

Enslaved Siren Chapter 10

Read Enslaved Siren By Jessica Hall Chapter 10 – Storm POV

My skin itches from the heat of the light, and blue blood still spews from my wounds. I wiggled to see if I could try to get free while he was gone, but it was pointless and tiring me out more.

The heat lamp was drying out my skin, and some parts of my arms and chest were burning and blistering. Did he intentionally leave it going or just forget to turn it off? Using my tongue, I try to poke the gag out, only making myself gag when it doesn't work.

I waited for him to return, only he didn't. Hours pass, and he still doesn't return. I tried to close my eyes and rest, yet the light made that impossible. By the time I heard movement, he had returned, though I could hardly move at all. My

hands had gone numb from the restraints, my skin was flaking from the heat light, and my tails lay limp in the water.

The door's creak alerted me he had returned, then his footsteps on the stairs; I wanted to see what he was doing, but even lifting my head was impossible, yet I could hear him moving around the basement, hear him rummaging. Minutes pass when he finally comes into view. He sets some boxes by my head and turns a dial on it. Music plays through it, and he retakes his seat beside me.

He says nothing as he picks up his tools before lifting the light higher. I try to speak around the gag, and he glances at me before turning the music up louder to drown me out. My eyes pricked with the urge to cry, yet I had no tears.

Nothing left, only the pain of him carefully removing my scales when he sits back, observing his handy work. He had nearly an entire jar full of my colored jeweled scales; he huffs before poking one of the places where he removed some of my scales last night, and I hiss as he jabs the tender spot, causing it to bleed.

He curses before ripping the gag from my mouth. "How long until they regenerate? Why is it taking so long?" I offer him my silence, which seems to aggravate him because he presses harder on the spot, and I press my dry lips together and glare at him.

"Do they return the same or turn black once removed like normal sirens?" he demands, but still, I give him silence. Fuck him. He let me dry out and was torturing me. He would get nothing from me especially answers, so that he could

torture me longer.

“Answer me!” He demands. He sighs heavily before gritting his teeth. “Fine, you won’t answer. See what that gets you, then,” he snarls before turning on a heater that sat on the wall. He then leaves me to bake under the hot light.

Caspian POV

It was late by the time Caleb got home, and we went straight to bed; I was exhausted and wanted nothing more than to crawl into bed. Guilt nagged at me, but I knew it was just the bond trying to make me feel guilty.

Caleb pulls his pajama shorts on and crawls into bed beside me. “So are you going to tell me what is going on with the siren in the basement?” he asks, tugging

the blanket up.

I sigh, reaching for him, and dragging him closer, but he squirms, trying to escape my grip, so I sigh. Rolling onto my back, I reach for the lamp and switch it off.

“Caspian!”

“We will talk about it in the morning,” I tell him, yet he was an argumentative damn human and wouldn’t let it rest.

“No, I want to know what you intend to do with her, I expected her to be dead and tossed into the ocean when I got home. Not come home and her still alive and held prisoner; I don’t do torture, Caspian. Just get it over with quick and end them,” Caleb snaps at me.

“I told you she is a storm siren. She has more value alive,”

“And I know you’re lying. You aren’t telling me something,”

“It doesn’t matter. It changes nothing,” I tell him. Caleb mutters something under his breath, rolling away but not before viciously adjusting his pillow.

“You are not seriously having a tantrum over this?” I tell him, draping my arm across my face. I shake my head.

“We don’t lie to each other. We don’t keep shit from each other. Those were your rules,”

“And I told you we could speak about it in the morning,” I snapped at him.

“Whatever,” he breathes, and I growl at him. Bloody humans and their sensitive ass emotions and their curiosity.

"She is my mate," I murmur, staring up at the ceiling and he sits up, peering down at me.

"What? She is your mate?"

"It changes nothing, Caleb, I don't want her, but I can't kill her,"

"And I can't live with her strapped in the basement like my damn mother was, Caspian,"

"Well, what do you expect me to do with her; I can't kill her. I won't be able to phase if I do,"

"That bastard brother of hers could phase, and he killed her, your sister; she was his mate!" Caleb snaps at me.

"Yes, but he isn't royal like me! He can't be a pure blood. I am, and so is she!" I tell him.

"So he isn't her brother?"

"I'm not sure I only know she thinks he is her brother, but because Titus didn't hand the title to him, I am assuming he is a half-blood, half royal. He has no color like she does or me."

"So we could be torturing your mate for no damn reason?" he asks.

"Huh? No, her parents fucking sold me even if he isn't her brother. That is enough reason for me, or did you forget who your father bought me off?" I snap at him, and he sighs.

"I don't like this, Cas. I can't live above her knowing she is strapped to the same fucking table my mother was,"

"Then don't go down there, simple." I tell him.

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