

Game Over, Mr. CEO: Your Wife Is Done

The moment Mrs. Xander Sr. saw him, irritation rose in her chest.

“Did you bully Winter again?” she snapped. “She didn’t even eat before she left. She said she already ate on the way back. What did she eat, exactly?”

Winter had said the TV station suddenly called her in for overtime, but it was obvious she was in a bad mood.

Chris held his glasses in one hand and glanced at Mrs. Xander Sr.

Without his glasses, his dark eyes looked even deeper and harder to read.

“What could she have eaten?” he said flatly. “Just whatever she likes.”

Winter liked many kinds of food. She was never picky and was easy to take care of.

Mrs. Xander Sr. loved watching her eat. As long as would find herself eating more as well.

inter ate with her with her healthy appetite, Mrs. Xander Sr.

But in the three years since Winter married Chris, her appetite was no longer what it used to be. When she ate now, there was no longer any real sense of enjoyment.

Mrs. Xander Sr. knew that Winter was hurting inside.

Thinking of the grievances Winter had endured, Mrs. Xander Sr. couldn't help but lash out at Chris. "I think your eyes are beyond saving! When you were blind, Winter stayed by your side and took care of you with her whole heart. Since you agreed to marry her, why can you not treat her right?"

The

Chris's hand tightened slightly around his glasses. He paused for a moment, then put them back on arkness

in his eyes was immediately concealed, as if a thin veil had settled over them.

"This is between her and me," he said coolly. "You don't need to interfere."

After leaving the Xander estate, Winter drove straight to Blackwood Manor.

She got out of the car and went directly to her bedroom. She pulled out a suitcase and began packing.

Since she had decided to divorce Chris, she had no intention of staying here any longer.

She had an apartment of her own. She had bought it the year she graduated, so there was no need to rush around looking for a place to stay.

There really was not much to pack.

Aside from the sleeping pills in the drawer, a few books she loved, and some changes of clothes, she did not want anything else.

But when she stopped in front of her desk and saw the small white fox ornament sitting there, her eyes instantly reddened.

The ornament looked old, its surface slightly yellowed with age. The fox's ears, however, were smooth and polished, clearly worn down from being touched over and over.

To be honest, it looked more like a chubby puppy than a fox.

Chris had given it to her on her eighteenth birthday.

Strictly speaking, it was not something he had offered on his own.

She had begged him for a long time before he finally agreed to spend her birthday with her. Back then, Chris was not yet Skyla's boyfriend.

They went to a DIY shop where you could shape clay figures by hand.

She made a little figure of Chris and laughed as she held it up beside him.

When she turned her head, she saw that he was shaping a small animal.

She said it was a dog. He insisted it was a fox.

"It looks like you," he said. "A sly little fox."

uncontrollably. She pretended to

The moment Chris said the animal looked like her, Winter's heart started racing, dislike it, grabbed the little fox, and turned away, too embarrassed to let him see her blushing face.

How could she possibly dislike it? She loved it more than anything.

She kept the gift in her study and would touch it from time to time.

It was also because he had unexpectedly agreed to spend that birthday with her that she later found the courage to ask him to lend her money, so she could bid for that ruby bracelet at the auction.

In the end, she realized it had all been her own wishful thinking.

Winter reached out and gently touched the fox's ear. She smiled silently, wiped away her tears, then placed the little fox back on the desk and turned to leave the study.

After setting her suitcase by the stairs, she went to Chris's private study.

She pushed the door open and walked straight to the desk without hesitation. She pulled open the drawer.

The divorce agreement was still lying there, untouched.

She picked up the papers and flipped directly to the final page, to the space meant for a signature.

D