

Enslaved Siren Chapter 7

Read Enslaved Siren By Jessica Hall Chapter 7 – Storm POV

The tank was wheeled away. I had no idea what was going on. Caleb was gone, and I was sold off or I think I was; the Auction had stopped abruptly so I wasn't sure what happened. Yet I assumed I was sold to someone until I heard Caleb's angry voice, yelling at someone and demanding to know what was happening.

Yet whoever he spoke to, he was only answered with silence. I tried to see through the black cloth that was draped over the tank I was in. I could feel it being wheeled, and the jostling motion made me feel sick as I sloshed from side to side.

"Caspian, can you tell me what the fuck is going on?" I hear Caleb's angry voice. Yet my mind was stuck on the name again. It sounded familiar, and not for a good reason. Surely it wasn't the man I was thinking of. Impossible, yet why did this name keep popping up in my head every time I heard Caleb speak it?

I had heard the name before but never seen the face that went with it. I heard the rumors in our pod about the traitorous siren hunter. Hunting his own kind and slaughtering them out of spite and vengeance.

Yet that name, a name I haven't heard spoken above a whisper, made me remember the man who kidnapped my brother. It made no sense at the time, but Caleb was with another in that warehouse....

"Open it. What is taking so long," the same deep baritone voice came. It echoed under the water, making the water ripple in a way no human could make water move by the sound of their voice. I blink, touching the glass. I had tried to break it and shatter the glass with my tail. Yet it didn't so much as shudder against my assault, the space too tight to swing with enough force.

I press my webbed fingers to the glass, feeling for the shudder against the glass to try and gauge how many men were surrounding the tank. Yet, I didn't have to wait long because someone ripped the black cloth off the tank and a cold shudder ran up my spine when I found myself peering into the dark eyes of the man from the warehouse, the man who beat my brother bloody while he was tied to a chair. Yet now, face to face, I was faced with another impossible reality. He was my mate.

His jaw clenches, and his head tilts to the side, his eyes roaming over my scales which seemed only to anger him more as he slowly walks around the tank. My body swivels in the water, watching him. He was a predator, and I was just his prey trapped in a fishbowl.

He stops circling around the tank and steps closer to the glass. His eyes were cold, like looking into the pits of hell. My new hell. I would not find a loving mate in this man; no, I

would find my death if not, I would wish for it long before it came. That much, I was sure of.

“Open it,” he snarls at someone, and I look up to the roof of my tank, watching as the man twisted the lock and yanked on it. Minutes pass, and my mate became impatient, but it was clear something had gone wrong when it didn’t open.

The bolts do not pull from the side of my tank when he twists the locking mechanism. Sweat beads on the man’s forehead and dripped on the transparent lid. Worry lined his face as he nervously glanced at my mate. I swallowed nervously for the human, despite him being part of my capture.

A growl tears out of my mate, startling me and sending my attention to him as he stalks off toward the shelving that lines the walls.

“The glass is impenetrable. Just give me a few minutes. I will grab my tool kit.” The man above says, yet Caspian ignored him, stalking off before returning with a steel bar.

“Caspian?” Caleb asks just as he swings the bar at the glass. I scream, the noise drilling my ears and into my skull at the clash. I clutch my ears, my hearing overly sensitive within the confines of the tank. Yet still, he beat the glass. The glass cracked but did not break. He stops, and I open my eyes to see the bar bent at an odd angle.

The man who was trying to pry the tank open earlier stood off the side of him, a horrified expression on his face as I breathed heavily, furious at his attempt not working. He tosses the bar, and it clangs on the ground before shrugging his jacket off and tossing it to Caleb. He undoes his cuffs, rolling the sleeves up a little, and I watch in amazement as he confirms my assumption of who this man is.

How could he do that? I struggled to do that even while partially wet. Yet here he was, his skin turning to gold, black and red scales. He fists his hand, and my eyes widen, and I back up, realizing he was about to hit the glass. Yet before he does, the man off the side of him speaks.

“Your.. your... you’re a siren,” he stammers, and my mate tilts his head, looking at him. His other hand moves over his scaled knuckles as he peels one off in a sickening display of self-harm. I felt like throwing up as he carelessly just peeled one off. Blue blood drips on the floor from his fist, and the man’s eyes go wide in horror. His mouth opens and closes like a fish blowing bubbles.

“I.. I... I won’t say anything... I saw nothing,” the man says while stumbling over his words.

“You’re right. You will say nothing,” Caspian says, flicking his wrist. I gasp, bubbles floating to the surface as he flicks the scale through the air like a boomerang. It slices through his throat, and he clutches it, blood spurting out in a horrifying display while he

tried to clutch his throat, yet it was opened up and spilling his life's blood on the floor. When the man falls to his knees, still clutching his throat, Caspian turns his attention back to me in the tank. The next minute, his fist is flying toward it.

I squeeze my eyes shut, the blow deafening, and with one hit the tank bursts. I had hit it multiple times with my tail, but I could barely move inside the tight confines, so it did nothing. Water rushes out, and I am tossed onto the cement floor. Water rushes across the floor, and I am washed out, only to stop when I hit someone's legs.

My gills begin closing over, and I gasp for air as my lungs adjust, my tail flapping like a fish out of water. His foot pushes on my shoulder, and I am rolled onto my back when he crouches beside me. His suit pants are drenched and he grips my face between two fingers.

He growls, the sound ticking in the back of his throat, and my body phased quickly back to a human form, the humid night air drying me faster than I imagined.

His scent reminded me of salt in the air around the cove mingled with a masculine scent of clove and cigarette, sun-kissed bronze skin, and sharp facial features befitting more of a god than a man. He had dark, almost black eyes which narrowed as he pulled away. Seeing him this close, his scent awoke a deep desire to lean in and inhale, my body tingled with the urge to phase back to my proper form, yet not submerged I couldn't, yet he did partially shift? My blood boiled in my veins as everything in me told me he was my destined mate, but the threatening growl that left him had me frozen in place.

"How?" I mumbled, not meaning to speak out loud.

"And you can speak, better than your brother anyway," he snarls.

Fated pairs were something we heard of but were more a myth to Sirens. Hardly anyone found their other half and instead joined pods and lived together, yet somehow I had stumbled across mine, and he turned out to be the man responsible for killing my brother and my pod and destroying my kingdom. What were the chances of having the very man we had been hiding from as my mate?

"Grab her and put her in the trunk," he snaps at Caleb before stalking out of the place. Caleb watches him go before his eyes turn to me. The next minute he walks toward me.

I flinch as he grabs me, tossing my naked body over his shoulder and following him out. I was beginning to get déjà vu with the way I was stuffed in the trunk. Is this how all humans made their women travel? I wondered.

Though I knew that wasn't right. I had seen them in cars before the few times I had traveled here in search of supplies.

Most of the coves and channels were fished out, and a few of us were tasked with coming to the cities and towns as we traveled to steal food or barter with treasures of the sea. The trunk slams shut and doors close before the car is moving and once again I am forced to wait for what comes next.

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