

## Kidnapped By Rogue Chapter 44 - Tips

0 4 minutes read

“Shit,” the man breathed, he produced a key from his pants pocket and unlocked my bindings. I rubbed my wrists in reflex as he latched on to me and proceeded to pull me from the room.

I heard cursing and crashes as I was led down a corridor and out a door. A livingroom came into view.

“Let the girl go,” I heard Rouge say as the man reached for a doorknob.

“There’s the famous Rouge,” he said. “It’s so nice to finally meet you, I’ve heard so much about you.” I could tell Rouge was boiling.

“Fvck you,” he spat. “Let her go.”

“I’m not holding her against her will, I’m actually taking her to her home.”

“I am her home,” he said. “Blakely don’t listen to him, he’s going to k!!! you!”

“I’d rather be dead than be with you.” I replied, just as a gun shot rang out, and I automatically ducked my head down. Waiting for a sudden pain that never came, but a rugged yell did follow the echoes of the shot. Rouge was face down in the floor.

For some reason, I felt the need to go run to him and make sure he’s okay. But the man grabbed onto my arm before I could decide and yanked me through the door.

We ran to a basic black car, and he opened the passenger side door for me to hop in. I looked in the back seat out of reflex when he shut my door. A rope and a gun. A fvcking rope. And a fvcking gun. Rouge was right; he wasn’t taking me home, he was gonna k!!! me.

I acted as if everything was alright and as if I had no clue this man was about to be my murderer.

“Where do you live?” he asked and I answered slowly, “Woah, you’re a long way from home.”

I didn't realize I was crying until my eyes blurred up. I looked out the window and wiped at me eyes then I came up with an idea.

"Oh no," I screeched, he looked at me, "I think I just started."

"Started?" he repeated then his eyes got big and he looked down at me. "Oh, um we'll go to a gas station."

YES! "Hurry," I murmured. I silently congratulated myself as we pulled up into a raggedy gas station in less than ten minutes later.

The man, who's name I still did not know, handed me a ten dollar bill. I thanked him and walked in and straight up to the counter.

"Hi, how may I help you?" the woman asked me, eyeing my dirty clothes.

"My name is Blakely Evans, I was kidnapped. This man in the car with me is fixing to k!!! me. Please call the cops, help me," I couldn't say no more because he came in and hurried me. I went to the feminine products and grabbed a box of tampons, taking it to the counter. The woman was obviously in shock, but easily swallowed her fear and checked out the item.

"Seven fifty-nine," he muttered. I handed her the ten and went into the restroom. I opened the box to make it seem more realistic, placed one in the trashcan and flushed the toilet.

"Okay, let's go," he ushered me out the door. I snuck one last glance at the woman.

"I bet you're real ready to see your parents, huh?" he asked when we got back in the car. I nodded. "Shame."

I looked at him, eyes wide. "What?"

"I really would like to keep you, but you're too much trouble, and I'm gonna have to k!!! you." He pulled over to the side of the road. I screamed and reached for the doorknob, but wasn't quick enough. He grabbed me easily, reaching for the rope in the back. I screamed again as he overpowered me and tied my wrists to my ankles.

This is it. This is the end. I'm going to die in the hands of a man I was stupid enough to trust.

“Please don’t k!ll me,” I murmured as he reached in the back and pulled out the gun.

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“You really are such a pretty thing,” he used the gun to rub my face. “Did Rouge ever fully use you?”

I shook my head, the tears rolling down into my hair. He ‘tsk’ed and placed the barrel of the gun to my forehead. I whimpered.

“You’re gonna die a v!rgin?” He moved the gun then put it back, “I could deal with that problem first, ya know.” He smirked, “you’d like that, huh?”

“No, please. I wanna go home, please,” my words were just a jumble of noises, but he obviously understood.

“I know, but that’s not an option. As much as I would love to fvck you raw, we really should hurry with this whole ‘death’ thing.”

My heart picked up a beat, but not at what he said. I could hear sirens! Unfortunately, he heard them too.

“Shit!” he yelled, placing the gun under his leg and putting the car in drive. He hit the gas and we shot forward.