

The Second Act Revenge (Oneida and Jackson)

The Second Act 271

Chapter 271

"This swan brooch was originally a limited edition in the world. There is only one pair in total." Jonas stared at Oneida with a complicated expression. His eyes glistened. "I took a fancy to this pair of swan brooches at first sight, but someone bought them before me. "But I really like them, so I asked a very famous jeweler abroad to make one for me according to the style," Jonas smile "The swan brooch in your hand was exclusively made by my jeweler. It looks exactly the same as the original ones, but there are some slight differences." Oneida looked stunned with her brooch. When she heard this, she subconsciously looked at the "swan" in her hand.

"The swan wings are a little smaller than the original because I don't like them to be too big." Jonas took a step closer and said in a low, cold voice, "If you don't believe me, you can make a comparison..."

Jonas said with confidence, but it caused a stir in Oneida's heart,

The wings of a swan...

Oneida put the brooch in front of her eyes and squinted at it quietly. She slowly recalled the swan brooch in Christopher's hand. According to Jonas, the brooch in Christopher's hand was the original. Otherwise, she wouldn't have made a mistake in her previous life.

She had a good memory and quickly sketched the original brooch in her mind.

Immediately...

She looked again at the brooch in her hand.

The wings seemed to be really smaller.

Therefore, the brooch she got from that boy twelve years ago was not a limited-edition original but an imitation exclusively made by Jonas.

This brooch belonged to Jonas!

This knowledge made Oneida almost out of breath.

Her fingers clenched, and her eyes subconsciously fell on Jonas' face.

He was fair-skinned and handsome, with an ever-so-slight smile on his face.

Oneida was having a hard time accepting it.

She had been thinking about and looking for the boy for so long but it turned out to be the man in front of her!

It was Jonas!

Jonas was also looking at Oneida.

This girl's reaction was a little unexpected to him.

Why would she act like... she was disgusted with him?

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Just because this was his brooch?

The swan brooch on Oneida's hand was indeed made by Jonas' jeweler.

However, as soon as he got it, it was Ruth's birthday party before he had time to wear it.

At that time, as an illegitimate child, Jonas especially hoped to please Lionel and Ruth... Therefore, he struggled for a while and gave this swan brooch to Ruth as a birthday gift. Unexpectedly...

Ruth directly gave the swan brooch to Jackson!

It burnt Jonas up at that time.

Actually, it was more than ten years ago.

However, Jonas still remembered it clearly.

He resented this behavior and Ruth's preference for Jackson.

At that time, he even wanted to get the brooch back from Jackson.

In the end, he gave in.

Now that the thing had been sent out, it would be too embarrassing if he really asked for it back.

He could only let Jackson have this brooch.

Unexpectedly, more than ten years later, he saw this brooch on Oneida again.

It seemed that Jackson had given the brooch to Oneida.

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After all, the brooch had been in Jackson's hands for more than ten years. It was none of his business who Jackson wanted to give it to... But it seemed that Oneida didn't like it.

Was it so unacceptable for her to know that he was the original owner of the brooch?

Jonas' eyes darkened slightly, and he felt a little displeased.

Oneida

pursed her lips and was in a long silence.

This was different from what she had expected.

The young boy in her imagination should not be Jonas.

He was supposed to be kind, upright, clear, and pure.

He was not a gloomy villain like Jonas.

After a long silence, she parted her lips and asked Jonas with doubt, "Have you been to Saint Yales Resort before..."

Hearing this, Jonas frowned slightly.

"Saint Yales Resort?" he said softly. "Yes. What's wrong?"

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He did go to Saint Yales Resort before.

Twelve years ago, he and Claude personally planned the assassination of Jackson.

Originally, he didn't have to show up in person.

But to play safe, he sneaked into Saint Yales Resort and checked for himself.

So, he had been to this place.

Besides, it didn't matter to tell Oneida that he had been there...

It was no big deal.

Oneida was slightly shocked when she heard Jonas' reply.

Was it really him?

The last glimmer of hope was ruined.

Oneida had to accept that.

She reluctantly reached out and handed the swan brooch to Jonas. "Give it back to you."

She looked a little cold and said in an awkward tone.

Oneida felt her emotions split.

She had been looking forward to seeing the young boy who saved her life.

But now she did see him, but there was a huge gap.

How could the person she had been thinking about be Jonas?

Or had his temperament changed over the years?

From a pure and clean boy to this insidious look...

Oneida was a little conflicted and irritated.

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Jonas glanced at the brooch in Oneida's hand and said quietly, "Why did you give it to me? Now that it is in your hand

Jonas glanced at the brooch in Oneida's hand and said quietly, "Why did you give it to me? Now that it is in your hands, I won't take it back." Jonas didn't want Oneida to return it.

"No, this is yours." Oneida insisted on returning the brooch.

Jonas stared at her with a faint smile. "You want to give it back to me so badly?"

"But I don't want it anymore," he refused flatly.

It had been given to Jackson and used.

He would never take it again.

Oneida frowned and didn't expect Jonas to respond like this.

She clenched her fingers, feeling uneasy for a moment.

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So, what should she do with this brooch?

Oneida pursed her lips and said nothing.

"It's just a brooch. Why do you care so much?" Jonas narrowed his eyes and looked at Oneida quietly.

Oneida looked silent and hesitant, which made others inexplicably distressed.

Hearing this, Oneida slightly raised her eyes and stared at Jonas.

It turned out that the obsession she had always cared about was simply worthless in Jonas' eyes!

She cared so much, but he didn't care at all!

That was right. Why should he care about what happened more than ten years ago?

Perhaps the truth was always cruel.

That teenager might be just a dream in her childhood.

"I'm leaving." Oneida didn't intend to talk nonsense with him and walked forward differently.

"Are you leaving now?" Jonas' eyes lounge?"

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ed her all the time, and he looked indifferent. "How about we go to the coffee

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"No, thanks." Oneida refused straightforwardly with a cold look.

Then she continued to walk forward.

"Oneida, why do you do that?" Jonas stared at Oneida's back and said leisurely, "Don't you feel wronged to marry a disabled man like Jackson?" Hearing this, Oneida froze.

She clenched her fists and a cold glint flashed across her eyes.

"What do you mean?" Then, she turned her head and stared at the man in front of her coldly. Her facial features were also

tense.

Jonas smiled, "I mean it literally."

Oneida was stunned.

A sudden idea quickly crossed her mind.

She seemed to have seen Jonas somewhere.

Or she had heard Jonas' voice somewhere before.

Not in Saint Yales Resort more than ten years ago, but in a dark space recently...

She met Jonas before!

Oneida pursed her lips and immediately became alert.

She narrowed her eyes, deep and cold.

Jonas was also aware of the changes in Oneida.

The little girl in front of him suddenly became aggressive and arrogant.

Why did she become like this all of a sudden?

Jonas frowned and lost in thought.

Could it be that...

Did she recognize him?

Jonas did meet Oneida once before. It was not in the Bane manor but in his own private house He kidnapped Oneida.

Oneida had just married Jackson at that time, and he happened to be suspicious of Jackson...

That was right. Jonas had always been on guard against Jackson and suspected him.

Jackson's legs were disabled. He was suppressed by the Bane family, and he looked like an incompetent loser... However, Jonas didn't let down his guard against Jackson.

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Although he and Claude were brothers with the same hatred, their personalities varied.

Claude was a bully, arrogant, and simple-minded.

But Jonas was different. He seemed to be easy-going and polite, but in fact, he was calculating and suspicious.

Claude felt that Jackson was no longer a threat to them, but Jonas had an intuition.

Jackson would rise one day.

This was a terrible idea.

Even though Jackson was disabled, he still had to be on guard against Jackson.

At that time, Jonas found Jackson's whereabouts strange and became suspicious of him.

Jonas wanted to know more about Jackson, but there was no way

In the end, he shifted his focus to Jackson's new wife, Oneida.

He kidnapped Oneida, trying to get something out of her.

Who knew that this girl didn't know anything?

Then he put her in a water dungeon, ready to let her die.

At that time, he had something urgent to deal with, so he left in advance. Yet, Oneida was rescued from the water dungeon.

No one knew who rescued her.

It was like an unsolved mystery.

Jonas's anxiety grew stronger and stronger.

This was the first time he met Oneida, and also his first close contact with Oneida.

He admitted that during the kidnapping of Oneida, he developed an appreciation and interest in this girl.

She was brave, calm, cool, and intelligent. She performed very well.

She was especially good at fighting.

Finally, if he hadn't used an anesthetic, he would not be able to kidnap Oneida.

He admired Oneida, but Oneida was Jackson's wife!

Jackson had such a powerful wife, and the person who broke his water dungeon and saved Oneida that day was probably related to Jackson!

His suspicion of Jackson peaked in an instant.

Jonas didn't know whether Jackson really hid his strength.

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Yet, he would rather kill one thousand wrong than let Jackson go

He was going to nip all danger in the bud.

Therefore, he chose to contact the killer to take Jackson's life.

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At first, he wanted to find Zero, the top killer on the hit list, but it seemed that Zero didn't want to take his order. Later, he contacted Darkflame by accident.

The mysterious killer took his order.

However, Darkflame didn't succeed.

Jackson was still alive and unaffected.

Jonas was angry, but he knew he had to keep his cool.

Sending killers was no longer an option. Jackson must have taken precautions.

Therefore, Jonas could only give up temporarily.

But Jonas knew that one day, he would make Jackson disappear.

He had hated Jackson since he was a child.

As a child, Jonas planned an ambush at Saint Yales Resort to kill Jackson.

Unexpectedly, Jackson did not die.

Jonas was unwilling to accept it and deliberately planned a car accident.

This time, Jackson lost his legs and could no longer walk.

Too bad Jackson didn't die on the spot.

Later, Jonas really couldn't stand Ruth's preference and indulgence for Jackson, so he poisoned Ruth.

He poisoned Ruth with the almost incurable Red Death.

When he got Red Death, he would get a matching antidote.

That was to say, only the antidote in his hand could remove Red Death.

Because the antidote and poison were paired, other antidotes were ineffective. Ruth's life was in his hands.

He didn't want to poison Ruth to death in the first place, but tortured her slowly.

Later, he thought she should be dead.

He secretly increased the dosage.

That was what happened today.

Originally, Ruth should have died according to his plan.

Unexpectedly, Rosie stepped in and made his plan come to nothing.

Jonas liked calculating and had done many evil things, but he seemed to be unlucky.

Especially when he was against Oneida and Jackson.

At that moment, he felt that Oneida had doubts about him.

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He didn't know what she sensed...

Jonas smiled faintly, "Why are you looking at me like that?"

Oneida glanced at him and said in a joking tone, "Because I think you look familiar."

Hearing this, Jonas instantly looked stern.

The atmosphere was subtly chilly.

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On the other side.

In Lionel's study.

Lionel stood in front of the desk with an elegant and calm face.

Jackson, on the other hand, sat in a wheelchair with a straight back and a cool temperament.

Lionel looked straight at his grandson and suddenly smiled, "Jack, do you know why I called you here all of a sudden?"

Jackson lowered his eyes and said in a low voice, "I don't know."

Lionel walked to Jackson casually and said meaningfully, "Jack, I know you well."

He sighed and continued, "I can see that you really mean it this time."

Hearing this, Jackson paused.

He didn't speak, just pursed his thin lips.

"Are you sure about her?" As if to confirm, Lionel asked.

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Lionel knew Jackson well.

At first, he also thought that Jackson and Oneida were married without feelings.

But today, judging from Jackson's reactions, Lionel knew that Jackson had special feelings for Oneida.

Lionel was both delighted and relieved.

On the one hand, Lionel saw that Jackson finally opened himself and had his loved one. On the other hand, Lionel was also fond of Oneida and thought Jackson had a good eye.

It was a good thing.

However, Lionel still wanted to make sure.

"Jack, you haven't been in love before. Now that you first taste it, you may be confused." Lionel sighed and smiled, "But Ida is a good girl. Don't let her down. If you don't know much about relationships, go and learn. You have to know how to please girls." Jackson didn't expect that Lionel was going to say these things.

He nodded slightly and said in a light voice, "I know, Grandpa."

"Ida will be my wife for the rest of my life." Jackson's handsome facial features were encased in a faint halo, looking noble and delicate. "No matter what, I will give her the best."

After the conversation, Jackson left Lionel's study.

He propelled his wheelchair to the corridor alone.

He thought that Oneida might wait for him where she was.

Unexpectedly, In the quiet corridor, there was another man besides Oneida.

It was Jonas.

Jonas and Oneida stood face to face. Jackson had what they were talking about.

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Jackson frowned and looked at the scene in differently.

At that moment, Neither Oneida nor Jonas noticed Jackson's arrival.

"I look familiar?" Jonas' eyes were unfathomable. He pretended to be relaxed and smiled, "What makes you say so?"

He was not afraid that Oneida would recognize him.

If she recognized him as the one who kidnapped her...

He would not hesitate to kill her.

What a pity.

He still admired this little girl.

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But she knew too much...

Oneida didn't know what Jonas was thinking. She looked at the man in front of her sharply.

Her memory was still vague.

Her intuition told her that she had met Jonas some time recently

But she couldn't clearly remember the specific occasion.

"I'll tell you when I remember." Oneida glanced at him lightly, then looked away and walked straight forward.

Unexpectedly, there was a pain in her wrist.

Jonas stretched out his hand and fiercely grabbed Oneida's wrist.

His fingertips were extremely cold.

There seemed to be no temperature.

"You..." Oneida was caught off guard. She turned her head and squinted at the man who touched her.

An icy look appeared in her eyes.

Jonas smiled elegantly, and his feminine and handsome face shone faintly. "You can't leave until you finish your sentence..." Hearing this, Oneida frowned.

"Let go of me," she ordered in a cold tone, gritting her teeth.

Unexpectedly, Jonas didn't let go but pulled Oneida's wrist.

Oneida was forced to approach Jonas.

This guy!

"Let her go!"

At that moment, a cold and low voice sounded in their ears.

It was Jackson!

Jonas' eyes darkened, and a faint glint flashed across his eyes.

But he subconsciously loosened his grip on Oneida's wrist.

Oneida immediately withdrew her arm.

She turned to look at Jackson.

Jackson was not far away.

He was sitting in a wheelchair. His handsome face was extremely sharp at the moment, and his expression was also tense and cold.

He seemed to exude a cold aura all over.

"Jackson..." Oneida moved her lips and subconsciously called out to him.

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She didn't know how long Jackson had been watching them.

Would he misunderstand?

Thinking of this, Oneida hurriedly walked to Jackson and said with a faint smile, "Jackson, you're back."

But Jackson didn't look better.

There seemed to be an inexplicable whirlpool surging in his eyes.

At that moment, Jonas also came over. He looked down at Jackson and smiled, "Jackson, don't read too much into it. Actually, Ida and I have nothing to do with each other. We just met before and we are friends." Jonas especially emphasized the word "friend".

Hearing this, Oneida was stunned.

Then, she silently clenched her fingers.

Damn Jonas!

He wanted Jackson not to read too much into it, but he deliberately said something ambiguous.

Wasn't he deliberately disgusting others?

Oneida still couldn't accept the reality. The savior she had been looking for was Jonas.

She couldn't believe it!

Sure enough, Jackson instantly darkened his face after hearing Jonas' words.

A strong displeasure flashed across his eyes.

"Really? Are you friends?" Jackson narrowed asked in a cold voice.

His eyes slightly

It sounded like he was asking Jonas as well as Oneida.

Oneida hurriedly explained, "Jackson, it's not what you think. He and I... In fact, we are not friends!" Hearing this, Jonas pretended to be sad and sighed, "Ida, do you want to keep a distance from me?"

"Aren't we friends?" Jonas smiled and said meaningfully.

Hearing this, Oneida paused.

Indeed.

She had something to do with Jonas.

In Saint Yales Resort more than a decade ago, he saved her life.

For a long time, she treated him as her first crush. She was crazy to find him.

Oneida pursed her lips and subconsciously looked at Jackson.

Unexpectedly, Jackson was also looking at her.

Jackson seemed to be a little dissatisfied with Oneida's hesitation His deep eyes were filled with anger.

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However, Jackson didn't say anything.

He pursed his thin lips and looked straight at Oneida.

Her eyes were complex and profound.

After a moment of silence, he finally spoke and said to Oneida, "Let's go home."

It seemed that nothing had happened.

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Oneida was stunned for a moment, then she nodded and hurriedly walked behind Jackson. She pushed his wheelchair away.

Jonas was the only one left.

He stared at their receding figures coldly and playfully.

Oneida and Jackson then got in the car.

Victor was waiting for them in the car.

Seeing them get in the car, he immediately started the engine.

"Mr. and Mrs. Bane, why did you come out so late? Is there any delay?" Victor asked lightly while turning the steering wheel.

However, no one answered.

Victor frowned and turned his head slightly out of curiosity.

Unexpectedly, Jackson and Oneida both looked indifferent. Neither of them wanted to speak.

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Victor was shocked.

He thought, 'Did Mr. and Mrs. Bane quarrel just now?'

Thinking of this, he sighed helplessly and concentrated on driving as if nothing had happened.

Oneida sat in the back seat with her back straightened out and looked straight ahead.

However, she couldn't help but look at the man beside her quietly.

Jackson sat upright like an ice sculpture, cold and indifferent.

Was he mad?

Oneida frowned.

She didn't know how to explain to Jackson that she had something to do with Jonas.

She was upset.

Oneida's hanging hand was suddenly wrapped by a warm force.

She was slightly stunned and froze.

It was Jackson's hand.

Jackson held her hand tightly with his slender and fair fingers, which conveyed an inexplicable warmth.

Jackson took the initiative to stretch out his hand and wrapped it around Oneida's palm.

"From now on, stay away from Jonas. Do you

understand?"

Jackson parted his lips slightly and said this faintly.

It was not a commanding tone or a cold tone, but a gentle reminder.

Oneida subconsciously turned her head to look at Jackson's face.

There was an addictive tenderness in his charming"

The air seemed to be calm.

Looking into Jackson's eyes, Oneida felt as if her whole heart had been cured.
Jackson...

She held Jackson's palm back and smiled, "Jackson, I will listen to you."

Jackson also curled his lips, showing a fleeting smile.

He asked Oneida to stay away from Jonas not only because he was jealous, but also because...

He knew what kind of person Jonas was.

The car accident that caused him to lose his legs when he was a teenager, the countless assassinations, and the bomb attack that almost killed him some time ago...

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These were all made by Jonas.

Jackson knew how sinister and vicious Jonas was.

Previously, he and Victor often mentioned Jonas implicitly. But they were afraid that the walls would have ears, so they didn't mention his name directly but called him "the person over there". The person over there they talked about was Jonas!

Jonas not only looked like a madman but also clung to him.

And he almost hurt Oneida.

The kidnapping case a few months ago was still vivid in his mind. Oneida was tied up by Jonas and locked in the water dungeon...

What Jonas did had touched Jackson's bottom line.

If Jackson could, he naturally wanted to tear up his disguise as soon as possible and severely punish Jonas.

However, he had been waiting for a chance before.

His timing was Ruth.

He knew that Ruth was poisoned by Jonas, and only Jonas had the antidote.

Even though Jackson was already the leader of the Paragon Group, he couldn't get the antidote to Red Death from Jonas.

Therefore, Jonas couldn't die.

Ruth's life was still in his hands.

In addition, Jonas' power was also unfathomable. If Jackson exposed himself too early, it would bring him endless trouble and even affect the operation of Paragon Group.

Jonas could do so many unconscionable things just out of suspicion. If he found that Jackson was indeed hiding his capabilities and strengthening his power secretly, Jackson wasn't sure what this madman would do. Therefore, Jackson could only continue to hide his strength.

Now, Ruth had been detoxified. And he and Lionel had discussed how to protect her from being poisoned again....

He no longer had any worries!

Besides, Jackson had arranged everything.

So, it was time to make Jonas pay for what he did...

Jackson was still holding Oneida's hand. His eyes were filled with tenderness, but a trace of gloom inadvertently flashed across his eyes.

They held hands and didn't let go of each other.

When the car arrived at Garrison Mansion and they were about to get out of the car, Oneida took the lead in withdrawing

her hand,

She was a little dizzy.

Why did she hold hands with Jackson for no reason?

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They held hands so tightly for a long time.

There was a slight flush on her fair cheeks.

She and Jackson got out of the car one after another, then she pushed him straight into the hall.

At that moment, everything in Garrison Mansion became comfortable without Fiona.

"Jackson, you must be tired. Do you want to go back and have a rest first?" Oneida asked with a smile, pretending to push Jackson into the bedroom. Jackson nodded.

Oneida pushed Jackson to the door. As soon as she opened the door, Jackson suddenly turned around and stared at her with deep eyes.

His eyes were very charming, and Oneida subconsciously paused.

"In Rainbowia Park, 7 p.m. Sunday," Jackson suddenly said in a cold and pleasant voice.

Oneida frowned.

These words made her heart beat faster.

"I'll wait for you there." Jackson looked gentle, and he said these words lightly, which made Oneida feel good.

He would be waiting for her there...

Oneida pinched her fingers tightly, not knowing how to react for a moment.

She was stunned for a moment before she asked slowly, "Are you going on a date with me?"

She asked straightforwardly like a little fool.

Perhaps it was because she looked so cute, Jackson couldn't help but stretch out his slender finger and slightly crooked it. He scratched the tip of Oneida's nose lightly and intimately. "Yes." Oneida froze.

She didn't move at all.

It was like countless fireworks exploding in her ear, which made her suddenly lose her mind.

After a long time, she slowly came to her senses.

In fact, she had vaguely noticed it.

Jackson's attitude towards her recently was very different from before.

Compared with the polite and distant Jackson before, he was gentle and warm now.

Although she had little experience, she was not a fool who didn't understand it at all.

She could feel a little...

Could it be that...

Oneida pursed her lips and felt her heart racing.

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She wasn't sure, but she was afraid it was just a dream.

Maybe Jackson would tell her everything during this date...

Thinking of this, Oneida smiled brightly, "Then we made a deal. You can't stand me up."

With that, she stretched out her little finger and tried to make a pinky promise with Jackson.

As soon as she stretched it out, she regretted it.

How could a man like Jackson make a pinky promise with her?

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A trace of embarrassment flashed across her face. When she was about to withdraw her hand, she didn't expect that...

Jackson also stretched out his little finger and hooked it with hers.

"I won't stand you up," he said in a magnetic voice.

The two of them were like children who really made a pinky promise.

Jackson looked at their hooked fingers, but the scene of twelve years unconsciously flashed in his mind.

It was under the gorgeous starry sky in Saint Yales Resort.

He and a girl named Cece had done the same thing.

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Now, the girl in front of him was Oneida.

This time, he thought he wouldn't miss out again.

After the two hooked their pinkies, they both slowly withdrew their hands.

"Jackson, why did you suddenly ask me out?" Oneida's heart was still pounding uneasily, her eyes fixed intently on Jackson in front of her, as if trying to sound him out.

Jackson didn't say anything at first, just pursed his thin lips and looked back at her with deep, thoughtful eyes.

After a moment, he said meaningfully, "Fiona and the others asked you out in my name before."

His eyebrows arched slightly as if finding it amusing. "So, you're really eager to go out with me, huh?"

"You foolishly went, and almost..."

Speaking of this, the smile in Jackson's eyes disappeared. He said seriously, "Since you wanted it so much, I will grant your wish."

With a "boom." Oneida felt her face instantly flush red.

Even her ears became uncontrollably hot.

She tightly clenched her fingers, not knowing how to react for a moment.

She suddenly felt that Jackson had become a little flirty.

Clearly, he was not used to being like this.

"Ahem..." Oneida gave a light, awkward cough. Feeling somewhat uneasy, she pushed Jackson into the bedroom and then pursed her lips. "Jackson, it's getting late. I should head back now. "Okay," Jackson nodded to her.

After Oneida left, Jackson stayed alone in the bedroom.

Victor walked in shortly after.

"Mr. Bane, have you told it to Mrs. Bane?" His eyes gleamed with a teasing smile, and he asked in a relaxed tone.

Jackson nodded slightly. "Yes."

Victor smiled and said, "As expected, you're quite a doer, Mr. Bane.

That night, on the terrace, Victor urged Jackson to express his love for Oneida as soon as possible.

But the way of expressing his feelings couldn't be too casual, and it had to have a sense of ceremony.

Victor suggested it would be best to invite her out alone, give her a gift, and then confess his love for her. Only then would it show sincerity.

He didn't expect Jackson to take action so soon.

Victor sighed in his heart.

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"Mr. Bane, I have faith in you. You're sure to succeed in one go, e grinned confidently.

The next day. Oneida was still somewhat absent-minded during her classes at school.

Her mind kept replaying what Jackson had said the previous night.

Every word, lingering.

She suddenly wished time would pass quickly and the weekend would come sooner.

During the break, a few classmates nearby were loudly gossiping

Although this was Starlight Class, the geniuses and clites had just as strong a penchant for gossip as students in Regular Class.

They were talking about someone Oneida knew-Yuliana.

It was said that Yuliana suffered from severe depression and had not come to school for a long time. Her family had also faced significant upheaval, with her brother's company on the brink of bankruptcy. Oneida showed no expression upon hearing this news.

Everything was as she had expected.

Yuliana hadn't dropped out but couldn't come to school due to depression, which still served Oneida's purpose.

Soon, the day Oneida and Jackson had agreed upon arrived.

They had agreed to leave separately and meet at Rainbowia Park in the evening.

Just like a real date.

Oneida dressed up carefully as she did last time.

She wasn't someone who liked dressing up, but for Jackson, she had taken the time to dress up twice.

Last time, it was a deceit and a trap.

This time, it was a real date.

Just thinking about this filled Oneida's heart with immense sweetness.

However, today she didn't choose to wear a dress. Instead, she wore a pair of jeans paired with a beautiful and delicate blouse.

In the mirror, Oneida looked pure and beautiful, simple and clean.

As the time approached, she hurried out and had the driver take her to the vicinity of Rainbowia Park.

This was her first real date with Jackson.

She valued it greatly and felt a bit excited.

When she got out of the car, it was getting dark. The city lights were beginning to shine, and the neon lights were dazzling. In front of her was a scene of colorful splendor.

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Oneida walked step by step towards the park.

She and Jackson had agreed to meet under the first large camphor tree in the park.

Oneida could not help but quicken her pace.

Unexpectedly, at that moment, the sound of a child's crying sounded in her ear.

"Daddy... Mommy..." The little boy sobbed in the crowd, tears streaming down his face.

He was holding a colorful balloon in his hand, and his delicate face was covered with sparkling tears.

His little head was turning in all directions, seemingly searching for something.

It appeared to be a child who had gotten separated from his parents.

Perhaps because he was crying so heartbreakingly, many passersby cast looks of concern and sympathy towards him.

However, no one stepped forward to ask or help him.

Everyone remained watching.

Seeing this, Oneida couldn't help but stop.

Her indifferent gaze casually fell on the crying little boy.

It wasn't out of sympathy.

She just found him a bit strange.

The little boy did indeed look pitiful, but there was an odd feeling about him.

Oneida squinted her eyes, a hint of coldness flashing in her gaze.

Just then, the little boy's eyes lit up, and he ran straight toward Oneida.

"Mommy!" he called out softly, his sobbing voice particularly obvious.

In an instant, the boy ran up to Oneida and threw himself into her arms. "Mommy!" he called out again.

At this time, everyone's eyes were on Oneida.

They were somewhat surprised.

It turned out that the little boy's mother was so young and beautiful.

Oneida, however, clenched her fingers.

'Wait!

Something's not right! There must be something odd going on.

"The boy looked about seven years old and wouldn't naturally mistake his mother.

'Yet, he is calling me mommy, Oneida thought.

Oneida's eyes darkened, and she immediately reached out and pushed the boy forward.

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"Bang!" The little boy was caught off guard and fell to the ground

His eyes widened in disbelief.

Then he pouted and cried, "Mom, why don't you want me?"

Onlookers couldn't help but feel heartbroken at the sight.

'How could a mother act like this?

92%

It's one thing to not keep an eye on your child in the park, but it's another when the child comes back on his own and then pushes him to the ground, they complained in their heart. For a moment, the audience looked at Oneida with puzzlement and anger.

"How could you treat your child like this?" someone spoke up, accusing Oneida harshly.

"Exactly. Do you just bring a child into the world and then dump him?" another echoed,

"How could you do that flow can you push your child like that?" a person in the crowd rebuked.

In no time, many passers-by gathered around.

They angrily chastised Oneida, and the situation became chaotic for a while.

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COMMENT

Chapter

Oneida was surrounded by people, all with angry voices.

However, no one noticed that the little boy who was sitting on the ground had stood up silently.

Then, taking advantage of the chaos, he grabbed Oneida's hand tightly.

Oneida was very sensitive to touch.

Instinctively, she tried to shake off his hand,

However, it was too late. The little boy stopped crying and took out something special quickly.

It was a syringe.

Almost in the blink of an eye, the needle had pierced Oneida's palm.

Pain surged through her body in an instant.

"Get out of my way!" Oneida furrowed her brow, angrily rebuking the troublemakers in front of her.

Her voice carried a strong sense of authority, like sharp ice, piercingly cold.

Almost instinctively, everyone shuddered.

Some were intimidated by Oneida's aura and subconsciously took a step back.

A feeling of dizziness slowly crept into their minds, and everything in front of her eyes seemed somewhat blurry.

Oneida finally knew what had happened to her.

This feeling couldn't be more familiar to her.

'It was an anesthetic.

The syringe the boy held contained an anesthetic.

'So that's it,' Oneida thought.

Oneida clenched her fingers, thinking, 'It turned out he came to me for this purpose.'

She had been quite unlucky recently, always stumbling upon inexplicable schemes.

"Mom, are you okay?" The little boy didn't leave. He was standing nearby, slightly widening his eyes, pretending to be innocent.

As if he was genuinely concerned about Oneida.

But Oneida felt her strength slowly draining away.

She was running out of strength even to speak.

Oneida closed her eyes slightly to concentrate.

The anesthetic this time was unusually potent. Under the impact of such an anesthetic, her concentration seemed on the brink of collapse.

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Finally, her mind roiled; her vision darkened, and she toppled to the side.

Just then...

'Dad, you're here!' the little boy called out excitedly,

Immediately after that, a cold and deep voice sounded in her ear

"My wife is in poor health and is about to faint. I'll take her back! the man said politely

That voice? Oneida wondered.

Just before losing consciousness completely, Oneida's mind was shaken.

It is him! Oneida thought.

Then she fell into the arms of a man and completely lost consciousness.

At this moment, under the big camphor tree in Rainbowia Park, Jackson was sitting alone.

Although it seemed like he was alone, Victor, along with many skilled guards, lurked in the shadows, silently protecting Jackson's safety.

The sky had turned completely dark, but the stars were becoming more prominent, illuminating the heavens with their brilliance.

It was another night of clear and beautiful starlight, serene and tranquil.

Jackson absentmindedly glanced at the starry sky overhead, and suddenly, Oneida's face flashed across his mind.

He was hoping that she would show up soon.

However, when seven o'clock arrived, Oneida still hadn't appeared.

Jackson thought maybe she was stuck in traffic, so he patiently continued to wait under the camphor tree.

But by seven-thirty, Oneida was still nowhere to be seen.

She was late.

This made Jackson furrow his brow involuntarily.

At that moment, a "bang" echoed through the dark night sky, and colorful fireworks suddenly bloomed.

Against the thick darkness, they appeared exceptionally bright and vibrant.

The people in the park had never seen such beautiful fireworks before.

Each burst was like a vivid springtime blossom.

In fact, these fireworks were specially prepared by Jackson for Oneida.

They were fireworks for the love confession.

But the protagonist hadn't shown up and thus couldn't witness them.

The fireworks were in vain.

Chapter 276

Jackson called Victor over.

"Where is she? What the hell happened?" His brows furrowed tightly, his eyes emitting a chilling intensity.

"Mr. Bane, I've investigated it just now. Mrs. Bane went out around 6:20 and arrived at the park at 6:40, but after that... Victor reported respectfully with a gloomy look on his face.

"Check the park's surveillance!" Jackson pressed his lips and ordered firmly.

All the park's surveillance footage was immediately reviewed.

However, one of the cameras happened to be malfunctioning tonight.

Oneida disappeared from the camera's view shortly after entering the park, right in the area where the surveillance was faulty.

Jackson knew that Oneida had once again fallen victim to a plot

This time, he failed to meet the anticipated girl again.

Jackson soon returned to the Garrison Mansion.

He already had a suspect in his mind.

However, he still needed confirmation.

Just as he was contemplating how to rescue Oneida in his study, there came a knock on the door.

"Mr. Bane, it's me," Victor's voice sounded outside the door.

Jackson pursed his lips and replied calmly, "Come in."

As soon as Victor opened the door and came in, Jackson couldn't wait to ask, "Any news about her?"

Victor shook his head with a complicated look.

He raised his eyes, hesitating as he looked at Jackson, his dark eyes filled with embarrassment.

"Why are you looking at me like that?" Jackson sensed Victor's unease and asked directly in a cold voice. "Mr. Bane." Victor clenched his fists and sighed meaningfully. "There's still no news of Mrs. Bane, but..." Jackson frowned and asked coldly, "But what? Do you like to keep me in suspense now?" Hearing this, Victor's face immediately flashed with fear. "I dare not. It's just that I have other news."

A deep look flashed in his gaze, and then he continued, "It's about Cece."

"Cece?" Jackson instinctively spoke up, feeling a violent shock in his heart.

Jackson's eyes widened slightly, and there seemed to be a crack on his cold and handsome cheek at this moment.

He froze at once

Countless emotions surged in his heart, and his mind was in turmoil.

'Cece... Jackson repeated this name in his heart.

He had searched for her for so long, thinking he would never find her again.

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Yet, unexpectedly, he received news of her at that moment.

Jackson just sat quietly at his desk. His face was calm and motionless, like a rigid sculpture.

Everything was too sudden.

He remained silent for a long time, countless emotions flashing in his eyes.

was Victor who broke the silence.

"Mr. Bane, what do you intend to do?" In the only

came back to his senses and asked in an urgent voice.

"What news about Cece? Have you found her?" Jackson

"Not yet, but there's been a bit of progress, a significant development," Victor replied truthfully. "But if we keep looking for her, there is a good chance of finding her." Jackson closed his eyes briefly, his gaze deep.

"Then send someone to follow up and keep looking until she's found," he commanded coldly, then added, "But for now, help me find Oneida first."

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Jackson's voice was imposing, tinged with an icy coldness that brooked no refusal. Hearing this, Victor was stunned and then nodded heavily.

After Victor left, Jackson sat alone at his desk and silently straightened his back.

'Cece... Jackson thought.

He would never forget this name.

He would find Cece, but...

Oneida was his wife.

That night, when he realized his own feelings, he had already completely severed ties with the past.

He would give his love to Oneid

without reservation.

□□□91%

Cece was an obsession from his youth, a symbol of his teenage years. He wanted to find her, just to fulfill his long-held wish and mend his regrets.

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Oneida struggled to open her eyelids, greeted by a blurry, hazy sight.

Dim light seeped into her eyes, causing her to furrow her brows subconsciously and squint.

She moved her arm, and the sensation of the anesthetic had completely vanished.

However, she still couldn't move because she was tightly bound to an iron frame behind her.

Thick, sturdy iron chains bound Oneida's wrists, waist, and ankles.

Oneida felt like she was nailed to the iron frame, unable to move an inch.

She exerted force to free herself, but it was futile.

The iron chains seemed to be made of a special material, incredibly strong.

Each struggle caused a sharp, piercing pain where the chains met her skin.

Oneida grimaced, cold sweat forming on her forehead.

"That man really spared no effort to deal with me," Oneida thought.

Oneida lifted her eyes, her gaze cold and deep as she surveyed her surroundings.

It was a place resembling a basement-large and empty.

The lighting was dim, with only a small skylight emitting a faint halo of light.

Oneida, aided by this extremely faint light, could discern some objects not far away.

Not far away, there were some tools piled up, such as whips and clamps.

Oneida naturally knew what these things were implements of torture.

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Oneida pursed her lips, a faint hint of sharpness flashing in her eyes.

Just then, the iron gate directly in front suddenly swung open.

Perhaps due to rust, a hoarse and decaying sound came from the iron gate as it was pushed open.

Then, a flood of light poured in.

Oneida squinted uncomfortably.

From time to time, the sound of footsteps slowly drifted in.

A tall and handsome man suddenly appeared in front of her. He was dressed in a black windbreaker, and his figure seemed somewhat blurred amidst the interplay of light and shadow.

Although she couldn't see his face clearly for the moment, Oneida knew who he was.

In the Rainbowia Park, before she lost consciousness when she heard the voice of the man beside her ear, she was certain and understood everything.

Every detail and clue in her mind connected.

The person who had kidnapped her at the entrance of Garrison Mansion, in the blind spot of surveillance, disguised as Jackson to dig up information, the person who ruthlessly imprisoned her in a water dungeon. And now, in Rainbowia Park, the person who kidnapped her using a little boy- they were all the same person.

At this moment, footsteps drew closer.

A fair and delicate face appeared before Oneida. His features were sharp, handsome, and elegant, with narrow eyes exuding a chilling coldness.

Oneida didn't look up.

But she knew who the man in front of her was.

"Jonas." Oneida opened her mouth slightly and called out his name with a cold and stern tone.

"So, it's you," she said with a faint but extremely cold smile.

There was a cold light in his eyes.

Jonas didn't bother concealing this time.

He appeared in front of Oneida without any disguise.

He speculated that Oneida had probably already recognized him, and moreover, after Oneida had been brought here, she most likely would never be able to leave.

'Dead people never speak.

'Even if she knows who I am, so what?' Jonas thought.

Jonas tilted his head squinting at Oneida, his eyes playful and icy. "You've recognized me?"

Oneida still didn't look at Jonas. She lowered her eyes and said coldly, "Yes."

"When did you recognize me?" Jonas smiled and asked slowly.

This time, Oneida did not answer.

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She pursed her lips and said nothing as if she didn't care at all about the man in front of her.

Jonas was not angry. He smiled indifferently. "Do you know why I brought you here?"

At this moment, Oneida finally raised her eyes slightly, casting a cold and indifferent glance at him. She smiled faintly and said, "How would I know?"

"You're so clever, and you must already know." Jonas suddenly grabbed Oneida's chin forcefully. Oneida was caught off guard.

Her chin was grabbed by his cold fingers.

The pain on her chin was sharp and clear.

Oneida was forced to lift her head, straining her neck to look at the man in front of her.

Jonas's exquisite fair cheeks were right in front of her, but his deep eyes were filled with icy killing intent. However, Oneida showed no fear at all.

"You tell me," Jonas leaned in closer, his cold voice whispering in her ear, "what would Jackson give up for you?"

"Or rather, this is a good opportunity to test your weight in Jackson's heart."

Jonas's cold breath brushed against Oneida's cheek.

It felt like a viper's tongue, inciting an involuntary sense of fear.

"You..." Oneida's fair and delicate face finally showed a hint of emotion at his words.

She fiercely furrowed her brows, her gaze instantly becoming fierce.

Jonas continued in her ear, "Let's see whether Jackson will choose himself or you."

Oneida's widened her eyes, emotions swirling in their depths.

"You want to use me to threaten Jackson?" she gritted her teeth, asking in a low voice.

"What, can't I?" Jonas raised an eyebrow slightly, casually retorting.

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Oneida clenched her fingers, hating that she couldn't move at this moment, with both her hands and feet tightly bound. Otherwise, she would have liked to rush forward immediately and fight with Jonas, the insidious villain.

"Jonas, Jackson and I are just a superficial couple, with no deep feelings. You're wrong if you think you can threaten him with me," Oneida said each word clearly and forcefully, her clear and distinct voice echoing loudly in this dim dungeon. Jonas sneered coldly and smirked darkly. "In that case, let's try it out and see."

"What do you want? Come at me," Oneida persisted. She clenched her fists with red eyes.

She had never experienced such a moment before.

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Because of one person, she laid bare all the softness in her heart

Right now, she just wanted to protect Jackson.

She didn't want him to suffer any harm.

"Leave him alone," Oneida emphasized sternly, "What do you want? I'll satisfy you."

Jonas was stunned at first.

Then he almost burst into laughter and said, "I didn't expect you to love Jackson so much.

"But you said you and he are just a superficial couple."

Jonas paused halfway through his words, pretending to contemplate. "Could it be that you're the one who's in unrequited love?" Oneida pursed her lips and fell into silence.

After a while, she nodded gently and said, "It's okay if you think so."

Jonas, upon hearing this, didn't say anything.

Instead, he released his grip, letting go of Oneida's chin.

Somehow, he felt a bit uncomfortable and upset.

Jonas wondered, 'What's so good about Jackson anyway?

Just a cripple in a wheelchair. Is he really worth Oneida's love?

"This interesting and brave girl is actually willing to bear everything for Jackson.

Jackson, why is Jackson always so lucky?

'He has the noblest birth, the most orthodox bloodline, the love of grandpa and grandma, and he manages to survive every assassination attempt. 'He's really annoying!'

Thinking of this, a trace of gloominess flashed in Jonas's eyes.

But at this moment, Oneida spoke, her gaze cold and piercing, Jonas, are you targeting Jackson because of your inferiority complex?"

She slightly tugged at the corner of her mouth and smiled meaningfully.

Suddenly, everything made sense to her.

Perhaps all the hardships Jackson faced since childhood were caused by Jonas, his illegitimate brother.

Because Jonas harbored an intense hatred towards Jackson.

The reason Jackson became disabled, or the recent bomb attack, might all be Jonas's doing.

Oneida wondered, 'How much harm has Jonas actually done to Jackson?'

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'No wonder, in their past lives, when Jackson rose to prominence and began to flourish, Claude and Jonas suddenly disappeared.

Presumably, after Jackson rose to power in his past life, the first ones he settled accounts with were his two illegitimate

brothers.

'Unfortunately, Jackson hasn't become strong yet in this life, but she has become his burden!

Oneida couldn't help but clench her fists, her expression ice-cold. She stared at Jonas intently and said coldly, "Jonas, no matter how wicked you are, no matter how you plot against Jackson, you will always be a loser. "You can't compare to Jackson," she said in a solemn tone as if pronouncing a judgment.

Her words were like a sharp blade, piercing into Jonas's heart.

A trace of ferocity flashed across his handsome face.

"Oneida!" He narrowed his eyes and shouted her name angrily.

"You're quite eloquent," e sighed coldly, though his heart was filled with raging anger.

Although he didn't want to admit it, Jonas knew that Oneida's words hit the point he cared most about.

She was right.

He felt inferior and jealous of Jackson.

He clenched his fists and walked gracefully toward a nearby area where various tools were piled up. There were whips, clamps, and iron implements.

"Oneida, which one do you want to try?" Jonas asked calmly, and there was a smile on his face.

He was smiling, but his eyes were extremely cold, and he said the most ruthless words.

He casually picked up a whip with his slender fingers and slowly approached Oneida.

"How about this?" He took the whip in his hand and asked with a smile.

Surprisingly, his voice carried a hint of inexplicable gentleness.

Oneida watched him approach, but there was no change in her expression.

She remained composed, indifferent, her eyes devoid of any fear

She was mentally prepared long ago.

"This whip will probably hurt when it strikes your body," Jonas glanced at the whip in his hand and said softly. "You can give it a try." Oneida couldn't move now. If he wanted to torture her, she had no means to evade or escape. But she wasn't afraid of pain.

This was also a way to stall for time, hoping that Jackson would quickly realize something was wrong and find the best

solution.

She didn't want to become a pawn threatening Jackson.

Oneida raised her eyes, staring firmly at Jonas. "Since I've fallen into your hands, whether you want to kill or beat me is up to

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you."

As long as Jackson remained unharmed.

Jonas was stunned for

7ent.

Perhaps Oneida's unwavering determination startled him, but for a moment, he remained silent.

Then, suddenly, Jonas reached out his hand, and the whip in his hand flew up, heading straight towards Oneida.

Oneida didn't even blink, her expression indifferent as she welcomed it all.

The whip barely brushed Oneida's ear, then glided perfectly past her face.

Jonas's whip didn't actually hit Oneida.

Oneida was slightly taken aback.

'What the hell is he up to?' Oneida wondered.

At this moment, Jackson was still in his study at Garrison Mansion.

Now, he was absolutely sure that the person who kidnapped Oneida was Jonas.

Counting the previous time, this was Jonas's second time kidnapping Oneida. 'Good, Jackson thought.

He was standing in the middle of the study. A trace of coldness flashed across his eyes.

"This time, I will settle everything.

'Retrieve everything from before.

'A loser who only knows how to kidnap women...

Jonas, is this what you got?' Jackson thought with disdain.

At this time, Victor walked in from the door with a solemn look.

His movements were hurried with a hint of panic. He even forgot to knock on the door and walked in directly.

Jackson noticed Victor's unusual rashness, his brow slightly furrowed, and then he asked in a low voice, "What's wrong?"

Victor lifted his eyes to look at Jackson, his gaze worried and flustered. He sighed heavily first, then reached out and handed what he had to Jackson.

In Victor's hands, there was a stack of photos.

Jackson paused, a sudden sense of foreboding rising in his heart

"Where did you get them?" he immediately asked.

Victor replied respectfully, "The mailbox. Someone sent it."

"Who sent it?" Jackson's voice was cold and stern, his voice carrying a strong pressure.

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Victor shook his head, still looking somewhat grim. "I don't know There's no sender information. I asked the delivery person, but they didn't know either. It was anonymously mailed and they've taken good measures to keep it confidential" A complicated look flashed across Jackson's eyes. Then he suddenly reached out his hand and said, "Give it to me"

Victor didn't dare to hesitate and handed the stack of photos directly to Jackson

Jackson placed the photos in front of him and examined them carefully.

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Chapter 279

As Jackson looked at the photos, his brows furrowed even more tightly.

In the depths of his eyes, a trace of penetrating coldness flickered as if countless frost had condensed in an instant.

Jackson's handsome facial features instantly tensed. He pursed his lips, emanating a chilling and intimidating aura all around him.

His slender fingers involuntarily tightened, and the prominent joints seemed to emit a faint "crack."

Victor was not surprised to see Jackson's gloomy face.

He had checked those photos in advance.

They were indeed extremely outrageous.

Jackson remained fixated on the photo.

In the photos, Oneida was bound to an iron frame.

Her slender limbs were wrapped in cold chains.

Oneida hung her head, and he could only see her dark, slightly disheveled hair.

From the angle of the photo, it is impossible to see Oneida's facial expression.

However, the air of distress and helplessness was palpable, making his heart quiver involuntarily.

The rest of the photos were some other scenes, such as a dimly lit basement, and a collection of whips and clamps piled together.

The combination of these photos was undeniably distressing to anyone who looked at them.

'Ida... Jackson silently repeated this name in his mind, a pang of pain gripping his heart.

Suddenly, a white piece of paper slipped out from among the photos.

The paper dropped slowly to the ground.

Victor quickly picked up the note from the ground before Jackson could reach it and respectfully handed it to him.

"Mr. Bane, take a look," Victor said.

Jackson took the note.

It was written in a fierce and vigorous font: [If you want her alive, then destroy everything in your hands and kill yourself. One life for another, fair and square.] Jackson glanced over it, a cold and profound aura emanating from his eyes.

Although the person who sent the photos had taken good measures to maintain secrecy, Jackson knew, 'who else but Jonas?

Only Jonas would do such a thing.

'He kidnapped Oneida and then threatened me with such photos.

He thought he hadn't been discovered, but in fact, Jackson had already seen through this illegitimate brother.

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Jonas, your good days are over, Jackson said in his heart.

"Mr. Bane, what does the note say?" Victor hadn't read the contents of the note, so he asked seriously.

Jackson didn't say anything, he simply handed the note to Victor

Victor took it and widened his eyes slightly, with surprise and anger flashing in his eyes.

"Mr. Bane, Jonas actually wants you to die," Victor said.

Jackson lowered his gaze, remaining silent.

A faint frost enveloped his unparalleled handsome face.

Victor's fingers trembled slightly with anger. "Mr. Bane, what are you going to do?"

"Let's lay our cards on the table," Jackson said coldly.

"Mr. Bane, you..." Victor was slightly surprised.

But upon careful consideration, it was indeed time to lay their cards on the table.

'Mr. Bane's all forces were nearly perfect, and even though Jonas's strength was unfathomable, Jackson could now easily crush everything. 'Moreover, Mrs. Ruth Bane's health had improved, leaving Mr. Bane with no concerns.

'Perhaps this was indeed a good opportunity, Victor thought.

"Get ready. We're going to the Bane manor," Jackson instructed.

After saying that, Jackson walked straight out of the study.

On the other side, Jonas was sitting in his study, his gaze cold and focused on the computer screen.

Just then, a phone call came in.

Jonas took out his phone and answered it, "What's the matter?"

Listening to the voice coming from the phone, Jonas frowned deeply.

A hint of coldness instantly flashed in his eyes.

"I see," he replied indifferently and then hung up the phone.

Jonas's features tensed up, and he remained silent, sitting in his chair momentarily.

Then he stood up abruptly.

He paced slowly to the center of the study.

A faint glimmer played on his exquisitely beautiful and somewhat feminine face, making it seem elusive.

The caller was his special intelligence agent.

This intelligence agent had been responsible for tracking and investigating Jackson's activities.

91%

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However, despite his prolonged investigation, he didn't uncover any useful information about Jackson,

In this case, there are only two possibilities.

Either Jackson was indeed as he appeared, a useless cripple confined to Garrison Mansion, mediocre and non-threatening

Or Jackson was truly inscrutable, beyond even the reach of his most talented intelligence agent.

Jonas was the kind of person who believed it was better to kill wrongly than to let go.

He never ceased to suspect Jackson, whom he viewed as his greatest threat,

The last time, he kidnapped Jackson's newlywed wife, inadvertently revealing a slight slip-up on Jackson's part.

Now, his intelligence agent informed him of significant activity on Jackson's side.

Jackson might have something to do with the famous Paragon Group.

Paragon Group!

It turns out to be Paragon Group! Jonas wondered.

He knew his suspicions were correct, and his efforts to undermine Jackson were justified.

He thought, "This guy was indeed secretly cultivating his power. And when he finally makes a move, it is astonishing"

Jonas knew how powerful the Paragon Group was.

He never expected that Jackson would have any involvement with Paragon Group.

Jonas's entire body trembled slightly, and his narrow eyes gleamed with excitement and bloodlust.

On one hand, he was somewhat shocked. On the other hand, he felt exhilarated. He had finally discovered Jackson's minions, and he could finally capture them all in one fell swoop. However, his eyes suddenly narrowed.

Her face was stiff for a moment.

Jonas thought, 'Something wasn't right.

Jackson had been watertight for so many years, never showing the slightest slip-up. But now, my intelligence agent suddenly received news of Jackson's connection with Paragon Group.

He couldn't help but suspect Jackson did it on purpose.

'He deliberately exposed his strength.

'Could it be that he no longer wanted to pretend?

'He wanted to display his strength openly, Jonas wondered.

Jonas gritted his teeth, his eyes flashing with complex emotions.

Then, he left the study and returned to the dim basement again.

Oneida was still bound to the iron frame, her face pale, her lips slightly chapped.

Jonas hadn't given her any food or water, nor had he tortured her.

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Initially, Jonas had intended to punish her with a whip, but unexpectedly, he didn't strike her in the end.

Oneida felt like she couldn't quite understand Jonas's intentions at times.

Now, Jonas stood in front of her once more.

She didn't lift her head. She just kept it lowered, half closed her eyes, and made no sound.

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Chapter 280

"Oneida Jonas walked to Oneida with a gloomy face.

There was coldness on his handsome and gentle face.

Oneida pursed her lips and said nothing as if she didn't hear him

Her slightly messy hair was scattered on her forehead, casting a faint shadow.

"Aren't you curious about why I came here?" Jonas looked down at Oneida with gloomy eyes.

His voice was cold and sharp, with an overwhelming aura that echoed in the basement.

Oneida still ignored him.

Obviously, her reaction irritated Jonas.

He immediately reached out and grabbed Oneida by the chin.

Oneida only felt a sharp pain in her chin. She was pinched by Jonas again.

She had to raise her head and meet Jonas' cold eyes..

"I don't care."

She said so coldly with undisguised disgust in her eyes.

Jonas was not angry but laughed.

He smiled with gloom, and his face became colder.

"I took some photos of you and sent them to Jackson. Guess what will happen when Jackson sees them?" Jonas narrowed his eyes and asked coldly. When Oneida heard Jackson's name, her calm face finally changed.

Her eyes appeared a complex and deep expression.

"I don't care," Oneida said firmly in an extremely cold tone after a moment of silence.

"As I said, Jackson and I don't get along well..."

She lowered her eyes and emphasized it word by word.

Her eyes were firm and cold.

"Really?" Jonas laughed, and the strength of his fingers became heavier.

Oneida only felt that her jawbone was about to be crushed.

"Oneida, Jackson exposed his power for you. He is finally unwilling to pretend." Jonas' voice was like the roar of a hellish ghost, full of coldness,

He snorted coldly and then said with a smile, "So you are really a nominal couple? But he has done a lot for you!"

"Jackson, Jackson..." Jonas murmured the name he hated hard in a hateful voice.

"Nice. Since he chose this path, I'll let him go for good!"

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Perhaps because of the creepy voice, Oneida couldn't help but tremble when she heard it.

Oneida wondered, 'Did Jackson expose his power?'

In fact, even Oneida herself didn't know the real strength of Jackson.

In his previous life, Jackson who had been sitting in a wheelchair suddenly rose indeed.

91%

Since he could suddenly rise, it meant that he must have made a lot of preparations and secretly cultivated forces for a long time.

In this life, the time had not come yet.

According to the timeline, it would take Jackson a while before he could show his true strength.

Oneida wondered, 'How could it be earlier?'

"The timeline has been messed up. Jackson seems to be off the track of his previous life.

'Is it because I messed up the timeline?'

Oneida's clear eyes were full of gloom.

In fact, through these days of getting along with Jackson and the memory of her last life, Oneida had long known that Jackson would not be as calm and mediocre as he appeared. He must have hidden his strength and secretly developed his power.

However, Oneida didn't care about that.

She liked Jackson, which had nothing to do with his power.

But this time, Jackson was beyond her expectations.

Oneida didn't know why Jackson rose so early.

Maybe it was really because of her.

After all, she didn't marry him in her previous life.

"What are you thinking about?" Seeing that Oneida kept her eyes down in silence, Jonas roared impatiently.

He was like a manic lunatic, venting his anxiety and emotions madly.

In fact, even Jonas himself didn't notice that he was afraid.

The person he feared the most had unfathomable strength as he expected.

The one he had been trying to suppress and kill suddenly showed his sharp teeth and wanted to fight with him.

How could Jonas not be scared?

However, Jonas didn't realize it.

He had been swamped with hatred and madness.

Suddenly, the iron door of the basement was pushed open.

A servant ran in anxiously.

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"Mr. Jonas Bane, here comes the latest news," the servant gasped and said in a hurried tone.

Hearing this, Jonas let go of Oneida.

Oneida was finally free. However, on her fair chin, there were scarlet marks.

"What's that?" Jonas turned his head and asked coldly.

The servant replied immediately, "Mr. Jackson Bane... went to the Bane manor."

Hearing this, Jonas narrowed his eyes slightly.

Then, a meaningful smile appeared on his face.

"So soon..."

The basement belonged to Jonas' private house. He couldn't wait to go to the Bane manor to meet Jackson.

Oneida behind him frowned slightly after hearing the servant's words.

She wondered, 'What the hell does Jackson want to do?'

Sometimes, Oneida couldn't see
his intentions.

At this moment, at the gate of the Bane manor, Victor got out of the car and then walked to the back of the car and opened the door.

A tall man in a suit came out.

It was Jackson.

He was wearing a pure black suit, which made him elegant and cold.

He was expressionless, with his short hair and his deep eyes sharp.

He had very slender and long legs.

This was what no one else noticed when he sat in his wheelchair

Jackson finally lost his wheelchair.

After many years, he walked into the gate of the Bane manor for the first time.

The servant at the door opened his eyes wide when he saw Jackson walking upright.

Then, a look of disbelief appeared on the servant's face. He was so shocked that his mouth was wide open, too.

He thought he had seen it wrong and couldn't help rubbing his eyes.

Jackson and Victor ignored him and walked straight into the door.

"Mr. Jackson Bane?" The servant shouted subconsciously, his voice trembling. He watched Jackson walking over. Jackson ignored him.

The servant's whole body stiffened, and then he ran into the manor.

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The servant thought, 'What the hell? I must go report it immed

At the same time, Lionel was drinking tea leisurely with Ruth in

Since the treatment by the highly skilled doctor, Ruth had beer returned to her usual radiant look.

Lionel was also very happy about it.