

The Second Act Revenge (Oneida and Jackson)

The Second Act 311

Chapter 311

The song was very popular, and as soon as it was released, it topped all major charts and became an annual favorite. However, Jackson didn't know this song.

He had no interest in the entertainment industry and didn't know any stars or singers.

At this moment, his attention was on the lyrics.

The lyrics of this song kept replaying in his mind.

The singing of Oneida echoed in his ears.

"Enjoy the wind in March, the rain in June, and the scenery in September with you.

"When the snow falls, we will get married.

"When we grow old.

"When we gradually forget everything.

"Your name will still be imprinted in my heart.

"Because you're the love of my life.

"Your name will still be imprinted in my heart because you're the love of my life."

The song finished on an emphatic and long final note. Every word seemed to hit him.

Jackson's eyes narrowed slightly, and they were filled with emotions.

He clenched his hands, and happiness was written all over his face.

He understood the lyrics.

He thought, 'If this song is my birthday gift, does it mean that...

'A long time ago, she has been planning to tell me her feelings for me on my birthday.

'Not only have I chosen to express my feelings to her, but she has as well!

'Both of us have decided to express our feelings on this day!'"

Oneida stopped playing the piano.

She opened her clear and gentle eyes.

This was her birthday gift to Jackson.

She knew that Jackson had everything and that things of value weren't good gifts for him.

So, after much thought, she had decided to sing a song for him.

A song she wrote herself.

A song about confession and commitment.

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The lyrics were very straightforward and affectionate. She was sure Jackson would understand what she was trying to say. That was right.

Oneida had long made up her mind to express her love with this song on Jackson's birthday.

Lately, she could feel Jackson loving and caring for her, but he still didn't show how he felt.

She couldn't stand it, and she didn't want to wait any longer.

So she prepared this song as a gift to him, and also as an expression of the feelings she had for him.

No matter what Jackson would do today or whether he would confess his love, she would tell him her true feelings. Unexpectedly, he had taken the lead.

He had confessed his love to her before she could.

But this song could be the answer to his question.

She wanted to use this song as her answer to Jackson!

Oneida took a deep breath before slowly turning her head to look at Jackson beside her.

Her eyes were filled with seriousness and love that was as hot as the fireworks in the night sky.

In the darkness, her eyes were so bright that they made Jackson unable to take his eyes off. Their eyes met.

With one sitting and one standing, they looked at each other.

Jackson's eyes were deep, like the ocean swallowing everything, and intense.

"This is the birthday present you gave me?" Jackson asked in a faint voice.

Oneida nodded.

"And the answer to my question?" Jackson suddenly smiled, and his handsome face immediately took on a breathtaking glow. Oneida was slightly stunned, mesmerized by this smile.

After a while, she came back to her senses and said calmly, "Yes."

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Jackson walked to her.

His eyes were brimming with happiness.

He walked up to Oneida and looked down at her.

There was excitement in his deep eyes.

Oneida was also looking at him.

At this moment, her heart started to beat faster.

She seemed to be able to hear the sound of her heartbeat.

It was particularly loud.

Oneida clenched her fists subconsciously.

At this point, Jackson bent down slightly, and put one hand on the piano and the other on Oneida's shoulder.

Oneida felt as if she was trapped, and there was no escape or retreat.

All she could see was the man in front of her.

She could feel her breath.

Time seemed frozen. She was in a daze and couldn't help holding her breath.

Two pairs of beautiful eyes were fixed on each other in silence.

The romance was in the air.

The next second, Jackson lowered his head and kissed Oneida on the lips.

It wasn't the first time they had kissed.

However, this kiss was different from the previous ones.

Oneida felt so happy that her heart was on the verge of melting, and she was filled with a dizzying throbbing sensation. With her shoulder held by Jackson, she couldn't move.

He seemed unsatisfied with the pecks.

He moved his hand to her waist.

Then, he deepened the kiss domineeringly.

He was like a gentle spring breeze, but he could also be a bit forceful and rough.

Oneida subconsciously raised her hand and wrapped her arms around Jackson's neck.

They were like two dazzling lights in the darkness.

They were both lost in this kiss.

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Eventually, Jackson's hand slipped beneath Oneida's clothing.

Oneida trembled subconsciously,

She knew what this meant.

She had never had sex with anyone in her previous life.

However, in front of her was the man she loved most.

And they were legally married.

She was willing to do it with him, and it was legal and rightful.

Oneida subconsciously reached out and played with the buttons on Jackson's shirt.

For a moment, the room got really sexy.

Jackson picked Oneida up and walked to the other side of the bedroom.

Oneida was put on the bed.

Jackson pressed down on her.

Howeyer, at this moment, the bedroom door was knocked violently.

-Repeated bangs filled their ears.

Jackson couldn't help but frown.

However, he didn't want to stop.

And Oneida was too immersed to know what was happening.

The next second, Victor's voice sounded at the door. "Mr. Bane, are you inside? I just heard from the servant that you and Mrs. Bane are inside. It's urgent, so I have to..."

Actually, Victor didn't want to bother Jackson. He knew that Jackson was going to express his feelings to his wife on his birthday today.

He didn't want to spoil their big day.

But what he was about to report was a little tricky.

Besides, the fireworks show in the manor had stopped, so he thought Jackson must have done with his confession of love. That was why he had dared to come here to see Jackson. However, Victor didn't know that he still ruined Jackson's chance to have sex with Oneida.

Oneida heard Victor's low voice.

She came back to her senses a bit.

Jackson's handsome face was a few inches from hers.

She sighed subconsciously and said in a low voice, "Victor... He seems to have something urgent..."

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At this moment, Victor's voice sounded outside the door again. Mr. Banc...

Jackson quickly closed his eyes.

When he opened his eyes, his eyes were clear, but there was still lust.

"I'll go and have a look," he said softly in a slightly hoarse voice.

Oneida nodded but was somehow disappointed.

Why am I disappointed?' she thought.

She watched Jackson walking towards the door and was surprised to find that she didn't want him to leave.

But soon Oneida pulled herself together and sat up on the bed.

And Jackson opened the door.

"Mr. Bane," Victor called out respectfully.

However, he instantly noticed that Jackson looked upset.

He was frowning slightly.

Victor pressed his lips together uneasily.

He couldn't see the inside of the room, but he guessed that Oneida was also in the room.

He knew he might have interrupted their intimacy.

Thinking of this, Victor couldn't help feeling embarrassed.

"What's going on?" Jackson said coldly with impatience in his eyes.

Scared, Victor steeled himself and said, "Mr. Bane, it's about Cece. She is on her way to Jeahron, but she had bad luck and hit a landslide. They may be stuck on the road and I haven't heard from them. I can't get in touch with them now. I don't know how they are..." Jackson's deep eyes flashed with gloom.

Cece...

He pursed his thin lips and said coldly, "Have you sent people to look for them?"

Victor nodded immediately. "I have, but they just set out."

Jackson stood still and seemed to be pondering.

His brows frowned slightly, and his eyes were cold.

"I'll go and see for myself," Jackson said after a moment of silence.

His tone was firm, with no room for doubt.

Victor's eyes widened slightly.

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However, he was not particularly surprised by Jackson's decision

After all, he knew Cece meant a lot to Jackson. She was the only Woman Jackson cared about before he met Oneida.

Even though he had no romantic feelings for her, Jackson wouldn't turn his back on Cece when her life might be in danger.

Therefore, it was reasonable for Jackson to go there in person.

At this time, in the room.

Oneida was on her feet.

She was a little dazed and didn't quite come to her senses.

Therefore, she didn't hear the conversation between Jackson and Victor clearly.

She could only vaguely hear Jackson saying that he would go and see for himself.

Just as she was walking slowly towards the door, Jackson turned around.

They looked into each other's eyes.

Her beautiful, misty eyes met his deep eyes.

After a while, Jackson couldn't help but walk over to her.

He gently rubbed Oneida's head...

He smiled and joked, "Don't look at me like that, or I don't want to go."

Jackson's clear, pleasant voice sounded above Oneida's head. Oneida paused.

Then, a faint flush appeared on her cheeks.

'Why does he sound so horny?' she thought.

She felt both happy and shy.

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"Where are you headed?" Oneida asked, her lips pressed tightly together before she followed up with her question.

Hearing this, Jackson's expression instantly became serious. I'm going to pick up a friend."

Oneida's face paused for a moment. For some reason, she had a gut feeling. This so-called friend must be something special.

"Is it a girl?" Oneida asked almost instinctively. As if she had expected it all along, she asked the right question.

Jackson didn't dodge the question; he simply nodded affirmatively. Cece was someone Jackson once treasured above all else. Even though he had let go of that past and chosen to love Oneida, it didn't mean he had to completely forget that chapter of his life or erase Cece's existence from his memory. He had to find Cece as a way of closing that chapter for himself. He also wanted to know how that brave, honest, kind-hearted young girl was doing now... If she was not doing well, perhaps he could help her. But that was as far as it would go. He wouldn't allow himself any unnecessary feelings towards her. So, he was utterly at peace with himself.

"Ida, this friend is pretty special," Jackson's eyes narrowed as he gazed intently at the girl in front of him, his voice calm and light. "I've known her for long time. To me, she has shown me kindness." No matter how he sliced it, Cece was like a beam of light that had suddenly appeared in the darkest times of Jackson's childhood. She was his light. She saved him without any thought of return and had caught fireflies for him. "So, I can't just abandon her," Jackson spoke with deep sincerity in his eyes and a solemn tone of voice. "But, I want you not to overthink it," he said and affectionately ruffled Oneida's hair.

Oneida frowned instinctively in a knee-jerk reaction, protesting, "I am not overthinking."

It's better if you're not," Jackson replied, half-squinting. "But regardless, I hope you understand-I only like you now." Jackson let those words fall effortlessly from his lips, the tone soft and tender.

Oneida was taken aback once again. For a second, she was caught off-guard before snapping back to reality. She realized that he was indeed a quiet bombshell. Initially appearing icy and unapproachable, now he was spouting sweet nothings with ease. Even she, who was used to big scenes, found herself defenseless against his charm. Oneida chastised herself internally. How come every time Jackson whispered sweet words, she would become like some inexperienced young girl, utterly defeated? She needed to stand her ground. With this thought, Oneida pursed her lips, feigning indifference, "Got it."

Jackson ruffled Oneida's hair again before finally leaving the bedroom.

Oneida walked slowly to the window, drew back the curtains, and her gaze landed on the manor outside. Jackson had slipped into a dark overcoat and was striding from the

lobby, with Victor trailing behind. From Oneida's angle, she could perfectly see the elegant and tall silhouette of the man. He was attractive, indeed very charming. Simultaneously, he resembled the sturdy cedar, tall and solitary. Watching him go, Oneida's lips unconsciously curved into a smile. Jackson had just left, yet she was already missing him dearly.

On the other side, Victor took the wheel himself and drove Jackson away from Garrison Mansion. Their destination was a highway on the outskirts of Jeahron. Cece, due to an unexpected landslide, was trapped there.

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About an hour later, Victor and Jackson arrived at the highway. The underlings previously sent out had reported to Jackson with the latest information even before they had arrived. The landslide was severe. Many vehicles on the highway had been affected, some even suffering casualties. And the car sent to pick up Cece was among them. The official rescue team was already on the scene. Victor's crew had just arrived and had not yet located the vehicle, but they promised to report back as soon as they found it. That was all the news they had. "Mr. Bane, maybe you should stay in the car?" Victor wasn't sure about the situation outside and feared that the landslide might be too dangerous for Jackson to face personally, so he suggested with concern.

"The situation should be under control," Jackson replied without hesitation, "Don't worry. Let's go together and see for ourselves."

Seeing Jackson's determination, Victor could say no more. They both got out of the car.

Up ahead, the highway was blockaded to stop any pedestrians and vehicles from going forward. Even from a distance, it was clear that the situation was grim. Some cars had even been flattened by huge boulders. The sight was nothing short of shocking. Jackson's brows knit together slightly at the sight. His gaze was drawn straight ahead, his eyes narrowing instinctively. Just then, a group of men in black appeared. They moved quickly toward Jackson.

"It's them..." Victor muttered under his breath. These were the people he had sent earlier to scout the area.

Jackson stood firmly in place, his cool gaze locked on those men in black. He noticed that there seemed to be an odd one among them. She was petite, her hands and feet trembling as if in terror. She wore a large hat, her small steps carrying her amidst the men in black. Therefore, Jackson couldn't see her face or expressions. He could only judge by her figure and posture, that this person-was a woman. A thought flashed

through Jackson's mind; his fists clenched instinctively as his expression turned somber. The man immediately strode forward a few steps.

"Mr. Bane?" Victor looked at him, puzzled, not understanding why Jackson, who was always so calm, had become so sudden and urgent.

But in the next second the group of men in black confronted them. "Mr. Bane, we've brought the person to you." Immediately after, they stepped aside to reveal the petite girl in the middle to everyone's view.

Jackson knew this girl was Cece. He had imagined countless times, pondered over it—under what kind of circumstances, in what ways he would reunite with Cece. But he had never imagined that he would meet Cece again like this. She was so small, standing in front of him, just like that.

"Cece?" Jackson slightly lowered his gaze and softly called out her name.

Hearing the man's voice, the girl's trembling shoulders gradually ceased shaking. Driven by curiosity, she couldn't help lifting the brim of her hat to sneak a peek at Jackson. He was a tall and handsome man. She had never seen such an attractive man before. Moreover, his voice was so pleasant to hear. Just now, it was his voice that had drawn her in and made her want to see his face.

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The girl seemed to freeze for a moment, caught off guard, and didn't speak right away. She stared blankly at Jackson, her face void of any discernable emotion.

And Jackson, at this very moment, finally set eyes on the girl's face. It was entirely unfamiliar. In truth, when they first met over a decade ago, Jackson had never gotten a good look at Cece's face either. Her face was always smeared with dirt, like a wild child crawling out of the earth. Despite this, Jackson had found her ridiculously endearing. Now, after more than ten years, their paths crossed again. And he was finally seeing Cece's face clearly. The contours of her face held a hint of familiarity.

But Jackson's attention was fully captured by the girl's eyes. He could never forget Cece's eyes. They were like stars in the sky, always sparkling, always brilliant. But this girl... Jackson's fingers tightened subconsciously. She indeed had the pair of eyes from Jackson's memories. Bright, pitch-black, and bursting with light. Like a unique star.

The girl was very ordinary-looking, merely pretty. But she had a pair of very beautiful eyes. These beautiful eyes, in contrast with her otherwise mundane features, created a

striking dissonance. Her face was unremarkable, yet her eyes were dazzling. Jackson was looking at the girl, and the girl was looking at Jackson. She pursed her lips, her eyes unflinching.

"Mr. Bane," Victor's voice broke the awkward silence, respectful in tone as he addressed Jackson, "I haven't had the chance to tell you the details. I found this young lady in Cinderhill Village.

"Cinderhill Village?" Jackson turned away, his gaze shifting to Victor as he asked with a frown.

"Yes, Cinderhill Village is located near Berdon Mountain." Victor continued.

Back then, Jackson and Cece's paths crossed at Saint Yales Resort, which was situated on Berdon Mountain. There were many villages around Berdon Mountain like Nusridge Village, Cinderhill Village and etc. Over the years, Jackson had sent people to search these neighboring villages countless times, but they turned up with nothing. And now, suddenly Cece was found in Cinderhill Village.

"Why haven't we heard anything until now?" Jackson's handsome brows furrowed even tighter, a cold edge to his voice as he demanded answers.

Victor lowered his gaze, his voice even more deferent as he explained, "Because Cece left Cinderhill Village very early on. She was gone for many years, only recently returning. That's precisely why we were able to find her," Victor continued. "Mr. Bane, according to the villagers of Cinderhill Village, she was once a flower seller, selling all sorts of blooms, including baby's breath."

The words "baby's breath" caused a slight pause in Jackson's deep gaze. Beneath his eyes lay a storm of emotions, as unpredictable as the ocean's waves.

"Moreover, she has also visited the Saint Yales Resort," Victor's voice carried on, "Her age and experiences align significantly with Cece's profile. Plus, we've also compared her appearance."

In order to find Cece, Jackson had relied on his memory to sketch a portrait of her. Although he was unclear about Cece's exact features, he could outline her general silhouette, her aura, and her eyes. When Victor searched for her, it wasn't just about checking various features; the physical resemblance had to be compared as well. The girl before them matched the profile of Cece in every aspect. Every detail was a perfect fit!

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But what really convinced Victor that the girl before him was in red Gece was not just the accumulation of these coincidences-but one key factor: Her name. The girl, as fate would have it, was named Cece Winslow! With so many coincidences piling up, it was impossible to dismiss them as mere chance. Victor believed, without a doubt, that this girl was the one Jackson had been searching for, "Mr. Bane," Victor said, gazing deep into the eyes of Jackson, "hehame is Cece Winslow."

Cece Winslow... Upon hearing the name, a pause flickered through Jackson's usually impassive gaze. Indeed, that name was bound to set his mind wandering.

Just before, when Jackson had seen the familiarity in the girl's eyes, he still harbored some doubts. Eyes alone were not definitive proof. After all, in the vast world, there were many who shared similar eyes! Thinking about it, Oneida's eyes also bore a resemblance to Cece's. He had noticed this when he first met Oneida. However, he didn't for a moment think Oneida was Cece. Beyond the similarity of their eyes, there was almost nothing alike between them. Their aura, facial contours, and overall appearance were completely different. Although he didn't know Cece's exact looks, the Cece of his memory was like a resilient wildflower-plain features, carrying a wild yet peaceful and charming quality. Oneida, on the other hand, seemed all the more radiant, with a far more aggressive aura. They seemed like people from two different worlds.

Moreover, he had people investigate Oneida's background. He knew that before returning to the Chaser residence, she lived in Nusridge Village. But she seemed to have a rather low profile in Nusridge Village; the villagers, when they spoke of her, simply described her as a girl raised by a retarded woman. Nothing more, nothing less. Even though Nusridge Village was quite close to Berdon Mountain, whether Oneida ever visited the Saint Yales Resort was a question wrapped in doubt. With this thought, Jackson couldn't help but give his head a slight shake. How could Oneida possibly be Cece?

Shifting his gaze back to the girl before him, his solemn eyes locked onto hers. Now, piecing all the clues together, along

many coincidences without reason. with her name, He could affirm, she was Cece. The world could not have that

"You don't have to be afraid. I won't hurt you," Jackson said slowly, lifting the edge of his lips ever so slightly, his voice as deep and pleasant as always.

Cece stared at Jackson for a long while, until she couldn't hold back any longer. She blurted out, "Who are you? Why are you looking for me? I don't know anything; I don't remember anything..."

At her words, a slight frown creased Jackson's forehead. He turned to look at Victor, his voice cold as he asked, "What's going on here?"

Victor pursed his lips, choosing his words carefully. "Mr. Bane, I forgot to tell you, Cece has lost her memory. They say that when she first came back to Cinderhill Village, she accidentally hit her head and forgot everything from before."

A subtle change came over Jackson's face. A touch of deep, stern coldness tinted the handsome lines between his brows. In other words, Cece had forgotten everything. Including the time when they had met.

"They said they'd take me to a beautiful house and give me delicious food, so I followed them," Cece pointed at the man in black beside her, pouting as she muttered. "But to run into something like that on the way here, it was just too terrifying." Remembering the landslide they'd narrowly escaped from earlier, Cece couldn't help but shudder with the recollection.

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Cece really had lost her memory. She couldn't recall much from before. All she knew was that she lived in a place called Cinderhill Village, her name was Cece, and beyond that, she had no clue. It was so unexpected when one day, a group of people dressed in black showed up in front of her, saying they were there to take her away. They promised to bring her to a beautiful house, treat her to delicious food, and introduce her to someone important. Without much hesitation, she followed them. Now, standing before Jackson, Cece let out a long sigh and continued to ask, "Are you the one they wanted me to meet?" Jackson's lips were pressed tightly together, and he remained silent. He hadn't anticipated that Cece would have amnesia. "Yes, I've been looking for you." His lips barely moved as he spoke deliberately.

"What do you want from me?" Cece widened her eyes, her voice linged with curiosity.

"We knew each other before," Jackson said, his eyes downcast, his expression both calm and profound.

"Really?" Doubt flickered in Cece's eyes. "I really know someone like you..." Cece thought the man in front of her looked distinguished and quite prideful, exuding an aura of unapproachability. She thought, 'For someone from a rural area like me, how could I have known such a person? How could I possibly know someone so exquisite and outstanding?"

Jackson nodded.

"What was our relationship?" The light in Cece's eyes sparkled with eagerness as she asked almost instinctively. "We were friends... very good friends," Jackson said, looking at her intently with a grave voice.

Cece let out an "Oh," her face breaking into a cheerful smile. "We were friends! I can't believe I have a friend like you."

Jackson nodded again.

It was then that Victor turned to Cece and said, "Cèçe, Mr. Bane truly is your good friend. Don't worry. Please get in the car, and we'll take you back."

- Cece glanced at Jackson, responding with a smile, "Okay!" And so, Jackson and his party swiftly journeyed from the highway

back to Garrison Mansion.

Oneida was waiting patiently in the foyer when Jackson entered first, striding ahead with his characteristic confidence. She approached him immediately as he arrived inside. "How did it go? Did you meet your friend?" Oneida's lips curved into a slight smile as she asked in a light, casual tone.

Catching sight of the girl before him, a warmth softened Jackson's eyes. "Why aren't you resting?"

"I was waiting for you," Oneida retorted playfully, the corner of her mouth tilting up as the words left her lips.

Soon after, the sound of firm footsteps resonated from behind. Oneida looked over Jackson. Victor emerged into the foyer accompanied by a petite girl. Oneida's eyes narrowed slightly, taking in the girl's features with great attention. She was an ordinary-looking girl, nothing remarkable at first glance. However, she possessed an incredibly stunning pair of eyes. Oneida felt an odd sense of familiarity, and within a moment, it connected-the girl's eyes resembled her own strikingly. Physique, demeanor, overall style, and facial features; they bore no resemblance to Oneida. But those eyes were almost a mirror image of her own. Captivated by the girl's eyes, Oneida momentarily lost herself in thought.

"Ida." The sound of Jackson's gentle voice brought her back to reality.

Oneida turned towards the man next to her and asked plainly, "Who is this?"

Jackson glanced at Cece before introducing her, his voice calm, "Ida, this is my friend-
"Cece."

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Hearing the name Cece. Oneida's gaze turned fierce in an instant. That name, of course, was more than familiar to Oneida. Before she returned to reclaim her place in the Chaser family, before she took on the name Oneida, she was called Cece. Oneida stared at the girl in front of her, her eyes deep with thought. She couldn't shake the feeling that this girl was extraordinary. She thought, 'Why does she have a pair of eyes that resemble my own so closely, and why is her name also Cece? What kind of hidden connection could there be between this girl and me?' "Ida, what's up with you?" Jackson's soft, soothing voice echoed in her ear. He observed Oneida closely, his gaze profound.

Oneida snapped out of her reverie and looked towards Jackson without thinking. "It's nothing." She shook her head and remained silent.

But Jackson suddenly extended his hand, softly tousling Oneida's hair with a tender gesture. "Do you remember what I once told you?" His words were soft, his lips barely moving, eyes glued to her, shimmering like the deep ocean. Jackson feared Oneida might overthink about seeing Cece, so he felt compelled to reaffirm his feelings. Before going to meet Cece, he had reminded Oneida that he only had feelings for her. Now, seeing Oneida's thoughtful expression, Jackson, who was usually detached and unsympathetic, was uncharacteristically worried.

Caught off guard by the head touse, Oneida was slightly dazed. She thought, 'Why does he always have this urge to pat my head?' "Of course, I remember," replied Oneida. "I just think that your friend looks a bit familiar," Oneida added, throwing another glance at Cece. "You think I look familiar?" Cece overheard and couldn't help but widen her eyes, her curiosity piqued. "Do you know me?" she pouted and asked, "I can't remember a lot of things, maybe we've met before."

Oneida pursed her lips, remaining silent. She didn't like this girl named "Cece". "I'm a bit tired and want to head back to rest, Oneida said, her eyes falling slightly as she

suddenly turned and strode toward the staircase. "Wait, Ida..." Jackson's lips parted, calling after her almost instinctively.

"Jackson, does she not like me?" Cece suddenly reached out, grabbing Jackson's arm.

Jackson had intended to follow Oneida, but Cece's action forced him to stop in his tracks. "No, that's not it," he said, turning to look at Cece with a stern tone.

"Then why would she..." Cece frowned, her voice filled with displeasure.

"Don't overthink it," Jackson urged softly. "She's not like that. She's really nice." After speaking, he turned to Victor, "Take Cece to her room, make sure she's well taken care of."

"Got it," Victor nodded, then stepped forward to approach Cece.

But Cece seemed reluctant, clinging tight to Jackson's arm, "Jackson, weren't you supposed to play with me? I want you to stay with me."

"Cece, you..." Victor frowned deeply at this.

Jackson, at that moment, gently pried Cece's hand off his arm. "Cece, go back and rest," he said firmly, then proceeded up the staircase.

"Jackson!" Cece called out anxiously, wanting nothing more than to follow Jackson, to be with this handsome guy, but he didn't turn back as he walked away. 08:34 Mon, Dec 9

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Cece watched Jackson's retreating figure, feeling an irresistible urge to follow.

Before she could take a step, Victor appeared before her, blocking her path. "Cece," he said in a timely manner, let me escort you back to your room."

"You-" Cece bit her lip, her resistance clear on her face. She thought, 'What is the relationship between that girl and Jackson?' For reasons unknown to her, she felt an intense dislike for the girl. A very strong dislike!

Meanwhile, Oneida had returned to her own room. She walked aimlessly to the edge of her bed and sat down, her heart heavy with a mixture of emotions. Although Jackson had made it clear that she shouldn't think too much, the sight of the girl stirred uncontrollable complexity and aversion within her. An instinctive dislike. So strong was her aversion that she wished never to lay eyes on her again.

Just then, the door was thrown open with force. Instinctively, Oneida's eyes lifted to see who it was. There stood Jackson in the doorway, his eyes dark and intense as he fixed his gaze upon her.

"What are you doing here?" Oneida asked calmly, her mind feeling oddly numb, "Aren't you going to entertain your friend?" Jackson was silent for a moment. Then, he strode over with long steps. "Someone else will entertain her, he answered. In an instant Jackson was standing in front of Oneida, towering over her. His deep eyes swirled with complex emotions.

Oneida thought he was about to speak. But after a few seconds, Jackson remained silent, his lips pressed into a thin line. Finally, after what felt like an eternity, he let out a soft sigh. His features relaxed, revealing a gentleness that had never been seen before. "Are you upset?" he asked softly, the warmth in his voice impossible to ignore. The sound of his voice was like a feather on Oneida's ear, causing it to tingle.

"No..." Oneida murmured, barely getting the word out.

"Really not upset?" Jackson asked, clearly skeptical as he sat beside her. "You always hide your true feelings," he said with a slight chuckle. As he spoke, he wrapped an arm around Oneida's shoulders, his voice dripping with barely contained affection.

At his words, Oneida's heart skipped erratically. Jackson's long, cool fingers rested on the nape of her neck, sending a thrill of warmth through her.

"Ida..." Suddenly, Jackson leaned in closer, his breath tickling against her ear. Oneida instinctively clenched her fingers, a warm blush spreading across her ears. "I really like you," Jackson confessed into her ear. At this moment, he was no longer the aloof, noble figure he was made out to be. He was just a boy, plainly expressing his affection. "More than just like," Jackson murmured, his voice low and intoxicating as he relocked his intense gaze onto her, "I love you."

These three words made Oneida's heart quiver-it was the first time Jackson had said them to her.

"So, I am yours alone," Jackson declared, pulling Oneida even closer so that she was fully enveloped in his embrace. She could smell his scent-a crisp, cool fragrance that was undeniably him. "But that girl..." Oneida's lips moved almost unconsciously.

"You are concerned after all," Jackson chuckled lightly, a knowing look on his handsome face, "even though you wouldn't

admit it."

Jackson," Oneida exclaimed, somewhat angrily and embarrassed at her thoughts being so easily read, "you better explain yourself clearly to me!"