

Game Over, Mr. CEO: Your Wife Is Done

“I didn’t think you knew what I liked. Thank you.” Winter looked at Gavin with genuine surprise.

She always added a few green peppers inside her sandwich to cut the richness.

Gavin paused for half a second, gave a small nod, and closed the door without a word.

Chris’s cold voice followed. “You’re stubborn enough without fueling it.”

Winter continued eating quietly. Her ear was still buzzing with pain, and although she could hear Chris muttering something about her, she didn’t bother to respond

She had always been stubborn. Back when she insisted on marrying Chris, William had practically begged her to reconsider. It nearly ruined their friendship, but she had never changed her mind.

After all, he was her first love. Once she fell for him, there was no turning back.

Winter looked out the window and suddenly realized this was not the road back to Blackwood Manor. Where was Chris taking her?

The car turned into a private hospital owned by the Xander Corporation.

“I’ve already seen a doctor. I don’t need another checkup.” Winter immediately understood what he was doing.

Chris’s answer left no room for debate. “I’ll only be at ease if it’s done under my supervision.”

He pushed open the door with one hand. “Besides, it would be a huge hassle for me if you don’t recover.”

She didn’t need to ask what he meant. He didn’t want Jacob to get dragged into trouble because of her.

He went through all this effort to keep Jacob protected, all because he was afraid she would go after him.

“If you’re that worried I’ll retaliate, why bring me to the same hospital? Aren’t you afraid I’ll lose it and stab him in his room?”

Chris stopped walking. A chill spread from his eyes. “Winter, I’m warning you. You’re not allowed to touch Jacob.”

Winter stood in the draft from the open corridor. Cold air rushed through the cracks in her chest as if trying to force its way in.

A team of specialists gathered to examine her personally.

She closed her eyes and explained how the attackers had kicked her ear that night. The more she spoke, the worse her face looked.

“That’s enough.” Chris’s voice cut her off abruptly. He sounded indifferent. “That isn’t important. Just examine her carefully.”

Winter felt the blood drain from her face.

“That isn’t important,” he had said.

Of course it was not. The only thing that mattered to Chris was anyone connected to Skyla.

The results were the same as what she had been told earlier at the other hospital. A perforated eardrum with an infection.

They prescribed several imported medications for her.

The elevator took them straight to the parking garage.

As soon as Winter stepped out, she came face-to-face with Skyla sitting in a wheelchair.

Skyla frowned when she saw Winter and Chris beside her. “Winter?”

Winter tightened her grip on the medicine in her hand. Her eyes suddenly shifted to Skyla’s wrist, and her breath caught.

She hadn’t noticed it clearly in the chaos last night.

The ruby bracelet on Skyla’s wrist belonged to the Scott family.

Winter had known since she was young that the bracelet was a family heirloom. It had been part of her grandmother's wedding set and later passed down to her mother, who once told her that one day, when Winter married, the bracelet would be hers.

It was supposed to be hers.

But when the Scott family went bankrupt, her mother had no choice but to pawn it. Rumor had it that a wealthy buyer purchased it years later.

Winter had tried to track down this buyer, but hit a dead end every time.

She never expected to see it on Skylia's wrist.

Following Winter's gaze, Skylia looked down and lightly touched the bracelet. She smiled. "Winter, do you like this bracelet too? If you do, I can buy you one. Chris, where did you get it?"

Winter's face went completely white.

So it was Chris who had given it to Skylia.