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

Winter's chest tightened as if something heavy had settled inside her.

When she woke up that afternoon and found fresh clothes on her body and ointment on her cheek, there had been a brief moment when she wondered if Chris might actually care about her, even a little.

Now she understood completely that he did not.

There was not a trace of tenderness in him for her. If there were, he would never have said something so cruel.

Winter felt foolish for allowing herself, even for a moment, to think he might feel anything for her.

"Don't worry. From the moment I married you, I knew exactly where I stood. But listen to me, Chris. I loved you but..."

A tear slipped from the corner of her eye. She wiped it away quickly, as if it meant nothing.

“I also have pride. I have dignity. You don’t get to crush that whenever you feel like it. I did nothing wrong. Did you really come all this way just to shame me? If you wanted to watch me fall apart, if you wanted me to cry in front of you, then congratulations. You win. Are you happy now?”

The emotion in her chest tightened her throat until her last words came out barely above a whisper.

She reached for the door handle.

The central lock clicked down and sealed her inside.

“It’s the family dinner tonight,” Chris’s voice filled the car, cold and firm, and the air in the cabin seemed to grow heavier.

Winter’s hand froze in place.

Today was the first of the month, and the Xander family always held a mandatory family dinner on the first of every month.

So that was it. He had not chased her down or forced her into the car out of concern. He did it because they needed to appear at the family estate together. He needed Mrs. Xander Sr. to see them as a united couple so she would feel assured about their marriage.

Winter looked at Chris as he started the engine. Half of his face was lost in shadow, and suddenly she felt as if every bit of strength inside her had slipped away. How could she have forgotten.

They barely crossed paths in their daily lives. Chris was constantly traveling for work. She often stayed out late for interviews and came home close to midnight. By the time she woke in the morning, he had already left Blackwood Manor. They even slept in separate rooms.

They lived under the same roof, yet rarely saw each other.

But on the first of every month, no matter where she was, Chris would always come to pick her up for the family dinner.

Nearly forty dinners had come and gone in three years, and he had never missed one. Honestly, it must have been exhausting for him to keep up the act.

Winter almost laughed at how ridiculous it all felt. Her voice turned sharp. "Everyone in Liono City knows about you and your childhood sweetheart. Grandma knows too. What is the point of this act?"

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Chris turned the steering wheel with one hand. “Worry about yourself.”

Winter leaned back in her seat and closed her eyes.

The memories of the past three years washed over her, leaving nothing but bitterness behind.

The car pulled into the Xander estate.

The Xander family was one of the city’s old elite, a name that had held power for generations. It was now led by Chris, widely regarded as the most formidable head the family had had in a century.

When the car finally stopped, Winter stepped out without looking at him.

“Take your pill first.”

His voice carried to her through the open door.

Winter paused.

Gavin walked over from the other car. With only a few long strides, he closed the distance and held out a pill to her.

She did not take it right away. Instead, she turned back toward Chris.

He was still sitting behind the wheel.

From where she stood, she could see only the lower half of his face. His jawline was sharp and refined, and his pale skin didn't make him look delicate. Instead, it lent him an air of cold, refined nobility. He looked like a man born to command.

His thin lips parted slightly.

People said that men with thin lips were cold-hearted by nature. In Chris's case, that coldness was reserved solely for her.

"It's for the best if you don't want children," he said, his tone flat. "It saves us both some unnecessary trouble."

