

Kidnapped By Rogue Chapter 42 - Tips

0 2 minutes read

11:36pm

“You’re gonna have to take off your clothes,” Rouge told me as we went over the ‘plan’ for the umpteenth time.

“What? No,” I deadpanned.

“You have to look as if you forreal escaped from someone, Blakely,” he said. I crossed my arms and shook my head like a child.

“I will force you if I have to.”

“Prove it,” I said before I could stop myself. His stature changed in less than a second as he grabbed my arms and slung me into a chair I had no idea was a few feet behind me.

I was shocked silent as he held me to the chair and somehow managed to duct tape me to it. “Where’d you get duct tape?” I wondered out loud. He huffed, but other than that, disregarded my question.

“You really shouldn’t have said that,” he smirked. Next thing I knew, I was being hit over and over and over again until I finally reached unconsciousness.

12:47am

The pounding deep in my head startled me awake. I sat up too fast and hit my head before falling back onto my back.

“Woah Blakely, slow your roll. You’re probably sore,” said Rouge from in front of me. I sat up slower and realized I was in the backseat of a car. I crawled over into the passenger seat, ignoring the fire that crawled up my left arm. I touched my forehead and brought my fingers to my eye level, but there wasn’t any bl00d.

“YOU HIT ME!” I screeched just as we came to a sudden stop. My hands flew up to catch me so I didn’t hit my face on the dashboard.

“And I’ll do it again in a heartbeat,” he said, turning towards me. “We’re here.”

I looked around and saw trees; only trees and dirt. “Where exactly is ‘here’?” I asked in exasperation.

“You’ll have to walk through the woods a bit, you’ll see a gravel road and you’ll follow it then you’ll run up to their house and knock on the door, yelling for help,” he explained.

“And if I don’t?” I muttered under my breath. He rolled his eyes and got out the car, walking towards my side. He slowly opened my door.

“Come on Blakely, please. For me,” he practically begged. I cambered out the car, the dirt felt unnatural under my bare feet. “You’ll receive a small shock, it won’t hurt. It’ll let you know we are checking the GPS in your wrist-“

“What?” I screamed! I looked at my wrist to see a small incision. It was bright red and three stitches were visible upon my wrist. “You cut me and placed an object in me?”

“Calm down,” Rouge said, “A doctor did it.”

“A doctor?” I questioned uneasy. He sighed into his hands.

“You need to go, and know that we’ll get to you before they hurt you, okay?” He asked. I nodded. “Do you trust me?”

That simple yet complex question sent me over the edge, I couldn’t hold back my tears. I don’t even really know why I was crying, but he pulled me into his arms in an awkward hug.

Did I trust him?