

Game Over, Mr. CEO: Your Wife Is Done

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Winter stared at the divorce agreement inside the drawer and felt as if she had been frozen in place.

Several thoughts flashed through her mind in an instant, and a chill crept up her spine.

Three years ago, she had only been able to marry Chris because Mrs. Xander Sr. had taken a liking to her. Winter had always known that Chris did not love her. He had agreed to the marriage only to secure his position within the Xander family. With Mrs. Xander Sr.'s support, it had been much easier for him to push forward his ambitions.

This marriage was something she had stolen.

She had willingly let herself fall deeper, hoping that one day Chris would come to love her.

She had overestimated herself. Even before the marriage, Chris had never been warm toward her. Afterward, they had lived like strangers under the same roof.

Divorce had always felt like a hidden time bomb in her marriage.

For three years, Chris had never mentioned it.

Now it had come without warning, catching her completely unprepared.

As for why it was happening now, she already knew the answer.

It was because Skyla had returned.

The bold words “Divorce Agreement” felt like nails driven straight into her heart. She could not bring herself to pick it up and read what was inside.

If she hadn’t discovered it herself today, she wondered when Chris had planned on giving it to her.

She didn’t know how long she stood there. She only snapped back to reality when the sound of a car engine drifted up from downstairs and she heard Mrs. Young respectfully greet Chris.

By the time she went downstairs, Chris had already entered the house.

Snow was falling outside. He casually handed his long black coat to his assistant. His custom-made black suit added an air of solemnity to his presence, making him look exceptionally tall and cold. As the powerful head of the Xander family, his aura was overwhelming.

He looked up at the sound of footsteps.

The rimless glasses sharpened his already composed appearance. Behind the lenses, his dark eyes were partially hidden, yet their quiet brilliance was impossible to miss. Beneath the calm exterior was a pull that was hard to resist.

Winter walked toward him without thinking.

They had not seen each other in thirteen days, and ever since she was forced to terminate the pregnancy after their child died in the womb a year ago, they had spoken less and less. The man standing before her now felt like a stranger.

Winter stopped in her tracks. The divorce agreement in the drawer flashed through her mind, and she opened her mouth, about to ask him about it.

His cool gaze swept over her face, and his brows drew together slightly.

“Grandma is sick. Come back to the family estate with me.”

His low voice carried a hint of chill.

After saying that, he turned and walked out.

The thought of Mrs. Xander Sr. being ill made Winter's chest tighten. She no longer had the presence of mind to think about the divorce papers. She went back to her room, grabbed a coat and gloves, and carefully covered the injuries on the back of her hand.

When she hurried to the entrance, Chris was standing under the porch with his back to her.

He lowered his head to light a cigarette. Hearing her footsteps, he glanced to the side. The brief flare of the flame lit his eyes for a moment before they fell back into shadow.

He was Chris Xander, the most untouchable man in Liono City.

Even back in high school, people online had endlessly praised his looks and talent. The attention had caused a brief frenzy and even trended before the Xander family quietly shut it down.

Even during the two years when he had been blind, he had remained the object of countless women's admiration.

A dull ache spread through Winter's chest as she moved to get into the car.

As she passed him, her steps unconsciously quickened. Suddenly, he caught her by the arm.

Winter froze and looked up, meeting his gaze. It felt as if he could see straight through her.

His warm fingers lifted her chin.

She tried to turn away, but his grip tightened, as if he had already anticipated the movement. His thumb brushed slowly along the corner of her lips.

"How did you hurt your face?"

With nowhere to retreat, Winter could only lift her head slightly and meet his gaze.

She didn't know what kind of ointment Mrs. Young had used, but when she woke up that morning, the bruising on her face had already faded significantly. After using a warm compress that evening, it was almost impossible to see. Even Mrs. Young had been surprised, saying she looked nothing like she had the night before.

The marks were barely there now.

So how had he noticed?

A dull ache spread through Winter's chest.

"I tripped while I was working yesterday."

There was no point in telling him about the assault now. She didn't realize it, but her voice still carried a trace of bitterness.

Her tone clearly displeased Chris. He rubbed at the corner of her lip with a bit more pressure and gave a short, dry laugh.

"You're not a child anymore."

The car door closed, and warm air from the heater wrapped around Winter, slowly driving away the chill that had settled deep into her bones.

The car pulled away from Blackwood Manor and headed toward the Xander estate.

The moment Chris got into the car, he began handling work on his laptop.

“Were you in the study just now?”

His clear, low voice sounded beside her.

Winter’s chest tightened. She looked at Chris, who had not once lifted his eyes from the screen. The question sounded casual, as if he had asked it without much thought.

He must have noticed the light on in the study when he got out of the car.

The study was usually handled by his assistant, and Mrs. Young was never allowed inside. At that hour, the only person who could have been there was her.

And after seeing the divorce agreement, she had completely forgotten why she had gone into the study in the first place.

“Yes. I went to look for a book but I couldn’t find anything I wanted to read.”

Her mind was preoccupied with Mrs. Xander Sr.'s health. She leaned against the car window, restless and distracted, as the car continued toward the Xander estate.

When Winter was seven years old, both her parents had died. Because of the long-standing ties between the Scott and Xander families, the kind-hearted Mrs. Xander Sr. had taken her in and raised her. In the Xander family, the person who loved her most was Mrs. Xander Sr.

The first snow in Liono City had come suddenly. Mrs. Xander Sr. had caught a chill and come down with a cold.

When Winter entered the room, members of the Xander family, along with doctors, the butler, and servants, were all crowded around, coaxing Mrs. Xander Sr. to take her medicine. Mrs. Xander Sr. clenched her teeth and stubbornly refused to open her mouth.

The moment she saw Winter, it was as if she had found a savior.

"Winter! They're trying to hurt me!"

"Grandma." Winter walked over quickly and took Mrs. Xander Sr.'s hand. She sat on the edge of the bed and said gently, "Who would dare hurt you while I'm here? I'd knock them all down. Now, be good and let's take the medicine. I'll feed it to you, okay?"

Mrs. Xander Sr.'s eyes reddened with grievance, but she still listened and obediently took the medicine.

Everyone let out a sigh of relief.

As expected, Winter could coax her like this.

Chris stood off to the side, sweeping a deep, unreadable gaze over Winter's smiling face.

"It's so bitter!" Mrs. Xander Sr.'s face scrunched up in protest.

"The medicine may be bitter, but it will help you feel better," Winter said, coaxing her gently before offering her some water.

Seeing the aggrieved look on Mrs. Xander Sr.'s face, Winter squeezed her hand and gave it a small shake.

"All right, all right. You said it was too bitter, didn't you? Before I came upstairs, I asked them to make you some warm honey water, with just a little sweetness. I will go get it for you, okay?"

Mrs. Xander Sr. was comforted at once.

When Winter brought the prepared drink back upstairs and was just about to go in.

“Yesterday’s news certainly made waves,” Mrs. Xander Sr. said from inside the room. “As expected of you. You never do anything quietly.”

Winter stopped in her tracks.

Chris replied in an indifferent tone.

“Grandma, there’s no need for sarcasm. You should be careful not to upset yourself.”

“Winter is your wife,” Mrs. Xander Sr. snapped. “The Xanders may owe that girl from the Jasper family, but Winter doesn’t owe her anything. She doesn’t owe you either. If you dare mistreat Winter for her sake, I won’t let it go.”

Winter’s fingers tightened, the chill seeping straight into her bones.

The sound of servants coming upstairs broke her concentration. She didn’t hear what Chris said next.

She only heard Mrs. Xander Sr. say, “You and Winter need to have a child soon. Once you do, everything you want will be yours.”