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Game Over, Mr. CEO: Your Wife Is Done

“Saving me from trouble? You certainly think highly of yourself!”

Chris didn't waste a second. He grabbed Winter's wrist, pulled her out of the pharmacy, and pushed her into a black sedan parked at the curb.

The door slammed shut.

As soon as Gavin engaged the central locking system, the privacy partition between the front and back seats glided up.

Winter froze with her hand on the door handle. She stopped trying to fight her way out since it was pointless **in** the long, enclosed cabin.

There was a soft click as Chris bit down on his cigarette and tossed the lighter onto the console. He turned his head and glanced at her. Her hair was still messy from the wind, and she sat alone in the corner of the spacious backseat, looking so much like the stray puppy he once picked up from the side of the road.

Winter watched as the morning-after pills she bought were thrown into the car's trash bin. Without hesitation, she reached out to take them back.

Her wrist was caught before she even got halfway there.

"You really want something out of the trash? You want it that badly?"

Chris tightened his grip on her wrist, his dark eyes sweeping across Winter's face. The moment she spoke again, the look on his face shifted, growing darker by the second.

"It's not that I want it. I just don't want to get pregnant with your child."

There had been a time when she had wanted nothing more than to have a child that belonged to both of them. She had hoped for it and prayed for it.

But fate had never allowed it.

A child should be born from love. Chris didn't love her, and she couldn't give a child everything they needed on her own. It was better to face reality early and plan accordingly.

Because of her words, the air in the car turned dangerously cold.

Winter evenings in Liono City grew dark around five. Streetlights lit up one by one as the car turned onto **an** old street lined with small, long-running food stands. Under the warm glow of the lamps, steam and the smell of cooking drifted through the air, creating a cozy, familiar atmosphere.

Chris watched her for a long moment. “Winter Scott, you’ve gotten bold.”

Winter kept her gaze on the little restaurants passing by outside the window. Her stomach, empty all day, began to ache with hunger.

She pressed the button on the panel so Gavin could hear her. “Pull over. I’m hungry. I want to get out and buy something.”

However, the car still did not slow down. Just as Winter raised her hand to knock on the privacy screen, a hand holding a cigarette braced over hers.

“Gavin, pull over and buy a roasted beef sandwich.”

Chris’s voice was low and icy, sharper than usual.

Winter’s raised hand froze in midair. Her eyes warmed, and she forced herself not to lean toward the familiar scent that brushed past her.

The car finally came to a stop.

She vaguely heard the door open. The noise of the busy street rushed in for a brief moment before the door closed again, sealing the outside world away.

Silence settled back inside the cabin.

Winter watched in the direction Gavin had gone. He had stopped at the same small food stand where she used to buy her favorite roasted beef sandwiches.

Gavin stood by the stand in a black jacket, and his tall frame drew the attention of several young women passing by. They stole glances at him, whispering and laughing as they watched him order.

The sight softened the heaviness in her chest a little.

It reminded her of years ago on a night just like this one. She had begged Chris to buy her the same sandwich. She had pestered him endlessly before he reluctantly agreed. He had stood at the counter just like Gavin was doing now, except he drew far more attention. She had panicked in the car, worried he would leave from annoyance.

When he came back, he had looked irritated, but he still brought her the flavor she loved most.

Lost in the memory, Winter found herself smiling without realizing it.

Chris paused mid-gesture while flicking his ashes. He glanced at her, then followed her line of sight outside the window. His eyes narrowed slightly.

Moments later, Gavin returned with the food. He opened the door and handed it to her. “Mrs. Xander.”

The warmth of the sandwich seeped through the paper into her hands, easing something tight in her chest.

To her surprise, there were green peppers added inside, just the way she used to like it.

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