

Game Over, Mr. CEO: Your Wife Is Done

Outside the window, the ice and snow had begun to melt. Winter slept straight through until the afternoon before finally waking up.

This was the longest she had slept in over a year without the aid of sleeping pills.

She pushed herself up in bed and looked around the messy room. The memory of how out of control Chris had been the night before made her eyebrows tighten.

Her body felt clean, without any lingering stickiness. Someone had clearly cleaned her up and changed her into fresh pajamas. The cuts from the shattered glass had been treated with ointment, leaving her cheek feeling cool rather than burning with pain.

She didn't need to guess who had done it.

Winter sat on the bed in a daze, but the growing pain in her ear and the feverish heat spreading through her body snapped her back to reality. She immediately remembered what the doctor had warned her only a few days earlier.

“If you experience severe ear pain accompanied by a fever, come to the hospital immediately. A perforated eardrum combined with an infection is no small matter. It can seriously affect your hearing if left untreated. You must take this seriously.”

That night, after she had been attacked, the police had taken her to the hospital for an injury assessment. One of the findings was a perforated eardrum.

Because the tear was small and there was no sign of infection at the time, the doctor had allowed her to go home and monitor it. She had hoped it would heal on its own. It clearly had not.

Winter got out of bed, changed clothes quickly, and headed downstairs.

“Mrs. Xander, you’re awake? I’ll get you something to eat right away. Oh? Are you heading out?”

Mrs. Young was heading to the kitchen but stopped when she saw Winter carrying her bag.

Winter kept her expression calm. “I’m not eating at home. I need to step out for a bit.”

The pain in her ear was getting sharper, and there was a faint ringing that made it impossible for her to drive safely.

She originally planned to call a car so the bodyguards would not report her movements back to Chris. But then she paused.

Why would Chris care where she went? Even if she walked straight into danger, he would not stop her.

“Have one of the bodyguards drive me.”

Mrs. Young nodded and made a call. Less than a minute later, a bodyguard in a black suit walked toward her. “Mrs. Xander.”

Winter handed him the car key. “Take me to City General Hospital.”

The bodyguard hesitated. “Are you feeling unwell?”

“No. I just felt bored and wanted to take a walk through a hospital.”

She said it casually and got into the car, leaving the confused bodyguard standing in the cold breeze.

They parked in the lot beside the inpatient wing. The bodyguard opened her door and followed without speaking.

The doctor had told her previously that if it were the weekend, she should find him in the ENT ward

Today was Saturday.

He examined her while frowning. “There’s discharge. I’m going to prescribe some medication. Go to the nurse’s station and have them show you how to apply it so you can do it yourself at home. Most importantly, keep the ear canal bone dry. No water can get in.”

Winter thanked the doctor and prepared to take her insurance card to the pharmacy,

“Mrs. Xander, allow me.” The bodyguard reached out and took the card. Before leaving, he added politely, “Would you like to visit one of the hospitals owned by the Xander Corporation for a more detailed checkup?”

“No.”

Winter refused immediately. With that, the bodyguard said nothing more and headed downstairs to the pharmacy.

While she waited, Winter replayed the doctor's earlier questions in her mind. She had briefly described the attack that left her injured that night.