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"What's wrong with...her?" I let out the words in shock, despite knowing they were nonsense.

My throat appeared to be blocked by a sponge, preventing me from crying or shouting. My thoughts were preoccupied with the female pirate's encounter in the merpeople's pit. The thought of Jolin going through the same ordeals drove me insane.

I squatted down, trembling. I wanted to touch Jolin's face, but the handcuffs made it impossible. Peter held me up. He tried to console me, but his hands shivered as he patted my shoulders. His eyes were welling up with tears, and he exclaimed, "This is dreadful! We're at a loss for what to do. She may require disinfection, stitching, or other medical attention. Jack and I are at a loss for what to do. We were imprisoned here. Jolin could die as a result of the infection. If she is not treated properly, she may only have a few days to live. What kind of c*1prit did this to her? Were the soldiers to blame?"

"Stop it, stop it, Peter," I shut my eyes to stop him from continuing. I had secretly made up my mind. My voice trembled, but I said firmly, "I will think of a way to save Jolin, I swear."

I kept repeating my promise. Jack looked at me with a heavy heart. He patted my shoulder gently and let out a helpless sigh.

Then, Jack pulled Peter and me closer and whispered in a low voice, "I found a way to send a signal to the Navy Department before being arrested by these people. If there's no accident in between, they will find a way to rescue us when they receive the signal. Our primary focus now is to keep Jolin alive. Don't worry, Linda. They will not harm Peter and me. We have the things they want, so do you."

"What?"

Jack looked into my eyes and whispered, "Have you met Dr. Willie before?"

"Yes, I did. You met him too?" Dr. Willie was the first to discover Lemenland.

"Did he show you a picture with various grids in black and white?"

I suddenly realized something and said, "Yes, I suppose it is some passwords. I remember consulting with him on communicating with the merpeople, but he said nothing to me and asked me to jot it down. I didn't know what it meant at that time. I thought he might be mad, as the rumors say. Have you seen the picture?"

Jack looked around with vigilance and then whispered in an even softer voice, making sure only Peter and I could hear. He quickly covered his lips to prevent Laura from reading them and said, "That is indeed a password." It's Dr. Willie's disk password. The disk has secrets that people outside want to know. If they use this, they can get to the most important place on the Lemenland, the time portal. I understand your disbelief, but this is not a science fiction film. It's real. This includes the mystery of ancient Greek antiquity's disappearance. The mysteriously vanished antiquity is not buried beneath the sea but in another dimension ! The true territory of the merpeople is in the time portal."

He came to a halt and looked at my perplexed expression. "Linda, whether you believe it or not, one of Dr. Willie's subordinates, whom the mermen abducted while sailing, has returned," he said to me word for word. He is your grandfather. I opened my mouth wide in shock, "That's impossible ! Dr. Wille clearly said all the

crews were missing, and they had been gone for decades. He even published a yellow notice in the newspaper to find them. So how could he be my grandfather? My grandfather had always been by my side when I was young, until the shipwreck... "

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The scene of the shipwreck came to my mind instantly. I seemed to recall the image of Dicken rescuing me from the water. His deep eyes seemed to leave a print on my heart. All the confusion in my heart seemed to disappear in a second. My mind was filled with many predictions. I couldn't help but turn my head to Jack, waiting for him to continue.

"Dr. Willie had previously given me a recording. It records everything that happened after your grandfather entered the time portal. That was an entirely different world from Earth. You can think of it as an alien planet. However, the recording was interrupted and intermitted. As a result, I was unable to hear it clearly. One thing I know for sure, though, is that your grandfather gave up something to return to the earth. He promised the leader there that he would pay a high price in the future in exchange for his return to Earth."

It all came together in a split second. I choked and said, "Am I...the price?"

"Huh?" Jack looked at me in confusion. Then, he questioned, "What? You?"

I opened my mouth, but nothing came out. I shook my head.

Jack didn't know about Dicken and my relationship. Of course, he didn't get the meaning of my question. I now feel my prediction was ridiculous. How could I convince others to believe me?

My grandfather was an early twenties guy when he sailed with Dr. Willie. I didn't exist at that time. And yet he made a promise to Dicken, the alpha at that time. He used me, who hadn't even been born yet, as a bargaining chip with Dicken. How ridiculous it was to make a promise that might not be fulfilled in the future. Yet, I believed this was the reason Dicken came into my life and violated me. Although I didn't want to admit that I was just a bargain, I also didn't want to believe my predictions.

But I couldn't help guessing that the young and inexperienced crew might be frightened of death. He was probably light-headed when he made the promise. Perhaps he didn't expect the promise involving the third generation to come true. But above all, I believed he never expected this promise would change my life forever. As for me, I couldn't blame the dead.

I now recall some of my grandfather's actions seemed weird. He would launch a signal at sea. Sometimes he would suddenly blow a trumpet on the ship. It sounded like a call. Was he calling for Dicken? Was he trying to tell Dicken that I existed and wanted to offer me to Dicken?

I was blown away. My mind was like a chaotic scene left behind after a storin. I couldn't pay attention to a single word Jack was saying anymore.

"Linda!" Jack shook his five fingers in front of my eyes, which awakened me from the distractions. "Linda, listen. I guess Gary and the others are aware of your grandfather's situation. That's how they found you. You must be extra careful and guard your life with these passwords. You may let them know about the time portal because they won't be able to find it even if they know..."

I took a deep breath and tried to calm my emotions. I shifted my focus to the

current situation and stared at Jack with a serious look, " Understood. I will. I will protect my life and try to stall for time while waiting for the reinforcements. They needed me to investigate Dicken. I will fight for more benefits and help to heal Jolin...Wait a minute ! "

Speaking of which, I suddenly thought that my blood could heal Dicken. Maybe it could treat Jolin as well!

I slapped my thigh and rushed towards Jolin. I grabbed the corner of her blanket but hesitated before lifting it.

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Suddenly, Peter grabbed my wrist and said quickly, " Linda, what are you doing?" "I know of a way to heal her wounds. But both of you may need to look away for awhile, "I looked at them awkwardly and said.

After all, Jolin was a woman. To heal her in such a small cabin, I need their cooperation. I was very familiar with the sense of humiliation. I can understand Jolin's feelings now. It was similar to when I was being violated in the laboratory. I almost committed suicide.

Fortunately, Jolin was asleep now. Otherwise, I dared not imagine how she would react to my impulsiveness.

Thinking of this, I suddenly realized there was a surveillance camera above our heads. I started to feel worried. If I did this in the cabin, it would expose all my movements and Jolin's conditions to them.

Peter held my hand. He looked serious, and he shook his head, "Linda, I don't encourage you to do this."

He stretched out his hand, gently touched Jolin's face, and signaled for me to observe Jolin's reaction. Jolin's eyebrows frowned as soon as Peter touched her face. Her closed eyelids were shivering quickly. Her facial muscles even started to twitch as if they were cramped. She seemed to be in a terrible nightmare and fought hard against something. It looks as though the nightmare would swallow her if she relaxed a little.

I took a deep breath. Jolin had post-traumatic stress disorder! I suppose the symptoms were not light from the way she reacted...

Jolin is like a child in her own world right now. Even if I wake her up by touching her affected areas, it will be as if she were a dormant person who was awakened by external forces and died instantly!

I nodded solemnly, "I understand now. I will get her a professional doctor."

Then, a heavy slamming door sounded from outside, together with Gary yelling, "Linda! "

The hatch door was pushed open with a loud sound. I was dragged out of the cabin by Gary without warning.

Suddenly, Gary pushed me to the opposite side of the boat. A group of armed men was waiting for us as we turned. They raised their hands and saluted Gary as a unit. One dark-skinned, bald man changed his facial expression right away when he saw me.

I glared at him coldly and recognized him as one of the men who had witnessed me beating up the man before.

I noticed they were carrying guns and bullets. All of them were fully armed. As I looked out, a helicopter was about to take off not far away.

I immediately realized they might be getting ready to occupy the mermen's island.

"Hey, isn't she the mad bitch that beat Carl up just now?" The bald man exposed his yellow teeth and examined me from top to bottom with a savage look. He suddenly stretched out his hand and wanted to touch my face.

I turned my head to avoid his touch. I looked straight into his eyes and threatened, "Please mind your words if you don't wish to end up like your friend."

When the bald man heard, he was about to rush up and choke me, but Gary intervened. Infuriated, his face became distorted "Gary, you should give her a taste of her own medicine, as Colonel Laura gave her to you. Show her what you've got. Don't squander such an attractive body figure." At the same time, his face became ambiguous and evil. He shook Gary's chest with his fist "Carl's retina was destroyed after she savagely beat him! A concussion was so severe that he ended up in the hospital!" "He's earned it. What he sows, he reaps." Even though I was itching to spit out the sentence, I restrained myself because the circumstances were not in my favor. That's when I decided to turn the mockery into cold, despotic hate. I wanted to curse this bald man with my middle finger so badly!

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"I'll deal with it. Take care of yourself. Don't fight the merpeople above water; they're insane beasts. Only long-distance sniping is beneficial to us. Gary looked at the helicopter about to take off not far away, then escorted me away from them. Hahaha, good luck, guys."

When the group had gone a long way, I became aware of the dangerous situation. Gary led the way to a cabin without saying anything. I started to get antsy. Gary had consumed alcohol. Even though he pretended to be fine just now, he laughed as he warned his subordinates. I assumed he'd been drinking a lot, and he was now inebriated. No one could have predicted the harm an immoral drunk would do to me when he abused his position of authority.

"Gary, take me to Laura. News: I have something to tell her. She'll be fascinated, and appreciate your efforts!" I abruptly said to him, hoping to divert his attention. But he shoved me right into a cabin, as if he didn't even hear me. Behind me, the hatch closed.

The surroundings of the cabin gradually became visible in front of me. There were a lot of chains and torturing tools hanging on the wall. A nasty feeling immediately arose in me. I instinctively kicked him out of defense, but he grabbed my arm, pulled a chain, and locked my handcuffs. My arms were then hung over my head.

Then he stepped on a hidden mechanism button. The chain connected to my handcuffs lifted immediately and pulled my body off the ground. My arm suffered the severe pain of being dragged. I wondered if my arms were dislocated. I couldn't help but let out a painful cry.

"What exactly is the latest information? Maybe you could tell me first. Let's see if it's worth informing her. Who knows if you're up to something? My dear student." Gary raised one hand to caress my cheek as he looked up at me. I was scared when his rough palm rubbed against my skin.

Red veins could be seen in both eyes. He looked at me with both admiration and lust. His emotions were erratic, like a string vibrating wildly as a result of the tremendous strum. He was the polar opposite of Laura's devoted servant.

It was scarier for me to face him now than it was to see Laura.

"I swear to God. I do have some exciting news to share with Laura." I can tell you first, but I have a condition," I endured the touch on my face and attempted to speak calmly to him.

Perhaps my sincerity moved him and awoken him from his stupor for a brief moment. Finally, he frowned and inquired, "What condition?"

"Gary, Jolin requires professional care. I'm sure you have a doctor who works for the military, right? My brow was dripping with sweat as a result of my anxiety. Drop by drop, it dripped from my brow and flowed down to my chin and neck. Gary attempted to wipe away the sweat from my brow. His hand moved slowly in the direction of the sweat. He stroked my chin, neck, and collar, finally stopping at my collar. He focused his attention on my sweat-soaked collar. My chest was now barely visible. He appeared to be thinking about something and smiled at me while inebriated.

I was alarmed.

"Linda, are you pleading with me now? I, too, have a condition in this regard. "As long as you promise me, I'm sure your friend will get the best treatment," he loosened some of my buttons while speaking, "Have s*x with me." Repeat everything you did with the beast to me. I even want you to moan loudly enough for the beast to hear. I want him to hear you moaning beneath my skin."

He told me to look at the top right corner. A black camera hung there. Compared to the normal one, the camera had many tiny black holes. I assumed it would be noise-canceling equipment.

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As he loosened my buttons, I clenched my fist and forced myself to ignore him. "Are you doing this to prove to the merman that I am yours? Do you believe he will develop jealousy like any

other man?

Ridiculous. He doesn't give a damn. He's a beast, and this will only pique his interest. To him, I'm nothing more than a tool for satisfying his sexual desire. And you share his viewpoint. Do you believe that beast will feel anything for me? Don't you think it's absurd? You have no idea what you're talking about. I'm nothing more than a trade item he paid for in advance."

This was my plan to deceive Gary. But I was perplexed. These words sounded like they came from my deepest thoughts. For a brief moment, I mistook them for real. They sounded reasonable. However, the image of Dicken and I spending time together seemed to contradict

the thoughts. His narrow, deep eyes seemed to peer through the darkness and fixate on me. 'No!' screamed a voice in my head. It's not what you think!

The conflict between two opposing thoughts in my mind caused me to suffer inside. My face took on a gloomy expression. "I am the trade item," I said in pain, closing my eyes. My family first made contact with the innerpeople a long time ago. Laura might be keeping it from you, but

I believe she is aware of it. Everything you just saw on the monitor was because I was being

watched. There is something unique about the beast that can "bewitch" me.

I took a sip, feeling parched in my throat. For me, speaking against my will was a challenge.

Gary's rage would only subside if I continued, but I had no choice but to continue in order to gain his good graces and avoid further abuse at his hands.

His touch disgusted my entire body. I couldn't help but curl up against him. But I had to patiently tell him, "If you like me... a little..."

It made me want to vomit when I said this. If Gary's feelings for me were perceived as liking, then all of the world's crimes could be embellished. I vividly recall him pushing me off the boat

and handing me over to the mermen as bait. When he discovered that I was alive, he pretended

to be an affectionate man struggling to find me. That's how he disguised his greedy and

psychopathic nature.

He had not been my professor for a long time. He was now a terrorist, my adversary.

I continued by saying, "Please have a professional doctor see Jolin. She is on her deathbed. You've met her before, haven't you? Please. Gary, I will be eternally grateful to you." Please stop

tormenting in I recalled Jolin's condition once again. I remembered her pale face. A miserable

emotion aroused in me, making my voice sound a little rough.

“Grateful?” Gary said it again and laughed softly. He slid his fingers through my hair and twirled them. Then he grabbed my hair again and pushed me towards him, forcing me to face him,

saying, “Linda,

I don’t want your appreciation. Does the fact that you said you have no feelings for the beast and that you are bewitched mean you will accept me?”

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“Give me a reason to accept you, Gary. Please get a doctor for my friend,” I gritted my teeth and

said. My eyes were contorted with rage.

Gary rubbed his lips on the tip of my nose and breathed an alcoholic odor into my face. The

scent almost made me vomit.

“Linda, give me a taste of your body first. You know, I have been waiting a long time,” He closed his eyes and kissed my ears affectionately. He held my face as if it was a precious jewel.

But I didn’t have the energy to be disgusted right now. My arms were in excruciating pain from being hung for so long. My arms felt like they were about to dislocate in the next second. I could

even hear the cracking of my bones.

But he didn’t care about my suffering at all. Instead, he continued to whisper in my ears, “Linda, do you know? You are the only comfort I have on this dirty, chaotic, and disgusting battlefield.”

He paused for a minute and began to caress my back. He said, “You have no idea how charming you were when I first took you out for investigation. You’re brave, attractive, and passionate about science. You amazed me with many things after that. I can’t help feeling attracted to you. Gradually, I finally understood that

even as your professor, I have no control over your life. No one can. You are persistent, impulsive, and ambitious. I adore you. Laura is right.

You're the beautiful butterfly that chases after your dreams. I wish to grasp your wings...and keep you by

my side."

Gary let out a long sigh. He seemed to be carried away by his own emotions. He smiled and continued, "Otherwise, you will fly away into the universe. And I can never pursue after you."

"Psychopath..." My hands hurt from the handcuffs, the cold metal pierced my hands like a dagger. "All you wish is to break my wings and turn me into a worm wriggling in your palin,

begging for your love and mercy. You psychopath : You enjoy people begging you. Don't pretend, Gary. Stop pretending you are affectionate or in love with me!"

I glared at him coldly and said, "Gary, if destroying me is all that you want, do it. Do it, and you will never see this butterfly again in the future. Or, you can try to give yourself a chance. A

chance for me to appreciate you."

Gary was taken aback. It was as if a spider web had wrapped around his eyes, preventing me from identifying his emotions. However, based on his facial expressions, I believe he was now more inebriated. Did my words jolt him awake when he was unconscious?

I felt lucky suddenly, was he not occupied with his sexual desire now?

If he was sober, he might not have forced me to do this with him. He wouldn't feel proud if he forced me to succumb to his body obligately. It would only show that he was not as good as a

beast in a rut. Gary desired pride. He wanted me to succumb to him wholeheartedly, to love him,

and worship him. But this was simply a dream! "I will find a professional doctor for your friend and get her the best treatment, but... Linda," Gary panted hurriedly. He slowly caressed my earlobe with his hand, "Promise me, after the construction at the merman's island is completed, escape with me and marry me. From now on, you can no longer contact the merman. Can you

do it?"

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"Marry you?" I opened my mouth wide in shock. Gary was indeed a lunatic. It was the first time I heard of someone proposing marriage by hanging the other person up and threatening to propose marriage.

"Yes, marry me," Gary didn't seem to realize it was a ridiculous joke. Instead, he began to

murmur excitedly. He fell into his imagination very quickly, "I can't wait to make you my bride.

Linda, marry me. There's no turning back. I have secretly found someone to write off your student and identity status. You are no longer a student at Maritime University. You're a nomad

of no nationality.

Gradually, you will be forgotten. Following me is the best decision you have made."

I was highly stunned as if the lightning had struck me. I only managed to react and understand what Gary meant after a long time. Gary took away my student status. I would not be able to continue my studies at the university. He destroyed my dream. He even erased my existence, removing me from Japan and becoming an international nomad! He did this so that I had no

way out!

"No! No way! You're mad! What did you do! Why did you do this! I'm going to kill you!"

I kicked him as hard as I could. There were chains above my head that were shaking. He hugged my legs very tightly. As I fought, my arms hurt. From my arms, I felt pain all over. My mind went

blank. Then, in the midst of the silence, I heard Gary yell like a lunatic, " Linda, I love you! I'm

madly in love with you! You should marry me! Marry me now!"

"Go away! Crazy! Stay away from me!" I could no longer endure his lunatic behaviors and cursed him loudly. The calmness I was trying to build up just now collapsed instantly.

I knew I was doomed when Gary started to undo my belt.

A rustling sound came from Gary's body as he took off my pants. It alerted me, and I held my breath.

"Gary! Calling for Gary!" Laura's voice sounded from Gary's pocket. This was the first time her voice sounded like music to my ears. "Hurry up! Bring Linda to me. The merman has gone crazy! I command you to bring her to me immediately!" I let out a sigh and said in trembles, "It seems that your superior doesn't want me to accept the condition you offered."

I was finally able to get out of Gary's psychopathic prison thanks to Laura. However, I didn't enjoy running away from him on the way back to the deck. Instead, my thoughts were floating in the air, as if I were on a cloud. I felt like I was in a dark hole. I was filled with utter emptiness. I miss my parents so much, and I miss every single dish they made. All of my happy university memories with my professors and classmates would soon become my past, slowly fading away from me.

I was overwhelmed by a sense of emptiness. I was paraded in front of Laura as if I were a corpse.

She looked coldly at the bleeding ligature marks on my hand, took out the keys to unlock the handcuff, and said, "On the monitor, I saw the merman injuring himself. Please calm his emotions and feed him. He is refusing to eat anything right now. Linda, you must ensure that he is alive. If he dies, you and your friends will be buried alongside him." She handed me an iron bucket with fresh fish after saying this and let out a fake smile.

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I took the iron bucket without saying a word and walked into the hatch with it.

When my vision cleared up, I realized what Laura meant when she said Dicken was hurting himself.

My heart sank upon seeing Dicken. The iron bucket almost fell to the ground. Dicken's wrists were no longer hung high above his head but had dropped to the height of his shoulder. He dragged the iron chains that were as thick as my wrist above him by force. A few deep ligature marks on his wrists caused by the iron chains were spotted. His bones were probably fractured and his flesh was exposed. The blue blood had solidified into a thick solid stuck between his wrists and hands.

"Linda." Dicken fixed his eyes on me when I came in. The iron chains shook as he spoke, "Linda... 1..." he stuttered. He seemed to want to express something but had no idea what to say.

I suddenly understood everything. He had heard the conversations between Gary and me. Gary, the psychopathic indeed let Dicken listen to everything when he tortured me. And yet Dicken

wanted to threaten Laura by hurting himself so that Gary would release me.

I dashed over to him as soon as I realized what had happened and hugged his chiseled body. I cradled his head in my embrace, both of my hands tangled in his hair. I closed my eyes and buried my face in his neck, inhaling his essence like an addict.

"Dicken..."

With my hoarse voice, I yelled his name. Hugging him felt like hugging the entire world. I had no idea why I had suddenly become so reliant on this merman. I used to despise him completely.

Whatever the reason had been, it didn't matter now. I just wanted to wrap my arms around him and hug him as tightly as I could. This appeared to be the only way to fill the void in my heart.

Dicken loltered his head and licked my forehead with his tongue. He nibbled at my forehead gently with his teeth at times. There was no sexual desire in between this time. Instead, he appeared to be consoling me. His touch was filled with love.

The feeling of emptiness seemed to vanish. My world was no longer empty but rather filled with his enticing aroma. My soul appeared to enter a gentle cradle, and I was saved beneath his beating heart. Ba- dump Ba- dump The heartbeats gradually calmed my nearly collapsing emotions.

As usual, his fishtail slid over and encircled my body. As if there was a safety barrier separating me from the dangers of the outside world. This sensation weakened my defenses. I wanted to cry and hug him. He was the only person by my side who knew exactly what I had gone through. The man who clearly understood the stress I was under. To be exact, it was a fish.

I knew I couldn't cry no matter how much I wanted to. I needed to be strong right now. It was my turn to keep him safe. He'd saved me so many times and now it was my turn.

'Linda, hang in there. No matter how difficult it is, you must persevere!'

I reluctantly let go of his body. I wished I could stay in his embrace longer, but I knew Dicken needed treatment right away to heal the wounds on his wrists.

I reached out and took his wrist in mine. Dicken helped by raising me up with his fishtail so that my eyes were now at the same level as his wrist.

When I looked closely at Dicken's wounds, I couldn't imagine how painful they must have been or how hard he must have struggled. The handcuffs had been stretched out. Dicken could have crushed his own hands and gotten rid of the handcuffs if his bones weren't strong enough. The wounds on his wrists were too deep, exposing the bones. Fortunately, his self-body healing was functioning properly. Some new body tissues had developed and had become attached to the handcuffs.

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I held his wrists with care. Dicken uttered a low growl. God knew how agonizing it was I was heartbroken, but all I could do was look at his wounds. I slowly peeled away the new tissues stuck to the handcuffs, allowing the newly grown tissues to return to the exposed bones. I stuck out my tongue and meticulously licked all of his wounds, not missing a single one.

Healing both of his webbed claws was not a simple task. When both of his wrists were clotted with a transparent layer, I was already sweating from tiredness. Then I finally realized a wet and lubricant thing seemed to be licking my chest.

I lowered my head and looked. I didn't know when Dicken rolled me up with his fishtail. He buried his head in my chest. He looked shy, fluttering his eyelashes, and seemed charmed by my body.

He appeared to be aware that I was watching him. He cocked his head to look at me. A lovely arc formed at the corners of his mouth. My heartbeat abruptly skipped a beat. A hot sensation rushed from my body to my stomach. 'Gods! At this critical moment, I'm actually having dirty thoughts about Dicken!'

In a panic, I could only comfort him by patting on his thick fishtail. 'Hey, it's done. Let go of me right now.'

But Dicken's response was to roll me even tighter. I could only support my weight on his fishtail. My entire body was leaning against his fishtail as if I were lying on a chair. I locked my gaze on

him. I couldn't help but put my lips on his.

His tail fin caressed my back and circled them gently and patiently as if they were massaging me. Despite the fact that a piece of cloth separated it, it gradually relaxed my body.

He thrust his tongue into my mouth and licked throughout my teeth. He focused his gaze intently on mine. They were as blue as the sea and brimming with intense emotions.

Dicken was far too dangerous. More dangerous than any human.

I'd eventually fall into his trap and be completely consumed by him. Dicken, on the other hand, had nothing left in front of him. He'd already tasted my body a long time ago. And yet, because of him, I began to enjoy the sensation and even desired to be violated.

My body became overly sensitive very quickly. If Dicken could move freely now, I should have stayed soft under his embrace for a long time and let him make his advances.

When Dicken buried his head in my neck and kissed my body, I had a flashback to my ordeal with Gary. I couldn't take my gaze away from the surveillance camera above my head. The surveillance camera stared at me from the shadows as if it were a pair of hibernating bat's eyes at night. It terrified me.

Gary must have been watching Dicken and my intimate touches on the monitor. His jealousy grew stranger as Dicken and I became more acquainted.

This was impossible for me. I still needed to rely on them to save Jolin. I resisted Dicken's chin, preventing him from kissing me. I couldn't let Dicken's sexual desire grow any stronger.

Dicken couldn't seem to get enough of me. Even though he wasn't kissing my neck anymore, he still leaned against it and inhaled deeply of my hair. He was swept away by the scent as if he were sipping a glass of wine. His upper body was pressed up against mine as if he wanted to swallow me whole. My god! I felt his lower body part begin to harden and point up. It was about to uncover itself from the scales.

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I could only struggle and roll away from his fishtail. He leaned forward and seemed to grab my body, but the handcuffs prevented him from doing so. As he dragged, the chain rattled.

"Dicken, stop moving. You're hurt. Will you listen to me?" I screamed nervously.

I grabbed his pointed ears to prevent him from moving. I approached him and whispered, "Calm down. Someone is watching us."

Dicken raised his head and precisely located the surveillance camera. He \was immediately in a bad mood. His long fishtail slid past my side and surged up into a powerful wave. Before I could see what he was doing, the iron bucket I had brought in earlier had already been raised into the air and directly hit the surveillance camera. On the surveillance camera, sparks flew. I assumed it had been broken.

" Ha ha... " The king of destruction grinned, raised his eyebrows, and stared at me. He laughed as if he \were a child playing pranks on others. Then he rolled me up with his fishtail again and dre\v me in front of him.

Soon, the smile disappeared from his face. He put his lips against my ears and let out a slow and hoarse voice, ' Linda, you can ask me anything you want to know. I will build the connection for yOU."

I was stunned and didn t know what to say. Dicken must have been guessed from Gary and my conversations. He was well a\care that I \was on to something. I was curious, but I \was afraid he would lie to me.

I took a deep breath and gathered my courage. "I want to know everything between you and my grandfather,' I said as I stared into his eyes. Or the bond between you and my family. What I d like to say is...I want to know, ' I said, pausing and closing my eyes. "You and I come from two different worlds. Why are you suddenly insisting on having me?

He looked into my eyes and said firmly, "You belong to me."

His voice was gentle and hoarse. It was as if the seawater was beating on my heart. It made my heart race.

My vision started to blur. The surroundings gradually changed, as if only Dicken's figure */as visible. I noticed a blue light coming from his chest as if he were opening a time and space door. I gradually became lost in the shimmering blue light.

Then I felt surrounded by white light. I had no idea where I was or which time zone I had entered. My mind seemed to slow down as if I were floating in space with no focus.

Dicken's steady breathing, on the other hand, seemed to circulate my ears, albeit from a distance. Dicken was no longer to be found.

I looked around and was surprised to find myself on a world other than Earth. What appeared in front of me was a scene I'd never seen before, not even a picture I'd ever imagined.

I was surrounded by the sea, with water above and below my feet. The wave was shaped like a cloud. It defied gravity by moving in a circle from the bottom up. They appeared to be pursuing me, attempting to drag me into a massive whirlpool.

A group of floating creatures occupied the sky, which was supposed to be filled with the moon and stars. They were transparent in jellyfish shapes. Their bodies emitted prismatic light, resembling a pair of angelic eyes. It astounded me, but it also reminded me of how insignificant

I was. 'Where is this? Could this be the merworld that Jack mentioned? Or is this a parallel

space?'