

SOMETHING HE CAN FEEL EXCERPT

One bustling valet guy pulled Mangus' ebony Escalade around as another valet opened the door for Marina as she stepped up and into the passenger seat with a pleasurable face that defied her angry head.

"Thank you," Marina said while looking down.

"Yes, ma'am. You have a good evening," the lively man said, shutting her door at the same time Mangus sat in the driver's seat and closed his door. He pulled off.

And she went off. She rolled down the window and her tone exploded into full-fledged screaming. "I saw your ass turning around to check out those two women who were behind us, and you had the damn nerve to nod to them to let them know you saw them."

"I did not," Mangus said loudly, with a look of amazement and exhaustion.

She continued to shout, turning her body toward him. "I am so through with this. Why do you lie at the first sight of getting caught? I could see it if you had a woman who didn't care that you check out women. But, you know it's a problem. You vowed to stop this shit. But you still sneak and do it anyway. It's like you just decide in your mind that the chance of getting caught is not as important as sneaking a peek. I don't fuckin get it."

"Neither do I. You didn't see me looking at anybody." He turned up the radio volume.

Marina switched it off with force and then flailed her hands about, just close enough to his face for him to feel the wind. "I saw your reflection in the fuckin window, and I wasn't even trying to see it. You turned around when my back was turned. See, you know what you did, but you still deny it until I break it

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down for you first, just so you can see how much I know. Your game is sour.” He could feel the heat of her breath and sprays of her saliva as she talked.

“Marina . . . ”

With raw aggravation stinging her eyes Marina suddenly pressed her hand toward his face and smacked Mangus flat across his forehead. She then snatched his sunglasses from his face while pulling on his arm.

“Dammit, stop it,” he yelled. Mangus wrestled his arm free as he fought to focus on the road, blinking and twitching his eyes. “What the hell are you doing?”

With a forceful snap she broke his glasses completely in half, extending her right arm and tossing them out of the window. She shouted, “Did you look back at them or not?”

He looked straight ahead and yelled, “Fuck. I guess I did.”

She shrieked in amazement. “You guess? What are you guessing about? You made a conscious, bastard-move, effort.”

He rolled up her window from his side of the car and locked the doors. “Marina. You are losing your damn mind. So fuckin what, I heard something and when I turned, one of them smiled so I smiled back. I didn’t turn with the intention of who was back there first.”

“Oh please. You saw them walk by just like I did. You made a point of seeing where they ended up and your ass got busted. I wasn’t even trying to police you.”

“I told you I heard something.” Still with shocked eyes, he continued to concentrate on his driving.

Her voice stayed loud. “Mangus, just stop lying. Dammit.”

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“You stop yelling.”

“Hell no.” She hollered at the top of her lungs and squirmed her wide hips through her mental discomfort, scooting away from him. “I will fuckin jump out of this car if you don’t for once admit what you did.”

He kept one eye on her. “Calm the fuck down.”

“No.” She reached to her right and grabbed the door handle.

Mangus immediately pressed the accelerator and sped up as fast and as quickly as he could.