

# The Second Act Revenge (Oneida and Jackson)

## The Second Act 291

### Chapter 291

Jonas took another look at the seemingly unfamiliar man, his eyes widening slightly as if having recalled something. Jonas, do you know him?" Unable to contain his curiosity, Claude asked, noticing the change in Jonas's expression. Jonas pressed his thin lips together, staying silent.

"Don't you two recognize me?" The man in his thirties finally spoke up, his plain face betraying no emotion.

"Who the hell are you? Stop trying to act all familiar!" Claude snapped, impatience creeping into his voice as his volume rose. "My memory isn't great, so you better say your name."

The man laughed slowly at this, saying in a calm and measured voice. "Twelve years ago, you had me ambush and attack Jackson at the Saint Yales Resort. When that failed, you ordered me to drive a truck and stage an accident, hoping to kill him. That didn't work either, but it did leave him crippled-"

"Nonsense!" Claude interrupted him urgently, but his fingers were trembling uncontrollably.

How could Jackson have tracked down someone from twelve years ago?

"What nonsense are you spouting? When did we ever ask you to do such things? Are you making up stories?\*" Claude snapped instinctively, his voice firm, but fear was beginning to rise in his heart. Jonas still remained silent, motionless.

The light in his eyes seemed to extinguish, replaced by a dull, lifeless look.

He suddenly realized just how terrifying his opponent, Jackson, was.

Enduring hardship in silence, hiding his light and biding his time, knitting this grand web of schemes in the shadows for so many years, he had prepared thoroughly.

Even the person who acted for him back then has been found.

Everyone else listening to this was on the verge of losing their composure.

Even Bella, standing next to Claude, covered her mouth in shock

The truth about Jackson's disability and Jackson's troubled childhood was all revealed.

It was all caused by Claude and Jonas!

She never imagined that Claude, of all people, was the main culprit.

Lionel and Ruth were stunned for a long time.

Their faces were pale, filled with pain.

Was this the truth behind Jackson's disability?

They had always felt sorry for Jackson's difficult childhood, sorry that he could never use his legs from such a young age, sorry for all the suffering he had endured.

And now they were being told that Jackson's suffering was caused by his own brothers.

How could Claude and Jonas do this to their own brother?

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"Claude, Jonas!" Yvonne's emotions were out of control, her eyes red and brimming with tears. She stepped forward in a flash, rushing to the two brothers, her face twisted with rage. "It was you? Jackson is your brother! Even if you don't share the same mother, how could you do this to him? How could you be so heartless?"

Yvonne was already in tears.

In Jackson's prime years, when he should have been running freely, he was confined to a wheelchair.

The mere thought of it made Yvonne's heartache unbearably.

Why did her son have to suffer all this?

She had thought it was an accident. Who could have imagined it was a long-planned conspiracy?

The conspirators were Claude and Jonas, two illegitimate children.

At this moment, Yvonne's hatred for Roderick surged.

If Roderick hadn't had these illegitimate children, her son wouldn't have had to suffer this way.

"What are you yelling at them for?" Wendy couldn't help but frown and shout at Yvonne, protective of her sons.

"Just because this man says it, does that make it true?" Wendy scoffed. "Maybe your son found some random person to slander mine!"

Yvonne's fury surged upon hearing this. "You!"

She immediately took a few steps forward, pointing a finger at Wendy, as if ready to fight.

"Mom, don't get

worked up!" Karen suddenly rushed over, wrapping her arms around the agitated Yvonne.

Karen understood Yvonne's feelings, but right now, everything should be left to Jackson to handle.

Acting impulsively and hurting someone would only put them at a disadvantage.

Yvonne's agitation slowly subsided as Karen held her.

"Exactly!" Claude chimed in. Despite his guilt, he knew he couldn't admit to anything.

If he did, not only would the Bane family turn against him, but it would also stain his reputation forever if it got out.

"Jackson just found someone random to frame me. Ridiculous!" He retorted confidently. "I don't know this person at all. If you believe him, you're the real fool!"

"Is that so?" The man's gaze locked onto Claude, his expression cold. "I've kept all the chat records and payment receipts from when you hired me. Would you like me to show everyone "What? You-" Claude couldn't maintain his composure anymore, his face stiffening.

He was visibly shaken, his entire body trembling.

"No, that's not true-" Claude continued to deny, trying to argue. You could easily fake those. You're just trying to slander us. How much did Jackson pay you to lie like this?" "Enough!" Lionel suddenly roared, his voice booming and commanding everyone's attention.

He squinted his eyes, looking at Claude and Jonas with anger, his voice firm as he questioned, "I'm asking you, did you do it

or not?

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"And tell the truth! At that moment, Lionel's authority was undeniable, his eyes dark and piercing, exuding an

overwhelming pressure. "If you don't tell the truth, I will exhaust all my resources to investigate what happened back then and uncover the truth."

In fact, twelve years ago, Lionel had investigated Jackson's car accident. But all the evidence pointed to it being an accident. so he didn't delve deeper.

He never expected that twelve years later, Jackson would uncover the truth himself.

He didn't need to investigate further.

Just by observing the changes in Claude and Jonas's expressions, he knew they were responsible.

"Tell me the truth!" Lionel hoped they would confess. Dragging this out would only embarrass everyone further.

Claude clenched his teeth, his gaze conflicted and troubled.

At this point, what else could he say?

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Jonas stood to the side, his eyes cast downward, his expression indifferent and numb.

The message implied by their expressions was clear to everyone

It was clear that they had admitted it.

"You-" Tears welled up in Ruth's eyes, threatening to spill over. Why would you harm him? How could you-

"You wanted Jack dead! How could you have such an evil thought at such a young age?" It was rare for Ruth to look so angry. She clenched her fists, her body trembling uncontrollably. "Jack is your brother, too." "They never considered Jackson their brother!" Yvonne exclaimed, tears brimming in her eyes as well. "What they had done to Jackson, they could never make it up in this lifetime!"

"Claude, Jonas!" Lionel's voice followed, his face now calm but his eyes cold and intimidating. "We don't tolerate such murderers in the Bane family. Leave. I forbid you from entering the family again!"

Claude and Jonas were visibly shocked by this.

"Grandpa!" Claude called out in disbelief, his eyes wide like saucers.

Of course, he didn't want to leave the Bane family.

All that he currently possessed had been provided by the Bane family. He has already lost control over the Bane.

If he were to leave the Bane family, he would truly have nothing left!"

"Grandpa, I was wrong!" Claude pleaded desperately, his voice full of humility. "I shouldn't have done it. Please don't make me leave. I was too young and hated Jackson so much, which drove me to do such a silly thing. I've grown up now. I'll be a good brother to him, I promise!"

Claude, lacking any pride, begged like a child who had done something wrong.

Jonas, standing beside him, remained expressionless.

He knew it was over.

Jackson was going to take over completely.

All his years of effort and all his schemes had been for nothing.

Jackson's every move today had been fatal, leaving him no chance to defend himself.

"If the Bane family won't keep you, then come with me!" Seeing Lionel's decision to expel her sons, Wendy said defiantly.

Although she too was reluctant to part with the Bane family's status and wealth, she knew that with Jackson in charge, Claude and Jonas would never have a good life.

Leaving seemed the better option.

"Mom, can you just stop talking?" Claude complained immediately, facing Wendy.

He didn't want to leave the Bane family, not in the slightest.

"You're still going to stay here with your head down?" Wendy frowned, utterly perplexed.  
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Just as the mother and son were about to argue further, hurried footsteps echoed from the entrance hall, drawing everyone's attention.

A slender figure appeared at the doorway.

It was Oneida.

After leaving that basement, she hurried straight to the Bane manor, determined to expose Jonas's hypocritical facade.

She hadn't expected the Bane manor to be so crowded.

Jackson's eyes immediately locked onto Oneida.

His gaze was like a hawk's, fixed intently on his woman, scrutinizing her.

Oneida looked a bit haggard and thinner.

Though he knew Oneida had likely escaped, seeing her alive and well in person still made him unable to take his eyes off her.

"Ida, why are you-" Lionel didn't expect Oneida to suddenly appear. He looked a bit confused.

Oneida walked unhurriedly into the hall, her cold and indifferent gaze sweeping the room before finally settling on Jonas. "I'm here because of Jonas."

"Ida, did Jonas really kidnap you?" Yvonne asked urgently upon hearing this.

Oneida immediately understood.

It seemed everyone already knew about Jonas's deeds.

The crowd gathered in the hall was clearly there to confront Claude and Jonas.

"Yes." Oneida nodded, her eyes cold and sharp as she stared at Jonas. "He kidnapped me twice."

"Twice!" Yvonne's eyes widened with intense anger.

"Jonas, you!" Lionel sighed deeply, seemingly having lost patience with the two brothers. "Our family can't keep you two anymore. Leave at once on your own, or we'll take measures."

"Grandpa, their wrongdoings go beyond that-" At this moment, Oneida suddenly spoke. She let out a cold laugh, her eyes filled with contempt. "Grandma was in poor health before, bedridden, but it wasn't actually caused by an illness. She was poisoned by Jonas! And it's an extremely malicious poison called Red Death."

This revelation left everyone in shock.

This was too unbelievable and yet too terrifying.

It felt like a plot straight out of a drama. How could this happen in real life?

Oneida's intense gaze fixed on Jonas, exuding an overwhelming aura.

Ever since she cred Ruth of the poison, she had been pondering who the poisoner was.

This person had to be someone within the Bane family.

When she uncovered Jonas's true nature, she was certain that Jonas was the one who poisoned her.

He had both the motive and the capability.

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She even had Simon investigate, and it turned out just as she suspected that Jonas had something to do with Red Death.

He was indeed the poisoner.

"Ida, is what you're saying true?" Lionel's eyes widened as if hearing something unbelievable.

He was uncharacteristically emotional and lost control of his emotions.

"Absolutely. Oneida nodded solemnly. "These were all confirmed by Dr. Ryan."

Of course, she couldn't admit it was her discovery, so she attributed everything to Dr. Ryan.

"I invited Dr. Ryan from Mount Esterwilde. She saved Grandma and told me everything." Oneida sneered coldly. "Dr. Ryan knew it was caused by poison at a glance. Humph, evil deeds will always leave traces." Jackson watched Oneida in silence, his lips tightly pressed together.

This revelation was what he had planned to announce next.

Unexpectedly, Oneida had beaten him to it.

Seeing her vibrant and confident demeanor, he couldn't help but smile softly.

"Mrs. Ruth Bane!" A servant suddenly screamed.

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Ruth, unable to bear the truth about being poisoned, had fainted. Her frail body collapsed backward, eyes closed.

Lionel's eyes widened in shock, his face turning pale as he hurriedly moved to support his wife.

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The scené descended into chaos.

Ruth lay unconscious in Lionel's arms.

"Call a doctor immediately!" Lionel ordered the servants, his voice urgent.

Ruth was quickly taken to her room, where doctors and servants attended to her. Fortunately, the doctor said she was just overwhelmed by shock and would be fine. Hearing this, Oneida couldn't help but sigh in relief.

She stepped back, but her foot seemed to catch on something, causing her to stumble.

At that moment, a steady hand caught her arm, providing a warm and reassuring grip.

Oneida turned her head to find herself looking into a pair of deep, intense eyes, as dark as the deep night. It was Jackson.

Oneida had been so focused on exposing Jonas that she hadn't noticed Jackson.

The man before her stood over a head taller than her, his posture straight and elegant.

It was Jackson.

He could actually stand on his feet now!

Oneida's

eyes widened in disbelief as she took in the sight of Jackson standing there without his wheelchair.

Her heart couldn't help but skip a beat.

"You-" Oneida stammered, momentarily at a loss for words.

"Are you okay? Did you get hurt?" Jackson's expression softened slightly, concern obvious in his voice.

"Jackson, your legs-" Oneida was still in shock, staring at his legs

Although her memories from her previous life told her that Jackson's legs would heal and he would walk again, she hadn't expected it to happen so soon.

"My legs are fine now," Jackson replied calmly with a nod.

Oneida slowly gathered herself, reaching out to grasp Jackson's arm.

"Jackson." Her voice trembled slightly, her eyes reddening.

Just then, Lionel emerged from the room.

He walked straight up to Claude and Jonas, his face cold as ice. Jonas, you-"

He pointed a trembling finger at Jonas's face, unable to contain his anger any longer.

His gaze burned with a towering rage as he glared at his two grandsons.

"Grandpa, I don't know anything about this!" Claude exclaimed, his eyes wide with a mix of confusion and indignation.

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Claude truly didn't know about these things..

He had been kept in the dark about Jonas's plans, including the kidnappings and poisoning.

These were all Jonas's schemes.

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"Grandpa, I really don't know. Why would I poison Grandma?" Claude's voice was strained, on the verge of tears. He turned to Jonas, his brows furrowed. "Jonas, did you really do this? Did you really poison her?" Jonas remained silent for a long moment, his lips tightly pressed together.

He surveyed the room with narrowed eyes before suddenly breaking into a cold laugh.

His long, narrowed eyes gleamed with a chilling coldness, his handsome features shrouded in a frosty aura.

"I don't think I did anything wrong," Jonas said, a cold smile playing on his lips.

He seemed to have accepted this outcome, with a touch of madness in his expression.

"I'll do whatever it takes achieve my goals. I'm willing to do anything to get what I want!" Jonas's voice was icy and resolute, echoing around the room.

He clenched his fists, his gaze steely and unyielding.

"So, I did nothing wrong!" Jonas's eyes flashed with a fierce light, his back straight.

"But I lost." He let out a bitter laugh, a hint of sadness crossing his handsome face. "Victory or defeat, I accept the outcome."

Jonas knew he had failed.

He had forever lost his chance to take over the Bane family.

He had been defeated by Jackson.

Perhaps, this was his fate.

After years of meticulous planning, he still lost.

Jackson was truly a formidable and unpredictable genius.

"You did nothing wrong?" Lionel was trembling with rage, his eyes wide with fury, his expression contorted in anger.

father "After all the wrongs you've done, expelling you from the family is too lenient. You should face the same fate as your and be punished by the law!" Lionel's voice boomed with a commanding force. "And you too!" He turned his gaze to Claude, gritting his teeth. "Both of you brothers belong in prison!"

"Yes, they should be sent to prison!" Yvonne echoed, finally recovering from her shock.

She still couldn't believe that Ruth had been bedridden for so long, not due to illness but because Jonas had poisoned her! Poisoning was such a vile act.

How could Jonas commit such a horrific act against his own grandma?

The more Yvonne thought about it, the angrier she became, wishing for the two brothers to be punished as soon as possible.

"You two have committed countless crimes and harmed so many family members. I will never forgive you. Prison is where you belong!" She clenched her fists, her eyes filled with hatred.

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Karen stood there, stunned and speechless.

She never imagined Jonas would go so far as to poison Ruth.

It was beyond her comprehension.

Jonas, how could he be so cruel?

How could he dare?

Bella, standing nearby, also looked unsettled.

She knew Claude would likely face punishment.

But what about herself?

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They weren't married yet. With Claude expelled from the family should she quickly distance herself from him?

Thinking this, she couldn't help but glance at Jackson.

The tall, handsome man stood not far away, strong and resolute like a tree, with Oneida beside him.

They were standing close, their arms touching, looking very intimate.

Bella felt a pang of jealousy.

If she left Claude and regained her freedom, would she have a chance with Jackson?

Her eyes darkened slightly before she quickly looked away, pretending she had never seen them together.

Just then, Jackson took a few steps forward, walking slowly and steadily toward Claude and Jonas.

"Grandpa," he said, looking down at Lionel with a calm expression. "Before sending them to prison, there's something I need to do."

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"What is it?" Lionel asked instinctively, his brows furrowing.

Jackson's eyes were cold and unyielding, freezing people on the spot.

He glanced at Claude and Jonas with a detached, condescending disdain. "What you owe me, you'll pay back first," he said, his voice devoid of warmth.

"Pay back what?" Claude's eyes widened in alarm, his stance defensive.

Jonas's expression tightened, a sense of foreboding washing over him.

"I want you to experience what it feels like to lose your legs," Jackson said, his eyes narrowing with a dark, chilling intent.

As soon as he spoke, a group of men in black stormed in from the hall entrance.

Their target was Claude and Jonas.

In an instant, the black-clad men reached the brothers, restraining them swiftly.

Claude and Jonas's hands were bound by the black-clad men, rendering them completely immobilized.

"What are you doing? Let me go!" Claude widened his eyes, his expression uneasy, as he struggled. He vigorously shook his arms, trying to break free from the grip of the black-clad men. However, his sedentary lifestyle left him no match for these well-trained individuals.

Jonas was similarly overpowered, his attempts to break free futile against the men's strength.

"What do you intend to do to my sons?" Wendy screamed, her voice shrill with fear as she glared at Jackson.

"Don't you dare harm them! Though fear gripped her heart, she forced herself to stand her ground against Jackson.

Jackson didn't spare her a glance.

"Break their legs," he commanded coldly, his tone brooking no argument.

Hearing this, everyone's eyes widened in shock.

Was Jackson really going to break their legs?

Claude gasped, his body stiffening as if the blood had stopped circulating.

How did he end up like this?

Overcome with fear, he shuddered uncontrollably.

He was terrified to the core at the prospect of someone breaking his legs.

He had never imagined that Jackson would resort to such a measure.

"Jackson, just send me to prison!" Claude pleaded, his body and voice quivering.

"Is there any need to torture us like this? I'd rather go to prison!" The more he spoke, the more frantic he became, but the men in black held firm.

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In contrast, Jonas remained much calmer.

Restrained too, he gazed at Jackson with cold, sorrowful eyes.

As expected of Jackson, he would indeed do such a thing.

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"What are you waiting for?" Jackson's patience wore thin. He glanced at the men in black, his voice cutting through the air like a knife.

The men immediately bound Claude and Jonas with iron chains rendering them completely helpless.

Then, they forced the brothers to the ground.

"Jackson, let me go! You'll regret this!" Claude yelled, his voice frantic, his face twisted with rage.

Jonas gritted his teeth.

Never in his life had he been so humiliated, pinned to the ground, unable to move, at the mercy of others.

However, Jonas's eyes darkened slightly.

He had one last trick up his sleeve.

Just a bit longer, and his people would come!

He wished they would come sooner and quicker.

"You're a heartless monster, Jackson!" Wendy's eyes were already red, on the verge of tears. Her sons were about to have their

legs broken. How could she hold back her emotions? "Jackson, this is evil! You will go to hell!"

Despite Wendy's desperate screams, Jackson remained as cold as ice, unwavering in his decision. Everyone else watched in silence, saying nothing.

Lionel felt that Claude and Jonas deserved this outcome. It was just desserts.

Jackson's actions were justified in his eyes.

He watched in silence, like an indifferent observer.

Yvonne stood nearby, her heart aching as she looked at Jackson.

She knew that only by experiencing the pain of losing their legs, only by feeling hatred and suffering, would the perpetrators understand the agony they had caused. Jackson had felt hatred and suffering, which was why he sought revenge.

This realization made Yvonne's heart ache even more. Her son had suffered a lot.

Oneida also watched Jackson in silence, her gaze steady.

The man standing tall and straight now seemed like a different person from the one who had gently asked if she was hurt moments ago.

She wasn't surprised that Jackson wanted to break the brothers' legs.

If she were Jackson, she would do the same.

If breaking their legs made Jackson happier, she would be more than willing to see it happen.

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So, Oneida felt a mix of anticipation and excitement.

Her

eyes shifted to the two brothers on the ground with a cold gleam in her gaze.

She hoped the men in black would hurry up.

Just as she thought this, several men in black, carrying long iron rods, swiftly approached.

The iron rods soon came crashing down on Claude and Jonas's legs.

"Ah!" Claude let out a scream that echoed through the hall, a sound so piercing it hurt everyone's ears.

"My son-" Wendy's tears streamed down her face as she cried out, "Stop! Stop hitting them!"

But no one paid her any mind.

The punishment continued.

The cold iron rods struck the brothers' legs mercilessly, creating dull thuds.

Claude screamed hysterically, while Jonas gritted his teeth, trying to endure the pain.

His fists clenched, palms sweaty.

Sweat beaded on his forehead, his face losing colors.

'Where are my people?' Jonas wondered, frowning.

If they didn't come soon, his legs would indeed be broken.

The brothers' legs soon began to bleed under the relentless blows.

The sight was gruesome.

Suddenly, hurried footsteps echoed from outside the hall.

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The sound of footsteps, loud and well-coordinated, echoed through the hall.

## **Read The Second Act 295**

### **The Second Act 295**

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The sound of footsteps, loud and well-coordinated, echoed through the hall.

Suddenly, a deafening gunshot shattered the air, grabbing everyone's attention and freezing the men in black in their tracks. Hearing the commotion, Jonas, his consciousness slowly returning, clenched his fingers, feeling a surge of excitement. He knew his reinforcements had arrived!

At that moment, a thick cloud of white smoke filled the hall, obscuring everyone's vision.

Several tall men emerged from the smoke, engaging the men in black in fierce combat.

The two groups clashed violently, locked in an intense struggle.

"Mr. Jonas Bane, we're late." A man in a black jacket hurried to Jonas's side, his expression worried. "Are you alright?"

Jonas replied grumpily, "Do I look alright to you?"

The man apologized quickly, then helped Jonas to his feet.

However, Jonas's legs were bleeding, making it impossible for him to walk.

One man had to carry Jonas, while another helped Claude up.

Wendy was also being prepared for escape by Jonas's men.

But just then, a figure burst through the smoke, running straight towards them.

It was Oneida.

The smoke temporarily blinded everyone else, but Oneida was accustomed to such harsh conditions.

She could clearly make out their movements despite the thick haze.

Claude and Jonas wanted to escape, but she wouldn't let that happen.

"Where are you going?" Oneida moved swiftly, her gaze cold as she confronted them.

Jonas frowned deeply upon seeing Oneida appear all of a sudden

Through the smoke, he could recognize her silhouette.

"You'd better get out of the way!" He snarled, his narrow eyes filled with anger.

Oneida stared coldly at the man who had once saved her life, but who was also evil at the same time.

Jonas had always been a figure of contradiction for her.

Regardless of whether he had saved her or not, choosing to side with Jackson meant Jonas was now her enemy. And she would treat Jonas as such.

"Jonas, you think you can escape before this is over?" Oneida's voice was icy, her eyes narrowing into a sharp slit.

Jonas pressed his thin lips together, ignoring her. Instead, he parted the shoulder of the man beside him and said coldly, "Alex, handle this."

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The man in the black jacket, Alex, who was holding Jonas, was Jonas's most loyal, capable, and secretive subordinate, his last

ace in the hole.

Alex would only appear in the most critical situations.

Today was a life-or-death moment for Jonas, which is why Alex was here at the Bane manor.

Upon Jonas's command, Alex nodded respectfully.

He handed the injured Jonas to another comrade and swiftly lunged at Oneida.

Alex had no intention of holding back, his fists flying toward Oneida with lethal force.

Oneida's eyes narrowed, and she dodged the attack with the speed of a whirlwind.

Both skilled fighters maneuvered through the dense smoke, each locating the other with ease.

When his first strike missed, Alex launched a second attack.

He aimed a powerful kick straight at Oneida's vital point.

Oneida quickly raised her leg, blocking Alex's attack.

The two of them immediately engaged in a fierce battle, neither able to gain the upper hand.

"Get them out of here!" Alex ordered while fighting Oneida.

The others nodded and began to escort Jonas and the rest toward the door.

Oneida noticed this and, in a flash, evaded Alex and darted in front of Jonas.

Grabbing Jonas's wrist, she declared, "Jonas, you're not going anywhere with all your sins!"

Jonas glared at her, his voice weak but filled with malice. "Oneida, if you know what's good for you, you'd better back off."

"I don't want to hurt you," he added suddenly.

'He doesn't want to hurt me?' Oneida thought.

She paused, her movements stopping in mid-air.

During her time in the basement, aside from that one electric shock, Jonas hadn't really harmed her.

Even the whip had missed her.

Why was he like this?

He had changed, yet he still showed her a semblance of mercy like he did years ago.

Oneida's eyes reflected her internal conflict.

"No, I can't afford to be soft-hearted," she muttered to herself.

"Jonas, after all the wrongs you've committed, you should face the consequences. Using such underhanded methods to escape is hardly honorable," Oneida said, her grip tightening on his wrist. Oneida's hand was still shackling Jonas's wrist.

She pulled out a chain from her pocket, something she had picked up in the hall earlier, which came just in handy. She

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intended to bind Jonas's wrists with it.

Unexpectedly, just then, the sound of a trigger being pulled reached her ears.

Her heart skipped a beat, and she instinctively turned towards the sound.

It was Alex!

He stood not far away, holding a black handgun aimed directly at Oneida.

The trigger was pulled, and with a bang, a bullet shot towards her head.

Oneida instinctively tried to dodge, but the bullet, hidden in the thick smoke, made it difficult.

In that split second, a tall figure wrapped her in a tight embrace.

She was pulled into a warm, solid chest, and a fresh, unique scent filled her nose.

It was Jackson.

Jackson had burst through the smoke like a god descending to shield her.

He stood in front of her, wrapping her tightly in his arms.

And his back took the bullet meant for her.

Oneida, held in Jackson's arms, froze for a moment.

Then, the strong scent of blood hit her.

Smelling the blood, Oneida knew that Jackson had taken the bullet for her.

Realizing this, Oneida's face turned pale.

She immediately looked up at the man in front of her, her fingers clutching Jackson's wrist. "Jackson, you—"

Her eyes widened, filled with worry.

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Jackson, however, acted as if nothing had happened, his expression calm and untroubled, showing no sign of pain. His handsome features even held a hint of deep, gentle affection

He looked at Oneida, his voice soft and steady. "I'm fine. As long as you're not hurt, that's all that matters.

His tone was so composed. It was as if the wound on his back didn't exist.

"Jackson!" Oneida gritted her teeth, instinctively calling his name

Her heart ached inexplicably.

Why was he smiling through his pain when he was clearly injured for her sake?

Meanwhile, chaos reigned in the hall.

Many were blinded by the smoke, and several of Jackson's subordinates were thrown into disarray by his injury.

Alex seized this opportunity to whisk away Jonas, Claude, and Wendy.

At that moment, Oneida's sole focus was Jackson.

She didn't care if Jonas managed to escape. Her eyes were fixed only on Jackson.

"Why did you take the bullet for me?" Oneida clutched Jackson's arm, overwhelmed with heartache. "Are you crazy?"

Jackson looked at her with a serene gaze, his eyes filled with deep and tender emotions.

"It's just a small wound, nothing to worry about." He truly appeared unaffected, his face calm and composed, his voice serene and steady.

"If the bullet had hit you, it would have been much worse," he added, his hand instinctively patting her back, his eyes showing a flicker of warmth. Oneida was stunned.

She stood there, motionless, her eyes wide with surprise and confusion.

She sometimes just didn't understand what was going through in Jackson's mind.

Oneida immediately pulled away from his embrace, turning to call for a doctor.

"Your wound needs immediate treatment!" she said urgently.

But just then, Jackson's face turned pale, a rare sign of weakness crossing his handsome features.

The next moment, his eyes closed, and he collapsed toward Oneida.

Oneida was caught off guard.

She widened her eyes, instinctively reaching out to catch his tall frame.

Jackson fell into her arms, his eyes closed as if he were asleep.

Oneida placed her hands on Jackson's back, instantly feeling the warm blood.

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Dark red blood was flowing steadily from the wound.

Blood was what occupied Oneida's mind at that moment.

Both her palms were stained with blood.

Jackson was losing so much of it!

Despite the severe bleeding, he had held on, just to keep her from worrying or being afraid.

"Jackson!" Oneida cried out his name, her voice filled with desperation as she clutched him tightly.

At that moment, the smoke began to clear.

Jonas and his group had already left the hall.

With the smoke gone, others also noticed Oneida holding Jackson in the center.

"Jack! What happened to him?" Lionel exclaimed, his eyes wide with shock as he saw Jackson in Oneida's arms.

His face showed both worry and agitation.

Yvonne also noticed Jackson's injury. Her face contorted with panic as she rushed over to Oneida. "Jackson, are you okay?" Seeing the blood pouring from his wound, she nearly broke down, tears streaming down her face, her body trembling violently. "How is he bleeding so much?"

+5

Victor, already aware of Jackson's injury, had contacted Jackson's personal doctor, urging him to get to the manor as quickly

as possible.

Victor stood anxiously by the hall entrance, fists clenched, hoping the doctor would arrive soon.

The entire hall's focus was on Jackson's condition.

He lay silently and weakly in Oneida's arms, his once handsome face now losing color.

His lips were pale and cold.

Oneida held him, her expression wooden as she stared at his face.

Jackson had long eyelashes. At this moment, he had his eyes closed, and the long lashes cast shadows on his fair skin. Though Oneida appeared motionless, her fingers pressed firmly against his wound, trying to stop the bleeding.

Victor had assured her the doctor was on the way.

Until then, she had to use her own methods to keep him stable.

In fact, with her medical skills, she was perfectly capable of treating Jackson.

However, there were no proper tools on hand. If the wound was not handled properly, it was likely to cause infection.

So she decided to wait for the doctor.

"Jackson, my poor child." Yvonne sobbed uncontrollably beside them, her face pale, tears streaming down her cheeks. "My kid-

Karen and Bella also watched Jackson with anxious faces.

Bella, naturally concerned for Jackson, felt her heart break seeing her beloved injured so badly.

08:32 Fri, Dec 6

Chapter 296

Karen, too, was distraught seeing her brother so weak and helpless.

82%

"Why did such a tragedy befall our family?" Lionel shook his head, sighing deeply, his eyes filled with pain. "Claude, Jonas, they've harmed Jack again!" Fortunately, Ruth was resting in her room after fainting. If she saw this scene, she might faint again!

Suddenly, urgent footsteps echoed from the hall entrance.

A man in a white coat carrying a medical kit rushed in.

"The doctor's here!" Victor exclaimed, his eyes lighting up with relief.

Everyone turned their gaze to the doctor, Gavin, Jackson's family doctor.

He had been there during the previous bombing attack and now just as he thought Jackson was out of danger, Jackson was injured again.

B

The doctor quickly assessed the situation, frowning at the pool of blood.



"This is serious," he said sternly.

"Get him onto a bed immediately!" He ordered the people in the hall.

Hearing this, Victor rushed to Oneida. "Mrs. Bane, let me take Mr. Bane."

Reluctantly, Oneida released Jackson, watching as he was carried to a room.

Lionel, Yvonne, Oneida, and everyone else followed, desperate to know Jackson's condition.

The doctor, however, stopped them at the door.

"There are too many of you. You'll interfere with my work. Please wait outside," he said seriously, making it clear they shouldn't enter.

## **The Second Act 297**

### Chapter 297

When the doctor spoke, everyone naturally obeyed.

Despite their concern for Jackson's condition, Lionel and Yvonne had to stop at the door.

The others, seeing this, also gave up the idea of entering the room.

However, a voice suddenly sounded.

"Let me in," Oneida's determined voice rang out, catching everyone's attention.

Her eyes were resolute as she stared at the doctor.

"Oneida, you-" Bella frowned, unhappy with Oneida's insistence on entering.

What right did she have to go in?

Was she going to cause trouble?

"What are you going in for?" Bella asked through gritted teeth, her disdain clear. "Don't get in the doctor's way!"

Oneida remained composed, her gaze fixed on the doctor, exuding a calm yet fierce demeanor.

"Do you think I'll be a troublemaker?" She asked with an air of confidence.

The doctor pressed his lips together, recalling the day Jackson was injured by the bomb.

That day, Oneida displayed remarkable skill under pressure.

It was a performance he remembered vividly.

"Alright, you can come in. The rest will wait outside." The doctor nodded, allowing Oneida to enter.

"Why?" Bella felt a surge of dissatisfaction. "Then I want to go in too."

She stepped forward, wanting to follow Oneida into the room,

Victor blocked Bella's path.

"Unnecessary personnel are not allowed," he said as he coldly glanced at Bella, his warning directed at everyone.

At the same time, Oneida had followed the doctor into the room. Victor followed closely behind, shutting the room door tightly behind them.

Inside, Jackson lay on the bed, his face calm but pale.

His eyes were closed, lips slightly pressed together, and the blood from his wound had stained the white sheets.

Oneida hurried to the bedside, her eyes intently on Jackson.

"Luckily, the blood loss isn't excessive," the doctor said after a quick examination. Jackson's condition wasn't as dire as it could have been, largely thanks to Oneida's earlier efforts to stop the bleeding. "But it's still serious," the doctor added with a frown. "The bullet is very close to the heart. It's dangerous. We need to remove it first."

With that, the doctor began preparing his tools.

1/3

Chapter 297

"I'll help you stop the bleeding," Oneida said, picking up a roll of gauze.

Removing the bullet was easier said than done.

The location was dangerous, and any mistake could be fatal, potentially causing severe bleeding.

Oneida intended to assist the doctor in stopping the bleeding.

Though she was capable of extracting the bullet herself, with a professional present, she chose not to overstep.

The doctor nodded and began the procedure.

First, he administered an anesthetic to Jackson.

Then came the most challenging part, which was removing the bullet from the bloody wound.

Oneida's eyes were fixed on the doctor's hands, closely monitoring his every move as any error could have disastrous consequences, and she needed to be ready to intervene. Fortunately, the doctor's hands were steady and skilled.

Oneida couldn't find any fault with his technique, which eased her anxiety a bit.

Still, the tension in the room was palpable. Everyone's nerves were on edge as the bullet had not yet been extracted.

Victor watched the scene with a furrowed brow, his fingers clenching reflexively.

Jackson looked incredibly weak at that moment.

The slightest mistake could be catastrophic.

For the first time, Victor silently prayed that Jackson would survive this ordeal.

The doctor's forehead was beaded with sweat.

He, too, felt the weight of responsibility, knowing Jackson's life was in his hands. He had to be extremely cautious.

Oneida's expression was equally grave.

She squinted slightly, her lips pressed tightly together.

The bright red blood staining her view was all Jackson's.

Even now, she couldn't shake the feeling of guilt.

She had dragged Jackson into this, causing him such severe injury.

If she could turn back time, she'd rather the bullet had hit her. She'd rather be the one lying on the bed, enduring this pain.

Suppressing her tumultuous emotions, she refocused on the doctor's every move. Finally, the doctor extracted the bullet from Jackson's wound and placed it in a tray. "Thank goodness, Victor sighed with relief, the tension in his eyes easing slightly. Oneida immediately took over, tending to Jackson's wound with trembling fingers. The blood, warm and sticky, flowed over her fingertips, carrying Jackson's heat. 08:33 Fri, Dec 6

Chapter 297

With the bullet out, treating the wound was crucial to prevent infection.

She worked meticulously, her experience and skill evident.

The doctor watched her, impressed by her adept handling.

Oneida truly had a deep understanding of medicine.

Despite the severity of the injury, she managed the treatment effortlessly.

Oneida's gaze remained focused on the wound, her demeanor calm and serious.

Soon, the wound was properly treated.

She let out a gentle breath.

Jackson's injury had been dealt with successfully, and no critical complications had arisen.

Jackson was safe,

Oneida finally felt a sense of relief, but the man before her still lay unconscious, showing no signs of waking.

Victor helped change Jackson into clean clothes and laid him flat on the bed.

3,82%E

"There shouldn't be any danger to his life now. It's just a matter of when he'll wake up," the doctor said with a slow sigh.

"I'll stay here with him," Oneida said, crouching by the bedside, her eyes fixed on Jackson.

"Alright, stay with him and let me know the moment he wakes up," the doctor instructed before leaving the room.

As soon as he stepped out, the others crowded around him.

"Doctor, how is my son?" Yvonne's eyes, still teary and red, pleaded with the doctor for reassurance.

Lionel's anxious expression mirrored hers, his concern evident. "Doctor, how is Jack?"

Karen and Bella also stared intently at the doctor, their faces filled with worry.

"He's out of immediate danger," the doctor replied, his tone grave. "But he hasn't woken up yet. I can't say when he will."

## **The Second Act 298**

### Chapter 298

Hearing the doctor's reassurance, everyone breathed a slight sigh of relief.

At least Jackson was no longer in immediate danger.

"Can we go in and see him?" Lionel asked, still tense, his gaze drifting towards the room.

The others also seemed eager to check on Jackson's condition.

The doctor shook his head, refusing. "It's best not to. Wait until he wakes up."

At the moment, inside the room, Victor stood by the door while Oneida crouched by the bed, her eyes fixed on Jackson's pale and weak face.

Her eyes were filled with deep, complex emotions, her expression somewhat dazed.

She was lost in thought, reflecting on Jackson's actions over the past few days.

She wasn't a fool. She could sense everything.

Jackson's words to her, the things he did for her, and just now, how he unhesitatingly took a bullet for her, all pointed to one thing, that he liked her.

If he was simply fulfilling his duty as a husband, everything he did seemed too much.

The warmth in his eyes, his actions, they weren't fake.

Even during their outing to Rainbowia Park, she had felt something.

Now, she was even more certain of it.

Oneida clenched her fingers, her gaze steady.

She had made up her mind. As soon as Jackson woke up, she would ask him directly about his feelings.

Just then, the man on the bed seemed to twitch his eyelids.

Oneida noticed immediately, her eyes widening in surprise and joy.

The man's long eyelashes fluttered slightly, and finally, Jackson slowly opened his eyes.

He woke up much quicker than last time.

The first thing he saw was Oneida's relieved and happy face.

"You're awake?" Oneida exhaled softly, her face lighting up with a gentle smile.

Her eyes sparkled, reflecting his image.

Jackson felt a slight daze.

Instinctively, he reached out and touched Oneida's left cheek.

Oneida hadn't expected this sudden move and froze, her expression momentarily stunned.

The man's fingertips were cool and soft.

08:33 Fri, Dec 6

Chapter 298

"I made you worry," Jackson said softly, his deep, dark eyes gazing at her.

His voice carried a warmth that was intoxicating.

Oneida's breath caught in her throat, unsure of what to say.

Victor, watching from the side, felt awkward.

He realized he was the third wheel and decided to quietly slip out of the room, leaving Oneida and Jackson alone.

Now, only Oneida and Jackson were left in the room.

Oneida's cheek remained in Jackson's palm as they silently stared at each other, their locked.

Oneida, almost involuntarily, reached out and placed her hand over Jackson's.

"Jackson," she whispered.

"Hmm?" Jackson responded softly, his eyes focused on her.

"You-" Oneida's gaze was complicated as she looked at him.

gazes

Clenching her fingers slightly, she finally mustered the courage to ask, "Jackson, do you like me?"

"Like in a romantic kind of way," she added. "Not out of duty, or mere admiration."

Jackson's eyes flickered upon hearing this.

He pressed his lips together, momentarily silent.

## **The Second Act 299**

Chapter 299

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82%1 +5

Oneida quietly gazed at him, continuing, "Jackson, I don't know if I'm imagining things, but lately, it seems like you've been especially kind to me. So kind that it makes me think you really like me." Speaking of this, Oneida smiled embarrassedly.

"That's why I wanted to ask you." Her gaze softened with a hint of affection in her eyes. "You don't have to answer right away. I know it's an awkward question. But, when you're ready, you must tell me, otherwise-" Just then, she was interrupted.

"I already have the answer." Jackson's pale lips curved into a rare gentle smile, like a star shining brightly in the night sky.

Oneida was momentarily dazed by his smile.

"But I can't tell you now," he continued, his voice soft.

His handsome face, despite its pallor, radiated a gentle light.

He stared at her motionlessly, his eyes as brilliant as the most flamboyant flower in spring.

For Jackson, this was not the right moment to confess, given his weakened state.

He didn't want to say what was in his heart now.

Oneida was stunned into silence.

Though she wasn't in a hurry to know Jackson's answer, his evasion made her a bit anxious.

"Really?" Oneida murmured with a hint of helplessness in her eyes.

Jackson smiled again.

He gently patted her cheek before slowly withdrawing his hand.

"I'll tell you when the time is right," he reassured her softly, trying to soothe her worries.

With Jackson's promise, Oneida couldn't say much more.

"You should rest now. You've had a tough day," Jackson suggested noticing the tiredness in her "I'm fine now, really," he added, to reassure her.

eyes.

Oneida nodded and stood up, slowly leaving the room, her mind still a jumble of thoughts.

Why couldn't Jackson just say it clearly? Was it that hard?

She was almost certain he had feelings for her, but he just wouldn't confess.



Frowning slightly, Oneida walked towards the hall.

"Ida." Yvonne's eyes lit up as she hurried over, anxiously asking, "How is Jackson? Has he woken up?"

Lionel also turned his gaze toward Oneida, and everyone in the hall perked up their ears.

Oneida nodded calmly. "He's awake, but it's best not to disturb him now. Let's visit him later."

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Chapter 299

"Thank heavens!" Yvonne sighed in relief, her tense body relaxing, a look of relief washing over her face. "Thank goodness, Jackson is going to be alright." Lionel also breathed a sigh of relief. "Thank goodness."

Everyone in the hall shared in the relief and joy at the news.

Meanwhile, Victor returned to Jackson's room after Oneida left.

"Mr. Bane, Jonas and Claude managed to escape," Victor reported regretfully, a hint of disappointment in his eyes. "They should have suffered for what they did." "I know." Jackson, propped up against the bed, his face pale but calm, responded.

SEND GIFT

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## **The Second Act 300**

Chapter 300

In fact, when Jonas's men stormed the manor's hall to rescue the two brothers, Jackson had a change of plan.

He decided to deliberately let Jonas escape to lure out the deeper forces behind him.

Therefore, he signaled his subordinates to stay put and not act immediately.

However, he miscalculated one thing.

He didn't expect that Oneida would after Jonas to stop him from leaving.

By the time Jackson arrived, a bullet was already flying straight at her.

Without hesitation, he shielded her from the lethal shot.

Fortunately, the bullet was successfully removed, and he was out of immediate danger.

"Mr. Bane, there's another matter." Victor's low voice interrupted Jackson's thoughts.

"What is it?" Jackson asked indifferently, his lips barely moving.

"It's about "Victor glanced discreetly at Jackson, his expression complex and conflicted.  
"It's about Cece."

Hearing that name "Cece", Jackson felt a surge of nostalgia.

"Cece might really be found this time," Victor said firmly. "Our men have located her and should bring her back soon."

Not long ago, Victor had reported significant progress in locating Cece. Now, she was about to be found, almost too smoothly.

"Cece-" Jackson's dark, deep eyes flickered with emotion.

Cece, the girl he had searched for so long was finally within reach.

Jackson couldn't help but feel like all of this didn't quite feel real

"I understand," Jackson responded with a soft tone, his face showing a slightly distracted expression.

Victor watched, his expression complicated.

Jackson had resolved to move on and love Oneida. But now, his long-lost first love was about to reappear. How would this unfold?

"Since she's found, make sure to bring her back properly," Jackson instructed, his voice cold and low.

Victor immediately snapped back to attention, nodding solemnly.

He subconsciously glanced at Jackson and noticed that the man was currently devoid of any expression.

Jackson lowered his gaze, his thoughts unreadable.

Of course, Jackson was glad Cece was coming back,

But things couldn't be the same as they were before.

08:33 Fri, Dec 6

Chapter 300.

As Jackson continued resting in his room, the doctor checked on him, noting his good recovery.

Then, with the doctor's permission, Lionel, Ruth, and Yvonne hurried in to see him.

Ruth had just recovered from her shock and couldn't wait to see her injured grandson.

Jackson reassured his anxious family and then expressed his desire to return home to recuperate.

Staying at the manor was inconvenient for him.

He wanted to go back to Garrison Mansion.

Despite their concern, his grandparents didn't insist on keeping him.

+5

After a few more words of caution, they left the room. Yvonne held her son's hand and cried again, only leaving after she felt better.

Finally, Oneida returned.

She was informed by Victor about Jackson's plan to go back to Garrison Mansion. She came specifically to help him pack up, knowing he was injured and might struggle with certain tasks.