

Game Over, Mr. CEO: Your Wife Is Done

Winter pressed her tongue to the roof of her mouth to steady the sting in her chest. “Since you seem to have everything figured out, why did you throw my pills away earlier?”

Chris tapped his fingers once against the steering wheel. “I am giving them back to you now, am I not?”

“Then I guess I should thank you.”

Winter took the pill from Gavin. She didn’t bother with water. She tossed it into her mouth, swallowed it dry, and walked inside without looking back.

Tonight was the family dinner, and everyone in the family, both the older generation and the younger, had returned to the estate to keep Mrs. Xander Sr. company. Winter stepped through the main hall and turned toward the side room.

She had not expected to run into Steve.

She tried to walk past him, but in only two strides he moved in front of her and pushed the door shut behind them.

There was no one else inside. The house staff had all gone to help in the dining room, and with the door closed, the room became a sealed space with just the two of them.

“Move. Don’t be in my way,” Winter said flatly.

Steve didn’t get angry. He had grown up with her and was used to her bluntness. He tilted his head and studied her face. “With pretty eyes like yours, you really should not cry so much.”

His soft brown hair and impossibly handsome features made him look like he had stepped straight out of a storybook, but he carried himself with an easy kind of arrogance.

His sharp, calculating eyes missed nothing, and even after Winter had pressed cold water to her face, he caught immediately that she had been crying.

“I don’t have time for this. What do you want?”

“Sweetheart, we grew up together,” Steve said. “I respect you as my sister-in-law. But hearing you talk to me like this really hurts my feelings.”

“If you respect me, then keep your distance. And stop calling me that. I am your sister-in-law. ‘Sweetheart’ is not something you get to call me.”

Steve watched her with a faint, amused smile. Then, out of nowhere, he said, “How about I help you get rid of Jacob?”

Winter’s expression shifted almost imperceptibly. Steve already knew about the attack.

“I’ll handle my own revenge. I don’t need you.”

“Are you sure?” Steve asked, sounding almost helpful. “Because I heard Chris is protecting him. You know how Chris is. If he wants to protect someone, nobody can touch that person.”

“You said it yourself. No one can touch him. Yet here you are talking big about killing Jacob. If you are willing to go that far, what is it you want from me in return?” Winter asked, looking him straight in the eye.

Steve leaned down, his voice dropping to a whisper near her ear. “You really don’t know? Winter, you were supposed to be mine first. Leave Chris. Be with me instead. I would never let you shed a single tear.”

“Shut up.” Winter’s voice snapped sharply, her face set with cold clarity.

Mrs. Xander Sr. had taken her in and raised her, but Mrs. Xander Sr. had never once treated her like she was meant to marry Steve. Winter had been the one who insisted she wanted to marry Chris, and Mrs. Xander Sr. had simply helped her.

Steve looked even more pleased with himself, as if her anger amused him. “Why are you so worked up? Do you love Chris that much? Enough to throw away your own pride? Doesn’t it bother you at all that Skyla has moved in there?”

Winter frowned.

That question again.

Where exactly had Chris arranged for Skyla to stay?

But it no longer mattered.

She was going to divorce Chris.

Even if he brought Skyla to live in Blackwood Manor, she would not care anymore.