

Game Over, Mr. CEO: Your Wife Is Done

Winter's fingers clenched so tightly they trembled, her nails biting into her palms until she drew blood.

The silence was suffocating.

"Winter. Winter..."

Sam frowned deeply as he called her name.

Winter sat there like a frozen statue. After a long moment, she finally moved her stiff lips and answered calmly, as if nothing were wrong. "I'm listening."

Her composure unsettled him even more. No tears. No anger. Nothing at all.

Sam worried she might be bottling everything up, heading toward a breaking point.

But there were things he still had to say.

He slid a check across the desk. "This is compensation from the Jasper family."

It was clear what they wanted. They were trying to make the matter disappear.

Winter glanced at the amount.

One million dollars.

She almost laughed. Turns out her injuries were worth quite a bit.

Sam said a few more words, trying to make her feel better.

"Fine. I understand," Winter said. She took the check, stood up neatly, and left the office.

The door closed quietly behind her. Sam stared at it, his brow still furrowed.

This was not like her.

In the past, whenever Winter ran into trouble, she fought back head-on. She never backed down. She never took hush money and walked away.

But this time, the people involved were protected by the Xander family. Even if he wanted to help her, his connections did not reach that far.

If she really chose to let it go like this, he had to admit he felt disappointed.

He had entrusted her with the most dangerous investigations precisely because she feared no power and no retaliation. Exposing corruption and buried filth required exactly that kind of backbone.

And now she had taken the money and left.

However, it was her decision. Maybe she had her own difficulties. After all, she was a young woman with no parents and no backing. As an outsider, what right did he have to judge?

Winter returned to her desk and buried herself in her unfinished interview drafts. She stayed at the station until after hours, never leaving.

The next day, she showed up to work as usual.

Everyone at the station knew she had been assaulted. Colleagues she was close to came by to check on her, offer comfort, even suggested going out for dinner after work to shake off the bad luck.

She declined them all politely.

“If it were me, I’d be too embarrassed to go out if I’d almost been beaten into a pulp,” Wendy Stone said, leaning against Winter’s desk. She held a freshly bought coffee, her long, wavy hair cascading down her shoulders.

She and Winter were rivals, both eyeing the “Outstanding Employee” title for the year-end evaluation.

“I was not beaten into a pulp, but thank you,” Winter replied. She casually took the coffee from Wendy’s hand, took a sip, and narrowed her eyes in satisfaction. “Thanks. This is my favorite. You’ve been paying close attention to me, haven’t you?”

“Who said that was for you?” Wendy nearly jumped. “Give it back!”

Winter took another sip. “I’m drinking it anyway. What are you going to do about it?”

Wendy huffed and didn't actually try to grab it back. She clicked her tongue and looked Winter up and down. "Good thing you've got skin this thick. Otherwise, you really would've been beaten to a mess."

Instead of being annoyed, Winter found her oddly endearing.

Just as Wendy twisted her hips and turned to leave, Winter called out, "Wendy, sweetie, do you happen to have a VIP card for the JX Club?"

"Why?" Being called sweetie by someone as striking as Winter clearly put her in a good mood. "You want one?"

Winter blinked at her playfully. "Lend it to me, and I'll tell you where I got my double eyelids done."

Wendy's eyes flew open. "So you did get work done!"

She knew it. No one was born with double eyelids that perfect.

She hurried back to her desk, pulled a black card from her wallet, and shoved it into Winter's hand. "Now tell me."

Winter leaned in close and whispered in her ear, smiling. “Actually, I got them done... in my mom’s womb.”

That meant they were natural.

Wendy’s expression twisted through several emotions before she exploded, stamping her foot.

“Winter! You lied to me!”

“Thanks for the VIP card,” Winter said, not even turning around as she waved casually in Wendy’s direction.

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After leaving the TV station, Winter stopped by a mall and picked out an outfit that was both comfortable and party-appropriate. She swapped out the short skirt the sales associate suggested for a pair of fitted black pants, which conveniently hid the bruises on her thighs. She paired them with knee-high boots. With a slight tweak to her makeup, her look shifted instantly, cool, bold, and unapologetically edgy.

Then she drove straight to JX Club, a nightlife hotspot popular with the city’s young and reckless.

As expected, she was stopped at the entrance.

Winter rested one hand on the steering wheel as she handed over the VIP card. “I’m here for Jacob’s birthday.”

Jacob Jasper, Skyla’s brother, was hosting his party at the club tonight.

One look at her fashionable outfit told the security guard she belonged here. More importantly, the VIP card was all the proof he needed. He waved her through without hesitation.

As she walked deeper into the club, the louder the music became, pounding hard enough to rattle her chest.

Winter took a drink from a passing server, pretending to sip as her eyes scanned the crowd, searching for Jacob.

Jacob was infamous in Liono City. He was a notorious troublemaker and his bright red hair made him easy to spot.

The moment she stepped into the party, heads turned. A stunning woman like her didn’t go unnoticed. Men and women alike looked over.

Winter rarely dressed like this. She had a great figure—a slim waist, soft curves, and long legs accentuated by fitted pants and knee-high boots. And then there was her face, striking enough to stand out in any crowd.

That was exactly why she usually wore a mask during interviews. She hated being the center of attention.

A few men tried to approach her, but she smiled and deflected smoothly.

“Sorry,” she said lightly. “I’m here as Jacob’s guest.”

The moment they realized she was a guest of Jacob’s, the men backed off without another word.

It didn’t take long before she spotted him at the poolside.

A woman, soaked and trembling, was shoved into the indoor pool. Jacob tossed a stack of cash down and laughed.

“Is that all you’ve got?” he jeered. “Hit her harder!”

“Jacob.”

Someone tapped his shoulder.

“Who is it?” Jacob snapped as he turned around.

Before he could finish the sentence, his vision went dark followed by a loud crack.

A glass bottle shattered against his head.

The music cut out abruptly as a few sharp screams pierced the air.

The atmosphere dropped instantly, cold and suffocating.

Even the assault in the pool stopped.

Blood trickled down Jacob’s forehead, sliding into the water and spreading in slow red swirls.

“Who the hell wants to die?” Jacob roared, grabbing a bottle to swing back.

But someone was faster.

Another bottle smashed straight into his head.

A clear, icy voice cut through the chaos.

“You’ve got some nerve asking. I’m your worst nightmare!”

The crowd held its breath. No one had imagined that Jacob would get his head cracked open at his own birthday party.

Jacob staggered, wiping the blood from his eyes. Through the red haze, he saw a stunningly beautiful face that was deathly calm.

The moment he recognized Winter, his expression twisted, venom flooding his eyes. “So it’s you,” he snarled. “I should’ve had you killed that day. What, you got a death wish coming back here?”