

"Have you met Jade?"

Lionel suddenly stood up with wide eyes.

His expression was a mix of surprise, joy, and a hint of envy.

"You lucky girl," Lionel sighed and said, a bit helplessly. "I've tried so hard just to meet Jade, but never could..."

When Oneida heard this, she unnaturally pursed her lips.

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It seemed that she had treated Lionel before.

"I guess I was just lucky."

Oneida nodded, feeling guilty.

"Come on, join me for a game of chess!" Lionel's eyes suddenly lit up. He waved at Oneida excitedly and said, "Since Jade praised your chess skills, it must mean you're quite the player. Let's have a game. "Let me see what you've really got!"

On a whim, Lionel headed towards the back of the dining table.

Everyone was caught off guard.

Dinner hadn't even finished, and Lionel wanted to play chess first!

"Grandpa, why don't we have dinner first?" Jonas said after a moment of silence, trying to persuade Lionel

"Let them play. Don't dampen Grandpa's spirits," Karen, however, disagreed with Jonas' suggestion, smiling lightly. "Today's Grandpa's birthday, so he should do whatever he feels like."

With that, Karen looked up at Lionel and said, "Grandpa, I'll watch you play."

Meanwhile, Oneida and Lionel had already moved to the sitting area beside the dining table.

Soon, the servants brought out a chessboard and set it up on the table in the center.

"Shall we play with this Scarlet Jade Chess?"

Oneida nodded and replied, "Alright."

Lionel immediately took out the Scarlet Jade Chess, grabbing the black pieces while Oneida took the white.

Others, including Jackson in his wheelchair, gathered around to watch.

Only one person remained seated motionlessly next to the dining table.

It was Roderick.

He bowed his head, but his eyes

were

already shut.

Under the influence of alcohol, Roderick had fallen asleep quietly.

Otherwise, there's no way Roderick would have remained silent at the dinner table.

Of course, at this moment, no one was paying attention to Roderick who had already fallen asleep.

They were already focused on the two players engaged in the coming chess game.

Some were holding their breath in silence, some indifferent and quiet, and others appeared as though they were watching an exciting show unfold.

Bella and Claude were in the latter group.

They were curious to see if Oneida really knew how to play chess.

The game between Lionel and Oneida had already kicked off at the table.

From the start, Lionel launched an aggressive attack.

Each of his moves seemed to target Oneida's weaknesses.

However, Oneida played with a calm and easy demeanor.

She resisted stubbornly for a while, but in the end, she was outmaneuvered by Lionel.

The first round ended.

Oneida lost.

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Seeing Oneida lose so miserably, both Bella and Claude couldn't help but reveal gloating smiles.

"Did Jade really praise your skills? Well, you're just so-so," Claude sneered disdainfully.

Bella looked at Oneida, her eyes filled with contempt.

"Losing is to be expected. After all, not everyone can master chess," Bella added.

She stared straight at the top of Oneida's head, hinting sharply with her words.

"You idiots!"

Suddenly, Lionel burst out angrily, cursing.

He looked at Bella and Claude with a sharp, stern gaze and said, "You guys seriously don't get the essence of chess. Oneida was taking it easy on me the whole time, and you didn't even notice. Ridiculous." What?

Bella and Claude gasped, their eyes wide with shock.

Did Oneida lose to Lionel intentionally?

Claude grimaced, suddenly feeling a bit embarrassed.

It was pretty humiliating to be called an idiot right to his face by Lionel.

Yet, Bella couldn't help but clench her fists tightly.

Once again, she was publicly rebuffed by Lionel's blunt remarks.

Bella believed that she just couldn't get along with Oneida!

Today just seemed to be a day where nothing went right! The others around were quite surprised as well. Except for Jackson, who knew chess, everyone else was

oblivious to the fact that Oneida was actually letting Lionel win.

As Jackson watched Oneida's calm and beautiful profile, a tender pleasure gradually emerged in his eyes. "Oneida, are you just too shy to beat me?" Lionel said with a hint of amusement as he looked at Oneida. Oneida placed the pieces back in the box, a bit sheepishly nodding her head.

She was indeed intending to lose..

If she had played her best, Lionel would have stood no chance of winning.

However, it was Lionel's birthday today, and he was Jackson's senior, so Oneida must show her respect to Lionel.

"Then this round doesn't count. Let's play again. Don't hold back this time. Show me your real skills!"

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Lionel waved his hand at Oneida, ready to start another round with her.

"Don't hold back!" Lionel narrowed his eyes at her, emphasizing again with seriousness.

Oneida saw the earnestness in his gaze, and her eyes grew stern. "Alright, Grandpa. This time, I won't hold back." The game board was set up for a new round.

As she stared intently at the chessboard, Oneida gracefully placed a piece between her fingers, her gaze serene. Lionel was skilled at chess.

But compared to Oneida, there was still a significant gap.

Oneida could predict not only the moves of his pieces but even his inner thoughts.

Lionel's move on the chessboard was within Oneida's expectations.

When Lionel launched an attack, Oneida would effortlessly counter it.

In the end, Lionel found himself trapped with nowhere to go.

At first, Lionel didn't feel anything, but eventually, he realized Oneida firmly trapped him.

He had no chance of winning anymore.

This sensation was unbearably oppressive.

Without a doubt, Lionel had lost.

He lost utterly and completely.

"I admit defeat." Lionel placed his chess piece down, sighing in resignation.

It left everyone else in attendance stunned.

To make the usually unbeatable Lionel submit, probably only Oneida could achieve such a feat!

'How could a seemingly simple country bumpkin possess such masterful chess skills?' they wondered.

She defeated Lionel with such ease that it appeared effortless.

Oneida's lips curved into a smile, "Grandpa, you wouldn't let me give you the win."

"You really," Lionel chuckled, shaking his head, "have a talent for chess. No wonder Jade appreciates you."

"Ida," Lionel looked at Oneida with a burning gaze. It was the first time he addressed her as "Ida," and his tone was even more affectionate, "From now on, you must come here often to play chess with me."

At this point, he disdainfully grumbled, "The rest of the family is just useless!"

The others, upon hearing this, looked visibly uncomfortable.

However, they were also quite astonished-

It seemed that Lionel took a liking to Oneida.

Although Lionel's personality was not exactly distant, he was strict and not easily approachable.

Yet, he was so favorable towards Oneida at their very first meeting.

This was absolutely a special treatment that no one else received.

To catch Lionel's eye was challenging!

Everyone present had diverse thoughts at the moment.

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"Alright, let's continue with our meal." Lionel stood up from his chair, his face beaming with a relaxed smile. "My apologies; I got overly engrossed in chess and caused everyone's dinner to be delayed." That was what he said, but nobody dared blame him.

So, everyone resumed their seats at the table.

Lionel glanced at the tableside where Roderick was sound asleep, and his brows furrowed in displeasure; he spoke loudly, "Roderick!"

Roderick was jolted entirely awake from his deep slumber with that authoritative shout.

He swayed, nearly tumbling off his chair.

Lionel snorted disdainfully at his appearance, his expression indifferent, "If you're not feeling well, just go back to sleep so you don't ruin the atmosphere here."

Roderick heard this but didn't argue against Lionel.

He still sat in his chair, saying, "Dad's birthday, I naturally should stay."

"You can stay if you want, but don't stir up trouble, and be nice to your son!" Lionel was aware of what Roderick had just done to Jackson.

This was a warning to Roderick.

Upon hearing this, Roderick glanced at Jackson with displeasure.

Looking at his son, who was calm and indifferent, Roderick felt a sudden surge of anger.

But with Lionel present, he couldn't lash out.

He could only remain silent.

The birthday dinner was relatively subdued.

Lionel interacted only with Oneida and Jackson throughout, making everyone else seem like mere background.

Claude looked annoyed by this.

This was definitely not a good sign.

If Lionel started favoring Jackson, it would not be good news for him and Jonas.

At that moment, Jonas, sitting to the side, also observed Jackson and Oneida.

His eyes gave a glimpse of the rage to come.

After dinner, Lionel intended to go back to his room to rest for a while.

The others also returned to their own rooms.

Oneida and Jackson weren't planning on staying long at the Bane manor. They planned to take a break and then drive back to Garrison Mansion.

In the bedroom.

After Oneida emerged from the restroom, she realized Jackson was nowhere to be seen.

He was supposed to be in the bedroom.

'Where's this guy gone?' With a slight frown creasing her brows, she decided to go out and check.

After all, Jackson had trouble with his legs, so she couldn't be assured about leaving him alone.

Oneida pushed open the bedroom door and stepped out

She walked down the long corridor.

Unfortunately, she still didn't catch a glimpse of Jackson, until she arrived at the doorway of a coffee lounge.

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This coffee lounge, rumored to be Lionel's exclusive spot for indulging in coffee and hosting guests, is adorned in an antique and lavish style, exuding immense charm.

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However, at this moment, Oneida suddenly heard Jackson's voice coming from inside the coffee lounge, and even the voice of Bella.

Oneida couldn't hear enough to make out precisely what they were saying.

But realizing that Jackson was conversing with Bella and had explicitly ventured out to this secluded coffee lounge.

A strange emotion suddenly surged in Oneida's heart.

She unconsciously tightened her fingers, her expression darkening.

Inside the coffee lounge.

Jackson sat in his wheelchair, his features sharp and his expression indifferent.

Standing opposite him, Bella wore a complex expression, looking at him intently.

Those round, beautiful eyes brimmed with profound emotions.

"Thank you for agreeing to come out," Bella murmured, "to see me this once."

"Speak your mind," Jackson replied indifferently, his aloof eyes seemingly warmthless. "This is the last time.

Jackson looked at her with a distant expression.

Upon hearing that, Bella's pupils suddenly shrank.

Her face turned pale as she looked at him, unconsciously biting her lips tightly. 'Well, what more can I possibly hope for? Jackson, being willing to see me is already a tremendous gift, she thought. "How have you been?" Bella finally asked, lifting her gaze to trace Jackson's features.

"Great," Jackson replied casually.

A hint of bitterness surged in Bella's heart.

'Are you so happy with Oneida, Jackson? If time could rewind, and I had worked harder and been more courageous, would I be the one standing next to you now?' she thought.

Bella had known Jackson for a long time.

Even before she knew Claude.

Back then, she was a carefree young lady of a wealthy family.

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As the beloved daughter of the prominent Foley family in feabron, she was delighted white daydreaming about her romance.

That year, in spring

She accompanied her parents to visit the Bane manor.

She sneaked into the manor and witnessed a scene she would never forget for the rest of her life.

She saw a young man quietly sitting in a wheelchair.

Dressed in a white shirt and black trousers, his expression was serene.

He was a work of art, from his crisp white shirt to his chiseled features.

He sat beneath the shady tree, bathed in patches of sunlight filtering through the leaves.

A dotted pattern of halos danced on his shirt and across his features.

Between the interlapping lights and shadows, he looked so cute.

Bella stared straight at him, unable to take her eyes off for a long time.

Perhaps this was what one called love at first sight.

Later, she heard a servant calling him Jackson.

Isn't Jackson supposed to be a disabled man with ugly features? she wondered.

However, the boy in front of her completely differed from what was rumored about him.

He was clearly so wonderful

Bella sneaked peeks for a long time until she saw Jackson being pushed in his wheelchair by a servant.

She realized that Jackson was about to leave.

Suddenly, she found courage from within and dashed from the corner straight towards him.

"Here... you are..." Bella panted, her eyes soft and warm as she looked at Jackson.

She held out a strawberry-flavored candy to him, her gaze sincere.

Jackson surveyed her with a calm gaze, his face expressionless.

He hesitated, not taking the candy Bella offered him.

Seeing his reaction, Bella anxiously stuffed the candy into his hand.

Then, she ran off shyly.

All the way home, her heart was pounding.

The next day, back at home.

Her mother told her that one of Lionel's sons had fallen for her at first sight and had even gone to beg Lionel to arrange a marriage.

Her mother asked what she thought about it.

Upon hearing this, Bella was both surprised and delighted.

One of Lionel's sons? In Bella's mind, the image of Jackson immediately surfaced.

Besides him, she had never met any other son of Lionel

Could it be Jackson also... she thought, "The happiest thing in the world is when you have feelings for someone and suddenly realize they have feelings for you, too. 1/3

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Bella nodded without any hesitation.

She was willing to ally through marriage with the Bane family.

On the day the Bane and Foley families forged their marriage pact, Pella wore an utterly othered beers

She was incredibly eager to meet Jackson

Thinking Jackson felt the same way about her, she felt so happy, like she was in a dream.

However, in the Bane manor's grand hall, the person waiting for her waseit Jackson but his dider brother Cate

The man who fell in love with her at first sight was Claude,

Claude told her that during his visit to the manor that day, he saw her blushing, and quickly running past tim

At that moment, he thought she was so beautiful

He originally wanted to say something to her, but she ran so fast he had no chance.

Bella finally understood that it was when she shyly ran away from Jackson-The Claude vyruöter

All of this was just a twist of fate.

Bella wanted to escape, wanted to refuse.

She did not want to be with Claude, nor did she want to settle a marriage pact with him.

However, her parents didn't give her a chance.

They warned her that she had agreed to this and that thinking about backing out was impossible.

Upon hearing this, Bella almost burst into tears on the spot.

She liked Jackson.

Unfortunately, misunderstandings had arisen, and there was no turning back.

That was how the marriage agreement was set.

Since then, Bella had always been indifferent and reluctant towards Claude.

Claude had quarrels with her, but Bella stayed the same, until the Foley family faced a financial crisis, almost going bankrupt.

Claude told her that to revive the Foley family, she had to become his girlfriend and marry him obediently.

She couldn't ignore him like before and had to treat him as a real boyfriend.

Her parents pleaded with her to acquiesce to Claude's demands, burdening her with the hopes and responsibilities of the Foley family.

She had no choice but to compromise.

She began to appease Claude by changing her attitude towards him. Since she didn't want to get married, she desperately tried to convince Claude to try a trial marriage first. During those entangled days with Claude, she only saw Jackson once.

It was when he left the Bane manor and moved to Garrison Mansion.

She secretly ran to see him off, and just as he was about to leave, she rushed to him and told him to take care.

The aloof young man, seeing her appear, rarely nodded at her.

That was the only two interactions Bella and Jackson ever had.

She didn't know what Jackson thought but knew she had always deeply liked Jackson.

But by then, he was already someone else's husband.

Would the result have changed if she had been braver back then, disregarding everything to pursue him? 4:36 PM

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"You Suddenly, Bella clenched her fingers, her palms sweaty and nervous.

She wanted to ask Jackson what she meant to him.....

Just a passerby whom life had brought across his path twice, or someone a bit special.

But she choked up when she tried to speak and couldn't get the words out.

Because she was afraid to hear the answer that would break her heart.

"You...." After hesitating for quite a while, Bella suddenly changed the topic, asking, "Can we be good friends?"

Jackson, hearing this, remained utterly expressionless.

He stared at Bella with indifferent, piercing eyes, lips pressed tight.

"No." He spoke flatly without a moment's hesitation.

For Jackson, Bella, indeed, was a particular person.

Because during his darkest and most painful days, she had once given him a piece of candy.

That was also why he agreed to Bella's request to meet with her privately today.

But that was all there was to it.

He had no other feelings for Bella, and since she was engaged to Claude, he didn't want to get too involved with her.

Besides, he could sense Bella's subtle hostility towards Oneida at the birthday party today.

Therefore, there was no possibility of he and Bella becoming friends.

So, he told her this was an exception, and it would be their last private meeting.

Like

some dreadful news, the word "No" fell heavy on Bella's ears.

Her eyes suddenly widened, and her pupils shrunk.

Seeing that she remained silent for a long time, Jackson estimated it was about time to leave, or else Oneida might be unable to find him.

"I have to go," Jackson stated indifferently, then wheeled himself away through another side door of the coffee lounge.

Leaving Bella standing alone, motionless.

She clenched her fists, tears suddenly shimmering in her eyes

Outside the coffee lounge, Oneida slowly approached.

She frowned tightly, her eyes reflecting a complex mix of emotions.

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Just now, she vaguely heard Jackson and Bella seemingly talking about something.

She always had good hearing, but the structure of this coffee lounge obviously had some secrets, boasting an excellent soundproofing effect.

This prevented Oneida from hearing the voices inside.

As she neared, the voices suddenly disappeared.

Oneida's frown deepened even more.

At this moment, in the coffee lounge.

Bella stood upright, her expression lonely and gloomy.

She was stunned for a moment.

Then, in a daze, she walked towards the main entrance. Unexpectedly, through the small glass window at the entrance of the coffee lounge, she saw a partial silhouette of Oneida.

This glass, made of a unique material, allowed those inside to see out, not vice versa. Bella's eyes darkened, suddenly filled with a strong surge of resentment and frustration. The pain provoked by Jackson just now, she really wanted to vent it all on Oneida. "This Oneida... Why does she deserve this!" she thought hatefully.

Suddenly, an idea flashed through Bella's mind.

She clenched her fist tightly.

Her expression gradually grew calm.

A sneer unintentionally crossed her lips.

"Jackson," Bella said to the air in front of her, her voice sweet as if Jackson himself was still there, "I know you still can't forget me, right?"

Outside the door, Oneida, this time, finally heard the voices in the coffee lounge.

Bella's words were crystal clear to her.

"You treat Oneida so well because of me, right? Her eyebrows and eyes... look a lot like mine... Looking at her face, do you think of me?" With vivid emotions and expressions, Bella performed her best acting skills ever, staging a grand show for Oneida alone. Listening, Oneida's face turned pale for a moment.

Her and Bella's eyebrows...seemed to be a slight resemblance.

But, overall, she didn't look much like Bella...

Oneida's fingers tightened subconsciously, and she turned her head in panic, hurrying back the way she came,

She feared that by staying there any longer, she might hear words that would shock and upset her. Jackson, did he know Bella?

They must have known each other for quite some time, maybe even before he knew her...

This feeling irked Oneida deeply.

During the time without her involvement, something might have happened between Jackson and Bella, but s. Oneida was somewhat flustered.

Her face appeared calm, but her mind was a tangled mess

Usually, she was an indifferent and rational leader, but her emotions were violently tugged at this moment. 1/3

unable to know.

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This made her somewhat lose her composure,

Dazed, she returned to her bedroom.

It was still empty.

Of course, Jackson was not there, he was still meeting with Bella.

Oneida sat on the edge of the bed with a solemn face, her mind elsewhere.

It was not clear how long it had been

Suddenly, the door was flung open.

Jackson entered from outside,

He sat in a wheelchair, his face handsome and serene, his demeanor nobly unmatched.

Yet, incongruously, the man was holding a bunch of yellow and white daisies.

The tender and fresh daisies seemed quite incongruous in the hands of a burly man like Jackson,

Jackson lifted his gaze, intently staring at Oneida's slightly drooping little face.

From his angle, he could barely make out Oneida's expression.

Seeing Jackson return, Oneida just sat still without moving.

She didn't speak or look at him.

"Here, for you."

Finally, Jackson broke the silence, lifting the daisies and presenting them to Oneida.

Just after leaving the coffee lounge, he intended to return.

But as he passed the corner of the manor, he spotted some daisies.

On a whim, without knowing why, he picked a few daisies to bring back....

For just a moment, he felt that the daisies suited Oneida perfectly....

That's why he was now offering the daisies he had picked to Oneida.

At this moment, the air was still filled with silence.

Oneida didn't speak; she slowly lifted her head, her gaze complex as she looked at the man before her.

Seeing the daisies proffered to her, Oneida's first thought was unexpectedly-

Jackson was using these flowers as a cover-up or perhaps as compensation....

After all, he had just secretly met with Bella.

Now, was he trying to fob her off with this bouquet?

The daisies were beautiful.

But Oneida was not in the mood to appreciate them.

She pursed her lips, her eyes dimming as she shook her head.

"I don't like daisies." It was almost like she was being petulant as she spoke detachedly.

This was tantamount to a rejection of Jackson's friendly gesture.

Upon hearing that, Jackson's hand holding the flowers stiffened momentarily.

The man's face betrayed no emotion.

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He merely withdrew his hand quietly, placing the flowers beside him.

"What's wrong, feeling off?" Jackson squinted, his gaze intense as he observed Oneida.

Seeing that Oneida wasn't in good spirits, he felt terrible.

Oneida pursed her lips, her eyes fixed on the man before her.

Silence lingered for a moment.

Her lips quivered slightly.

She hesitated, unsure whether to ask him about Bella...

Just then, a knock at the door broke the awkward silence filling the bedroom.

"Mr. Jackson Bane, Mr. Lionel Bane wants you two to come to him," said the servant gently from the doorway.

Her words were telling-Lionel wanted Jackson to bring Oneida along.

"Let's go," Jackson said to Oneida as if nothing had happened.

Thinking of Lionel waiting for them, Oneida composed herself and nodded at Jackson.

She moved behind him, her expression somber as she began to push the wheelchair.

All the way, both maintained a tacit silence.

As if they had agreed on it, they maintained an awkward quiet, until the two entered Lionel's study together, and Lionel burst out laughing upon seeing them, "You've arrived!" Lionel's laughter slightly eased the tension in the atmosphere.

"You are not planning to stay here a while?" Lionel couldn't help but ask again, knowing they were about to leave.

Deep down, he hoped that Jackson and Oneida would stay a bit longer by his side.

After all, they were the only ones who could brighten up his days in this house.

"No, Grandpa." Despite Lionel's pleas, Jackson remained unmoved.

Hearing this, Lionel sighed, "Alright, before you go, at least go take a look at your Grandma..."

Hearing this, Oneida realized that Lionel's wife, Jackson's grandmother, seemed to have never been around.

Even in her past life, it was the same.

This grandmother had always been shrouded in mystery, hardly ever showing her face.

Some said she had passed away, and others claimed she was just bedridden with illness.

Among various rumors, the Bane family kept silent, never explaining.

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Now, Lionel wanted her and Jackson to meet this mysterious grandmother.

Oneida looked slightly tense.

Curiosity, excitement, and confusion mixed in her heart.

Hearing the word "Grandma," a noticeable pause flickered across Jackson's indifferent expression.

He nodded slightly and said in a low voice, "Alright."

Then, Lionel led them both out of the study through a side door.

After walking through a long, narrow path, what emerged before them was a quiet and secluded manor.

Pushing open the golden wrought iron gate.

They slowly approached the two-story building at the center of the manor.

The environment was excellent, with fresh air, lush trees, and utter silence.

Entering the building.

Oneida immediately smelled a medicinal scent.

The smell of medicine was overwhelmingly strong.

Clearly, a patient was living here.

Oneida continued to push Jackson, following behind Lionel.

Led by Lionel, they arrived at the door of a bedroom.

Lionel pushed the door open.

A strong medicinal scent hit their nostrils even harder.

Oneida unconsciously frowned.

She pushed Jackson and slowly walked in.

The bedroom was spacious, with minimalist decor and a refined elegance.

However, the bedroom only contained a large bed and a nightstand.

Thick curtains tightly covered the windows, leaving not a single crack.

As a result, the entire bedroom was quite dim.

Suddenly, Lionel turned on the lights in the room.

In an instant, the dim bedroom was brightly lit.

The person lying on the bed seemed to sense something, making a soft sound.

Upon hearing this, Lionel's face changed, and he quickly walked to the bedside, asking softly, "How are you feeling? Is something uncomfortab

His voice was no longer harsh but filled with a rare tenderness.

Oneida and Jackson also came to the bedside.

It was only at this moment that Oneida saw the person in the bed.

It was an elderly woman.

Her complexion was pale and colorless, with most of her hair turned gray and slightly unkempt.

She lay flat on the bed, looking frail and delicate.

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Oneida knew this woman was Ruth, Lionel's wife, Jackson's grandma.

No wonder she never shows up in front of anyone.

Because she looked seriously ill.

She was barely holding on, as if she could pass away at any moment.

Oneida's

gaze

shifted back and forth between Lionel and Ruth, her expression suddenly solemn.

Though they were about the same age, maybe Ruth was a few years younger and looked much older than Lionel.

What kind of illness could torment a person into this state?

And there was another thing she couldn't figure out-Given that the Bane family was the top tycoon with abundant wealth and power, why would they hide a sick elderly at home instead of sending her to the best hospital for the finest treatment? The puzzle grew messier and larger in her mind.

"Grandma." Just then, Jackson looked at the frail, aged woman on the bed and called out softly.

His eyes were deep, hinting at some turbulent emotions stirring beneath.

Jackson instinctively clenched his fingers as if restraining himself.

Hearing her grandson's call, Ruth, on the bed, stirred weakly.

Her eyelids, heavily wrinkled and appearing burdensome, slowly opened.

Jack...son?" Ruth summoned all her strength to utter the word through the narrow opening of her eyes.

This word seemed to drain all her energy.

"I'm here," Jackson's eyes flickered, steadily watching her.

"Have you... lost weight?" she asked, her tone naive and awkward.

"Jackson's here to see you," Before Jackson could reply, Lionel suddenly spoke, his eyes tender as he gazed at his wife, his voice also impossibly soft "and he's brought your granddaughter-in-law."

"Granddaughter-in-law?..." Hearing these words, Ruth's expression seemed to pause slightly.

"Who is this girl from? Let me... have a look..." A mysterious sparkle suddenly flared up from the depths of her feeble eyes.

Oneida stepped out from behind Jackson and approached Ruth.

"Grandma," Oneida called out to her softly, the tone full of respect.

"Good girl..." Ruth excitedly responded upon hearing Oneida's call. She examined Oneida with effort, her eyes twinkling with bits of joy, "You're a good girl..."

After saying that, she shakily extended her hand and grasped Oneida's wrist.

Oneida stood still, allowing her to hold on.

The next second, Ruth grabbed Jackson's wrist with her other hand.

Finally, she overlapped Jackson and Oneida's hands together.

When Oneida felt Jackson's slightly icy fingertips, her expression subtly paused.

"You both must take good care of each other..." Ruth said softly and firmly pressed their hands together, "especially you, Jackson; you must take good care..."

"I'm... not sure how long I can be around..."

"Enough of this doom and gloom!" Lionel suddenly spoke up, cutting off Ruth's words with an iron-faced severity, "You're going to get better. *Exactly, Grandma." Jackson's low and soothing voice followed quickly, "You're going to get better." Chapter 108

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For a moment, Oneida felt her entire found enveloped by jurk seri

She instinctively tried to struggle, bin Jackson's grip seemed even stronger.

The beat from his hands seeped into her, touching her soul.

"Get better..." Hearing their words, Ruth let her eyes droop in despair, "I used to think so too but after all these years.

"If one day I really can't hold on anymore... Give me a swift end... A single, clear teardrop suddenly trickled from the corner of Rutti's eye sliding down her wrinkled face.

Upon hearing this, Lionel's eyes immediately flashed with intense heartache. "I said you'll get better! Don't overthink, for my sake and j you must keep living well..."

Watching all this, Jackson maintained his composure, but inside, his heart was tumultuously fluctuating,

Jackson's eyes narrowed, flashing a dark mood, and his lips went tight.

One day, he would restore his grandmother to health. And he would make those responsible pay,

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Oneida's hand was still enveloped in Jackson's palm.

Until Ruth released her grip-leaving just the two, hands intertwined.

Oneida subtly struggled.

This time, Jackson didn't maintain his grip but silently eased the force.

Oneida finally pulled her hand back as she wanted.

"Good girl..." Ruth said with effort, looking at Oneida, her eyes kind and smile gentle, "You and Jackson must take good care of each other... Jackson has had it tough, too..."

Oneida listened half-heartedly; her attention was unexpectedly drawn to the skin of Ruth's arm.

Dark patches were scattered irregularly across her skin.

A shocking thought suddenly crossed Oneida's mind.

Ruth might have been poisoned.

Years of accumulated poison was now manifesting on the surface of her skin in the form of these flaws.

'Could it be that Ruth wasn't sick but had been deliberately poisoned?' she suddenly thought.

That would explain everything.

Instead of a hospital stay and routine treatment, Ruth was placed in this secluded manor-because she wasn't ill, just poisoned.

How was she poisoned?

And what kind of poison was it?

These were things Oneida didn't know.

If she could look deeper at Ruth's body, maybe...

"It's time to go." Jackson's deep and calm voice echoed.

Oneida's thoughts were suddenly pulled back.

Ruth had already closed her eyes, her face looking incredibly serene.

Oneida nodded slightly.

Indeed, it was time to leave.

Although she was eager to know about Ruth's health, she could not recklessly display her medical skills in front of Jackson and the others. Her ability in medicine was still unknown to anyone.

Just now, her chess game with Lionel had already revealed quite a lot of her skills.

She might be able to muddle through her chess skills, but her medical skills were difficult to explain.

If Jackson discovered her medical prowess, he might start suspecting her...

"There will be other opportunities in the future, Oneida thought to herself.

In the future, she could secretly check on Ruth's condition.

With a subdued expression, Oneida moved behind Jackson, wheeled the chair, and they retraced their path.

After saying goodbye to Lionel, they directly drove away from the Bane manor.

In the car, the atmosphere was still somber. No one spoke.

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Jackson's deep eyes were downturned, his features tight.

In his mind, the frail face of his grandmother still lingered.

Thinking of Grandma, a hint of restless depression appeared in his eyes.

Meanwhile, Oneida was pondering what Bella and Jackson had discussed.

Because of Bella's words, she couldn't help but harbor some suspicions towards Jackson.

Deep in thought, they both sat silently and returned to Garrison Mansion.

After getting out of the car, Oneida, as before, wheeled Jackson into the hall.

"Mr. Bane, you're finally back!" A girly voice suddenly rang out, followed by a flurry of footsteps.

Fiona appeared unexpectedly in front of them.

"I thought you weren't coming back..." She completely ignored Oneida, her gaze fixed on Jackson, with a slight smile.

That smile, in Oneida's eyes, was just unbearably glaring.

Oneida's fingers on the wheelchair tensed slightly.

She suddenly felt a bit agitated.

Why...Why are there so many women around Jackson? He's just a lonely young lord in a wheelchair now... In the future, once he's free from the wheelchair and starts to shine, how many women will secretly adore him? Probably even more than there are now!' she thought.

This realization suddenly made Oneida feel a strong sense of crisis, ridiculously helpless.

She had never felt such insecurity before.

Oneida withdrew her hand.

She gazed at Fiona indifferently and said, "In that case, you take him back."

Oneida didn't hesitate to turn around and walk in the opposite direction.

She needed some time alone.

When Jackson heard this, his gaze hesitated for a moment.

He didn't turn his head or look at Oneida; instead, his cool lips tightened slightly.

Fiona, seeing this, was overjoyed.

She immediately trotted behind Jackson, placing her hands on the wheelchair, and said with a beaming smile, "Mr. Bane, let me take you back."

"No need." Without any hesitation, Jackson indifferently refused.

Upon hearing this, Fiona's expression stiffened.

Jackson then commanded in a frosty tone, "You can go now."

His meaning was clear- he did not want Fiona to push him.

Realizing this, Fiona's face suddenly looked quite ugly.

She gritted her teeth, reluctantly and disappointed, before withdrawing her hands.

"Sure." Her voice was a soft murmur, filled with a sense of hurt.

Jackson, however, no longer paid her any attention and proceeded forward, maneuvering the wheelchair himself.

Oneida was unaware that, in this household, besides Victor and Carlos, Jackson had never allowed anyone else to touch his wheelchair. For Jackson, Oneida had already become an exception.

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At this time, Oneida walked back to her bedroom.

She randomly picked a chair and sat down, feeling upset and confused.

There were a lot of unread messages on her phone.

Oneida scrolled through her phone, reading one message after another.

Suddenly, she spotted a message, previously overlooked, from Edmund-

[Oneida, I ranked first in this month's exam. I just wanted to share the good news and brighten your day.]

Oneida's lips curved into a slight smile upon seeing the message.

Eagerly, she replied to Edmund with swift fingers.

[Congratulations! How have you been lately, dear Edmund?]

After sending out the message, Oneida waited for ages but did not receive a reply from Edmund.

'Maybe he's asleep?' she thought.

Oneida casually checked Edmund's Twitter; the last post was from two days ago.

He posted a pitch-black image accompanied by a line of text-

[It's tough when no one believes you.]

Seeing this, Oneida felt terrible.

Something inauspicious must have happened to Edmund.

Her brows furrowed deeply, and she immediately called Edmund.

But-Still, no one answered. 'Edmund... What on earth happened to him?' she worriedly thought.

Oneida hesitated momentarily, then quickly sprang into action and dialed Lucas's number.

This time, the call was finally answered.

"What's up, Ida?" Lucas's voice sounded worn out and tired. "Why are you calling so late? What's up?"

"Edmund..." Oneida gripped her phone tighter, the words slipping out almost instinctively.

Upon hearing this, Lucas went pale. "You... you know already?"

Just as she expected, something was going on.

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Seeing how Lucas reacted. Oneida already had her answer.

"I guessed it, she continued, her tone becoming inexplicably serious. "What happened to Edmund? Why won't he answer my calls?"

Lucas fell silent for a while, then heaved a long sigh, hesitant to speak. "It's a long story..."

Oneida frowned with concern. "Then make it simple."

Lucas took a deep breath, his face suddenly turning sour. "I really didn't know how to break this to you. I didn't want to tell you. After all, it doesn't concern you. I didn't expect you to find out anyway." Listening to Lucas's words, Oneida thought, 'Edmund must be in big trouble.'

I'll be right back," she said calmly.

"You don't need to..." Lucas said, instinctively wanting to refuse.

After all, this was something disgraceful, and the fewer people involved, the better.

That was why he had been keeping it from Oneida all this time.

"I've decided," Oneida declared with resolve in her voice.

She simply had to go back and see for herself.

The more Lucas tried to cover it up, the more serious the situation seemed.

Having said this, Oneida hung up the phone.

She glanced around her own room.

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'Since it has come to this, I may as well pack some clothes and stay at Quakersville for a while, Oneida thought.

She didn't want to stay at Garrison Mansion right now.

She also didn't want to see that man who made her feel agitated.

With that thought, Oneida immediately put her thoughts into action.

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She entered her walk-in closet, packed a few clothes, grabbed some daily essentials, and then stepped out.

Instead of notifying Jackson, she contacted her driver directly.

Oneida was planning to act first and explain later.

She decided to just leave and didn't want to see Jackson right now.

of her bedroom.

Unfortunately, things didn't go as planned. As soon as she walked out of the villa's gate, she saw Jackson sitting in the tranquil and beautiful manor. Jackson was sitting silently, his side profile handsome and serene.

He seemed to be looking at the flower field in the manor, his face hidden in the dim light revealing no emotion.

Seeing this, Oneida naturally had to stop in her tracks.

Her face stiffened, and she suddenly felt a bit guilty.

Jackson had always been perceptive, and he noticed Oneida as soon as she walked out of the villa.

However, he remained silent.

He just quietly observed Oneida who had suddenly appeared in his peripheral vision.

She was carrying a not-so-small backpack.

Jackson's brows furrowed. Almost instantly, he turned his head slightly and looked at Oneida, who was not far away. In a cold tone, he ordered, "Come here."

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The two short words fell into Oneida's ears with an undeniable authority.

Oneida pursed her lips.

Unable to avoid it, she had to face it head-on.

She walked towards Jackson at a measured pace.

Jackson's cold, probing gaze remained fixed on Oneida's backpack.

"Where are you going with that bag?" Jackson asked suddenly.

Facing Jackson's icy gaze, Oneida replied calmly, "I'm planning to go home for a while."

By "home," Oneida naturally meant her parents' home.

'She's leaving Garrison Mansion. And at such a late hour. Can't she wait even a moment longer? Jackson thought. Realizing this, his eyes instantly darkened with a cold, frosty glint.

He narrowed his eyes slightly, staring at Oneida in front of him, who was also his wife, with a dangerous and ruthless gaze.

"Give me a reason," Jackson demanded, his long fingers tightening slightly, his handsome face tense. He uttered the words forcefully as if holding back a subtle yet palpable anger. Oneida heard this but remained expressionless.

If it were someone else, they might have been terrified by Jackson's cold demeanor.

But not Oneida.

She was exceptionally courageous. She stared straight into Jackson's eyes and calmly said, "I've been married to you for a while and haven't visited my parent's home. It's only right that I should go back once." Jackson slightly lifted his eyes, his face shrouded in moonlight, looking particularly calm and cold. "As far as I know, you are not particularly close to your parents," he stated blandly, presenting this fact. At these words, Oneida slightly faltered.

Then she sneered slightly and replied, "So, does that mean I can't go home? I also have the freedom to go back home." Jackson did not respond immediately.

Instead, he looked deeply at Oneida with a penetrating and sinister gaze, as if trying to bore a hole through her with his eyes.

The air was filled with an eerie silence until Jackson broke the silence. "You can go home, but you must agree to one condition." 'A condition?' Oneida repeated that word in her mind, her brows furrowed deeply.

Jackson wants to negotiate a condition with me? What gave him that right? Is he trying to restrict my freedom?' Oneida wondered. "Come here," Jackson said, lowering his gaze slightly and uttering the words again softly.

He exuded a powerful aura as if he were a dominant figure, putting pressure on Oneida.

Oneida pursed her lips, momentarily frozen.

Ultimately, she headed towards Jackson's direction.

She wanted to see what condition he would propose.

"Speak, what is your condition?" she said as she approached.

Unexpectedly-Just as she got close to Jackson, he suddenly reached out and grasped Oneida's wrist by surprise.

In a whirl, Oneida was pulled over by him and found herself once again sitting on Jackson's lap.

However, before she could struggle, his other hand firmly clasped the back of her head.

In the blink of an eye, Jackson's strikingly handsome face loomed large before her.

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The next second, a faint coolness descended upon her lips.

It wasn't gentle, nor was it a mere peck.

Instead, it felt like an aggressive onslaught, unstoppable and invasive.

Oneida was completely stunned.

Her clear, beautiful eyes subconsciously widened.

Her fingers, awkward and with nowhere to go, could only rest on Jackson's shoulders, clutching tightly at his snowy white shirt.

It was as if countless fireworks were exploding in Oneida's mind, turning her thoughts into a chaotic mess.

She completely lost the ability to think and could only passively endure.

Jackson's other hand silently landed on her waist.

Oneida felt as if she was shackled, completely unable to move.

Jackson's unique, cold, and aloof scent invaded her senses directly, nearly suffocating her with its intensity.

Suddenly, she felt a surge of pain on her lips, followed by the taste of blood in her mouth.

Immediately after, Jackson released his grip, letting her go.

"This is the punishment," he said, looking at Oneida with a cold and focused gaze, his tone icy.

Oneida was completely stiffened.

It seems as if she was still wrapped up in the sensations from moments ago, not having come to her senses yet. 'Punishment? No wonder he bit she pondered.

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COMMENT

Read The Second Act 199

The Second Act 199

Chapter 199

"Seriously?" Oneida slowly snapped back to her senses.

Thinking about what he had just done to her.

Her face flushed one moment, then went pale the next, quite dramatic.

"Why punish me?" She clenched her fingers, her mind still in turmoil. "Why use..."

Use this kind of punishment?' Oneida wondered.

Oneida was too embarrassed to speak the rest of the words.

She was indeed a bit confused.

Before today, Jackson was someone who could be both refreshingly refined and indifferently domineering in her eyes.

In front of her, he hardly showed any aggressiveness.

But today, for the first time, she experienced Jackson's nearly predatory aggressiveness, along with his dangerously captivating charm.

Before her, Jason was staring down at her. His deep and gloomy gaze inadvertently fell on Oneida's slightly reddened lips. There were still traces of glaring blood. It was bitten by him. Jackson's gaze became deepened slightly.

"Don't ignore me again." His voice was still clear and pleasant, but now it was tinged with a hint of huskiness.

This voice, falling into Oneida's ears, inexplicably exuded a deadly magnetism.

Oneida froze in place, at a loss for words.

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But Jackson's gaze was firmly fixed on her.

Back at the Bane manor, he had sensed something was wrong.

He sensed Oneida's vague rejection, evasion, and disregard towards him.

Then, returning to Garrison Mansion, she actually intended to ignore him and leave there without a word.

A strange emotion surged in his heart instantly.

Half impulse, half lucid, he made the move he just did.

He didn't know why he chose to do that.

While verbally called it a 'punishment,' his heart was increasingly in turmoil.

All he knew was that he didn't want Oneida to ignore him.

It was okay if she didn't like him, but she shouldn't have been cold or avoidant towards him.

"Since you've already punished me, can I go now?" Suddenly, Oneida pursed her lips and asked in a detached tone.

Her expression gradually calmed, her gaze cold and focused on Jackson in front of her.

Jackson slightly narrowed his eyes.

He turned his head away, no longer looking at her, and uttered two words. "All right."

Jackson's graceful jawline, bathed in moonlight, appeared exceptionally mysterious and elegant.

Oneida glanced at him, then stood up and distanced herself from Jackson. "I'll come back." With those words, Oneida turned and walked

away.

Upon hearing this, Jackson suddenly turned his head.

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He stared at Oneida's receding figure, his eyes flickering, lost in thought..

Oneida quickly got into the car.

Seated in the back, she couldn't help but close her eyes.

In her mind, the scene just now was replaying. "This is killing

'Why do I have to think about these

'It was just a punishment.

things?

'Or rather, it was just one of Jackson's twisted amusements.

'It didn't mean anything.

She closed her eyes, slowly calming her mind.

Soon the car had already entered Quakersville. "Ma'am, we've arrived."

The driver's deep and respectful voice sounded in her ears, making Oneida suddenly open her eyes.

Seeing the villa outside the car window, Oneida unbuckled her seat belt, then opened the car door and stepped out.

As soon as she got out of the car, a servant came to open the door.

"Ms. Chaser, you're here," he said calmly, swinging open the large metal gate, "I received orders just now that you were coming back, so I waited to open the door for you." Oneida simply nodded lightly.

She thought it must have been Lucas who specially instructed the servant to open the gate for her.

She walked through the gate, then hurried into the villa.

She was eager to know the truth about Edmund's matter.

"What are you doing here so late? Don't you want me to sleep?" Just then, a sharp and piercing female voice suddenly sounded.

Oneida raised her eyes slightly and looked in the direction of the voice.

Tatiana, wearing a loose robe, was standing at the staircase on the second floor, looking displeased at Oneida.

She was frowning tightly, with a strong sense of irritability in her eyes.

It was evident that Tatiana was in a foul mood.

It seemed that it wasn't just because of Oneida's arrival, there might be other reasons, such as Edmund.

"Come on, why are you getting so mad in the middle of the night." On the other side, Lucas had just stepped out of his room and couldn't help but intervene when he saw the mother and daughter confronting each other. "Jinx!" Tatiana clenched her lips tightly, her eyes reddened, and tears seemed to be welling up in her eyes.

She stared fiercely at Oneida, with a strong hatred in her eyes.

Yes, it

was hatred.

In Tatiana's eyes, Oneida could clearly see this emotion.

"Since you've come back, I haven't encountered anything good, only bad things! I haven't had a moment of peace." Tatiana, with red eyes, almost hysterically vented her emotions.

Her sharp gaze pierced straight towards Oneida, her expression somewhat fierce. "Jennifer's health has been even Edmund is..."

By the end, Tatiana was almost choked with tears.

Tears rolled down her cheeks as she glared at Oneida with gritted teeth.

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"You..." Lucas, seeing her this way, couldn't help but shake his head. "What does this have to do with Ida?"

"It does." Tatiana shouted recklessly, her expression almost distorted. "If only she hadn't come back... Everything was so much better before. How great it would be without her? Why did she come back? "Like a jinx, she's causing trouble for our whole family. She's so shameless!"

All these words fell into Oneida's ears.

She remained composed on the surface, but her fingers hanging by her side couldn't help but tighten slightly.

"Why are you saying all this?" Lucas furrowed his brows deeply, his expression unpleasant. "Ida didn't do anything wrong."

"Dad." Just then, Oneida, who had been silent all along, finally spoke, interrupting their conversation.

She pursed her lips and walked up calmly, approaching the two of them.

Tatiana's eyes were bloodshot as she glared at her as if she would pounce on her and bite her at any moment.

Lucas, on the other hand, looked helpless and heartbroken.

Under his eyes lay a weary shade of dark circles.

It seemed he hadn't slept well for these past few days.

"What exactly happened to Edmund?" Oneida looked at Lucas and asked, emphasizing each word.

She didn't care about anything else, the most important thing right now was Edmund.

"What's it to you?" Before Lucas could reply, Tatiana yelled loudly, her emotions very unstable. "How dare you even ask?"

"No matter what happens, I will help Edmund," Oneida stated calmly, her voice authoritative, drowning out Tatiana's yelling.

"Help?" Upon hearing this, Tatiana sneered as if she had heard a joke. She gritted her teeth and said, "The best help you could provide is to stay out of our sight. What are you doing coming back in the middle of the night, deliberately disgusting me, huh?" SEND G

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"Seriously?" Oneida slowly snapped back to her senses.

Thinking about what he had just done to her.

Her face flushed one moment, then went pale the next, quite dramatic.

"Why punish me?" She clenched her fingers, her mind still in turmoil. "Why use...

Use this kind of punishment?' Oneida wondered.

Oneida was too embarrassed to speak the rest of the words.

She was indeed a bit confused.

Before today, Jackson was someone who could be both refreshingly refined and indifferently domineering in her eyes.

In front of her, he hardly showed any aggressiveness.

But today, for the first time, she experienced Jackson's nearly predatory aggressiveness, along with his dangerously captivating charm.

Before her, Jason was staring down at her. His deep and gloomy gaze inadvertently fell on Oneida's slightly reddened lips. There were still trace: glaring blood. It was bitten by him. Jackson's gaze became deepened slightly.

"Don't ignore me again." His voice was still clear and pleasant, but now it was tinged with a hint of huskiness.

This voice, falling into Oneida's

's ears, inexplicably exuded a deadly magnetism.

Oneida froze in place, at a loss for words.

But Jackson's gaze was firmly fixed on her.

Back at the Bane manor, he had sensed something was wrong.

He sensed Oneida's vague rejection, evasion, and disregard towards him.

Then, returning to Garrison Mansion, she actually intended to ignore him and leave there without a word.

A strange emotion surged in his heart instantly.

Half impulse, half lucid, he made the move he just did.

He didn't know why he chose to do that.

While verbally called it a 'punishment,' his heart was increasingly in turmoil.

All he knew was that he didn't want Oneida to ignore him.

It was okay if she didn't like him, but she shouldn't have been cold or avoidant towards him.

"Since you've already punished me, can I go now?" Suddenly, Oneida pursed her lips and asked in a detached tone.

Her expression gradually calmed, her gaze cold and focused on Jackson in front of her.

Jackson slightly narrowed his eyes.

He turned his head away, no longer looking at her, and uttered two words. "All right."

Jackson's graceful jawline, bathed in moonlight, appeared exceptionally mysterious and elegant.

Oneida glanced at him, then stood up and distanced herself from Jackson. "I'll come back."

With those words, Oneida turned and walked away.

Upon hearing this, Jackson suddenly turned his head.

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He stared at Oneida's receding figure, his eyes flickering, lost in thought.

Oneida quickly got into the car.

Seated in the back, she couldn't help but close her eyes.

In her mind, the scene just now was replaying. "This is killing me.

Why do I have to think about these things?

'It was just a punishment.

'Or rather, it was just one of Jackson's twisted amusements.

'It didn't mean anything.

She closed her eyes, slowly calming her mind.

Soon the car had already entered Quakersville. "Ma'am, we've arrived."

The driver's deep and respectful voice sounded in her ears, making Oneida suddenly open her eyes.

Seeing the villa outside the car window, Oneida unbuckled her seat belt, then opened the car door and stepped out.

As soon as she got out of the car, a servant came to open the door.

"Ms. Chaser, you're here," he said calmly, swinging open the large metal gate, "I received orders just now that you were coming back, so I waited to open the door for you."

Oneida simply nodded lightly.

She thought it must have been Lucas who specially instructed the servant to open the gate for her.

She walked through the gate, then hurried into the villa.

She was eager to know the truth about Edmund's matter.

"What are you doing here so late? Don't you want me to sleep?" Just then, a sharp and piercing female voice suddenly sounded.

Oneida raised her eyes slightly and looked in the direction of the voice.

Tatiana, wearing a loose robe, was standing at the staircase on the second floor, looking displeased at Oneida.

She was frowning tightly, with a strong sense of irritability in her eyes.

It was evident that Tatiana was in a foul mood.

It seemed that it wasn't just because of Oneida's arrival, there might be other reasons, such as Edmund.

"Come on, why are you getting so mad in the middle of the night." On the other side, Lucas had just stepped out of his room and couldn't help intervene when he saw the mother and daughter confronting each other.

"Jinx!" Tatiana clenched her lips tightly, her eyes reddened, and tears seemed to be welling up in her eyes.

She stared fiercely at Oneida, with a strong hatred in her eyes.

Yes, it was hatred.

In Tatiana's eyes, Oneida could clearly see this emotion.

"Since you've come back, I haven't encountered anything good, only bad things! I haven't had a moment of peace." Tatiana, with red eyes, almost hysterically vented her emotions.

Her sharp gaze pierced straight towards Oneida, her expression somewhat fierce. "Jennifer's health has been deteriorating because of you, and even Edmund is..."

By the end, Tatiana was almost choked with tears.

Tears rolled down her cheeks as she glared at Oneida with gritted teeth.

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"You..." Lucas, seeing her this way, couldn't help but shake his head. "What does this have to do with Ida?"

"It does," Tatiana shouted recklessly, her expression almost distorted. "If only she hadn't come back... Everything was so much better before. How great it would be without her? Why did she come back?"

"Like a jinx, she's causing trouble for our whole family. She's so shameless!"

All these words fell into Oneida's ears.

She remained composed on the surface, but her fingers hanging by her side couldn't help but tighten slightly.

"Why are you saying all this?" Lucas furrowed his brows deeply, his expression unpleasant. "Ida didn't do anything wrong"

"Dad." Just then, Oneida, who had been silent all along, finally spoke, interrupting their conversation.

She pursed her lips and walked up calmly, approaching the two of them.

Tatiana's eyes were bloodshot as she glared at her as if she would pounce on her and bite her at any moment.

Lucas, on the other hand, looked helpless and heartbroken.

Under his eyes lay a weary shade of dark circles.

It seemed he hadn't slept well for these past few days.

"What exactly happened to Edmund?" Oneida looked at Lucas and asked, emphasizing each word.

She didn't care about anything else, the most important thing right now was Edmund.

"What's it to you?" Before Lucas could reply, Tatiana yelled loudly, her emotions very unstable. "How dare you even ask?"

"No matter what happens, I will help Edmund," Oneida stated calmly, her voice authoritative, drowning out Tatiana's yelling.

"Help?" Upon hearing this, Tatiana sneered as if she had heard a joke. She gritted her teeth and said, "The best help you could provide is to stay of our sight. What are you doing coming back in the middle of the night, deliberately disgusting me, huh?"

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As she spoke, the agitated Tatiana suddenly rushed forward.

She rushed up to Oneida, grabbed a strand of her hair, and then raised her other hand, intending to slap Oneida.

Oneida certainly wouldn't just stand there and take the hit.

Her eyes darkened as she shoved her arm forward.

Effortlessly. Oneida pushed Tatiana away.

Caught off guard, Tatiana's eyes widened in panic as she stumbled backward.

Due to Oneida's overwhelming strength, she couldn't control her balance.

Soon enough. Tatiana lost her footing and fell heavily to the floor, looking extremely disheveled.

Upon seeing this, Lucas frowned deeply once again.

He stood still, showing no intention of helping Tatiana up. 'She had brought this upon herself!

Unexpectedly, Oncida suddenly stepped forward.

She walked up to Tatiana and coolly crouched down before her.

At this moment, with her back to Lucas, Oneida's aura was fully unleashed.

Her clear and calm eyes were like cold stones in a snowy mountain, icy and unyielding, emanating a frosty chill.

Squinting her eyes, she silently glared at Tatiana.

Tatiana, in turn, was frozen in place.

She was intimidated by Oneida's terrifying and stern gaze.

Tatiana's gaze was like a sharp sword as if it could stab towards Tatiana at any moment.

"You..." Tatiana took a deep breath, her words trailing off.

"I've said I'd handle Edmund's matter, and I will see it through," Oneida said coldly, her voice thick with menace. "So, don't cause any more trouble, okay?" Tatiana just stared blankly, momentarily at a loss for words.

The next second, Oneida slightly leaned closer, whispering menacingly in Tatiana's ear, "If you continue to act recklessly and hinder me, don't blame me for not being merciless." Only the two of them could hear what Oneida said.

Oneida's voice was cold and deep, carrying a strong sense of intimidation and undeniable authority.

Tatiana found herself nodding subconsciously.

Seeing her nod, Oneida slowly straightened up.

She turned and walked over to Lucas, her expression grave as she asked, "Dad, please tell me, what exactly happened to Edmund?"

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"At this moment, let's not conceal anything anymore. Only by speaking out can we figure out a solution together."

Her words were sincere. Hearing this, Lucas couldn't help but sigh.

"Ida, you're a kind-hearted girl," he said, visibly moved. "But you're just a young girl. Alas, there's not much you can do to

help

"Tell me first," Oneida firmly responded.

She had to know the complete story.

Lucas sighed again, his voice filled with anguish. "Edmund, he's been framed.

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"There's a convenience store near Edmund's house, and its owner has a daughter. One day, out of the blue, she claimed that Edmund harbored inappropriate thoughts towards her and even attempted to assault her. Anyway, his words were quite harsh" Lucas struggled to continue, his eyes filled with a sense of heartbreak and despair. And then, she called the police, and Edmund is now in the police station.

"He's been there for two days now, and we don't know if he's doing okay there."

Lucas shook his head, looking heartbroken and in discomfort all over.

Oneida narrowed her eyes slightly.

After a moment of thought, she hesitantly asked, "So, did Edmund really..."

It wasn't that she didn't trust her brother, but if she wanted to rescue Edmund, she needed to be clear whether he had made a mistake or not, and whether it was true or just pure slander.

"Of course not!" Lucas suddenly raised his voice, his brows furrowed tightly. "I know Edmund better than anyone, his character, his integrity. And before he went to the police station, I asked him, and he told me he didn't... "Edmund is a good kid, he won't lie to me. I believe what he said."

Oneida pursed her lips and said lightly, "If Edmund didn't do it, then whatever that girl says, it's useless, isn't it?"

Upon hearing this, Lucas furrowed his brows again.

He pressed his forehead with his fingers, his face haggard and dim. "It's not that simple.

"That girl has evidence."

"Evidence? Oneida's eyes widened slightly.

She knew that things could really be very complicated.

"If it is just a simple slander, with the power of the Chaser family, they can easily settle the matter.

"But Edmund is still at the police station.

"He hasn't come back.

"Even the Chaser family is unable to do anything.

"This matter must be really tricky.

"The key lies in the evidence the girl has,' she pondered.

"I'll go see Edmund." Oneida slightly lowered her gaze, suddenly making this decision.

It was almost late at night.

Oneida sat in the car.

The Chaser family's driver was taking her to the police station.

She was the only one going.

Originally, Lucas also wanted to go with her, but she politely declined.

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She can handle this on her own.

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Walking into the police station, she processed the paperwork methodically. At the thought of seeing Edmund soon, her heart suddenly felt heavy. Edmund, a pampered young boy who had never suffered, was now suddenly imprisoned. She wondered if he could adapt. "What is he doing now?" She thought of the words he posted on Twitter and that black image.

Edmund must have been desperate and in pain at that time.

Unfortunately, she knew nothing about it.

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Back then, she was at a boot camp, her phone was turned off, and she missed everything.

Oneida stood in the bright lobby and followed a staff member forward.

She took a deep breath. 'Edmund, I'm here.

'Don't be scared!'

Through a pane of clear glass.

Oneida saw the familiar figure.

Edmund's tall figure approached slowly, his gaze somewhat vacant.

His once flawless face now bore signs of exhaustion and desolation.

Until he slightly lifted his eyes and saw the person outside the glass. "Oneida..."

Edmund's eyes suddenly widened, a mix of shock, joy, and excitement flickering in his gaze.

He never imagined that Oneida would suddenly appear before him.

"Edmund," Oneida couldn't help but call out to him.

The Edmund in front of her had eyes once clear now bloodshot, and even a bluish stubble had grown on his chin.

His dark hair was slightly disheveled, apparently not well groomed.

The once charming Edmund had suddenly become like this.

Oneida couldn't help but clench her fists, feeling a sharp pain in her heart.

They sat down, separated by a pane of glass.

Facing Oneida, Edmund was both excited and a bit embarrassed.

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