

## Enslaved Siren Chapter 2

Read Enslaved Siren By Jessica Hall Chapter 2 – After yesterday's scare, we weren't making any return trips back to the mainland any time soon. Bastian healed overnight, yet I kept thinking of the strange man, and I had asked Bastian multiple times what he said to him. But as I suspected, Bastian didn't understand a word of what he spoke. I thought that would be the end of it. I was terribly wrong, oh so wrong.

We had been lazing about all day, enjoying the sun on my scales; however, we stood no chance. Our pod was sleeping in the cove. I rested on the rocks, my tail lying in the water as we all sunbathed. It should have been safe here.

This island had not been discovered by humans or supernatural beings. We were at home, surrounded by tranquility. We were free to come and go from the island to the sea. Or so we thought.

My skin prickled with tension when I felt the vibration in the water through my tail, making my brows pinch and making me wonder if I had imagined it. The water fell silent abruptly. The dolphins that frequented this cove stopped playing, and the splashing stopped. Usually, this was a signal for sharks; they would do their best to protect us, and we protected them.

Turning my head, Bastian still had his eyes closed, and I shook the thought away until I felt it again. Bastian's eyes opened, and he turned his face toward mine. We looked out for each other, but not even the dolphins stood a chance as I felt something hit my face, getting in my eyes.

At first, I thought it was the rains coming. It constantly rained here, the storms brutal, but as I wiped my cheek and opened my eyes. I was met with blue skies above. The day was cloudless, and not a cloud above was in sight.

Holding my fingers above my face, the substance staining them was blue, and I looked to my brother, who was sunbaking next to me, a huge harpoon embedded in his stomach, and his eyes stared at the sky bulging from his head as he choked, and coughed. Blood poured from his lips and sprayed on my face as he sputtered and choked.

"They found us. Go Storm!" he choked. It was at that moment the screams rang out, and panic ensued. My eyes darted around, and I looked at the rocks getting ready to run, only to see men climbing down from the tall peaking rocks above.

Chaos, utter chaos. Their screams drilled my sensitive hearing, and I clutched my ears when an explosion went off. Dynamite! Rocks and debris went everywhere as the boats raced to cut us off. I dived beneath the water's surface, trying to sink low enough that they couldn't reach me when I screamed.

My voice is distorted under the water as the harpoon penetrates through my side. The barbed spikes pierced out my back as it started reeling me through the water to the awaiting boat.

I grip the rope, yanking on it, only for it to jerk back. Bringing me closer to the boats. I tried swimming down, only to be ripped upright. Glittery blue blood stained the water as my pod was slaughtered.

The dolphins floated to the surface as they became caught in the crossfire, and all I could see was red and blue as I swished my tail, slicing through the water as I tried to escape.

I was in pure agony as the barbs tugged, tearing my insides apart, when I felt the rope give just as I was hit with wicked force. I turn just in time to see a shark rip through the cord attached to the harpoon.

Men hollered above, trying to get to us before the sharks did. I cup my bleeding torso and begin to swim, heading down further and further to the darkest, coldest depths of the cove.

It was a feeding frenzy, and I couldn't help my siren call as I wailed for my newfound family, watching them become ripped apart by the men and sharks. Turning the water into a bloodbath of violence and carnage. The bodies floated above as they were speared and hauled onto the decks of waiting boats.

Fear kept me rooted at the bottom, yet as my life's blood spilled out of me, I knew I would only last so long beneath the surface. My tail was already unfusing, it splits down the middle as I began fading back to a human form. With one last gut-wrenching glance, I swam deeper into the cave below the surface when I was hit in the side.

Serrated teeth slash through my skin and hip, my tail disappearing, and I find myself in the jaws of a shark. My scream makes it thrash its head from side to side. I jam my fingers in its eye, gouging and stabbing it to get it to release me.

It does, but not without one last flick of its tail that sends me hurtling into the coral reef, the coral ripping me to pieces, yet still I kick and swim, praying my gills don't close over before I reach the underwater cave. I was nearly shifted back to my human form entirely, and my gills started to close over.

It was inbuilt in our DNA and how we could hide for so long. Any of us die. We washed up looking completely human, so me fading wasn't a good sign. Unfortunately, that was until scientists sent their technology below the surface and caught some of us on camera. We have been hunted ever since.

My lungs screamed at me as, one by one, my gills closed, and I pulled on the cave walls, feeling with my fingertips to find my way. My vision burned and blurred. My fingertips on the cave walls were the only way to determine my way.

This is where I would die, I thought, alone in a cave deprived of oxygen when I suddenly burst free from the water. The cave had an air pocket. I s\*\*cked in the air before diving again, kicking my useless human legs that were no good for swimming. Eventually, I clawed my way to the cave, hauling my broken, bleeding, exhausted body from the water before everything went black.

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