

Enslaved Siren Chapter 8

Read Enslaved Siren By Jessica Hall Chapter 8 – I must have fallen asleep at some point on the drive, exhaustion taking me. When we arrived at our new destination, it was my mate opening the trunk that woke me. My eyes flutter open as he reaches into the trunk and grabs me. He then tosses me over his shoulder. Yet as he walked I realized we were utterly alone and I wondered where Caleb went.

My mate walks up some steps before I hear the opening of a door. The air was warmer inside, yet all I could see were the polished floorboards and his ass, which were in my face.

He closed the door before pressing some device that beeped on the wall. Then he walked again only to stop by another door. He pushed it open, and we were suddenly walking down to what appeared to be a basement.

Once he reaches the bottom, he flicks on a light revealing a basement. The draft down here was cool when he dropped me on a steel table under a huge fluorescent light. He pulled on a string, and the bright light made me squint. He moved around the space, grabbing tools and setting them on the table, I tried to remember where I had seen such tools before my mind foggy as exhaustion washed over me.

He was all business and barely looked at me, while all I could do was stare at him as he grabbed my wrist. My eyes widened in horror as I realized they were descaling tools and I thrash, trying to escape yet his grip was unrelenting before he lifts the scalpel holding it to my throat. "Stay still," he snarls pressing the blade harder against my skin. I swallow and freeze and he grabs my wrist placing it in a cuff and securing it to the table before doing the same with the other one.

"Why are you doing this?" I asked, though I knew the answer. Still, he said nothing. Just runs his fingers through his dark blonde hair under the lighting in here it almost looks dark brown. He ignores me before bending down and looking underneath the table while I test the restraints on my wrists.

"Lay back down," he says and when I don't move he grips my hair, tilting my head back at a painful angle. "Now!" he warns and I turn laying down on the table in an awkward position since both hands were strapped to one side. I lay on my side doing as he says.

He presses something that makes the table from the waist down collapse and

my legs, hips and half my stomach are plunged into the salt water. The water is soothing, yet the reasoning behind it was malicious.

"Please, you don't have to do this!" I begged, and he stared at me, his eyes examining my face before they trail down my body half in the water as I laid in a reclined position

on my and he quickly pulled a strap over my chest securing it to the table. His hand trails down my arm from my shoulder, stopping at my hip, his eyes following his hand as it rests on my hip when he leans over me.

He grabs another strap securing it over my waist to hold me in place. He then retrieves something from the shelf behind me.

My body starts to spasm and clench as I phase to my siren form. I thrash, my legs fusing together and turning to a tail and I flail, my tail swishing violently in the shallow tank when he punches the table by my head.

“Stop it!” He snarls, glaring down at me when he reaches for some tool I recognized as a descaling tool fishermen used. I swallowed at the sight of it and tears stung my eyes.

“Now quiet and remain still, mate or not. I will use this on you,” he warns, and I gasp at the acknowledgment.

“You know what I am to you and yet you would still?” I asked in disbelief. Was he really that cruel?

“You are nothing to me, now quiet or I use this,” he says, setting the tool beside my face. He walks off retrieving a stool before returning, along with some leather black pouch He unravels it once he takes

black pouch. He unravels it once he takes his seat. I watch as he pulls out another scalpel only a little longer and what looked like tweezers that were hooked on the end.

He picks what he needs out before moving toward my hip and tail, and I thrash when he stabs the scalpel in my hip. I choke and sputter. Gasping and

choking at the pain. He growls angrily.

“Stay still!” He snarls, ripping it out before holding a rag to the wound as it spilled my blood out. Tears trekked down my cheeks that my mate would do this, but I remained still, not wanting him to use the scaling tool or stab me again.

He examines my scales poking and prodding them, lifting the edges with his hooked teasers. Yet when I feel him slice beneath one, I cry out and hiss, my hands yanking on the restraints.

He peels the scale off, not even caring about the pain he is causing me. He removes one, examining it. Under the light, it was a purple and pink fluorescent gem, hard as a diamond, only more beautiful. He places it in a glass filled with water. The scale clinked when it hit the bottom of the glass, my blood turning the water a cerulean blue color only to turn back to the task at hand and as he removed another, making me scream because this one was bigger.

He growls, twisting his head to glare at me before pressing his lips in a line. He leans over me, snatching a rag off the shelf and stuffing it in my mouth to muffle my screams.

My entire body was shaking violently, yet after the sixth one was removed, a musical tune played loudly from his pocket.

He places his tools down and retrieves a phone from his pocket and sighs as he glances at the screen before his eyes flick to my face briefly, only to move away.

I watched as he stood pressing a button on his phone.

“Caleb, did you take care of it?” I hear him say as he walks up the stairs and out of the basement. I hear the door click shut as he left and sobs wracked my body as relief hit me that I would be given some reprieve from this torture even if it is only temporarily.

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