

Game Over, Mr. CEO: Your Wife Is Done

Toiletries were knocked over in the chaos, clattering to the floor as water poured relentlessly from the showerhead. The thick, swirling steam seemed to shrink the spacious bathroom, making it feel suffocatingly small.

Winter's wrist was caught in a hard grip.

"Let go of me," she shouted. "I can't even look at you without feeling sick! Get out of my room! Get off me!"

He stepped closer instead. With one hand, he brushed the water from her face, his thumb pausing briefly at the cut on her cheek. His voice was low and cold. "This entire place belongs to me. There is no room here that's yours."

"You bastard," she spat.

He ignored her curses entirely. Holding her in place with one hand, he used the other to pull off his glasses, now blurred and speckled with water, and threw them onto the floor.

He forced Winter back against the wall and wrenched her arms apart. In that instant, the dark bruises covering her body were fully exposed. Even without his glasses, he could see them clearly

From her left shoulder down her arm, ugly purple marks stretched across her pale skin like a grotesque tattoo. The bruising along her waist and back was even worse, layered and brutal, impossible to look at without shock.

Chris turned her to face the wall and pinned both of her wrists above her head with one hand. His gaze dropped to her right leg, where the injuries were the most severe. The skin there was mottled in deep shades of purple and black. In several places, it was broken, and the faint outline of a shoe print was still visible.

It was large. Clearly a man's.

With her back to him, Winter could not see his expression. She only heard a low, unsettling chuckle.

The humiliation burned.

“Let go of me,” she said again, her voice shaking with rage and humiliation.

She struggled harder, but the more she fought, the tighter his grip became.

Taking advantage of the moment Chris reached down to touch her thigh, she used the slickness of the body wash on her wrists to wrench herself free. She swung her leg to kick him, but he caught her calf in a vice-like grip.

“Do you want to lose this leg?” he said coldly.

“Even if it breaks, it has nothing to do with you,” Winter’s eyes burned with a hatred so pure she felt ready to die just to take him down with her.

He seized her chin, forcing her to look at him. “Winter, don’t look at me like that.”

She stared straight into his eyes. Tears spilled over despite her effort to hold them back.

“Then how should I look at you?” she asked. “With the same adoration I used to have? With the same pathetic hope I used to cling to?”

She kept saying “used to,” again and again, as if she were deliberately drawing a line. As if she were telling him that everything she spoke of belonged to the past, and that she would never go back there again.

His gaze darkened as he watched her lips move. His expression was cold and unreadable, like a deep, frozen pool.

Chorters

“Chris,” she said softly, “I don’t want to love you anymore.”

He cut her off, slamming his cold lips against hers. He forced his way past her teeth with a brutal intensity. As her tears slipped into the kiss, they both tasted the bitterness.

Chris hesitated for a fraction of a second, but then his hand moved to the back of her head, locking her in place. Winter was forced to tilt her head back and endure the full force of his rage as it exploded within the bathroom.

She was utterly overpowered, pressed hard against the wall as the steam continued to rise around them. His soaked suit jacket and shirt were discarded on the floor, followed by the metallic clack of his belt hitting the tiles.

A muffled sob broke from her lips.

Through the heavy veil of steam, her slender foot dangled, shaking as his large hand clamped firmly around her ankle. Her toes curled tight in a silent, desperate strain. A bead of moisture, either sweat or shower water, rolled over her eyelid and fell into her eye.