

# The Merman, My Man by Black Velvet

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I almost forgot to breathe while stanng at the scene. I looked around as if I was a child who had nm'er seen the outside world. When I fumed to see what was under my feet, I was taken abacl I was completely frozen and chilled from the thing beneath my feet.

I was at a lass for words to descnbe the situation at hand. The thing beneath my feet was a massive cemetery, only lhat ilwas under the sea.

Countless mermen corpses were stacked together between the corals. They were piled up one by one bewath my feet. and they were frozen like statues. Their skin was pale and stiff. Their once -beautiful scales were no longer gleaming. Some of their fishtails were curled, others were straight. and still others were in a jumping position. Il was as if the burning lava from the volcano eruptions had solidified them. Same of them blinked open their eyes and gazed up at the sky. They appeared sad and lonely.

heart was immediately occupied by fear. Various merfolk corpses lay beneath the beautiful scene that was just now. My surroundings had g one lifeless and dreadful in an instant. Even the floating creatures above me became as creepy as ghosts.

A terrifying aspect \vas that I couldn't hear anything except my breathing. The surroundings were oddly quiet, reminding me of my survey when I went to the deep sea beneath thousands of meters. There was complete silence as if there were no border beneath the sea.

'What the hell is going on? Where am I ?

I held my own arms in fear and couldn I help shouting, 'Dicken! Dicken !”

Echoes reflected from the quiet space, stressing no living creature was present.

The scene in front of my eyes abruptly changed once more. The environment was filled in a halo of blue light. Not far away, I noticed a round halo. It was like a portal, a portal to another world. Throug h the portal, I sa\v another world. The sea wase eng ulfed in flames. The fire quickly covered the entire ocean.

The reflection of the flame turned the sky bloody- red, destroying everything in its wake. Ho\never, I was able to distinguish two tall figures above the sea.

I rubbed my eyes to clear my vision, then fixed my eyes on the two figures.

Those were two merpeople. I immediately identified one of them as Dicken. He closed his eyes and proudly raised his head. The blue light I just saw appeared in his chest again. Then, blue liquid flowed out from his heart and ejected from his chest. Perhaps this is the blood from his heart? They quickly condensed in the air, forming a tiny blue crystal.

The crystal was in peculiar shape. The crystal seemed to enclose an enlarged version of a biological cell within, which was about the size of a nail.

Another merman was looking at the crystal together with me. But he appeared devout and sincere as if he was near to God.

I locked my gaze on the other merman's face. I had a vague feeling this face was familiar to me. Then, just as I was about to confirm it, he took the crystal that was removed from Dicken's heart and jumped into the burning sea as if he had long planned to do so.

I was taken aback by this scene. My hands made an unintentional contact with my chest. Since my birth, I've had a blue birthmark on my left chest. I took a look at my chest. The birthmark's shape gradually matched the crystal ejected from Dicken's heart.

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I couldn't help but scream. Everything in front of me began to distort again like I was caught in a vortex. My body was swallowed by a powerful force, and I was then surrounded in darkness...

My body became extremely light, like a feather in the air. My vision gradually became clearer. Just as I thought I was returning to reality, I was taken aback by the scene in front of me.

I was floating like a ghost on the ceiling of a baby room. I noticed a black-haired baby in the crib. She appeared pale and ill. Her small veins were linked to the infusion tubes. She was tea ill and seemed to die the minute she was born.

She blinked her big silver eyes open and looked up, intrigued. I thought she was looking at me at first, and I even reached out to greet her, but she ignored my greeting. Then she turned her head to the side. She was staring at the person coming in through the door.

It was an elderly gentleman with gray hair and beards. From above, I looked at him. My heart was immediately filled with a familiar feeling. I recognized it all at once when he walked towards the baby and gently caressed the baby's cheek with his palm. He was my grandfather.

I realized this after looking at his face and figure. I thought grandfather, 'as the Reiter '.\*.'ho ha cl stolen the ci \*tal ficm Dickens" heil 'k'hen he '.\*.'as young!

I just realized '.\*.'had 'as going on in the scene. He '.\*.'s high link '.\*.'ith the al ghz rrmrd n. Dicken. He had promised to pay; the price so that Dicken '.\*.'ould let him return to Earth. But I couldn't figure a way out '.\*.'h; Dicken let him disappear back the crystal that contained the blood from his heart.

'-I o 'k' would not give at the Jhe have a tail? Is he a merman?' "then he returned to Earth, had he transform into a racial humanoid being? Even Dicken could not think of it into a human being.

'What the hell is going on?'

As I '.\*.'as attempting to analyze every inch, I noticed the grandfather took a test tube from his Market IN, 'as full of shimmering liquid. 'v\*/hen he opened the tube the blue liquid immediately boiled and turned into blue crystals. It quickly condensed into a solid. It '.\*.'as the result that liquid removed from Dicken's head.

Grandfather looked toward his gaze to the baby in the crib and gently lifted the blanket above her. I realized it 'as the baby '.\*.'ho the baby '.\*.'s! Lying there htm made we them here

That '.\*.'as '.\*.'h' Dicken had been enlightening "I belong to him. It '.\*.'as because my grandfather he collapsed Dicken in this manner. \*,\ past had come letel, taken we 'h' July 1945. Aside from that, '.\*.'s a little angry "lie, he could not right to decide my fate, '.\*.'hether it '.\*.'s Dicken or my grandfather. He shouldn't use me as a pawn in the trade and on that!

I suddenly had a more depressing thought. I '.\*.'and 'h' Dicken keeps a record of everything that happened between grandfather and me? Has he been watching me '.\*.'em move since the day I was born? Did he give grandfather to tell Dicken everything? Yet another method they use. it

'.\*.'as still unacceptable to me.

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"Little one," At this point, my grandfather abruptly spoke up. With a kind expression on his face, he looked down at me. "Sorry, my poor Linda," he said, holding my little hand in his palm. The merman's genes can keep you alive. I want you to live. I hope you don't hate me if you find out later," Grandfather said softly, his voice sounding hoarse and helpless.

'This was to me keep me alive?' I was angry at the time because of their methrxl but stunned now.

When Dicken's genes entered my Lady, I saw firsthand how my pale face turned a healthy red.

'So they did all of this to save my life?

I felt better after realizing that my grandfather did not do this to me because of Dicken. I took a deep breath in and exhaled deeply. The scene in front of me then began to shift once more.

body continued to fall. In the blink of an eye, the dark blue ocean appeared. I was suspended about a meter above the sea.

When I turned around, I saw someone I recognized. Dicken, the handsome face, lowered his head and looked at me. His wet hair landed on my cheek. I then realized I was being held in Dicken's arms. He squinted his narrow eyes and stared at me intently as if he was looking at something intriguing. He was attempting to amuse me. I could tell he loved me the way a father loves his daughter.

"Don't look at me that way!" I wanted to say something, but all I managed to do was make baby sounds when I spoke. I extended my arm, attempting to push his body. But then I realized my arms were too short. My fingers were small and delicate. I could only gently touch his body and grab his hair.

Dicken's webbed claw carefully pinched my tiny foot in response to me. He seemed to be intrigued by the aspect of me that was so dissimilar to him. Then he laughed, raising the corners of his mouth.

I smacked his lips in disapproval.

At this point, another arm was carrying my body. It was my grandfather who greeted me with an old and familiar face. He looked at Dicken with reverence before lowering his head as he saluted. Then he whispered something in a language I didn't understand

I guessed he was apologizing to Dicken for my disobedience. He, on the other hand, treated Dicken as if he were a god.

'Ridiculous! Will he blame himself for trusting the wrong man, no, the wrong merman, knowing how Dicken treated me in the laboratory when I'm older?'

I closed my eyes and reminisced about my childhood. My mind appeared to be filled with a lot of complicated information and began to spin at high speed, making me dizzy. My mind was on the verge of exploding.

My childhood memories began to replay in my head like a movie. Childhood memories that had faded into obscurity became visible once more.

Before I was five years old, I noticed that Dicken was almost everywhere. Outside the window of the house, by the sea, on the fishing board. He was like a ghost in the night, watching over me from time to time without being noticed. He even rescued me

several times when I was in danger. He kept me out of harm's way. He came into my life more frequently than my parents came to see me in my hometown.

He'd play with me. A ferocious beast like him, a king of the sea, would shear me up by impersonating a dolphin playing water polo

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'But why don't I remember these things when I am older?' Since my grandfather's death in the shipwreck, I had completely lost my memories. And then I was taken to stay in the city with my parents.

From what I recalled, Dicken acted as a guardian figure in my childhood. 'What an unbelievable

"Linda..."

A hoarse voice came into my mind. The surrounding darkness slowly disappeared. As I opened my eyes again, I returned to the cabin with Dicken.

Dicken looked into my eyes with strong emotions. His appearance coincided with the memories of long ago. I felt fight-headed by the strange feeling that I had never experienced before.

I never expected to have such a close relationship with this merman who appeared out of nowhere in my life. He infiltrated my life and disrupted my reality and life plans. His genes were even present in my body. I could be considered one of his descendants! When I was a child, he took on the role of a father. But now he's made me his consort in front of his entire clan!

This complicated relationship made me feel immoral, almost as if I had committed incest. But I couldn't help but be drawn to his powerful magnetic force. I tried to be rational, but my body and mind were always drawn to him. I desperately wanted to get close to him. I felt an indescribable blood-related closeness to him, especially when I was younger, especially before I was five.

Unconsciously, my gaze was drawn to his chest. I extended my hand and touched his beating heart. I could feel the flow of his blood through his muscular skin. It was both the thing that lasted my entire life and the thing that completely changed my destiny.

I couldn't stop myself from caressing his cheek. He fixed his gaze on me and spat out in hushed tones, "You are mine..."

I was surprised that he didn't speak English or Japanese, but rather a merfolk-only language. Nonetheless, I was able to grasp it somehow. It was as if my mind had been suddenly supplemented with a merman language translator capable of accurately interpreting his meaning.

I suddenly realized it was the "connection" Dicken had mentioned earlier. Science could not explain this at all. Perhaps this was a unique ability of the merman species.

My mind had far too much to process in a few minutes. It was too much for me to bear. I shook my head in pain and took a subconscious step backward.

I was surprised by a strong force that tightened my waist. Dicken wrapped his fishtail tightly around me and drew me over to him. "Don't try to leave me..." The water droplets on his body immediately wet my cheek.

Dicken squinted, his eyes narrowed. I could tell it was a warning by the look on his face.

My breathing appeared to be obstructed I had to admit that it felt strange to be able to communicate with Dicken so easily. I'd completely immerse myself in it. His ideas seemed to enter my head. They reached my heart along with his emotions. There was no way I could have buffered everything.

My lips \*were already covered in Dicken's while I was still in shock. He stuck his tongue out and licked it inside my mouth. My mind \*was still replaying the image of him hugging me like a father.

And then there's the image of him playing with me at sea ! I could only try to avoid his kiss instinctively, but he was too strong When I finally managed to break free from him after much struggle, I noticed Dicken's wrists were bleeding again as a result of my attempts.

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I stared at Dicken beside the water dungeon while panting heavily. Then I lowered my head awkwardly and whispered, "Dicken, I don't know how to face you. It's too complicated. Don't you think our relationship is kind of strange? I may need time to think aLout it..."

"Linda, lift your head and look at me..."

Dicken's hoarse voice grew lauder, and I slowly raised my head as though possessed. His features were sharp, and his gaze looked wicked yet gentle. He leaked at me with intense emotion. His eyes were determined and filled with the power he had accumulated over the year His love was so passionate that it left me gasping for air.

**" Linda, you are my destiny.'**

He had a slight grin on his lips. His voice was hoarse but firm like he \was stating an unquestionable fact. His long fishtail extended out in front of me. Slowly, the fish fins caressed my chest. They quickly unbuttoned the buttons on my chest. Then, bit by his fishtail rubbed my chest. It occasionally stroked past the birthmark on my chest that contained Dicken s genes, as if playing the string s in my heart. My heart began to race like it would burst through my chest and dedicated itself to Dicken.

I couldn't stop myself from touching his fishtail. My palm \\*/as picking up on the patterns on his

scales.

**The layer of scales seemed to carry electricity, and it penetrated my palm, leaving me numb all over. I couldn't help but close my eyes and enjoy Dicken's touch as much as I could.**

He suddenly gathered his strength and pressed his fishtail against the water dungeon wall. He was purposefully punishing me for my rejection just now. He used his fishtail to open my legs and insert it. I bet I've seen them. Then he started rubbing his fishtail between my legs.

"Bastard! Ugh! Dicken! Don't... Please don't do it!" My back was against the dungeon wall, and I slid up and down as Dicken rubbed his back against mine. I felt a tingling sensation between my legs. I gasped and tried to stand up, but my legs shivered uncontrollably.

"She will not be yours soon!"

The hatch suddenly opened. Gary's shadow appeared on the water. Before I could react, I heard a "ka-ta" sound. It was the sound of the safety being removed!

"No!"

I jumped in fright, desperate to stop Gary. However, the gunshot had already been fired. The water surface suddenly piled up into floor-shaped waves. Dicken moved his fishtail instantly at the speed of light. I'm pretty sure Gary's shot missed him.

I turned to Gary, pounced on him, and knocked him on the hatch with great force. I hit him and desperately yanked the gun from his grip, preventing him from aiming at Dicken. My strength was heightened by the merman's genes in me. Gary

had to push me against the hatch, but he couldn't take the gun from my grip.

"Linda!" I saw Dicken's tail sweeping impetuously from a few meters away. It seemed as if Dicken was irritated by my current posture. But the distance between the hatch and him was beyond the length of his fishtail. He could only swing his fishtail that was supposed to break Gary in half around the water dungeon.



Gary wore a glum expression. He stood firm against me, refusing to budge an inch. He looked at me as if his eyes \*were about to pierce through me, "You said you were bewitched by him\* Linda, it's as if you're addicted to having sex with him. Do you enjoy getting tucked? I can also satisfy you! "

Gary even let go of the gun after saying that. He pressed his body against mine and jumped up to kiss my neck like a madman. I was completely irritated. I fist clenched and wanted to punch him in the face. But there was a loud noise before I could throw a punch. Bang! Something heavy smacked Gary an the head. In a split second, he became weak, and I could break free. Gary became unsteady on his feet and fell to the ground as a result. He rubbed the smashed back of his head. His pal m was covered in blood. Dicken hit him with the same iron bucket he had used to destroy the surveillance camera above.

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I bent down and wanted to take Gaps gun as soon as I saw he could move. But I wasn't expecting him to reacL He snatched the gun and rolled away. Then he leaned against the wall, aiming the weapon at Dicken.

I wasn't thinking about anything at the time. I jumped into the water and stretched my arms out in front of Dicken. Just like the first time I resolved the conflict between Dicken and Gary. Even though I knew my tiny body couldn't completely cover Dicken's body, it was the only thing I could do at the time. That was what kept Gary from shooting repeatedly.

His fishtail trailed after my body and wrapped itself around it gradually. Dicken supported me and placed me on his chest. His fins shielded my heart completely. His lips gently kissed the back of my necl I had the impression he wasn1 saying anything. "Linda, you want to protect me, " his hoarse voice said to me.

**I was taken aback. He was able to communicate with me directly through the nerves in our brains after establishing the connection. And I could clearly hear a glimmer of a smile in his tone.**

I couldn't figure out why the thought of protecting him made him laugh. Even at this critical point of life and death. Does he still treat me like a child in his arms from a decade ago?

"Goddamn it! Shut your mouth," I said, lowering my voice, "Gary, he wants to...own me. He's not going to kill me but he will not show you any mercy!

"Leave him and come to me, Linda! I am warning you!

Gary yelled angrily. The muzzle was aimed squarely at the both of us. His emotions were erratic. I had no idea what this lunatic was going to do. I wasn't sure if he'd kill Dicken and me together just for not being able to have me. But it was clear that, even if we were all going to die together, I didn't want to leave Dicken. This thought had already outweighed the desire to live. I clutch his chest tightly. His steady heartbeat soothed me from behind. It roused the emotions in my chest. Even though I was facing death, I was brave.

"He won't be able to kill me, Linda.

"Don't worry. I am the merfolk clan's final black scale alpha. I will not die. He won't be able to violate you anymore. I've transferred the magnetic force you mentioned to you, and it'll keep

you safe. Find a way to get out of here. Find Kalimadi. He'll lead you into the merfolk world.

Dicken's low, hoarse voice occupied my thoughts. My body was pushed closer to him by his fishtail. He gently rubbed his lips behind my neck. I felt a gentle breath on the back of my neck. It was a treasure trove of strong emotions.

"We'll see each other again, Linda. I can find you no matter where you are."

body was then placed on the ground. I was suddenly reminded of the merfolk corpses buried beneath the sea. If the thing that resembled an underwater cemetery was the merman's planet, it gave me a bad feeling. I subconsciously hugged Dicken's tail with both hands, walked up to him, and looked at him as if he were a child.

But he swung his fishtail and shoved me up against the wall.

Gary rushed up as soon as he saw this. He grabbed my arms and dragged me to the hatch. But my gaze remained fixed on Dicken. I didn't want to take my eyes off him. My tears flowed unconsciously from my eyes. Dicken's face became a blur amid my teary eyes.

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Despite the fact that Dicken stated that he had made the connection with me, he even gave me the "magnetic force" and stated that he could find me. But then I realized we were both from different worlds. I had no idea how different we were and how far apart we were in terms of

and galaxies. We were both very small creatures in this vast universe. Furthermore, my brief existence, which spanned only a few decades were insignificant in comparison to his.

How long could our connection last?

Although Dicken was strang, there would be times when he could not handle rt. For example, he could not awaken the merfolk corpses under the sea. Those were his people.

Far me, I could only do my best to accomplish what he told me. As far our future, I really had no idea how we would end up.

I bowed my head in fnJstratian, and my heart ached. I allowed Gary to drag me forward.

Laura approached us at this point, raised her hand, and slapped Gary in the face, saying,

" Nonsense! You did, in fact, behave well in front of me! Are you aware of the discipline of a soldier? Should I let you go? Or should I put you to death ? The reason I handed this \voman to you is to keep her under control, not to drive you insane!

"Yes ma am! " Gary raised his trembling hand and saluted Laura. His pal m was placed perfectly on his bleeding head.

I took advantage of the situation to break free from his grip.

" Please forgive my inappropriate behavior, ' he said as he lo\tered his head and stared at me with his red eyes. Colonel Laura, what should I do now?

" Lock her up, ' Laura seemed to have reg ained her composure. "Also, this is an order. You are not allowed to attempt killing the merman from no\v on," she said, taking over Gary's gun. The doctor needs him alive, and he needs to communicate \vith him in Mermish!

Then she looked at me, raised her eyebrows, and joked, 'To conquer a race, we must first understand their culture. The most direct method is language. Do you agree \vith me, my little genius? Speaking of which, we require your assistance in communicating with the merman."

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"Linda, please call me Professor Bob. I'm del~~ighted~~ighted to meet you again, my Japanese friend." Bob's unsteady eyes stared at me as if wanting to convey a bit of happiness. But instead, his eyes looked like they were twitching, making his face look even more strange,

I suddenly felt a rush of anger from being lied to. So, I tightened my fist and questioned him. "Didn't you die? I saw you on the hospital bed with my own eyes. Your heart stopped beating, and I even saw you being put into a coffin! How are you here now? What more with this group of people?!"

As I said this, I remembered that stormy afternoon. I had accompanied the weak Bob and listened to him speak with his dying breath about his desired merpeople. He then looked out the window towards the rolling sea in the storm before letting out his final breath. His closest friends and I held a vigil for him and went to his funeral together...

That was why seeing all of this was so strange to me!

S

"Linda, don't be so brash. What you're seeing right now is reality." He held onto a cane and walked towards me step by step. "I did, in fact, die during that stormy night, but I've come back to life! Look at me, isn't my physical condition amazing? I've even become younger! This is all because I've extracted the merpeople genes! Is this not a miracle?"

He pointed at a glass tank being transported towards our direction as he spoke. My gaze followed his direction and saw a gorgeous black-haired mermaid with oriental features sealed within the water tank. Her black eyes glared at Bob as they brimmed with tears and were lit with

raging anger.

"Linda, remember the old lady who told you her daughter was taken away by merpeople?" Bob stared at the oriental mermaid and praised, "she had returned to find her mother, and this opportunity enabled me to obtain the merpeople genes. She can even act as the key to finding the merpeople's whereabouts! Wouldn't you say that this was a God-given opportunity?"

He looked at me excitedly, but then his gaze turned dark, showing a fraction of dissatisfaction "It's just that the merpeople's genes within my body are too unstable. We need a stronger, purer, and more stable bloodline's genes. Just think about it, Linda, eternal youth, immortality, rapid healing, and overwhelming strength. If we pull this off successfully, we will accelerate humanity's evolution, and human beings will be recognized as survivors of the fittest in natural selection. What a glorious thing this would be Join us now, Linda, and believe me, you'll become a biologist who's even more famous than Darwin,"

Survival of the fittest: How terrifying Those were the exact words merciless fascists cried out during World War II when they committed genocidal

Exactly what sort of relationship did they have with fascists?

They want to eliminate merpeople as a species, snatch away their genes, strengthen their military powers, and commit genocide onto more disadvantaged people, Is this their so-called glorious purpose?

And I'm carrying Dicken's genes, and they have targeted me since the day I was born. I'm the most important pawn in their plan because they know Dicken will look for me. Many years ago, the invitation Bob sent me wasn't for any overseas research, but instead to pull me into this bottomless whirlpool ,"

"You're crazy : You're all crazy , " I started trembling in anger, shaking my head and backing away from them. "Your vain attempt to steal the merpeoples' genes to change the natural evolution of the human race could never have good consequences. You'll never stop being dragged down by human nature's terrible desires. At least not until you fall into an inescapable abyss. Think about the creation of biochemical weapons during World War II. You'll eventually face backlash from it"

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Laura laughed mockingly. "There is no straight road to success. However, our conditions now have improved considerably compared to before as we learn from the past." She extended her arms and said, "Look around us. We have every component to achieve success. We're only missing one crucial thing, a key. The key to success."

"You all.

"Wait, is Laura admitting that they're the very fascists from World War II?!"

Laura didn't leave me with time to think. She lifted my chin suddenly, and I pushed her hand away in response. But Gary forcefully controlled my neck from behind me and restricted my handcuffed hands simultaneously.

My chin was forcefully pinched by sharp nails painted with purple nail polish. "A pretty lady like you who can naturally attract the leader of the merpeople. You are our key, my little genius. You have a lot of secrets, don't you? But don't worry, we have a way of making you talk. So it's best if you listen to us obediently.

"Are you calling me your key?" I glared at Laura coldly as I straightened myself. I'm actually taller than Laura, so I looked down at her using my height as an advantage. I attempted to make her feel threatened by my physical presence. I knew that a

strong lady like her wouldn't enjoy being stared down by another woman, but I persisted in doing so. Then I spoke to her word by word. "Then treat my friends better. Otherwise, I will never let you use me, even if it means killing myself. I

would think that you would need me for your plan to be carried out perfectly, wouldn't you?"

She looked towards Gary, raised the corner of her lips, and mocked, "Captain Gary, you have my permission to do whatever you want with her. I know the grueling lifestyle of war is unappealing

and I'm not a cold blooded superior. It's about time I repay you. Please use her well and make sure she's unable to stand up, understand?"

"Get away from me." I shouted, desperately struggling to escape Gary's grip. But I felt an electric shock run through my neck like a needle prick. After that, I lost consciousness and became enveloped in darkness.

The next time I awoke, it was already nighttime. I was lying on a bed with both hands restricted against the headboard by my handcuffs. I wasn't wearing a single article of clothing, which made me feel unsafe. I wriggled my body and struggled for a few moments, but I didn't hear any sounds of people. There wasn't anyone around. Gary wasn't here either, and I didn't feel any signs of penetration in my body. This meant that Gary hadn't raped me. Either that or Dicken's

magnetic field had protected me, making Gary unable to rape me.

I blinked in the dark rapidly, activating my night vision, and my surroundings became clearer. I was locked in a cramped boat cabin. Guns and clothing

were hanging haphazardly from the walls. There were also a disorganized collection of books

and sailing tools on the desk

\*This must be Gary's quarters.

The smell of cigarette smoke and beer lingered in the air. On top of the thought of Gary's intentions behind stripping me naked, this made me feel disgusted. My gut tensed, almost making me vomit, and my breathing became uneasy.

The events that happened before I was electrocuted into unconsciousness were muddled my brain in confusion. The situation I was in was beyond my control. I could only pull against my handcuffs, attempting to set myself free from them. But all this did was cause severe pain in my wrists and harsh sounds of the handcuffs friction against the headboard.

I need to calm down. I can't make any more noise because if I attract Gary's presence, my chances of escaping are even more unlikely."

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There was a window next to the bed. I saw armed soldiers patrolling the ship's deck next door as I looked out the window.

'I have to think of a way to escape. I'll wait for the soldiers to be at their most exhausted, then think of a way to escape through this window.'

As I was thinking, I raised my leg and intended to use my heel to kick against the window forcefully. But my leg felt soft when I raised it. It was as if I was stepping on cotton and could not muster any strength to raise it.

I suddenly thought of the pin-prick sensation I had felt before passing out. I was most likely injected with an anesthetic, and right now, the anesthetic hadn't fully worn off.

"If I follow the usual time needed for anesthetic recovery. I might still need a few more hours to recover my strength. But I couldn't possibly wait that long. Who knows when Gary could return!

To make the anesthetic fade more quickly, I had to quicken my body's metabolism either by

excreting urine or sweating out.

\*This is awkward. I can't possibly pee all over myself. I can only choose to sweat it out.

So, I instinctively thought of Dicken. Even though I wouldn't admit it, thinking of doing certain

things

with him, or lusting after him, was the quickest and most effective way to sweat,

That's right, lusting after Dicken.

God knows that even though I didn't want to recall the things I had done with Dicken naked in a situation like this, that was all I could do at that moment. Physiological stimulation in that situation is the fastest way to heighten my metabolism and undoubtedly more effective than pain or fear.



I allowed myself to relax, and I lay peacefully on the bed. I then closed my eyes and took in a deep breath. Finally, I parted my lips as if I were anticipating Dicken's kiss and waiting for the intrusion of his tongue.

I imagined Dicken pressing against my body, locking me in with his deep gaze, like locking in prey. Then, imagery of him using his slippery tongue to sweep around the inside of my mouth, sucking on my neck and collarbone, began to fill my mind. As I fantasized, my breath gradually

became labored, and my body became warm.

I subconsciously parted my thighs, opening them into an angle that would allow easy access for his tail to enter between them, imagining its scales rubbing against my inner thigh and then gradually nearing my sensitive area –

Maybe what Gary said was correct. I really have become addicted to Dicken. And even though I don't want to admit it, my body truly deserves his entry.

The area between my thighs became wet very quickly, and sweat gradually moistened my back

What a struggle! I need more sweat to come out! Even more than that

I tried my hardest to gather my strength and aimed my legs to kick against the window. But it wouldn't work. I still didn't have enough strength.

My hands were still unable to free themselves from the handcuffs, and I felt both my legs and my hands tremble. My muscles were reaching, but I was still unable to use 100 percent of my strength

"This level of sweat isn't sufficient. I have to become drenched in sweat as if it was raining, or as if I had just finished a 100-meter sprint" I couldn't help but sigh. It only both of my hands can

move timely.

Then I can use one of my hands to reach the desired sweat level but the worst thing right now is I can only lie there and imagine myself being free."

"Dicken," I closed my eyes once again, calling out the only name that could love me deep inside my heart. Then I started to remember every intimate moment I had with him, and I even began to imitate the movement of Dicken violating my body. This gradually increased the sweat level, causing the bed below me to become wet as well

After forming the connection with Dicken. I didn't know whether Dicken could feel my emotions at that moment. But, if he could sense it the state. I was in certainly would have made him fairly

excited.

