

Game Over, Mr. CEO: Your Wife Is Done

Last time, Winter had only caught a glimpse of the cover. Chris had suddenly returned so she didn't have the chance to pick it up and look inside.

Only now did she realize that Chris hadn't signed it yet.

But that no longer mattered.

Instead of living with constant uncertainty, not knowing when Chris might hand her the divorce papers, she would rather take the initiative and sign first. At least that way, she could save herself some dignity,

Winter picked up the pen and signed her name neatly in the space designated for the wife.

On the day they registered their marriage, she had signed her name slowly and carefully, stroke by stroke. She had been afraid that if she wrote it wrong, Chris might change his mind.

Now she was not afraid that he would change his mind about the divorce. That was never going to happen.

What she feared was her own hesitation.

So she signed quickly, leaving herself no room to regret it.

After signing, Winter didn't flip through the agreement. She placed it back in the drawer and left the study.

When the housekeeper, Mrs. Young, saw her carrying a suitcase downstairs, she froze in surprise. "Ma'am, where are you going?"

Winter did not answer directly. She set the suitcase aside and walked over to her. She took a card out of her bag.

"Mrs. Young," Winter said gently. "I heard you on the phone yesterday saying someone in your family is sick. I'm sorry, I didn't mean to overhear. I know medical bills can be expensive. Take this and use it in an emergency."

Hearing this, Mrs. Young immediately thought of her elderly mother's illness. Her eyes filled with tears.

She quickly reacted and tried to refuse. “No, ma’am. I cannot take this. You already treat me very well. You’re always giving me raises and buying me gifts. I couldn’t possibly take your money.”

“This is what you deserve for taking care of me,” Winter said. She pressed the card into Mrs. Young’s hand. “The PIN is my birthday.”

Winter smile

and patted her on the shoulder, then turned to push her suitcase.

Sensing that something was wrong, Mrs. Young instinctively grabbed the suitcase. She wiped her tears and asked, “Ma’am, where are you really going?”

“I am moving out,” Winter answered lightly.

Mrs. Young was stunned. “You are moving out? Does Mr. Xander know?”

Winter nodded. “He knows.”

He would know sooner or later. In any case, Chris would not care.

Hearing that Chris already knew, Mrs. Young felt even more confused. Was this a fight over that Miss Jasper?

Still, Winter was only taking one suitcase, and it was not very large. It could not hold much.

It seemed like a temporary separation, just some time apart to cool off.

Mrs. Young stepped forward and helped place the suitcase into the trunk of the car. She asked worriedly, “But Ma’am, if you live alone, who will look after your meals and daily needs?”

From the moment she left the Xander estate to the moment she signed the divorce agreement, Winter’s chest had felt tight, as if something were pressing down on her emotions.

Mrs. Young’s words were like a needle, piercing the thin layer holding everything together. The feelings she had been forcing down finally began to seep out.

Winter felt her eyes prickling with tears. She smiled. “I’m not a child anymore.”

Mid-sentence, she stopped short.

“You’re not a child anymore.”

“How old are you? Still acting so impulsively?”

“A grown woman and you’re still this much of a glutton?”

All her life, Chris had repeated the same line to her, telling her she was already grown and should act like it.

Winter knitted her brows tightly and forced herself to stop thinking about him. She said goodbye to Mrs. Young and got into the car.

Mrs. Young watched the car drive away, unease settling in her chest. She quickly took out her phone, intending to call Chris.

Then she remembered what he had told her before. Anything involving Winter did not need to be reported to him. It was the same reason she had not called him the last time Winter was hurt during an undercover investigation. Since Winter herself said that Chris already knew she was moving out, calling him now would only be unnecessary.

With that thought, Mrs. Young put her phone away.

A black stretch sedan drove out of the Xander estate and headed toward Liono International Airport.