

# Enslaved Siren Chapter 1

Read Enslaved Siren By Jessica Hall Chapter 1 – Storm POV

Peering through the warehouse window, it almost seemed too easy to follow them. I watched as they hauled my brother's bloody body across the ground, his arms above his head as they dragged his naked body across the concrete floor. How did they know?

We always blended in, but today was not our day as we came ashore. Were they waiting for us? The moment we stepped out of the boat harbor. A choker was placed around his neck, and he was hauled out of the water while I dived beneath evading capture. It was like they knew when we would come and where we were going come out from.

I use my hand to dust off the filthy window when I see two men walk into the warehouse. One wore an expensive blue tailored suit. He was the tallest, with dark, almost black hair. He also had twice the bulk the other man had and looked a little older than the other man.

Yet it was clear they were both important men to whatever was happening here. The other was wearing a gray suit, though his jacket was undone, revealing his white button-down shirt beneath. His features were just as stern and menacing, yet his hair was a few shades lighter and a little longer on top.

They walk into the warehouse just as they lift my brother's shifted form into a steel chair, zip-tying his hands to armrests while his head hung forward.

I watched the intimidating man in the blue suit. There was something about him that I couldn't place my finger on, something that kept my attention. I swallowed as he stopped next to my brother before backhanding him. Bastian's head whipped to the side before his entire body jumped, and his head whipped from side to side as he took in his surroundings.

The man in the suit takes off his suit jacket and hands it to the man he walked in with and was wearing the gray suit. He was now standing beside my brother, looking rather bored. I watch Gray suit take his jacket before returning my attention to the other man. He slowly rolls the sleeves of his white button-down shirt to the crook of his elbow while talking to my brother.

When he has rolled both, revealing strange tribal tattoos up both arms, he punches my brother, making me gasp as his head whips to the side and blood splattered the floor. The man punches him again, only this time blood spurted out of his l\*ps and across the man's shirt as his head snapped back.

The man snarls, towering over my brother while my brother leans away from him. They conversed for a few minutes. However, my brother's English wasn't very good, and I

could tell he was confused by whatever the man said to him. We preferred our foreign tongue, so I knew he would have trouble understanding the man. Usually, I came ashore alone; I was more familiar with the lands and those that lived there. This was only the second time Bastian had come with me.

Yet my brother had no problem understanding when the mysterious man clicked his fingers at gray suit who handed his jacket back to him. He pulled a knife from inside his jacket pocket, tossing his coat back to the man.

I watched in horror as he twisted the knife between his fingers, and my eyes widened as I worried I was about to witness Bastian's murder when the psycho plunged the knife into his thigh. My brother's scream echoed around the empty warehouse, and I retched, throwing up the contents of my stomach on the ground.

Vomit splattered my bare feet and burned my throat as I gasped for air, I shook terribly when he let out another ear-piercing scream. Shakily, I stood on my tippy toes and peered through the dirty window to see the man yank the knife out of his other leg before holding his hand out to the man with his jacket; the man passed him a handkerchief from inside his jacket pocket to clean his knife.

He cleans his knife before turning to the men standing close by and says something to them before facing my brother again. He punches him, knocking Bastian out before taking his jacket from the man in the gray suit.

Both of them then strolled out of the warehouse and the man in the gray suit pulled his phone from his back pocket. I peered down at my brother as they disappeared out the huge warehouse doors.

I watched the two men who hauled him into the warehouse as they locked the place up. They eventually leave my brother sitting in the chair, following the men in suits and leaving him by himself.

They close the huge double doors with a loud thud and I duck down behind the dumpster before hearing the cars go. When the coast is clear, I sneak around the warehouse, trying to find a way in or an unlocked window.

However, luck appeared to be on my side as I glanced around the side of the beachside warehouse to find they never locked the enormous doors. Some part of me thought it was a little odd. Were they not worried he would try to escape or were they so sure he wouldn't wake up?

Regardless, I pushed them open just enough to slip inside, peering around the vast empty space for anyone, but the place was empty besides a huge boat off to the side and the chair that seated my brother.

My feet slapped the floor as I raced to his side. I tilted his head up, and he drooled blood onto himself as I tried rousing him awake, garbling nonsense in our foreign tongue.

“Bastian!” I whisper, glancing around nervously. This seemed far too easy. And why would they leave the place unlocked? I move toward a bench, find a screwdriver, and use it to twist and bend the zip ties until they snap, releasing his wrists. The twisting of the zip tie had his eyes flying open, and he looked at me in horror.

“Storm, go! You shouldn’t be here. You can’t let them find you,” he hissed, but I ignored him, gripping under his arms and hauling him to his feet.

“Come on, we have to get out of here,” I tell him, and he tries to shove me away.

“Go, save yourself. Hurry before they come back,” he urges, but I ignore him. The warehouse was by the harbor. We just needed to get to the water, and we could escape. It was too risky for us to come here. We should have stayed with the pod!

My brother struggled to walk, blood dripping from his thighs and leaving a trail, as he stagger with me clutching onto him. Yet the entire time, I kept thinking this was too easy, far too easy. If not, they were complete morons, leaving a hostage unguarded.

“Storm, if they catch you,” Bastian says, his words cutting off. Yes, my scales would be worth a fortune to a jeweler, they would skin me alive in a heartbeat.

“I know, but I am not leaving you,” I reply, glancing out the doors. I got him into this mess and he never would have come here if it weren’t for me. Therefore, I wasn’t leaving him behind. I just needed to get him out the gates to the piers across the road and pray he could shift while injured.

“That man, I swear I recognized from somewhere. You need to go, run, get back to the island,” Bastian says as I half dragged him down the driveway. The road was busy, and the cars zipped past, and I worried about trying to pull him across the road. We would be at the piers just a few more meters, and we could slip away. Go home where we would be safe.

Cars zipped past, and some honked their horns, the sound making my ears hurt, though I couldn’t blame them. I was only wearing a filthy shirt I stole off a boat when I came looking for him, and Bastian was stark naked and covered in blood.

I waited for the road to be clear, and we raced across the busy highway. Bastian fell face forward just as the car zipped behind us. My heart was racing at the close call. I grip his arm, hauling him to his feet.

“Come on, Bastian, you need to help me out here,” I groaned out through gritted teeth.

He staggers, and we make our way to the boat harbor. Boats moored, but thankfully it was still pretty early in the day, and few were up. I nervously glance at the blood trailing, blue blood staining the weather timber boards of the pier.

Nearly there! I thought as we reached the end. He hits the water with a splash after I push him off. I glance around. This was too easy, and that played on my mind for some reason.

With one last glance, I dove into the water after him, my legs replaced with a scaled tail as my legs fused together. Bastian, however, was having trouble shifting, and I gripped his wrist, dragging him along as I dove deeper so my scales wouldn't be seen.

We made it! Now to get as far away as possible.

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