

Enslaved Siren Chapter 5

Read Enslaved Siren By Jessica Hall Chapter 5 – He leans down, his long fingers wrapping around my arms as he grabs me before lifting me as if he were lifting a small child, and not a grown woman. He manhandles me, tossing me over his broad shoulder before silently walking back up the stairs.

My hands hung limply as I was jostled on his shoulder. I tried to turn my head to see where we were, expecting to be back at the piers, but we appeared to be on some private dock.

He walked in the darkness for a while before light lit up the grass he walked on, and gardens were revealed before he was walking along a concrete driveway.

“Where are you taking me?” I slurred, and he stopped. He probably wasn’t used to hearing a siren speak English. Most spoke in our foreign tongue but I learned so I could barter when on land, very few spoke English, only those of us that came to land for their pods. He grunts but doesn’t answer and continues walking.

The cool air swept over my bare ass and up my spine, making me shiver. I hated to think of his current view, yet my mind was more preoccupied with what he intended to do with me.

He walks around the driveway before stopping by a sleek black car. Another man was waiting and opened the rear door.

“No, the trunk,” says Caleb my captor, tells the man, and he rushes to open it. A beep blares in the silence before he pulls the trunk lid open and dumps my limp body inside. He peers down at me with both hands on the trunk, looking from me to the house as if he is undecided before he curses.

“Such a waste,” he scolds himself, slamming the trunk shut. I am plunged into darkness, and I hear doors open and close before the car starts. Then motion of the vehicle on the road.

The drive felt like it lasted hours as I rolled around, unable to catch myself on any of the winding turns. When the car eventually stopped, I was sure I was covered in bruises from banging around with each corner.

Music played loudly somewhere outside, and voices could be heard. The sound of loud voices nearby echoed around outside when the trunk suddenly popped open.

“What have we here, aye?” says a nasal voice belonging to a seedy man in just a dirty tank top, a cigarette between his lips. His beady eyes peered down at me, and he reached into the trunk. A whimper escapes me when Caleb slaps a hand on his chest.

“No touching until I have the cash in my hand, Tommy,” Caleb snarls at the man. All I could do was watch as they bartered on my worth.

“How am I supposed to sell her without knowing what color she is? What you’re asking is ridiculous,” Tommy states when Caleb tugs his phone from his pocket.

“I have a photo one of the men took before she dived on us,” he snaps at Tommy, he tilts the screen to show him, and Tommy looks from the phone to me before snatching it from his hands.

“Impossible,” he says, tapping the screen to zoom in and squinting at it.

“Exactly,” Caleb says. The man rubs his chin, his lips open and close as if he was trying to find the right words.

“And Caspian is alright with you selling her. I’m surprised he didn’t want to descale her himself, given the colors. If she is, in fact, what I saw, he could quadruple the cost by doing it himself,” This Tommy person states.

“Do we have a deal or not? Caspian doesn’t want to deal with her. It was never about her but her brother. And you know I can’t, not...” Caleb tells Tommy, pausing as he glances down at me. A loud bang echoes from the trunk as he slams it shut. I listen intently, straining to hear.

I wondered what he meant about my brother. How could he have a vendetta with him when my brother never comes on land? He doesn’t mix with humans. They must have the wrong person and now he was dead for their mistake and I was about to be sold off.

“I haven’t got that kind of cash, Caleb.” I hear Tommy state. Silence falls for a few moments before the man speaks again.

“Wait, I have buyers that are coming tonight. Stay for the auction, and whatever she goes for, I will halve the commission cost. Win-win.”

“Caspian and I have plans tonight—”

“I will auction her first, and you’ll double if not triple what you’re asking. I will make a few calls. Give me an hour and get her in a tank,”

“She is drugged. She can’t shift,” I hear Caleb tell him.

“Mark has serum. It will force her to shift and reverse what you gave her. Is she a fighter?” This Tommy asks.

“I know she is a runner,” Caleb says.

"Tell Mark. We have a few enclosed tanks that are siren-proof," Tommy says, his voice becoming more distant. I hear Caleb curse before only hearing silence. It felt like hours before the trunk was opened, and I was still helpless and unable to move much.

My chance of escaping was slim. I roll to the back of the trunk when Caleb's hands reach for me. He snarls at me, his fingers locking around my arm as he rips me toward him. The carpeted trunk burns my skin as he drags me closer.

In one swift movement, he tosses me over his shoulder and the air leaves my lungs in a long wheeze as his shoulder digs into the wound on my abdomen. He then turns and starts walking when I see bright neon lights lighting up the ground in the darkness of the night.

"Caleb!" I murmur, trying to get his attention. He freezes and stops walking.

"You don't have to do this," I breathe, and he grunts, uncaring, and continues walking up some steps.

"I will make sure Tommy knows you can speak English. That will up the price if they don't want to kill you straight away" is all he says. I slump over his shoulder, knowing it is no use. He walks through the giant warehouse-like facility and up some steel steps when I am suddenly tossed off his shoulder.

I shriek before I am plunged into the water. I choke as I sink like a stone. Not even moments later, another man appears at the top of the tank with what looked like a huge cattle prod. He stabs it at me, and I flail the best I can, preferring to drown than be sold and descaled.

However, he hits the mark, the prod stabbing me in the arm, and I screamed as blistering hot pain coursed through my shoulder and chest. Like lava in my veins as it ate away whatever drug Caleb injected me with before forcing the shift.

My body twists and spasms, my legs fusing together and my gills open behind my ears, my fingers become webbed and scales cover every inch of me. Yet with the shift comes something else.

My rage and I launch toward the top, my tail smashing the walls of the tank, yet just as my head breaches the surface, the lid slapped down, and I headbutt it. My skull felt like it cracked open like a dropped egg. Dazedly, I sink back beneath the surface, the water tinging red from the wound in my stomach, and now the cut that graced my forehead.

The collective gasp is audible as those around me come closer to the tank, taking in the color of my scales. Dropping to the bottom of the tank, I wait. Maybe once bought, I could try to escape?

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