

## **Unbreakable 321**

### Chapter 321

This whole situation was a setup by vicious people. At this point, it did not matter if Raegan was innocent or not. She could only endure the gossip and scorn, knowing she had done nothing wrong.

But the look of disappointment in her grandmother's eyes was too much to bear. It was as if a dagger pierced into Raegan's heart.

Angela's Library The emotional weight became too much. Raegan's head dropped, and she spat out a mouthful of blood. But Tessa was unwilling to let Raegan go. She gave the fat woman a subtle wink.

The fat woman caught Tessa's signal loud and clear. With that, she yanked Raegan's hair back and snarled, "How do you have the nerve to deny all this, you bitch?"

After saying these words, she pulled her leg back, ready to deliver a strong kick to Raegan's abdomen. In the nick of time... Bang. A muffled thud broke through the air.

Someone had kicked the fat woman away, sending her sprawling to the ground. The fat woman curled up on the ground and cried out in pain.

"Who was that? Who's the son of a bitch who kicked me? Have you lost your mind?"

Two men in suits, resembling bodyguards, appeared out of nowhere and delivered kicks to the fat woman, effectively silencing her.

The rest of the assailants weren't bold without their ringleader and were easier to deal with. Even if the bodyguards had not done anything, they scattered in all directions.

They were just here for the money anyway.

Tessa, however, was not ready to throw in the towel just yet. Her elaborate scheme had been all about sabotaging Raegan and getting rid of her unborn child.

She was the one who had arranged those incriminating photos.

At most, she could say she had made a mistake and used more money to settle it down.

But it never crossed her mind that someone would intervene.

“Who's this? Your new sugar daddy? You're full of surprises, Raegan,” she sarcastically said.

Just then, the man turned to face her. His refined and distinguished features left Tessa speechless. How could it be? Tessa clamped her mouth shut and did not dare to make another sound.

Without even giving her a second glance, the man ordered to his men in a monotone, “Go through everyone’s phones. | don’t want any pictures or videos of this incident online. If anyone refuses to delete them, they’ll be hearing from my lawyer.”

Though his voice was void of emotion, a chilling air enveloped everyone present.

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The men in suits were quick and effective. In no time, the room was empty, and the troublemaking women were kicked out of the ward.

Only Tessa, who was rooted to the spot, remained. It was not that she wanted to stay. Her legs had simply turned to jelly. Once she broke her paralysis, she uttered, “Hector.

Hector shot her a glance.

“You realize that everything you did today has tarnished the Dixon family name, don’t you?”

“Hector, | didn’t... | was just passing by... | have nothing to do with this,” Tessa stammered.

“Get out of my face. | won't be the one to handle you.”

Though Hector spoke without emotion, Tessa felt a cold shiver run down her spine and was on the verge of tears.

What did he mean by that? Who would punish her?

Without further ado, the men in black escorted Tessa out, and an eerie silence settled over the room.

Raegan seemed to be isolated in her own world. Her body shook. And as she made her way to her grandmother, she was almost crawling.

She enveloped her grandmother in a gentle embrace.

Her grandmother seemed so fragile as if she could slip away at any moment. She stared at Raegan with turbid eyes but could not find herself to say something.

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For the first time, Raegan felt an overpowering sense of dread.

At this moment, tears blurred her vision.

“Grandma, don't believe them... It's not true... Please, don't believe them...” Raegan implored. “Of course, | don't believe them, Raegan...” her grandmother assured her.

“| know you'd never do anything like that...”

Raegan's eyes brimmed with tears.

At this moment, her grandmother seemed to be struggling to say something, and her breaths became increasingly shallow. Kendra hit the emergency call button to call for medical help.

“Prepare for emergency treatment!”

The nursing staff moved to wheel Raegan’s grandmother to the emergency room, but Raegan’s grandmother’s grip tightened on Raegan’s clothing.

Raegan leaned in quickly to catch her grandmother’s final words.

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“Raegan... |... | believe you... You have to live a happy life...

This... This is all my fault...”

As her grandmother finished speaking, her grip on Raegan’s clothing began to weaken.

The room was thick with a weighty silence, punctuated only by the raspy breaths of Raegan’s grandmother. Raegan’s grandmother was quickly wheeled into the ER.

Frozen, Raegan looked listless. She didn’t know what to do. Her mind was in a muddle.

Hector took off his jacket and draped it on Raegan’s shoulders. He looked down at her and asked, “You okay? Can you still walk?”

There was no color on Raegan’s face. She looked like she was about to faint. Regardless, she stood up with her hands on the edge of the bed.

Her pupils were bright. However, the brightness was hollow.

“Thank you,” Raegan said softly.

She was thankful that he preserved her grandmother’s dignity.

After steadying her feet on the floor, she began to walk slowly.

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It seemed like a century had passed.

The doctor in a white gown reappeared. His face was gloomy as he sighed and announced, “I’m sorry. We tried all we could.”

His low voice echoed in the empty and cold corridor like a fated curse. It was as if Raegan had been hit by a huge rock. She staggered back with her eyes widened in disbelief.

The next second, she grabbed the doctor by his white coat and shook her head.

“Doc, you made a mistake, right? This can’t be! Her issue shouldn’t be this serious!”

The doctor had mentioned that her grandmother didn’t have much time left, but he didn’t say she was going to die today.

“You must be mistaken, doc. My grandmother can’t be dead. Just this morning, she told me that she wanted to eat the special cakes from her hometown. | was supposed to get them later. How can she leave without eating them...”

Raegan slowly sank to her knees with her hands still gripping the doctor’s coat. She sobbed.

“Please... Save my grandmother. Bring her back to life. I'll pay whatever amount. Just bring her back...”

Her voice gradually became tiny and breathy.

“At least, let her have a piece of cake and say goodbye to me before leaving...”

How could her grandmother die with an empty stomach?

#### Chapter 324

Raegan's hands trembled as if she was convulsing. Her tears flowed like water and her cries echoed in the corridor. Soon, a nurse came and pulled her up by the arm.

“Young lady, I'm really sorry for your loss. Our hearts go out to you. We understand your pain, but please, calm down. You should go see your grandmother one last time.”

Raegan kicked and shook her head like a child. Her teary eyes were red and vacant as she said, “My grandmother is not in here... She's waiting for me in the ward...”

After saying that, she turned around and started to rush to the ward. A strong hand suddenly grabbed her arm.

Hector frowned slightly. Raegan's arm was too thin as if he was holding a pencil, making Raegan seem even more fragile and delicate.

He said, “Raegan, go and have a look.”

It was as if a basin of cold water had just been poured over Raegan's head. She shivered and her long eyelashes hung down while trembling densely. She looked so pitiful like a stray dog on the streets on a cold rainy night.

Hector's hand slowly moved downward until it got to her wrist as he led her to the morgue.

With her head down, Raegan followed him obediently. Her steps were light as if she was a ghost.

The staff led them in, lowered his head, and left.

There was a body on a cold iron bed. A white sheet was over it.

With her back against the door, Raegan stood frozen for a good minute. She then took one painstaking step after another.

Her entire body was trembling as she lifted the white sheet. Save for the pale lips, her grandmother looked like she was asleep. How could this woman be dead? No, she must be having one of those deep slumbers.

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This thought gave Raegan a glimmer of hope. With a smile, she said softly, "It's time to wake up, grandma. You are pulling my legs, aren't you? Is this because I didn't take you back to your house? My car is ready. Get up, let's go right now..."

Not a single muscle moved on the old woman's face. Even her eyelashes didn't flutter. Seeing this, Raegan reached under the white cloth to hold her grandmother's cold and stiff hand. She choked with sobs, "Grandma, I don't want anything anymore. I want nothing else than to live in your house with you. Is that okay?"

Raegan leaned her head against her grandmother's chest, speaking in a very soft and gentle voice.

"Say something, please. Even if it's a single word. Don't leave me alone..."

Despite calling out for a long time, her grandmother still didn't wake up. Raegan held her grandmother's face and finally cried out.

It wasn't a sob or a whimper. This time, it was a heart-wrenching cry. The cry was so poignant that it could melt the heart of the devil himself. "Grandma, you can't do this to me. How am I supposed to live without you? Come back to me. I'm not ready yet..."

Her cry echoed in the room, but there was no response.

## Chapter 325

It had been over an hour since Raegan sat on the bench in the corridor. She completed the necessary procedures and contacted the funeral home in Tenassie.

She was determined to bury her grandmother in her hometown.

Tenassie was over 600 kilometers from here. Even if the body was transported overnight, it would only get there by morning at the earliest.

Kendra, the attending nurse of Raegan's grandmother, stayed by her side. She even urged Raegan to take a rest in one of the wards, but Raegan insisted on staying where she was. She wanted to be as close as she could to her grandmother.

It was about time Hector left. Although he sympathized with her, he had to go. He had happened to be passing by today and had already been delayed for a long time.

As soon as he came to Raegan's side, she looked up at him. Her eyes were red and swollen from all the crying. Raegan stood up and solemnly bowed to Hector. Her voice came out hoarse and broken.

"Thank you, Mr. Dixon. I don't have my phone on me right now. Please send me the bill. I'll settle the expenses once I'm done with everything at hand."

Since the matter was an emergency, Hector had instructed his subordinates to handle all the medical expenses. He looked down at her again when he heard her address him as Mr. Dixon.

"You don't have to be so polite. You know I am Mitchel's uncle, right? Why don't you just call me Hector?" Raegan nodded.

“I know, but I insist on repaying you once I settle everything here.”

Raegan had heard the way Tessa addressed Hector. His eyebrows were a lot like Mitchel's. He had a habit of furrowing them too just like the other male Dixons.

Hector was somewhat surprised. Since she didn't address him by his first name despite knowing who he really was, the reason was quite clear. It appeared all wasn't well between her and Mitchel.

ninjanovel.com He left soon. Raegan remained on the bench throughout the night.

At the crack of dawn, she finally left to go buy some new clothes and some supplies for the funeral.

It wasn't even eight o'clock yet when the hearse from the funeral home arrived.

Kendra accompanied Raegan to Tenassie. Since she had cared for the old woman for so long, she had developed an emotional connection. She wanted to say goodbye to the witty old lady.

When they arrived at the funeral home, Raegan paid the fee calmly and chose a place in the graveyard.

None of her relatives were left in Tenassie, so there would be no other mourners. This was why Raegan deliberately chose this secluded place. Even though she was practically alone, she was determined to send her precious grandmother off properly.

From the funeral home, she went to the town to buy some flowers for the ceremony, including the cakes that her grandmother had craved before she died.

Raegan hadn't shed a tear throughout this journey. But as soon as she saw the cakes, a flood of tears came rushing. She couldn't hold them back.

“What an unfilial granddaughter | am!” Raegan scolded herself. She hadn't granted any of her grandmother's wishes even though how little these wishes were. How useless of her!

Startled by her tears, the shopkeeper gave her an extra bag of cakes and said comfortingly, “Cheer up, young lady. No matter what Life throws at you, you need to stick your chest out and never give up.

Take a bite of these delicious red bean-flavored cakes. You'll love them.”

Raegan thanked the shopkeeper. She picked up a piece of cake and slowly put it in her mouth to have a taste on behalf of her grandmother.

But as her teeth sank into the soft cake, pea-sized tears began to flow from her eyes again. Some found their way into her mouth. There was a burst of salty and sweet flavors in her mouth, but all she could taste was bitterness.

The shopkeeper was taken aback.

“Is it not good?”

Feeling weak in the knees, Raegan squatted and wept like a child.

She sobbed.

“It's delicious... But my grandmother didn't get to taste it before...”

Her grandma would never taste it again.

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A day later, Lauren was now in a stable condition and her father had flown over from Swynborough. Mitchel finally got the chance to look at his phone. There were five missed calls from his mother. There were no new messages, not even from Raegan.

For Pete's sake, why was this woman so stubborn? Couldn't she just make a compromise for peace to reign? Mitchel smoked three cigarettes just to let off steam. Then, he swallowed his pride and called Raegan.

But her phone was switched off.

Abad feeling rose in his heart. He was worried something was amiss and asked Matteo to inquire about the situation.

After hanging up the phone, Matteo sighed deeply and kept silent for a few seconds. He then reported, "Sir, Mrs. Dixon's grandmother passed away. The funeral is currently ongoing."

Suddenly, there was a buzzing sound in Mitchel's ears. He couldn't believe his ears. He raised an eyebrow sometime later. "What did you just say?" Matteo paused for a moment before repeating, "Your wife's grandmother is dead."

In Tenassie's funeral home, there was a rule that the departed had to be cremated before the memorial ceremony commenced.

## Chapter 327

As Raegan waited, reluctance to say goodbye to her grandmother held her heart hostage as if she wished to etch her grandmother's face indelibly into her mind's eye.

When her beloved grandma's body was silently ushered into the cremation chamber, the heavy iron door swung shut.

The finality of it struck her hard. She could never again see her grandma's smiling face, the person who loved her most in the world.

Her trembling hand reached out and patted the iron door as she sobbed. "Grandma, have a happy life. Don't forget me..."

Yet, all that met her ears was the echo reverberating through the solid metal. An hour dragged on, and the iron door swung open once more.

The clerk returned, carrying the urn that now held her grandmother's ashes, and gave them to Raegan. With a heavy heart, she walked with the urn to the church.

In that solemn chamber, Raegan gently placed the urn on the altar. Standing in front of her grandmother's picture, she remained in silent reverence, her posture unwavering.

Kendra's well-intentioned offer of food fell on deaf ears, as Raegan could only manage a sip of water amidst her overwhelming grief.

Kendra's sympathy led her to stay by Raegan's side silently, providing a little comfort in this sea of sorrow. As the evening went on, a figure entered the church.

Luciana, after a long and harrowing journey, had arrived, her initial shock giving way to the stark reality upon seeing Raegan, cloaked in black and lost in grief.

In just two days, Raegan had lost some weight, her features etched with exhaustion and distress.

Luciana longed to offer words of comfort after paying her visit to the deceased but struggled to find a way to comfort Raegan. Ultimately, she broke the silence, her voice heavy.

"Raegan, I'm so sorry for your loss."

Her frustration welled, anger aimed at Mitchel for his absence during this trying time. Questions loomed about their future together. Did the future hold anything promising for the two of them?

Thankfully, Raegan did not reject Luciana's presence. While she remained silent, she didn't cast Luciana aside.

The following day ushered in two uninvited visitors.

Kenia and Tessa come to the church.

Tessa, ignorant of the death of Raegan's grandmother until yesterday, felt her legs weaken from the shocking news.

She wasn't afraid of being blamed for the old woman's death.

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Instead, it was because Hector had promised to give her a good lesson. It was hard to foresee how Mitchel would punish her now that Raegan's grandma had passed away.

Tessa, fearful of the repercussions of her actions, was no longer reluctant to leave the country. She now wished to escape as swiftly as possible.

She informed Kenia what had transpired, and Kenia became agitated as well. Kenia didn't expect that Tessa would cause such a huge trouble.

It wasn't an effective method to hide abroad. Tessa would be tracked down by Mitchel wherever she went if he intended to punish her.

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After thinking for a while, they decided that beseeching Kyler for assistance was the wisest course of action, given the intertwining ties between the Murray and Dixon families.

Given that, she assumed that this matter could be over soon.

After all, Raegan's grandmother had succumbed to illness, not Tessa's hands. Resolute in their decision, they materialized in the church together.

"Luciana," said Kenia, attempting to curry favor with Luciana.

Luciana frowned.

"Why are you here?"

Kenia grinned but quickly realized it was a little too much. She remarked, "I came here with Tessa to pay tribute to the deceased."

Luciana's countenance bore an unmistakable trace of perplexity, unaware that the events in the nursing house linked to Tessa. Raegan remained stood in silence. In a hoarse tone, Raegan, upon seeing Tessa and Kenia, bellowed, "Get out of here!" Such intrusion felt unbearable. It was a disturbance to the sanctity of her grandmother's farewell.

Tessa assumed she had debased herself in this act of condolence, only to be treated with contempt. She felt humiliated and embarrassed.

With a pinch of feigned sorrow, Tessa replied, "Raegan, upon learning of your grandmother's passing, I hastened to pay my respects. The prior encounter was a grievous misunderstanding. How could I have foreseen those women's madness?"

Kenia interjected, "Indeed, as soon as I was apprised of the situation, I admonished Tessa. She has a penchant for involving herself in people's business, yet, in truth, she played no role in that sordid affair." With an envelope of money extended as a conciliatory gesture, Kenia proffered, "Raegan, accept this, please. It is recompense

for Tessa's perceived wrongdoing. I implored her to kowtow and apologize to your grandmother."

Raegan's response was swift and unforgiving, flinging the envelope at Kenia's visage, her voice laden with anguish as she yelled, "Fuck off!

Are you deaf or something? Get the hell out of my face!"

The envelope burst open, scattering cash on the floor, the sharp edges scratching Kenia's and Tessa's cheeks. Kenia's and Tessa's evilness and shamelessness paralleled those photoshopped photos set for slandering Raegan the other day.

Deep down, they didn't feel any responsibility for their hurtful words, instead resorting to a feigned apology as a smokescreen.

The mastermind behind the conspiracy, Tessa, seemed adept at evading culpability.

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Why, one would wonder!

Tessa, initially overcome with fright, couldn't hold back her scream but swiftly regained her composure and responded with a curse, "Don't be so shameless! That old woman's demise was due to her frail condition. How does it relate to me?"

Furthermore, your grandma was already in her eighties. Isn't it natural for the elderly to pass away at such an age? She had been languishing in the nursing house for quite some time. Could you afford to continue her treatment? To some extent, you should be grateful to me. How could you treat me like this.

"Shut the fucking up!" Luciana was on the brink of slapping Tessa, but Raegan acted swiftly. Raegan lunged forward, her fingers wrapping around Tessa's throat with a grip akin to a furious beast.

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Her slender fingers paled, and the blue veins on her hands bulged as a torrent of pain, anger, and suppressed hatred gushed forth.

Why? Why must she endure such a fate?

Her grandmother had led an honest, diligent life. Despite her early widowhood and the loss of her son, she never voiced a complaint about life's unfairness. She maintained a positive outlook and did her utmost to raise Raegan.

Even in her final moments, she held no grudge but expressed trust in Raegan and sorrow for her... Why did such a loving, kind soul have to go through this misfortune?

Why, in her last moments, did she have to witness her granddaughter's character being slandered and besmirched by these wicked individuals?

Why? It just wasn't fair! Why should her dead grandmother suffer such an indignity?

How could the instigator behave with such recklessness, as if nothing had happened? As a victim of injustice, why should she bear the guilt for her grandmother's death?

With immense strength, Raegan rasped, "Who gave you the right to utter those words? As a murderer, you've no place to speak like this!"

Under Raegan's relentless grip, Tessa's pallor shifted to purple, her eyes bulging with fear. Tessa fought back violently, but her hands eventually fell limp at her sides.

Kenia wailed, tugging at Raegan's hand, screaming, "Help! Someone, please help!" But at this moment, Raegan's fingers felt as though they were glued on Tessa's neck, impervious to being pulled away.

Kenia, petrified, collapsed to the floor, tears streaming down her face.

"Ah... Someone's killing my daughter... This deranged woman is killing my girl..."

Just as the situation reached its breaking point, someone intervened, stopping Raegan's actions and breaking the impasse. "Raegan! Are you trying to kill her?" Mitchel cried out furiously.

Mitchel felt like an invisible hand clutched his heart hard. It hurt so bad that he could hardly breathe.

He knew Raegan well. She had always been a gentle person. How could she be forced into this situation?

Tessa, who had a narrow escape from death, finally regained her breathing. She coughed violently.

### Chapter 330

Kenia breathed a sigh of relief when she saw that Tessa was fine.

She turned to Raegan and scolded, "You bitch! How dare you strangle my daughter!"

"She only deserves it!" Raegan retorted without scruples. She was still fuming with rage.

Kenia was shocked by the anger in Raegan's eyes. She felt a little scared and took a step back. At this moment, Raegan's body seemed filled with terrifying murderous intent.

When Tessa came to her senses, she was so scared that she cried and shouted hysterically, "Mom! Mom, she tries to kill me. Please help me beat her to death!"

It broke Kenia's heart to see Tessa like this. As a mother, of course, she couldn't let her daughter be wronged. So she turned around and reached out to pull Raegan's hair.

But before she could even touch Raegan, she was kicked out of the door with a bang.

Mitchel didn't want to even spare a glance at Kenia and Tessa. He ordered in disgust, "Drag them out of here. If they dare to show up again, throw them into the river directly."

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Now that Kenia and Tessa were driven out, the church finally regained its peace.

Mitchel knelt in front of Raegan's grandmother's portrait and kowtowed three times.

After paying homage to Raegan's grandmother, he walked up to Raegan.

His heart was filled with regret and remorse when he looked at her face as pale as a sheet.

He felt like a giant fist punched his heart. And his agony didn't seem to stop.

She called him and begged him to come back to see her grandmother for the last time. But what did he say? He called her mischievous, childish, and vicious. He even told her to calm herself down.

When Raegan was desperate for help, he was too cold-hearted to refuse her request. He even used those harsh words to scold her.

He let her grandmother pass away with regrets. He was such a jerk!

ALL he could say now was, "Raegan... I'm sorry..." Mitchel knelt beside Raegan with regret and pity in his eyes. He reached out, wanting to hold her hand. However, Raegan brushed off his hand coldly.

At this moment, her eyes were red and swollen. Her long hair was disheveled, and her mourning dress was wrinkled. She didn't look decent at all.

But Raegan couldn't care less. She didn't care about anything now.

After all, her heart had died.