

Divorced my ex, proposed by billionaire –

Chapter 8 Jaden's Troubled State

Ignoring the rhythmic allure, Rita frantically manoeuvred through the crowd, nudging people aside in her quest to find Jaden. The multitude of bodies combined with her pregnant state made her vision spin with dizziness.

Finally, Rita's eyes locked onto Jaden's motionless form. Hastily, she rushed toward him, clutching his hands tightly. However, Jaden remained oblivious, lost in his drunken stupor, repeatedly calling out for Percy instead of recognizing Rita.

"Oh my goodness, Jaden, what has happened to you?" she exclaimed, a mix of concern and disappointment lacing her words. "This isn't the Jaden I once knew. How did you manage to let yourself get into such a mess?"

She shook him gently, hoping to rouse him from his intoxicated haze and provoke a coherent response.

Jaden stirred slightly in response to Rita's gentle shaking, his bleary eyes struggling to focus on her face. His voice slurred as he mumbled, "Percy, is that you? Why are you shaking me like that?"

Rita's heart sank at his mistaken identity. She had hoped that the touch of her hand and the sound of her voice would bring him back to reality. Concern deepened lines on her forehead as she realized the gravity of the situation. Jaden was completely unaware of his surroundings, lost in a haze of alcohol-induced confusion.

Summoning her patience, Rita took a deep breath, suppressing her own disappointment. "Jaden, it's me, Rita," she said, emphasizing her name. "Percy isn't here. You've had too much to drink. We need to get you home and sobered up."

Jaden's eyes flickered, attempting to comprehend her words. A flicker of recognition passed across his face, but it was quickly overshadowed by a wave of disorientation. He slumped against Rita's shoulder, mumbling incoherently.

Determined to help him, Rita knew that she couldn't handle the situation alone. Glancing around, she spotted a familiar face in the crowd – their mutual friend, Brian. With a surge of relief, she waved him over, gesturing for his assistance.

Brian, noticing Rita's distress, hurried toward them. "Rita, what's going on?" he asked, concern etched on his face.

"It's Jaden," she replied, her voice laden with worry. "He's completely intoxicated and doesn't even recognize me. We need to find a way to get him home and sobered up."

Brian nodded understandingly. "I'll call for a cab. Let's get him out of here before things get worse."

Together, Rita and Brian managed to support Jaden's stumbling steps as they guided him toward the nearest taxi. As they settled him into the back seat, Jaden's consciousness wavered, teetering between brief moments of lucidity and a foggy haze. Rita's heart ached at the sight, her mind filled with questions about what could have led him down this path of self-destruction.

As the taxi pulled away from the chaotic scene, Rita leaned back in her seat, exhaustion and concern weighing heavily on her. She turned to Brian.

"I really appreciate your understanding," Rita said, her voice filled with sincerity. "I didn't mean to burden you today. Once we get Jaden home, you can go back and enjoy yourself with those girls."

Brian chuckled, the sound echoing through the car. "Don't worry about it, Rita. Helping out a friend is more important than any plans I had. Besides, I couldn't leave you to handle this alone."

Their laughter subsided as they shifted their focus to the scenic view along the roadway. Within ten minutes, the car came to a halt, signaling their arrival at Jaden's apartment. Rita and Brian exchanged glances, silently acknowledging the task at hand. With Brian's support, Rita carefully maneuvered Jaden out of the car, their collective effort ensuring they made it to his room.

They gently laid Jaden down on his plush, king-sized bed, his body sinking into the softness. His breathing remained steady, evidence of his deep slumber. Rita sighed, watching over him with concern etched on her face.

Turning to Brian, she whispered, "Thank you for being here. I don't know what I would have done without you."

Brian gave her a reassuring smile. "No need to thank me, Rita. Take care of Jaden."

After escorting Brian to the exit door, Rita returned inside and thought to herself that Jaden needs to be cleaned up.

She took off his shirt and trousers, placed his arms in her shoulders as she managed to get him to the bathroom. As she took off his boxers and took off her own clothes she put on the shower and immediately placed the sponge at his back to scrub away the dirt.

He couldn't resist the cold shower as he whispered under neath his breathe, "Percy is that you? Come over here and show me what you've got."

Rita glanced at Jaden, her heart heavy with determination. "I know you still love her, I won't put you on the spot, Jaden," she whispered softly, hoping that her words would somehow reach him, even in his unconscious state.

Rita's eyes glistened with unshed tears as she spoke, her voice choked with emotion. "Your presence in my life meant the world to me. Jaden, it's lucky to have you for these years, I had never been that happy. I won't forget you or hate you, although I am determined to leave you."

"No, please..." Jaden murmured but yet still in his unconscious self, "don't leave me."

His desire kept rising at a geometric range, so he grabbed Rita faced and placed her lips on his own, their s*xual urge kept increasing.

Jaden carried her breast up and squeezed the milk out of it as he raised her up and placed her thighs in his and inserted his libido into hers, she felt something inside her, like a lion looking for a rat to prey on.

She moan loudly calling his name, as he placed his mouth on her ni*ples and kept sucking it as it was a cocktail. Rita kept moaning out loudly, they both went straight to the bed as he widened her lap and licked her puna, it was another feeling for Rita as she said go herself that tonight s*x was the best one she has ever had for months.

As he kept inserting his thing into her puna, he kept grumbling about her as a liar and a cheater and how heartless she was.

Rita fell in despair, yet, unable to push him away. She enjoyed the feeling of his thing inside hers, hopelessly, although she believed that he was taking her as Percy.

He went really fast as they were both panting at the closeness of their body. He kept going deep and Rita could feel him inside her, the more he kept diving deep the louder she moaned.

"I love you Ja," Rita gasped.

"I love you more," responded Jaden, making Rita open her eyes to see if he was talking to her or Percy. But, he fell on the bed, he fell asleep.

"Silly R, what's more can you expect from him?" Rita quickly dressed up and put on his pyjamas, so that when he wakes up the following morning, he won't think Rita took advantage of his drunken state.

As the early morning sun bathed the kitchen in a warm glow, Rita stood by the stove, preparing breakfast for Jaden. The aroma of freshly brewed coffee filled the air, mingling with the sizzle of bacon and eggs. It was a routine they had settled into, finding solace in these simple moments of domesticity.

Just as Rita was about to set the breakfast table, the doorbell rang, interrupting the peaceful ambiance. She hurriedly wiped her hands on a kitchen towel and made her way to the door. To her surprise, it was Percy standing on the other side.

Percy's eyes were filled with regret as she entered the house, her gaze fixed on Jaden, who had just woken up. Without hesitation, Percy wrapped her arms around him, pulling him into a tight embrace. "Jaden, I was wrong," she confessed, her voice filled with remorse. "I would never intentionally kiss another man to prove my love. Please, forgive me."

Rita's heart shattered into a million pieces, her eyes welling up with tears. The pain of betrayal washed over her, threatening to consume her. Rita felt heartbroken and it turned out Jaden was drunk because Percy betrayed him again. She had given her love and trust to Jaden, only to have it shattered by Percy's actions once again.

Jaden, still groggy from his alcohol-induced sleep, hesitated for a moment. Conflicting emotions swirled within him, but a part of him yearned for Rita's reaction, for her to fight for their love. In a moment of recklessness, he chose not to push Percy away. Instead, he leaned into the embrace, his heart pounding with anticipation.

But as he turned to look at Rita, expecting to see a flicker of jealousy or anger, he was met with indifference. She stood there, her eyes hardened with pain and disappointment, before wordlessly walking away, her footsteps echoing through the silent house.

Jaden's anger flared within him, fueled by the hurt he felt. How could she be so cold, so unaffected? In a surge of emotions, he grabbed Percy by the shoulders and fiercely kissed her, a mixture of anger, betrayal, and confusion fueling the intensity of the moment.

Jaden and Percy stood in the room, the weight of their impulsive actions heavy on their shoulders. After a moment of stunned silence, Jaden's voice trembled as he spoke, his tone filled with regret and confusion.

"What have we done?" he whispered, his voice laced with guilt. "I didn't mean for things to turn out like this. I just... I wanted to provoke a reaction from Rita, to see if she still cared."

Percy's expression mirrored Jaden's remorse as she responded, her voice barely above a whisper. "I never should have kissed that man. I betrayed your trust, Jaden. I'm sorry, I truly am."

Jaden's eyes welled up with tears as he shook his head, struggling to make sense of his own actions. "I can't believe I let anger and frustration guide me like that. I've hurt Rita so badly, What do we do now?"

