

The Merman, My Man by Black Velvet

Chapter 196

[/ The Merman, My Man by Black Velvet](#)

The Merman, My Man by Black Velvet Chapter 196

The Merman, My Man by Black Velvet Chapter 196

"13th of January, 2013

"It has been probably fifteen days since the helicopter crashed in the ocean... probably.

"I can't tell how long I have been unconscious, and I could only make a guess from what David told me— the man who fished me out of the water.

"According to David, everyone else onboard the chopper was killed, and only I survived miraculously.

"However, with the concussions and my broken legs, the doctors said that I might need half a year to stand again, and that there was no certainty if I would regain my memories.

"Yes. I have completely forgotten everything: my identity, my experiences, and where I should be.

"My mind is an utter mess.

"I just hope that I can regain my memories soon. " "21st of June, 2013

"I'm not sure if I'm happy or miserable after remembering everything.

"Captain David commands a rescue and salvage ship called the Seeker, crewed by vagabonds without nationality. I'm proud to be a part of them.

"After I recovered, I joined the Seeker and returned to the seas, journeying around what was once Lemenland and searching for any signs of Jack, the others... and Dicken, but to no avail.

"Both Lemenland and Laura's boats were gone without a trace, and I found nothing even after I dived into the ocean to search for them.

"And perhaps because the portal to the mermaid's realms was sealed forever, Dicken would not return either..."

"12th of July, 2013

"I repeatedly begged Captain David to take me to that beach, where Dicken had saved me for the first time when I was a child—the place where my grandfather's ship sank.

"I had hoped that Dicken would be dashing across the sea towards me, and I even faked drowning to try to lure him in... but he never showed up.

"Funny. I've always wanted to stay away from him, and yet now I „m trying everything to find him again.

"It hurts. I'll end this entry here." "15th of July, 2013

"David led us to the place where my grandfather's ship sank for salvage operations, and was furious because we didn't fish out anything of value. He believes that I have swindled him— he is right.

"Even so, I am very happy. After all, I somehow managed to fish out a chest, and by god, I can't believe what was in there!

"Not only was my grandfather's old belongings in there, but there was also a photo. Though it was very blurred, I could see that it was Dicken, holding a younger me as we played in the water. He was beaming, and I found it intimate despite it looking a little frightening.

"While others thought it to be a mysterious photo of some sort of paranormal activity, I was on the verge of tears.

"After this, the Seeker would be making its way to the Arctic Ocean to salvage the debris of an UFO."

"5th of January, 2014

"I can't believe that I've stayed in the Arctic for almost half a year, but David's decision was clearly the right one—we have found tons of gemstones from the UFO's wreckage, which are more precious than anything else to vagabonds such as us.

"Thanks to that, we did not have to carry out salvage operations for almost half a year or elude pursuit of various navies, allowing us some proper respite.

"But that means nothing to me. I „m now a wanted criminal in Japan, a criminal like Gary who is hunted for crimes of espionage. As if all previous conspiracies have evaporated after the portal was gone, I cannot set foot in the country ever again.

"No longer am I a student of Japan's Maritime Universe, but a good swimmer and mercenary crewing the Seeker.

"Would my parents in Japan miss me? Their good daughter is now missing and labeled a traitor to Japan..."

"I have thought about clearing my name, but without a nationality, I don't even have the right to speak to the Japanese government about the crimes Laura and Gary smeared me with.

"I could only wish that my parents would forget about me."

"28th of March, 2014

"This is the final entry in my diary.

"Ever since the portal to the merfolk's home realm had been opened, Dicken seemed to have disappeared entirely... as if an invisible hand had wiped him out of my life.

"Now, I am becoming convinced of what David had kept telling me—that my brain had been injured extensively, causing me to develop weird illusions and fake memories.

"In other words, I am delusional.

"Maybe Dicken has never existed, and is just a vague dream I had in the night.

"Time to wake up, Linda."

The Merman, My Man by Black Velvet Chapter 197

[/ The Merman, My Man by Black Velvet](#)

The Merman, My Man by Black Velvet Chapter 197

The Merman, My Man by Black Velvet Chapter 197

As I leaned on the scaffolding and looked out across the boundless ocean, I took a deep breath. Then, I lifted my diary into the air and threw it firmly into the ocean, and it soon disappeared beneath the waves.

Doing that seemed to stir ripples upon my heart, and the agony extended from my chest throughout my body. Even so, I held back my tears and forced a smile.

Days later, the Seeker made port at the famous Floating City of Venice.

David had come to attend an auction held at an underground casino. We would be selling the treasures we had salvaged out of shipwrecks and converting them to dollars, but it was very dangerous even if the trade earned us maximum profit.

The Italian mafia was divided into a large number of clans. Therefore, even if David had been a longtime partner of the Mora family, other families would have their eyes on our goodies, and they would also come up with any reason to try to snatch territories belonging to the Mora family. That would always plague us with considerable problems, and the reason we had to be really cautious.

It was only natural, since the Mora family had a monopoly over the canal logistics of Venice, which was a cause of discontent for the other families.

The location where we would make our trade was within a narrow and winding alley, but it was very close to a prison and a necessary route for transporting refugees. Having a bad feeling about that, I said, "This route doesn't lead to a dead end, does it? Don't transport us straight into prison now

"Haha! You're still such a coward, even though you've been with us for so long," the others teased.

Once we left the canal, David's contact showed up. He gave us a ride on a gondola—the only method of transportation around these parts—and slowly rowed it towards the casino.

The gondola parted the waves of the narrow canal, and it looked as if we were journeying across the stars as the river reflected the lights from the bars and residences around us. From time to time, we could hear courtesans laughing coquettishly as they drew their customers of the night, and it was somewhat intoxicating.

I lowered my gaze at the waters, and remembered the first time I ventured into Lemenland. The boat Gary and I rode gently sailed through a deep gorge just like this one, and my gaze turned distant even as the river flowed beneath us...

As I spaced out a little, a mystical force seemed to tug at me, and I blankly turned to look behind us.

In the distant end of the canal where water and lights intertwined, a familiar dark figure was watching me fixedly as well, his gaze at once deep and penetrating.

I narrowed my eyes in surprise and delight, but the dark figure faded into the crowd in a flash. At the same time, the lights around us flickered and the waters beneath us continued to flow, as if to tell me that I had merely been seeing things.

Yes, it would be outrageous if it was true—why would Dicken show up here anyway?

"Hey, Linda? What are you dreaming about this time? You're spacing out again!"
"Mike—the crewmate beside me—clapped me on the shoulder, pulling me out of my reverie in an instant.

He was a burly Russian who was a wanted criminal like me... although his crimes paled in comparison to mine.

As a matter of fact, there wasn't a single crew member of the Seeker who hadn't broken the law. That was why we were all vagabonds who had homes we couldn't return to, with David offering us refuge while we worked for him in turn.

For my part, I hold considerable value to the crew, since the mutation Dicken had given me granted me the supernatural ability to stay underwater for longer periods of time.

Back at the present, Mike passed me a small handgun and said, "Hold on to this—David has already given us both orders to keep watch outside. Don't you space out on the job!"

"You don't have to worry!" I chuckled, handily stuffing the gun behind my hip. Beneath my aviator sunglasses, my eyes were warily studying our surroundings.

To avoid Interpol's pursuit, I had cut my black hair into a bob cut and dyed it to resemble a blonde Caucasian. I also constantly kept a hat on and wore insoles in my shoes—the very image of a delinquent who was not to be trifled with, which naturally spared myself a lot of trouble as well.

The Merman, My Man by Black Velvet Chapter 198

[/ The Merman, My Man by Black Velvet](#)

The Merman, My Man by Black Velvet Chapter 198

The Merman, My Man by Black Velvet Chapter 198

Soon, our contact led us to a stop in the middle of a winding canal, where a chained steel gate appeared before us.

Elegant tunes could vaguely be heard from within, building lingering echoes within our ears. Glimpses of people could also be seen from the ever-changing lights shining out from within, and I couldn't help recalling various scenes of medieval nobles indulging themselves.

However, I know very well what sort of place this was—drugs were ever present, and there were also filthy human traffickers. Though I was now reduced to a wanted criminal, I still refused to mingle with them, and the reason I did not hesitate to refuse David when he asked me to get further involved in his illicit businesses.

Meanwhile, the contact had flashed some sort of identification, and the gates slowly started to open.

Another gondola rowed out just then, with David and several other crew members leaving on it.

As for Mike and I, we would be staying outside to keep watch for any rival of the Mora family showing up and sabotaging our deal.

However, while they were switching gondolas, I saw a bald man on the other side studying me wantonly, his gaze extremely hostile as if he was looking at merchandise.

I was immediately on edge, but I soon realized that he was shooting the same look at Mike as well. That was when David gave the man a thumb-up, gesturing that we were their door guards, and the man finally turned away and nodded.

I also eased up as well, and breathed a sigh of relief.

Ever since I found out that I was an international wanted criminal, I had been wary towards everything that happened around me. Likewise, I was even more prudent when it came to interpersonal relationships after everything that had happened with Gary, in fear that I would once again meet people like Gary and Laura.

Therefore, I did not fully trust David and his crew, even if they were wanted individuals like myself. I had even made preparations so that I would have a new identity and a fresh start should anything happen, so that I could disappear in an instant.

That being said, I was used to having the Seeker as my home in the year since we banded together.

For a wanted criminal like myself, a home was a luxury. However, now that I was on the run, I had to keep running —I would be arrested and thrown in prison otherwise.

A stable home was merely an impractical fantasy.

Perhaps one day, I could be cleared of the false charges, and the bounty on my head would be annulled... I honestly wish that a day like that would come.

I looked up at the night sky. It seemed that this was going to be a long night.

I sat at the steps nearby. Mike brought me a bottle of beer, which I took a sip from before leaving it in a corner, and took an English dictionary out of my coat pocket, memorizing various words with the street lights and the moon's radiance.

Mike laughed as he watched me, before he clapped me on the shoulder and sat beside me.

I was aware of how laughable I was, too —here I was, in the middle of a long night in Venice's canals, just sitting around and memorizing English words, entertainment far from my mind. It was not surprising that the others thought that I was boring.

Still, remembering that I was supposed to be a vagabond, I had to clear away my accent and speak English proficiently in order to better disguise myself.

“Hey, could you quit it, Linda? Don’t you know why you have no boyfriend? Because you are a boor!” Mike exclaimed even as he snatched away the English dictionary I was holding, and aimed it at the water.

I promptly caught his wrist and snapped, “Why do you care? I don’t want a boyfriend anyway!”

Mike waved his arm to elude my grip, and brandished the dictionary in my face teasingly. The courtesans nearby who had been trying to get customers all stopped to watch us and giggled.

Eventually, I gave up on trying to memorize words and instead sat on the steps, drinking beer and chatting with him.

The Merman, My Man by Black Velvet

Chapter 199

[/ The Merman, My Man by Black Velvet](#)

The Merman, My Man by Black Velvet Chapter 199

The Merman, My Man by Black Velvet Chapter 199

“Linda, you’re not saving yourself for the merman you dreamed about, are you? You should know that there’s a few in the crew who are interested in you,” Mike joked, the scent of alcohol strong in his mouth as he chugged his beer.

After the doctor who cared for me insisted that I was delusional and had been constantly daydreaming, the crew believed the doctor’s diagnosis wholeheartedly.

“Yes, he’s the only one for me and I can’t live without him. Even now, I don’t think about anything else—all I want is enough money to buy myself a boat, and travel across the world to find him,” I replied, playing along while mixing fact and fiction.

I was not bothered to explain everything to the crew anyway, though they would all be wetting their pants if said merman appeared before them.

Still, thinking about Dicken left me miserably having a few sips of beer, before picking up the pebble beside me and throwing it into the water.

It skipped over the surface, kicking up multiple splashes even as I suddenly felt restless—an unusual sensation was growing over my chest.

I couldn't tell if the feeling was good or bad, but I was on my feet without realizing it, looking around and searching.

There was no telling when it had appeared, but there were raindrops in the air.

Soon, the rain grew until it started to hammer down around us. I was now surrounded by curtains of rain, shrouding every light nearby like a veil.

"What's wrong, Linda? Did you see something?" Mike promptly reached for the gun he had hidden behind the stone pillar beside him, while I used my superhuman ability of night vision to scour the darkness, attempting to uncover the source of my unease. Soon, I picked up several shady figures lurking at a corner of the canal, all of whom were dressed in black and behaving suspiciously.

Were they plainclothes cops or the mafia? I felt that it was more likely to be the latter, as Venetian police were not interested in underground activities. Only those who knew how things went would arrive here in time, since we did upset their natural order.

As for the difference between the two? The cops would only arrest us for interrogation, but if the mafia were to find us, they would promptly eliminate us, and our corpses would be found floating in the river the next day.

"Alert David right now, Mike," I whispered in a hushed tone. "Our deal is compromised. Tell him to end it right now."

Mike promptly whipped out his walkie-talkie. "Hey? Hey, boss. Someone has managed to track us down and they're watching us right now. Whatever you're doing, make it fast. We need to hightail it out of here soon."

At the same time, the rain was growing more violent. Even so, my gaze pierce through the raindrops as I kept track of the shady figures, keeping a wary eye on their movements when my gaze suddenly froze.

Across the rain, I saw a dark silhouette that was holding an umbrella and standing on a bridge near the prison. He was wearing a fully black trench coat and a mask on his face, while his long jet-black hair was tied up and kept behind his towering, burly figure.

The silhouette... No! Impossible... Was it really him?

At that very moment, I felt as if someone had grabbed me by the throat and lifted me into the air. Breathing suddenly became so difficult even as my heart pounded wildly, and I felt like I could drop dead right there and then.

I felt that it might have been my imagination, or perhaps the dark silhouette simply resembled a certain person. Black hair was a common trait of Easterners, but I still couldn't calm myself—my body, moving faster than my mind, prompted me to sprint towards the bridge.

The Merman, My Man by Black Velvet

Chapter 200

[/ The Merman, My Man by Black Velvet](#)

The Merman, My Man by Black Velvet Chapter 200

The Merman, My Man by Black Velvet Chapter 200

Be that as it may, the dark silhouette was already gone when I swiftly hurried past several bars and finally arrived at the edge of the bridge. It was no different from when I had looked at the edge of the canal while I was onboard the gondola not too long ago—there was no one there.

Was that you, Dicken? Where are you? Just now, was that really you?

I stood on one end of the bridge, my soul seemingly disembodied even as I stretched my eyes wide, searching. I did not care as the downpour pelted me, soaking through my clothes.

Even so, I could no longer see that dark silhouette, and I had to lean on the scaffolding as I gasped for breath. Looking upon the surface of the river, I found my reflection robbing and left in pieces from the pouring rain.

The alcohol that I had just drunk was burning my nerves, and my mind was an utter mess. I had to wonder if I was drunk right then, and was actually seeing things.

To tell the truth, I wanted to cry—but I laughed instead, because I found my crazy behavior laughable. Eventually, I yelled loudly once in the downpour like a drunkard, clenched my fist and smashed it hard into concrete, dropped to the floor as I clutched my head, which felt as if it was emptied just then.

Hope seemed to be gradually distancing itself from me, leaving only the sounds of rain. I suddenly felt utterly lonely, like that poor bug abandoned in the middle of the infinite universe.

Raindrops were sliding under my collar, just like the sea water dripping from Dicken's long hair. I could even feel his enrapturing eyes watching me from behind, his larged webbed claws caressing my spine with determination and purposeful invasiveness, and his icy lips plastered on my nape in a kiss.

That was when I heard the sound of a boat brushing through the river, and turned to find a gondola turning into an adjacent canal. However, before it made the turn, I could see the black-haired man on it for a split second, which fully matched the figure of the black-haired man in my memory.

This time, I was completely convinced that it wasn't just my imagination—it was Dicken, and I was left shaking by the revelation. The impulse I felt just then made me spring to my feet, and my blood began to boil.

However, that was also the moment when Mike called out from a distance: "Linda! What are you doing? Get back here! "

I turned to glance at him but said nothing, and promptly jumped off the bridge and into the river, chasing the gondola. Like a fish, I swam rapidly and chased after the boat.

Still, the rain was pouring even harder, and it was hard to find my way through the canals amid the downpour and the growing fog. Even if I could swim far faster than a normal human, I almost lost the gondola, since I seemed to be inside an underwater maze.

Meanwhile, the gondola continued to cruise rapidly over the canals. Seeing that the silhouette that bore a striking resemblance to Dicken was about to disappear from my sight as the gondola was about to turn again, I promptly yelled in panic, "I know it's you, Dicken! Stop, Dicken! "

I was sure that he would hear me after I yelled so loudly, and yet that figure wasn't slowing down from the turn at all. By the time I rapidly swiped my limbs through the water and reached the turn, all I found was the gondola, left floating alone and devoid of all passengers, in front of a pitch-black entrance into an aqueduct.

The gondola continued to totter in the rain, as if to tell me that the silhouette I was still chasing an instant ago was still around.