

## C 15

# Game Over, Mr. CEO: Your Wife Is Done

“Whatever I give you is yours. It stays that way.”

Chris snapped the unlit cigarette in his hand.

Winter had just driven past the edge of the hospital grounds. The Xander family’s hospital covered a huge area, and the road leading out of it was wide and open.

Her mind felt blank. Tears burst forward as if a dam had finally broken, and she bit down hard, scolding herself for being pathetic.

Chris had bought the bracelet. It belonged to him. If he wanted to give it to the woman he loved, that was his right.

She was the greedy one, foolish enough to once believe she could ever matter to him.

Winter wiped her tears with force.

A black sedan suddenly sped past her car. Before she could even react, it shot under the streetlights, cutting through the freezing wind like a streak of lethal light. The tires screamed against the asphalt as it swerved.

The sedan drifted sideways and came to a hard stop across the road.

Winter slammed on her brakes.

Her hands tightened around the steering wheel, her bloodshot eyes locked on the car blocking her path. Through the windshield, she could see the man in the driver's seat, his face starkly outlined behind rimless glasses.

Chris.

Wasn't he supposed to be with Skyla?

Had he chased her down just to savor the sight of her falling apart?

Was he here to remind her, "Winter, this is the price you pay for forcing your way into this marriage. Whatever you want, I will make sure you never get it"?

She let out a bitter laugh through clenched teeth. A tear slipped down her cheek.

She pressed her lips together and floored the accelerator. She jerked the wheel, swerving past the black sedan with barely an inch to spare.

She put distance between them, pushing the car faster.

But it didn't take long for the black sedan to catch up again. It moved with terrifying speed, overtaking her almost instantly and forcing her to stop.

Winter's anger surged. Her eyes were red, bright with humiliation and fury.

This was too much.

Before she could accelerate and pass him again, the sedan door swung open. Chris stepped out, leaving his door wide open as he headed for her car. He yanked her door open.

"What are you doing?"

He stood at the door, blocking the streetlight and the cold wind as if he were a wall. His presence filled the space,

cold and overwhelming.

He looked down at her tear-reddened eyes, his expression growing darker.

“The doctor told you not to drive until your ear heals. What the hell are you doing acting out on a public road? Even if you don’t value your own life, does that mean everyone else’s life doesn’t matter either?”

Winter’s ear was still buzzing, and his cold voice mixed with the noise until her ear throbbed with pressure.

She let out a short laugh. “I’m the one acting out?”

Chris’s gaze flicked away from her eyes. Without saying another word, he reached in and unbuckled her seatbelt.

Before she even processed what was happening, he lifted her out of the driver’s seat.

“Chris Xander, put me down!” Winter kicked and hit his shoulder in rage, but he didn’t flinch. He carried her to his car and placed her in the passenger seat.

The door shut with a solid thud.

He didn't start the engine immediately. Instead, he rested his hands on the steering wheel, his expression as dark as ink.

"All this over a bracelet?"

The moment she heard the word "bracelet," a knot tightened painfully in her chest. She dug her nails into her palm, fighting the urge to demand an answer she had no right to ask for.

"It belongs to you. You can give it to whoever you want."

Chris's voice was cool and distant. "If you understand that much, then who exactly are you putting this act on for?"