

Enslaved Siren Chapter 4

Read Enslaved Siren By Jessica Hall Chapter 4 – He slaughtered them all. This cruel man slaughtered every single one of them, and now I was his prisoner and about to be sold off to the highest bidder. My life's worth is decided by my scales.

Caleb claims he can't kill me as if he has some moral code, yet he had no problem allowing his men to kill my pod, and what does he think will happen when I am sold off, either way, I will be killed.

The man dries his hands before he puts the cap on the needle that he stabbed in my neck before walking off. I blinked, my limbs feeling funny, and I tried to sit up as he walked out of the boat's cabin and up the steps that suddenly looked miles away and terrifyingly steep.

Sitting up, my surroundings spun violently, and vertigo washed over me. That simple motion made my head pound to its own beat. I wondered what he injected me with because the dizziness never left as I stood on wobbly legs.

It only got worse and made me fall back onto the bed as I tried to get to my feet. My naked body now had a bandage wrapped around my torso. The spiked barb was no longer protruding from my stomach.

Did he remove it? Now, why would he do that? I touched it, only to hiss at the sudden sharp pain, but it stole my breath. With a groan, I get to my feet, stumbling around almost blindly as my vision becomes speckled with black dots.

My hands reached out, seeking anything I could to remain upright. I grabbed hold of the furniture, using it to hold myself upright as I made my way toward the staircase that would lead to my freedom.

Reaching the stairs, I grip the handrail, having to stop to catch my breath. That took far more effort than it should have.

Glancing up at the stairs, it almost seemed impossible that I could climb them, yet pure determination has me hauling myself up the steps. If I could just get to the deck and over to the water, I could sink and swim, I thought to myself. At least that was my plan.

However, I also wasn't sure what awaited me on the other side of the door leading to my freedom.

Yet as I pushed the door open, I slipped over instantly as the door pushed outward, making me fall on the slick surface. Stumbling forward, I landed flat on my stomach, my head bouncing off the deck, making my teeth gnash together and through my tongue.

Pain coursed through every cell of my body, and a warm, coppery-smelling scent reached my nose as I rolled onto my side. I got to my hands and knees, heaving as I breathed and sweating as if the sun was baking me. There was just one issue with that thought. It was the dead of night.

It was the only explanation was that the drug or whatever he gave me was now taking effect, and rapidly, my limbs were going numb, and I could no longer feel my face as I slipped on the slick deck.

My vision blurred further, and I swiped my hair over my shoulder, which was sticking to my face and clinging to my lips. Only then do I see the color of the liquid that coated my hands and now my face where I wiped at it, trying to get my hair out of my eyes.

It was blood. I stared at my hand, lifting it to examine it, wondering where I was bleeding from now. I looked down and tried to feel my body for a recent injury, yet the more I moved, the more the drug seemed to take effect when I glanced around to find the men from the island and others I had not seen before. They were all dead.

Their blood coated the deck, and vacant eyes stared up at the stars vacantly, faces drained of color which gave off a strange contrast compared to the blood-covered deck.

I tried to count them and counted eight, their bodies disfigured and mutilated. One's head was even missing, and I watched it rolling around with the sway of the boat stopping beside me, and I shrieked, shoving it away. That was a mistake, my fright alerting my kidnapper to my attempted escape.

Stomping footsteps reach my ears, coming up from behind me, and I twist, trying to get away as I flailed with my uncooperating limbs to find Caleb storming toward me angrily.

He said nothing, and my tongue felt like rubber in my mouth as I tried to speak. Slipping and sliding on the blood-soaked deck as I tried to get to the side of the boat. Fingers wrap around my hair, and I am ripped backward when the boat veers, making him stumble over the top of me.

I tried to crawl back toward another set of stairs, so I could pull myself upright when instead, I screamed when his foot stomped on mine, and his hand gripped my hair, hauling me to my feet.

I was his puppet as he yanked me up before wrapping his arm around my waist. Not a word was spoken as he tossed me over his shoulder before walking back down the steps I painstakingly just climbed.

He tossed me on the bed, and I glared at him. I was helpless to do anything else other than stare as my body slowly became paralyzed. He glances around the cabin and retrieves a blanket, tossing it over me before walking out.

The blanket partially covered my face. I couldn't even move it. I could only stare ahead and listen to his retreating footsteps as he once again left the cabin.

Time seemed to all but stop. The motion of the boat speeding across the waves made me queasy. Although he stopped a couple of times, and I heard the splash of water moments later when he did, so assumed he was getting rid of the bodies he mutilated on deck.

He didn't come down, not that he had to, because it wasn't like I was going anywhere. I purely existed inside my body as if it was just a vessel for consciousness. By the time we stopped, and the boat was moored, his footsteps above could be heard, and my heart raced as I listened to them get closer.

The creak of the door seemed extra loud in the silence I had been surrounded with, and I thought for sure my heart would leap out of my chest as he stepped down the steps slowly. He says nothing as he stops beside me.

I could hear his harsh breathing and smell his masculine scent invading my nose before he even pulled the blanket back. Panic wrapped around me and slivered in my veins when he did. His angry eyes met my frightened ones as he glared down at me and snarled.

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