

## Kidnapped By Rogue Chapter 11 - Tips

0 2 minutes read

Back to Blakely's point of view:

'get off me, leave me alone,' a scream left my lips as I sat up fast. I looked around and saw that I was still alone in Rouge's bed. It was only a dream. I just about sighed in relief until the door swung open, banging against the wall. Oh god, not a dream, but my own personal nightmare.

"There," I heard Rouge say as Kenzie stumbled into the room. The door slammed shut once again.

"Oh god, you're okay," Kenzie ran over to me and squished me into a hug. I looked at her, confused.

"Why wouldn't I be?" I replied and shrugged out her grip.

"Well, Riz came and told me that Rouge had a gun to- to your head," she mumbled and stuttered a little. Memories of what Rouge said and did came rushing in, and I let out a sob before I could stop it. I knew that if I spoke, I'd start crying. "Hey, look at me, everything's going to be fine. He won't hurt you, okay?" she held me and rubbed my back, but I refused to cry.

I don't remember falling asleep, but I woke with a major headache. I turned on my side and tried to go back to sleep. A breeze touched my neck and caused me to moan, but my eyes shot open when the breeze chuckled. I looked at his smirk before meeting his gaze and shoving him hard. He barely moved, but a flash of anger lingered in his eyes.

I opened my mouth to apologize then shut it again as he got up off the bed.

"Get up and take a shower. I'll have an outfit picked out and on the bed for you. There's someone who wants to meet you and the girls," he pulled me from the bed and pushed me towards the bathroom door. I stumbled and nearly fell, but Rouge grabbed my arm harshly. "Watch what you're doing."

"I wouldn't have almost fallen if you wouldn't have pushed me," I muttered under my breath and pulled my arm out his hardening grip. He quickly grabbed me again and turned me towards him.

"I'd watch yourself. My brothers not as forgiving as me," he whispered in my ear as I shuddered. And right after that, he walked out the room.

I quickly took my shower and got dried off. I was wrapped in a towel whilst blow drying my hair when Rouge barged in. I clutched my towel tighter.

"It's not like I haven't seen you n.aked," he said with a cocky attitude. I rolled my eyes and saw the 'outfit' he'd picked out for me.

"I am not wearing that," I said emphasizing the word 'not'. He shook his head and yanked my forearm. I squirmed under his grip, but stopped when he glared at me. His gaze burned through me. He grabbed the blow dryer and set it down.

"You'll wear it and you'll be happy doing it," I gulped and nodded reluctantly. He smiled and let go of me, "Good, now hurry up, I'll be in the bedroom."