

Kidnapped By Rogue Chapter 8 - Tips

0 3 minutes read

I walked to his bed, sitting cautiously. I sniffed, pleading myself not to cry. I pictured my mom, she had left my father when I was four after seeing him with another woman. In her rage, she left me behind. I thought about how my life would have been different if my dad wouldn't have cheated. I probably wouldn't be in this hell hole.

I layed back on his bed, pulling the covers over me. This time I let the tears fall, letting loud sobs escape from my mouth.

Rouge barged in on my pity party, anger rolled off him in invisible waves. In his hands was a plate of pizza. I looked up in hope that he'd give me the food then leave. He did neither.

"What you did was unacceptable," he said, slamming the pizza down on a nightstand causing me to jump.

"And kidnapping is acceptable?" I whispered. He glared at me and came over to the bed. I sat up just as his hand collided with my cheek.

After I yelped, I threw the covers off me and stood up making him take a step back.

"I sick and tired of you hitting me! You stole me like I'm property!" I kept rambling on until he grabbed my neck. Both my hands flew up to his grip. He pulled me up to him so I was on my tiptoes, I made a gurgling sound, and he let me go as quickly as he grabbed me. I fell to the floor on my hands and knees, gasping for air. He stood there towering over me with a smirk playing on his face.

"Ya think you'd know the rules by now," he said sarcastically. I looked up at him.

"Fvck you," I breathed out, standing. I expected him to slap me, but he simply nodded and walked out the room, locking the door from the outside.

I ran into the bathroom, emptying my stomach of its contents. I broke out into a cold sweat and went to the bed. I let sleep take me away soon after....

"Mom!" I yelled when the police brought me home. "Oh, mom, it was horrible," I yelled as she embraced me. Tears streamed down her face and I felt her body stiffen. I turn and catch a glimpse of what she's looking at.

"Dad?" I ask in a shaky voice. Rouge, Ace, and Riz stood behind him, smiling. "Dad, what are you doing?" I asked before he launched himself at me. Prying mom from my arms, Rouge came up and grabbed me from behind.

"Don't worry, babe, I've got you."

"Blakely!" he yelled into my ear, I snapped my eyes opened. Sweat covered me and I was shaking terribly. "Blakely, wake up!" I shot up out the bed and took off for the door. Rouge dove after me and slammed by back onto the door. Tears fell freely as I went limp in his arms.

"Are you okay?" he whispered, moving my sticky hair out my face. "Come on, let's run you a bath."

I stared at nothing and tried to control my breathing as he led us to the bathroom. He helped me sit on the counter and ran my bath.

"I'll come get you for breakfast in an hour okay?" he asked turning the water off and grabbing me from the counter. I nodded numbly.

"Can you get undressed?" he asked before handing me a towel and washcloth. I nodded once again. He then left and I heard the main bedroom door shut.

I ran my shaky fingers through my hair and sat on the floor, clutching the towel. I let out an unsteady breath, internally begging myself to stop crying.

After what felt like thirty minutes, I got up from the floor and stripped out my sweaty clothing, easing myself into the hot water. I relaxed for a bit before taking the cloth and washing myself. Using a razor, I shaved my legs and etc.

Rouge barged in just as I was finished bathing.

"Here's you some clothes," he said grabbing my towel and wrapping it around me. I took the underwear, bra, shorts, and tank top, putting each piece on carefully with his eyes raking over my body. "You're beautiful," he said kissing my forehead, "Come on."

We walked into the kitchen and he sat me down on a stool. "You like frosted flakes?" he asked as he got out two bowls. I nodded.

We ate in silence until Ace came into the kitchen with Sarah, tears ran silently down her cheeks. I tried to run to her, but Rouge grabbed my arm, pulling me to him.

"Let go," I breathed. He didn't.

"You need some respect, girl," Ace said, sitting Sarah on his lap at the counter. I glared at him and went to say something, but Rouge put his hand over my mouth making it come out in a mumble.