

The Merman, My Man
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Chapter 1: Someone's Watching Me...

I was taking a shower but I felt like I was being watched. These days, I have been totally captivated by and restlessly researching merpeople. This is also because a merman started appearing in my dreams a few days ago.

He was majestic, young, and about three meters tall. His upper body was muscular and his tail was a sparkling black. A tail so powerful that with just a single movement, could cause a huge, engulfing wave.

But my dream wasn't related to my research topic at all, because this merman was lewd and s*xually obsessed!

And now I felt like I was being watched in the comfort of my own university dormitory bathroom.

The walls of the bathroom and the floor below my feet felt like they had turned into glass, and a pair of sharp glowing eyes were staring at me from below. My entire body including my private regions were being peeped at and observed from below!

I grabbed a nearby towel and quickly covered up my body. Just then, a fragrance came over me, drowning all my senses. My hand weakly slipped from the wall and my entire body collapsed to the ground. I suddenly had no energy to pick myself up.

I was supposed to be lying on the ground but at this moment, my body seemed to be floating on the surface of water, drifting along with the current.

In an instant, my body felt like it was covered in something cold. Its icy cold feeling was similar to seawater. The fragrance grew stronger and I started to smell the saltiness of the seawater.

I wanted to escape but I was unable to muster any energy, especially in my legs which felt like they were entangled in something wet and slippery.

I looked down and saw a black fishtail restraining my legs. The tailfin had red speckles on it, similar to that of a blood-thirsty dagger.

My upper body was stuck with another humanoid body. Although its body temperature was lower than a normal human being, its strength was incomparable. It had a pair of hands, or more accurately, a pair of webbed claws with a transparent membrane between each of its fingers. This pair of hands were caressing the area above my belly button, causing a tingling feeling and eventually they trailed up try to touch my chest. A breath of satisfaction emerged from behind me. Right then, I felt something hard poking at my butt. If I guessed correctly, that was the merman's "thing" and it was larger than those of regular human men by several inches! That "thing" stubbornly poked at my butt repeatedly. I felt alarmed and scared. This brute intends to... I am a human, what will he do to me? His hands started to massage my chest and roughly pinched my body. His agile tail slowly separated my legs and the tail fin traversed up towards my pelvic area. My body shuddered and I wanted so badly to resist, but my body couldn't put up against the stimulation. Just then, a wet and slippery tongue licked my ear and a fragrance filled the space around me. My body flushed to a shade of red and unbeknownst to me, my legs opened in a welcoming position. The hard and erect object slid forward and backward along my inner thighs as the area was already completely wet. I heard a chuckle come from behind me as a slippery tongue excitedly started to explore my ear. This must be a dream. I must have delved too deep into my research on merpeople, that's why I'm having a dream like this. Even if there was such a thing as a live merperson, why would it suddenly appear in my bathroom? But the dream felt so real. It was hard to believe that this was a dream. The erect object was already at my entrance, and I couldn't help but shiver. Suddenly, the bathroom door opened.

"Ah!" shouted my roommate, "Linda, why are you lying on the floor?"

I felt so embarrassed, did she see me look like I was playing with myself?

My mouth gaped open but I couldn't utter a word.

The cool sensation behind my back was gone, and the strong fragrance slowly disappeared.

My roommate helped me up and said with concern, "You must have been tired out from your research on the merpeople and passed out in the bathroom."

"You're about to set off to find traces of the merpeople with the professor. You've got to take care of yourself, otherwise it might happen again at sea."

Dazedly, I started to have suspicions about the experience earlier.

Was I really so tired that I just fainted?

So what happened earlier was just a dream?

Why was it I kept having the same dream these past few days?

Chapter 2: I Found a Merman

I wrote in my diary.

"10th September 2012, cloudy.

"Professor Gary and I have been drifting at sea for three days, but we have found no merpeople..."

I was beginning to question the existence of merpeople, but the dreams kept me going.

I didn't want Gary to know what I dreamt of and I always felt like he was keeping something from me.

As I looked at my reflection on the cabin window, I realized I had lost some weight. My figure was slimmer, and my face pale. That much was clear without looking too hard.

Looking like this, my classmates would have laughed at me. Of all the research topics I could have chosen, I picked such a difficult one.

Just then, someone shouted from outside the cabin, "Linda! Come out quickly! I think there's something beneath the water!"

I put down my pen and immediately rushed out, bumping into Professor Gary at the door.

He was holding a deep-sea monitoring device that could monitor the conditions underwater.

He raised the screen of the device before my eyes and excitedly exclaimed, "Linda, look at this! Isn't this a merperson? I'm not just seeing things, right?"

My eyes widened, staring at the silhouette shown on the screen and forgetting to breathe.

The silhouette was of a humanoid's upper body with outstretched arms, but the lower body was a large fishtail!

That's right, a merperson.

Just like the one in my dream, they were identical!

I could feel my heartbeat in my throat, and my hands were shaking.

I came back to my senses. "What are you waiting for? Cast the net quickly!"

The merman I saw in my dream was so powerful, if we didn't use fishing nets, we wouldn't be able to catch them.

Gary patted my shoulder as if to console a child. "Do you think we're as silly as you are? Why do you think they're not leaving? That's because we attracted him with bait."

Even so, I was still anxious. I didn't think merpeople were beings of low intellect. Were they really that easy to attract with just mere bait?

At that moment, the divers had already changed into their diving gear. Watching their figures slowly disappear in the water, I felt unsettled. If no accidents happened here, this will be one of the most shocking scientific discoveries in biology.

With this in mind, I started to prepare myself to dive so that I could help catch the merperson.

"Linda, don't cause trouble! Leave things to the professionals!" shouted Gary from behind me.

He grabbed my waist from behind. I wanted to push forward and escape from his grip, but he yanked me backward. I lost balance and toppled to the ground, with my butt almost landing on his face!

He must have done that on purpose.

He smirked. "Linda, do you want me to kiss you?"

I got up and sized him up, forcing out a laugh.

Gary continued, "From a biological standpoint, you has a very nice shape, just the right amount of

bounce, and smells fine. This is the second shocking discovery of the night.”

I lifted my foot to kick, aiming at his knee. “The hardness of your knee is not bad as well.”

I wanted to land another kick, but just then splashes on the water surface caught my attention.

The divers dragged the tangled bundle towards the boat. In it was a being that was more than half times larger than the average human.

As it struggled, its long tail shimmied its way out of the net.

Beautiful and curved, its scales shone brightly in the night.

Its tail was black! The same shade as the one I saw in my dreams!

The tail fin had red speckles too, a very

bright shade of red, like a blade stained with fresh blood.

I didn't know why I was so captivated by the red shade that I couldn't keep my eyes away.

Chapter 3: His Prey

My intuition told me that this being was more dangerous than a shark.

Its danger did not lie in its physical strengths, but in its mysterious ability to captivate people's attention, and even cause them to die for it!

The divers finally managed to put the merperson into a pre-prepared water tank.

Gary gave the divers a signal and they held the merman down right next to me.

With a syringe in hand, I carefully injected some tranquilizers into his beautiful tail.

After administering the injection, I couldn't help but feel the streamlined tail. Its coolness to the touch seemed familiar yet foreign at the same time.

The merman in my dream also had a smooth tail like this. As I gently lifted up the scales, I saw that underneath it looked very similar to human skin.

If it weren't for the anatomic structure of the tail, I would have thought there were two legs in there.

Why was I thinking about this? Startled by my own thoughts, my hand accidentally touched his tail fin.

Instantly, my fingertip stung. The red barbs on the fin had cut my finger.

The barbs were sharper than a dagger. If one were to be attacked by his tail, I can't imagine what would have happened to them.

My blood dripped from the wound onto the tail, but there was no trace of it on the tail. The tail had completely absorbed all the blood!

The supposedly tranquilized merman suddenly looked at me, curling his tail.

This movement... he wanted to embrace me!

I sat flat on the ground, unable to move. His movements and the ones in the dream were too similar!

Gary helped me up from the floor. "Linda, what are you doing? Are you crazy?"

He rudely stepped onto the perfect tail and injected the rest of the tranquilizer into it.

I wanted to stop him and exclaim, "Don't! That's a dosage meant for sharks. You could kill him!"

However, it was too late, because the fishtail slowly became motionless.

I pushed Gary's arm away and removed the fishnets from the merman, sadly looking at the merman that was overdosed on tranquilizer.

I looked at the merman's face while my hands shook uncontrollably as I felt both excitement and fear.

This merman was undoubtedly the same as the one from my dreams! Even though I couldn't look directly at his face, I intuitively knew that they were one and the same.

The merman lay there curled up on the floor with his face partially concealed by a seaweed-like long hair. I couldn't clearly see his face but I could still see his facial contours and jawline.

That was certainly a handsome face and I don't think anybody could deny it.

The muscles on his back rose and fell as he breathed, beautiful but with vigor like the tension on a stretched bowstring. His abdominal muscles were neatly arranged into a six-pack and could make anyone blush.

This was a merman, but he seemed more like a handsome adult man.

With the embarrassing scene from the dream in mind, I couldn't help but shift my gaze downwards to his

“thing”.

The merman’s “thing” has a bulge that was covered with scales. But as I looked at it closely, I realized there was a slit among the scales.

If I were to guess, it was only during the “process” that these scales open and reveal his “organ” that was similar to a human’s.

The scene where the erect object kept poking at my butt in my dreams popped into my mind again. I

couldn’t help but take out a flashlight to examine it in detail. As my flashlight shone above his head, the merman suddenly moved.

In shock, I took a step back and Gary stepped in front of me. The merman did not do anything else but lift his head. His long hair slid away to one side, revealing half of his face.

His face contained the paleness of skin that lacked exposure from the sun, but his eyes were as black as a bottomless abyss.

Perhaps the others didn’t notice, but I found it hard not to because he was staring at me with those pitch-black eyes.

I was paralyzed with fear because I knew that according to biology, this gaze... was one of a beast staring at his prey.

Chapter 4: Obey Me, or Else...

“I didn’t examine the merman further yesterday. I believe highly intelligent creatures like merpeople would resort to extreme measures when agitated, even to the point of committing suicide.

“I had to ensure his safety. I will get the ship crew to help prepare a large acrylic water tank.

“Whenever I think of his stare, I can’t help but shiver. I have to be the first to unravel this mystery...”

As I wrote in my diary, there was a knock on my cabin door.

I immediately shut my diary and shoved it under the blanket. I didn’t want Gary to know about my diary.

I went to open the door and shuffled back to bed pretending as if I had just woken up.

Gary held the finger that was wounded yesterday and proceeded to disinfect it with a cotton ball.

"Ouch! You're doing this on purpose!" I shouted.

Gary disregarded my dissatisfaction and said, "I'm warning you, don't get close to the merman alone. If I

find you doing that behind my back, you're going to get it!"

While saying that, he pinched the wound on my finger as a warning.

"As if that would happen! Didn't you see it attack me yesterday?

Why would I approach him alone,

especially when I'm so timid?"

Only then did he loosen his grip on my finger. But the next

second, he trapped me in the corner of the

room, our faces merely inches away from each other.

"Linda, if you're going to be disobedient and do things I

disapprove of, I will claim you. You must know,

this ship's crew is under my authority."

I didn't believe a word of what Gary had said. He was just a

professor, as if he was capable of this.

I lifted my head and looked into his eyes. "Do it then. Then I can visit the merman after we're done."

Gary froze for a second in shock then yanked me to his side, my

entire body plastered against his. Then,

he placed his hand onto my butt and squeezed it twice.

Out of fear I started to struggle, I was in disbelief that he was

serious. But as a woman, my strength

couldn't have matched his.

Just then, Gary's darn erection was poking at my stomach.

It was unfathomable that my professor would have impulses directed at me.

But now wasn't the time to stay shocked. I couldn't let things unfold in the direction it was going.

I immediately raised three fingers and swore. "Alright, alright. I

swear I will not visit the merman on my

own, just let go of me!"

It was only then that Gary let go of me, even though he still

trapped me in the corner and stared down at

me, trying to see whether I was lying.

The bulge in his pants was still very obvious and he made no effort to hide it.

He even leaned forward to poke my crotch with his erection to intimidate me.

On the surface, I seemed terrified and looked at him with a pleading expression.

But in actuality, I was disappointed. His “thing” was much smaller than the merman’s.

Damn it! Why was I thinking about that at a time like this! Gary finally proceeded to leave. He didn’t even bug me in the afternoon.

But the thoughts of the merman’s “thing” and the scales enclosing it were circulating my mind.

It was as though I was compelled by magic, I was determined to examine and research the merman thoroughly.

At two in the morning, the time when humans are the most exhausted, I jumped down from my bed soundlessly like a cat. I figured Gary and the others would be sound asleep.

I grabbed a glow stick and successfully infiltrated the area below the deck where the merman was being held.

As I opened the door of that cabin, I saw the merman silently floating within the transparent tank. His long seaweed-like hair flowed around him and he looked like a king waiting for his guests to arrive.

The sound of the door opening startled him and he locked his gaze onto me. As if he was waiting for me this entire time.

Chapter 5: Climbed onto My Belly

The tank wasn’t illuminated so I couldn’t see his face clearly aside from his contours. Even then, I could feel his gaze following me.

His gaze made me tremble and made my legs feel like they were frozen, unable to take another step.

The merman seemed like he could read my mind because I suddenly felt as if he was encouraging me to go forward. He must have closed his eyes because I couldn’t feel his terrifying gaze anymore.

I mustered up the courage and continued toward the silhouette in the tank.

The merman in the tank floated peacefully, he looked like he was sleeping. The piercing gaze I felt earlier must have been my imagination.

I got a better look at him as I moved closer. There seemed to be a shiny protective membrane on his

skin, enticing me to touch it.

Through the wall of transparent acrylic, I imagined how his skin would have felt. Right then, I noticed a grave wound on his right arm! Even the bone underneath was visible.

Based on the shape of the wound, it seemed to have been caused by a shark.

This made me worry. Considering he was given such a large dosage of tranquilizers, he must have been very weak. No wonder he was so quiet and was sleeping so peacefully.

Under these circumstances, a wound of this degree would have killed him.

I couldn't help but be glad that I brought a first aid kit with me. Without saying a word, I climbed onto the cover of the tank.

As I did that, the merman also moved in my direction. This made me suspect that he did that on purpose.

Now, the merman was right below my feet. I could see the wound on his arm become a pale white from being submerged in the water for too long.

I made sure the tranquilizer gun was secured in its holster on my waist and decided to open the tank cover.

'Linda, you need to calm down! This is your first time getting close to a live merman. There can be no mistakes!' I told myself.

I got down on one knee and stared at the opening that could only accommodate one person.

As expected, the merman stuck his head out above the water surface slowly. My mind went blank as I held my breath.

Eventually, his entire torso was floating above the water surface, with water droplets from the movement splashing onto me. I felt like I was hypnotized as my gaze slowly rose from his abs to his face.

A face that was handsome beyond what words could describe.

If I were to evaluate him by human standards, he would be considered a mix of different ethnicities. But

there was no human race that had an appearance of such a perfect combination of wildness and

elegance. His face wasn't pretty but I was still stunned. His eyes carried the deepness of the ocean and

his gaze was cruel.

The corners of his mouth started to slant in an angle, as if he was ridiculing me.

As I stared at him blankly, his arms had already reached the edges of the opening on the tank. His burly upper body had already trapped me in his shadow. Droplets of water had slid down and had dripped onto me. Out of surprise, I dropped the glow stick into the tank.

The sudden darkness made this situation seem more frightening. I wanted to stand up and take a step back. But I lost balance and slipped, landing flat on my butt. The familiar fragrance from the dream wafted around me, causing my vision to become blurry, on top of the already dark room.

Just then, my legs were gripped by something wet and slippery. This cold and slippery feeling... it was the merman's hands! As he was grabbing my legs, he pulled himself upward, and his long, wet hair drenched my clothes.

I was terrified. I grabbed hold of my tranquilizer gun on my waist waiting for the chance to fire.

But then, the merman stopped climbing on top of me once he reached my abdomen!

His gaze fell onto the area below my belly like he was looking at a fresh and tasty slice of fish.

The air stood still.

How could this be?

Had the merman mistaken me for food and wanted to eat me from the softest part of my body?

Then I made an even worse guess. The area below my abdomen was my crotch, was he...

I shouted at myself mentally, not daring to continue down this train of thought.

Chapter 6: I'm About to be Claimed...by a Beast?!

I secretly reached for the tranquilizer gun on my waist, ready to whip it out and fire it at him.

I wasn't in a dream. How could I be constrained by such a lewd being?

Suddenly, a hoarse voice said...

"Di-ck-en."

"Di-ck-en."

I was sure that the voice came from the merman, the hoarseness of his voice sounded as if he hadn't spoken in a very long time.

Was the merman trying to communicate with me?

Oh my god! Was I the first human in history to be speaking to a merperson?

I was so excited that I forgot about the danger that befell me just a moment ago. I mustered the strength to prop myself up so that we were on a parallel line of sight. It was only then that I realized how naive I was. The expression on that handsome face was definitely one that was teasing me.

But I didn't want to give up. I let myself calm down and spoke slowly, "Hey Mr. Merman, I have no ill intentions. I just saw the wound on your arm and wanted to treat it for you."

I even pointed at the wound.

But the merman didn't react. He was still grabbing my legs with his wet hands without any sign of loosening his grip.

I tried to resist and free my legs from his grip.

But my efforts were for naught. I couldn't escape his grip and in the process, the zipper of my pants came undone instead. The merman curiously looked at the zipper that was completely open.

Was the merman interested in my pants?

As the turning gears in my head halted, he lowered his head and buried his nose into the zipper opening!

I could feel the friction of his ice-cold nose on the fabric of my panties.

Then, he inhaled deeply as if he was reveling in the scent of a rose in full bloom.

My face blushed a bright shade of red. I couldn't lie to myself anymore. Was this merman courting me?

If I were a mermaid, this would have been a very arousing scene.

But I'm a human and he's a beast. How could we do something like this?

I was terrified as I saw him bury his face deeper into my crotch. His entire face was practically plastered against my panties.

Without me realizing, his hands left my ankles and started moving towards my thighs.

As if locked into place by a curse, I couldn't move and I could only watch him extend his wet and slippery tongue down my thighs. He then tilted his head up to catch a look at my flustered expression. He licked his lips as if he was craving more, and his lips curled into an evil smirk. Without waiting for me to react, he continued to bury his face into my panties and licked at it wantonly. I wondered if merpeople were naturally lewd like this. The sensation sent shivers up my spine. Unsure whether it was fear or excitement, waves of stimulation caused me to tremble. As my panties had already been completely soaked, the merman looked up at me with monstrous red eyes. A dull hum reverberated inside my head. This beast was completely naked and had a gaze filled with primal desires. I didn't realize when he had completely climbed out of the tank, but what I did realize was that I was about to be claimed if I didn't do anything! I used all my strength to bite my own tongue so that I could think clearly. Utilizing this short period of clarity, I whipped out the tranquilizer gun in my right hand and shot him in the shoulder.

Chapter 7: Treating the Merman's Wound

After being shot in the shoulder, he blankly lifted his head to look at me. With a cold look in his eyes, I couldn't help but feel goosebumps rising on my skin. I even thought the tranquilizer wasn't working. Luckily, the situation was under control. The merman weakly collapsed onto the tank cover. I let out a sigh of relief and rushed to get out of there. As I did that, I slipped and fell unknowingly onto him in a straddling position. The merman that was originally in the process of passing out was now shocked awake. Not only that, he looked like he was satisfied with this development.

The merman lifted his head and started grinding against my legs, stimulating my sensitive region.

Even though his eyes were only half opened, he showed no signs of passing out and continued teasing me instead.

I panicked internally and pointed the tranquilizer gun at his head, threatening him, "Hey pal, you do know how powerful this is right? If you continue moving, I will give you another taste of this."

I might have appeared calm but in reality, I was terrified. I was scared that my threat would have no effect and I didn't want to shoot a tranquilizer at his head. He was a subject of my research after all.

I wasn't sure whether it was because of the previous shot of the tranquilizer, but it seemed like my threat worked.

The tail that was grinding against my crotch slowly became limp, and his eyes eventually returned to his previous tranquilized state. He looked dazed and innocent even.

I have to say, the now docile merman looked more innocent than a dolphin. I was also very confident that the amount of tranquilizer administered was enough to slow his movements and make him sleep.

I finally felt relieved and got up from the unconscious merman. Although I had averted danger, I did not forget the reason I approached him in the first place. I extracted the items intended for anti-inflammatory purposes and treated his wound.

It seemed as if merpeople had natural hemostatic bodily functions. I was surprised the wound already had a layer of protective membrane that prevented bleeding. I was excited to have discovered this. If this could be applied to treating humans, it would be revolutionary!

I lightly pressed the membrane and felt an abnormal bump. So I applied some anesthetics and made a cut on the membrane with a pair of scissors.

As expected, there was a tooth in his wound.

Judging by the shape of the tooth as well as his wound, he must have fought against a shark. What was even more obvious was that the shark must have been in a more pitiful state.

Perhaps the shark was already in his stomach?

To verify my hypothesis, I nonchalantly placed my hand on his stomach.

As expected, there was a bulge there. It looked like he hadn't finished digesting his food.

I wasn't just surprised by the combat abilities of merpeople, but I also found it difficult to imagine how he could fight a shark.

But of course he didn't know what I was thinking about. The merman looked at my hand on his abdomen through his half-opened eyes and a satisfied expression.

His expression made me feel uncomfortable so I retracted my hand, wanting to prepare to stitch the wound on his arm.

As my hand left his skin, he raised his hand to grab it.

I panicked and grabbed the tranquilizer gun again, pressing the barrel onto his forehead.

The merman saw the gun in my hand and smirked as if he didn't care about it.

I threatened him again by poking the gun at his head as a warning.

He looked at me like a playful child without any intention to harm me but he didn't loosen his grip either.

It was embarrassing. He looked like he was lazily sunbathing on a beach while I was panicking instead.

My control over the situation had turned its tables yet again.

Chapter 8: The Horny Merman

As I was deliberating whether or not to fire, the merman tugged my hand and placed it back onto his abdomen, his large hand covering mine and guiding it to feel his solid abs.

I noticed his tail was wagging again as if he was trying to humor the hand that was touching him.

He wanted me to touch him?

Were merpeople social with humans like dolphins were and like to be touch?

I felt like I had opened a new avenue in communicating with merpeople. When conducting research on animals, people often think about how they can pacify them. But if merpeople and humans could

communicate peacefully and we could meet their demands, wouldn't that mean we can understand them better?

I started to take his lead and relaxed my hand, feeling the solid contours of his abs.

His skin was shiny and smooth, and his muscles were rock solid. A feeling of excitement rose from within me and I couldn't deny it. If this were to be the body of an adult man, women would have a hard time saying no.

Merpeople were definitely similar to dolphins as they both enjoyed being touched. He extended his neck forward and pretty much his entire body was plastered to mine. I was excited about this amiable interaction because his tail was wagging even faster than before.

But slowly, I came to the realization that his behavior was somewhat strange. It was as though he was... horny?

Then I saw the scaled slit open at the area where his humanoid torso met his fishtail. From within the slit, a "thing" that looked identical to a human's sprung out, its girth and length inches larger than the average human's. His "thing" was obviously erect and swollen to the point of turning purple, and now it was excitedly secreting some liquid.

The merman had no sense of shame. With the bravery of someone announcing their heroic deeds, he pointed his "thing" at my face.

I was utterly shocked. I didn't know how to react and could only gulp nervously

Yes, this was my first time seeing such a magnificent "thing".

I could feel my blood rush and I didn't think I could do any proper and rational research.

So I decided to give up on this visit.

I rigidly stood up and wanted to push the merman back into the tank. But just then, the merman let out a

roar that was indescribable with words, and I was startled.

I understood that he didn't want to be thrown back into the tank.

He still clung to me and kept thrusting his "thing" in front of my face.

Now I could confirm that this merman was indeed aroused.

No wonder he almost claim me earlier, he couldn't find an outlet to release.

The desire of animals to copulate is natural. It was no exception even for intelligent merpeople.

I suddenly had the idea that I could use this chance to collect a semen sample. With a merman's DNA, I could unravel the secrets of merpeople.

Looking at both my hands and then at his erect and swollen "thing", I gulped again nervously.

Even though exciting thoughts were bouncing rapidly within my mind, my body was stiff.

But the moment my eyes met his, it was like I was bewitched. I stiffly got down on one knee and stretched out a trembling hand, encircling it around his purplish "thing".

The moment I held onto it, the merman's "thing" twitched excitedly against my palm. It looked like it had grown than before.

I forced myself to not think about anything. This was purely for research purposes and scientific advancement.

I dared not look up at him because it would make me feel like there is something wrong with me.

Next chapter