

Game Over, Mr. CEO: Your Wife Is Done

Through her haze, Winter could finally see Chris. His soaked hair draped over his forehead, concealing half of those penetrating dark eyes.

Her chest tightened painfully. She bit down hard, refusing to let herself cry, but tears were already welling up, turning her eyes red.

Thinking of all the hurt and anger she had carried these past few days, she let out a broken sound and bit down on Chris's shoulder.

Even when the taste of blood spread across her tongue, the pressure in her chest did not ease. Instead, her resistance only incited him, drawing out a more relentless, forceful demand.

Chris supported her with one arm and gripped the back of her neck with the other, forcing her head up to meet his kiss.

He gently wiped the moisture from her lashes, and when she looked up, her eyes were still sharp and clear, filled with unmistakable hatred.

He

gave a quiet, cold laugh, a sound like ice breaking in a winter storm, and the chill of it made Winter instinctively curl in on herself.

His voice was rough and nearly scraping. “Anyone else has the right to hate me, Winter, but not you. You don’t have that privilege.”

Winter lost track of how many times he took her. When he finally carried her out of the bathroom, the sky outside was still black. Dawn only began to appear much later, when pale light finally crept across the horizon.

He came toward her again, leaning over her. His thumb, slightly rough, traced the corner of her eye.

Seeing that the sharp spark of hatred had finally faded into a hazy, half-conscious daze, he gave a faint smile and traced the line of her face.

Water continued to run in the bathroom. Winter drifted in and out, as if she had fallen into a heavy sleep.

When she sensed someone approaching, her body flinched. Her eyes opened halfway. She saw him sitting at the edge of the bed with a towel wrapped around his waist. Her gaze slowly lifted. His abs were still damp and sharply defined, marked by several fresh scratches.

Chris sat in silence. He might have been watching her. He might have been smoking. But she couldn't tell.

She did not have the strength to keep her eyes open. She slipped into a deep sleep without another thought.

The bedroom door opened and clicked shut.

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Early that morning, a thick fog settled over Blackwood Manor.

A tall man dressed in black walked out of the main house. The warm porch light above him cast a soft glow, catching in his bare eyes and revealing a quiet, icy edge.

He got into the car, and as the door closed, Gavin spoke from the driver's seat. "Mr. Xander, we've got the surveillance footage."

Chris took the tablet from him.

The minutes slipped by in silence while Gavin started the engine. Fog swirled slowly outside the window. Chris opened the video file.

On the screen, Winter appeared in a down jacket and a mask. Without warning, someone struck her from behind with a heavy object. It landed squarely on her lower back. She collapsed, then struggled to push herself up. She pulled out her phone, clearly trying to call for help.

The next second, one of the attackers kicked her phone out of her hand.

Chris focused on the timestamp in the corner of the screen.

It read: four days ago, 7:23 p.m.

He closed the video and reached into the console compartment for a cigarette and a lighter.

The car moved down a bare, tree-lined road. Shadows passed across his face as he sat back in the dim light.

His mind shifted to the moment Winter had pushed him away, refusing to let him touch her. Her eyes had burned like open flames, filled with nothing but hate. He could still hear her piercing, heart-wrenching cry:

“Where were you when I called you!”

He drew in a long breath, letting the smoke burn through his lungs. When he finally exhaled, he opened his eyes, reached for his phone, and scrolled through his call log.

There it was.

Four days ago.

A missed call from Winter.