

# Encounter: Sensations

## Emily B. Rowe

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### Sensations

The first time Nevaeh Jacobs saw Micah Gregory was at a drug bust at one of his clubs where most of the management and a couple bouncers had had a nice side business going. Nevie watched, fascinated, as he fired all the managers and bouncers not already under arrest. All he needed was a six-shooter and a cowboy hat and he'd beat any movie cowboy any day of the week -- except maybe Tuesday.

Micah continued to fascinate Nevaeh as he worked with his business partner on the floor of their newest nightclub, Sensations. She wanted Micah, but work came first. Work Micah couldn't know anything about.

Jasper Hillsdale looked like he'd just stepped off the cover of a men's magazine. That didn't make him any less the sleazy drug dealer or gun smuggler he was. Hillsdale took a sip of his Whiskey Sour. "I must commend you, Ms. Jacobs, this procurement is going quite well."

Nevie gave him a small smile. "It must run in the blood, Mr. Hillsdale."

"Ah, yes, you're a member of the Jacobs clan." Hillsdale skimmed his fingers up her arm. "And I suppose you follow the same rule handed down by your father not to get involved with a client?"

"That would be correct."

“Yet you and Micah Gregory are quite close.”

Nevie stepped out of Hillsdale’s reach. “Micah isn’t a client, Mr. Hillsdale. He has no need of my services. Whatever he wants, he gets it all on his own.” Nevie turned and walked toward her lover’s business partner.

Meeting Hillsdale here had been a bad idea. But Will Jefferson, the only DEA agent she worked with, had called earlier to tell her that Hillsdale’s crew knew there was a spy working for the DEA. Their timeline had sped up and she was being pulled. Tonight. She had one last night with Micah. The thought made her nauseous.

“You’re quiet. Was talking to that worm, Hillsdale, really that bad?” Tony, Micah’s best friend and business partner, asked.

Nevie took a sip of her drink and glanced around for Micah. The last thing she needed or wanted was to spar with Tony.

Tony’s lips thinned into a tight line. “Micah’s upstairs putting the specs for the new nightclub away.”

Nevie sidestepped dancers and refused several drinks and a few unimaginative offers before she made it to the door leading to the stairwell to Micah’s apartment. Before she could enter the code a man, dressed in a bright purple shirt and gold chains staggered into her.

“Whatsis?” He yelped as his pink frothy drink hit Nevie dead center. “Aw, pretty drink for a pretty lady.”

Her head jerked up. Tony had the “drunk” by the collar. Nevie glared at the man. Will Jefferson -- prankster, computer genius, undercover DEA agent -- and worst of all -- surrogate brother.

Will shrugged half-heartedly. Only one person in the world could order him here. He’d ignore the DEA, so only his father would be able to control him, mostly, sort of, maybe. Wilson Jefferson, attorney-at-law, was the only man they both respected enough to take his advice into consideration.

Will looked like he was about to say something intelligent until one of Micah’s bouncers grabbed his arm, causing his “Pimp” necklace to swing.

"Outside, and he doesn't get back in," Tony snarled, looking at Nevie he tilted his head toward the door.

Taking the hint Nevie headed up with a final glance toward Will as he was dragged out. Micah was exactly where she knew he would be -- watching the monitors. "That idiot won't be allowed back in, Nev-baby."

"I know. Tony saw to that."

Micah looked at her, his eyes the color of aged whiskey burned with fury. "Are you hurt?"

"No, he just gave me more of a reason to take a shower. Some of your patrons gave me the willies tonight."

"No worries, you won't have to deal with him or any of his kind. Go take a shower and grab some shut-eye. I'll join you in a few hours."

Shower alone? Their last night? She didn't think so. Nevie grabbed his hand before he took another step. "Why don't you help me?" She let go of his hand and took a few steps into his room. Looking back, she saw that Micah had a different smile on his face, one she knew well.

"If you aren't going to join me would you mind unzipping my dress?" She smiled her *let's play* smile, the one he loved. "It catches."

He carried her towards the shower, making her giggle until he set her on the sink and took off her sundress. Kissing her he helped her undo his jeans until his cock was free.

Nevie gasped as he lifted her and thrust his cock into her pussy. She wrapped her legs around him, barely noticing when he stepped into the shower, until a cold spray hit them. Micah's mouth stifled her hiss as she slammed into her again. Nevie flung her head back and screamed as an orgasm took the light and sound from her.

She never noticed the water finally starting to steam.

\* \* \*

Pulling on her sundress from the day before, Nevie wished desperately for a hot shower to sooth the aches away. It was nearly dawn as she stole a few more moments

watching Micah sleep. Each ache and pain making themselves known as she moved quietly through the apartment. Micah had always been intense, as if he was holding something back when they fucked, but sometime during the night they'd both gotten rough, if the marks on Micah's chest were any indication.

Unwilling to think about that she went downstairs to the club. Sensations looked different in the light of day, no flashing lights or neon-glo painted dancers. Tony sat at the main bar, counting the night's take. He lifted an eyebrow at her as she rushed through the nightclub and outside.

She could hear him calling her name when an unremarkable sedan stopped inches from her feet. Nevie slid into the front seat, frowning at Will still wearing his pimp outfit. "Ready to go?"

Nevie nodded as Will took off, splattering Tony's legs with loose gravel.

"That was one of them, Tony Patel, wasn't it?"

Nevie nodded. "Micah was still asleep. How did the take down go?"

"Got most of the bigwigs, Hillsdale included, but his second, Phillips, slithered out. The only way to get him is for you to testify and the department isn't willing to blow your cover for him. Not yet."

"Not while I'm still useful to them you mean."

They were both quiet for a minute.

"Hey, do you like my outfit? I got called a pimp bitch at your friend's bar last night."

Nevie shook her head. "Will, I swear you are the smartest person I know -- and also the stupidest."

"Hey, a pimp bitch, that's like the supreme of pimps, right?"

Nevie looked down, shaking her head. "William, you are a computer nerd and needed to be schooled before being released back on the streets."

"Think I should tell Dad it was dawn before you left town -- covered in love bites."

“Only if you think I should tell your father you were called a ‘pimp bitch’ and thrown out of the club.”

“Touché.”

Nevaeh turned around as Sensations vanished behind another wave of buildings. Micah... She swore she’d be back after those who forced her to run were punished. She just hoped Micah would forgive her.

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