

### EXCERPT THREE

They looked at the menu in silence as the band ended “Stardust” and segued into “Harbor lights”. She folded her menu, laid it on the table, opened her purse and took out a package of Winstons, reaching for Dwight’s Zippo on top of his Lucky Strikes.

As her hand touched the lighter, Dwight moved his toward it, watching her face. She left her hand on the lighter, waiting for his hand to arrive; their eyes resting on each other’s. Slowly he laid his fingers on the back of her hand.

“Please” he said. “Let me...”

“You may...” She said, sensuously sliding her hand from beneath his as their eyes continued to embrace each other’s. She licked her lips, again casting her eyes downward as she drew in a deep breath and squirmed slightly in her seat.

He lit her cigarette as she put her fingers on the back of his hand, guiding him to her. Her nails were perfectly done in a red that matched her lips which pouted with the motion of the initial draw on the cigarette; two gold ring bracelets fell toward her left elbow as she pulled the Winston away from her mouth with her other hand.

Now it was his turn to look away. His breath was coming in short gasps and he had to regain his composure.

Looking out over the now brightly lit city he said, “Saigon is beautiful at night. You’d never think that there’s a war going on.”

Looking at GG, slung on the chair next to him and then back at him, she said, “No; the VC leave it alone, for the most part. Most Americans don’t carry a weapon here.”

“Does it bother you that I carry mine?”

“No; not really. Actually, you don’t see that many paratroopers in Saigon so people know you’re not from here, anyway.”

The spell was momentarily broken but Dwight could see that she didn’t want it to be. Her eyes were almost pleading with him to resume their tête-à-tête.

He stood, and putting out his hand to her said, “Dance?”

Joy in her smile, she took his hand, stood and said, “I’d love to!”

They walked under the colorful lights strung over the top of the dance floor and bandstand. The darkness outside was now complete, making the restaurant lights seem brighter and the predominantly white decor of the bar even whiter. She moved against him and their bodies began to flow into each other's as the band began playing "To Know Him Is to Love Him".

He heard her sigh as her gentle fingers on his neck pulled him closer; her thick, fine hair on his cheek, neck and throat.

He tried to bow his back away from her so she wouldn't feel his erection but she would have nothing of it. She slowly brushed it with her thigh, causing an even stronger reaction as he gasped. It was pointing downward at a painful angle as she gasped also and slowly moved her thigh from the side to the middle; gently sliding his penis toward his other leg so that it was free to stand at its natural, upward angle. She pushed her belly to it, her mons against its base and his scrotum; her belly embracing its shaft.

They backed their heads away to look at each other. Her face was tan but her skin milky-clear; her red lips were parted, as were his. Slowly their bodies moved together as their lips touched, eyes closed, feeling each other; lightly, languidly, savoring the moment.