

Enslaved Siren Chapter 6

Read Enslaved Siren By Jessica Hall Chapter 6 – Caspian POV

Calen called me and told me we had a change of plans. Apparently, Tommy didn't have the cash, which I thought was odd. It just meant he had been gambling again, which I confirmed after a few phone calls. He owed Gordon a massive sum of money the sort of money that gets your family killed when you don't pay up.

Gordon was one of the crime families in the city. We had mutual agreements and some dealings but mostly stayed out of each other's way. It would explain the black eye Tommy had a couple of weeks ago. I had asked where he got it from, but typical Tommy kept his mouth shut and said he would take care of it.

Pulling up at the derelict warehouse, it looked like every other so-called black market auction house, graffiti covered the walls and the place looked as seedy and rundown as Tommy. Motorbikes lined up out the front, and the higher buyers in their limos were parked inside the giant warehouse, out of sight. I drive around the back and park in the loading dock.

Climbing out of the car, I go in search of Caleb. The auction had already started and I could hear the bidding had already started. Grabbing my jacket, I climb the stairs, and security steps aside. Usually, I sell my siren jewels here.

Siren hunting has always been popular and well known, but the taxes and licensing you need were ridiculous and pricey. The government also had certain measures on how sirens were killed, everything humane, yet their screams tended to change the color of the jewels we took from their scales, even if only slightly. So most of us in this business did it through the underground markets.

They always fetch a higher price than in my stores, and I could also launder the money back through and not cop the exuberant taxes that came with siren hunting.

Walking through the back of the darkened building, I spot Caleb in the back row of seats off to my left. He stood alone, eyes on the stage and arms folded across his chest. He looks up as I approach and nods to the stage.

"Tommy is gambling again," I tell him, waiting for the curtain to lift for the next auction.

"She is up next," Caleb says, not sounding too confident. He hated dealing with female sirens. He could never bring himself to hurt a woman, not even for profit. Not after watching his mother get slaughtered by his father when he was a child. I hated that I put him in this position but it was a necessary evil and it's not like the bitch didn't deserve it.

"You alright?" I ask him, taking my jacket off. It was stuffy in here and I was already becoming overwhelmed by the stench. "Fine," he mumbles, looking straight ahead when

the bidding starts. The numbers rise quickly while I answer a few text messages before finally lifting my head when the numbers kept climbing way higher than expected. I look at the tank, and my lips part in shock, a gasp escaping me.

‘Of course,’ I thought to myself, ‘Just my fucking luck,’ yet the numbers kept climbing while I couldn’t tear my eyes from my fucking mate. Her scales glistened in the water as she sat at the bottom, not even acknowledging the crowd bidding on her. Her scales were pink, blue, and green, of all different shades.

I had never seen anything like it. Most sirens were one color, usually more of a pearl color or blue, or green, certainly not pink, but she was magnificent.

The bidding continues, and the nagging of the bond I shared with her tugs painfully in my chest. I tune the bidders out. Turning my back on them, I tried to ignore the bond, that kept calling for me to go to her.

Arguing starts as men argue over her, the bids now dropping back to two men.

“Settle, settle. Whoever has the money wins. That is how this works,” Tommy says, and the two men bid again.

“Four hundred thousand going once, going twice,” Tommy says, pausing for any last-minute bids. And my stomach dropped as I looked at the bidder recognizing him. He was a collector of sirens, females in particular. He had sick fetishes, ones I found despicable despite the shit I have done over the years to them myself.

“Stop the auction,” a deep booming voice echoes through the place, only it takes moments before I realize it was mine. Caleb nudges me, giving me an odd look.

“What are you doing?” he hisses, but I can’t bring myself to answer, my eyes stuck on the tank she was in. Tommy seems stunned for a second, recognizing my voice instantly, along with the rest of those here.

Murmurs break out at the paused auction, and all eyes turn in my direction. Tommy asks for a moment to speak with me. Ignoring Caleb’s demands to know what I am doing, I make my way down the steps toward the front, and someone covers the tank with a black cloth as Tommy makes his way toward me before stopping next to me.

“Caspian?”

“Change of plans. I am not selling her,” I tell him, and he sighs, looking around at the crowd.

“This is going to cause an uproar,” he whispers.

"I don't care. I will pay the auction fee. You'll get your money, but she is coming home with me." I tell him, I would kill everyone here if I needed to and Tommy knows better than to argue with me, it will only end in bloodshed.

"Caspian, I.." he looks around at the crowd of onlookers, and I know the position I put him in. Leaning down, he looks at me.

"Whatever your debt is, I will pay it. Remove her from the auction," I tell him, and his eyes widen. "Fuck!" he curses, shaking his head.

"Caspian, what is going on?" Caleb asks, coming up behind me.

Not here," I tell him, and he falls quiet while I wait for Tommy to decide whether or not I was turning this place upside down. Usually, an auction can't be stopped once started, and I was breaking the rules. Yet Tommy also knew it was better to allow me to break them or risk me taking lives.

"I'll handle it, meet Mark in the loading dock," he tells me, and I nod, walking down to the stage and out the back.

"Caspian!" Caleb hisses behind me while jogging to catch up to me. I ignore him. He would learn soon enough.

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