

Kidnapped By Rogue Chapter 19 - Tips

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"This phone has been deactivated. Sorry for any inconvenience, goodbye." My mouth dropped open as I glared at the door. I chucked the phone at the wall and collapsed to the floor in defeat. Anger boiled within in me, and before I knew it I screamed. It ended in a sort of groan as I sprawled out in the floor so that I was now on my back.

The door creaked open and a smug looking Rouge waltzed into the room.

"Blakely? What are you doing?" he quizzed in fake awe. I looked up at him and crossed my arms over my chest.

"I'm rebelling," I stated firmly. Something flashed in his eyes, but it wasn't anger. He cocked his head to the side.

"Rebelling?" he repeated, raising an eyebrow. I nodded. "Against what?"

"You, obviously," I said and sat up. He squatted down so he was eye level to me. I reflexively scooted back an inch.

"What would you wanna do that for?" he asked. I have him a 'duh' look.

"Well first, you kidnapped me. Second? You tricked me," I spat. He stood up again, but this time he held out his hand to help me up. I declined.

"Tricked you?" He withdrew his hand.

"Yea, you knew I'd try to call someone," I replied as calm as possible. He smirked then walked over and sat on the bed. I turned my body so that I was facing him.

"I just wanted to see if I could trust you," he replied. I rolled my eyes.

"Cut the crap. You just wanted a reason to torture me," I said. Regret washed over me as soon as he stood up.

"I don't need 'a reason to torture you'. I can do whatever I want, whenever I want," he mocked. I ungracefully stood and watched him walk over to me

deliberately slow. He grabbed a fist full of my hair and positioned me so I was looking up at him. I bit my tongue in order to not cry out as he tightened his grip.

“You see, I’m pretty sure I’ve made myself clear on the whole who’s in charge thing,” he stated, but I cut him off with a scoff.

“I think I’ve made myself clear that I don’t care,” I yelped as he tightened his grip even more. My scalp was on fire. “I didn’t mean that.”

“Yeah? I think you did mean it,” he leaned my head back even more and came mere inches from my face.

“I-I’m sorry,” I whispered and felt his grasp loosen. Then he let me go all together. The fire I felt in my scalp dulled to a constant throb.

“Why do you act like this? I mean, I’ve treated you okay besides the occasional punishment. I could be way worse. I could lock you in a cold basement, rape you, kill you! You get to take showers and walk around and eat food and sleep in beds. You’re ungrateful,” he yelled hastily turning away from me then back again to grab my shoulders.

“I didn’t choose to be taken! I just want to go home!” I said back shrugging his hands off me. “I just wanna go home,” I repeated in a whisper.

A stinging slap came from nowhere, “You are not going home!” Rouge screamed. I held my cheek and nodded in defeat. He stormed out the room taking all my hope with him.

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I awoke from my restless sleep and yawned rather loudly, stretching my body so that I was sprawled out on the bed. After rubbing the sleep from my eyes, I got to my feet and waltzed into the bathroom.

“Oh my god,” I said when I saw that Rouge was in there, a towel wrapped around his waist. I averted my eyes and he chuckled.

“I don’t see what’s so funny,” I accused before walking out and back into the bedroom.

When I saw him again, he was dressed in pants and an off white t-shirt. "It's just amusing at how innocent you are," he stated. I squinted my eyes then rolled them.

"Who said I'm innocent? For all you know I could sell my body and like, have some disease," I spat the last word and put my hands on my hips.

"But you don't," he replied, "because you're innocent." His accustomed smirk was planted upon his face.

"Whatever," I avoided his gaze and went back into the bathroom, shutting the lockless door. I looked into the mirror and gasped. I was a mess; my hair was showing the signs of neglect, my body was different shades of blue, green, and purple, and I had lost more weight than necessary. Touching the rat's nest on my head, made anger come up, "Rouge," I yelled.

"Yes?" he called out, annoyed. The door swung open, and I moved just in time to not be hit by it.

"I need a hairbrush. Oh, and I want a toothbrush, too," I told him. "And what are you going to do when I start my.." I trailed off and blushed.

"There are uh 'supplies' in the girls' room," he informed me.

"Girls' room? They get a room to themselves? While I'm stuck here with you?" I was completely dumbstruck until I remembered the room in which I was shown when I first arrived.

"Yes, and until you can be trusted not to run away at night, you will sleep in here," he slurred menacingly.

"Then how will I get the stuff I need?" I asked, looking for a reason to stay with the girls. He mumbled something inaudible before leaving the bathroom and shutting the door. I did my business and came out to lay back down. Just as my head hit the pillow, Rouge barged back in.

"Get up," he commanded, and I groaned into the comforter. I felt his hand on my lower back so I jumped up and stood. He had a cardboard box in his other hand and thrust it towards me.

Inside was everything I would need; from a toothbrush and floss to ponytails and a hairbrush to tampons and pads plus more. My cheeks turned a bright crimson shade as I walked briskly towards the drawer where my clothes were held and dropped the box inside.

“Why the rush?” he mocked. I waited until the blushing subsided then turned to face him.

“What’s for breakfast?” I asked, changing the subject. He gave an awkward smile before walking out the room so I followed.

“River I’m sorry,” an unfamiliar voice rang from the kitchen. I widened my eyes at the sight before me. “I’m so sorry for whatever I did,” she said in a begging way. River had a gun pointed at a girl with fire red hair. Her nose was bleeding onto her skin tight tshirt as she layed on the floor sprawled out on her stomach. My first instinct was to scream, and then I ran over and stood in front of her.

“What the fvck are you doing?” I questioned while gesturing towards the gun. My voice was loud and drowned out the quiet sobs from behind me.