

Game Over, Mr. CEO: Your Wife Is Done

It was Winter who had ruined his business.

A sharp, scathing article she had posted online had gone viral online, stirring up a public uproar and getting Jacob's bar shut down. Half a year of his blood, sweat, and money had gone down the drain.

He had been itching to settle that score for a long time.

His original plan was to have his guys beat her, assault her, and take photos to use as blackmail. Who would have guessed she would be lucky enough to escape? But today, she had practically delivered herself to his doorstep.

"You really aren't afraid to die, are you?" Jacob sneered.

He took the towel a bodyguard handed him and pressed it against the cut on his head. She actually had the nerve to smash a bottle over him.

Luckily, he had dodged during the second strike, so it wasn't as deep as it could have been but the amount of blood lost and the sheer humiliation in front of the crowd made him see red.

No matter what, he was not letting her walk out of here tonight.

He leaned in close, a twisted grin pulling at his face. “Don’t think you’ll get lucky every time.

“Still thinking about going to the police?”

He had specifically sent men to beat her on the day his sister returned to the country. He had planned for the worst from the start. Even if Chris found out afterward, he was confident he could hide behind Skyla and walk away untouched.

What he hadn’t expected was for Winter to actually call the police. The investigation had traced everything back to him. And yet Chris had stepped in and protected him anyway.

That told him everything he needed to know.

Winter clearly meant nothing to Chris.

What kind of husband watched his wife get beaten and did absolutely nothing?

It was obvious that Chris despised her.

“As long as Skyla says the word, Chris will cover for me,” Jacob said coldly. “But you? Has he ever shown you even a shred of concern? Winter, this is your karma for stealing her boyfriend three years ago.”

Winter’s expression stiffened for just a split second.

Jacob caught it and smiled darkly. “You’re going to regret what you did tonight.”

Winter scoffed, looking at him like he was trash. “The only thing I regret is not hitting harder. I should’ve smashed your skull instead of leaving you standing here barking.”

The smile vanished from Jacob’s face.

“Get her,” he barked. “Hold her down. Strip her. I’ll make sure she doesn’t leave this place alive.”

She was still talking back even with death staring her in the face.

Empty bottles were scattered across the table. Jacob grabbed one and smashed the bottom against the edge. Jagged glass glinted sharply under the lights.

At his order, two men beside him rushed forward, eager to prove themselves.

The sound of their smug laughter made Winter's blood run cold. She recognized them at once.

They were the same men who had attacked her that night.

Perfect. That saved her the trouble of tracking them down herself.

The moment they moved in, Winter quickly pulled a switchblade from her pocket and drove the tip into one man's thigh.

A sharp scream rang out.

He collapsed to his knees, clutching his leg. The other man had not even figured out what had happened before Winter caught movement in the corner of her eye. She lifted her right leg and slammed her heel into him.

Pain tore through his thigh, and he cried out as he dropped to his knees as well.

Winter gripped the bloodied switchblade and stared coldly at the two men kneeling on the floor, screaming in pain.

She did not care who had kicked her leg that night. One leg each was fair. They had it coming.

That night, she had been careless. They had caught her off guard.

Did they really think a reporter like her had no idea how to defend herself?

William Zeller had hired professionals to teach her self-defense techniques. She had let her training lapse last year because of her pregnancy, but she still remembered enough for situations like this.

If William ever found out she had been beaten, he would abandon the entire film crew and rush back to stand up for her.

She refused to let anyone look down on her, especially not for failing to avenge herself.

“All of you, get her!” Jacob roared when he saw his men taken down. His expression turned dark with rage. “Are you all useless? You cannot even handle one woman?”

Jacob had more than ten bodyguards. Winter immediately backed away.

They were all professionally trained. She knew better than to fight them head-on. Instead, she shot a quick glance toward the direction she had come from.

This was Jacob's territory. She had walked straight into danger, but she had not come unprepared.

So why had the security guards she hired not shown up?

She had arranged everything carefully. Something had gone wrong.

As Winter found herself surrounded, one bodyguard attacked from behind and pinned her arms.

Jacob's blood-smeared face lunged close as he grabbed her by the throat. "You think you're so tough, Winter? Let's see how tough you are by the end of the night!"

He showed no restraint, cutting off her air completely. Her face began to change color, yet she made no sound. She looked at him the way one would look at trash.

"Looking for death?" Jacob snarled.

“Stop!”

A woman’s sharp command rang out from nearby.

The hand around Winter’s throat froze.

“Sis, what are you doing here?” Jacob turned around.

But the first person he saw was not Skyla.

It was the man standing beside the wheelchair, tall, composed, and coldly refined.

The moment Jacob met those pitch-dark eyes, a chill ran down his spine.

Chris Xander.

Why was he here?

Winter's gaze followed as Jacob turned his shoulder. The instant she saw him, her face drained of color.

She understood everything.

The people she had arranged outside the club had been intercepted by Chris.

To protect Skylar's brother and keep the birthday party from being disrupted, he had truly gone that far.

As Jacob stood there distracted, Winter summoned every ounce of fury in her soul. She wrenched herself free from the guard and kicked Jacob away. Before anyone could react, she lunged at him, pinning him down. She grabbed a jagged bottle fragment from the floor and began slamming it into his head.

Her eyes were bloodshot and wild. The sound of glass shattering against bone echoed as bystanders screamed and scrambled away from the flying shards.

No one had time to react. Even the bodyguards froze.

At that moment, Winter no longer looked human. She looked like a vengeful spirit crawled out from the depths of hell.

Jacob lay on the ground, disoriented, his words slurred. It was unclear whether he was begging or cursing.

Still, Winter showed no sign of stopping.

She reversed her grip on the switchblade, grabbed his collar, and drove it down with swift, decisive intent. Anyone watching would have thought she truly meant to kill him.

Suddenly, a hand clamped around her wrist.

The grip was overwhelming. She had no chance to struggle. Her strength was cut off instantly, and the blade fell to the floor.

“Mrs. Xander,” Gavin said softly, frowning.

Even he had been shaken by what he had just witnessed.

Winter collapsed to her knees. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw Gavin retrieve the switchblade from the floor.

He was Chris's personal bodyguard. He only followed Chris's orders.

"So it is fine for him to have people beat me and try to kill me," Winter said softly with a low laugh. "But when I want his life, I need your permission?"

A shard of glass had grazed her cheek when the bottle shattered. Blood streaked down half her face.

Gavin froze.

Something finally clicked.

His heart tightened as he instinctively turned to look at Chris standing not far away.