

Kidnapped By Rogue Chapter 21 - Tips

0 3 minutes read

"Move," River demanded, but I stood my ground, shaking my head.

"I'm not letting you hurt her," I tried to reply strongly, but it came out in a whisper. He hadn't moved the gun that was now pointed at my legs which shielded the unknown girl's head.

"Fvcking move!" he screamed at me. Two strong, rough hands grabbed my forearms and pulled me from my protective stance. I yelled out and squirmed in the grip that had to be Rouge's.

"No! Don't do it, don't hurt her," I cried out as tears fell freely. I didn't know why this random girl had a gun pointed at her, but I felt strangely guilty. I kicked my leg back and made contact with Rouge's groin. I took the opportunity to lunge for the gun.

"Run!" I screeched at the girl as I wrestled River. It was a losing battle yet the few precious moments helped her get out the front door. A furious look locked on River's face as he pushed me and ran out the door. I hit my back on a wall then slid down it until I was sitting. Then I heard them; three; back to back. Gunshots. I covered my ears and put my head between my knees.

"You're in for it now," Rouge yelled, his voice strained. I winced, but refused to look up until I heard a door slam then angry footsteps advance towards me. I made eye contact with an angry glare.

He snatched me up with a yelp of protest from me. "I'm going to k!!l you," he said before pinning my arms behind my back and pushing my face in the wall. My cheek was squished against the cold surface.

"I don't care anymore! You're a monster!" I mumbled. We stayed as we were for what felt like forever until my arms started cramping. "Well? What are you waiting for?" I challenged. His grip loosened, and he turned me so I was facing him. I felt his warm breath on me as he leaned close to my ear.

"I've changed my mind. I think I'll keep you," he began with a fake enthusiasm, "Besides, I could have a little fun with you." His lips landed on my neck, and I panicked. My widened eyes met with Rouge's smug face. I brought my knee

up, but he anticipated that and blocked, enabling me from moving at all. “Now sweetheart, that’s not a way to treat someone who just spared your life.”

“Please,” I mumbled, a tear escaping. He leaned his head away from me and smirked.

“I don’t like when people beg,” and with one swift motion I was over his shoulder. We went down a hallway I haven’t been down and through a beige door. It looked like a living room, but wasn’t the one I had seen before. Before I could register anything, I was in a chair. River and Rouge worked together to bound me with rope. I was in shock and couldn’t find the will power to try and fight back. “There,” he exclaimed and stepped back to observe his ‘work’.

“Why-why are you doing this to me?” I whimpered. “I’ll never ever do anything like that again, I swear it.”

“Baby, I know you won’t because you aren’t leaving this room for a while,” Rouge explained. I sobbed as they headed for the door.

“God, no. Please,” I begged, but they had already left shutting the door. I hung my head and cried heavily as I pulled against my bounds. Darkness surrounded me and silence captivated me. My crying slowly died down to soft sniffing and a headache arrived.

“HELP ME!” I screeched as if anyone helpful could hear me. I continued yelling until exhaustion took over. I felt my eyes get heavy as I fought sleep, but I eventually lost and was thrown into an uncomfortable rest.

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Rouge’s point of view:

“How long is she going to be in there?” Kenzie asked. River and I had just finished bounding Blakely into a chair in a room that we’ve never used. Kenzie and Sarah came to us in horror when they realized she was gone, but we filled them in on what went on.

“You can’t just keep her tied up in there!” Sarah accused when we didn’t answer Kenzie’s question.

"Where is Ace and Riz?" I questioned to change the subject, but they were stubborn. Kenzie put her hands on her hips.

"If you won't answer our questions, we won't answer yours," she said in a mocking way. Sarah gave her a stunned look and winced when River shifted. Ever since he beat her, she tensed up around him and obeyed his every command. I looked over at my brother who had a menacing smile on his face.

"Sarah," he addressed, and she visibly gulped, "where are Ace and Riz?" Her dull blue eyes widened as her bottom lip trembled.

"They said they were getting groceries and would be back shortly," she confessed in a whisper. He nodded.

"Blakely will be out when she learns her lesson. Now get out of my sight," he slurred, and they quietly obeyed. He yawned and plopped down on the couch.

"My boys said that they can't find Kyle," he said distressed and when I gave a look of confusion he continued, "One of the leaders, ya know of the gang that's after me? Anyways, it's not safe for me to leave," he sounded almost.. sad.

"I told you that you could stay as long as you needed," I replied, sitting next to him.

"Thanks." He switched the t.v. on and flipped to the news.

"-Fifteen, about 5'3, and approximately 110 pounds. This is the most recent photo available," a picture of Blakely flashed on the screen, "If you see this girl, please contact us at 1-800-findher or 1-800-346-3437," then an interview of a boy with dirty blonde hair, who was about 5'10 came on, "M-my name is K.J. Brookes, and I'm Blakely's best friend. If you know where she is, please help us find her. I just want her to come home-" he cut off into a fit of sobs and they flashed back to the news anchor, "In other breaking news-" I looked over at River who was yet again smiling. He had changed the channel to some movie and shifted himself to face me.

"Well, that was great timing," he said smugly. I shrugged and stood up.

"I'm thirsty, want something?" I asked and walked into the kitchen, not waiting for a reply. I grabbed a coke and opened it, taking a small sip before setting it down again. Suddenly the front door busted open and a fit of laughs wafted towards me.

"Hey Rouge 'sup?" Ace asked patting my back as Riz entered behind him. A cute blonde was wrapped around his waist and another blonde was carrying several bags of groceries. She looked like she was struggling so I went over and took them from her.

"Oh, gosh, thank you," she said, rubbing her wrists. I nodded and went to put them up. "Here I'll help you," she offered taking the milk and bread and putting them away.

"Riz, can I talk to you?" I questioned with a hard look on my face, "now."

"What?" he asked in fake awe.

"What the hell are you doing? What if one of the girls talk to them?" I whispered harshly. He looked stressed and grabbed my shoulder.

"They are here just for pleasure, two more are on the way," he said with a wink. I shook my head.

"You are something else," I laughed. A knock on the door caught my attention, "I'll get it," I said when more forceful knocks began.

"Where is he?" a deep voice boomed from the outside. I smirked and yelled "River, you have company."

recap;

"Where is he?" a deep voice boomed from the outside. I smirked and yelled "River, you have company."

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When I opened the door, my smirk disappeared. Two men stood in the doorway. Both looked to be about 6'2 and were pretty masculine, but one had blonde hair and the other had black. Blondie held a knife to a girl's throat as another girl laid dead in a bloody heap on the ground.

“Who is it?” River asked, but realization crossed his face when he stood beside me taking in the sight. “Let the girl go,” he demanded.

“Give us the money,” blondie retorted.

“Let her go,” River repeated. I glanced back and forth between the two before I finally cleared my throat.

“This arguing isn’t helping. How much money are we talking?” I asked. The black-haired guy was the one to answer, his accent thick and British.

“Over fifty million,” he replied in a dead tone. I choked on air and stared at River who shrugged.

“Damn,” I began, “How about you tell Kyle or whoever it is to give us two months to collect it and get it to him?” I held out my hand for him to take as a deal. He glanced down at my hand so I let it fall awkwardly to my side.

“Kyle said either come back with the money or with River,” blondie said tightening the grip on the girl who was silently crying. River scoffed.

“How ’bout a compromise?” River offered and they seemed intrigued by the idea. “Why don’t you both come on in.”

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Back to Blakely’s point of view:

Oh my god. I need to pee. Oh, god.

I was awoken by the feeling of a full bladder. The chair I was tied on restricted me from crossing my legs in order to not use the bathroom all over myself. I had pee so bad my stomach started to hurt.

“Hello! Anybody? Somebody!” I began screeching and yelling. “Helloooo? I really got to use the bathroom!” I think I was yelling for atleast thirty full minutes until somebody finally swung the door open.

The sudden light made me squint, but when my eyes adjusted I was confused. A blonde man and a black haired man stood in the doorway. I was taken back for a moment, and questioned them, “Who are y-you?”

“Hello love, I am Xavier and this is Chase,” the black haired man introduced with a British accent. The blonde, or Chase, smirked at me and gave me a small wave.

“I would wave back, but you see I’m bound to a chair,” I said with a clearly annoyed tone. Chase laughed and walked over to me, bending down to be eye level with me.

“How ’bout a compromise?” River offered and they seemed intrigued by the idea. “Why don’t you both come on in.”

“You sure are a spitfire, aren’t you?” he asked rhetorically yet I responded.

“Well yes, when you’ve been kidnapped and beaten you seem to not give a damn anymore. Now will you be ever so kind as to untie me?” I asked innocently. He stood back up and patted my head.

“We can’t bring back a nonsubmissive girl,” he turned and spoke to Xavier, whom simply nodded in agreement. They began to leave so I cried out.

“No! Don’t leave me in here, please! I just need to pee,” the thought made me need to even more. They chuckled, but Chase returned to eye level.

“Do not run; do not kick me, understood?” he said in a serious voice. I nodded, and he began the process of undoing my ankles then my wrists. I stood up and rubbed my arms.

“Thanks,” I responded before I walked out the room past Xavier and sprinted into Rouge’s room. After I relieved my self with an exaggerated sigh, I washed my hands and came out the bathroom.

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“Long time, no see,” River said to me as he stood near Chase. I shot him a glare and tried to walk past him, but he grabbed my arm and spun me to where I was facing him. “Whoa there, where are you going?”

“Away from you,” I spat and tried to pull away from him.

“Feisty,” Chase retorted and it was his turn to receive a glare. “Why haven’t you broken her?” His question was directed at River, but I replied.

“Broken?” I echoed, “I’m not an item. I’m a human being.” He produced a devious smile and laughed softly.

“Watch it spitfire, I wasn’t talking to you,” he slurred. I finally managed to pull from River’s grasp.

“My name is Blakely not spitfire,” I explained nonchalantly. “And I don’t recall you particularly addressing anybody.” I pointed out before placing my hands on my hips. He shook his head with a smile plastered on his face.

“True, very true,” he announced, “would you give me a moment with her?” River nodded as he left the room. Once the door was closed, Chase grabbed me and pulled me into his body. I gasped at the sudden contact and didn’t dare look up at him. “I suppose you don’t know why we are here,” he stated taking about Xavier and him. I stayed silent so he continued. “Well, River stole from us- er, our boss actually. So we were sent to retrieve what is his, but River hasn’t got it apparently so we made a deal. We get a pretty new toy while they get more time to get back what belongs to us.” When he said the last part he brought his hand down to my chin to lift my face to look him in the eyes. I shuddered.

“If you are referring to me as a ‘toy’ than you are mistaken,” I uttered confidently.

“Oh, but baby. That is all you are,” he whispered seductively into my ear. I leaned away from him, but his grip on my waist didn’t allow me to get far.

“If you are referring to me as a ‘toy’ than you are mistaken,” I uttered confidently.

“Why can’t you get another girl?” I asked selfishly. “I don’t want to go with you.” He moved his arms from around me and without the support I fell right on my butt with a shriek.

“It really isn’t up to you,” he squatted down next to me and leaned in close, “Even if you don’t want to come now, you’ll be begging to; I’m not as ruthless as Riv,” he stood and walked out the door, leaving me breathless.

I didn't even have time to catch my breath when Rouge walked in. I crawled away from him until I hit my back against the bed, scared that Chase had changed his mind into making me go.

"Don't worry," Rouge said as if he had read my mind, "they're taking two other girls." My first thought was Sarah and Kenzie, but it quickly dissipated when he continued talking. "Two whores Riz and Ace drug in," he sounded like he was talking to himself and his voice was heavy and thick.

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"A-are you drunk?" I accused and my assumption was confirmed when the smell of booze intoxicated my nostrils. "God, you reek." I covered my nose and he laughed.

"I need you to start a cold shower for me," he'd managed to demand before collapsing on the bed. I nodded and sprinted off into the bathroom. Afterwards, I went back out to Rouge.

"It's ready," I told him while shaking his shoulder gently. He sat up cautiously and leaned his weight on me as I helped him into the bathroom.

"Undress me," he commanded.

"W-what?" I asked although I had heard him.

"I said," he paused a moment, "to undress me." He held up his hands above his head like a child while his eyes drooped shut and he swayed a bit. I reluctantly pulled his shirt over his head and gaped at him. "Keep going," he commanded with his eyes still closed. I let out a shaky breath and with shaky hands I took off his belt. I hooked my thumbs in his jeans and slid them down revealing his grey underwear. I choked on my breath as I realized he still wanted me to continue.

"I think you got the rest," I retorted, but he pushed me down to my knees in front of him. Everything in this position felt wrong. I hastily pulled down the rest of his clothing and stood up. He smirked and told me to 'skat'. I kept my eyes trained on the floor the entire time, but it still didn't stop me from blushing. "Um okay," I ran out the bedroom and into the hall and sat down for a bit to steady myself. I shivered in disgust and stood back up.



I walked into the living room and saw it was empty, I changed my path and looked into the kitchen, also empty. 'This is my chance,' I thought as I made my way to the front door and slowly opened it.

"Blakely?"

I snapped my head in the direction of the voice and saw Kenzie. I let out a sigh of relief, "God, Kenzie. You scared the crap out of me!"

"What are you doing?" her voice was a whisper, and her face was a mask of betrayal.

"Come on!" I said and grabbed her arm, but she quickly yanked away from me, "Kenzie? We have to go now! We can get away and bring help for Sarah."

"I think you got the rest," I retorted, but he pushed me down to my knees in front of him. Everything in this position felt wrong. I hastily pulled down the rest of his clothing and stood up. He smirked and told me to 'skat'. I kept my eyes trained on the floor the entire time, but it still didn't stop me from blushing. "Um okay," I ran out the bedroom and into the hall and sat down for a bit to steady myself. I shivered in disgust and stood back up.

"I'm not leaving," she said, "and if you go, I'll tell the guys..." I looked at her in disbelief.

"What?"

"Blakely, if you try to escape, they'll find you and hurt you. I'm not letting you leave," she explained, crossing her arms.

"Kenzie-" I paused, "we cannot miss this chance!"

"No, Blakely. Jesus Christ," she threw her hands up, "why can't you just accept that you're not going to get away? You won't escape! You're being selfish by always acting out, it's getting Sarah and me punished! Just stop."

"I'm sorry, but I'm not going to just give up. And if you cared for yourself and for Sarah then you'd go with me! Incase you've forgotten, you were kidnapped!" I hadn't realized I was crying until I touched my damp cheek.

“What the hell are you two doing?” Riz yelled as he took in the sight of us standing in the open doorway. He walked the rest of the way to us and slammed the door closed. I flinched.

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“I know this looks bad, Riz, but-” Kenzie was cut off when he slapped her and she fell to the floor.

She screamed when her face hit the ground and blood started coming from her nose. I was on the brink of becoming hysterical. He snatched her up by her hair only to slap her again.

“Stop! It’s my fault, she was trying to stop me! She didn’t do anything wrong,” I managed to yell over my sobs. He seemed completely oblivious to me as he reached for her again so I jumped and grabbed his arm. He slung me off effortlessly, and I hit the wall rather hard. I saw black dots and finally gave in to the complete blackness, causing me to become unconscious once again.

\*two days later

“Get up,” someone was saying while shaking me. “Blakely, you need to get up.”

“I’m up,” I yawned with my eyes still shut. I felt a cold hand lift me by my arm into a sitting position, “I said I’m up!” I yelled and peeled open my eyes. Rouge was merely four inches from my face, I instinctively backed up only to hit my head on a bedboard, “ow.”

“You need to get up now and get ready,” he said throwing a backpack at me, “pack your things.” I yawned again and rubbed the sleep from my eyes.

“Where we going?” I asked, but he ignored me as he began going through his drawers. I stood and stretched, “hello? Where are we going?”

“Just hurry,” and with that said he left the room. I tossed the bag on the bed and walked after him.

“Rouge, I wanna know-” I stopped midsentence when I saw the old man from the day I was first stolen.

"Hello there, Blakely is it?" he asked and I nodded absentmindedly, "Are you all packed up?" I shook my head and backed up a bit. "Do you need some assistance?" I once again shook my head, "I would appreciate it if you would answer with words," he stated.

"I don't need help," I mumbled and stepped backwards, but collided with who I knew to be Rouge.

"I told you to gather your things," he whispered in my ear and I shivered. "But since you don't want to listen to me, why don't you stay out here with Mr. Karr," he gestured to the man, "while I get your things, okay?" I kept my eyes on the man, his eyes were a captivating dark blue. Rouge left without waiting on my answer.

"I don't bite," the man- or Mr. Karr said. I gulped visibly. I don't know why he was so intimidating, but he's vibe was just off in some unexplainable way. He walked towards me, and I bit my lip. "You are beautiful. It's just a shame that your father couldn't get us the money." He clicked his tongue, and I glared at him so he grabbed my chin. "Lose the look," he demanded. I yanked from his grip and turned away from him.

"Screw off," I spat and stalked off towards Rouge's room where he was putting the last of my clothes in the bag. He looked up and motioned me towards him. I complied after looking into the hallway one last time to make sure the man wasn't following me.

"So," he said when I reached him, "How do you like Mr. Karr?" I scoffed as he sat and patted his leg.

"I think I may have pissed him off," I muttered under my breath as I sat on his lap. He looked at me and smiled.

"I don't doubt it," he paused, "Why do you act out so much? I mean, besides the whole kidnapping thing." I rolled my eyes.

"There's no other reason than that," I answered honestly. "I would happily obey you if I knew I would be able to go back home."

"Hmm, too bad you aren't," he shrugged and I stood up.

"Yeah, too bad," I mumbled and staggered out the room. I felt his presence behind me before he pulled me to him.

"I don't need help," I mumbled and stepped backwards, but collided with who I knew to be Rouge.

"We're going to Mr. Karr's house for a while. And there's a few more people there as well so if I were you, I'd go ahead and lose the attitude," he slurred. I faced him and smirked.

"What attitude?" I quizzed innocently. He growled into my ear and slammed me against a wall making me groan, "get off of me."

"That attitude," he replied, letting go of me and stalking off in the direction of the living room. I scrunched my face up and stuck my tongue out in his direction.

"Very mature." I turned to see Ace with an unconscious Sarah in his arms, bridal style.

"What'd you do to her?" I asked, completely ignoring his comment. He grinned and walked past me as I gawked after them. "Ace?" I screamed not getting a reply. I sprinted after him and saw everyone -but the girls, of course- standing by the front door. They moved out the way to let Ace carry Sarah out the door.

"What is going on?" I questioned, looking back and forth between each guy. Rouge replied with a sigh.

"Don't make the complicated," he pleaded, but I shook my head.

I started to ask what he was talking about, but was cut off when he lunged for me with a small cloth, covering my mouth and nose. I tried to scream, but they were muffled by the sweet smell of the rag. I quickly held my breath, but I already felt tired and my eyelids got heavy. He removed the cloth and laid me down on the floor on my back. "W-why-" I couldn't finish my question before I was 'shh'ed. +

"You can't see where you are going, so just calm down and sleep," someone commanded, but I fought to stay awake. "Sleep," they said in a soothing voice and suddenly I felt cold and numb. I tried lifting my head, my arm, my fingers, anything, but I couldn't. Finally I gave in and let the dark take me.

## Kidnapped By Rogue Chapter 27 - Tips

0 3 minutes read

I dreamt of blue. Visceral blue, blinding blue, just blue. The color flooded my senses, captivated me. I smelled, touched, and saw that one simple yet complex color. It was intimidating yet relaxing at the same time; smooth yet sharp and rigid. It smelt of crayons and chocolate. Unexplainable until suddenly it left and all I saw was white, echoing in from my brain and bouncing around inside of me then that was gone as well and all feeling rushed in. I felt everything at once; it hit me like a tsunami and drowned me.

My head began to pound, my mouth was dry, and my skin crawled. I broke out into a cold sweat then my eyes shot open and a gasp left my lips. I sat up in one quick motion and took in my surroundings.

I was lying on a bed, soft and plush in an unfamiliar room. I was wearing pajama shorts and a tanktop and fluffy pink socks. The room was scented in vanilla, and the walls were a light green. A television hung on the wall, opposite of the bed and a dresser was by an open door that led to what looked to be a bathroom. A lamp was on a nightstand beside me and illuminated the room.

I stepped off the bed onto a white carpeted floor and stretched out, making an animalistic noise. Afterwards, I made my way to the bathroom to wash my color drained face. The mirror covered half the wall above the counter with two sinks, and the shower was magnificent.

I took in my reflection and groaned, picking up a hairbrush. I then noticed a toothbrush with my name on it and picked it up. I shrugged before using it; everything was red, every single supply in that bathroom. A dark, maroon red.

I opened a cabinet and saw it was filled with towels, washcloths, hair products, feminine products, and more. I grabbed one of the towels and a washcloth, all red, and decided to take a shower. I stepped out my clothes and let the water engulf me.

When I was finished, I hastily got out and wrapped the towel around me, shivering. I noticed a pile of clothes that I know for sure weren't there before. I picked them up cautiously as if they'd bite me and examined them.

Just a pair of black shorts, covered up by a light blue t-shirt that went down to my knees, and some undergarments. After I was dressed, I went back out to the bedroom. I noticed a note lying on the bed so I picked it up to read it.

‘Blakely,

find your way to the kitchen.

-Rouge.’

“Well, okay then,” I whispered to myself. I tucked in my shirt to where it was loose, but my shorts were now visible and walked out into the hallway. When I looked around, I noticed a few other doors, each that awful green color, but going straight through the middle was a different color. I closed the door to ‘my’ room and saw the color was maroon- which would explain the color situation in the bathroom.

Anyways, I followed the white carpet to what looked to be a livingroom, although it was empty of people. Laughter wafted from a doorway I hadn’t noticed so I crossed the room and pushed open the door.

recap;

Laughter wafted from a doorway I hadn’t noticed so I crossed the room and pushed open the door.

The laughter suddenly stopped, and everyone fixated their gazes on me. I gave an awkward wave and felt my cheeks redden at the unbearable silence.

“Everyone this is Blakely; Blakely this is everyone,” Rouge said walking over to me and reaching for my hand. I pulled it away and stepped back. “Blakely,” he growled, only audible to me. He reached again and this time I let him lace his fingers into mine and pull me towards a table where several people were seated.

Six boys, counting Riz, Rouge, Ace, and River; and five girls, counting Sarah, Kenzie and me.

I sat in Rouge’s lap just as every girl sat in ‘their’ guys lap. River was leaning against the counter, drinking what looked like whiskey. He caught me looking at him and smirked just before I looked away. He chuckled deeply.

“Over a week,” Rouge said, and I looked at him. He was talking to a guy with frizzy black hair who had a girl, with long, blonde hair and several light freckles, sitting upon his lap and playing with his hair. The guy nodded and kissed the girl on her cheek.

“Yeah? I’ve had her for about two years almost,” he said talking about the girl in his lap. I winced at the thought of being here for that long.

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“I’m starved, why don’t we let the girls cook and socialize as we watch the game that’s on?” the frizzy haired guy suggested. Riz and Ace both grunted in agreement before getting up and walking into the living room followed by every other guy. River was the last to leave as he slowly drank the rest of his drink then staggered out the room.

Sarah spoke up and broke the silence. “Hi, I’m Sarah,” she introduced with a smile. The girl with blonde hair smiled back.

“I’m Sadie,” she said, “and this is Tinleigh, she doesn’t talk much.” The girl, Tinleigh, looked very young, too young to be in this mess. She had big brown eyes and looked like she belonged in a magazine.

Kenzie introduced herself and then I did, too. After the familiarizing, we talked a little about how we got here and all that stuff all while making steak and baked potatoes.

I found out that Sadie had been here for a long time, and she was now eighteen like Kenzie, Sarah and me. The guy that took her, the one with black frizzy hair, was named Brydon and he was twenty-three.

Tinleigh just turned eighteen about three months ago and had been with Airion for a little over nine months. She was almost half Airion’s age, making him twenty-eight. He was a little taller than Rouge, but not as tall as River and had poofed brown hair that complemented his eyes. Faded tattoos were coated onto his muscled, dark skin and made him look even more intimidating.

“I’m starved, why don’t we let the girls cook and socialize as we watch the game that’s on?” the frizzy haired guy suggested. Riz and Ace both grunted in agreement before getting up and walking into the living room followed by

every other guy. River was the last to leave as he slowly drank the rest of his drink then staggered out the room.

When dinner was done, Kenzie went to get the guys while the rest of us set the table. Somehow, the subject of love came into the conversation.

“What?” I yelled in a hushed way. Sadie looked at me like I’d grown three heads.

“I said I love him. He treats me amazingly and hasn’t laid a hand on me in like forever,” she retaliated as if it was obvious. “I wouldn’t go home even if I had the chance.” Now it was me who looked at her with a crazed look on my face.

“You’re insane! He kidnapped you, he took you from your family!” I said frustrated. Sarah and Tinleigh stayed quiet as we conversed.

“That was two years ago. Yeah, I would love to see my family, but I wouldn’t leave Brydon. He’s taken care of me and never tied me up or locked me in a basement, it could have been worse,” I was completely dumbfounded.

“Oh yeah I forgot that rape and punishment isn’t in the category of ‘worse’. My bad,” I said sarcastically. She slowly shook her head and was about to reply when everyone walked through the door. I watched as Brydon came to her and captured her lips with his own. I rolled my eyes and looked away from their ‘intimate’ moment.

Tinleigh walked over and sat on Airion’s thigh while he played with the strings of her shorts. Her face was blank as she stared at nothing in particular.

“What are you thinking about?” I heard Rouge whisper into my ear as he stood behind me. I tensed up as he ran his finger up my arm, stopping at my shoulder to push my hair to one side.

“Politics,” I responded sarcastically. He chuckled deeply, fanning my skin with his breath causing me to shudder. I felt the presence of his hand on my waist as he pulled me into him. I felt everyone’s gaze on us and wanted him to go away. . “What do you want?” I questioned with a sigh, relaxing just a bit.



“Do I have to want something in order to touch my hostage?” he asked in fake awe as he played with the hem of my shirt. I moved his hands and turned to face him.

“You can’t call me a hostage if you’re not letting me go,” I pointed out and watched as his lip twitched into a smirk. He nodded and leaned down to be face to face with me. The smell of peppermints invaded my nose when I inhaled sharply at the closeness.

“I can call you whatever I want because I own you now,” he slurred menacingly and I fought the urge to roll my eyes and slap him.

## **Kidnapped By Rogue Chapter 29 - Tips**

0 3 minutes read

“Whatever you gotta tell yourself,” I responded before walking off to sit on a stool beside River who was quietly laughing. I turned in my seat to glare at him. “Find something funny?” I asked sternly and his laughing ceased as he cocked his head to the side.

“Watch yourself,” he spoke before chugging a drink I hadn’t noticed in his hand.

“What’s that?” I asked, talking about the drink. He held it out to me, silently telling me to take it. I did and smelled its strong scent. I scrunched my nose and he chuckled.

“Don’t think about it, just try it,” he said so I closed my eyes and leaned the glass back as I let the burning liquid cascade down my throat. I couldn’t stop the wet cough that erupted afterwards as my eyes watered and my ribs ached, I finally caught my breath and was able to calm down, wiping the few stray tears that made their way down my cheeks.

“What the hell was that!” I screeched and noticed how everyone was staring at me causing me to blush profusely. River had not stopped laughing as he was now holding his sides as he tried to control himself. He brushed an invisible tear away and looked at me.

“Poor Blakely, couldn’t handle a little whiskey?” he mocked and a few chuckles were sounded, but other than that everyone had turned back to whatever it is they were doing. I got up and stomped out the kitchen and into

the living room where Mr. Karr was sitting. His back was turned to me and he was on the phone.

“-yes. Airion and Brydon both have their girls broken. Yes, but one. She’s-” he abruptly stopped talking and turned around. I probably looked like a deer in headlights. “I gotta go, I’ll call you back,” he said into the phone, not taking his eyes from mine.

“I didn’t mean to spy on the conversation, I was just-” I stopped speaking when he stood up and slowly walked over to me. I hadn’t realized I was holding my breath until I finally inhaled.

“Go to your room,” he ordered when he was right in front of me. I stepped backwards and thought that over. If I go, I’d be weak, but if I didn’t, I’d be punished. I wanted to scream and tell him he couldn’t control me, but in all reality he could.

“Now.”

I finally complied and entered the hall, my hands shook and my breathing was unsteady. When I reached the room, I opened the door and sprinted to the bed. I exhaled before collapsing on the bed in a fit, literally. I kicked my legs, flailed my arms, and screamed into a pillow before finally calming down and feeling suddenly exhausted.

“Feel better?” a voice said from behind me, I looked up from the pillow and looked at River leaning against the wall. I sat up into a sitting position and nodded. He smirked and grabbed my wrist to pull me up. “Tantrums aren’t your thing by the way, you should stick to misbehaving,” he joked and I hadn’t realized that I was now backed up against a wall with River in front of me, uncomfortably close.

“Yeah, but-” I was cut off by River placing his lips over mine, capturing my first kiss.

I stood frozen against the wall as his lips moved on mine expertly. My hands pushed on his chest which only made him more provoked to deepen the kiss. He tangled one hand in my hair to pull me close into him and used his other hand to lightly pull on my shirt. Suddenly he pulled back, and I opened my eyes that I hadn’t realized were closed.

“You’ve never been k!ssed before?” he asked in more of a statement sort of way. I waited for my breathing to steady before nodding my head. A low throaty laugh erupted from him and his unforgiving eyes locked with mine. “I could tell,” he declared harshly before patting my cheek twice.

“Excuse me?” I couldn’t disguise the hurt in my voice. I held my breath as he leaned in close to my face, his breath fanning over my collarbone.

“I. could. tell.” he said slowly, drawing out each word then k!ssing my ear and stepping away from me. He smirked deviously then left me in the room.

“Asshole,” I muttered to myself then got up and went into the bathroom to brush my teeth over and over again.

## **Kidnapped By Rogue Chapter 30 - Tips**

0 3 minutes read

When I felt like I was ridden of River’s taste, I went and collapsed on the bed, burying my head in the pillow and quickly falling into a peaceful sleep.

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River’s point of view:

“What do you propose we do?” Rouge asked, throwing his hands in the air dramatically. “Seduce her? Rape and beat her until she breaks? Hell, let’s just k!ll her and get it over with.” The frustration was evident in his eyes as he ran his hand through his hair.

“You want to k!ll her?” I asked, knowing the answer.

“Fvck no, I’ve never murdered anyone. I meant for you to k!ll her,” he glanced at me after he said it and his eyes lit up as if he had an idea.

“Rouge?” I questioned as his l!ps turned up into a menacing smile.

“What if I told you I had the perfect plan. A plan that will for sure break her,” he told me, intently watching my facial expression.

“What’re we breaking?” Brydon asked with Sadie at his side. I shot a glance towards her and he got the clue, “Babe, go to the room, okay?” She nodded and scurried off.

“I have a plan to show Blakely that we mean business, and I need all the help I can get. So, who’s up for a road trip?”

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Back to Blakely’s point of view:

I slowly peeled my eyes open when the bed dipped down, indicating someone was invading the bed beside me. An arm wrapped around my waist and pulled me into the warmth of a body.

“You awake?” my intruder whispered into my ear. I felt my eyelids slowly droop shut as my consciousness began to slip away.

“No,” I grumbled under my breath, resulting in a chuckle to be produced. The vibrations from his low, deep laugh was the last thing I felt before sleep overcame me once more. My house was shown in a daze, behind my closed eyelids. A dream, perhaps? I looked around to see myself as a child, watching intently as my dad cheated on my mother.

—

“Daddy?” my four year old voice called out as I watched my father kiss the woman.

“Blakely, baby. Go to your room,” he told her while stripping the blonde bimbo.

“That’s not mommy,” she announced, petrified. He pointed to the door, silently commanded her to leave. Confused and hurt, she ran out his bedroom and into my room, hiding in my closet.

Next thing I know, I turn and see the front door open. My mom, just as beautiful as I remember her, stood in the doorway with grocery bags in her hands.

“David? Honey, I’m home,” she called out, making her way to the bedroom. A gasp escaped her and the bags fell to the floor. She started screeching at my father and the woman, her voice cracking twice.

I rush towards my closet to see my younger self clutching her ears and crying hard. I bent down to comfort her, but when she glanced up at me, I was back in my parents room.

“How could you!” my betrayed mom yelled at the prick I’m forced to call my father. “And with that thing?”

“Zoe, I can explain,” he paused, pushing the girl off him and sprinting to my mom. “Please listen,” he pleaded when she pulled away from him.

“Fvck you, David. Fvck. You.” and with that she turned, flinging her ring at the television, and left. Not once did she hesitate to get me before slamming the door, starting her car, and leaving for good.

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Although the dream was in perspective of myself now viewing it instead of me as a child, I still felt the same emotions I did when I was four; the betrayal, the abandonment.