

Dạ Nương



By Bewci



CHAPTER 4



The grass still bent beneath me where I had fallen, chest heaving, my sweat clinging to this new, alien body. The jungle exhaled its damp breath onto my naked skin, golden-brown now. I shuddered, not from cold, but from the obscene weight swaying over my once-flat chest. Each ragged breath made them quiver, a sensation both alien and electric. Below, the torn remnants of my fatigues clung to the new swell of my hips, the curve of my ass pressing against rough fabric as I lay in the grass. Between my thighs, where my cock had once nestled, there was only slick heat, an emptiness that throbbed with every frantic heartbeat.



“Hold!” Sergeant Jack Hardin’s gravel voice cut the air, heavy with command. The beams of their lanterns landed on me. I couldn’t move. My torn uniform clung to me, exposing too much.

The men froze. And then the whispers began.

“Jesus Christ...” one muttered, lowering his M16 a fraction. “That’s no Charlie. That’s a damn woman.”

“Yeah?” another scoffed, too sharp, too nervous. “This could be a honey trap,” he muttered, suspicion lacing his voice.

“She’s wearin’ our gear, look!” A lantern dipped lower, illuminating my tattered fatigues. “That’s U.S. Army issue.”

“She could be Vietcong dressed up, stripping our dead.”

“Silence!” Sergeant Jack Hardin said with a firm command. “Speak, lady. Who are you?”

“I-I’m Tom. Tom Jones.” I said, my voice catching in my throat, breathless.

The arguments flared in the grass, each man clutching a rifle or lantern, caught between fear and temptation.



“Tom Jones is dead. Ambush wiped his ass clean off the map,” the sergeant said, his rifle aimed at me.

“That’s Tom’s uniform,” another voice broke in. His tone was tight, almost panicked. “I saw him in it this morning, swear to God. The patch, the cut—it’s his!”

“How the hell’s she in his fatigues, ripped and all?”

“Maybe Tom’s alive, maybe they turned him, brainwashed him, who knows what they do out here.”

Their eyes kept flicking back to me. I saw it. Some couldn’t look away from the curve of my body, the dark wet strands of hair, the way my breasts rose with each terrified breath.

“Christ almighty ... she’s gorgeous,” one of the younger privates muttered, earning a shove from the man beside him.

“Shut it! You wanna get us all shot? That’s not what this is.”

Hardin stepped forward, his rifle held high, his square jaw set hard as steel. He didn’t look at me as the others did. No hunger. No confusion. Just cold calculation.





“Enough.” His voice shut them down like a bolt. “I don’t care if she’s Aphrodite herself. She’s dressed in one of my soldier’s clothes, and I intend to know why.”

He gave a sharp gesture. “Secure her. Now.”

Hands were on me then. They stripped the remaining uniform from my body, and searched for hidden blades, wires, or grenades tucked where skin met fabric. I wanted to scream, to protest, but my voice was stuck. All I could do was shiver under their torchlight, bound and naked under their suspicion.

“She doesn’t have any weapons.”



“No scars, no marks.”

“Then where’s Jones? Where’s his dog tag? Where’s his gun?”

“Don’t matter. She’s comin’ back with us. Sergeant’ll sort it.”

They dragged me back to camp, through the dew-slick grass and in the dim lantern glow. The camp was alive. Lanterns swayed on poles, casting weak halos of light that seemed to struggle against the surrounding jungle. The men who had dragged me in muttered in low voices, smoking nervously, their silhouettes flickering like restless ghosts. A line of rifles rested against sandbags near the perimeter, ready at a moment’s notice. Out there in the dark treeline, the war still waited, unseen but never gone.

Inside the command tent, the air was heavy with sweat, oil, and damp canvas. A radio buzzed in the corner, spitting out static with the occasional garbled voice. A field map lay rolled open on a folding table beside a lantern, corners pinned with spent magazines. The shadows of men shifted across the walls, some pacing outside, others trying to listen in without daring to step through the flap.

They forced me to my knees in the center, and they bound my wrists behind a wooden post hammered into the ground. The ropes bit into my arms, and I could feel every eye on my naked body, heavy with suspicion, fear, and something darker in the younger ones’ stares.





Sergeant Jack Hardin stood across from me, hands clasped behind his back, his broad shoulders rigid beneath the dim lantern light. He, having served for quite a period, understood it better than to permit confusion to dominate his personnel. But I could tell from the cold weight of his gaze. He didn't know what the hell I was.

"Quiet down out there," he barked suddenly, not turning his head. The murmur dropped like a stone.



Then he stepped closer and crouched until his shadow fell over me. “All right, whoever or whatever you are. You got one chance. Start talking.” he said, his voice low and measured. “You’re in U.S. Army-issue fatigues. My men swear it’s his gear, right down to the stitching. But you...” His eyes scanned my face, then the dark fall of hair, then back again. “You’re no Tom Jones.”

My throat was dry as I swallowed, heart hammering. “I am,” I croaked, voice raw, trembling. “I am Tom. Private Tom Jones, 2nd Platoon. New York. Twenty years old.”

Hardin’s expression didn’t flicker. If anything, his eyes narrowed, sharpening.

One man inside, Corporal Miller, scoffed. “Bullshit. Jones was blonde, pale as milk. And a man. You—you aren’t him. This is a trick.”

One muttered, “She’s tryin’ to buy time, Sergeant. We need to draw a perimeter and be ready for an ambush.”

I strained, shaking my head, as the ropes bit. “Look at my arm. There were scratches, deep ones. That thing in the cave — it—” I stopped, breathed ragged, searching for words. “She clawed me. Three long marks down my left arm. It burned like fire.”

“Show us, then,” Hardin said flatly.



The lantern light glinted in his eyes as he gestured. A soldier yanked at my arm. My breath caught. My skin was smooth. No gashes. No scars. No blood. Just clean, taut flesh, darkened now to a wheatish hue that hadn't been mine before.

The silence was sharp, dangerous.

"Nothing there, Sarge," the soldier muttered.

A ripple of suspicion went through the room. Someone hissed, "I told you—trap." Another said, "Where's her weapon then, huh? Where's Jones's rifle? She ditched it somewhere to cover her story."

Sergeant Hardin didn't move for a long moment. He locked his eyes on me, steady and unblinking, as if he stared down the barrel of a mystery that made no sense.

"I... I swear to God," I stammered.

"Young, voluptuous, found in our uniform," Hardin said slowly, every word cut from stone. "That doesn't add up to coincidence. That adds up to bait."

Corporal Miller stepped forward, gesturing at me. "She's Charlie's honey trap, Sarge. Send in a woman dressed in American rags, get us off guard, then, bang. Lead us straight into an ambush. I've heard stories."



“Stories don’t win wars,” muttered Private Ellis from the side, but even his voice carried doubt.

I swallowed hard, my throat raw. “No, no, please... you don’t understand. I am Private Tom Jones. I was caught in the ambush near the river—”

“Don’t,” Hardin cut me off, voice sharp. He rose to his full height, shadow stretching over me like a blade. “Private Jones is dead. Or captured. That’s what I told the men. Now you waltz into camp wearin’ his gear and speakin’ his language, expectin’ me to believe you’re him?”

I clenched my teeth. “Ask me anything! My serial number is 0207-54-933. My hometown, New York. My platoon, 2nd. I didn’t desert, I didn’t cross over. I got separated when the shooting started.”

Murmurs rippled among the men. A couple shifted on their boots, uncertain. Private Ellis scratched the back of his neck. “She—she knows details, Sarge. Maybe she really...” His voice trailed off under Hardin’s glare.

The sergeant turned his head, gaze sweeping the tent before settling back on me. “Or maybe,” he said evenly, “the bastards fed you that intel. Maybe you were trained to wear our skin and spit out our words until we let our guard down. You trying to sell yourself to these chaps?!”



The words cut deep, sharper than the ropes. My chest tightened, breath coming quick, frantic. “I didn’t choose this! The cave, the woman—she clawed me, she—”

“The woman. That’s your excuse? That’s your story?” He stepped closer again, crouching until his face was inches from mine. His eyes were flint, his voice low enough only I could hear: “Listen close. If you’re lying, if this is some Viet trick, I’ll put a bullet in your skull myself before I let you cost me more men.”

The tent went quiet. Even the radio seemed to hush, nothing but static breathing in the corner. The men stared at me—some with suspicion, some with a flicker of doubt, a couple with something hungrier in their gaze, though they said nothing.

I shuddered, sweat sliding down my temple, the rope burning tighter with every shallow breath. My voice cracked as I whispered, “I’m not your enemy.”

Hardin didn’t move. Didn’t blink. “Then prove it,” he said at last.

“Ask me anything, Sarge! My bunk’s third row, second from the heater. Ellis snores like a goddamn chainsaw. Miller, you lost your knife in Saigon, and I lent you mine. I know you, I fought beside you, I—”



I kept going, frantic, tears blurring my sight. “On patrol near Hill 42, I got my left shoulder grazed. Ellis patched me up himself! Who else could know that? Who—”

Then it happened.

The moonlight broke through the canvas slit like a blade of silver, sliding across my body, warm and heavy, rooting itself beneath my skin. I stiffened, not from pain this time, but from a flood of sensations I could not command.

The light tugged at something deep, softening, reshaping, and coaxing my breath. My chest rose higher, slower, more deliberate. My lips parted on their own.

And then, I looked at them.

At Ellis first, standing closest, his uniform clinging damp to his shoulders, sweat darkening the seams. His blue eyes caught the lantern-light, piercing, alive in a way I had never noticed before. My stomach fluttered. No, twisted. He looked different. Felt different. Something ... wanted.

Miller fidgeted, rifle against his chest. The fabric of his shirt stretched across his torso, every line of his body visible in the glow. My eyes followed the curve of his biceps, the swell of his chest ... the bulge between his legs. A warmth pooled inside me I tried to choke back.



Even Hardin. The sergeant's jaw clenched, and his hands remained steady on his pistol. His presence pressed on me more than the ropes at my wrists. His voice rolled through me like a current. My heart pounded faster, not in fear, but in something worse. Something forbidden.

I inhaled, and the air betrayed me. Sweat, gunpowder, men — it filled my lungs, hot and musky, wrapping around me like a net. My thighs trembled.

I tried to avert my gaze, to grasp who I was. Tom, soldier, man, but the gaze was no longer under my control. Every detail of them struck me not with camaraderie, but with hunger. The soldiers didn't know it, but I was already unraveling in front of them.

It felt as if the canvas walls were folding, trapping me with their stares. The lanterns swung faintly above, shadows stretching and snapping like whips across the ground.

Hardin paced in front of me, boots thudding against the dirt. "Eyes up, Jones," he barked. "If that's even your name."

Jones. My name. I wanted to hold on to it, wanted to spit it back with defiance. But I could feel their eyes crawling over my sweaty body.

A nervous laugh from another. "Trap or not, hell, she doesn't look harmless. Look at those eyes. She's ... burning."





Burning. That was the word. My gaze wouldn't behave. It lingered where it shouldn't. On the glint of sweat running down Hardin's temple, on the flex of muscular arms pulling at rolled sleeves, over the growing tents in everyone's pants. Even the musk of their bodies, once just background noise of war, now pressed into my skull like some narcotic.

I swallowed hard, but it didn't lower the heat rising

in me. My body buzzed, pulsed, and surged. The rope wasn't just a restraint over my body, but also over my intrusive, shameful thoughts.

"She's breathing faster," someone whispered. "She's ... distracted."

Distracted? God, yes. It felt like someone had strung my thoughts, yanking them in every direction. I tried to focus, to think of Mary, of the squad, of anything steady. But each time I lifted my head, other gazes captured mine, and I saw something new. Suspicion, hunger, confusion. Some soldiers looked away, shy and uncertain; others smirked, emboldened, their stares open and lewd.



I felt myself shrinking under their gazes even as something else inside me surged forward, eager. My lips parted, but the words jammed in my throat.

“Answer me!” Hardin’s voice cut through, sharp as shrapnel.

I wanted to. I wanted to tell him everything, to prove who I was, but my chest trembled with each breath, and my mind was drowning. The tent wasn’t just a tent anymore; it was a furnace. And I was melting in front of them, piece by piece, until I didn’t know if I could hold on any longer.

“I...” My voice cracked, thinner, softer than I meant. Their eyes tightened on me.

The ropes dug deeper as I twisted against them. My skin was slick with sweat, hair clinging to my back. My heart pounded in my chest, not with fear but with something hotter, darker, like a fire I couldn’t extinguish.

“Sir,” one man said, “look at her. She’s ... she’s not right.”

Not right. They didn’t know half of it. I could feel it, every inch of me caught between two storms. One screaming for control, the other dragging me down into hunger I didn’t understand.



I tried to steady my gaze on Hardin, but my eyes betrayed me. Slipping down instead to the curve of muscle beneath his shirt, to the veins standing out along his forearms, to the bulge tightening within his underpants! My pulse leapt, and shame followed behind it, a sickening churn in my stomach.

I shook my head, desperate to shake loose the fog, but the world swam and pulsed with heat. My body betrayed me again, arching against the ropes, a tremor running through me.

Someone chuckled low. “She’s ... enjoying this.”

The words hit me like a gunshot. My face flushed hot, my whole body shivering as if the accusation itself had cracked something open inside me. I bit down hard on my lip, trying to stifle the whimper rising in my throat.

Hardin stepped closer, shadow towering over me, his eyes narrowed but searching. “What’s happening to you? What the hell are you hiding?!”





“I—I don’t!” The last words dissolved into a shudder. My legs buckled beneath me, every nerve alight, my body writhing against its bonds like I could elude myself. My mind split in two, one side screaming in terror, clinging to the name Tom Jones, the other dissolving, overwhelmed by a tide of want, of need.

The men fell silent. I felt their stares on me like hands, like heat, feeding the fire instead of quenching it. My eyes fluttered shut, my body trembled, chest pushed forward, hips bucked, back

arched, and all at once I couldn’t hold it back anymore. The dam broke, and I drowned in it, my breath escaping in ragged gasps, my entire frame collapsing against the pole as waves of unbearable sensation tore through me.

When I opened my eyes again, the tent was spinning; the men stared in stunned silence. I was still bound, still breathing—but nothing inside me was the same.



Only my breathing filled that instant. Ragged, uneven, loud in the tent's stillness. My body sagged against the ropes, damp strands of hair sticking to my face. The silence was worse than any jeer, any accusation. I dared to lift my head.

They were staring. All of them.

One soldier's mouth hung open, his cheeks blazing red as he glanced down at the wet spot in his pants, covering it with his hands. Another swallowed hard, shifting on his feet as if the ground itself had betrayed him. A third grinned, a nervous, lewd smile twisting across his face as he muttered something under his breath that I couldn't catch but felt deep in my bones.

"She's... she's out of her mind," one of them whispered hoarsely.

I squeezed my eyes shut, hoping to disappear, hoping they had let me die in the jungle instead of dragging me here to fall apart in front of them.

Hardin stood just close enough for me to feel his shadow fall across my face. I couldn't look at him.

"You all saw it," he said, voice like iron. "Whatever this is, it's not for you to meddle with."

A protest rose. Half-formed words about needing answers, about temptation, but Hardin cut them off with a single barked word.



“Enough!”

The lantern light caught the sharp planes of his face, and for the first time I noticed something flicker in his eyes, not cold discipline, but something sinister.

He turned on his men. “Every damn one of you, out. Now. Nobody steps foot back inside this tent without my word. Break this order, and I will see you court-martialled before dawn.”

The weight of his voice crushed the muttering. Reluctant and uneasy, the soldiers shuffled out one by one. Some cast me a last look—pity, fear, hunger, all of which swirled in their eyes.

The flap closed behind the last soldier. As Hardin approached, he whispered in my ear, smirking, “I’ve known women like you before. Tell me the truth, or I have tools to whip it out of you.”

