

The Merman, My Man by Black Velvet

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I checked the preparations I had made and suddenly felt more confident and fearless. I felt like a seasoned adventurer, just like Robinson Crusoe!

After that, I had to take a crucial step to determine whether I could successfully escape this cave. I had to dive and swim in the sea with my newly grown gills to help me breathe underwater.

I approached the pool that Dicken had used to bring me deep underwater. Then, I crouched down and dove into the water decisively. When I confirmed that I could breathe underwater without any issues, I swam downward as fast as possible.

At that moment, some part of me couldn't bear to leave, but the rush of water currents didn't allow me to ponder further. I seemed to be swimming into the deeper parts of the ocean with the instincts of an actual fish. I swam at a speed that no regular human being could, then I saw the light above me and broke through the water surface.

I wiped away the droplets of water on my face with the back of my hand as I found myself at a shallow part of the sea. The land was right ahead, so I crawled toward it.

I took out the knife and observed my surroundings vigilantly to prepare myself for an attack either from wild animals or Laura and her troop. I entered the jungle right by the beach and planned to climb up a tall tree to look through the looking glass for Peter and the rest, as well as any boats or ships nearby. As I was climbing a tree, I heard a deep neigh coming from a distance away. I was startled. Even without turning around, I knew it was Dicken. He was catching up to me. I quickly dove into the shrubbery to hide. As I touched the wet mud on the ground, I had an idea. I grabbed a handful and started to smear it onto the spots on my body that might have been emitting my scent.

I had figured out one of the ways Dicken could find me; as long as I was within a certain distance from

him, he could figure out my general direction through smell. The sense of smell of a merman was far more sensitive than any other creature.

Moreover, my scent could've been distinctly unique to Dicken, as if he was the only one that could smell me.

I laid in the shrubbery and observed the shoreline anxiously. As I had expected, I saw a tall, black figure on the sea surface. His black tail was rapidly moving as he entered the jungle nearby.

Obviously, my method worked because he looked worried as he looked for me. The mud on my body masked my scent, making him unable to determine my exact location. I could hear Dicken's anxious growl, and it sounded like a whisper into my ear. I shivered as I clamped my hands onto my mouth, terrified that I would accidentally make a sound.

"Linda! Linda!"

Dicken shouted my name repeatedly as his voice roared like thunder, piercing into my ears. Even the leaves around us started to rustle from all his roaring. Perhaps he realized that roaring was counter-productive in finding me as I might be scared away as he suddenly calmed down.

He stretched his neck and closed his eyes. He looked like he was taking in all the scents around him before identifying my scent among them.

I hoped I could bury myself within the mud as I lay in the shrubbery. I wasn't sure whether he could see through my trick or whether my scheme posed no difficulty to him, given enough time.

'Lord, protect me! Please let me have better luck this time!'

I could imagine how angry and frustrated Dicken was feeling right now. He had likely just gone out to hunt or handle a minor issue only to find me and some of his precious memorabilia missing when he returned.

'If he found me now, I know exactly how he will punish me for this. He would most likely devour me clean, and I really can't have any bodily contact with him anymore!'

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Right then, I felt a stinging pain in my ankle. I looked down and saw three leeches attached to it and were burrowing their teeth deeper into my skin. One of them had already burrowed deeper than the other two, causing the pain to intensify as if a drill was drilling a hole into me.

I hated leeches, and I was tempted to jump up and flick them away, but my determination to stay hidden forced me to remain still. Even the smallest of sounds could alert Dicken of my whereabouts.

Besides, I couldn't get these three leeches off me from a mere flicking. Even if I jumped up and down, I wouldn't have been able to remove them. My movements would only catch Dicken's attention before being dragged back to his cave.

So, I could only grit my teeth to withstand the pain. I remained still and observed Dicken, who was nearby. I could see him sniffing the air, but he didn't look like he could identify my scent. His solid chest anxiously rose and fell as he couldn't find me.

Suddenly, he crouched lower before slamming his tail onto a tree. In an instant, the tree was split in half. His razor-sharp caudal fin made a swishing sound as it sliced through the air. The top half of the tree almost fell onto my head, and I was so startled that I didn't even dare to breathe.

'Good God! Please help me remain hidden from Dicken!'

I buried my face into the crease of my elbow to hide my shaky and unstable breathing.

I could hear Dicken's low and worried voice shouting, "Linda... you can't...leave me...You...will undergo...changes...You need...me..."

The muscles in my body tensed as I felt more stressed. The leeches had probably already penetrated through my skin. Bone-crushing pain coarse through my nerves as my leg couldn't help but twitch.

I could only bite my arm to retain my current position and not move too much.

'One minute, two minutes, three minutes...'

I was mentally counting the time. I suddenly felt like I was back in military service when the instructor forced me to lie under the hot sun in the mud for a long time. Now, the instructor was Dicken. If I 'broke the rules' and were noticed, I wouldn't be punished with just a simple discipline training. Instead, I would be imprisoned on the islands and turn into a mermaid, unable to walk on land forever.

My body had become numb after waiting for so long. Perhaps God was so touched by my persistence that Dicken finally gave up looking for me here and eventually left after about eight minutes.

I wasn't ready to relax. I waited for a while longer before I bent over to look at my ankle. The three leeches were full of my blood, and half their bodies were still protruding out of my leg. They were still trying to dig into my leg!

I extracted the bottle of vodka from the bundle and poured some onto the leg. Although it wasn't as effective as salt, I could only use what I had. It would work

fine as long as it was something that could irritate them. Eventually, all three leeches wriggled themselves out before I smacked them onto the ground and stomped on them.

The place I was at was a mire. There could be countless more leeches lurking there, so I decided to leave quickly.

Then, I found a tree that was suitable for me to climb and ascended it with the help of a knife. I sat on one of the steadier branches and took out a few strips of cloth from the bundle. I disinfected them with the bottle of vodka before wrapping them around the wound.

A small wound like this didn't need to be bandaged, but I was worried that the blood would attract Dicken's attention. That was why I didn't dare to wash away the mud I covered myself in even though it was uncomfortable.

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I was now completely alone. I had to rely on myself to survive and look for Peter and the others. I knew that I didn't have as much survival skills or experience compared to Jack, but at least I had some experience camping in the wild. Furthermore, I was knowledgeable on matters pertaining to biology. As long as I was careful enough not to bump into Dicken, I believed I could safely get back to the boat.

Therefore, I took out the looking glass and looked toward the sea with it. After scanning the sea for a while, I saw a few bright lights coming closer from the west of the islands. I figured that these could be ships, and the bright lights in the sky could be helicopters.

I was excited at first, but not long after, I was overcome with worry because I had no way of knowing whether they were Laura's men or reinforcements that Jack had called for. It was also possible that they were neither. Nonetheless, these boats were my biggest hope of leaving these islands.

I estimated when these ships would arrive and concluded that it wouldn't be for another day.

'I have to find a chance to contact Peter and the rest as soon as I can. After the gunfight with Gary, if they had...No! They must still be alive! They must still be on this island. But where are they?'

I then scanned around the island with the looking glass, and I saw the faint illumination of fire in the forest in the northeast. Although the light of the fire wasn't very obvious, it was still a sign of human activity. That place was also not

too far from where I was. It would've taken me about an hour to reach there on foot.

'However, before I can determine their identity, I must act with caution. It's best to only reveal myself after I make sure they aren't Laura and her men.'

After confirming the directions with a compass, I climbed down from the tree and headed off in that direction. After traversing for about fifteen minutes, I realized I was near the relic of the merpeople civilization from before. My body tensed up, and I had the urge to run away from that place immediately. But I forced myself to remain calm and not act too hastily.

That place was quiet, and there were no signs of life right then. This meant that Dicken was not around, but it was still a place of familiarity for him and the monitor lizards. The probability of him being here was too large for me to risk walking through this place.

I anxiously looked toward the artificial pool he was in as I crouched and moved toward a different direction. I then circled the area where the monitor lizards had appeared. Although this would mean a longer route, it was still a safer option.

But when I walked past the pool from a distance away, a familiar hormonal fragrance entered my nostrils. I instinctively covered my nose.

I couldn't believe that Dicken's scent would remain here for so long. I wanted to break into a run, but my legs lost their strength, and my body felt unusually heavy. My body felt like it was planted into the ground. Suddenly, I passed out.

I did not know how much time had passed, but an abnormal sensation in my body awoke me. I felt like my body was alternating between being submerged in boiling water and covered in ice and snow. The relentless icy and fiery sensation caused my body to sweat and shiver simultaneously. The sensations gradually became worse over time.

It took a lot of effort just to open my eyes, and I couldn't stand up. My body couldn't muster even a sliver of strength, so I was stuck lying on the ground. 'What is going on with me?'

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I wanted to figure out what was happening to me, but the extreme adverse sensation in my body prevented me from thinking straight. When the

wave of coldness hit, I couldn't help but tremble and curl myself up tightly. And when the wave of heat came, I felt like my skin could emit steam, and my body felt like it was boiling.

I tossed and turned around on the ground as my throat released a series of agonizing moans.

'Good God! What is happening to me? Is this the beginning of the second change? Why is it that this is happening so soon after the first? No wonder Dicken was looking for me. What will I grow this time? A tail? Webbed claws?

'No! I can't let something terrible like that happen again. I have to withstand the torment and get treated before the next changes come!'

I closed my eyes in anguish and dug my fingers into the soil as I tolerated the extreme sensations.

Eventually, the alternating waves of hot and cold started to reduce in frequency. However, a different and strange sensation of heat crept within my body. It was different from the heat I had just felt, and it constituted a whole different kind of desire. I felt electrical currents coursing through my nerves throughout my body, causing me to shiver.

I couldn't describe this feeling. It felt like I had consumed some random aphrodisiac that had heightened my sensitivity to smell, causing the

scent of Dicken's fragrance that remained in the pool to appear stronger than before. The fragrance seemed to have infected every cell in my body, making my body weak as I broke out in a sweat.

I could only try holding my breath in resistance to its effects. But the scenes of being violated by Dicken couldn't stop replaying in my mind, and I was reminiscing the feeling of his touch. I yearned for Dicken's presence more intensely than any other time before. The walls within the feminine regions of my crotch couldn't stop clenching, like a thirst waiting to be quenched.

I realized that I was uncontrollably in heat like a mammal.

I turned over in shame, burying my face into the soil in an attempt to dispel the s*xual fervor. However, it was no use. When I turned over, my body spasmed and excited me further with a feeling of emptiness.

'No! Damn it! What the hell is wrong with my body?!'

I bit my arm and curled my body again to resist the extreme s*xual urges, but the desire was crashing in waves. I felt like a virgin again, waiting for Dicken to deflower me.

'My body feels way too hot now. If Dicken doesn't get here soon, I might just explode.'

Although my body was thirsting for Dicken, my mind thought otherwise. As I was battling these changes, I could hear footsteps and several voices headed in my direction. I shivered in fear that someone would see the state I was in. The fear pushed me forward as I mustered some energy to crawl and hide in the shadow of a large tree. "Are you sure there is somebody here?" "Yes, Colonel. I heard Linda's voice."

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I tensed up when I realized those were Gary's and Laura's voices.

I shrunk myself under the shade of the tree with my back plastered against its trunk. I spied on them through the corner of my eye and saw that they were next to some stone pillars less than ten meters away. If they came closer to where I was, they would have heard the sound of my reggae breathing as well as my suppressed moans.

I could only clamp my hand onto my mouth and nose tightly and not move as I listened to my own loud and rapid heartbeat. I couldn't help but tremble as I wished they wouldn't notice my presence.

"I have a feeling she's nearby," said Gary.

He looked around and swept the beam of his flashlight around the tall grass. He was headed in my direction, so I shrunk my body further and hid behind the tree trunk. My heart felt like it had jumped up to my throat when he took notice of the tree I was behind. Thankfully, at that moment, Laura called for him.

"Stop the search, Gary. It's getting in the way of proper business. We need to head to the shore soon to welcome the other doctors. Don't worry about Linda. By the day after tomorrow, these islands will be under military control, and no one will be able to escape. Are you still worried that you won't be able to find her?"

Laura said that nonchalantly but it was a grave matter to me. The ships and helicopters were on Laura's side, and they were the military. 'Which country are they from? What on earth do they want from these islands inhabited by merpeople?'

Gary was silent for a while before he spoke to Laura, "Colonel Laura, you can vanquish anyone you wish when they get here, but I hope you'll leave Linda to me. She's still so young, and she's a genius in biological studies. There is value to keeping her around. Don't you want to build a research base here? She will be of use to us then."

'What? A research base? Laura wants to occupy these islands and build a research base? What do they intend to research? Merpeople? Why do they need the military to be involved in this? Unless they want to use the research product to manufacture weapons.'

I inhaled a deep breath in disbelief of the conspiracy they had plotted.

Then, I heard Laura cackle coldly as she replied, " You're thinking too much about this, Gary. This isn't something you or I can decide. Don't let your feelings get in the way of your decision -making and performance. I admit that Linda does have value in contributing to research on merpeople. She's also pretty, brave, and young. She's someone who fights for her dreams."

Laura paused before she continued. "She's like a fearless moth being attracted to the moonlight. She can't help but rush to the moon, but as you know, this would only hasten her demise."

"But colonel, it's not because I... "

Laura interrupted Gary and said, "You like her, Gary. You love her. You still don't want to admit it? I'm not restricting your romantic relationships, but they

must always come second. My orders will always be of utmost priority. Do you understand?"

"..I understand, " replied Gary.

My hands clutched onto the soil as I couldn't help but hyperventilate. The anger I felt from hearing their conversation only served to aggravate the effects of my intense s*xual urges.

I had somewhat connected the dots in this entire debacle. Gary and Laura's troop had set their eyes on merpeople and these islands a long time ago.

Therefore, Gary implanted himself as a university professor and plotted this unthinkable conspiracy. On the other hand, Laura had also implanted herself in the Japanese military, leading Japan to think other countries were causing trouble, directing their attention to America and other countries. They had been lying in wait for the two sides to sustain casualties before reaping the benefits. 'I must tell Peter and the others about this as soon as possible! There's no time to lose!'