

Game Over, Mr. CEO: Your Wife Is Done

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When Winter Scott stepped out of the police station, it was already late at night.

Snow was falling heavily outside.

People on the street kept glancing at Winter, noticing the bruises on her face, her messy hair, and the way she limped.

Winter ignored their stares and whispers completely.

She dragged her heavy steps forward, head lowered, her expression numb as she stared at the broken phone in her hand. The screen was shattered beyond repair.

Her fingers, smeared with blood, trembled as they tapped the keypad. She slowly keyed in the number.

“Beep...”

The phone rang repeatedly, but there was no answer. It was no different from the emergency calls she had desperately made while she was being beaten. A snowflake caught on her eyelash, and when she blinked, the icy water melted into her eye.

Winter let out a quiet, self-deprecating scoff at how pathetic she looked. Just as her hand began to drop in defeat, the call connected at the very last second.

“What is it?”

A low, indifferent voice came through the phone.

Her grip tightened. A trace of surprise crossed Winter’s face. “Chris...”

“Mr. Xander, Ms. Jasper is looking for you.”

His assistant spoke before she could say another word.

Then he said calmly, “I’ll hang up first.”

The line went dead.

On the deserted street corner under the glow of a streetlight, snowflakes drifted onto Winter's hair as her thin frame shook slightly.

Suddenly, a warm coat was draped over her shoulders.

Winter was startled and looked up to see Sam Quinn, the editor-in-chief, standing there.

His heavy gaze swept over her from head to toe, anger burning in his eyes.

"Who did this to you?"

A puff of white breath escaped Winter's lips as she shook her head.

"When they were beating me, I pulled out some of their hair. There's skin under my nails too. Once the DNA is extracted, the police will catch them soon."

Sam was stunned that she could remain so calm and take such precautions after being attacked. This was exactly why she was the person he admired most on his team.

“We’ll definitely investigate this thoroughly. It’s too late now. I’ll take you home.”

Since it was nearly impossible to find a taxi in that area, Winter forced a faint smile and got into his car.

“Thank you, Mr. Quinn.”

“Don’t be ridiculous. You’re my reporter. Someone beats you up and I’m supposed to sit back and do nothing? Everyone else was out on assignment anyway. I was the only one left in the office,” he said as he turned the steering wheel.

As he drove, he continued casually, “Chris Xander’s ex-girlfriend just returned to the country. I heard he personally went to the airport to pick her up. Every newsroom is scrambling to get the first exclusive.”

Winter’s bloodshot eyes suddenly went still.

Her mind buzzed.

So while she was being beaten in that alley, desperately calling Chris for help, he was with another woman.

Sam didn't notice her expression darkening and kept going.

Winter looked down and pressed her blood-stained fingers into the raw wounds on the back of her hand.

No one knew that she was actually Chris Xander's wife.

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Winter did not let Sam drive her all the way to her door. She got out near a nearby residential complex and then took a taxi back to Blackwood Manor.

When she got home, she was changing her shoes in the entryway when the housekeeper heard the noise and came out. One look at her, and Mrs. Young froze in shock before rushing over.

"Ma'am, what happened? How did you end up like this?"

Mrs. Young stepped forward to support her and accidentally brushed against the injury on her arm. Winter showed no reaction at all. She looked numb, as if she felt nothing, with no light left in her eyes.

“I was attacked while working undercover,” she said lightly.

Winter spoke with total indifference, but Mrs. Young was horrified. She had always known that working as a social news reporter was dangerous, but she never imagined it could be this violent. It seemed Mrs. Xander Sr. had been right to suggest that Winter should quit her job.

Mrs. Young noticed Winter staring at the shoe cabinet and looked. Her face grew cautious as she spoke. “Mr. Xander hasn’t come back yet. I heard that Ms. Jasper returned to the country.”

Winter kept her head lowered. A few loose strands of hair covered half her face, hiding the look in her eyes. Even so, Mrs. Young could sense her sadness.

“Maybe it is just...” Mrs. Young began, trying to explain.

Winter stopped her with a small gesture. “I’m going upstairs to shower. Please bring the first-aid kit to my room.”

Watching her stagger upstairs, Mrs. Young let out a silent sigh. Still, she did as told and went to get the medical kit.

When she passed the master bedroom, she glanced inside. As expected, Winter was not there.

She was in the room next door.

Who would have thought that after three years of marriage, the couple still slept in separate rooms.

Steam filled the bathroom.

She stared at the mirror. Horrific bruises spread across her body in dark, angry patches. Winter's lips trembled. Her stiff, spasming fingers clawed at her clothes, tearing them away and flinging them into the trash. It felt as if she had used up all her strength. Her legs gave out, and she slid down to the floor.

Soon, faint sobs could be heard from the bathroom. Mrs. Young listened closely, but all she could hear was the steady rush of running water.

After her shower, Winter refused Mrs. Young's help with the medicine. She sat on the sofa, applied some ointment to her wounds without much care, and then lay down on the bed.

The moment she closed her eyes, images of the beating rushed back into her mind, along with the man's twisted, cruel laughter.

Her bones ached faintly.

She turned over, pulled open the bedside drawer, and felt around until her fingers found a bottle at the very back. She opened it, poured out a pill, and tossed it into her mouth. Without any water, she swallowed it dry.

With the help of the sleeping pill, Winter soon fell asleep.

Even in sleep, her brow stayed tightly furrowed. Cold sweat beaded on her forehead. Her fingers clenched the corner of the blanket until they turned white, trembling uncontrollably.

“Help me...”

In the grip of a nightmare, her face was deathly pale and tears slid from her closed eyes, but there was no response in the dark, empty room.

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Winter did not wake up until the following evening.

The bruises on her face had faded quite a bit, but her body still ached badly. When she got out of bed, she nearly fell to the floor.

Last night, it was sheer luck that a kind passerby had come by and shouted for the police. That was what finally made those people stop the beating and kept things from going any further. Otherwise, she probably would have ended up joining her parents in heaven.

Sam had given her a few days off and told her to stay home and rest properly.

As she went downstairs, she passed the master bedroom and paused at the doorway to glance inside.

The door was still open, just as it had been the night before.

She did not need to think about it to know that Chris had not come home.

Mrs. Young had prepared a warm compress for her. Winter sat on the sofa, pressing it gently against her face while scrolling through the news on her phone.

As expected of the man who controlled the Xander empire, the top headline was from the night before, yet it was still dominating the news.

In the photo, Chris's silhouette was tall and commanding against the dark night. Even from behind, it was impossible to ignore the powerful aura he projected.

He was pushing a wheelchair, though only the upper back of the woman sitting in it was visible. It was Skyla Jasper.

Winter quietly closed the news article. Before she realized it, her hand tightened, and water from the warm compress spilled onto her clothes.

She lowered her head and looked at the damp stain spreading across her lap. Her brows knit slightly as her eyes slowly reddened.

Pathetic. It had been three years. How could she still not see where his heart really was?

She stood up, went back to her room to change, and then headed to the study, hoping to find a couple of books to distract herself.

Chris's study was clean and orderly, with no unnecessary decoration. It was nothing like hers, which was filled with blind-box toys.

One of the desk drawers had been left open, and a window in the study was half ajar. The wind blew through, rustling the papers inside the drawer.

Winter watched as a single sheet of paper was blown onto the floor. She walked over to pick it up, intending to put it back, but her entire body froze the moment she saw what was inside the drawer.

Lying right there in front of her was a set of divorce papers.