

## **My Son Died Because of a White Dress**

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### **Chapter 1**

I had just finished handling my son Zane Graham's funeral arrangements when the number I had dialed dozens of times without an answer finally called back.

My husband, Louis Graham, said irritably, "Where's Zane? That idiot can't even handle something as simple as buying a darn dress."

A wave of absurd despair surged inside me. I muttered, "He's dead."

There was a rare pause on the other end before the mocking tone came crashing down. "Nora Harrison, what's gotten into you? You're really saying all sorts of nonsense now, huh?"

"Why don't you go ahead and say you're dead too? Enough with the nonsense. Did he get the dress or not? Make him deliver it himself as an apology."

Before I could respond, the line went dead.

I stared blankly at the small box beside me. I picked up the bloodstained dress from the floor and hailed a cab to Louis' office.

His employees whispered when they saw me. I overheard someone mention how pathetic it must be for a wife to end up like me.

I sneered and pushed open the door to Louis' office.

The couple, who had been tangled up together in the room, quickly separated. Louis pretended to straighten his clothes nonchalantly.

"Where's Zane? I told you to have him bring it himself."

I glared at his shameless face and threw the dress in my hand straight at him. "That's his blood on it."

The dress slid down his face. He quickly grabbed it up and shook it out. "This is for Wendy. How can you—"

He suddenly stopped talking because his eyes landed on the glaring blood on the dress. The blood had already dried and darkened, much like Zane.

The thought of his gruesome death made my blood run cold.

But Louis just chuckled derisively and sneered at me. "Where'd you get this blood? From a chicken or a cow?"

Wendy Lane, who had been silently watching, spoke up sweetly, "Louis, maybe Nora was just upset. Don't take it to heart. It's not good for your health to get worked up."

She made it sound like she was defending me, but her words only highlighted her grace compared to my ruthless nature.

Louis grasped her hand tenderly, then turned to me, furious. "See the difference? You're always so aggressive. You'll never be gentle like Wendy."

I looked at Wendy. Ever since Louis had made money, she'd made sure to cross paths with him whenever she could.

Wendy was the woman Louis had once adored in his youth. He saw her as an innocent fairy.

But back then, Wendy had abandoned him simply because he was poor. Well, I would make sure they got what they wanted now.

I nodded, then threw the divorce papers on his desk. "Let's get a divorce."

Louis was taken aback. He lifted his cold, piercing eyes to meet mine and said through gritted teeth, "Is this what a mother would do? Zane messed up, and now you want a divorce?"