

The Merman, My Man by Black Velvet

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I had to face reality. Unfortunately, there was nobody else I could depend on. Dicken was captured, while Peter and the others were missing and most likely in danger. As for me, I was a prisoner of a terrorist group equipped with lethal weapons.

A feeling of despair surfaced within me, but I immediately suppressed it on willpower alone. I drew a deep breath and swallowed the blood in my mouth.

At least I was still alive. As the alpha, Dicken still had many devotees. 'How could the tough merpeople stand to let their alpha be taken away?' This thought gave me a sliver of hope.

'My body is now stronger than it used to be. And although I don't want to become like this, it has helped me. Perhaps there will be a chance for me to break through...'

While immersed in my thoughts, I could feel the helicopter descend slowly.

The shirt that had been covering my head was finally taken off. I then opened my eyes, scanned my surroundings, and found that I had arrived on Laura's warship parked by the seashore.

While I was being carried, I observed their contingent. There were a total of four ships lined up neatly with metal bridges connecting them, forming a small base. I immediately realized that this was the research base that Laura and Gary had talked about.

If they were successful, their militia would use this location as their breaching point in occupying the islands. I suddenly felt helpless. The people I was up against were an orderly militant group that had undergone thorough planning.

"Hey, where are you taking me? What about the merman? Where is he?" I cleared the blood in my mouth and asked the soldier behind me.

He eyed me coldly but didn't answer my questions. I guessed that he didn't understand Japanese. So, I switched to English and asked him the same questions, but he still didn't reply like a lifeless robot.

While I was frustrated by his lack of response, a bright light suddenly shone in front of me. I then saw the metal net restraining Dicken resting in an empty pile at the side. 'By the looks of it...Dicken must be on this ship!'

As I looked around for Dicken's figure, my head was pushed down heavily then shoved through a cabin door.

The cabin I was pushed into looked like an interrogation room. It had no windows, and the walls were covered with many handcuffs and ropes. There was another door on one side of the room, but it was shut tightly. I hazarded a guess that the room next door had to be holding another unlucky prisoner like me.

The hands behind me shoved me into the wall. And before I could react, a highly pressurized spray of water sprayed onto my body. I trembled as the spray of water struck me, but my head was firmly pressed against the wall, and multiple pairs of hands held down my body.

The spray from a highly pressurized water gun contained the saltiness of seawater as it struck across my body. The impact of the spray was so large that I couldn't even open my eyes, and the water made me choke.

'These terrorists, how could they treat a woman like this?!'

What they did was something that could crush someone's self-esteem in an instant. Many criminals would undergo something like this before entering jail. This leaves them defenseless and without any privacy as they are treated like animals.

My anger had reached its limit. The tattered clothes on my body were now even messier after being sprayed. Not only were they treating me like I was a criminal who had committed grave crimes, but their treatment seemed closer to abuse. They knew the weaknesses of a woman. They knew that the moment my psyche crumbled, they could interrogate me.

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I started to be overcome with fear, but I gritted my teeth and didn't allow myself to retreat. So, I sat up straight like a statue.

It was hard to withstand the continuous jet of water splashing onto me. Moreover, they didn't even exempt my chest and lower body. Even though I knew that this was part of their ploy, I still felt ashamed.

I didn't know how long the highly pressurized water gun had sprayed onto me, but when I felt water pouring into my ears, it finally stopped. The insides of my ears felt hazy as they were ringing, and my head felt dizzy. I clumsily wiped the water off my face when suddenly I felt a pair of hands groping my butt.

My body was petrified for a second. Then, the few men behind me started to laugh while one of them spoke to me in broken English, "Hey, I heard that merman like your body."

I was surprised. I quickly smacked away the hand placed on my butt and looked at the man in disdain. He had a strong build and tan skin. The muscles on his arm were large and solid. He also had a full coat of chest hair. In my eyes, he looked as repulsive as a gorilla. I stared at him in disgust before I said, "

What did you say? I can't understand your crappy English."

They were silent for several seconds before they broke out in laughter. All of them were dubiously eyeing my entire body. The guy who spoke to me rubbed his chin and looked at me with eyes filled with scorn before he said, "I heard that before we landed, you and the beast were making love madly in the cave under the cliff."

My ears grew hotter. Shamefulness and the anger of being teased made my blood boil. I was so furious that my body trembled, and I clenched my fists tightly, pushing my nails into my palms. The pain helped clear my mind. I had to withstand all this because my anger and opposition served no purpose at that moment.

I could only glare at the few of them in front of me in contempt. I imagined that my eyes could shoot daggers and slash away at their disgusting faces.

They laughed even more obnoxiously when they saw that I didn't speak. The man came closer and held my chin with his hand before shoving me against the wall. His chest pressed onto my breasts, and he came awfully close to my face. I could feel his disgusting breath on me as he said, "Is that merman's dick bigger than a human's? You must have enjoyed yourself. Let me check out what's so special about your body. Is it because you're especially s*xxy that the merman couldn't bear to leave you alone?"

As he said that, he placed his hand onto my butt again.

In that instant, my anger erupted like a volcano within me. I couldn't hear anything. I couldn't see anything. My body's instincts simply took over as I raised my fist and threw it at his nose.

That guy howled in pain, but I wasn't going to let him off that easily. I directed punch after punch at his face, and before long, he fell onto the ground. I charged at him like I had lost all reasoning before pressing him down and raising my fists again.

The other men around us finally reacted and raised their guns at me, but I didn't care about anything else. Like an angered beast, I only saw red. I raised my knee and pressed it down to subdue this strong man, then began beating him up.

They saw that the threat of their guns had no effect on me, so they hit me with their guns instead.

However, this couldn't hinder my movements. In fact, it felt like they were hitting me with fluffy pillows.

Obviously, these men were shocked as they didn't know how a woman like me could have such explosive power. But the truth was, even I didn't realize that I could unleash such massive and terrifying strength after undergoing the second change. All I did was channel my strength and fight the few other men who had also charged at me.

Surprisingly, I had the upper hand and beat them all up until they were covered in blood. They finally realized how powerful I was and retreated from me. They then trained the barrels of their guns at me as they trembled.

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After the intense battle, I was tired and out of breath. I crept onto the floor and wiped away the blood and sweat on my face as I stared at them vigilantly like an actual beast.

The contempt and scorn that the men wore of their faces finally vanished and were replaced with shock as they looked at me. The looks on their faces were now much more tolerable than before.

But what was worse was that they planned to deal with me with their guns. Just one shot was enough to kill me.

But even if I could turn back time to ten minutes ago, I would have done the same thing. I couldn't stand being abused by them. I had always thought that I could withstand their deliberate humiliation. But when it came down to it, I wouldn't think twice before shooting all of them with a gun.

I then heard the sound of the safety latch being unfastened.

I was reminded that I should say something akin to begging for my life, but I couldn't utter a single word when I opened my mouth to speak. So, I resigned to closing my eyes instead.

'Alright, Linda. You've always been stubborn and hot-tempered, even when you were a child. You've got yourself in so much trouble because of this. Are you satisfied now? You're sacrificing your life over this.'

"Wait, don't shoot! Colonel Laura still has use for her!" Just then, I heard Gary's voice coming from the doorway.

I opened my eyes and saw Gary walk into the room. He looked around the room and saw the mess I had made. He halted in his step when he saw the guy whose nose I broke and had only a few teeth left in his mouth. Gary looked up at me in shock like he was asking, 'Did you do this?'

I straightened myself and narrowed my eyes, staring at him provokingly.

I raised my hand to wipe away the blood dripping from my chin. But I suddenly noticed there was something wrong with my fingers.

A translucent membrane had grown in the spaces between my fingers, just like a webbed claw. The veins on the back of my hand protruded. I was so shocked that I immediately put my hands down and closed my fingers together.

"What? I still have value to you? My dear professor Gary, " I said sarcastically as I glared at him while pretending to be calm. But in reality, I was terrified. I was worried that the upcoming changes would be more extreme. If my legs were to suddenly turn into a fishtail or if I suddenly got into heat again, I would be done for.

'Good Lord, please protect me. Please don't let it happen again!'

"Bring her here right now! Immediately! " The sharp voice of a woman reached my ears from Gary's walkie-talkie, breaking the silence in the room. The voice had also shifted Gary's attention away from me as he finally cast his eyes away with a complicated expression. Then, he signaled the men to put their guns down.

He gave me an oversized shirt to cover up my wet body then took me to the other side of the ship.

I was taken below deck through a flight of stairs. This area looked more heavily guarded than above. It could also be said that the cabins below deck were like an impenetrable cage.

'Oh my goodness ! What am I looking at down here?! '

A large glass tank was installed on each side of the cabin below deck. The top of the tanks was covered with large metal nets. Through the gaps in the nets, I spotted several merpeople being confined solitarily.

I looked at the merpeople in shock. Some of them were male and others female. They stuck their heads against the glass as they stared at the humans who had imprisoned them in fear and despair. As I looked into their eyes, I felt like a claw was clenching my throat, making me feel like I couldn't breathe.

But I realized that Dicken was nowhere to be seen. 'Where is he being held?'

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As I looked around the tanks below me, Gary pushed me to the end of the cabin. Laura was standing in front of a cabin door with marks that looked similar to craters, showing that something had collided with it. Looking closely, I could see blue-colored dried blood on it.

My heart clenched.

"Linda, you're so lucky." Laura looked at me as she gave me a wicked grin. "You have a chance to stay alive. But it isn't because Gary had begged for mercy for your sake, but because of the merman restrained behind this door. I just found out that this merman is the alpha of the islands. The merpeople you just saw all came to save him."

She paused for a second before looking at me with false tenderness. "Our little genius Linda, I want to get some of his blood, but sadly, he is too aggressive. Nobody can get close to him; what more prick his skin with a syringe. So, I suddenly thought of you."

"Colonel Laura!" Gary quickly interrupted Laura as he had just figured out her intentions.

Laura's expression became visibly fierce as she shouted, "Shut up! Do you have any better ideas to solve this? Or do you not want your precious girl to remain alive?"

"But..." Gary wanted to argue further, but before he could finish, I opened my mouth and interrupted their argument. "I'm willing to help you," I said with an expressionless look on my face.

God knew how much I wanted to charge at that horrible woman and punch her in the face. But this was the only way I could contact Dicken and know what situation he was in. That way, I could find a way to release him.

"Very well." Laura looked at me with a cold gaze like she had wanted to pick my brain and find out what stunt I would pull this time. "But before you enter, I need to show you something."

I furrowed my brows, unclear about what scheme she was planning. I watched as she grabbed something similar to a display screen from someone next to her then showed it to me.

Through the screen, I could see Peter, Jack, and Jolin!

'Wasn't Jolin kidnapped by mermen? What is she doing here?' Her face was pale as she lay on the floor, and her body was covered with an old tattered blanket. Peter and Jack had their hands and feet in shackles as they lay on the floor on their sides.

"You...What did you do to them?!" I gripped the screen so hard that my fingers turned white, and my voice trembled in horror.

I glared at Laura angrily and had the impulse to charge at her, bite her neck and snap it.

Laura cackled coldly as she took a step back, crossed her arms, and said, "Don't worry, they're still alive. As for how long they can remain alive, that will be up to you, my little genius Linda."

Her red lips that uttered my name seemed like a witch casting a curse on me.

Then, she reached her hand into her pocket to extract a sealed syringe and placed it onto my palm. She then signaled Gary to let go of my arm.

I had the urge to stab the needle of the syringe directly into the artery in her

neck, but my conscious mind fought hard to suppress the impulse. In the end, I just put the syringe into my pocket.

"I have a request," I said as I tried my best to stay calm. "When I go in to draw his blood, no one else is allowed to enter."

Laura smiled and opened the door as she said, "There are surveillance cameras in this cabin. We will monitor you from here, so you better not have any funny ideas. How long your friends stay alive will depend on you."

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I clenched my fists tightly, causing my knuckles to crack. Then, I took a deep breath and stepped into the cabin as the door slammed shut behind me.

My surroundings were completely dark, but the night vision I had just acquired came into effect a few seconds later.

This cabin was very wide, and a large water tank made of glass was placed in its center. Dicken's head hung low as he was hung from his arms with chains that were as thick as my wrist.

I thought of how he was considered a ferocious beast of the ocean but was here hanging like a dying criminal. His upper body was lifted above the water surface, and his originally flawless and unblemished chest had a burn mark on it. I could tell that a high voltage electric shock caused it.

'They left such a deep wound on him that it will take ages to heal. What on earth did Laura and her men do to him?'

I was dumbfounded for a second. Then I stumbled as I ran into the tank. I shuffled in the water until I was right in front of him. I could see the wound on his chest clearer now. Then my chest started to hurt as well as if my chest was the one that sustained a wound. I held out a trembling hand and traced my fingers on his skin around the edges of the wound. The feeling of distress caused me to tremble, and I felt like something was stuck in my throat, preventing me from speaking. Finally, I said shakily, "Dicken."

My voice was hoarse and low, and it sounded like a sob. It was so soft that even I could barely hear it.

But Dicken responded. He panted profusely as he slowly lifted his head with great difficulty. His deep eyes seemed to lose focus for a moment, but they eventually locked onto my face.

"Linda. Linda."

He mumbled softly while my face was plastered onto his and our noses touched. His voice was so low that I was the only one who could hear it.

I couldn't help but cup his cheeks and shakily lean in to kiss him. As if this was a way to ensure that he would stay alive and not die in the next instant.

Dicken's body stiffened. He must have never expected that I would kiss him of my own volition without any conditions involved.

In fact, even I didn't expect that I would do that. I didn't think before I acted. It was like a hidden part of me had surfaced and taken control of my body and my soul.

I had actually willingly kissed him. Despite knowing that Laura and her men were monitoring me through the surveillance cameras, I couldn't suppress the yearning in my heart.

My heart felt like it was bleeding. I knew that I wasn't sad because this strong

being had tortured me, and I had thrown out all semblance of thought as a researcher on biology. I simply acted upon the intense emotions I was feeling. I anxiously kissed Dicken in distress, but he remained still and didn't breathe a word of reply. Perhaps he didn't have any strength left, or he was still mad at me for running away. Or maybe he knew that I didn't come in here without a purpose in

mind, thinking that I was in cahoots with Laura.

He had every reason to think so. It wasn't hard to believe that I was a cruel and selfish human being who had invaded his homeland and betrayed him for my own benefit.

I could guess what Dicken was thinking about, so I withdrew my lips from his. Just as I did so, he suddenly lowered his head and heavily pressed his lips onto mine. His sharp teeth bit my lips, and I moaned in pain. He then bit down on it harder then started licking my wound with his tongue repeatedly.

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Dicken's body and mine trembled together, but his kiss was still hard and aggressive like he had wanted to remove all the jumbled thoughts I had and calm me down. But it also seemed like his final act of indulgence where he could confirm his feelings for me one last time.

My lips were quickly swollen and in pain from his relentless assault. So, I couldn't help but lean backward and away from his lips. I caressed his sharp, featured face before stuttering a string of messy words. "Dicken...don't misunderstand me...I really want to get you out of here...It's my fault that you became like this. If it weren't for me..."

My gaze drifted onto the burnt wound on his chest, and I felt more heartbroken. Then, I crouched down and placed my forehead against his chest, and took a deep breath. After that, I realized that I should do for him what he had done for me countless times, and that was to treat his wound.

I extended my tongue and carefully licked the wound on his chest. I could feel Dicken's muscles tense up like a bowstring. His veins were visible as they protruded from his skin. Obviously, he was stimulated, but I didn't know whether it was due to the pain or my actions.

But I couldn't think anymore. I pressed my hands on his back and hugged his upper body like I was comforting an injured dolphin. But my face was buried into his chest as I licked his wound carefully.

The skin on the wound had hardened, looking like burnt leather. Then a repulsive burnt smell flooded my nose, making me shiver. I felt sorry for him. It was clear that his ability to self-regenerate was damaged. They had shocked Dicken with a high voltage while he was at his weakest. There was no way for the self-regenerative properties in his blood to heal the wound. Right now, tearing off the burnt skin to let him bleed again was the best option for him to heal quickly. Even so, I couldn't do it.

I couldn't give these terrorists any opportunities to get their hands on Dicken's genes. 'Who knows?

Maybe they will use his genes for some terrifying biochemical research ! '

I paused my licking and decided to bite down on my lower lip. I put considerable force into the bite, and my swollen lip bled profusely. I thought to myself that my

lips would be as swollen as a sausage after a while.

The moment my blood dripped on Dicken's wound, his body quivered and twitched as his arms tugged on the chains. He rested his chin on my head before he said in a low voice, "Don't hurt yourself...Linda."

"Stop moving around!" I supported his body and didn't bother with what he said. Instead, I scolded him.

I didn't want him to be concerned with my small injury in a situation like this. It was just the amount of blood on my lips that looked terrifying.

I mixed my blood and saliva before carefully spreading the mixture onto every inch of his wound. Bit by bit, I made sure not to leave out even an inch of skin. I could hear the thump of his heartbeat next to my ear, offering me some peace of mind. His burnt skin now had a translucent membrane over it after all my licking. This showed that my method was effective. I guessed that this was thanks to my body being altered after the second change.

I was excited after looking at the outcome of my licking. Like a practiced doctor, I checked the rest of his body for wounds. Although they weren't as serious as the wound on his chest, they still couldn't heal. One of them was situated on the low end of his torso and was close to his crotch. Regardless, I still lowered my head toward the wound to lick it.

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As I licked at it intently, I completely forgot that Laura and her men were monitoring me. I had regarded myself as a doctor to Dicken, and I had even somewhat regarded myself as Dicken's mate.

When I arrived at this thought, I immediately cast it aside. 'What am I thinking? There's no reason to think about this. Dicken and I are still confined here. Our fates are intertwined, so I must help him!'

I lowered my head and didn't stop licking. The image of me kissing him impulsively when I came into the cabin appeared in my mind. My licking motions descended lower and lower. Suddenly, the tip of his stiff and swollen shaft emerged to the surface and bumped onto my lips.

In that instant, something must have gone wrong with my mind because I extended my tongue and licked the tip of his shaft. When I realized what I was doing, my mind was blown.

'I must be crazy!'

I immediately wiped my lips and took a step back. I flailed around in the water before I steadied myself while holding on to Dicken's body. The moment I lifted my head, I was face to face with him. His deep but somewhat weak eyes met mine. Then, a blue tint appeared on his cheeks. 'His blood is blue. He is blushing! If I perceive this as excitement, then this is the first time I've seen him this excited.' Although he seemed weak and looked like he was straining, his tight lips cracked open in a small smile.

'This is because I licked his shaft with my tongue! I can still taste a faint metallic taste on my tongue!'

I looked at him with wide eyes and wiped my lips with my hand. I wanted to scold him, but I couldn't utter a single word.

I was upset. 'Why is it that every time I'm in front of Dicken, my intelligence level seems to drop to negative digits and give him reasons to laugh at me?'

Now, he was confined with metal chains in a water tank, bruised all over, and looked half dead. If it were anybody else, they would have trembled in fear and wouldn't get hard. But for him, his shaft was energetically erect. It was no wonder that he was the alpha of lecherous merpeople, a lecherous guy through and through.

But when I calmed down, I felt relieved. Since he could make an expression and reaction like that, it proved that the state of his body wasn't as bad as how it looked.

Even though I was blushing, I still pretended nothing had happened and cleaned the blood on my lips with water. But my eyes were drawn to the erect object as I gulped awkwardly.

"Linda..." Dicken tilted his head down to look at me. His voice was low and weak, while his eyes had a hint of pitifulness. He didn't make an expression like this when he was gravely injured, but now he looked like he was begging me to relieve him.

I couldn't help but cup a handful of water with my hands and splash it onto my face, wanting to get rid of my blushing red cheeks. Then, I firmly said, "No, don't even think about it. You're injured. Your body can't stand this."

But when I said those words, I started to feel a wave of restlessness in my body. This made me even more flustered. I quickly took a deep breath in hopes that I could get rid of it.

I felt that I was the one who had evoked his arousal and that I should take responsibility for this situation. However, I remembered that he would become weaker after ejaculating. 'Previously, Laura and her men took the opportunity to capture him after he had ejaculated. Considering the current situation, I cannot let him expend any more energy.' 'Moreover, Laura and her men are still monitoring in.

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Ugh, I suddenly remembered Laura's instructions. She threatened to kill Peter and the others if I did not complete her requested task. However, I was unable to draw Dicken's blood.

I looked around vigilantly, then slowly moved closer to Dicken, blocking my movement with my body.

Then I took out the needle in my pocket and pierced Dicken's arm as if I wanted to, but I covered the position of the syringe with my body and then plunged into my arm.

I was confident that I could conceal the movements captured by the surveillance camera. From that vantage point, they'd think I drew Dickens' blood.

"Linda!" Dicken lowered his head, looked at me, and panted heavily. Then he bit my ear as if to punish me for hurting myself.

But his punishment did not deter me, and I continued until the syringe was full of my blood. My blood color had changed to a mix of red and blue, which surprised me. It was a purple-red color, and it was undeniably the result of my two transformations. My blood would turn the same dark blue as Dicken's if the mutation continued.

Although there was a distinct difference between Dicken and my blood, Laura had never actually come into contact with Dicken's fresh blood. I discovered a

long time ago that when Dicken's blood was exposed to air, it condensed into a solid-state. The blood could not be tested unless drawn from the body like I was doing right now. Laura, I'm sure, was aware of it as well. That's why she told me to draw blood from Dicken.

So my blood color would now deceive them.

From a biological standpoint, I was no longer a human or a mermaid. Among the two forms, I was a strange species. On the other hand, merpeople were a completely new species to Laura. They didn't have enough information to tell the difference between the merpeople and me. A genetic test was a large-scale and time-consuming project, and this was enough to put them through hell for a long time.

When I thought of this, I couldn't help but smile. I then placed the syringe in a sterile bag. I raised the sterile bag and motioned it around in the dim light, indicating that I had fulfilled their request.

"Dicken, I'll protect myself," I said quietly. Who should I look for to save you?"

I immediately remembered the massive monitor lizard I saw at the mermen's antiquity. I was about to ask Dicken, but he seemed to have anticipated my thoughts a long time ago. "Ka-li-rna-di, go back there..." he spits out a few syllables.

"I understand," I immediately understood what he said and nodded.

I needed to find a way to get past Laura's defenses. I needed to regain some of my freedom to return to the antiquity, find the giant monitor lizard, and inform it of Dicken's current situation.

Although I was unsure whether the massive monitor lizard could withstand the army's bullets, it was undeniably the most dangerous threat at the time.

A cold voice from the cabin interrupted my thought at this moment, "Come back immediately after getting the blood. Are you still going to date your lover there?"

B*stard, despicable woman !

I clenched my fist and stroked Dicken's chest gently. I was checking to see if I had missed any minor wounds. I noticed him lowering his blue eyes. His gaze engulfed my heart and mind as if it were about to suffocate my heartbeat and breathing.

I couldn't help but close my eyes. I gently pressed my lips against his, our breathing intertwined.

After a long time, the sound of the cabin door opening jolted me back to reality. If I didn't leave, they'd come over and grab me. I quickly pulled my lips away from his and exited the cabin.

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Laura approached me from the cabin. Gary had a gloomy look on his face as he trailed behind her. When I looked at Gary, he had a strange expression on his face. This caused his face to become flushed as he clenched his teeth. To control his rage, he was exerting every effort possible. I'm sure he would have assaulted me if Laura wasn't here.

They were watching everything Dicken and I was doing right now. I thought I was mentally prepared to face them, but the feeling of embarrassment overwhelmed me.

To avoid their gazes, I lowered my head. I then took the syringe bag from my

pocket and handed it to Laura.

Laura gave me a disgusted look and let out a long laugh. Then she took the syringe bag and carefully examined the purple-red blood inside.

I couldn't help but feel nervous, but I forced myself to remain calm and stared at her emotionlessly.

Laura, as an international spy, must be skilled at observing and analyzing human expressions. I must not allow her to exert control over me.

To keep me from getting exposed, I threatened, "I got you the blood sample, and I suppose you should now let me meet my friends. I have to make sure they're safe, or else don't expect me to help you again!"

Laura completely ignored me. She frowned as she stared at the blood. She then took another small test tube and poured a few drops of blood into it while shaking it. However, she didn't seem to notice anything unusual about the blood color or concentration.

She turned to Gary and said, "Of course, you can. Gary, take her there."

"Understood, Colonel Laura. I will take her there immediately," Gary finally seemed relaxed as if he had been granted an amnesty to have the opportunity to spend some alone time with me.

He grabbed my arm and tried to drag me away, but Laura stopped him, saying, "She is the prisoner, you must handcuff her," and then she threw a pair of handcuffs at Gary.

When the cold handcuffs touched my wrist, I felt a strong desire to rebel rise in my heart. My gaze was drawn to Laura's frail neck.

It was simple to break free if I wanted to. With the power of my second transformation, I was able to easily escape Gary's grasp. I could even use these handcuffs as a weapon to strangle Laura's neck and threaten her to release Dicken and Peter. But the thought was quickly dismissed as soon as it crossed my mind. I knew that even if I rescued them, we wouldn't be able to fight the entire army. So I'll have to be patient and wait for the right moment.

As I thought about it, my nails unconsciously left a mark on my palm. Gary didn't seem to notice my emotions. He immediately placed handcuffs on me and led me upstairs to the deck. I walked past the deck, which was flanked on both sides by imprisoned merpeople. I was surprised to notice that they were looking at me intently. They didn't look at me the same way they did when we first met at the Lemenland. There was no hint of desire on their faces, and it didn't frighten me in the least. They were looking at me as if they were looking at their kind, and even with a little bit of respect, too. They nodded and bowed their heads slightly as if they were bowing down in respect.

I understood it instantly. This was because of the mark Dicken left on me that day. So they had accepted me as the consort of their alpha, as the queen of merpeople?

Ugh, it was terrible. I was a human being, but now I was regarded as the queen of the merpeople. What a joke.

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Gary suddenly pushed me from behind. I was then tripped by the doorstep and almost knocked my head on the ground. He grabbed my collar from behind and pressed my head against the wall with great strength. I summoned the courage

to turn my head and yell, "F*ck! What are you doing?!"

Gary approached and lowered his head to look at me. His forehead swelled with blue veins. His chin was obscured by dark stubble. I realized he'd been drinking when he took a big breath right into my face. He was behaving like a drunk now. I was extremely unsettled. I had no idea what he was going to do next.

I noticed his gaze falling on my lips. Perhaps he remembered that I had just licked Dicken's lower body. Rivers of shame flowed through my head, making me feel ashamed. I quickly diverted his attention by yelling, "Gary, wake up! I don't care what's going on with you right now. Take me to Peter and the others first. This is Laura's order!"

Gary pressed his face against mine when I finished my sentence. Then he whispered in my ears, "Linda, I wonder how amazing your tongue is. But there's no rush. I will know it tonight. Laura handed you to me, and I bet you know what she means."

Then he paused for a second and said, ambiguously, "I'll do everything you did with the beast. I will demonstrate my abilities to you until you are unable to stand the next day."

"F*ck off! You pervert! Stay away from me!" I cursed hatefully. I was extremely enraged by him. Then, just when I was about to kick him in his lower part, he grabbed my collar and pushed me to go forward.

Gary uttered, "Don't reject me first. You will know how important it is to please me when you see your friends."

"To please you?" I sneered, "You are nothing but Laura's running dog, a slave. Do you think you deserve it?"

As soon as I finished talking, Gary stopped and pushed me against the door in the corner. He grabbed me by the collar and dragged me closer to him. Then, under his bad breath, he said into my ear, "You're correct. I am Laura's running dog. But you are more pitiful than I am. Soon, you will beg me for help. You will beg to be pleased by me. That's all for now. Go see your friends!"

The hatch in front of me opened, and I was thrown in. The hatch closed behind me immediately. A lamp flickered amidst the narrow space, making the cabin look dim. The room was cluttered with straws along the wall. The three of them were lying on the straws in despair. Finally, one of them stood up. A familiar and excited voice sounded in front of me, "Linda! Oh my God, you're alive!"

"Jack!" My eyes were immediately filled with tears. His familiar face made me feel at ease. I stumbled while running towards them. Peter rushed up and stopped me. He put his hand on my shoulder and shifted his gaze to Jolin, who was lying on the

ground, badly wounded. Then he whispered, "Shh..."

I didn't notice Jolin until then. The moment I saw her, my heart sank to the bottom.

Jolin, who had gone missing earlier, was now curled up on the straws unconsciously. Her breathing was weak, and her brow furrowed as if she were trapped in a nightmare. She was wrapped in a ripped blanket. It was most likely the only thing they had. Even though she had a blanket with her, it was insufficient to cover her entire body. Bruises were noticed on the exposed areas. Her neck, wrists, and calves were covered in scratches and bites. A large pool of blood lay on the ground beneath her lower body. Jolin's lovely and charming face had been replaced by a pale one. She was now as thin as a rake. I almost didn't recognize the most attractive senior at our university.