

# The Second Act Revenge (Oneida and Jackson)

## The Second Act 381

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As long as Jackson made up his mind, he wouldn't change.

When Jackson decided to alienate Cece completely for Oneida, meant that he would not allow them to have one more connection.

Jackson was such a decisive and ruthless person.

Cece had seen it through.

"Can't you... really let me stay?" Cece gritted her teeth and tears instantly flowed down her cheeks.

Her eyes were filled with sadness, and her tone was full of strong pleading.

Jackson looked at her with gloomy eyes.

"No, Cece, Jackson said calmly and indifferently, as if he was talking about an unimportant thing

Cece didn't say anything but wiped her tears.

"I see," she replied in a low voice.

Cece said so, but she didn't want to give in.

Even if Jackson refused to let her stay, the powder had spilled and it was not up to Jackson now.

Fate was now in her hands.

Cece was confident.

But on the surface, she still looked aggrieved. "Then I'll go back first."

With that, Cece turned around and left.

Back in the bedroom, she immediately called Jonas.

"Tve done what you said."

Jonas' indifferent voice came over. "Really? That's good."

"Is this thing working or not?" Cece frowned anxiously. "If Jackson can't fall in love with me... then I'll be sent away again..."

"Don't worry." Jonas laughed in a low voice, and his voice seemed to echo. "It surely will."

Hearing this, Cece seemed to feel much calmer.

"Speaking of which, what do you want? Cece suddenly thought of this and couldn't help asking, "You can't keep helping What can I do for you?"

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Jonas said calmly, "Take your time. You'll know later."

When Oneida came back from school, Jackson was standing at the gate waiting for her.

Seeing the tall and handsome man standing at the gate and looking at her gently, Oneida paused. "How did you..."

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"Are you happy today?" Jackson took the lead in coming over and wrapped Oneida's palm with his slender fair fingers.

Oneida's face suddenly turned red.

However, she felt happy in her heart.

Since that night, the relationship between her and Jackson had been greatly improved. Now they not only lived in the same bedroom, but also got along with each other like an old couple. Oneida held Jackson's hand with a faint smile. "Not bad. I'm only happy to see you."

She said this from the bottom of her heart.

Hearing this, Jackson was shocked.

He looked like a big boy who was embarrassed and avoided Oneida's gaze.

Then, the next second, a very slight flush crawled up Jackson's ears.

Oneida rarely saw Jackson like this.

It was new and fun.

She couldn't help laughing, and the smile on her face widened.

This time, she finally made Jackson blush.

But all of a sudden...

Jackson's face turned pale and he frowned in an instant.

A trace of pain crossed his deep eyes.

Oneida noticed his change and couldn't help but raise her voice, "What's wrong with you, Jackson!"

Jackson was silent at first, and his thin lips were tightly compressed

Then, he regained his composure and said to Oneida in a depressed voice, "I'm fine."

Oneida could see that Jackson was pretending to be calm.

He was still in pain, but to reassure her, he lied to her.

"Are you sick?" Oneida raised her eyes and stared at the man in front of her worriedly.

Jackson shook his head. "I'm fine. Ida..."

As soon as he finished his words, Jackson fell to the ground. "Jackson!"

Oneida opened her eyes wide and almost shouted out hysterically.

Fortunately, she was agile and didn't let Jackson fall to the ground.

Jackson fell into Oneida's arms.

His eyes were tightly closed, and his face was as pale as snow. It seemed that he had lost all the color of blood.

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His cold thin lips were purple.

Obviously, Jackson was not healthy in this state.

And he had always been able to endure the pain.

If he suddenly fainted like this, it was a very serious situation.

Oneida was worried sick about Jackson.

She stretched out her hand and hugged Jackson tightly, looking slightly painful.  
"Jackson, you..."

She was good at medicine, so she quickly checked on Jackson.

But

She couldn't even find the problem

What was wrong with Jackson?

He looked healthy in every way, but he just fainted and fell into her arms without moving.

He was like a lifeless doll,

"Mrs. Bane!" At that moment, Victor rushed over from nowhere. Seeing the scene in front of him, he suddenly changed his expression and asked. "What's going on, Mr. Bane! Oneida looked a little distracted.

She clenched her fingers, and her shoulders were trembling slightly,

She couldn't say a word.

Seeing this, Victor thought Oneida was frightened. He couldn't help but comfort her softly. "Mrs. Bane, don't worry too much. Mr. Bane may just..."

Oneida shook her head.

She knew that Jackson was in danger.

If she couldn't find the problem, it was the most serious problem.

"Take him to his room first and find a doctor, Oneida slowly came to her senses and said in a low voice,

"Okay," Victor nodded and took Jackson away from Oneida.

Jackson was finally brought back to the bedroom.

The doctor soon arrived at Garrison Mansion and examined Jackson.

During the examination, Oneida didn't look at Jackson but leaned against the window and lost in thought.

She didn't think the doctor could figure out the problem.

She couldn't find it out. How could the doctor do so?

The doctor was just here for peace of mind.

What if....

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Perhaps the doctor could actually find out what she couldn't. Anyway, Oneida had already had an understanding in her heart

Jackson was in a dangerous situation, so it might not be optimistic.

Thinking of this, Oneida couldn't help but close her eyes for a second. Her eyes were deep.

"..." At that moment, the doctor spoke. He looked at Victor in embarrassment and said, "I can't find out the problem."

"What?" Victor widened his eyes and frowned. "Can't you find out the problem?"

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The doctor lowered his eyes and sighed helplessly. "I don't know why..."

Victor didn't say anything more, his gaze was fixed on Jackson's face. The man's complexion grew increasingly pale, like a thin sheet of cold paper. What on earth is going on? Why did Mr. Bane... he wondered. Thinking about this, Victor suddenly turns make Mr. Bane faint?"

looked at Oneida by the window. "Mrs. Bane, what exactly happened to

After all, just a moment ago, only Jackson and Oneida were together. Only Oneida knew what transpired.

Hearing his question, Oneida looked up at him. Then, she gently shook her head. She didn't know either Jackson suddenly collapsed, and she also wanted to understand why.

Victor's eyes darkened a bit. He seemed to think of something and muttered to himself, "Right, we could go find the miracle doctor, the one who cured Mrs. Ruth Bane last time..." Upon hearing this, Oneida's expression finally showed some emotion. She pressed her lips together and didn't speak, but she thought to herself

This time, finding the miracle doctor wouldn't help....

The miracle doctor was already here. Moments ago, she had examined Jackson's condition and couldn't find the root cause.

Jackson...

Oneida silently repeated his name in her mind, her expression increasingly solemn. Unwilling to give up, she returned to Jackson's side.

"Let me take another look." She lowered her eyes, squatting beside the bed, and carefully examined Jackson again.

Both the doctor and Victor stood by quietly, watching Oneida's actions without interrupting. They knew that Oneida had some medical knowledge, so there was no harm in letting her check. Oneida used all her medical skills, trying her best, but She couldn't find the problem.

Withdrawing her hand, Oneida stared down, her eyes filled with deep and turbulent emotions. Seeing this, Victor couldn't help but comfort her, "Mrs. Bane, don't be too upset... We'll find a way Oneida wasn't exactly upset. She just felt lost and helpless. She hadn't felt this way in a long time. She used to be confident, always in control. But now, she felt flustered.

Because Jackson's condition was unknown to her. She didn't know where the problem lay...

For the first time, she encountered a situation where she felt powerless.

Take good care of him first. Leaving those words behind, Oneida walked out of the bedroom alone.

She felt that to find out the cause of Jackson's sudden collapse, they must thoroughly investigate what he had been doing these past few days. Were there any unusual incidents he encountered? Oneida immediately called over Carlos and a few servants to their brains, sharing everything they knew.

to ask about Jackson's recent activities. The servants racked their

With an indifferent expression, Oneida listened carefully. From what they described, Jackson's life seemed pretty normal these past few days, with nothing particularly notable. Oneida furrowed her brows even deeper. 1/3

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"Well, I think I saw... At this moment, one of the maids suddenly looked up, her eyes bright as she glanced at Oneida.

"Saw what?" Oneida narrowed her eyes slightly, her gaze sharp and piercing.

The maid cautiously said. "I saw Ms. Winslow come to see Mr. Bane... They were talking at the door of the study. I even saw her reach out to grab his hand..."

The maid stopped speaking, and then carefully observed Oneida's reaction, fearing Oneida might be unhappy with this information.

However, Oneida showed no sign of displeasure. She just paused, subconsciously repeating, "Cece came to see him?"

The maid nodded vigorously, "It's true. I saw it with my eyes."

Oneida's lips pressed tightly together. Her beautiful eyes, deep and mysterious, gave off an eerie vibe. When Cece returned to Garrison Mansion, Oneida already felt something was off about her, but she couldn't pinpoint what exactly. Could it be... Oneida's eyes flickered, her face covered in a cold, icy sheen..

"Mrs. Bane, do you want to ask anything else?" Seeing Oneida's terrifying expression, one of the maids couldn't help but ask timidly.

"You may leave." Oneida said softly, snapping back to reality.

The servants all breathed a sigh of relief. Being interrogated by Oneida was quite stressful.

After Carlos and the servants left, Oneida didn't stay in place. Instead, she walked directly toward Cece's bedroom. She couldn't be sure if Jackson's sudden incident had anything to do with Cece, but she couldn't take any chances. 'Cece better be innocent, or else... Oneida mused as her fingers tightened, her usually calm face now lit with a chilling, cold

aura..

Soon, Oneida reached Cece's door and knocked quickly.

After waiting for about five seconds, the door opened. Cece's plain, delicate face appeared before Oneida. She looked at Oneida with some hesitance, clearly on guard. "What's going on

Oneida gave Cece a cool glance. "Not going to invite me in for a chat?"

Cece's gaze faltered, and she nervously fidgeted with her fingers. For some reason, the sight of Oneida's domineering demeanor made her feel extremely guilty.

Before she could respond, Oneida slammed her palm against the door.

"Bang!" The door swung wide open,

Cece had no time to react as Oneida swaggered into the room, completely disregarding her. Fury ignited in Cece's heart. She shut the door and turned around, just about to demand an explanation.... But then, a cold, pale hand suddenly appeared before her. Cece's eyes widened in shock and she barely had time to utter a sound before the hand wrapped around her neck.

"You..." she struggled.

But Oneida gripped her throat tighter and shoved her against the door. Cece was pinned, unable to move, her spine aching from the impact. Oneida stood tall before her, one hand clamped around her neck. "What are you..." Cece tried to speak but was interrupted by a fit of violent coughing. She couldn't breathe, her face was

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turning unnaturally pale.

What was Oneida trying to do? Had she lost her mind?

Oneida looked down at her, her expression imperious. Even her

holding a person at all, but an insignificant creature.

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"Cece Oneida narrowed her eyes, and a chilling coldness surged in her deep gaze. "You better tell me the truth."

Cece's face twisted in pain, and her heart began to tremble uncontrollably. Did Oneida already know something?

"What are you talking about?" Cece reached out, trying desperately to pry Oneida's fingers off her neck to break free from the choking grasp.

You know exactly what I'm talking about." Oneida tighteneil her grip as if just a bit more force would snap Cece's neck.

Before meeting Cece, Oneida had only suspicions. But now, seeing her in person had confirmed it, this girl was hiding something!

Cece was on the verge of suffocation. Her fingers clawed at Oneida's hand, but she couldn't pry it open even a little. She closed her eyes in agony, looking like she was barely clinging to life.

"..." Her voice came out in a strained whisper, her face as pale as a ghost. "Ill talk..."

Hearing this, Oneida loosened her grip slightly, though her hand stayed firmly on Cece's neck, clearly not planning to let go entirely.

"Speak

Oneida's voice was steady but full of authority; her eyes burning into the girl in front of her.

Cece felt a wave of relief. The sensation of choking slowly faded, and she instinctively began to gasp for air. After catching her breath, she finally spoke, her voice dragging, "I... I didn't do anything... I just got back, what could I have done..." Oneida's eyes dimmed a bit. This girl was still being stubborn, refusing to tell the truth.

"Nothing?" Oneida sneered, a mocking smile curving her lips. Then let me be clear. Did you do something to Jackson?"

At the mention of Jackson's name, Cece froze, her eyes widening in shock and surprise. Could it be that Oneida already knew? How on earth did she figure it out so quickly! Cece's mind was a whirlwind of confusion, her mouth hanging open but unable to form a defense.

But in the next second...

Oneida's grip tightened again. The deadly sensation of suffocation came rushing back, and Cece almost passed out.

"If you don't talk, I will..." Oneida leaned in close, her cold breath brushing against Cece's ear, "kill you!"

The last two words were like a death knell from hell, stabbing deep into Cece's heart. Only now did Cece truly realize that Oneida wasn't bluffing. She could do it.

"Is-say I will tell you... Driven by a strong survival instinct, Cece had no choice but to compromise. She painfully spat out the words, her eyes filled with an earnest, compliant gaze.

Seeing this. Oneida loosened her grip once more. With a smile that was anything but kind, she warned, "If you don't tell the truth this time, I won't give you another chance to catch your breath.

"If you lie. I'll snap your neck right away."

Those words sent a chilling coldness through Cece's heart.

Standing before her, Oneida had an indifferent expression. Yet, to Cece, she seemed like a demon from hell, bearing the most terrifying face imaginable. How could Oneida have such a terrifying side?

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"Alright." Cece nodded, no longer daring to play any tricks. From now on, she believed that if she said even one wrong word, Oneida would break her neck without a second thought. She couldn't afford to lie. "Today, I did go to find Jackson," Cece said, gasping for breath as she struggled to get the words out. "I didn't hurt him... I just put something on him..."

Hearing this, Oneida's eyes slightly widened, "What did you pucon him?"

At this point, Cece had to come clean. Ons.

as too smart, and a single lie could mean certain death.

"Someone gave me some kind of drug told me to put it on him. Her lips were pale, her voice weak. "It's supposed to mess with his mind..."

"Make him forget the person he likes...."

Cece bit her lip and continued, "And then, make him like me..."

Upon hearing this, Oneida's eyebrows furrowed deeply. She stared silently at Cece.

Cece, seeing her remain silent and just staring at her, began to panic internally. Did Oneida not believe her?

"It's the truth..." She couldn't help but raise her voice. "Im not lying..."

At this moment. Oneida let out a low laugh. The laugh was filled with thick sarcasm.

Oneida's eyes, bright and filled with intimidating pressure, locked onto Cece as if viewing a joke. "You're dumb."

Stupid? Cece's eyes widened, at a complete loss for how to respond. Oneida called her stupid...

"There's no such drug in this world," Oneida said with absolute certainty. If it existed, she would have been the one to create

After all, she was a genius doctor. Aside from her, almost no other doctors or medical experts could come up with such a drug. Oneida knew just how difficult it would be to develop something like that. "You were conned, idiot Oneida glanced at her lazily.

"I was conned?" Cece's eyes widened further in disbelief, her mind reeling. Impossible!

Jonas had assured her with such confidence. He wouldn't have lied to her.

"The drug he gave you likely has no such effect." Oneida narrowed her eyes. "You were used. Who gave you that drug

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Oneida had largely pieced together what had happened. This goose Cece, wanting Jackson to fall for her, had made a deal with some mysterious figure lurking in the shadows.

That figure gave her a drug, deceiving Cece into thinking it could mess with Jackson's mind and make him fall in love with her. But in reality, the drug had no such effect. It could harm Jackson.

Whether it's poison or not, that person had merely used Cece's hand to poison Jackson. Oneida couldn't be sure yet. But it was certainly not good for Jackson. Colorless, odorless, and impossible to see where it went wrong. Cece's mind was now in chaos after hearing this

"I was used? No way... he said..." Cece shouted, hysteria edging her voice.

Oneida grimaced, her tone sharp and urgent, "Then go check on Jackson right now.

"Because of your stupidity, he's in a coma.

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"That drug wasn't for lmind-control, it was meant to take his life. You were tricked into becoming someone's pawn!"

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Cece stared wide-eyed, her pupils unmoving. A shocking realization welled up from deep in her eyes, freezing her entire body in response to Oneida's words.

"You... what did you say?" Still unable to believe it, her lips trembled. "What happened to Jackson?"

Oneida suddenly let go of Cece's neck, her voice different. "Don't you believe me? Then see for yourself..."

With that, she opened the door and shoved Cece out into the hallway.

Cece was shoved into the hallway by Oneida. She staggered and almost fell to the ground.

"Go on,"

Oneida followed, she glared at Cece. "Go see what you've done.

Cece's face was ashen. She steadied herself and walked forward in a daze.

The two walked into Jackson's bedroom.

Victor, who was already there, frowned when he saw Cece suddenly appear. "Ms. Winslow, you....?"

Victor quickly noticed Oneida walking in behind her and immediately understood that Cece had been brought in by Oneida

Oneida gave Cece a stare, her eyes cold and deep, "See for yourself."

With that, Cece raised her eyes and let her gaze drift to the still figure of Jackson nearby. The man lay there, motionless. The light fell on his handsome, chiseled face, making his complexion seem even paler and more fragile. Just a while ago, when they last met, he had been perfectly fine.

Cece stood there, stunned, completely numb to her surroundings. She was overwhelmed by immense shock and sadness, and her eyes turned red.

"I didn't... I didn't mean to... Cece had no idea that those powders would cause such consequences.

She had believed Jonas's words, thinking Jonas was telling the truth. But it turned out Jonas had lied to her from the very beginning!

He never intended to make a deal with her, he just wanted to use her to get rid of Jackson!

Why did he do this? Wasn't he Jackson's brother? Why drive him to destruction?

Cece had no understanding of the deep-seated feud between Jackson and Jonas, so she couldn't comprehend why Jonas would go to such lengths to harm Jackson

Tears streamed down Cece's face, showing a look of grievance and pity as she looked up at Oneida, shaking her head, "I didn't know... I didn't do it on purpose..."

Tears poured down her cheeks. She sobbed while speaking, "I truly didn't want this for him... I didn't want to hurt him..."

Cece regretted deeply. She thought the drug would only confuse him. Who would have guessed....

If she'd known it would harm Jackson, she would've never dared to use it... But now, it was too late. The mistake had been made

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Tears streamed down uncontrollably as Cece bit her lip, her shoulders trembling violently from sobbing

Oneida watched everything around her. "Why are you crying?" she asked, her gaze sharp and filled with annoyance.

Crying at an unacceptable situation and being able to bear it. This was the behavior of the weak. Moreover, it was her mess that led to this. What good did crying do now? Crying wasn't going to wake Jackson up. Oneida's brows furrowed slightly, her impatience showing. "Crying now won't solve anything

Yet, Cece continued sobbing. Victor and the doctor exchanged helpless looks at the sight.

Suddenly, Oneida reached out and grabbed Cece by the collar, pulling her up in one swift motion. Cece's crying stopped instantly. Her tearful eyes gazed into Oneida's intensely, unsure of what to say.

"If you cry again, I'll throw you out! Oneida's eyes narrowed as she delivered the warning.

Cece bit her lip, wiping away the tears, Sniffing, she didn't dare make a sound. "So... what should we do?" she asked hesitantly, her voice tinged with confusion.

"How do we get him to wake up?" Cece asked, her words slow and deliberate. Regret and pain were the only things in her heart at that moment. She desperately wanted Jackson to wake up, to be healthy again. Oneida's gaze lowered, her eyes fixed on Cece. "That depends on you."

"Who gave you the drug?"

Oneida's voice was firm with a hint of restrained intensity in her hazel eyes. She already had a guess, but she needed confirmation.

Cece blinked, tears still hanging at the edge of her eyes. T..."

Jonas once told her never to expose him. But now, with things as they were, she had to tell the truth. "It was... it was Jackson's brother." Cece finally admitted, exposing Jonas,

"Jonas?" Oneida's eyes narrowed even further.

Cece nodded vigorously.

Oneida released her grip on Cece's collar. Just as she had suspected. It was Jonas.

Jonas and Claude had disappeared after their last failed attempt, but Oneida knew they wouldn't give up on the Bane family's power and wealth. They'd regroup and strike again. They wouldn't stop targeting Jackson. Oneida pondered, I didn't expect it to happen so quickly... And smartly, they've used Cece.

Jonas, as expected, is calculating and cunning. Looks like finding Jonas is the only way to save Jackson....

Oneida glanced at Cece, "Where is Jonas now?"

Cece heard this and was stunned for a moment, then shook her head. "I don't know... Cece truly didn't know.

Jonas' hiding place was too well concealed, and she couldn't quite remember the way. That place...she genuinely didn't know where it was.

Oneida pressed her lips tightly together. She couldn't help but ask again. "Then can you tell me what his place looks like?"

Cece was slightly taken aback, as though she was seriously thinking

She was a bit unsure and could only describe what she remembered, slowly saying, "I remember it seemed like a rather 09:41 Sat, Dec 14 G4

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rundown villa, surrounded by many small, winding alleys. The villa's color was..."

Cece shared everything she had seen, and after she finished, she looked straight at Oneida.

She didn't know whether this information would be useful or not. So, she could only hope that Oneida could find Jonas with this limited information. Hearing this, Oneida nodded slightly. "I unstand."

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Oneida looked at Jackson who was lying not far away. He was just lying there quietly, with a look of disinterest towards the world. If it weren't for Oneida knowing that his heart was still beating, this man looked like he was already dead. Oneida clenched her fingers, her eyes flickering with a determined and resolute gleam. She was going to make Jackson well again. She had to.

"Take good care of him. I need to step out for a while." Oneida instructed earnestly, turning her gaze to Victor.

Victor nodded immediately upon hearing her. For some reason, he had a sinking feeling that Oneida might not be coming back.

Suddenly, a thought flashed through Victor's mind. "Mrs. Bane, aren't you thinking of going to find Jonas, are you? You mustn't go! You can't go alone to find Jonas... He's cunning. If you go alone, I'm afraid..."

"This isn't right!" Victor's expression turned exceptionally stern. "Mrs. Bane, you shouldn't go at all. Let me handle finding Jonas

"I'll go by myself," Oneida said resolutely without turning back to look at him. She wanted to be alone. The accounts between her and Jomas needed to be settled once and for all

"Mrs. Bane, you can't... Victor hurriedly moved forward, trying his best to dissuade her. "How can you go alone?"

Victor didn't know Oneida's true identity. In his heart, Oneida was just a girl who knew a bit about medicine and had a strong will. How could a girl go alone to confront Jonas? Even though Jackson was unconscious now, Paragon Group's people were still around. It shouldn't be Oneida stepping forward

"Do you even know where Jonas is?" Oneida suddenly turned and asked him.

Victor was slightly stunned. They didn't know. In truth, he and his men had been searching for Jonas and Claude, but they were too well hidden, and they hadn't turned up anything yet.

Seeing his silence, Oneida already had her answer. She curved her lips into a faint smile. "See, you don't even know where they are, so how are you going to meet Jonas?"

"You don't need to protect me," Oneida said seriously, her gaze dightly lowered. "Jonas and I are practically acquaintances He won't harm me. I'm just going to catch up: There won't be any danger"

With that, Oneida turned and left the room. Victor stood there, silently watching her departure, not saying another word.

Oneida had already said so much, he didn't feel right to argue further.

But could Oneida find Jonas? A girl like her, could she truly be more capable than Paragon Group's advanced tracking system?

Oneida swiftly exited Garrison Mansion. Honestly, she wasn't entirely sure where Jonas was. But one thing was for certain, he was still in Jeahron.

Based on Cece's description, she hadn't been in the car for too long before being brought to Jonas. This indicated that Jonas was likely in the heart of Jeahron. No wonder so many people couldn't find him.... Following normal thought processes, Jonas would have either lef Jeahron or hidden in its outskirts by now, But he did the opposite, hiding in the busiest part of the city reduced the chances of being discovered. Jeahron's center had numerous alleys and old villas... Oneida's eyes darkened as an idea sprouted in her mind. She got into car and sped away from Garrison Mansion.

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While driving. Oneida's demeanor remained calm, the map of jeahron forming in her mind-all the roads and regions.

Suddenly, her expression charged. Oneida knew where Jonas was! She rapidly turned the steering wheel, the car making an abrupt U-turn.

Oneida now had a clear destination. But the current problem was that if she went there rashly, it would undoubtedly alarm Jonas. Someone as cautious as him probably had spies planted. Even the slightest approach would tip hin.

how could she approach them without alerting him?

Oneida pondered for a moment before giving up the idea. It was almost impossible not to alarm Jonas. So, she decided to take a gamble that Jonas would want to see her!

With resolution. Oneida directed her car toward her destination. Soon, she arrived at a maze of winding alleys.

Here, cars couldn't proceed any further, so she parked and continued on foot.

Oneida quickly made her way through the alleys. Despite the twists and turns that could easily lead one astray, finding the right direction wasn't difficult for her. Before long, she found the notorious dilapidated villa

At the entrance, someone had been waiting there for a while. Squinting her eyes, Oneida pressed her lips into a thin line.

Standing at the doorway was Jonas. He leaned on his cane, expressionless. His handsome, delicate features were ghostly pale, giving him an oddly fragile appearance. Suddenly, Jonas smiled, and his features softened a bit. His long, narrow eyes glinted with an inexplicable light. Staring intensely at Oneida, his gaze was deep as the sea "Long time no see. The man's thin lips moved slowly as he uttered these four words.

Jonas's voice hadn't changed, but there was an air of weariness to it.

He looked at Oneida with a half-smile, not saying anything further. Oneida met his gaze, her expression cold and sharp.

She knew she had won her gamble. Jonas indeed was willing to see her. Otherwise, she might have been intercepted by his men as soon as she stepped into the alley.

The fact that she made it here meant Jonas had given her a pass. And he had received the message early enough to wait here himself.

That's why Oneida insisted on coming alone, refusing to have anyone tag along. If she had brought people, Jonas would likely have refused to see her. Coming alone reduced a lot of trouble. Without responding to Jonas, Oneida began walking toward him with firm steps.

"I don't like people who beat around the bush." Her eyes were cold, like sharp blades cutting through the air. "Jonas, you should know why I'm here."

The distance between them shortened.

Finally, Oneida stood in front of Jonas, about three feet away.

Hearing her words, Jonas's lips curved slightly.

"Of course, I know."

Oneida's presence meant Jackson's condition was dire. It appeared Cece indeed had severely injured Jackson on Jonas's

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behalf.

That girl was truly foolish. She even believed such an absurd lie Where in the world would one find a drug that could mess with someone's mind?! SEND GIFT

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Only Cece, that fool, would believe such lies...

"Jackson, he's probably not doing well, right?" Jonas narrowed his eyes, a gleam of cunning in them.

Oneida raised an eyebrow at his words, her expression remaining unchanged. At this moment, she looked unusually calm, neither happy nor sad.

"Not doing well," she said softly, her eyes sharp as blades. Jonas curved his lips into a smile, but his expression remained stern. "So what? Are you here to beg me?" Oneida clenched her fingers, cold light flashing in her eyes.

"What did you give Jackson?" she demanded.

"You don't know?" Jonas retorted.

"Don't you know the great doctor?" His eyes curved into a smile, his normally sharp features showing an unexpected

softness. "I didn't think you'd come to me..."

Oneida shot him a glance. Jonas's current demeanor screamed of a villain triumphant in his moment of glory. So punchable! Let him gloat for a while...

"Even the great doctor is unsure," Oneida replied, her voice low.

Jonas burst into laughter at her words, his arrogance radiating.

"Stop laughing." Oneida raised her eyes, her features tight as she glared at him.

Jonas met her gaze with a relaxed and lazy look.

"Oneida, Jackson's life is in my hands. You better not overestimate yourself." he suddenly warned, his eyes filled with a dark threat.

However, Oneida showed no fear at all. She tilted her head, her expression equally smug. "Is that so? If Jackson dies, I swear I'll take you with him!" Her voice was full of a powerful menace.

For a moment, Jonas was genuinely taken aback by Oneida's aura. He hesitated, "You dare?"

Oneida gave him a meaningful smile, "Dare? If Jackson meets any harm, I won't care about my life. I'll make sure I take yours!"

Jonas's heart finally trembled slightly. He realized Oneida was insane. But her expression was deadly serious like she was telling Jonas she meant every word.

After a moment of silence, Jonas's lips moved slightly, his expression cold as he said, "I gave Cece a powder. It's a poison, called Water Death."

Water Death? Upon hearing this, Oneida's eyes narrowed sharply. Her expression instantly turned cold, and she fell into a long silence. That stuff? Water Death was even more dangerous and rarer than Red Death

Even Oneida had never seen Water Death herself.

It was rumored that there was only one batch of Water Death in the world, and it was in the possession of the Paragon Group. So how did Jonas get it?

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Oneida narrowed her eyes, her gaze deep as she stared at him, "Where did you get Water Death?

"Took it from the Paragon Group," Jonas answered truthfully, not bothering to lie.

"Paragon Group?" Oneida asked, her eyes hardening.

But it's almost impossible. Paragon Group was a colossal entity with tremendous power and strict security. How did Jonas break through and get his hands on the one and only Water Death? Not even the Aphotic Group could do that. Jonas squinted, but said nothing more, just smiling.

He wouldn't tell Oneida that time, he had kidnapped her to coerce Jackson into lowering the defenses of his territory, and his men had seized a bottle of Frostbite Potion in the process.

Who would have thought Jackson would ultimately use the Water Death on himself?

What an ironic and laughable twist of fate...

"Anyway, it ended up in my hands, that's all you need to know," Jonas said with a shadow over his eyes, staring at her with a not-so-genuine smile.

"Do you know what happens when someone comes into contact with Water Death?" Jonas sneered, then asked again.

Oneida met his gaze but remained silent for a moment.

Water Death? Despite its name, it wasn't a liquid but a powder. This powder could be mixed into water and ingested, entering the body through the digestive system. It could also be sprinkled directly onto the skin, entering the body through pores. Once inside, it

was fatal. Back then, Cece had hidden the powder under her nails and wrapped her fingers carefully to avoid the same grim fate as Jackson.

When Water Death enters the body, the victim first loses consciousness, becoming an unfeeling, icy statue.

Then, after the unconscious period, the person wakes up, experiencing a brief moment of clarity, appearing no different from a healthy individual.

Finally, they remain fully aware as their body slowly loses all sensation and heat, turning into cold, corpses.

That was the terrifying thing about Water Death. Even worse, it was incurable. Red Death could be countered, but Potion had no remedy.

Oneida clenched her fists, her body stiffening slightly.

"Scared?" Jonas asked, his eyes fixed on her, voice dripping with disdain.

Oneida pressed her lips together and didn't respond.

tbite

Jonas stared hard at Oneida. An inexplicable anger flared within him. "He's as good as dead, I suggest you stay out of this." Oneida shot him a cold glance. "I won't stand by."

"Do you like hint that much?" Jonas's eyes flashed with a chilling light, his authority palpable.

His sudden anger took even himself by surprise. Seeing Oneida so worried and running around for Jackson's 'sake... It made him feel a bit unpleasant.

Oneida lowered her eyes slightly, seemingly unwilling to answer that question.

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Chapter 380

"Get out." Jonas then ordered, his tone indifferent, yet carrying a coldness.

Oneida was somewhat surprised. Jonas was letting her go, just like that?

Unfortunately, she couldn't leave just yet.

"I won't leave until I achieve my goal." Oneida's eyes burned as she stared at him, exuding an aura of determination.

"Water Death is incurable, you know that," Jonas said, laying out the harsh truth.

"It's true that no cure." Oneida murmured, then added, "But I know a way to transfer Water Death's effects to another person." "Who do you plan to transfer it to?"

Jonas had not expected Oneida to know so much. Even such hidden secrets.

Oneida pursed her lips and answered nonchalantly, "I don't know."

SEND GIFT

## The Second Act 387

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Moving the Water Death to someone else could save Jackson's life, but that person would certainly die.

Oneida was truly conflicted. She didn't know where to draw the line. After all, this was about another human life.

Oneida had her fair share

of blood on her hands, but she never harmed the innocent. That was a principle she lived by. Now, she was unsure if she would break her own rules to save Jackson. Jonas's laugh echoed

around them, his lips curling into a twisted smile. "Since you know the cure, why are you still here? What are you waiting for?"

Oneida grinned defiantly, a hint of mockery in her eyes. "You know exactly why."

"To expel the Water Death, I need an antidote.

"And that antidote is the powder of the Water Death itself."

That's right. To transfer Jackson's Water Death to someone else, the new host needed to ingest the Water Death too. Only then could the venom be redirected.

"I know you still have the Water Death stashed away."

Oneida said, her eyes narrowing with intent.

Jonas, always the cunning strategist, surely wouldn't have used all the Water Death on Jackson alone. He would have kept some for himself. Jonas met Oneida's eyes and scoffed. "I don't have any."

Oneida didn't believe him. She stepped forward, her gaze piercing. "I don't believe you. If Jackson dies, you won't get away with it either."

Her fingers tightened into a fist, her aura radiating determination.

"Is that so?" Jonas hissed, his face straining with anger. This girl, Oneida, was indeed formidable; she'd guessed everything. Jonas looked at her, "Fine. Since you're so perceptive, I'll be direct. Yes, I have some Water Death left but why would I give it to you? I want Jackson dead. The fact that you want to save him only makes me angrier."

For some inexplicable reason, Jonas found Oneida's desire to save Jackson infuriating. The anger was irrational but potent. Jonas's hand clenched into a fist, "Get out of here. I'm not giving you anything."

"Then I'm not leaving." Oneida retorted with a smile, glancing around the room. "I'll just stay right here."

"Oneida!" Jonas's fury reached a boiling point, his voice roaring through the room. He wanted nothing more than to strangle this tenacious girl.

On the side, Alex instantly became alert, his eyes wary and fixed on Oneida.

Oneida was determined not to leave without what she came for. Pressing her lips together, she ignored Jonas, heading straight into the villa.

"You..." Jonas was stunned by her audacity. She intended to intrude.

Jonas hobbled after Oneida's on his cane, struggling to keep up.

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Chapter 387

Oneida stopped as she entered the grand hall.

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As Oneida walked into the hall, she stopped in her tracks. She turned around to face Jonas, who was standing behind her. Their eyes met in a moment of silent confrontation.

She slipped her hand into her pocket and fumbled around for a bit before pulling something out.

Jonas watched her intently as Oneida extended her hand toward him, holding out the object she had retrieved.

It was the swan brooch.

"Take it back, it was always yours," Oneida said flatly, her eyes void of any emotion.

She should have returned it the last time, now was better late than never.

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Oneida still found it hard to accept that the owner of the swan brooch was Jonas, the boy who had once saved her. It felt like a cruel joke, absurd and tragic.

But she had made peace with it.

Once, she held a deep obsession with the boy who saved her, but now, her only obsession was Jackson. The events of the past had begun to fade away, inching gradually towards oblivion.

Besides, the boy had changed. He was no longer the pure figure she remembered but had grown into this sinister and detestable man.

Sometimes, she even doubted whether Jonas was the person from her memories. How could someone change so drastically?

Maybe she never truly understood him in the first place. Regardless of the reason, her and Jonas's paths had diverged. Their connection had come to an end, for they could no longer walk the same road together. So, at this moment, she wanted to return the swan brooch to Jonas. This act also signified that she was cutting ties with the past.

Jonas bowed his head, looking at the swan brooch in front of him. "Why are you giving this back to me?"

His voice was low and his tone was anything but friendly

Jonas was still stewing in that nameless anger, his handsome features twisted into a scowl.

"It's your belonging."

Oneida said calmly, without a hint of emotion in her voice.

Jonas pursed his lips and was silent for a moment. Then, he let out a low, bitter laugh. "You shouldn't be returning it to me." Oneida's brows furrowed slightly at this. "What do you mean?"

Jonas laughed out of sheer anger, his eyes filled with a cold light. This swan brooch was only with me for a short while... It's always belonged to Jackson, hasn't it?

"You should be giving it back to Jackson!"

Jackson's? Oneida's face went pale, all color draining away. How could it be Jackson's?

AVA

Her eyes widened slightly, and she seemed completely lost.

"Are you that surprised? Wasn't this brooch a gift from Jackson?" Jonas asked, feeling a strange sense of panic at the sight of

her reaction.

He hated seeing Oneida like this, it made him uneasy.

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Jonas had no idea about the childhood connection between Jackson and Oneida. He just assumed the brooch was something Jackson had given her....

"No..." Oneida gritted her teeth, her eyes now red-rimmed with unshed tears.

How could this brooch possibly be from Jackson? Her fingers tightened around the brooch in her hand.

An absurd guess popped into Oneida's head, and she instinctively shook her head, unwilling to believe it.

"Did you say this was yours?" Oneida asked, her voice heavy, her brow furrowed in confusion. She didn't want to accept the possibility that seemed so ridiculous and almost laughable.

She was making one last desperate attempt to understand. Nearly whispering, she asked, "How could it be Jackson's?"

Jonas had never seen Oneida look like this before.

In his memories, Oneida was always strong, stubborn, and even overbearing. But now, she seemed so fragile and helpless.

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## The Second Act 388

### Chapter 388

Jonas's heart felt like it was being pulled in different directions, tangled up in a mess he couldn't quite untangle. He never intended to say much, but the words slipped out anyway...

His lips barely moved as he explained, almost out of habit, "This thing was mine originally. Then it ended up with Jackson. It's been over a decade..."

Jonas's voice was calm, almost indifferent. But for Oneida, those words struck like a lightning bolt, leaving her reeling. She clenched the brooch in her hand, her throat tightening to the point where she couldn't even speak.

She understood. So that's how it was. This brooch had belonged to Jackson for over a decade. It means the boy who saved her at the Saint Yales Resort wasn't Jonas but Jackson.

It was Jackson... It was him!

For Oneida, everything seemed lik

side this whole time.

a cruel joke. The person she had been desperately searching for had been right by her

In her past life, she had even ended up getting him killed because she mistook him for someone else! He had liked her so much.

In this life, she managed to avoid the mistakes of her past, but still, she got it wrong. She almost mistook Jonas for the boy in her memories. If only she had known earlier...

All those twists of fate made Oneida and Jackson miss out on an entire lifetime together. This time around, they hadn't missed each other, but she only just now

realized that the boy at the Saint Yales Resort that year was indeed Jackson. Oneida bit her lip, tears welling up in her eyes. She hated crying, she hated tears. They were a sign of weakness. But now, the tears 'swirled in her eyes, refusing to be pushed back.

For the first time, Oneida felt the sting of being toyed with by fate.

Her Jackson She did care so much for Jackson... But now, he was poisoned with the deadly Water Death, his fate hanging by a thread...

Thinking of this, Oneida's tears finally spilled over, streaming down her cheeks.

She pressed her lips together tightly, allowing the tears to fall, her features rigid and devoid of expression

Jonas saw Oneida in this state, and a deep frown creased his brow. For once, he looked uncertain and lost.

The man opened his mouth as if to say something but seemed at a loss for words.

Jonas had no experience comforting people. He let out a low sigh, then spoke, his tone hard, "If you need to cry, do it elsewhere. Don't do it in front of me." Otherwise, it would just make him more irritable.

Hearing his words, the unfocused look in Oneida's eyes sharpened. She lifted her gaze, her eyes red, "I'm not leaving. You haven't given me what I came for!" At this moment, Oneida's eyes blazed with a wild determination.

There was a silent resolve about her, a madness that appeared heedless of consequences.

"Water Death, hand it over!" Oneida took a step forward, suddenly reaching out to grasp Jonas's throat.

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Jonas, reliant on a cane and already struggling with mobility, was caught entirely off guard by Oneida's sudden attack.

He stumbled back, nearly collapsing to the ground. Luckily, Ales who had been standing by, stepped in just in time, steadying Jonas's wavering figure.

At the same time, he deflected Oneida's potentially deadly strike

Oneida's eyes narrowed, she wasn't about to back down. Her fist flew towards Alex immediately.

Alex gritted his teeth and began grappling with Oneida.

Jonas stood to one side, watching the two trade blows.

Oneida's advantage lay in her speed. She moved with incredible agility and efficiency, her strikes just as ruthless and swift, driven by her intense emotions.

Alex was a solid guy, but under Oneida's relentless assault, he quickly found himself overwhelmed. Oneida's powerful sweeping kick sent Victor sprawling to the ground, unable to move. Oneida's eyes narrowed her expression both arrogant and lazy. Her gaze flicked over to Jonas.

"Your turn, Jonas."

Oneida said with a faint smile, then started walking towards Jonas at a leisurely pace.

"Give me the Water Death," she demanded, each word cutting through the air with unwavering determination, her eyes -sharp as blades.

Jonas watched her with a blank expression, his fingers curling into fists subconsciously.

"Do you want to save him that badly?" He asked, his voice low and heavy.

"Of course I do," Oneida replied, her current demeanor that of a ruthless warrior, her eyes devoid of any warmth. "Even if it

means...

"Trading my life for his."

For Oneida, her life belonged to Jackson. Years ago, she had drowned, and if Jackson hadn't bravely dived in to save her, she would have died. Now, she wanted nothing more than for Jackson to live, no matter the cost. Jonas was taken aback by the resolve and madness he saw in Oneida's eyes, momentarily lost for words.

Oneida continued to edge closer.

"Okay."

Jonas suddenly spoke in a low tone. Oneida paused for a moment.

Jonas's eyes narrowed, "I can give you the Water Death."

Oneida didn't respond immediately, waiting for Jonas to finish what he was going to say. She knew that Jonas wouldn't give her the Water Death without a catch. He would have conditions. What was the catch? That's what mattered to Oneida. "Have you heard of Paragon Group?" Jonas asked slowly, his thin lips curling. Oneida's eyes narrowed slightly.

Paragon Group? Of course, she knew about Paragon Group. It was a massive organization, rivaling the Aphotic Group, and a formidable opponent too.

"Rumor has it that the leader of the Paragon Group, Evan, carries a key. This key can unlock the Paragon Group's largest

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treasure vault." Jonas said, his voice calm and measured. "The treasure vault contains treasures that are one of a kind in this world."

Jonas smiled then, fixing Oneida with a meaningful gaze. "Get me that key, and I'll give you the Water Death."

Jonas's eyes held a deep, meaningful glint. Oneida's eyes narrowed, her tone heavy with skepticism as she replied, "You want the key?"

Was Jonas dreaming? Paragon Group's strength was on par with the Aphotic Group. Even as the leader of Aphotic Group, it was tough for her to gain any advantage over the Paragon Group. And now Jonas wanted her to get the key from Evan... That was pure fantasy. Evan's power was incredibly profound. She had seen the man from a distance once... He was a formidable adversary.

Just getting close to him was nearly impossible, let alone taking the key from him.

Jonas's demand was hardly achievable. Almost impossible.

"Do you want those treasures?" Oneida shot a cold glance at Jonas, her tone dripping with sarcasm, "So greedy... do you even think you deserve to own them?" SEND GIFT

## **The Second Act 389**

Chapter 389

Jonas didn't bat an eye

when he

got

the news.

Jonas badly wanted what was locked away in the Paragon Group treasure vault.

But he knew it was a fool's errand to get the treasure vault. He didn't think Oneida could do it.

Oneida was tough, but going up against Evan, the chief of Paragon Group, was also difficult. Jonas thought she couldn't do it.

Jonas just wanted Jackson to die.

The more Oneida tried to keep Jackson alive, the more Jonas wanted him dead.

After all, Jackson was tangled up with Paragon Group.

Jonas was playing a waiting game to see if Oneida would figure something out.

Maybe she'd even work out that her husband, Jackson was in deep with Paragon Group. Jonas couldn't wait to see Oneida if she ever found that out. "Yeah, I want the key," Jonas said with a half-smirk. "Don't worry about whether I deserve it or not. Just remember, no key, no Water Death for you." Oneida pressed her lips together before throwing him a sharp nod. "Fine, deal."

Jonas was caught off guard by how quickly Oneida agreed.

This made his mind tick.

Jonas mused, 'Is she saying yes now and plotting some mischief for later? It was just like Oneida to play that way!

"Just to be clear," Jonas said, his voice dropping cold, "Don't try to be smart. The Water Death isn't where you think. You best get that key. If you're thinking about swiping the Water Death from me, think again-it won't work."

Oneida's expression didn't change. Betraying Jonas had never crossed her mind.

She thought to herself, 'Jonas is too tricky for his own good. He's probably got the Water Death hidden tight. No point in chasing shadows; going after the key is faster. Striking at Paragon Group might work. Jackson's running out of time. I need to move fast and go for the quick win. I know Paragon like the back of my hand; it's worth trying!

But there was one thing gnawing at Oneida as she locked eyes with Jonas, "You keep your end of the bargain. If I key and you back out-" get you the

"I'll make sure you regret it," Oneida stated, pure and simple. It wasn't a threat but a promise. If Jonas crossed her, she would let him die. Jonas was briefly taken aback, a sense of awe seeping into him at the sight of Oneida's fierce and resolute expression.

Jonas knew Oneida meant serious business.

Jonas thought skeptically, 'But does Oneida truly believe that she can secure the key?'

Deep down, Jonas doubted Oneida could pull it off, which is why he so confidently said, "Don't worry, I won't go back on my word." Hearing his vow, Oneida remained silent.

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III

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She turned around and left quickly without another word.

Jonas stood there, motionless, watching Oneida's figure disappear into the distance.

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It was then that Alex managed to get up from the ground, frowning at Jonas, "Mr. Jonas Bane, you're just going to let her walk away like that?" Jonas said nothing.

Alex continued, "Oneida's not simple. Mr. Jonas Bane, you must take her seriously. Otherwise, she'll get one over on you."

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Oneida left the winding alleyways and settled into her car.

Gripping the steering wheel, she didn't start the engine right away.

She momentarily lost herself in thought.

Oneida reflected, 'Paragon Group, this time... I have to go.'

Oneida fired up the engine and drove straight toward Garrison Mansion.

When Oneida arrived at Garrison Mansion, the sky had sunk into darkness.

Oneida went to the room of Jackson at once when she arrived.

Pushing the door open, she found that Cece was still there.

The doctor had gone, and Victor was silently standing guard.

Cece was kneeling by the bed, sobbing as if her heart would break.

With a look bordering on annoyance, Victor remained silent until he saw Oneida walk in, a flicker of relief passing across his features, "Mrs. Bane, you're back?" Oneida

gave a brief nod, her face unreadable.

Her gaze landed on Cece, her eyes cool and eyebrows knitting together in faint disapproval.

Cece, hearing the noise, couldn't help but turn her head to look.

Oneida, growing impatient with Cece's tears, remarked brusquely, "What good will crying do? Better go back to your room."

"The noise is too much..."

Cece didn't argue. Oneida nodded and quickly left the bedroom.

Oneida looked away, turning to Victor, "You should get some rest too."

Victor hesitated before asking, "Mrs. Bane, did you find Jonas?" Oneida's gaze flickered, and for a moment she held her silence.

She wasn't ready to share her dealings with Jonas with others, so

"I didn't find him," Oneida lied.

Victor didn't find anything amiss with her response.

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09:30 Mon, Dec 16 AG.

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It would be unusual if Oneida managed to find Jonas.

After all, Jonas was quite the formidable figure himself.

"It's okay if you couldn't find him," sighed Victor, his voice carrying a comforting tone. "Mrs. Bane, don't worry. There'll be a way out."

Oneida pressed her lips together and added, "By the way, when Jackson wakes up, don't tell him about anything that happened today, including about Jonas. Understand?" Jackson had been poisoned by the Water Death, but a glimmer of hope remained that he would soon come around.

All these matters, Oneida decided, she would resolve on her own.

Oneida didn't want to spoil Jackson's spirits.

If one knew they were afflicted with an incurable poison, their mood would surely not be good... So it might be better not to know.

Regardless, Oneida was determined to save Jackson.

Victor, hearing Oneida's words, paused for a moment in surprise.

Then he nodded, "I understand, Mrs. Bane. I won't tell Mr. Bane anything."

But Victor felt a nagging sense of peculiarity in the pit of his stomach.

Victor wondered, 'How is Mrs. Bane so certain that Mr. Bane will recover? After all, his current condition is not promising, and there's no telling when he might awaken.'

Victor didn't pursue his trains of thought any further, nor did he say anything more. Sensing the mood, he discreetly retreated from the bedroom.

Thus, in the spacious

room, only Oneida and Jackson remained.

Oneida stood upright, while Jackson lay silent and motionless.

His body was chillingly cold, his features serene in their settled grimness, his complexion deathly pale.

Oneida walked over and crouched beside the bed.

She couldn't help but

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each out a hand, gently touching Jackson's handsome face.

Even his face was as cold

ice.

With an intense and affectionate gaze, Oneida silently watched him, whispering, "Jackson..."

SEND GIFT

## The Second Act 390

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Jackson couldn't respond to her.

Oneida watched quietly for a while, her gaze sticking to Jackson's face, never wandering away.

Oneida kept vigil by Jackson's side, unmoving.

Later, she fell asleep on the edge of the bed.

When Oneida woke up again, sunlight had already filtered through the windows. It was dawn.

Without thinking, she opened her eyes wide but realized she wasn't by the bed anymore; instead, she was on it. "Awake?" A familiar and melodious voice caressed her ears, making Oneida's heart skip a beat. "Jackson?" She hastily scrambled up from the bed, her eyes instinctively darting toward the source of the voice.

Indeed, it was Jackson speaking to her.

Jackson had changed into clean clothes and stood neatly by the bed. His clear and handsome features were now restored to their usual luster, and as he quietly regarded Oneida, his eyes were tinged with a gentle warmth. Looking at Jackson, Oneida couldn't tell why, but a wave of bitterness rushed over her, and her

eyes reddened.

Oneida thought, 'Jackson... he's not just the man I love, but also the boy who once saved my life. Now, Jackson is looking at me with such focused eyes.'

Suddenly, Oneida extended her arms and hugged Jackson tightly

She buried her head into the crisp white of his shirt.

Jackson, was caught off guard.

Jackson hadn't expected Oneida to throw herself into his arms as soon as she awoke.

She hugged him tightly, and Jackson could feel the strength in the young girl's hands. Jackson

was momentarily stunned, but quickly he wrapped his arms around the girl in front of him.

One of them standing and the other sitting on the bed, Oneida was at the perfect height to wrap her arms around Jackson's waist.

Oneida's face pressed tightly against the man's shirt, her eyes closed, tears uncontrollably streaming down her face.

She cried again.

These past few days, Oneida had shed many tears.

Because Oneida felt regret and guilt for not realizing until yesterday that her true savior had been by her side all along... Now, with Jackson awake, a surge of emotion from nearly losing him but getting him back overwhelmed her heart. Even though this awakening was only temporary, a mere flash of consciousness before the end, Oneida still felt a joy that made her want to cry.

At least, Oneida saw Jackson, alive and standing before her.

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09:30 Mon, Dec 16 =

Chapter 390

All the remorse, the heartache, and the joy of having him back flooded her heart, making Oneida's tears unstoppable.

Jackson..." Oneida murmured his name softly, clinging to him.

Jackson felt the dampness on his shirt, and his brows furrowed lightly.

"Ida..." Jackson held the girl tighter, feeling a bit at a loss.

Oneida was crying.

Jackson didn't have much experience in consoling anyone.

Unsure of what to do or say, he finally crouched down to meet Oneida eye to eye, his long fingers gently caressing her cheeks. Jackson cradled Oneida's face in his hands, tenderly wiping away her tears.

"What's wrong?" Jackson asked softly, "Did someone bully you?"

After saying that, Jackson's expression suddenly turned cold, and his dark eyes filled with chilling light "Who was it, tell me." Oneida stared into his eyes and gently shook her head.

"No one bullied me," Oneida said.

Oneida thought, 'It's you who has been harmed. I failed to protect you.'

Hearing her words, Jackson's expression softened and became affectionate as he tenderly stroked Oneida's cheek. In a hushed voice, he said, "Then why are you crying like this? It's rare to see you cry..." Oneida pursed her lips, mustering a smile, "I just missed you, Jackson... You collapsed so suddenly yesterday, and it frightened me..."

At the mention of "collapsed," Jackson's gaze paused, "Yesterday, ... collapsed? What did the doctor say?"

Jackson knew he had passed out, but he had awoken unexpectedly in the middle of the night.

Physically, he felt alright.

Noticing Oneida sleeping gently at his bedside, Jackson quietly lifted her and placed her on the bed to ensure she had a more comfortable rest.

However, the reason for his sudden collapse was still unknown to him.

He surmised that when he had fainted, Oneida and Victor must have summoned the doctor.

That's why Jackson wanted to know what the doctor had said.

Oneida laughed lightly, downplaying the gravity, as if there was nothing to worry about, "The doctor said you fainted from overworking... A good rest is all you need." Oneida had already reached an understanding with Victor; they didn't want to burden Jackson with the truth.

AIX

So, she kept the truth from Jackson.

"Overworked?" Jackson's eyes darkened slightly, puzzled by the diagnosis, "I've been under more stress before without collapsing

At that, Oneida teased him, a playful smile on her face, "It means you're getting older, not as strong as you used to be." 09:31 Mon, Dec 16

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Hearing her say this, Jackson's train of thought derailed, and a smile tugged at his lips, "Are you saying I'm old?" 85%1

In reality, Jackson was only five years older than Oneida. At twenty-four, he was in the prime of his youth, certainly not old. Intent on jesting, Oneida playfully remarked, "Just a little..."

She hadn't anticipated that the very next second, Jackson would bounce-

Oneida found herself enveloped in Jackson's embrace, his cool breath filling her senses. "Jackson..." Oneida met his deep, somber eyes and involuntarily called out his name.

"Ok," Jackson hummed in response, his voice sounding a touch hoarse.

Oneida bit her lip, suddenly sensing the air around her seemed to be growing warmer.

Unbeknownst to her, Jackson's hand had found its way under her clothes.

Oneida's cheeks flushed, her breathing becoming erratic, "Jackson... You've just woken up, and-"

Glancing at the bright daylight outside, Oneida felt incredibly embarrassed.

Oneida thought, 'What's gotten into Jackson? Why does he always think about... that sort of thing...?'

"It's daytime." Oneida suddenly raised her voice, trying to underscore her point.

However, Jackson seemed fearless, his hands not ceasing in their movements at all.

Oneida was at a loss with how to handle him.

And then, remembering the toxin from the Water Death still in Jackson's system, her heart softened.

With a heavy sigh, Oneida resigned herself to endure...

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Cece stayed in her bedroom, restless.

Sleep eluded her and constantly fretted over Jackson; she couldn't possibly find peace.

Cece thought, 'If anything were to happen to Jackson because of me, my conscience would never be clear.'

Cece knew she was no saint, but she harbored a hope that Jackson would be well.

After all, Cece had feelings for Jackson.

Unable to remain confined to her bedroom any longer, Cece finally opened the door and stepped out, Unexpectedly, she ran right into Jackson and Oneida.

Cece thought, 'Jackson is already awake?'

Hand in hand, the couple walked downstairs as if they didn't notice Cece, smiles gracing their lips.

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