

## Enslaved Siren Chapter 3

Read Enslaved Siren By Jessica Hall Chapter 3 – Time passed, and with no light, it was impossible to determine how long had passed, but when I woke, I was still bleeding. Blue glittery glowing blood seeped onto the cave's stone floor, and I groaned as I woke up in a puddle of it.

My hand goes to my wound, the barbed harpoon spike still piercing through me, and I wanted it out. I tug on it, but it doesn't budge and only causes searing pain.

Crawling across the uneven cave floor, my legs stung, and I could only feel the walls in the dark. Yet pain sliced through my hip at the movement, and my fingers felt for the injury. My fingertips wrapped around a shark tooth. I pluck it from my hip and lean against the cave wall.

I just needed rest. I thought as I tried to breathe. Then I would figure out what to do next. Days passed before I felt myself healing around the barb enough to feel the first tremors of my shift.

I crawled to the water and dipped my legs in, praying they would turn to a tail. Although the salt water I found replenishing, it didn't force the shift as it usually did, so I swished my legs and rested. Yet they didn't change, the phase not taking over. It wasn't until the following day, when I awoke, that I found my tail had returned.

My legs were no longer kicking separately but now fused together again. I gasped and twisted to look at my legs in the water, only to hiss in pain as the spiked barb that remained in my torso tugged as I moved.

If I could just get back to the surface, I could try to remove it and find some herbs to eliminate any chance of infection.

Not wasting any time, I slid off the rocks into the water, dove beneath the surface, and back into the cave corridors, pained as I glided through the water before breaching the surface with a gasp.

The water was still and no longer bloody; the sharks and the boats were gone. I squinted at the sky filled with stars, glowing like beacons of hope.

I looked around the small cove and swam to the rocks, hauling myself up and hissing as the barbed spike grazed the rocks. My brother's blood still stained it, a perfect outline of his body. He was all I had left, and now he too was gone, dead at the hands of those monsters. Killed for their sciences and our scales.

I sobbed, crying loudly for my pod. We were family. But that family was no more when I heard men's rustling and hushed whispers. My hearing was sensitive to the slightest noise, and the sound made me freeze.

I wasn't alone, which was made abundantly clear when I felt an oar smack into my face as I looked up. The force tossed me back into the water with a loud splash.

They waited! They waited! I thought as I was tossed into the black waters, my mind spinning and head pounding, when I heard a splash before hands grabbed my arms as the oar was dropped into the water.

"Good girl, you led us right to your pod," the man chuckled.

"Thought you could escape us. We would have waited till the end of time for you after seeing your pretty scales," the man's rough voice said. He stunk of something putrid.

Yet as my mind faded, the stars above blurred, and the echoes of voices grew softer. I tried to keep my head above water, unable to faze when I saw him. It was one of the men from the warehouse, the one that wore the gray suit. He walked along the rocks before his voice reached my ears.

"Grab her and put her in the boat," he said.

"No way, there are sharks. Go on, Jasper. You get her," the man who hit me with the oar says to his friend.

The man from the warehouse growls before shoving past them. "Fucking pussies," he snapped at them before jumping into the water as I breathed bubbles, my consciousness waning as the man holding my arm tried to keep me close to the rocks.

The man from the warehouse moved through the water effortlessly toward me. His huge, muscular arms wrapped around my torso before I felt his fingers move my hair from my face.

"Now I wonder what Caspian will want to do with you?" I thought I heard him say before he climbed out of the water.

I vaguely remember being passed to someone and chucked over someone's shoulder.

"Put her in the boat," he says, and that is the last thing I remember before everything went black.

The boat's sway on the waves, the sound of the motor woke me, and the pinch sensation in my neck made my eyes open. And what I find is nothing short of the same sadistic man from the warehouse hovering over me, his face holding concentration as he pulls the needle from my neck, making me hiss as I feel it slide from my skin.

I stare at the man. He smelled of expensive cologne despite jumping in the water to retrieve me when his goons wouldn't, though now he wore jeans and a tank top. He had

similar tattoos to the other man, making me wonder if he was also on the boat. His hazel eyes seemed almost vacant, dead as he peered down at me fleetingly.

Without a second glance at me, I watched as he pulled his phone from his pocket. He dials a number into it before placing it on speakerphone and setting it down while he washed his hands, which I now noticed were covered in blood.

“Caleb.” a deep baritone voice comes through the speaker.

“I got her. What am I doing with her? I don’t mind catching the mermen, but I am not sure I can kill her, Caspian,” he says. He grabs the soap from the counter, scrubbing his arms before rinsing them.

“She is no different from the others,” the voice comes through the phone. My captor, whose name I learned was Caleb, glanced over his shoulder at me, where I was feeling the effects of the drug start kicking in.

“She is female. It feels wrong,” he murmurs, and I hear the man sigh through the phone.

“Fine, sell her to Tommy, and he will run her through the auctions,” the man says with a growl, making me flinch at the anger in his voice.

“Are you sure, Caspian? She is colored. Tommy will rip us off, and she will sell for a fortune if descaled,” Calen tells the man on the phone. Yet his name for some reason bothered me.

“What color is she?” the man asks.

“I only got a glimpse of her scales, mostly pink, but all colors. I haven’t seen one like her before.” the man falls quiet for a second. I knew my coloring was rare. There was a reason for that.

I was more than the average siren, not that I was offering up any of this information. It was best if they didn’t know; it would only prolong my death when it came.

“So descale her. I haven’t got time to do it, Caleb. You need to decide. Either descale her or sell her raw for a quick turnover to Tommy,” Caleb thinks for a few moments before pressing his lips in a line.

“Pick me up from the auctions then when you finish in town.” Caleb tells him.

“The brother?” the man on the phone asks.

“Taken care of, so are the crew. A few got handsy while she was knocked out. I dealt with it, though,”

“Always a sucker for the girls, Caleb,” the man says and Caleb says nothing at the comment, and I wondered what he meant by the crew got handsy. What did they try to do to me?

“Speak soon. I will have Tate waiting at the house. He will drop you with her at the auction house. Ring me when you finish with Tommy, and I will come to grab you,” this mysterious Caspian says.

“Yep, bye,” Caleb says, hanging the phone up.

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