

The Siren

Sirens; the beautiful creatures of the sea who lured men to their deaths. The control they had over the mind and the body was terrifying, yet still held an aspect of beauty and lust. Little did the sailors know, little did anyone know, not all sirens resided in the dark currents of the ocean. Besides, most of the best heroes are found closer to land.

The street light flickered in the damp April night. The city was alive with lights of towering buildings and ominous billboards, selling anything to any passerby with little self-values and too much money. People crowded the LA streets, embracing the poor weather and enjoying their Friday nights. Leaning against the streetlight in front of *Chester's Lagoon* nightclub, October Carwell was more than a little upset. The rain unexpectedly began falling about 15 minutes ago and October's hair hang in damp ringlets. She glared ahead, ignoring the glances she got from passerby's as she stood waiting outside of the club, pulling at her favourite black dress. Outraged and running out of patience, October yanked her phone out of her handbag and dialed the familiar number of none other than Clover, her higher up. Her temper rose the longer the phone rang without an answer. Finally after what felt like hours, Clovers voice broke through on the other end of the line.

"Hello Toby." Clover addressed her in a bored tone.

"Where the hell is this target you've been raging about? You said he was going to be here," October pushed up her sleeve to check her watch, "like 20 minutes ago! It's raining and it's cold, how about you get your butt out here and deal with him yourself."

"Calm down, I understand you're running out of patience —" Clover began but October cut him off.

“Oh I’m all out of patience! Next time you send me on a man hunt, give me accurate information!” Before October could tear her commander a new one, she saw her target walk around the corner of the street towards *Chester’s Lagoon*.

“Toby listen—” Clover started, but October hung up the phone, put it in her bag and followed her target into the night club. The building was packed; bodies meshed together and music so loud that the walls shook. As October followed her target to the dark lounging area at the very back of the club, she went over the information Clover had provided her with.

Her targets name was Marcus Johnlock, a 36 year old human trafficker. Basically the very scum of the Earth; it wasn’t like October hadn’t dealt with people like this before, but no matter how many times you are met with criminals of this sort, it never gets easier to understand what has to go through your mind to do something so horrible.

Mr. Johnlock was in a corner booth now, speaking with another older looking man with a scruffy beard and hair so gelled it looked like plastic. This was his partner in crime, Arthur Sphent; he was exactly what you feared your young hormonal, sexually frustrated son would turn into. Now, October knew exactly how to deal with men like this. Sticking out her chest and twirling her hair she stumbled to the table, no doubt seeming more intoxicated than she actually was.

“Hey boys,” she giggled, “I couldn’t help but notice you guys, you looked so lonely and I mean my girlfriends just ditched me so, do you mind if I sit?” October bit her lip and gave her best puppy dog eyes, even though on the inside she was trying not to puke. The two men smirked at her and gave each other a knowing look.

“Sure baby girl, please join us.” Mr. Johnlock patted the seat next to him and October giggled as she tumbled in, catching herself on his shoulder. For the next half hour October flirted, drank and

laughed, all while persuading the men to talk, making them spill out information without them even realising it. It is funny how much they think of their conversation October wouldn't understand because she was "drunk". However, as time went on October had learned everything she needed to know about the two men she sat with, and as they continued to speak about the cargo they had coming in, October was ready to blow her brains out. The dark haired girl closed her eyes, forgetting about the two perverts on either side of her rambling on about girls and stocks, and began to even her breathing. She felt her power seep through her veins, making her entire body buzz with energy; with control. She imagined the two men, completely surrendering to her, forcing her will on them and making them move from the table, leave the club and giving themselves in to the police station that stood proudly on Second Street just a block away. She imagined them telling her exactly where they held their prisoners captive, and allowing her to free them.

Her eyes snapped open; she stood up and pushed her way out of the booth, disgusted by the smell of cologne and sweat that came off the two men in waves. They looked up at her confusingly and slightly annoyed, and she met their gazes. The air around her grew heavier as the power inside of her grew stronger, and her once kaleidoscope eyes turned a dark scarlet colour. She glared at them, willing them to speak.

"Where are your prisoners? Where are they hidden and how do I get there?" October demanded in a cold voice. The two men became stiff, their eyes glazing over and their iris' becoming pale as they began to speak. All the information she needed the men gave. They leaned towards her, as if she were magnetic to them, as if they couldn't help but feel compelled to come near her. October stepped away, willing them to get up and turn themselves into the authorities. The two men began to stand in a haze, and make their way out of the club. Before they passed her,

October willed them to stop, taking them in with her eyes. She stood looking at them for a moment longer before slapping them both across the face with either hand, leaving red marks on their cheeks. "Okay," October exhaled, "now you can go ... pigs."

Mr. Johnlock and his "business" partner made their way stumbling out of the night club and into the dark moist night. October sat back down in the empty booth and pulled out her phone, dialed the number, put it to her ear, and waited.

"Job done?" Said Clover, as he picked up the phone.

"Job done." October confirmed, taking a sip of her drink that was still present at the table, smirking into the rim.

"That's my girl."

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