

Kidnapped By Rogue Chapter 31 - Tips

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When I opened my eyes and rubbed away the sleep, I looked around and saw I was alone. I licked my dry lips and tasted salt so I brought my fingers to my face to wipe away the tears I hadn't realized I shed.

I went into the bathroom and splashed cold water on my face, without taking in my reflection. I decided to skip a shower and went to the dresser to choose some clothing, a pale yellow tank top and some grey sweatpants. When I was fully dressed, I wandered into the kitchen.

"Hey Blakely," Sadie greeted when I entered. I waved half-heartedly and opened a cabinet to grab a bowl. "Cereal?" she asked, obviously trying to strike a conversation.

"Yeah," I replied bluntly, reaching beside her for the frosted flakes. I sat next to her while I ate as she finished her omelet. "Where'd you learn to make that?" I questioned with my mouth full.

She looked confused for a second before glancing at her food, "Oh, this? My mom was a housewife and taught me to cook several things when I was real young," she shrugged. I bit my lip and nodded.

"Cool," I mumbled, and she said 'yeah' under her breath. We stayed quiet the rest of the time as we ate until I stood to put my dishes in the sink.

"Hey, um Blakely?" Sadie said. I turned towards her and lifted my eyebrow. "I'm sorry. I mean, about all this. I know you're not comfortable here so I just felt as if I should apologize.." she trailed off.

"It's not your fault, Sadie," I assured, sitting back down beside her.

"No, I know. I know it's not, but I just.. I understand how you feel. And it's horrible. And I know you don't want to hear about how 'it gets better', and blah blah blah, but it really does and I'm just really sorry that you have to go through all this," she babbled.

Not knowing what to say, I only nodded. A few awkwardly silent minutes later, Brydon came into the kitchen.

“Goodmorning, baby,” he said kissing Sadie’s forehead. “Hey Blakely,” he nodded his head towards me which I returned with a small smile. “You two hungry?”

“No sir, we ate,” Sadie spoke and I wrinkled my nose when she addressed him as sir. He shrugged and turned on the stove, getting out a pan.

“You sure? I’m making scrambled eggs,” he informed us, wriggling his eyebrows suggestively. Sadie started to shake her head ‘no’, but Brydon shot her a glare.

“Sorry, I meant no sir, we’re sure,” she nervously corrected. I felt a wierd tension in the air as Brydon turned his back to us. I shot a look at Sadie, but she ignored it.

“Sir?” I blurted before thinking. Brydon glanced at me.

“It’s respectful,” he said while stirring the egg yolks. I scoffed quietly.

“Okay,” I replied sarcastically. Sadie was staring at me like I sprouted an extra head. “What?” I asked her. She excused herself from the table and cautiously walked up behind Brydon, wrapping her arms around his waist and talking inaudibly to him.

“You making me something to eat?” Airion voiced when he entered the kitchen while making his way to the table. When he sat, I saw Tinleigh standing behind him.

“You can cook,” Brydon replied. With a groan, Airion grabbed Tinleigh and pulled her into his lap, crashing his lips onto hers hungrily. I averted my eyes to keep from burping up my breakfast. “Hey! No PDA,” Brydon screeched at them.

While they argued, Rouge came into the room and when he noticed me, he smirked. “Hey Blakely,” he said. I rolled my eyes and let out a strained smile. “I have a surprise for you,” he announced, turning around and leaving. I sprung from my seat and followed him. He led me past our room and to River’s, where him, Riz, and Ace were.

“What’s going on?” I asked slowly, looking around the room. My eyes stopped on something moving- or better yet someone.

A muffled cry sounded where the 'surprise' was moving, and my eyes crept up it and stopped on its face where I dropped to my knees in horror.

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"KJ!"

Rouge laughed at my reaction causing me to snap my head in his direction. "Surprise!" he called out sarcastically. I crawled over to where KJ was sitting, bound in ropes.

"Oh god," I said breathlessly as I took in his appearance; his left eye was swollen shut and his right was different shades of green and purple, a small cut was above his eyebrow, and dry blood was caked around his nose. He looked at me with pleading, watery eyes, and it took everything in me not to cry. "I'm so sorry."

I snatched off the tape in one motion and he let out a low hiss, a tear escaping down his cheek. I wiped it away then apologized again when he winced. "Hey," he whispered, managing a small smile.

"Hi," I replied, going to untie his arms. A raspy hand grabbed my wrist and yanked me up on my feet making me make eye contact with River as he tightened his grip.

"Leave him tied," he demanded as I struggled in his grasp. "Understand?"

"Whatever," I responded, and he let go of me. "Can I be alone with him?"

"No," Rouge answered bluntly. I glared at him before turning back to KJ.

"I've missed you," he said with another faint smile. I couldn't hold back the tears anymore as I laid my head in his lap. "Everything will be okay," he said 'shh'ing me as loud sobs escaped my mouth.

I wiped my nose with the back of my hand when the tears finally stopped cascading down my face and onto his jeans. I stood up, took a deep breath, and walked calmly over to Rouge. When I felt I was close enough, I pulled my arm back and connected my fist to his jaw. He staggered back since he didn't

expect it, but when he recovered you could tell he was pissed. He clutched his jaw and slowly opened then shut his mouth.

Next thing I know, River was holding my arms hostage behind my back and KJ was yelling my name, "I swear to god if you hurt her!" he spoke not finishing his empty threat. My knuckles were throbbing terribly.

"First, I want an explanation," Rouge said then he slapped me, "then I want an apology," another slap, "and lastly, I want you to watch as I slowly torture your boyfriend until he is begging to die," finished with yet another slap.

Seeming oblivious to the sharp pain in my cheek, I yelled and cried, "Don't hurt him! I did it, I slapped you! I should be the one punished, not him, please!" A grin appeared on his face as he turned to Ace and Riz.

"I need a chair and some rope," he ordered, and they scurried off. "This'll only hurt a lot," he said to K.J, pulling his head up by pulling his hair back.

"No! Please," I pleaded, thrashing around in River's hold until he accidentally released me. I leaped onto Rouge, punching him in his back and screaming like a banshee before River could grab me again and slam me into the floor on my stomach. I cried out in pain when he put his knee in the small of my back and held my hands above my head. "Don't you dare hurt him!" I screamed, but it came out distorted since my face was squished on the ground.

I heard the others come back, and I was lifted into a chair, with my hands now behind my back, tied to the chair. I started kicking at anything and everything as they fought to grab my thrashing legs.

"I'll take that explanation and apology now," Rouge said, tauntingly.

"Go to hell!" I spat, still struggling.

"Stop kicking!" River groaned when I connected with his abdomen. He got ahold of one leg so I used the other to kick at his arm, but Ace was quick to reach for it and grabbed it with ease.

I screamed, ignoring the ache in my throat, and cursed as they tied the rope tightly around my ankles and thighs. "Don't do this," I begged Rouge when my throat was too dry to protest anymore.

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"You should of thought of the consequences when you punched me," he replied, turning his attention to K.J. His eyes were wide with fear, but I could tell he was trying hard not to show it for my sake.

KJ and I have been bestfriends for six years, every since he moved in next to me. He was three years older than I, but didn't act like it. And although he was attractive, I never thought of him as anything besides a friend.

"I love you," I whispered to him and in return he gave me a weak grin. Rouge cleared his throat and popped him fingers before pulling out a pocketknife. My eyes automatically widened as tears fell and in reflex I shut them tightly.

"Open your eyes, Princess." Rouge said, and I obeyed and looked at his expressionless face. "Everytime you look away or close your eyes, I'll slit his wrist. Got it?" He seemed completely fine with the fact he was about to murder someone. I shakily nodded as my bottom lip trembled.

"You don't have to listen to him, Blakely!" KJ said, his voice strained, "I'll be fine, okay? I love you, too." River stood in my peripheral vision with a smirk on his face.

I lazily pulled on my restraints, but it only ended in rope burns around my wrists. "Rouge, please," I screamed, but by the time I finished that sentence he had already swung his fist in KJ's stomach. He made a grunting noise and let out a tear. "Stop! God, stop!"

Another punch landed on his left cheek, making his head whipl to the side. I sat, horrified, as Rouge tortured my childhood friend. With the third punch, resulting in blood to pour from KJ's nearly broken nose, I closed my eyes.

A slap made me open them and Rouge 'tsk'ed. "That was selfish," he pointed out, opening his knife and taking one of KJ's wrists. A deep red, crimson line of blood gushed out his skin and a hiss came from his mouth. The strong metallic smell quickly filled my nostrils, causing me to gag. I watched the blood drip from his wrist to the floor, making a small puddle.

"I'm so sorry," I said inaudibly. My eyesight was blurry from the liquid leaking from them, staining my cheeks. I glanced up at the ceiling, and by this point I was hysterical. KJ's breathing hitched making my attention go back to him; Rouge was carving yet another cut into his skin, right through the first. Another wave of nausea overcame me, making me dry heave.

Seven cuts later, Rouge backed away and River took his place. KJ visibly paled when a pistol was produced. I screamed at the loud, ringing bang that erupted. Blood seeped from KJ's foot as he stared wide-eyed and breathless. Another bang, and KJ started to yell, but it went into a groan. His shoulder blade seeped blood, staining his shirt. The fight KJ was putting up was slowly disappearing as he finally just went limp and sobbed. River stuck two fingers into the gunshot wound, resulting in a blood curdling scream that stopped short in slow, deep breaths.

"End it," he pleaded, his voice thick with pain. Suddenly, Rouge appeared in front of me. His lips were moving, but I couldn't comprehend what he was saying, all I heard was a distant ringing noise. My body felt numb and I hadn't realized I was untied until Rouge pulled me into his arms, bridal style. Before I was whisked out the room, I saw River point the gun at K.J.'s forehead and pull the trigger.

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He's dead. It's your fault.

Those two sentences rang in my head as I was carried into the bedroom and laid on the bed. I didn't move a muscle, I couldn't.

"Is she okay?" a distant voice called out, the voice bounced around in my head, echoing. "You sure? Look at her," it said. It sounded far away yet oddly loud. "Dude, I don't think she's alright," it slurred. I felt like screaming or crying or both. My brain hurt, my fingers tingled, and my toes ached. A cold breeze appeared, and I rolled my head to the side, seeing absolutely nothing, but white.

Your fault. Your fault. Your fault. Your fault.

I tried to muster the strength to tell the annoying voice to shut the hell up, but failed miserably. I felt like I was floating and everything about me weighed less

than nothing. Then I was plunged into the darkness with those two simple sentences invading my mind. 'He's dead. Your fault.'

"Blakely it's been three days! You need to eat," Rouge repeated for the fifth time that day. I looked up at him as he towered over the bed, looking down at me. He sighed.

"I'm not hungry," I whispered. My throat was dry from screaming all night, every night because of the nightmares. I couldn't get his face out of my head.

"I don't care if you're hungry or not, you have to eat," he said, sternly. I turned onto my side, away from him. I jumped when I heard something collide with the wall. "Goddamn it, Blakely. I'm not kidding, get up now. You have to get over it!"

I stiffened and slowly sat up, glaring in his direction. "Get over it?" I echoed, venom dripping from my words. "Fvck you, Rouge. Go to fvcking hell, you stupid-" His palm met with my cheek, stopping my sentence. I squealed and held my face.

"I'll say this one last time, get up," he spat. I lifted myself from the bed, still cradling my face and stood a few feet away from him. He turned and left the room so I followed.

I crossed my arms across my chest as we entered the kitchen, Rouge immediately heading to the refrigerator to search its contents. "It's alive," River said, eyeing me. I grunt.

"Unlike my bestfriend," I mutter, my voice cracking. He averts his gaze to the sandwich in front of him.

"Blakely," Rouge drawls out my name and I turn towards him, raising an eyebrow. "What do you want to eat?"

"I'm really not hungry Rouge," I said, uncrossing my arms and fiddling with my fingers.

"What do you want to eat?" he repeated, pronouncing each word at a time. I shook my head, but he held up his hand, "don't make me ask again."

"It doesn't matter," I replied hastily. He nodded then turned back towards the counter. A minute later, he handed me a paper plate with a sandwich placed on it. I inspected it then met his gaze. He nodded his head at it so I picked it up and took a bite. I immediately felt sick to my stomach, but since he was staring at me expectantly, I finished it and washed it down with a glass of water.

"Another one?" he asked and I shook my head; I felt like I would puke if I spoke. "Okay, you need to get a shower."

Without replying, I stalked off into the bedroom and grabbed a t-shirt and sweatpants before entering the bathroom. I stripped from my clothes and got the water to the perfect temperature before stepping in.

After thoroughly washing my hair and body, I stepped out, dried off, and got dressed. Rouge was sitting on the bed when I left the bathroom with a towel wrapped around my hair.

"You're done moping around," he stated, not looking at me. I opened my mouth to protest, but quickly shut it again when he stood up. "He is dead. Gone. Not coming back, understood?" he paused, "I'm not going to apologize. Because I'm not sorry. It was for your own good. Now suck it up, stop acting out, and quit moping." I was shocked into silence as he finally faced me to take in my expression. He looked heartless as his eyes raked across my face, making eye contact with me for a split second.

"Okay," I whispered, scared that my voice would fail me. He seemed surprised at my answer, but nonetheless nodded his head. I felt something wet drop onto my hand and realized I was crying. I closed my eyes and tried to steady my breathing, that suddenly hitched. "Okay," I repeated, more to myself than to him. I reopened my eyes to see Rouge standing directly in front of me. He grabbed my face with both hands and looked back and forth between my two eyes. I stared at his chin and slowly pulled away from him.

"I want you to stop fighting me. Quit being so damn stubborn and just behave," he said gently. I nodded, successfully pulling out of his grip. He let his hands drop to his sides.

We stood there silently for a few minutes; me, fiddling with my hands and him, staring at me intently. I sobbed a few times before I finally quit crying. Rouge muttered something incoherent causing me to look up at him. "Huh?" I asked.

“Nothing,” he replied after a moment then dropped his head and left the room.

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I proceeded to stand there as I looked around the room. The green walls seemed to close in around me and suddenly I was hyperventilating. I quickly plopped down to the floor and pulled my knees to my chest, pressing my forehead against them as I tried to take a deep breath.

A bit of pressure was placed on my back, as a small voice whispered into my ear, “It’s okay. You’re okay. Breathe.” I tried lifting my head to glance at the person comforting me, but was pulled into a tight embrace. In a reflex, I wrapped my arms around their frail shoulders, shutting my eyes tightly. “KJ?” I barely whispered but then only my heavy breathing and an occasional ‘shush’ was heard.

Before long, I was calmed down and exhaustion was whisking me away, but not before I was pulled away from my comforter and placed into someone else’s arms. I peeked out and caught a glimpse of a grey t-shirt, belonging to Rouge himself before finally going into an uneasy sleep.

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Rouge’s point of view:

“She’s freaking out!” Sarah yelled, sprinting into the living room. I jumped up and followed her down the hall.

“You’re okay. Breathe,” I heard Sadie say as she sat in the middle of my bedroom, cradling Blakely. She was pale and sweaty and breathing hard as she clung onto Sadie.

With her eyes clamped shut, she whispered KJ’s name only to be answered with silence. I grabbed her up and into my arms to carry her to the bed. She peeled open her eyes then shut them once again. I gently placed her on top of the bed, pulling the covers up to her chest; her breathing was now slow and steady.

“That was low,” I caught Sadie saying before I latched onto her arm.

“Shut your goddamn mouth,” I snarled, gripping her harder as she squeaked in pain.

“I’m sorry,” she said breathlessly and I dropped her arm, which she held to get chest. A tear escaped her eye but she brushed it away. I dismissed her and told her to close the door on the way out.

I sat down on the bed, opposite of Blakely and observed her. Her right hand twitched often, as did her lip. I brushed her hair out her face and noticed the towel that was once wrapped around her head, was laying in a heap on the floor. I went over and picked it up, throwing it into the bathroom then went and lied down on the bed letting sleep take me away.

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I opened my eyes slowly, looking around the room. Blakely was still sleeping beside me, slightly snoring. I slid out of the bed, careful to not wake her and made my way to the living room.

“Is she okay?” Sadie questioned as soon as she saw me. I nodded and proceeded to sit on the couch next to Airion with Tinleigh on his lap and Ace with Sarah on his.

“She’s sleeping right now. Where’s Riz and Kenzie?” I asked when I realized they were the only people missing. Brydon put his arm around Sadie and looked at me dully

“I think you know,” he answered with a wry grin. I rolled my eyes and looked over at the TV- Jerry Springer was playing on mute.

I snapped my eyes to the doorway just as Blakely entered. Her hair was up in a rather messy bun and she was wearing a pair of my sweatpants with a grey tank top.

Sadie started to get up, but Brydon wouldn’t let her so she sat there with a fake smile plastered on her face as Blakely passed her. She headed towards me, and I absentmindedly patted my thigh in which she sat on without an argument although she was very tense.

“Sleep good?” I mumbled into her ear and she gave a small nod. I wrapped my arms around her waist and tightened them until she relaxed. Everyone stared at her, expecting an outburst of some kind.

“Uh, hi?” Blakely said awkwardly, which snapped everybody’s attention away from her. I couldn’t help, but chuckle a bit. Biting her lip, she turned so she could face me, “Rouge?”

“Yes?”

“Why? Why did you take me?” she asked, captivating everyone’s attention once again. “Why are you doing this to me?” I looked at her and sighed. I pulled her up out of my lap and took her hand to lead her into the bedroom. I sat on the bed and she stood in front of me between my legs.

“Well,” I began to explain...

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Back to Blakely’s point of view:

“Well,” Rouge said, beginning his explanation. “You were just at the wrong place at the wrong time. We saw you, and we took the opportunity.”

“But why?” I pressed on.

“I just told you why,” he snapped, making me jump back.

“You could have taken anyone,” I pointed out, “but instead, you took me. I mean I didn’t ask for this. And on top of everything, you kill my bestfriend?” My voice was barely a squeal.

“That part wasn’t planned,” he said matter-of-fact.

“But the kidnapping was planned?” I concluded, questioningly. He audibly sighed.

“I do not want to have this conversation right now.” He stood up causing me to take a few steps back so I wouldn’t have to crane my neck up to look at him.

“Then when? When will we have it?” I asked and followed him as he made his way to the bathroom. He stepped inside and shut the door in my face.

“Rouge!” I heard the shower turn on and groaned loudly, banging on the door. After I realized that the constant pounding wasn’t helping, I leaned against the door and slid to the floor.

I closed my eyes, concentrating on nothing in particular, and put my head against the door. Before I could register that the water was turned off, the door was opened and I fell backwards, sprawled out hitting my head on the tile.

I grunted and realized that Rouge was standing over me. I screeched and covered my eyes. "I have on a towel," he pointed out.

I stood, still covering my eyes, and turned away from him before taking away my hands. "It doesn't matter," I brushed off my shirt, "a towel isn't clothing."

"If I remember correctly, you barged in on me," he retorted. I scoffed, turning towards him, keeping my eyes on his face.

"I fell," I replied. He gave me a wierd look, "What?" I asked.

"Nothing. I'd advise you to leave." He pushed me out the room, shutting the door.

"You can't avoid the conversation forever. I deserve to know why," I said to the door. A shriek erupted from the hallway before I could say anything else about the subject. I sprinted out the door and down the hallway to the living room.

"Brydon!" It was Sadie shrieking as Brydon grabbed her sides, causing her to break out into cheery squeals. "Stop," she said as seriously as she could between the bursts of laughter. I stood awkwardly in the doorway, watching as they wrestled on the couch, Brydon obviously letting Sadie pin him.

"That could be us."

I jumped as a pair of arms landed around me. Rouge was behind me when I turned around.

I tried to shrug out his hold, but failed miserably.

"I don't think so," I said. When I realized he wasn't going to let go, I turned back around.

"Why not?" he breathed into my ear.

"Because I believe that someday I'll get out of here."

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“Breakfast?” I asked, “I hate to bust your bubble, but it’s dinnertime.” Everyone was sitting at the kitchen table as we all tried to decide what to eat.

“You’ve never had breakfast for dinner?” Airion asked me. I shook my head.

“It’s not food for dinner,” I put my arms over my chest. “You eat dinner at dinnertime.”

“Who’s to say what is and isn’t dinner food?” Sadie put in, glancing over her shoulder at Brydon. We finally got to sit in our own chairs, except Sadie but that was her choice.

“It’s just- just unconstitutional,” I replied lamely. Ace huffed.

“Define that.”

“The definition isn’t necessary,” I told him. “Dinnerfood is our first priority.”

“Breakfast’s qualified as dinnerfood,” Rouge decided to state. “This discussion is over.” I grimaced at his tone; he was still mad at me for earlier.

Ace childishly stuck his tongue out at me so I rolled my eyes. “The bacon and eggs won’t cook themselves, you know.”

I started getting out the food when Rouge cleared his throat, gaining my attention. He glanced at me and then the doorway before getting up and leaving the room.

I sighed under my breath, but followed him regardless. Staying a few feet behind him, we made our way into his bedroom where he shut the door when I entered.

“It wasn’t exactly planned,” he said, sitting on the bed.

“Huh?” I asked confused.

“Taking you,” he paused, “It wasn’t planned, but it wasn’t random either.”

“I don’t understand.”

“That night, we didn’t know you’d be at that café. But we knew who you were,” he stared at me as he spoke. “I’d seen you and your friends walking one night, and you just looked so.. I don’t know, different. See, it was for money at first then it was more than that-“

“You stalked me?” I breathed, catching him off guard. He grimaced.

“I didn’t stalk you. I saw you walking, you caught my eye. I don’t fvcking know,” he took a deep breath. “You were different, you didn’t look happy.”

“How the hell do you know what I look like when I’m happy?” I realized I was pacing so I stopped and stared at my feet. “You go find a girl, you think is ‘unhappy’. Then what? Try to fix them? Take them away from their ‘problems’? Is that it?” I looked up at his blank face. “Is that it? That’s what this is about? The whole fvcking kidnapping is based on the fact that I wasn’t fvcking happy?” I was to the point of crying. “So if I would’ve grinned then you wouldn’t have taken me?”

“That isn’t what I meant-” he started but I cut him off.

“That night. At the cafe, you walked in knowing you were about to ruin my life!”

“I didn’t know it was going to be you!” he snapped. “But it was. It was and we saw the chance, okay?” I stared at him blankly.

“Okay? Seriously? okay. No. Fvck no!” I screeched. “Fvck. People can’t take other people for money or for compassion or because they seemed sad!”

“Let me talk-“

“Talk about what, Rouge? That you stole me because I looked upset? Because I was different?” I pressed on, “What, you thought that my dad would pay money for my return? Or let me guess; you knew he couldn’t pay, right? This was a set up because you were lonely and wanting my compassion.”

“Blakely,” he growled heavily. Crumbling the bedspread in his fists.

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“You needed compassion, needed someone to love you, right?” I backed up against the wall farthest from him as he grew angrier with every word I said. “That’s pathetic, sick even. You made a decision to ruin my life because yours is already ruined, am I right?” I watched as he slowly got up from the bed to take a step towards me. “You can’t find love on your own so you kidnap children to do it for you? You get kids to help with what you can’t do yourself.”

I gulped as he slowly came at me. “What? You mad because I’m right? Well, why don’t you be a man, stop being a fvcking coward, and do something about it.” I stopped my rant just as Rouge’s fist broke through the wall near my head. “Do something about it.”

“I swear to god, I just want to-” he paused, looking at me in the eyes. He removed his hand out the wall. I glanced over at the hole as big as my head almost.

“Want to what?” I whisper-yelled. I took his face in my hands and tilted it towards me. “What do you want to do, Rouge?”

He easily removed my hands from his face as he stood to his full height. I straightened my shaking legs and stayed against the wall as he brushed his hand off on his jeans.

“Let me talk,” he said suddenly, pulling me over to the bed where I sat beside him.

“I didn’t know you’d be in that cafe. That night wasn’t planned. Okay? I didn’t know your dad wouldn’t be able to pay, I didn’t plan on you being stuck here, and I never thought I’d k!!! anyone. But when you got here and I saw how defiant you were, I just couldn’t get you out my head. I made it a personal goal to break you, to make you submissive. It wasn’t because I was lonely because I’m not. Okay?” he glanced at me then at the hole in the wall, “For some reason, you get under my skin so fvcking badly.”

“Then maybe you should let me go.”

“Ha, maybe not,” he said. I stood up and brushed my hands on my pants.

“Well then stop complaining,” I returned before smiling and walking over to the door.

“Pssst, Blakely?” the all-too familiar voice came from beside me as I lie on my side in the bed, trying to stay asleep. “Are you awake? Hey?” I groan and roll over to face him.

“What?” I whisper, our faces too close for comfort. “What could you possibly want at-” I pause to see what time it is, “four in the morning?”

With a small chuckle, he wraps his arm around my waist, pulling me even closer-if possible-to him, “I just wanted to know if you were awake.”

“Well I am now, thanks to you,” I say attempting to turn back onto my side. He grunts a little before tightening his grip. “Let go, I’m tired.”

He shushes me and closes his eyes.

“I’m not playing, let me go,” I say firmly. He opens one eye, then quickly shuts it again. “Rouge! I swear if you do not let me go this instant-” my empty threat gets cut off when I feel his teeth graze my neck. “Hey! Stop it,” I manage to choke out.

“Why?” he presses on, nipping at my skin.

“B-because, I don’t know where your mouth has been,” I say lamely, as I push on his forehead.

“Let me show you where it hasn’t been,” he replies, hastily pushing me over onto my back. I end up being straddled by him, with my arms held hostage above my head under one of his meaty hands. He uses his other hand to squeeze my face. “It hasn’t been here-” he places his lips on my jaw. “Or here,” he kisses my chin, and then the corner of my mouth.

I quickly find my voice before he decides to do anything drastic. “Okay, I get the point,” I mumble out. He stares at me a moment too long then slowly releases my hands, but I leave them where they are.

“Can I trust you?” He asks, eyeing me. I pull my eyebrows together in confusion. But he speaks again before I get the chance to answer him.

“I wanna try something,” he says suddenly, jumping up and standing beside the bed, looking down at me. I push myself up onto my elbows. “Let’s go,” he says holding out his hand. I take it, and he pulls me up and on to my feet.



“Where are we going?” I whisper as we walk out the door and down the hallway. He ignores my question so I repeat it louder.

“Shush,” he says, making me jump. I stay quiet as he leads me into the living room and then to the front door.

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“Rouge? What-what are you doing?” I ask as he takes a jacket from beside the door and wraps it around my shoulders. He unlocks the door and pushes it open. He then grabs my hand tightly and steps into the chilly air. I gasp at the sudden realization that I am outside. “Rouge?” I say quietly, afraid that if I talk too loud he’ll realize what he’s doing and pull me back inside. He finally turns to look at me.

“Stay here. I’ll be right back,” he said sternly before entering the house again and easing the door closed. I glance around me- nothing but gravel and trees.

Run! a voice in my head yells, but my feet stay planted on the ground. I let out a shaky breath. Freaking run, idiot. I came to my senses and took three steps away from the door before I stopped again. This is a test, I told myself. He’s testing me to see if he can trust me or not.

I feel the time passing- two minutes, three, five, seven, twelve. My heart races as I take deep, steady breaths and weigh the pros and cons of running. Pro- I could get away. Con- it could be a trap. I could get lost. or I could get caught.

The door reopened, and I realized I had lost my chance to run anyway. “You stayed?” he said, shocked. I gave a small nod in which he smiled at. “You cold?” He took my elbow and walked me inside, shutting the door and relocking it. I didn’t realize I was shivering until he removed the coat from around me.

“Why d-d-did you do that ?” I asked, my teeth chattering loudly. “What if I would’ve r-r-run?”

He shrugged and walked me towards the kitchen where he helped me sit on the counter and then rummaged through the pantry. He pulled out a packet of instant cocoa and poured the contents into a mug before filling it with water then setting it in the microwave.

"I would of let you go." A strangled laugh left my lips causing him to give me a funny look.

"Yeah right-t," I responded almost immediately. He once again shrugged and then the microwave beeped indicating the drink was done. He placed the steamy mug in my hands, and I used it to warm myself. "Thank you."

"Blakely-" he started then stopped. I was about to respond when the kitchen door swung open. River staggered in before falling flat on his face and that's when I noticed the blood covering his upper body.

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Rouge's point of view:

"Blakely, go get the guys!" I yelled at her after she'd let out a startled scream. She ran out the room a second later.

"River! River, talk to me! Hey," I repeated, flipping him over onto his back. I placed two fingers on his neck to check a pulse and then put my ear to his chest. "You can't be dead! You can't fucking die!" I yelled at him.

Airion and Riz were the first two guys to enter before the rest followed in pursuit. "What the fvck!" Riz blurted bending down.

"He just came in and then fell-" I choked back a sob, I wouldn't cry. "God dammit!" Suddenly the screeching of tires was heard from outside. I jumped up and ran to the door before throwing myself outside. A black car drove off as soon as they caught a glimpse of me.

Airion was right behind me as I hopped in our car and started it. "Don't do this," he warned me, opening the passenger side. I shot him a glare before throwing the car in drive and flooring it. The door slammed shut as he stood there until I couldn't see him any longer.

I raced down the road and took a left just as they had done, but their car was nowhere to be seen. I kept speeding until I came to a fork in the road. "Shit-" I cursed hitting the steering wheel. I ran my hands through my hair and did an illegal turn before heading back to the house.

Shit, sh!t, sh!t! My head was reeling with anger as I pulled back up to the house and got out the car. I pulled open the front door and stomped into the kitchen- where all the guys still were. "They got away," I growled.

Ignoring my comment, Ace walked up to me gripping my shoulder. "I don't think he'll make it," he informed me. I shook my head. "He's been stabbed multiple times in the chest and stomach, and I found two gun wounds in his right leg- He's bleeding profusely."

"No," I answered meekly. "Goddammit no!" I fell to my knees and placed his head in my lap. "Don't you dare give up, you son of a b!tch. Don't you dare leave me! Not again." The last part came out a whisper. I could barely feel his ragged breathing and a faint smile crossed his lips before all movement dispersed. He's gone- Something in my head told me, but I refused to believe so.

"I'm sorry man," Ace said, barely touching my shoulder. "We'll get those stupid sons of a b!tch." I gulped then stood up.

"Get the girls to clean this mess up," I whispered, walking away and thinking of ways to rip apart every person that played a part in hurting my brother.

Kidnapped By Rogue Chapter 40 - Tips

0 4 minutes read

Back to Blakely's point of view:

I paced back and forth in front of the bedroom door until it suddenly opened.

"Let's go," Airion ordered, and I complied. He looked distraught as he took me into the girl's rooms one by one to get them as well.

We arrived by the kitchen door, "There's a mess in there that needs cleaned up." Was all he said before turning away and leaving us to open the door.

When I realized what the 'mess' was, I bluntly refused. "No. Hell no, I'm not going back in there!" The girls looked at me, confused.

"Wha-" Sarah's question was cut off by the girlish scream that left Tinleigh. That's when the rest of them screamed. River was exactly where he was when I first saw him collide with the floor, but now there was more blood surrounding him in a puddle.

Airion and Brydon came in and picked up his lifeless body, leaving the crimson mess for us to clean up. "I think I'm going to be sick," Tinleigh squealed before dry heaving. I shook my head and held my stomach that was doing uncomfortable flips.

Sarah was the first to move, and she went to the kitchen sink and grabbed several mops and a bucket of water and soap. She handed out everyone a mop except me. With an apologetic smile, she handed me two sponges.

I got down on my hands and knees and pushed the sponges into the blood before ringing them out in one of the buckets of water. Then I did it over and over.

Two hours later the kitchen was cleaned up, and all trace of death was gone. The girls' and I went into the living room and all squeezed onto the couch. "I can't believe he's just dead," Sadie whispered, breaking the unbearable silence. "It's unbelievable."

"Really Sadie? Unbelievable?" I snapped, "You're acting as if this whole goddamn thing is normal! We were kidnapped, stolen, held hostage! You're really surprised that someone died? Because I sure the hell am not. Especially if he was messing with a gang. A freaking gang. He technically asked to die, I mean seriously!" I took a deep breath as Sadie stared at me in pure shock.

"You don't have to be rude, okay?" she muttered dryly, "Despite what you think you know, this isn't a normal kidnapping. Are you being raped everyday? Deprived of food and water? Beat? No. You aren't. So suck it up, Blakely because you are never going home."

I scoffed, "Normal kidnapping? Normal, really? What the fvck do you call this? A vacation? Oh, and I'm pretty sure that you get raped, all of you do. So don't give me that bullshit, okay? And I've been beat and deprived of food and water. So you can shove your comments up your petty little—"

"Blakely!" Rouge yelled, cutting me off. I winced and glanced at his wrecked face. Tears were gathered in his eyes, but was trying hard to prevent them from falling. "Come on."

I agreed and let him lead us to his bedroom. "Rouge?" I asked when he stopped right outside the door, his hand on the knob shaking slightly. "You don't have to hold it in. It's not like I'm gonna judge you for crying," I told him, placing my hand on his and opening the door.

That's when he broke down. He started blubbing as tears streaked down his face. He held me into his chest as I patted his back awkwardly. He suddenly pulled back and stared at me- I hadn't realized we were all the way in his room until he slammed the door closed with his foot. A few seconds later he collided his lips to mine harshly.

"Rouge, don't do this," I said when I pulled away.

"-Please," he murmured, kissing me again and this time I kissed back. Before I knew it, the kiss had turned more intimate. "Don't fight me," he begged, placing his hands on my waist and playing with the hem of my shirt.

"I don't want this," I concluded sternly. He started sucking lightly on my neck but I pushed him back. He gripped my wrists together with one hand and backed me up against the wall. Before I could protest, he kissed me once again. His tongue darted out across my bottom lip so I pressed my lips tightly together. He pulled back to glare at me.

"Please, I need this," he growled. He placed a soft kiss on my lips then down my jawline until he reached my collarbone. "I want you so damn bad." He took ahold of one of my wrists and pressed it to the bulge in his jeans. I whimpered and failed to pull my hand away.

"I don't want you," I repeated, but he simply ignored me and pressed my hand harder to his body. "Rouge." He let my wrists go then grabbed them again and pulled them together above my head in a strong hold with his left hand. With his right hand, he traced his way down my body until he reached the top of the sweatpants I was wearing. Without warning, he plunged his hands inside the pants and rubbed me through my undergarments. I rolled my head back and panted.

"I'd have to disagree on that one," he said, rubbing faster and faster. I was reaching my release when he suddenly stopped and withdrew his hand. "Maybe another time."

“Goddammit Rouge,” I whispered harshly. “I said I didn’t want this. I don’t want it. Just because your brother died doesn’t mean-” I stopped midsentence when he back handed me. I held my stinging cheek.

“Don’t go there,” -and with that said, he walked over to the bed and laid down without another word.