

# The Second Act Revenge (Oneida and Jackson)

## The Second Act 321

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"That girl..." Oneida bit her lip, a rare look of conflict flickering in her eyes, "who is she to you, really? Just a friend? Is that all she is?" She finally voiced the doubt that had been gnawing at her from inside. Although Jackson kept telling her that Cere was just a friend. For some reason, from the very first glance, Oneida couldn't shake a strong sense of alarm. Her intuition was usually spot on. That intuition was causing her significant unease.

"Ida." Jackson's lips lost their smile as he seriously and sincerely gazed at the girl before him. "Cece is indeed my friend, but she's not just any friend." "I've told you before, she saved me." His eyes were like the abyss of the ocean, unfathomably deep, "To me, she indeed means something special. But, that's all there is to it. Don't you want to..." Jackson cut her off with a shake of his head, a slight sense of helplessness flashing across his refined features. "Trust me, just a little?"

Oneida froze for a moment. Just now, she thought she saw a fleeting look of hurt on the usually cold and proud man's face. Such an expression on Jackson's face seemed entirely impossible. In that instant, the gloominess in Oneida's heart seemed to dissipate. She felt that right now, she was being oversensitive and melodramatic. Normally, that wasn't her. Love indeed had a way of lowering one's IQ, making one blind. With an-indifferent cough to mask her inner turmoil, Oneida adopted a nonchalant tone: "Then I'll trust you for now." Upon hearing this Jackson instinctively pulled the woman in his arms closer.

"However, you can't be too close to her. You have to keep a proper distance," Oneida mumbled from within Jackson's embrace, her voice sounding slightly muffled. She was laying down the law with him.

Jackson's hand moved to Oneida's head, gently stroking it as his profound gaze softened, and his voice, warm and soothing, whispered in her ear- "Your wish is my command." That simple affirmation entered Oneida's ears, almost making her cheeks flush with warmth.

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The next day. Oneida woke up early. But Jackson was nowhere to be found in the Garrison Mansion. She heard he had gone out early in the morning with Victor. Oneida guessed Jackson might be on the hunt for clues about the whereabouts of Jonas. Even though Jonas and his brother had become outcasts, they still clung to some of their power. Perhaps they were lurking in the shadows, waiting for the chance to make a comeback. For Jackson, this was undoubtedly a looming threat. So, tracking them down was indeed urgent. As she pondered over these thoughts, Oneida made her way downstairs to the dining room.

Suddenly, a crisp sound erupted from the dining room! The clatter of utensils tumbled to the ground, breaking upon impact. "What the heck, this food is so hot, how am I supposed to eat it?!" Cece sat at the center of the dining room, her small face crumpled in displeasure, a heavy frown creasing her forehead.

At that moment, the dining table was laden with an assortment of delicately prepared dishes. Colorful and abundant. But Cece seemed far from satisfied. She thought the dishes were too hot, her mood flaring up, and in her irritation, her arm jerked suddenly, knocking over what the maid was holding. "Can't even hold things steady, did you really get trained as a maid?" Seeing the mess on the floor, Cece shot a disdainful glance at the maid, her words laced with contempt and disgust. At that moment, she sat there like a haughty, capricious princess, ensconced high above the world.

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Cece's sharp, biting voice rained down on the maid, causing her shiver uncontrollably as she hung her head, her shoulders trembling violently. By now, everyone in Garrison Mansion knew Jackson had brought back a little girl from some remote village and he treated her with exceptional care. Nobody was allowed to slight her or look down on her, and everybody had to treat her as if she were the lady of the house. It was Jackson's express order. So, with the way Cece was presently strutting around, acting all high and mighty as if she owned the place, nobody dared to even breathe too loudly. After all, this was the guest Jackson had instructed to treat with the utmost respect.

"I really don't think any of this food is good..." Cece pouted, lowing her gaze while she spoke. Despite the table being laden with food, she just wasn't feeling it. Mostly because she hadn't seen Jackson. Without seeing him, she couldn't even muster up an appetite to eat. "What are you all still doing here?" Cece, feeling frustrated and anxious, couldn't help but want to take it out on the maids before her, "You're disturbing my meal, now get out of my sight"

Hearing the command, the maids, obedient as ever, started to file out of the dining room. But at the door-a tall, slender figure blocked their way. It was Oneida, standing

coldly at the entrance, her gaze icy and forbidding. "Mrs. Bane..." On seeing Oneida, the maids couldn't help but widen their eyes, surprise flickering there for a moment.

Oneida, however, kept her lips tightly sealed, saying nothing because her gaze was fixed firmly on Cece. Cece, for her part, was also acutely aware of Oneida. She raised her eyes, watching the young woman intently. Just yesterday, when she was a newcomer, she'd known nothing of Oneida's status. But after a bit of indirect probing and questioning around, she'd finally gotten the full picture. This girl was Jackson's wife! The lady of the house! The moment she heard, Cece was seething on the inside. She couldn't really say why she felt so furiously angry. A mix of frustration and bitterness surged in her heart, fueling her dislike for Oneida, which instantly peaked to the utmost. Her predisposed dislike for Oneida, now armed with knowledge of her status, turned into outright loathing. "What are you doing here?" Cece got up from her chair, tilting her chin up defiantly as she stared at Oneida. Knowing who Oneida was didn't intimidate her in the least. She had her own leverage. Even though she had forgotten a lot of things, there were enough indications to show that she and Jackson must have shared something out of the ordinary in the past. She must mean something special to Jackson. That was where Cece drew her confidence from. Jackson would have her back.

Confronted by Cece's challenge, Oneida's cool demeanor turned even icier. She stepped past the crowd of maids and walked straight toward Cece, her beautiful features set in an expression of icy resolve, her eyes sharp as daggers. "This is my home, why shouldn't I be here?" Oneida's lips barely moved, her cool voice carrying a cutting edge as she spat the words out. Her chilly gaze was like a blade, directed straight at Cece.

"You..." Apparently intimidated by the forcefulness radiating from Oneida, Cece's face went pale; she found herself at a loss for words. But she quickly regained her composure. She thought 'With Jackson around, what do I have to fear? Their marriage could be in name only, not as rosy as it looked.' Fueled by this thought, Cece clenched her fists even tighter.

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"You're interrupting my meal. Cece narrowed her eyes, standing her ground as she locked gazes with Oneida. Her character was just like that-fearless and unyielding.

Oneida too, was looking at her, their eyes meeting head-on. For moment, no one spoke. The atmosphere grew tense and stiff. The maids, witnessing the standoff, couldn't help but frown at the display.

"At any rate," Oneida finally broke the silence, her lips parting as he spoke with a commanding air, "I expect you to remember your place. You are a guest; I am the host. The servans here are mine. You may enjoy their service, but do not mistreat them!" Oneida towered over the young girl, her gaze icy cold, "Because, you have no right to."

"You..." At her words, Cece clenched her teeth, her irritation surging anew. She thought, "This woman, being so blunt! Not sparing me a shred of dignity... What she means is clear-I'm just a guest, with no right to order her servants around' Cece fell silent for a moment, then, seeming to have thought of something, she slowly began, "Oneida, to tell you the truth, I don't want to fight with you." She lowered her eyes, her expression seemingly heartfelt. "After all, Jackson brought me back, surely he wants us to get along. If we keep fighting, Jackson will definitely be unhappy." With a sigh, Cece wore a facade of concern, as if she truly worried about how Jackson would feel.

Hearing this, Oneida's expression grew even darker. She thought 'This girl wants to stay at Garrison Mansion and gets along with me. She's living in a dream.' Oneida had intended to discuss Cece's future living arrangements with Jackson today, and staying in Garrison Mansion was out of the question. The best option was finding her another place to live, but she hadn't had the chance to speak with Jackson because he wasn't around.

While Oneida was lost in her thoughts, Cece's voice rose again, "Jackson likes me a lot, he takes good care of me. I hope you won't make things difficult for me, otherwise, it would make him unhappy too." Cece looked up at Oneida, blinking those big eyes, it was hard to tell if she was being provocative or just naive

Oneida narrowed her cold eyes, lips pressed tightly together. Very well. Despite her innocent and naive looks, this girl's words were thorny, a blatant challenge. Oneida thought she was an interesting opponent indeed. "Why would he have a hard time?" Oneida mused. To Cece's surprise, Oneida responded not with anger but with a trickling laugh, her icy exterior melting into a radiant smile. "After all, your dear Jackson does whatever I ask of him." Her voice was soft but laced with a vaguely suggestive tone.

Cece stiffened at that, biting her lip, unsure of what to say. How could Jackson, so aloof and proud, be so obedient to a woman like Oneida? Cece pouted, her discontent and confusion clear on her face.

And just then, Oneida turned her head to instruct the maid with a pointed directive, "She's had enough time with her breakfast. If the taste isn't to her liking, clear the table. Make room for me." Her smile deepened with purpose, "After all, I haven't had my meal yet." 08:34 Mon, Dec

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As soon as Oneida's words dropped, the maids were taken aback for a split second. They exchanged confused glances, obviously at a loss. One was Jackson's esteemed guest, and the other was the lady of Garrison Mansion. Neither was someone they could afford to offend lightly. In the end, they sided with Oneida, moving one by one to the dining table, preparing to clear away the spread.

"Stop what you're doing!" Cece's patience was running thin. Her complaints were plenty, but her stomach wasn't full yet. Furthermore, having her meal taken away to make room for Onida was a direct hit to her pride!

The maids, of course, ignored her. Oneida had just backed them up and defended them, tipping their sympathies overtly in her favor. Besides, Cece was just too spoiled, a mere village girl basking in Jackson's favor, bullying others with her new power. Without a word, they silently began to remove the dishes from the table. Truth be told, Cece hadn't even tasted most of the vast selection she demanded from the kitchen. She couldn't possibly eat that much. But she insisted on a full spread, a clear display of wasteful extravagance! A country bumpkin with no hint of modesty, only imperial arrogance. Just like a petty person who's suddenly risen above their station. Oneida, when she first married into the family, had never been so demanding. Both were from humble beginnings, but the contrast couldn't be starker. Thinking this, the maids felt Oneida was much better.

Watching the maids utterly disregard her commands, Cece's eyes began to seethe with dark fury. "Are you really ignoring me already?" She glared, her expression slightly warped with anger.

Oneida scoffed coldly, retorting with a laugh, "And what are you exactly? Why should anyone pay heed to you? That was another blow to Cece's ego.

On the brink of exploding with rage, she couldn't hold back any longer. With a furious roar, she lunged forward, reaching out to snatch the plates from the maids' hands. Her country roots gave her a wild strength, and her entire being radiated ferocity. The maids, though low in status and used to serving others, lived comfortably at Garrison Mansion and had grown somewhat delicate. They were no match for Cece's wild

resolve! One by one, she wrestled the plates back, setting them back on the table. But one maid showed surprising defiance; as Cece reached for a bowl of hot soup in her grasp, she clenched her jaw, refusing to let go.

Cece was just as determined not to give in. A tug-of-war ensued over the steaming soup, neither willing to relent. Oneida watched from the sidelines, her dazzling eyes narrowing with icy authority. In a moment of spite, Cece suddenly pushed the bowl forward-if she couldn't have the soup, she'd rather see it spilled over this stubborn maid! The one who wouldn't appreciate her leniency. As the soup tilted menacingly towards the maid, a steaming disaster immanent. A slender, fair hand suddenly appeared between them. It was a beautiful hand, well-defined and strong. A finger confidently inserted itself between the struggle, firmly steadying the bowl and preventing the spill.

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The figure reaching out was Oneida. She gripped the hot soup bowl in her hand, her gaze sharp and cold as she stared down Cece. Her features were severe, her presence overwhelmingly intimidating. As her fingers tightened slightly, her knuckles stood out, as if she was a second away from crushing the porcelain bowl. Cece was startled by Oneida's sudden approach. She hadn't expected Oneida to burst forward with such agility. Oneida was quicker on her feet than she had imagined. The maid at their side, sensing Oneida's arrival, instinctively let go of her grip. And so, at this moment, the scene turned into a stand-off, with Oneida and Cece each holding onto one side of the soup bowl, neither willing to let go. "Let go," Cece demanded, her voice steady as she recovered from the initial shock, her eyes glaring daggers at Oneida.

Oneida gave her a cold glance and scoffed, "What if I don't?"

"You..." Cece's eyebrows knotted in frustration, on the verge of an outburst.

At this point, Oneida's back was turned to the dining room door while Cece, facing her, could see the doorway perfectly. Cece's eyes paused, clearly spotting something. Her

expression changed the next moment, showing a hint of agony, "Oneida, why are you trying to take my soup?"

Oneida, confused, just tightened her grip on the bowl, pulling it toward herself-when suddenly, Cece launched herself at Oneida. She didn't hit Oneida, but the soup in her hands splashed over. Cece fell to the ground in a calculated tumble. The hot soup spilled all over her. Cece bit her lip in pain, her expression turning increasingly agonized. But Oneida, watching this, felt neither joy nor satisfaction. When things don't add up, there's a demon at play. This abnormal behavior of Cece had to mean something. Oneida's eyes flickered, and she swiftly turned around-to find that, as she had suspected, Jackson stood at the entrance of the dining room, tall and straight. He was dressed in a sharp dark gray suit, his deep eyes cool and detached, his handsome features indifferent. There was a lack of clear emotion on his face, just the solemn depth in his gaze focusing on both Oneida and Cece. A certain realization tightened Oneida's grip involuntarily. So that's how it was Cece's drama all made sense now. By crashing into her and falling, in Jackson's eyes-it undoubtedly seemed like Cece fell and got herself covered in soup all because Oneida was trying to snatch the bowl away. Cece had become the perfect victim.

"Ouch, it hurts!" Cece continued to lay there, her face scrunched in pain, cold sweat beading on her forehead, "This soup is scalding..."

Then, Jackson strode forward, his deep-set eyes fixed on Cece, his handsome face as unreadable as ever.

"Jackson," Oneida called out first, her voice urgent, her eyes locked on the man in front of her. She didn't want Jackson to misunderstand her. Yet, she was torn, thinking that if Jackson truly misunderstood her, that would mean all his prior words were for naught. His affection, then, was too cheap. If he couldn't even trust her, what love was there to speak of? With that thought, Oneida's fists clenched, her eyes blazing as they bore into Jackson as if trying

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Jackson, it hurts so much" Unexpectedly, just as she had fallen to the ground, Cere called out pitifully. She pouted her lips, and her eyes even shimmered with tears.



Jackson's deep gaze shifted onto Cece. Without a word, his thin lips pressed tightly together; he just silently reached out and helped the girl half to her feet, Oneida watched silently, her expression complex as she clenched her fingers.

But in her heart, Cece was almost blooming with joy. The corner of her mouth lifted in an almost imperceptible smirk. She knew Jackson would take her side. She had seen Jackson coming from the entrance, she played this little scene on purpose. And by the look of things, her gambit of a ploy had paid off spectacularly.

"How are you feeling?" Jackson's voice was heavy, his face still sharp and cold.

"It feels... like it might be a bit burnt," Cece said with her eyes lowered, a pained expression on her face. As soon as she finished speaking, she felt Jackson's arms stir slightly and she thought Jackson was about to pick her up. Her heart leaped at the thought, and her palms instinctively reached up, aiming to loop around his neck.

However, Jackson didn't pick her up but, instead looked over at Carlos, the butler, and commanded coldly. "Fake her back to her room and call the doctor."

Carlos, suddenly called upon, was not flustered in the least. He nodded respectfully and replied with a "Yes." Then he quickly stepped over and scooped Cece up from the ground.

"You Cece found herself in Carlos' embrace. This was not what she pictured at all. Jackson actually had Carlos carry her. Her face still wore a guise of weakness and pain, but inside, she seethed with irritation, her fingertips digging into her palm as her eyes unintentionally betrayed a flash of resentment..

Meanwhile, Jackson had already turned his attention to Oneida. His thin lips slightly raised, as if he were about to say something.

The more Cece watched, the angrier she became until, in a moment of heated impulse, she reached out and grabbed Jackson's arm. "Jackson, I'm really uncomfortable!" she whined pitifully, her voice much louder than necessary, "Stay with me to see the doctor. I'm scared on my own!" She shook Jackson's arm insistently, her tears nearly spilling over, "I only know you here. Please stay with me... I don't want to see the doctor alone!"

Jackson's brows imperceptibly knitted together for a moment. After a pause, he finally replied with a detached, "Alright."

Oneida's expression darkened as she heard this simple affirmation. Then Jackson turned back to her and spoke in a low voice, "I'll accompany her to see the doctor first. We'll talk later." His voice remained cool and pleasant, offering no hint of emotion-no anger, no excitement, only his usual calm.



At that moment, Oneida could not fathom what he was thinking. She thought, 'What does he want to talk to me about? Accuse me of "hurting" Cece? Or scold me to vent on Cece's behalf?' Oneida couldn't keep her composure; the poised intelligence she usually had seemed to crumble away in an instant. A whirl of thoughts swarmed her mind. She stood there motionless, her face a mask of indifference, saying nothing. After giving her a look and seeing no response, Jackson said nothing more. He turned away and followed Carlos as they took Cece away.

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Oneida stood rooted to the spot, her gaze fixed in Jackson's fering figure. Just then her phone started to ring The shrill tone echoed throughout the empty hall, winding particularly grating Oneida dido pick up at Brit. After a moment's pause, she finally pulled her phone out

of her pocket. On the seen flashed the number belonging to Samuel

Samuel was her unde. Truth be told, she hadn't seen any of her cles in quite some time. These three ureles of hers were always jet-setting, too caught up in their busy lives to get together. So most of Oneida's interactions with her uncles took place over the phone, catching up in brief chats Of course, Onida hadn't shared the latest drama of her life with them. If she did, knowing their temperaments, they'd probably show up on her doorstep, ready to stand up for her in an instant.

But now. Samuel calling could mean he was just checking in on her like he always did. Oneida tapped her finger on the screen, accepting the call.

"Ida" His deep, distant voice came through the phone, tinged with a pleasant raspy quality.

"Uncle Samuel, Oneida called out to him without even thinking.

Samuel instantly noticed the distracted tone in Oneida's voice and frowned, asking, "What's wrong? Who's made my Sweet Ida upset?"

Oneida responded with the same nonchalance she always had, preferring not to unload her burdens on him. "Nothing... just feeling a bit tired."

"Tired, you say..." Samuel mused, his voice tinged with concern. "Well, what are we to do, Ida? I had planned today..."

Hearing this, Oneida immediately pressed, "Uncle Samuel, what plans did you have today?"

"Well," Samuel continued in his calm and cool voice, "your Uncle Charles and Uncle Jacob are both in Jeahron. We three brothers have finally managed to get together, so we thought we'd call you to join us. You still haven't met your third uncle Jacob." Oneida's eyes flickered at the news. These past months, all three of them had been consumed by their own hectic worlds. Top dogs in their respective fields, their schedules barely allowed them any free time. It was rare for the trio to be in the same city at the same time. And today, of all days, they were all in Jeahron. Oneida had indeed never met her third uncle Jacob, and now she might have the chance.

"But if you're feeling tired..." Samuel's voice trailed off with a hint of reluctance.

"I'm not that tired," Oneida quickly clarified. She gripped her phone tighter, her gaze inadvertently scanning the stairs. At this moment, Jackson might be taking Cece to the doctor. If that were the case, meeting her uncles would be a better option. Being around them was far better than lingering alone in Garrison Mansion. Plus, she hadn't seen her uncles in such a long time; meeting Jacob was something she looked forward to. However, she remembered that Jackson had asked her to wait so they could talk. Oneida's lips curled into a cryptic, cold smile. She had the right not to talk. With that thought, her eagerness to meet her uncles grew stronger.

"Uncle Samuel, it's been too long since I've seen you guys. Today's a rare opportunity, so I definitely want to join you," Oneida maintained her composure, even imbuing her voice with a hint of excitement. She spoke with the zest of a young girl.

Hearing the cheer in her voice, Samuel's usually icy demeanor couldn't help but warm a fraction. Oneida always brought him joy. "Great, then it's a plan. I'll come to pick you up myself. 08:34 Mon, BC V

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Oneida had been married off, and Samuel had known about it for a while now. Initially, he was clueless. It was his brother. Charles, who personally broke the news to him. He was completely taken aback when he first heard it. Ida, his dear Ida, was only nineteen

and she had been given away by her family to marry someone with a disability. He was both shocked and enraged, itching to confront the Chaser family right away. But Charles assured him that Ida had married willingly and was not mistreated in any way. Even so, Samuel couldn't help himself and went to get answers from Oneida directly. Her response was the same as Charles had conveyed-She was quite fond of the man named Jackson. With that assurance, Samuel managed to calm down. But still, a slight sense of gloom lingered in his heart. He had only just reconnected with Oneida, and right away, she belonged to someone else's family. He hadn't had the chance to make up for lost time.

"Uncle Samuel, you know where I live?" Oneida couldn't help asking when she heard Samuel was coming to pick her up.

Samuel was snapped out of his thoughts by her question. Regaining focus, he replied, "Of course, I know. You and that Bane guy live at Garrison Mansion. I'll come pick you up there."

Oneida couldn't help but smile when she heard "the Bane guy". It seemed like ever since Samuel found out about Jackson, he had never taken a liking to him. He always referred to Jackson as that Bane guy." Now, hearing Samuel use that title was quite gratifying for Oneida. "Alright, thanks, Uncle Samuel," Oneida replied, her smile growing broader.

Meanwhile. In Cece's bedroom. The doctor had arrived. Cece herself lay on the bed, looking listless and drained. Her face showed little vigor but inside, her mind was racing, as her eyes couldn't stop glancing towards Jackson. Jackson stood at a distance. He remained by the door, his handsome features cold and indifferent. He showed no emotion whatsoever.

Cece wished he would come closer. But the doctor was right there, examining her, making it awkward for her to speak up. Truth be told, she knew she was not badly hurt. She had dressed warmly today, so even after having hot soup spilled all over her, she was fine. And the fall she took was all an act-she managed her own strength, so of course, she wouldn't get injured. Her melodramatic response was just a ploy to gain Jackson's sympathy.

"The lady seems fine; just some minor redness and swelling on the skin. A bit of ointment should do the trick," the doctor said after the check-up.

Jackson, listening, nodded silently: "Unders

The doctor left after providing the ointment, and Carlos escorted him out. Suddenly, the room was left with only Jackson and Cece.

Cece pulled a face, coquettishly addressing Jackson, "Jackson, could you please help me apply the ointment?" As she spoke, she furrowed her brows, hinting at the pain she was in, "It still hurts a bit, and I probably can't apply it myself."

Jackson's expression remained unchanged, still calm and indifferent. He glanced at Cece and simply stated, "I'll have the maid help you."

Cece's eyes widened in disbelief. She looked at the man before her, her grip tightening. Jackson actually refused her. She had thought that Jackson would always be soft-hearted towards her.

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But now, he had refused her request.

"Jackson..." Gece bit her lip, and immediately, tears began to well up in her eyes. She hesitated, looking at Jackson, with her mouth opening as if about to speak. That's when the maid walked into the bedroom, heading straight for Cece to apply ointment.

"Get away from me!" Gece suddenly snapped, yelling at the maid "I don't need you!"

She didn't want the maid's help with the ointment.

Cece clenched her teeth, a fierce look in her eyes. She was already bottling up so much frustration, and now, she took it all out on the maid. Startled by Cece's outburst, the maid nearly fumbled the ointment jar in her hand. She instinctively looked back at Jackson, her expression troubled. And Cece was looking at Jackson, too.

Cece's message was clear. She didn't want the maid's assistance; she wanted only Jackson.

The atmosphere became somewhat tense..

Jackson's expression remained mostly unchanged.

His deep and tranquil gaze fell on Cece, and he said calmly, "Cece, don't be capricious." His tone was light, but it carried an inexplicable authority. This shook Cece to her core. In that instant, she found herself speechless and no longer rejected the maid's approach.

Just like that, Cece was silently treated with the ointment.

The maid left.

The room fell silent once more, leaving just the two of them.

Cece thought Jackson would turn and leave, but he strode towards her.

Jackson stood by the bed, looking down at her. His eyes, beautiful and profound, were like unfathomable dark seas, impenetrable. "Jackson..." Cece was transfixed, almost lost in the depth of his gaze.

"Cece." Jackson's lips barely moved as he called her name softly.

Cece pouted, feeling wronged. She thought Jackson was about to comfort her, to say something sweet. Her heart fluttered with excitement.

But Jackson narrowed his eyes and said, "Oneida is my wife." He spoke with a seriousness and gravity she had never heard before in his voice,

Cece was suddenly at a loss for words.

Then, her voice a little hoarse, she responded, "Jackson..."

What did Jackson mean by that? What was he trying to emphasize?' Cece didn't dare to think further, feigning innocence as

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she called out to Jackson.

I hope there won't be a next time for what happened today." Jackson's expression was still serene, untroubled-even his voice, light as a breeze, carried an intense force capable of shattering something fragile.

Cece felt that Jackson was intimidating at that moment. She would have preferred if he had lashed out at her, scolding her fiercely, rather than this- appearing neither happy nor angry, his demeanor grave.

He looked as if he wasn't upset, his expression peculiarly indifferent, yet his entire presence emitted an indescribable sense of authority.

"Today?" Cece bit her lip, trying to play dumb, "What about today?"

With a profound and shadowed gaze, Jackson glanced at Cece, a flicker of faint disappointment crossing the depths of his

eyes.

"Cece, you've changed." He said, his tone suddenly taking on extra weight.

This made Cece's heart skip a beat.

Changed?

She couldn't remember how she used to be anyway!

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Willing to harm herself to set up someone else, all to achieve blown goals. And the person she set up This wile

At that moment, Jackson felt a surge of mixed emotions.

Always so adept at handling anything that life threw at him, he found himself caught in a complex emotional state

Cece had changed. She even wanted to harm Oneida.

In the end, Jackson decided to spare Cece the embarrassment. He planned to let her treat her burn first before explaining things to her in private.

He could tolerate a lot from Cece but would not allow her to cross his bottom line.

Oneida was his bottom line. Even Cece could not breach that line

As for Oneida, he intended to comfort her personally later and explain everything. That was also why he had asked Oneida to wait for him earlier.

Cece was the light of his past while Oneida was the love of his present.

He would always stand by Oneida's side, but that didn't mean he wanted to be too harsh on Cece.

Cece, I don't know what you've been through these past years, Jackson's eyes darkened with a mysterious seriousness as he said, "to become who you are now."

Jackson. Cece couldn't hold back anymore and blurted out, her voice breaking.

A flash of panic crossed her face, and she rushed to defend herself, I didn't. I'm not."

She spat out these few words with pale, feeble energy, but couldn't form a full sentence. She had been exposed. Her little

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tricks hadn't escaped Jackson's notice at all!

Knowing this, she wished she hadn't put on that act the one where she had to play the sufferer. Then, Jackson wouldn't look at her with such a look of disappointment and detachment He must be so disappointed in her.

"Jackson," Cece bit her lip, a tear spilling from her eyes as she scrunched up her face and said, "I'm sorry, I promise it won't happen again. I didn't mean to. I just... got carried



away. "I was so mad at her, she took my stuff." Cece rambled somewhat incoherently, looking as pitiful as could be.

Jackson listened, his expression unchanging. He seemed unmoved.

"Cece." All of a sudden, he softly called her name with his lips slightly parting.

Just like that, Cece was cut off by the sound of his voice. She blinked, staring at him in confusion.

SEND GIFT

COMMENT