

The Merman, My Man by Black Velvet

Chapter 142

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'How did I suddenly grow gills?

No, that's impossible! How can a human being like me grow gills?

But if I don't have gills, why can I breathe underwater?'

My eyes were met with darkness when I opened them. Plunging downward in seawater, this quickly had muddled my thoughts. I even thought I had imagined the merpeople orgy and the situation I was in. But Dicken's arm around my waist felt real and solid.

My gaze followed the direction Dicken was bringing us and found a huge sunken ship right below the islands. My eyes widened at its sight.

The large ship was suspended there quietly. I wondered how long it had been down here and what secrets it had buried before it became part of the islands. Perhaps it was left behind by some of the first pursuers of the islands.

'I wonder what happened to those people? Were they saved? Or did they sink along with this ship?'

As we continued our descent, we got closer to the sunken ship, and I could eventually make out some of its features. It was a steamship from the last century, and its exterior was dilapidated. But I could tell that the windows were designed with an eastern

element and once wore eastern designs. I deduced that this ship was likely from China or Japan. 'Is this the ship the old woman from my dream was on when she lost her daughter?'

With this thought in mind, I wanted to get a clear answer. So, I quickly spoke to Dicken, "Dicken, bring me closer to the ship! "

I tried to talk, but the water prevented me from doing so. Dicken obviously didn't hear a word I had said. As he held me in his arms, he made a turn around the ship then swam speedily toward the surface.

I could gradually see faint rays of moonlight shining into the water.

We then shot out of the surface like a geyser toward the moon. He carried me into the sky accompanied by the sound of the splash and the sea breeze against our ears. As the moonlight cast our shadows onto the sea, the moon seemed extremely close. It was like I had already reached its surface and could touch it. I felt my heart jump up to my throat and screamed, "Ah! "

Then, my voice was dissipated by the wind, and my body returned into the sea. But in the next second, Dicken brought me out of the water again as he jumped even higher. He did this several more times, leaving splashes along our path.

I was surprised at how high he could jump. But at the same time, I also realized that he could be exerting his energy from his urges that weren't satisfied earlier.

I could only cling to his body and appreciate what he was doing for me.

Suddenly, his lips came crashing down onto mine as he hugged me tightly. It felt like he was melding my body with his.

His leaps into the air brought me a sensation that was close to flying. I felt like my soul had left my body. It was just like a fantasy.

Without holding back, I kissed Dicken back. It felt like I was in a drunken stupor, enjoying his lips like it was a sweet wine. Its taste entranced me. I had no words to describe what I was feeling, whether to call it fresh, thrilling, or even...romantic!

To a person like me who had never dated anyone before, I didn't know whether this feeling was similar to what a teenage girl would feel when she got her first taste of love. The only thing I could confirm was that this experience was a memory that I would never forget for the rest of my life.

'If I were to leave the island one day, I will not forget the kiss we shared as we leaped across the surface of the sea.'

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Perhaps it was due to Dicken's seduction and the hormones he had emitted, but I felt like I had fallen in love with him.

This ambiguous feeling disappeared when Dicken put me down onto a rock. I froze in shock when I looked at my hands. The space between my fingers had a translucent membrane

connecting them as they glinted under the moonlight. It's some type of webbed membrane!

It wasn't a hallucination this time, and I could tell that I wasn't dreaming either. That was because a similar webbed claw was holding my hand, and his touch felt real.

"Dicken... What did you do to me?"

I withdrew my hand from Dicken and looked at my webbed claws dumbfoundedly as I asked him in shock.

"Your first..changes...are coming."

Suddenly, my vision went black. Before I completely lost consciousness, I felt Dicken's claw caressing my cheek and his deep eyes looking at me as he answered in a low voice.

In my half-conscious state, I felt stinging and itchiness in my legs. It felt like I was being bitten by hundreds or thousands of ants, or like a wound regenerating new skin. Due to the odd feeling in my legs, I couldn't help but want to reach down to touch them. But my hands were pinned

above my head by a cool and wet claw. His wet lips and tongue left wet trails around my neck as I started to feel pain behind my ears and in my fingertips. The pain was like the thorns of a rose growing through my skin.

The uncomfortable feeling caused my body to squirm and convulse as if I had contracted a strange illness.

I mustered a scream amid agony and opened my heavy eyelids.

The moon was right on top of me as fragments of light and shadows were cast onto the water surface. My eyes couldn't focus, and as my sight wavered along with the bibbing of light fragments, my head also started to sway.

The dizziness was intense. It felt as if my entire body was swaying. There was a dark shadow on top of me, and I knew it was Dicken. I had many questions, but I couldn't speak a word.

I looked down at my legs in a daze. 'God! What am I looking at?'

A thin layer of silver scales had grown on both of my legs. Row by row, they covered my skin underneath neatly. At first glance, they looked no different from a fishtail. The faint outlines of my legs could still be seen, but a webbed membrane had grown over my feet, turning them into

a caudal fin as it dangled into the water.

Horrified, I looked at Dicken and wanted to interrogate him on what he had done to me. But before the words could leave my mouth, I completely lost consciousness and passed out.

I was once again met with darkness. The sea was around me again, but the moon was hidden in the thick fog. It was silent, and I couldn't see Dicken or anyone else.

The discomfort I felt earlier had vanished, and my body fell downward like I was descending into the abyss. But eventually, I realized that I was just in another nightmare.

I pinched my arms repeatedly to try to wake up from this dream. But it felt like an invisible force had grabbed hold of my legs and was dragging me downward.

I couldn't resist the force as I plunged into the depths below.

I returned to the aquarium that I had dreamt about before. Schools of fish and fluorescent jellyfishes were swimming past me. They looked really close to me, like I could easily touch them just by extending my arm. They also seemed clearer compared to looking at them through the

glass.

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Confused, I suddenly felt that something was off. I reached forward and felt a layer of glass, but the glass wasn't separating me from the fish. It was enclosing me with them. I was being displayed in the aquarium, just like a dolphin.

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'What is this?!'

I desperately hit the glass in front of me and started shouting, but the only response I could hear was the banging sounds I had made.

'God damn it! Why is this happening?!'

I continued banging on the glass in front of me, but I couldn't even make a crack. I frantically looked around and saw a dark shadow through the glass.

It was Dicken!

I made my way toward him but then stopped in shock.

Dicken was wearing a black windbreaker, and the thick tail that made up his lower body was gone. It was replaced with a pair of long legs wearing a pair of sweatpants.

Through the reflection of the glass, I could clearly see the state I was in. My legs had become a silver fishtail that was moving naturally along with the water currents, and my upper body was completely nude, revealing my feminine features.

Stunned, I stared back at Dicken as he looked at me with his deep eyes. He placed his hand onto the glass as if he had wanted to touch me, but the panel of glass was in the way.

Therefore, he clenched his fingers into a tight fist and mightily punched the glass in front of him.

I could hear the glass cracking as crack lines filled the entire panel. In the next second, the glass shattered. I wanted to throw myself at Dicken, but my eyes were met with darkness yet again.

The intense terror caused me to snap open my eyes as I suddenly felt like my soul had returned to my body. I quickly sat up and looked at my legs to find that nothing had changed.

My legs weren't a silver fishtail and were the same as before. They still had regular human skin and weren't covered in silver scales.

Then, I reached out both my hands and flipped them over several times to inspect them. I needed to be sure there weren't any webbed membranes growing between my fingers. After I had ascertained that everything was normal, I sighed a breath of relief.

Even so, I checked my entire body from head to toe before ecstatically hugging my knees and kissing them like a near-amputee.

'Thank God my body didn't change into a mermaid...'

'But what exactly is happening? And what does Dicken mean by first changes?'

My thoughts were a mess as I recounted what Dicken and I did at sea and the events in my dream. I glanced at my surroundings and realized that I was back in his cave.

'Does this mean I never left this cave? And the events that occurred after the weird ceremony was all a dream?' I shook my head as I didn't believe this

hypothesis. The rush of adrenaline and the excitement when Dicken and I were leaping across the sea felt too real, as did the intense pain of turning into a mermaid afterward. My mind was overcome with confusion.

'Which of my memories are real, and which of them are from my dream?!'

I suddenly realized that it would definitely leave a trace or two on my body if these things really did happen. And if that was not the case, then that means there must be something wrong with my mind.

So, I reached my hand behind my ear and was immediately petrified.

Behind my ears, I could feel a small slit that still had traces of seawater on it. This reminded me of when Dicken brought me to the bottom of the sea, and I felt the seawater enter my mouth and nose before exiting through this spot behind my ear.

My body had really undergone some changes, just as Dicken said, and the slits behind my ears were evidence of that. This revelation completely shattered the relief I had when I thought I was just dreaming.

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The extreme panic made me hyperventilate, and I felt like I was about to suffocate.

I took continuous deep breaths to force myself to calm down. Then, I rubbed my temples to make myself stay awake and not faint again.

I had to accept the reality of things. I had grown gills like a mermaid behind my ears and could breathe freely in the water. I even had an illusion that my leg had become a tail and my hands had turned into webbed claws.

My body had undergone changes after reacting to something from a biological standpoint. In other words, this could be considered a genetic mutation.

Even though I wasn't thinking straight, I could still recite my knowledge in genetics from my studies. Genetic mutations are the primary cause of changes to a being's biological makeup. Many factors could lead to genetic mutations, and they could be classified into three categories. The first category is physical factors such as X-rays and lasers. The second category is chemical factors that could react with molecular DNA, thereby changing it. Examples of this include nitrous acids and bases, among others. The final category is biological factors that comprise but are not limited to contracting viruses and certain types of bacteria.

The factor that most likely caused this belongs to the third category.

Dicken must have caused this. He had shot his semen and DNA into me countless times whenever he violated me. This means that there was a virus within his semen that was aggressive... They had changed and rearranged my chromosomes or even altered their genetic structure as well as the numbers. And so, the damn virus had killed off my original cells and replaced them with cells with mermaid characteristics.

'Dicken said that this was the first change...

That would mean there will be a second, a third... An nth time of change? Until I become a mermaid entirely?

No, no, no! I can't accept this!

I frightened myself with my inference. In frustration, I paced around the cave, ruffling my hair as my body broke out cold sweat.

'I'm going crazy. What's the use of coming up with these theories now? Even if I wrote a shocking thesis based on the deduction that merpeople can assimilate with humans, it could not change the fact that I have been genetically mutated! There is no meaning to these theories! They can't change my physical state back to how I was!'

I didn't want to become a mermaid and stay on these islands forever with these barbaric merpeople. I wanted to go back to being a student with my parents by my side.

'Calm down, Linda! You must stay calm!'

The current phase of changes didn't compromise my human appearance too much. I could still think of ways to stop the mutation. The only way to do that was to inject me with a serum to prevent the mutated cells from growing.

'Yes! I have to leave this place. I can't have any further contact with Dicken. As long as I can make it back into the lab, Peter and the others will definitely help me find a way to suppress this virus! I must believe in science!'

The moment I had made up my mind, I calmed down miraculously.

It was true that I was turning into one of them, but panicking would not solve anything. I was the only one who could save myself from this.

Therefore, I carefully climbed to the cave entrance and looked toward the sea. But I couldn't spot Dicken's figure. Perhaps he had gone to feed somewhere in frustration or had matters to handle pertaining to his clan. Either way, his absence had only reinforced my intentions to flee from this place.

I quickly made my way back into the cave and toward the hole that Dicken used to store his memorabilia. To my delight, I found that it was not short of items I could use. I immediately packed several pieces of exploration equipment that I might've needed, like a rusty but still functional knife, a looking glass, a compass, and a small bottle of vodka that was still sealed, which I could use as a disinfectant. I even found a ship crew uniform. I bundled all the items together in a piece of canvas before fastening it onto myself.