

The Merman, My Man by Black Velvet

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“That was why I had deliberately allowed myself to be caught, and I realized that you were looking at me as if I was a stranger. I was very jealous at the time, Linda, and had almost lost my sanity because of it, wanting nothing less than to make you completely mine in my frenzy. I was in heat, and yet you actually had the guts to approach me in the middle of me, teasing me so seductively—how could I stop myself from devouring you? I started to scheme through the days and night to defile you, yearning that you were an immature juvenile. That was why I started to use your curiosity against you...”

At those words, Dicken’s lips curled up evilly and his tongue poked out to lick it, as if he was feeling smug about his perfect plan.

“You bastard...” I couldn’t help pulling his ear, only for him to pin it down over my head. His tongue slithered from my chin to my cheek as he smooched me there firmly, keeping his lips close to my skin even as he breathed, “There was even less chance of me letting you leave after you completely became mine—your scent, actions, facial expressions, and your very body intoxicates me. Even if how scared you look made me aware that I was out of line, I just couldn’t help wanting to violate you repeatedly like a juvenile seed...”

“I don’t know how it goes for humans, but once our kind matures, we would venture into a stable phase,

and would only react impulsively towards a specific mate... and that was especially the truth for me, the most ancient Black Scale King. I would never mate, and can only extend my bloodline by releasing my Yiki.”

Dicken looked beneath himself pointedly just then— his rock-hard member was touching me between my legs, as if to make evident the impulse he had just mentioned. In response, my ears felt as if they were burning, and I swallowed.

Then, Dicken leaned in beside my ear and continued to whisper, “And yet, even though I had released my Yiki to other people... I had only ever felt those impulses towards you alone.”

My heart began to pound wildly as my head hummed. I watched as he reached inside his trench coat and took out an object, and my eyes widened in disbelief at him when I saw what it was.

It was my diary—the one I threw off David’s ship, the one where I had written a year’s worth of entries about my search for Dicken.

“If the answer is what you wanted to hear, then yes, Linda—I love you.”

I felt the water current among me surging even as Dicken quietly breathed those words. Then, I felt a mystifying sensation streaming within my heart, and it seemed to spread over every hair follicle, leaving my body burning intensely.

I had heard those three words in countless movies, literature, and occasionally overheard my friends saying it to their lovers. It was the most entrancing words of sentiment in this world, but it was constantly used in deceit as well. As a person uninterested in such sentiments, I had never cared for those words, let alone allowed myself to be moved—but once Dicken spoke them into my ear, I felt as if my entire being had erupted, that I had been teetering over a cliff and fallen into his embrace in the next instant.

“What about you, Linda? My runt?” Dicken nuzzled his chin tenderly against my cheek, his firm chest plastered against my soft breasts to pin me against the doorway, his hand groping without restraint over my bottom. “Answer me—do you love me? Or do you still fear me?”

Oh my god... Someone save me! I had never imagined that I would have to speak such bare n*ked words of sentiment with this vile, ferocious mermaid! It was just so bizarre!

I had no idea where he had learned this either. Perhaps he had mastered it in the period he integrated himself in human society, but despite the cringe, him saying those words were far more irresistible to me than from some rich CEO or gentleman. Even if I would admit that I am numb towards sentiments, he could well melt my heart right then.

My lips parted, and yet I was suddenly an infant incapable of proper speech, only managing to stammer gibberish, “Uh, maybe, well, I think...”

“No maybes, Linda. I want a proper answer, “ Dicken whispered threateningly into my ear.

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Dicken nibbled my earlobe mischievously and licked it repeatedly, and I couldn't help shuddering even as his webbed claws gripped my posterior even more tightly and caressed it without a care. My body slowly softened under his touch, and I couldn't help throwing my arms around his neck and gulping, before opening my mouth and panting without control.

Dicken was watching me with his captivating eyes from up close, as if he would drown me within the bottomless ocean that was his gaze, even as I saw my own reflection in his eyes.

My own gaze was ablaze with raging desire, for I was utterly obsessed and dependent on the man before me. My eyes utterly bared the trust, passion, and every sentiment I wanted to hide, but those feelings were at once violent and endless, and it felt as if they would burst out of my body and surged towards Dicken's body, urgently wanting to melt into him.

My mind was clearly aware that I had fallen utterly. Dicken's overbearing and unreserved love for me had invasively destroyed all the barriers between us, be it race, morals, standpoint, and every other shackle that holds down humans. It was he who had allowed me to muster my courage and free myself from the cage of being human to love him.

"Yes... " I threw my arms around his neck, burying myself in his chest under his hair, allowing myself to drown in the ocean and murmur softly, "I've fallen for you, Dicken."

He held me even tighter after hearing my response, his webbed claws dancing along my spine and up to my head, reaching between my hairs to hold my head as if it was the greatest treasure in the world. With a burning gaze, he asked, "Linda, placing my Yiki on you has been the best decision of my life.

How should I thank your grandfather?" "Be nice to his daughter, dear leader."

I whispered, even though I knew that my grandfather had only offered me to Dicken in order to save my life. Who knows? He might even fight Dicken violently if he had known that Dicken slept with me.

"Be nice..." Dicken chuckled softly beside my ear, just as his devilish voice flowed into my ears, "Well, I shall be nice right now."

Dicken had always been a fish that took the initiative, and immediately did what he said. Holding on to me, we engaged in euphoric union, as if he was venting the unexpressed passion he had for me for over a year.

There was no telling if it had something to do with the frenzied love we were making, but his fishtail recovered to its thick, long scales, once again black and shiny as if it had received enough nutrients.

The tender, powerful fishtail coiled around my leg, and just like the last time, he gyrated against my body, catching me in endless waves of pleasure that erupted like fireworks.

I could not believe that we went at it from night to day, until I was left with no strength at all and couldn't even lift a finger. On the other hand, Dicken was acting like some old pervert who had his fill, carrying his new bride deep within their new house.

I somehow felt as if we were starting a new life on land with Dicken.

Oh my good, a human doing it with a merman who was basically her godfather! It was simply unbelievable.

The abandoned Aquatic Organisms Research Lab was basically deprived of items humans needed for living, but I quickly noticed that I didn't need to worry about it—when Dicken hugged me, I realized a familiar reaction in my body... yes, the mutations that had suddenly stopped two years ago had resumed, and this time even more surprising than the last. Wide-eyed, I watched as shining silver scales slowly grew over my legs, and excess muscles were also growing over my inner thighs, resembling Dicken's unstable transformation just now. Eventually, both my legs combined, and many silk threads began to appear over my feet as if they had been suddenly pulled out of their spindle, and my feet became a sharp tail fin.

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The mutation of my body was very violent this time, as if my human genes were warring violently against the merfolk genes. My blood appeared to be surging crazily through my arteries, carrying a power as it moved, and my body was almost bursting from it. Even so, I didn't have the time to feel pain or shock, and I kept my eyes tightly shut, trembling even as I felt everything.

Amidst the endlessly grilling process, Dicken held on tightly to my body until my transformation was complete. I leaned over his broad chest, and though my brain was mush and my spirit was utterly worn, I was tormented by my receptivity after mutating, and instinctively coiled my recently formed tail over Dicken's, grinding and caressing like a newborn child thirsting for milk.

There were no words to describe how I felt right now. It was obvious that everything above my thighs were human and the purpose stayed the same, but every inch of skin beneath my recently grown skin seemed to have become erogenous spots—just rubbing myself against Dicken's fishtail felt so delightful that I wanted to moan out loud.

I couldn't help remembering the first time I saw Dicken on the ship, and how I reached out to touch his scales. It was not surprising that he had reacted the way he did since I was basically touching a very stimulating spot for him, even as I unwittingly teased him as if in a courtship: hey, come on... I 'in yours, defile me right now!

So , merfolk fishtails were not to be touched lightly. And with Dicken in heat at the time, it was not surprising that he would presume that I was seducing him. Honestly, I was too innocent...

Even as my thoughts were left in disarray as I stroked my own scales, I suddenly remembered

Mary and my heart pounded. Would I still be able to revert to human form? Or was I going to remain as a merfolk forever?

I shook my groggy head as Dicken held me tenderly in his arms, lovingly kissing my ears on the sharp points that had recently grown out. Whatever I was thinking was soon washed away by his sweet and captivating scent as it overflowed in my dazed mind.

"Do you still feel uncomfortable, Linda?" Dicken had no idea what I was thinking, and merely gently caressed my body, tidying my silver hair as I rested my head on his shoulder—right now, every move he made seemed to leave my blood restless. "You'll get used to it."

I moaned softly as I raised my heavy head, and suddenly extended my tongue to lick his fingertips. His fingers were long and bony, his ice-cold skin firm and radiating the might of a king. Like an addict, I slurped over every finger, and looked up with dewy eyes like a greedy kitten.

Dicken appeared to enjoy my courting, and was grinning as he looked at me pampering and vaguely. He would toy with the pointy edges of my ears even as I slurped all over his fingers, and gently brushed against my back as if it was very amusing.

My ears were turning heated from his teasing and twitching sensitively, while my newly grown fishtail coiled tighter around him, squeezing him as if he was cotton, giving up no space and not willing to part from him for even an instant.

He was getting drilled from my reaction, and he suddenly flipped around to pin me over the walls of the small waterhole, his powerful fishtail instantly retaliating by coiling over my restless fishtail, his giant member entering me again effortless as he gyrated wildly as he did last night.

We hence stayed in the water, our bodies fusing as Dicken penetrated me countless times—not even erotica would film such craziness, and I suspected that Dicken would have killed me directly if my body hadn't been strengthened after I mutated into a mermaid. Still, despite my enhanced physical attributes, I immediately fainted on top of Dicken once the receptivity triggered by my mutation faded, and slept as if there was no tomorrow.

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I dreamed an exceedingly erratic dream.

I saw my parents in faraway Japan, and my friends who were seeing me off at the harbor before my voyage. I saw the many things that had happened at Lemenland and the underwater realm that resembled a graveyard. I saw Jack Peter, Jolin, as well as Gary and Laura—along with a whole load of messy stuff.

The memories played in my mind like slides in a film, rapidly and silently, before everything was eventually reduced to fragments of light that drifted towards the distance.

I flexed my soft, long fishtail and tracked Dicken through a bright corridor that looked like it could be a corridor that stretches through time. Everything I had gone through seemed to rush past me, all those past delights and tribulations quietly falling into the water and leaving me behind.

“Linda?! Linda?! Can you hear me? Where are you?! “

As I groggily floated around the water currents, a voice jolted me awake, and I opened my heavy eyelids to glance at a pile of clothes beside the waterhole.

Oh. It was my walkie -talkie, and Luna was calling me.

I pushed myself off the ground, and realized that my feet had returned as I rose to my feet, although there

were several scales that had yet to peel off. My skin was also paler now to a shade that resembled Dicken’s paleness, and a closer look reveals that my arteries now glinted in blue light—my blood must be blue like Dicken’s. Moreover, I didn’t feel naked even though I was naked, and the water’s temperature was so relaxing to me that I could fall asleep.

I realized that this might be the last time I reverted to my human form, because every part of my body now carried the attributes of merfolk.

Dicken’s absence, and my lack of intimacy with him may have been why I did not change over the last two years.

I got out of the waterhole and looked around. Dicken wasn't around and there was not telling where he had gone, and it was already nighttime outside.

There was a set of dry clothes on the table, clearly prepared for me by Dicken, and it seems that he expected that I would revert to my human form. I took a deep breath in acceptance of the reality, got dressed and picked up the walkie-talkie—it was soaked, but its signal bulb was still flashing, a testament to its quality.

"Hello? Hello? Luna? It's Linda," I called out through the walkie-talkie.

There was only static. I shook the water off it and pressed several buttons randomly, waiting for a while until I could clearly hear Luna's voice. "Linda, you're finally answering. Where are you?"

Something's wrong with the city, I'm worried." "Don't worry, Luna, I'm safe. What is it?" I asked.

You sound so worried."

Luna's breaths appeared choppy. "Did you see today's papers?"

"No, why?"

"You remember the German company that made a deal with Miya for those weird stones? They've come to Venice too, but some of their people were suddenly killed this morning, their spines shattered and their bodies left drifting through the canal. Can you believe it? Not broken—shattered—and the marrow inside drained dry, and there was word that there were animal teeth marks over their necks. It's so scary... I can't believe it! Where are you? Hurry on back, it's dangerous outside, and the police are trying to track down the monster."

I gasped as my heart pounded from the details. Was it Dicken? The German company must have been the company Laura and the others owned. It made sense if Dicken killed them to reclaim his bloodline, but why shatter their spines and suck their marrow dry?

Was he feeding on them? But I had never heard about him liking that stuff... or did it serve as a warning? That would be an overkill, however, as it kept all of Venice on alert.

It was weird. Why on earth...

"Got it. You guys don't have to worry about me, thought—I have a friend here. I'll stay in touch." With those words, I turned off the walkie-talkie and walked with a heavy mind to the window of the research lab, looking outside and searching for Dicken's presence.

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There were no lights in the canals around me, which kept the Aquatic Organisms Research Lab in the darkness. However, there were city lights not that far away, and boats of various sizes were traveling through the canals. The torrential rain which had yet to stop left me even more panicked.

Those Nazi bastards had chased us here again. I had no idea if Gary and Laura were still alive—did they know that Dicken was here? If they did, what were they going to do?

In truth, the entire city was under the mafia's control, and that German company must have formed a partnership with them. In the end, this was a territory belonging to humans, and would Dicken stand a chance if they worked together?

He was the king of the seas who could defeat even gulper eels, but this was not the ocean. In fact, he was in utter disadvantage and may well be a living target for the advanced weaponry of humankind.

Dicken would know that, which was why he had disguised himself to infiltrate the mafia.

That only begs the question: why would he do something that grabs so much attention?

And did something happen to him? Did the Nazi get him? No, I will wait. If he doesn't return the next morning, I'd...

I paced around, unsettled, and ran upstairs for a better view outside, although I was left stunned when I opened the door above.

It was filled with a human's daily necessities, ranging from a bed, clothes, a closet, to a desk. What was more, it was what I used to have a long time ago, and I even spotted the water ball I used to play with Dicken. I was left spacing out at the doorway, before I dashed towards the ball and held it in my hand, an indescribable warmth filling my whole body that left me in a daze for a long while.

I truly felt Dicken's abundant and profound love for me then. There was no measurement for it, for that love existed beyond space and time, as it was conveyed to me.

I couldn't help bouncing the ball against the floor like a silly child.

That was when I heard a sound downstairs and became nervous. I rushed down nonetheless to see Dicken opening the door—his tail was gone and he was still wearing the black trench coat from before, and was closing a pitch-black umbrella. His movement looked utterly normal for a human, and he looked just like a visitor who had just arrived in the middle of the night.

I walked up to him, taking his black umbrella when I picked up the strong scent of blood from his body.

"Where have you been, Dicken?!" Worried that he was hurt, I promptly opened his collar and undid his buttons to check his body, but I saw that he was completely ungrazed beneath his open coat. It shocked me that his lower body was much more normal than the last time... Maybe save for that dangling object of magnificent proportions.

His skin was smooth and did not have a single scale, just as there was skin structure trying to connect his legs. There was only a tiny bit of translucent membrane on his feet, but it was a minute detail easily missed if one wasn't looking closely—it looks like a pair of human feet otherwise.

"If you want to impersonate humans, you'll need to wear pants under your trench coat, or people would take you for a flasher if they saw what's underneath, dear leader." I frowned and pulled his cheeks, looking into his eyes even as I continued, "Now tell me—where have you been? What is going on?"

After I asked that question, I suddenly had the feeling that I was a housewife, interrogating a husband who didn't come home last night... Why would I think that? That said, I really want to know where Dicken had been last night, but despite my many questions, I was worried about his circumstances.

"I killed a few people—I needed to consume their marrow to maintain my current form," Dicken said quietly even as he breathed heavily over my nose. Then, he twisted and cracked his neck audibly.

I was still left in disbelief even though I had guessed that Dicken had done it. "So, it really was you... You sucked their marrow dry. Oh my god."

So that was how he had retained his human legs—he needed to consume certain human cells to maintain his mutation. It was inexplicable in biological terms and not easy to describe... After all, what would you name a process whereby an individual maintains its own form through fusion with selected human genes?

It was utterly unbelievable, and if I didn't know him or wasn't aware that those men were Nazi bastards, I wouldn't have deduced the logic behind the incident. And now, I stood before this callous murderer without feeling an ounce of fear.

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"I thought you would run away again," Dicken smiled at me as he took off his trench coat, baring his naked muscular form. He held me so close that my cheek began to burn, and my eyes couldn't help drifting to his new, powerful legs. They appeared strong and straight like a supermodel's, and his body's ratio was just right—he probably won't have to worry about income if he had to survive in human society.

I couldn't help gulping just then, although my throat remained a little dry. "No way. I won't run away ever again."

He laughed in return, and lifted my chin to kiss me—I immediately tasted the strong taste of blood from his lips, and immediately remembered how Luna had described the dead Germans and how Dicken had devoured their marrow. Flinching in reflex, my head grew numb as there was no question that it affected my appetite.

"Dicken, your mouth..." I told him softly.

"I forgot." Dicken promptly released me as he came to a realization. Touching his own lips, he walked up to a faucet beside a waterhole to wash his mouth. Then, he looked at his own reflection on the surface of the water, crouching as he touched his own ears

and checked other parts of his body. The way he examined it seriously actually left me a little amused, since he looked like a barbarian who had just integrated into human society.

I walked up and patted him on the head. Studying his handsome reflection for a while, I pretended to think about it seriously, "Yes, there isn't a problem with your appearance now, Dicken—if your eyes were a little friendlier, that is."

I was telling the truth. Right now, Dicken's presence was unlike a human's, with his eyes that projected pale blue radiance in the darkness being the case.

There was a naturally evil air about him that made him appear a villain, and there was no doubt that I would be extra wary about someone like him if I were a police officer.

I suddenly understood why he was wearing a mask, a s if to conceal his dangerous presence. Others might at most believe that he was disfigured, or was going to take part in a masquerade ball.

"Friendly?" Dicken repeated my words then, narrowing his eyes as his lips split into a smile.

I dare say that his smile was not friendly at all, and I clearly provoked him when I patted his head, with his smile appearing even more dangerous now. In the next instant, he caught my wrist and he held his nose close to it, inhaling deeply as he growled, "I was very afraid while I had been outside, Linda, that I would come back and find that you had run away like before."

"I have no intention to run away this time, to be honest. I just... I saw the stuff you kept upstairs." I scratched my hair as I explained myself awkwardly, since it was best to be honest now given that I was guilty of that before, and repeatedly so.

He firmly grasped my palm in return, looking up at me with a dark gaze of overflowing possessiveness. It made me remember how crazily he had been bellowing at the forest beside the shores the last time I fled from his cave. I had been too terrified at the time to care about his feelings, but for him, I had undoubtedly stabbed him in the heart repeatedly, causing him irrepressible insanity whenever I was not within sight.

If my hunch was right, the fact that he had picked up my diary meant that he had been observing me in secret for over a year, watching as I did my best to find him.

That hunch actually made me a little angry, but there was no question that I had angered him repeatedly, which made me a little unsure about how to face him. That being said, my body was heating up again as an indescribable libido unfurled, and my thoughts were a mess too as Dicken pinned me against the waterhole, his wet lips nibbling my earlobe. I suddenly remembered the question I wanted to ask, but he was already rock- hard and pressing himself against my belly.

His new legs were grinding against my thighs, brushing against my tender tendons, and I became receptive immediately. With a rush of blood to the brain, I felt myself being held tighter as he used his teeth to open my collar , and kissed me from the neck down.

I gulped and cleared my throat, but just as I was about to ask my question, my head which was resting against the edge of the water ho le was left in a daze. Unable to resist, my hands started to caress his back, touching every scar left on him after his violent fight, my breaths becoming short and rushed.

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"You get in heat once per day? You're going to F*ck me to death eventually, damn it..." I cleared my throat and said hoarsely, although my lips and teeth were already completely soft.

"I can't control myself whenever I'm with you, Linda." Dicken was panting right beside my ear, his fingers dancing over my chest as if strumming a guitar. However, he suddenly paused just as I was about to suffocate in his thick, sweet scent, and basically froze on top of me. I was left feeling as if I was dangling in the air, and turned towards him curiously. "What's wrong?"

"No... Linda." He rested his head against my shoulder—I could hear him gulping, his Adam's apple bobbing audibly as he did so. At the same time, his heaving chest was brushing against my body, and I could hardly resist.

I couldn't help kissing his Adam's apple and then asked rapidly, "Hey, what's wrong? Or are you suggesting that our great leader has gone flaccid?"

I had no idea where I got the courage as a mischievous idea occurred to me. Sliding my hand along his muscular abdomen, I was just about to grab his restless phallus when he caught my rude hand and held it at his side.

He studied me from head to toe, raising a brow in surprise as he glanced between my hand and my eyes. After all, I was simply lying there, my shirt wide open as I grinned challengingly at him.

I had a hunch that no one would intrude on Dicken like this —touching the leader of the merfolk? Not unless you had a death wish. Even so, I dared to do it, and I imagined that I was probably the only one who dared, which in turn left me a little proud since this felt terrific, even a little exciting.

I didn't know when it started, but I enjoyed seeing that look on Dicken's face that basically said that he had no idea what to do with me, whereas I was intent on pranking him by riding on his favor.

"I forgot, but I would revert to my original form if I entered you..." His eyes continued to scour every inch of my body, and though his gaze was basically stripping me bare, he held back and did not make a move on me.

"Oh," I murmured in understanding, though I almost laughed out loud in amusement from the weird, helpless look on his face.

Dicken probably hadn't been this passive in his long life, and was forced to hold back his urges. He had never done that before even when he was confined, and this was the first time I found teasing him so amusing.

But to tell the truth, I was myself affected —being forced to stop just as we were about to do it was miserable for me as well, and I could feel his rock- hard bratwurst still pressing against my belly. As such, I went further and wrapped my arms around his robust waist, and imitated him by licking him on his earlobe, mischievously watching his reactions. I had become a bad girl all thanks to Dicken !

On the other hand, Dicken couldn't bear my teasing and leaned in to gnaw at my neck like a beast.

Pinning my impudent hands over my head, he kept humping against me but did not try to do more than that, and could only continue biting from my breasts to my waist restlessly, leaving bruising teeth marks everywhere. Not even my inner thighs were spared— in fact, that was the worst part, and all I could do was struggle while begging for mercy, as I won't have a single inch of unblemished skin if this continued.

"You scumbag, stop it... " Flushing, I sat up and promptly lunged at him, catching him off guard and pinning him on the floor. In turn, he used my move to take me in his arms, and I lay on top of him just like that, my clothing disheveled. His very body was like a padding of muscle and exceedingly comfortable to lay on, and I was intoxicated by the sound of his beating heart, even as I gradually became lost in thought while I watched him.

He simply lay there, his hands groping all over my bottom as he watched me with depthless sentiment and overflowing desire. His long black hair was spread over the floor, glimmering from its dampness and added a tone of mildness to the sharp edges of his face—although I knew that it was merely me watching him through rose-tinted glasses.

He was just so overbearing that he shot into my life like an arrow, stabbing into my heart and fusing into my soul and thoughts, denying me the chance of regret or even the intention to flee.

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"Would my fishtail really poke out?" I asked softly and alluring just an inch away from his nose, unrelenting in my attempt to tease him.

Nonetheless, he nodded helplessly, but though I pouted, I slowly lowered my gaze and slid down his body like an agile serpent, resting my chain against his

abdomen while watching him with dewy eyes and licking my lips. “Well, what if I do this? You wanted me to do it last time...”

My voice was quiet, husky and scintillating as I licked his abdomen tentatively, just like a greedy kitten licking the drops of water on its own fur.

Inhaling deeply for a moment so that I didn't shake so much, I lowered my head and opened my jaw, intent on trying to take in his gigantic member when he caught my chin in time, scooped me up, and held me in his arms.

He pressed my hands behind my back, and his lips came in ferocious invasion the next instant, nibbling heavily on my lips and slurping on my tongue. It hurt a little, as if he was punishing me for taking the initiative.

However, I did not beg like I did before —mustering my newfound strength, I kissed him back without backing down, bit his lip and kissed him all over his body. He was still holding me down with his hands, restraining my waist before he turned and pinned me down, intent on subjugating me.

I wrapped my legs around him in response, and we tangled like a pair of wrestling seals, although it was different for us than those creatures' life-and-death struggle.

Soon, Dicken gained the upper hand in our game. My lips were swollen as I gasped for breath, and could only lay under his shadow while my hands were restrained stiffly over my head. I could feel his body shuddering in utter excitement, and I could tell from the blue veins bulging over his face that merfolks were born thrill-seekers, and I was very content with his reaction.

“Are you courting me, Linda? Hmm?” Dicken breathed through gritted teeth, though he was beaming widely, seemingly helpless yet enjoying my behavior.

“What? Have I not shown enough, dear leader?”

I leaned in to lick his lips with a smug smile. Pulling my hands out of his grasp, I wrapped them around his neck and nestled my nose under his neck, inhaling his scent deeply. However, he pressed me down again, kissing me as his hands groped and caressed me impudently under my clothes, and it took a long while for him to stop.

He gulped, watching me with a distant gaze as he said rapidly, “You don't get it. Ejaculation —that's what accelerates my blood flow and throws my genes into disarray, preventing me from retaining my human form.”

“I see... So...”

So even oral was a no-go —or any stimulation, for that matter !

I sighed in melancholy, forcing myself to smile even though I felt as if someone had thrown a bucket of ice water in my face, leaving me deflated as I loosened

my legs from his waist. Still, he scooped me up in his arms and dived into the waterhole.

The icy water calmed my restless blood, and Dicken appeared to have calmed down considerably as well. He then pulled me up to the surface and pinned me against the wall of the waterhole, closing his eyes to take a deep breath before opening his eyes to study my red, swollen lips. He stroked my cheek and rubbed my lips, and suddenly pried open my lips, reaching a finger within to rub my tongue. Soon, my drool was streaming out along his finger and dripped to the surface, and my cheeks were set ablaze helplessly.

"If I wasn't short on time, I would definitely have let you taste me properly... "

He held himself against my ear and spoke lecherously like an old pervert, although I was focusing on something else that he said. "Short on time? What is that I supposed to mean?" I asked quietly. "What are you going to do? To reclaim your... Uh, Yiki?"

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"Yeah." Dicken nodded somberly as he looked outside the window, his gaze and demeanor turning cold as ice so instantly that I couldn't help being surprised by his sudden mood change. "I can sense them near us, and I need to take them back inside my body as soon as possible."

"Why? Where is your Yiki at the moment? Are they with the mafia or that German company?" I frowned, unsettled and worried about Dicken's situation. After all, those crystals would be kept under strict control no matter who was holding it, and it won't be easy getting them.

Dicken pondered for a moment, before shaking his head, "I don't know. They must have been kept isolated because I can't be sure about their specific position, severing the link between us. That's why I had to come up with something to blend in."

He narrowed his eyes then, the lines on his face becoming even more distinct as he held up his wrist before my eyes. I saw that an artery there was faintly flashing in blue radiance, but it was very weak and could fade at any moment, and Dicken explained, "I must get them back before the portal closes, or I won't have enough energy to return to the domain of my tribe."

"What? Didn't you go back two years ago when the portal opened?" I was taken aback—was he saying that the portal hadn't been opened despite the commotion two years ago?

"No," Dicken's voice turned even sadder, and his eyes were half-narrowed darkly. "Those ships blew up when they sank with me, and my tribe was caught within a temporal vortex that only I escaped, and it took me a whole year to do that."

"What? A temporal vortex? What is that?"

"I named it myself. It's just like a black hole, existing as a magnetic field of sorts that pulls

everything passing through it to itself, remaining in the portal after it has formed in the destruction of our domain. I must think of an idea to return to the starting point of that disaster and find the object which destroyed our domain, so that I could use its immense energy to open a portal, reversing the flow of time to rescue my brethren, the last of my kind," Dicken said quickly.

I was shocked, and immediately remembered Peter and the others. Were they still alive, and stuck at the place which Dicken had named a temporal portal? I couldn't really understand the complex exposition that Dicken had given either—what was that thing? Was it the atomic bomb that America dropped during the Second World War?

Heavens!

"Are you saying that you are going back to the seas of Hiroshima where the atomic bomb was dropped? To find what remains of it?"

"Atomic bomb..." Dicken repeated those words softly as if unsure if that we were referring to the same thing, and eventually said, "Probably. I need to find the temporal vortex because it is filled with pollution, and with my tribe confined within, they would mutate irreversibly once time goes on. I can't let that happen—I can't let my race become extinct under my rule, and I would do anything to save them."

He lowered his gaze at our reflection in the water, his gaze sharp yet determined, making his pale face appear even colder and a little unfamiliar to me. I vaguely sensed that this meant he would leave me and risk everything alone.

Whether I was being paranoid or not, I still remained exceedingly uneasy. "I'm coining with you, Dicken," I looked determinedly into his eyes. "Believe me, I can help you—I am Japanese, I've been to Hiroshima, and I even dived there before. I have studied possible locations where remains of the atomic bomb would show up, and I know its location on a map even if I haven't been there personally.

Don't leave me behind."

I forced a smile even as I spoke, trying to look strong even though I feared the sight I had seen before. I would never return to that hell if not for Dicken,

because there was no doubt that the most terrifying trip—if one could call it that—I’ve ever had was when I had gone there to observe and write a report about post- nuclear bio logical mutation. There were crabs with legs longer than two meters, and their pincers could easily snap a human head in two.

In fact, I think we would never have made it back if we hadn’t been equipped with sufficiently advanced weapons at the time, and my companion had almost lost a leg !

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Even as I remembered those terrible memories, I was startled by the chilling hand Dicken placed over my back. His gaze was cold and solemn, unwittingly building up a pressure in my mind. “You will wait here for me, Linda, because I can’t guarantee your safety. I still have to move in human form at the moment, and I spotted that man who had been harassing you a lot last night. He’s not dead, and is the person in charge of that German company this time.”

Gary?

All at once, I felt as if a revolting, slippery viper had coiled itself around me, leaving me shuddering.

However, despite my absolute disgust towards Gary, it didn’t stop me from protesting against Dicken’s decision, and I grabbed his arm while insisting, “No, I won’t accept it. Don’t think about leaving me behind as you rush into danger! Or do you find me too weak? I think I’m filled with energy right now! “

“You’re no different from a sapling right now.”

“It’s different, dear leader—I’m your progeny, and your blood flows in my veins. You have to believe in your own power.” I held even tighter to him then and straightened, rearing my head to make myself appear as strong as possible. “I can feel my body becoming strong, and wasn’t I able to protect myself when you weren’t around? In fact, you saw how well I did, didn’t you?”

I held his gaze even as he remained silent, and insisted, “What do you take me for, Dicken? Don’t underestimate me! I’ in no longer that child from ten years ago. I have decided to fight with you and you can’t stop me!”

Dicken pressed his hands over my cheeks, and his eyes seemed to contain a brewing storm even as he glowered. I was a little afraid just then, worried that he would knock me out so that I would be compliant.

Even so, I offered no compromise and merely glared at him menacingly. "Listen here, Dicken—you won't see me ever again if you don't let me join you. I will run far away and stay on land, so that you will never reach me."

"Are you threatening me?" Dicken narrowed his eyes dangerously, the storm in his eyes almost erupting. I was left stunned for a couple seconds, but I stood firm and nodded. "Yes. Believe me when I say that I would do it and run to Africa. There's no water there, and your tail would never reach it."

Nonetheless, Dicken clenched his arm over my waist in the next instant, and I was pressed firmly against himself as he placed a palm over my forehead. I vaguely felt an electric current over his palm,

surging into me and leaving me with a numbing sensation. As I began to feel dazed, I instantly realized that he was trying to knock me out and panicked, struggling as I cried, "No, you bastard! You can't do this to me..."

However, just as my head was about to cave to his assault and I was about to lose all consciousness, a gunshot suddenly echoed. The water's surface bursted into waves, with the windows of the Aquatic Organisms Research Lab shattering while I jolted awake from my fainting sensation. I could hear Dicken crying shrilly beside my ear, just before he wrapped his arms tightly around my body and leapt into the depths of the canals.

I followed him, diving to the underwater pillars of the buildings around us. There was no telling how far I had swum with him until we reached an open harbor, where several abandoned ships were berthed. We surfaced between the ships, and there was no one around since it was nighttime, and it was very well-concealed here.

Still, I was shocked considerably. As I wiped the water from my face, I asked, "What's going on? Could it be that you're being followed?"

Dicken flipped me over and felt around my body to check if I was hurt, and after ensuring that I wasn't, he said, "Probably."

Then, he wrapped his arms around me from behind, and my entire body was held within his broad, firm embrace. He pressed his wet lips over my neck, inhaling my scent deeply while another hand tenderly touched my forehead, just as he whispered beside my ear, "Don't run too far, my Linda."

Before I realized what he was saying, my vision turned dark and I lost all consciousness in an instant.