

# Kidnapped By Rogue

## Chapter 1

“Whatever,” I yelled as I slammed the front door, entering the chilled air of outside. I jumped from the porch and began my journey to nowhere.

“Where you gonna go, Blakely? Face it, you’re stuck here,” my father said as he walked towards me. He grabbed my elbow and turned me towards him, “Get back inside, now. We can talk about this.”

“Talk about it? You say that everytime, no. I’m done,” I replied, yanking my arm from his grip. We locked eyes, then all of a sudden I felt pain. My hand went up to my now sore cheek.

“Fine. Leave. But don’t you dare come back,” he said turning away from me. After he went inside, I stood internally debating on going inside or not. I finally decided against it, and began to walk.

It got colder the more I walked so I wrapped my arms around myself. I passed a cafe and decided to go in.

I opened the door, the aroma of baked goods surrounding me.

“Hello, my name is Sam. Welcome to The Cafe, may I get you anything?” a stout woman said upon my entering. I asked for a coffee and settled down at the counter. I looked around the cafe, it was pretty empty. Just me, the woman, a cook, and an elderly couple quietly talking in a booth.

The woman handed me a steamy mug just as the door opened capturing my attention. Two men, perhaps in their early twenties or younger, stood in the doorway. The woman recited what she had said to me, and they asked for two waters. They were taking off their gloves and I noticed one had a burn on his hand.

“See something you like?” one of the men said, studying me. I blushed and quickly looked down, mumbling a short sorry. They chuckled and I felt my face get more red.

I got out my phone and looked at the time; 3:27am. Then I texted my friend K.J. :I'm coming over. and locked my phone back, tucking it safely in my boot. I paid the woman, left a tip, and then walked out all in about 17 seconds.

K.J. lived about four blocks away from me so I knew I'd have to go home and grab a jacket so I wouldn't freeze. I didn't get very far when a white car pulled up next to me.

"Do you need a ride somewhere, miss? It's pretty cold out here," a man's voice came from the drivers seat. I couldn't see very well, but when my eyes adjusted I noticed it was one of the guys from the cafe. His brown eyes looked me up and down, and his question hung dryly in the air for a while before I found my voice.

"No, uh no. I live right here," I stuttered pointing to a random house, "thank you, though."

He shrugged and drove off. I let out a breath I didn't realize I was ho

lding in. I chuckled to my self as I passed the house I said was mine. Something didn't feel right, so I stopped walking, and I heard footsteps quickly fade. I didn't want to turn around so I kept on going until I couldn't take the feeling anymore. I turned to see a silhouette of a man following me. I quickly turned back around and walked a little faster. I broke out into a run two seconds before he did.

"Help! Someone help me!" I yelled before I was tackled to the ground, "Hel-" I started but a heavy hand was slapped over my mouth.

"Stop yelling. Now," he snarled. A tear rolled down my cheek, I'm dead, I am going to die. I harshly bit down on his hand, tasting bl00d. He cursed then let go of me, I pushed him off of me and got to my feet as quick as I could to take off.

"Help me!" I screamed, running as fast as my legs would go. I turned a corner and was met by two brown eyes.

"Suprise," he said, grabbing me by my hair and pushing a gun under my chin. "Let's not scream no more, okay?"

Tears rushed down my face as I nodded reluctantly. He started pushing me towards where the man I bit was standing. He glared at me before going across the street to get the white car I had seen before.

“Okay, sweetheart. I’m going to let go of you so I can get something from the trunk. You are going to stand right here and not move. If you run, I’ll shoot you. Got it?” brown eyes said. I nodded.

Next thing I knew I was running down the sidewalk yelling as loud as I could. In my head I was thinking, why isn’t anybody coming out here to help me?

I froze when I heard a gunshot. I don’t know why I stopped running, but my feet wouldn’t move a step. I was thrown to the ground, and my eyesight went blurry.

“You fvcking b!tch. I said not to run!” one of the guys said, I couldn’t tell which one because my head was spinning. He let out a breath and stood me up, “I know you’re scared therefore I won’t shoot you, but just know I am a man of my word.” I shivered.

My knees went weak, and I fell against the guy. He picked me up bridal style and started making his way back to the car. I was laid in the backseat, and I heard the sound of duct tape being ripped. My senses came back, and I scooted my back against the door farthest from the man. “Don’t make this hard, ” he said grabbing my leg, pulling me back over to him. He slapped the tape over my mouth and grabbed my wrists, bounding them in ropes in front of me. The door was then slammed shut as he got into the front seat. “You might want to go to sleep, it’s a long drive.”