Kidnapped By Rogue Chapter 45: Epilogue - Tips

I heard them getting closer and almost squealed in content as I saw one, two, several! Following us! Suddenly, the car swerved. A series of curses came out the man's mouth as we finally fl!pped, that's when I hit my head on the window, hearing the shatter that soon followed. I couldn't tell if it was the window or perhaps my skull.

I let out a gr0an when I felt the car finally come to a stop, there was a heavy silence surrounding me. My vision was clouded as if a heavy fog had suddenly appeared.

I tried to scream when a pair of cold hands grabbed my body, that's when my consciousness slipped away.

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"Hear me.. Blakely… hear me… is she…" scrambled words entered my ears. "Awake…Blakely…"

I opened my eyelids, seeing baby blue and white first. Then a man, with a mask over his face. I screamed, thrashing around as the man grabbed me and held me down.

"No! No leave me alone!" I managed to speak.

"Blakely, you're in a hospital," he said to me. "Calm down, I am Doctor Spearman. Please calm down."

Doctor? I stopped moving, and I looked straight up into the eyes of the man. He took off the mask.

"Blakely-"

"How do you know my name?" I cut him off. But before I let him answer, I heard a voice I recognized immediately. "Dad!"

He rushed into the room and pulled me into his arms. "I thought I lost you," he cried.

I held on tight as if he'd dissappear if I let go. "Daddy," was all I could say through my tears. I gripped his shirt and just cried. I cried until I was exhausted as he finally pulled away and looked me in my eyes. 6

"I am so sorry, baby. Nothing bad is ever going to happen to you again."

His words were so sincere that I almost believed him.. almost.

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"Dad, it's been two weeks, I'm fine," I murmured as he h.ugged me tightly like he does every single night.

"I know," he said, "but I just cannot bare to think of losing you again."

I pulled away from his arms, "You never lost me dad." I gave him a big smile and left to walk up the stairs into my bedroom. I've been sleeping on the couch, but tonight I will finally sleep in my own bed.

I changed into some shorts and a tank top before plopping down on my sensual comforter. "Hmmm," I closed my eyes, easily falling asleep.

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I yawned, stretching and looking at the time. 3:30; what woke me?

I chambered out of bed, slipping on my slippers to defeat the cold floor as I made my way down to the kitchen for something to drink.

"Hi there Blakely, miss me?"

I screamed, shooting out of bed. A dream? I looked around, it was just me. I debated rather or not I should down and get a drink or just go to the bathroom for faucet water. I decided of the second one.

To get to the bathroom, I had to pass my dad's room, I did so and drank enough to quench my thirst then decided to just go sleep with him.

"Daddy?" I whispered, "I had a night terror, can I sleep with you?" I saw him nod even though it was dark. I slipped into the bed and under the covers. I laid my head down, but felt something strange. "Dad, what did you spill?"

I looked at my hand and rubbed my fingers together, what is this?

I got up from the bed and turned on the light, waiting for my eyes to adjust.

I screamed, loud. "Dad!" I rushed to him ignoring the bl00d covering me. "Dad! No!" I went over to him, but he was obviously not breathing. "Please, please, no."

I placed my head on his c.hest, crying hysterically.

"Killing gets easier the more you do it," the familiar voice said. This isn't happening.

I looked up into his brown eyes, "this is a just a dream, and I'm gonna wake up now," I said confidently.

He took a step towards me, "Oh no, baby. This is real. I found you, and now you can't get away."

"You're dead! I saw you die!" I screamed.

"Eyes can deceive," he barked at me before lounging at me, grabbing me and harshly whispering into my ear, "I'm ready to take you home, babe."