



Dạ Nữ

By Bewci



CHAPTER 5



Sergeant Jack Hardin loomed over me; a slab of muscle carved from granite. His fatigues strained across a barrel chest, the sleeves rolled up to reveal thick forearms corded with veins. Sweat beaded on his head and trickled down his thick neck. His eyes, pale blue and cold as glacial ice, raked over my trembling form with predatory intensity. The air crackled with unspoken threat, thick with the scent of damp sweat, and the cloying sweetness of my arousal. Hardin's gaze lingered on the dark, stiff peaks of my nipples, then dipped lower, tracing the soft contour of my belly down to the glistening folds between my thighs. A slow, cruel smirk spread across the Sergeant's face. "Still playin' dumb, sweetheart?" he rumbled, his voice a low growl that vibrated in my chest. "You think those pretty tits and that wet little cunt fool me? Viet Cong whore, sent to fuck and spy. That's



all you are.” He leaned closer, the heat radiating off him like a furnace. I flinched, the ropes cutting deeper as I tried to shrink away, but the movement only made my heavy breasts sway. I squeezed my eyes shut, trying to summon Mary’s face, Shane’s laugh, anything to anchor myself.

“Stand,” he said. His voice carried no warmth.

Hands shaking, I obeyed. He eased the rope loose just enough for me to slip out, then tugged me to turn around. The motion put my back exposed, arched against him. The rope scraped my skin as he pulled it up again, raising my arms and putting my knuckles above my head. The awkward angle strained my ribs, making me feel defenseless.

He stepped back to measure me in the light, his jaw tight. The rope chafed where it looped around the post; the knots sat like black little teeth against the wood.

Hardin picked up a thick polished stick lying in a corner, usually used for training, sometimes for punishment. He rolled it in his hands the way a man handles a tool, then rapped an end once against the post. The sound was sharp and ordinary; it cut the tent’s silence like a report.





“Do you prefer the view there?” he inquired, “Thought standing naked in my camp might win sympathy. Didn’t know it’d be this naked.” His mouth twisted. There was no laughing in it.

I swallowed, feeling small and exposed. My raised arms trembled. He never touched me beyond the business of adjusting the

rope, but every movement he made showed he could have, that he could make things far worse if he chose.

He tapped the stick again — tap—tap—tap. The sound matched the racing in my chest. He used it like punctuation, punctuating questions and choices with its blunt end.



“Let’s try this again,” he said. “Who sent you? Who’s the woman? I don’t want stories. I want names. Say them and maybe I’ll let you stand down. Lie, and you’ll watch us bury men because you were clever enough to smile in silk.”

His breath was close at the back of my neck, smelling of tobacco and sweat. “You tell me the truth now, and we can arrange things so you don’t get shuffled off for a little ‘debrief’ elsewhere. You lie, you make a play for pity, and I’ll make sure your story means nothing. You understand?”

I nodded once, though the motion felt useless. The rope dug into the soft skin of my wrists; the wooden post pressed into my breasts where my weight settled. The stick was still in his hand—harmless in form, a threat in purpose.

“Start with names,” he said. He leaned forward just enough to fill my hearing with his voice. “Tell me everything while I count to three.”

His thumb ran along the grain of the stick; the motion was small, domestic, yet every nervous muscle in my body keyed to it like a string. I exhaled and let the words come, each one a small surrender.

“I was attacked,” I said, my mouth full of bitter saliva. “Ambush—separated. A woman in a cave—she—” My fingers worked frantically against the rope. The bindings held. The words tumbled out unevenly. “She—she clawed me. I ran. I’m telling you—”



The polished stick whistled through the air. It cracked across my bare ass cheek. A stinging slap echoed inside the tent. My flesh jiggled, the impact blooming into a hot welt. I screamed, my spine arched, pressing my breasts harder against the rough wood. To my shock, a molten pulse radiated from my core, making my nipples tighten into dark, aching points. My asshole clenched, a tight little pucker beneath the sting. "NAMES!" he screamed.

I swallowed and managed one name. Not a name that proved allies or enemies, only the bruise of memory. "Bao," I said. "Bao led me to the cave."

Sergeant Hardin chuckled low in his throat. "Well, now," he murmured, his voice suddenly thick with something like approval. "That wasn't so hard, was it?" He stepped closer, his body heat pressing against my back. The polished stick slid along the curve of my left buttock, tracing the welt he'd raised. It felt cool against the burning skin, a terrifying contrast. "And the woman?" he asked, his breath hot on my ear. The stick dipped lower, grazing the sensitive swell where my ass met my thigh. "The one who did... *this* to you?" His free hand reached around, thick fingers brushing against the underside of my heavy, swaying breasts, making my nipples tighten further. "What did she call herself?"

The moonlight pouring through the tent intensified, a sudden, searing beam landing on my trembling form. It felt like liquid fire soaking into my skin, igniting the curse coiled deep within my belly. A choked moan escaped my lips, unbidden. My hips arched back, pressing my swollen ass against the hard line of Hardin's fatigue-clad thigh. My cunt pulsed, slickness dripping down my inner thighs.



Through the haze of desperate arousal, the name surfaced, whispered like a prayer or a curse: “Da Nuong..”

Hardin’s low chuckle vibrated against my spine. “Da Nuong,” he repeated, the name rolling off his tongue like something dark and sweet. The polished stick traced a deliberate path down the cleft of my buttocks, over the tight, puckered furl of my asshole, making me gasp, before sliding lower. It paused at the very top of my dripping slit, pressing against the swollen lips. “Is that her name, sweetheart?



The bitch who turned you into this wet little hole?” He applied gentle, maddening pressure. “Tell me where she is.”

“I don’t know!” I whimpered, my hips reacting to the stick’s teasing touch. “She ran... into the woods... after I shot her... she’s a monster, Sergeant, please—”

Hardin’s chuckle died in an instant.



His free hand clamped onto my hip, fingers digging into the soft flesh above my swaying ass. “Maybe this’ll help you remember,” he growled, voice dripping with menace. Without warning, he shoved the polished stick deep into my soaking vagina. The thick wood stretched me obscenely, rubbing against sensitive inner walls still tender from the curse’s transformation. My cunt clenched in reflex around the intrusion, slick juices coating the wood as it plunged to the hilt. A choked scream tore from my throat; part pain, part shameful, overwhelming pleasure. My heavy breasts slammed against the pole, nipples scraping rough wood as my body arched with aggressive fervour. The moonlight seemed to pulse with each thrust, amplifying the cursed heat coiling in my belly.

“Where,” Hardin snarled, twisting the stick inside me, “is Da Nuong?” He withdrew it slowly, dragging it against my engorged clit before plunging back in with brutal force. My hips bucked in passion against the rhythm he set. Sweat slicked my wheatish skin, glistening on the curve of my trembling ass. Below, my tight, puckered asshole clenched with each invasion in rhythm, a helpless counterpoint to the violation. My mind fragmented, memories of Mary’s shy smile shattered by the raw, animal sensations flooding my transformed body. The stick bumped a spot deep inside that sent blinding white sparks behind my eyelids. “I don’t know!” I sobbed, tears mixing with sweat. “I don’t know!”

He leaned in, his white moustache scraping my shoulder. “Bullshit.” His free hand slid up my sweat-slicked belly, thick fingers circling my swollen nipple. “Spare me the fairytale.” He pinched the stiff peak hard, twisting. Pain and pleasure collided, forcing a ragged gasp from my lips. “You’re gonna tell me everything about the enemy and their plans,” he breathed against my ear, his voice thick with dark promise.



“Or I’ll keep you tied here all night, finding out just how much this cursed cunt can take.” The stick pistoned faster, stretching my slick pink walls even wider than before.

“Please!” I cried out, my voice cracking. The moonlight felt like spiders crawling on my skin, amplifying every sensation. My heavy breasts swayed against the rough post. “I’ll tell you! The cave, past the tall grass fields!” The words tumbled out, desperate. “Two hours south! Through the jungle! A hill! Inside, that’s where she was!” My hips bucked with force against the relentless thrusting of the stick, slick juices dripping down my trembling thighs. “Let me go!”

“You understand consequences?” he asked. “You’re endangering men. If you’re a trick, anyone who follows you is going to die.” He leaned in so close I could see the tiny flecks of tobacco in his teeth. “If you’re lying to me, if you’re trying to buy time, then I’ll make sure the price is paid where it hurts.”

I nodded, my long black hair sticking to my sweat-slicked back. “She’s real! She’s there! Please, just send someone to look!” My voice cracked with desperation. The stick remained buried deep inside me, a thick wooden intrusion stretching my walls. “Go yourself if you don’t believe me! See the cave, the bones! See what she did to me!”

Sergeant Hardin yanked the stick out with a wet, sucking sound that echoed in the tent. My cunt clenched around nothing, dripping juices onto the packed earth floor. He tossed the stick aside with a clatter and grabbed my chin, forcing me to meet his glacial eyes. “That proves nothing,” he spat, his breath hot on my face. “A cave full of bones? Could be staged. Could be a trap for gullible fools.” His thumb



dug into my jawbone. “And this?” He gestured crudely at my trembling body, my heavy, swaying breasts with their dark, stiff nipples, the soft curve of my hips, the glistening folds between my thighs. “You expect me to swallow that you were Tom Jones? That some jungle witch turned a man into *this*? He barked a harsh, humourless laugh. “Absurd. Insane. Men don’t become women. They die. They get captured. They don’t sprout breasts and a wet little slit.”

“But it’s true!” I pleaded, tears blurring my vision. My voice cracked, sounding feminine, alien to my own ears. “Sergeant, please! Believe me! She wasn’t... she wasn’t human! Her eyes... they glowed! Her claws... they tore through my—”

Sergeant Hardin cut me off with a harsh, dismissive snort. He leaned closer, his thick hand gripping my jaw, forcing my head back against the pole. The scent of stale sweat filled my nostrils. “Cut the crap. My men are dead because of spies like you.” His other hand dropped to his pants zipper. The rasp of the zip opening was loud in the tense silence. He worked the underwear open with brutal efficiency, the tightness in the undies popping free. “But revenge?” A cruel, predatory grin spread across his face. His thick, veiny cock sprang free, already erect and glistening at the tip. Over seven inches long and thick, the head flushed a pinkish red. “Revenge I understand. And I’m gonna enjoy taking it out on the spy whore who cost me good men.” He spat the words. “That’s all you are. A lying Viet Cong spy whore. Nothing else.”

My eyes locked onto his cock. The moonlight bathed its thick, rigid length in a silvery glow. Something primal clicked deep inside me. A surge of pure molten arousal flooded my veins, hotter and more



urgent than anything I'd ever felt as Tom. My breath hitched in a sharp gasp. My nipples were rock hard on my heavy, swaying breasts. My pussy lips quivered, slickness gushing anew, dripping down my inner thighs. My legs trembled with a helpless flutter. *No!* My mind screamed, clawing for Mary's face, Shane's laugh, anything familiar. *I'm Tom! This isn't me!* But the cursed hunger roared louder, drowning out the protest. My hips arched in a natural flow towards him, my bound wrists straining against the ropes. A low, involuntary moan escaped my lips as I stared, transfixed by the thick, throbbing shaft mere inches from my nether. The smell of him—musk, sweat,

male aggression—was intoxicating. My lips parted, trembling.



“Please, Sergeant,” I whimpered, the words thick with a desperate plea that sounded foreign, utterly female. “Don’t... don’t do this.” Yet even as I begged, my hips betrayed me. They rolled back somewhat, pressing the soft, full swell of my ass against his groin. The movement was subtle, instinctive, a



silent invitation. My long black hair clung to my shoulders and back as I tilted my head back against the pole, exposing my neck. The moonlight seemed to seep into my bones, amplifying every treacherous sensation.

Sergeant Hardin let out a low, dark chuckle, his eyes narrowing. “Look at you,” he rasped, his voice thick with contempt and something darker. “Begging ‘no’ while your hips scream ‘yes’. Kinky little whore, aren’t you?” His thick, seven-inch cock slid hot and heavy between my ass cheeks, grinding against the tight pucker of my asshole and the slick cleft below it. The coarse hair at its base scraped against my sensitive skin. He gripped my hips hard, fingers digging into the yielding flesh, forcing my ass back harder against him. “This is what you wanted,” he spat, grinding deliberately, the thick head of his cock catching against my clenching asshole. “This is what spies like you deserve.” His other hand slid around, palming my breast from behind, thumb circling the stiff, dark nipple.

A moan tore from my throat, high and desperate, as pleasure surged through me. My body convulsed, pressing my breasts harder into his hand, my ass grinding against his relentless thrusts. The moonlight felt like liquid fire, igniting every nerve ending. My pussy wept slickness onto his shaft as it slid against me, the sensation maddening. “Please,” I gasped, the word a contradiction to the way my hips rolled against him, seeking more friction. “Don’t... oh God...”

“Knew it,” he growled, grinding harder, the thick ridge of his cockhead catching deliciously against my tight asshole. “You’re a filthy whore begging for it.” His free hand slid down my sweat-slicked ass, thick fingers finding my dripping slit. He plunged two fingers



deep inside my pulsing cunt without warning, curling them against my inner walls. “Feel that?” he snarled, twisting his fingers cruelly. “That wet hole knows its purpose.” My hips bucked, impaling myself further on his fingers as stars exploded behind my eyelids.

“Put it in me!” I gasped, the words tearing from my throat unbidden. “Please, Sergeant! I can’t take it anymore!” My hips rolled in desperation for relief against his hand, my heavy breasts swaying with each frantic motion.

Sergeant Hardin laughed, a harsh, grating sound that vibrated against my spine. “Filthy little spy,” he growled, his eyes gleaming with triumph. “Can’t even hold out for five minutes.” He withdrew his thick fingers from my dripping cunt with a wet, sucking sound, leaving me with an empty ache. My greasy pink walls pulsed around nothing, juices spilling down onto the soil ground. Before I could beg again, he gripped my hips hard, his thick head of his seven-inch cock pressed against my swollen, glistening entrance, hot and insistent.

“Since you asked so nicely,” he rasped, his breath hot on my neck. He slammed forward in one brutal thrust, burying himself to the hilt inside my tight, wet channel. I screamed, a raw, shattered sound, as my body stretched and twisted around his thickness. My heavy breasts slammed against the pole, my nipples chafing and rubbing against its rough surface. “Oh, God!” I sobbed, my hips instinctively grinding back against him, taking him deeper.

Hardin withdrew with a slow, smooth pull, almost completely, letting me feel every thick inch drag against my throbbing walls. Then he hammered back in, setting a relentless rhythm. Each deep thrust



forced choked gasps and ragged moans from my lips. The tent filled with the wet slap of skin on skin, the creak of the wooden pole straining under my bound wrists, and my own desperate cries. Outside, silhouetted against the moonlit canvas, the shadows of watching soldiers shifted, listening to every filthy sound.

“Oh God, Sergeant!” I screamed as his thick cock slammed into my deepest spot, sending sparks of pain-pleasure through me. “They can hear us! Everyone can hear!”

Sergeant Hardin snickered and said, “Let ‘em listen. Let ‘em know what happens to lying whores.” Moonlight silhouetted soldiers shifting outside the tent canvas, dark shapes frozen in attention, listening to my gagged moans and the wet slap of flesh. The shame burned hotter than the curse’s arousal.

His thrusts deepened, grinding against my swollen G-spot. “Scream louder,” he commanded, slamming his pelvis against my jiggling ass. My cumbersome breasts slapped against the wooden pole, my nipples aching. My pussy clenched with each invasion. “Let those boys outside hear how much this Viet Cong cunt loves American cock!”

“I’m not—” I gasped, arching back against him despite my hollow protest. “I’m Tom Jones! A man!”

Sergeant Hardin laughed, a harsh, grating bark that vibrated through my spine. He slumped over my back, his thick chest pressing against my sweat-slicked skin. His enormous hands slid up my trembling



belly, fingers digging, claiming the soft swell of my Heavy D-cup breasts. He squeezed them hard, making the dark, stiff nipples jut out even more. “A man?” he snarled into my ear, his breath hot and reeking of tobacco. “Is this what men have?” He slammed his thick seven-inch cock into my hot cunt, grinding harder against my swollen G-spot. “Does a man take dick like this?” He punctuated his words with another brutal thrust, making my plump ass cheeks ripple against his hips. My tight brown asshole clenched uncontrollably. “Does a man moan like a bitch in heat?” He squeezed my breasts again, pinching the stiff nipples without mercy. Pleasure-pain ripped a high, desperate whine from my throat. “Look at you,” he spat. “Dripping all over my cock. Begging for it.”

Each thrust sent jolts of electric pleasure through my transformed body, drowning Tom’s protests in a flood of feminine sensation. My long black hair clung to my neck and shoulders, sweat dripping down my wheatish skin. Beneath me, my wet pussy was on the edge of collapsing. “Oh god!” I gasped, arching my back to take him deeper. “Sergeant—please—harder!” The words felt alien, shameful, yet utterly true. Outside, the shadows of listening soldiers shifted, a silent audience to my degradation.

“Filthy spy,” he growled, slamming his seven-inch cock against my G-spot. My plump ass cheeks rippled with each impact. “Admit it—you love this.” He leaned close, his stubble scraping my shoulder. “Say it.” His thick thumb found my swollen clit, rubbing rough circles. Pleasure detonated. My breasts heaved. “Yes!” I screamed, the orgasm burning through my veins. “I love it! Fuck me!” My pussy clenched greedily around him, dripping white slime onto the dirt floor.



He roared, slamming harder. “Who are you?” His hand gripped my long black hair, wrenching my head back. “Tom Jones!” I gasped, hips grinding back. “I’m Tom—” His fingers pinched on my hard clit. “Liar!” he roared. “Your cunt says otherwise.” My thighs fluttered as he pistoned deeper. “Tell me your real name, whore!”

“Tom!” I screamed, but my body betrayed me. Carnal instinct surged—a tidal wave drowning Tom’s voice. “Nuong!” I shrieked, the cursed name tearing free. “Call me Nuong!” Pleasure overwhelmed me as I pushed back, taking him deeper. “Fuck Nuong harder!”

Hardin slammed his hips against my jiggling ass. “Nuong!” he called with pride, fingers stimulating my throbbing clit ready for another tide. His thick cock pistoned without rest, grinding against my swollen pleasure spot. Each thrust sent electric shocks through my trembling thighs. “Filthy traitor whore,” he growled, biting my shoulder. “Take it!” My pussy wept again, coating his balls.

I relished the brutal pleasure, a rising tide of primal hunger. Carnal instincts surged, hotter, sharper—pushing aside shame. My vision flickered, edges sharpening with a sudden yellowish tint. The world



snapped into hyper-focus: the grain of the wooden post, the individual hairs on Hardin's forearm grabbing my left breast, the sweat trickling down my cleavage. My fingernails scraped the rope binding my wrists, and I felt them lengthen, sharpening into dark, curved points. A low growl rumbled in my throat, unbidden.



“Harder!” I screamed, my voice, yet not mine, as Sergeant Hardin slammed into me. The pleasure twisted, coiling into something darker. Saliva pooled in my mouth, thick and metallic. I smelled his sweat, his musk... and beneath it, the hot, coppery tang of his blood pumping just beneath his skin. My hips ground back harder, not just seeking friction, but dominance. My sharpened nails dug into the rope fibers, slicing through strands. “Fuck me like you mean it, Sergeant!” I snarled, the words dripping with venomous hunger.

Hardin laughed, oblivious, biting my ear. “You love it, Nuong!” But my gaze fixated on the thick vein throbbing in his neck. Moonlight bathed it, a pulsing river of life. My tongue explored my new elongated canines. The cursed arousal morphed into ravenous need.



“I love... your heat,” I hissed, arching back to trap him deeper inside me. My pussy clenched like a vice around his cock, milking him, not for pleasure, but to feel his pulse hammer against my inner walls. My tight pussy quivered, hungry for more than his thrusts. Blood. I needed his blood.

Rationality shattered. Strength surged — raw, primal, electric. My muscles coiled like steel springs beneath my skin. With a guttural snarl, I yanked my arms downward. The ropes snapped like dry twigs, splinters flying. Hardin stumbled backward, his thick cock slipping from my dripping cunt with a wet pop. He stared, pale eyes wide with shock, mouth agape. “What the fu—?”

Before he could finish, I whirled. Moonlight gleamed on my sharpened nails, curved and dark as obsidian daggers. My buxom breasts swung in defiance, dark nipples stiff points in the humid air. Below, my hairy folds glistened with his seed and my arousal. I lunged faster than thought, slamming him against the ground. “You wanted truth?” I hissed, my voice a venomous purr. “Taste it.” I sank my fangs deep into the thick vein pulsing in his neck.

Hardin screamed, a raw, guttural sound choked off by the hot flood filling my mouth. His blood tasted like iron and power, richer than any wine. His thick seven-inch cock twitched in futility against my thigh as I pinned him, drinking like a greedy wolf. His struggles weakened; his pale blue eyes glazed over. My sharpened nails raked down his chest, shredding his fatigues, drawing crimson lines across his muscular torso.



I tore my fangs free, watching his life pulse out in dark rivulets. “Should’ve believed me, Sergeant,” I whispered, my voice thick with blood and venom.

The tent flap ripped open. Three soldiers burst in, rifles raised. Their faces froze in horror. Moonlight glinted off their M16 barrels, aimed at my blood-smeared form straddling the Sergeant. Hardin gasped beneath me; his thick seven-inch cock now limp like a dry leaf. One soldier, young with freckles, stammered, “Holy shit! What did she do to Sarge?” Another, older, snarled, “Drop the Sergeant, bitch! Hands where I can see ‘em!”. The third just stared, eyes wide at my voluptuous, gorgeous, blood-streaked body.

I purred, blood dripping from my fangs. “He didn’t believe me,” I rasped, my voice thick with power. My sharpened nails tore deeper into Hardin’s shredded chest. “He thought I was just a wet hole.” The freckled soldier’s rifle trembled. “She’s... she’s got claws!” The older soldier barked, “Last warning, whore! Get off him!” But I felt the curse humming, stronger now, fed by blood.

Bullets tore through canvas as they fired. I moved, not dodging, but flowing like shadow. Moonlight caught my naked form as I twisted mid-air. Bullets whizzed past my hips and chest. I landed crouched before them. “You shoot like children,” I snarled, licking Hardin’s blood from my lips. The soldiers stumbled back, eyes wide at my fanged smile.

I sprang, not at them, but over. My powerful thighs propelled me out into the open compound. Gasps erupted. Dozens of soldiers froze mid-task, some just woken up from the commotion, some ready with



rifles, all staring at a naked woman dripping blood and arousal. “Monster!” someone shouted. Rifles snapped up in unison. I bared my fangs, a low growl rumbling through my chest. “Come taste me,” I spat, spreading my legs wide. Their hesitation smelled like fear and lust.



Bullets ripped the air. I flowed sideways, a blur with swaying D-cup breasts. One soldier screamed as my sharpened nails raked his arm deep, spurting crimson. Another stumbled back, tripping over a crate. “She’s fast!” he yelled, eyes glued to my bouncing ass cheeks. I laughed, a cold, chiming sound, and vaulted onto a supply truck. Moonlight bathed my naked form with each breath, strengthening me. Below, soldiers scrambled, rifles tracking me without success. “Aim for the head!” barked a lieutenant, his voice trembling.



“Too slow,” I hissed, leaping from the truck roof. My powerful thighs propelled me toward the perimeter wire. Razor-sharp coils gleamed ahead, a flimsy barrier. Behind me, chaos erupted: shouts, curses, the wet thud of someone vomiting at the sight of Hardin’s corpse. “Don’t let her reach the jungle!” The lieutenant’s command cracked like a whip. Bullets kicked up dirt at my heels. I felt one graze my thigh—a hot sting that vanished instantly.

I leapt over the wires in a single bound. Freedom smelled of damp earth and rotting leaves. Behind me, the rifles fell silent. Only the jungle’s chorus remained: cicadas, distant howls, the whisper of tall grass.

I ran deeper into the shadows, pausing behind thick trees, panting. My tongue traced lingering blood on my lips—Hardin’s coppery tang still thick.

What have I become? The thought sliced through me sharper than my claws. Tom Jones—the boy who enlisted to pay tuition, who dreamed of Mary’s laugh across a college quad — was gone. A low growl escaped my throat. I licked Hardin’s drying blood from my lips. “Mary,” I whispered, the name tasting like ash. My fingers traced the curve of my hip; a gesture Tom would’ve fretted about. Now, it felt possessive. *Feral*. The curse coiled in my belly, whispering: *Run. Hunt.*

The moon pulsed overhead, a silver eye calling me deeper. Its light soaked into me, deepening the curse’s thrum. My sharpened nails dug into tree bark. *Look*, it hissed. I glanced down.



There she stood, emerging from the shadows like smoke given form. Her long black hair cascaded over shoulders bare beneath the moonlight. Voluptuous breasts swelled above a narrow waist, hips flaring wide beneath a sheer silk wrap that clung to her curves. Her smile parted, lips dark as crushed berries, revealing the faintest glint of fang. No claws now, only elegance. Yet I knew those hands had reshaped me. “You,” I breathed, “Dạ Nương.”

Dạ Nương tilted her head. Her voice flowed like honeyed poison. “Little soldier. You wear my gift well.” Her gaze traced my trembling form: sweat-slicked wheatish skin, D-cup breasts swaying with each breath, dark nipples stiffening under her scrutiny. My plump ass cheeks clenched tight, the puckered hole fluttering in anticipation. “The moon sings for you,” she murmured, stepping closer. Her scent enveloped me — jasmine and damp earth beneath the iron tang of Hardin’s blood still drying on my lips. “Do you hear it?”

“What did you do to me?” My voice cracked—half Tom’s fear, half Nương’s hunger. My sharpened nails dug into my palms. “This curse... it wants blood. It wants—” My hips arched forward, “More.”

Dạ Nương laughed softly, a sound like wind through bamboo. “Curse?” She drifted closer, her sheer silk hair whispered against lush curves. “I gave you freedom, little soldier. Man’s world shackled you, forced you into a war you didn’t choose.” Her fingertip traced my collarbone, a feather-light touch that sparked fire along my nerves. “Now, you are Dạ Nương.” Her parted smile revealed the glint of fangs. “Does it frighten you?”



I shuddered, my breasts brushing against hers. Sweat mingled between us. “It *hungers*,” I whispered, my gaze dropping to her lips. “Hardin’s blood... it tasted like victory.” My damp nether throbbed against the dense air. “Teach me,” I whispered, as the words tore from me. “Teach me to hunt.”



THE END

