

MARTEEKA
KARLAND

MILLIE

BONES MC

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Millie (A Bones MC Encounter)

Marteeka Karland

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Editor: Bill Riley

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Millie (A Bones MC Encounter)

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Millie's a deadly underground cage fighter. No foe is big enough or strong enough to defeat her. She's dynamite in a small package. She fears nothing.

Two little pink lines later she's reevaluating her perception of herself. And how will Shadow take the news?

Millie

Fuck. Motherfuck.

Millie stared down at the plastic wand that housed the lying, motherfucking, punkass pregnancy test. Then she picked up the test she'd taken an earlier. They were both identical. A pink line on the control window... another pink line on the test window. "Fucking hell."

"Hey, Millie?" Shadow knocked on the door to the bathroom she had securely locked. "Everything OK? You've been in there an hour."

"Yup! I'm good!" She was anything but good. Two pink lines! "I've got parasite feeding off me, but hey. All's well," she muttered.

"What was that?"

"Nothing! I'll be out in a minute." She never wanted to come out ever again.

She waited another few minutes, then looked at both tests again. Still two pink lines. How the fuck had this happened?

"Millie? If you don't come out, I'm coming in. I know something's wrong."

"All right, all right. I'm coming."

She threw open the door and Shadow stepped backward. He had a concerned look on his face as he reached for her. Millie shrugged him off.

"This is all your fault," she yelled at him. "What am I supposed to do now?" Millie launched herself at Shadow, pounding him with her fists to his chests and shoulders. She could have fucked him up really good, but she wasn't thinking. Just taking out frustration and anger on the one person in her life she knew she could depend on for anything. Even over her sister, Shadow had proven his unwavering loyalty to her. She knew he loved her, but this... Yeah. If she were honest, along with her frustration and anger was a healthy dose of fear.

Instead of yelling at her or even telling her to calm the fuck down, Shadow let her pound on him. His hands went to her hips and he let her do her worst until she just sagged against him and cried.

"You wanna tell me what that was all about?" His calm, steady demeanor when she was so out of control made her want to pound him again, but she was too exhausted to start over.

"Bastard," she sniffed.

"Yeah, I'm pretty sure I've admitted to that a few times. But why do you think so in this particular moment?"

With snapish movements, she turned around and marched back into the bathroom to pick up the two pregnancy tests off the counter. She shoved them at him. "Just look at those! That's your fault!" She sniffed, swiping her forearm over her eyes.

Shadow took the plastic sticks from her and looked at them, his brows furrowing in confusion. "Is this.. Are these pregnancy tests?"

"Fucker," she muttered.

"You're... pregnant." His eyes widened. Then, to Millie's utter shock, his face split in a wide grin. "Well, fuck me raw."

"Already did that," she snapped. "In fact, I'm pretty sure that's what got me into this situation!"

"Baby, *you're* not in any situation *We*, however, are. Now. Tell me why this is upsetting for you."

Millie tried to keep the hopeful look off her face. Tried to not look as vulnerable as she felt. "How do I know you're not going to leave me? We've only been together a month!"

"Baby." Shadow's expression was a complicated combination of amusement, hurt, joy, and pain. "I'm in this with you forever. I'm yours. You're mine. Having a kid just creates one more tie between us to hold you to me." He stepped closer and gripped her shoulders until she looked up at him. Into his eyes. There, she saw the truth. "I'm all

in regardless. But I'll never let another child of mine be without me by choice. You want me? Baby, I was yours already."

With a cry, Millie threw herself into Shadow's arms. Shadow hugged her close, dropping the pregnancy tests to the floor. Then he lifted her, urging her legs around him as he carried her to their bedroom and laid her on the big bed they shared. "I've got you, baby. Always." He kissed her, gently rubbing his big hands over her body, stripping her bare before ridding himself of his own clothes.

"I was afraid."

"Of what? That I'd leave you because you were pregnant?"

"That you'd feel trapped. I knew you'd never leave your child, but I didn't want you to think you had to stay with me if you didn't want me. I just want you to be happy."

"I'm always gonna be happy. As long as you're with me. This child," he dipped his head to kiss her abdomen, "will be loved by both of us. And we'll raise him together."

Millie flashed him an irritated look. "Or her."

Shadow chuckled. "Yeah, baby. Or her. Now. How about we celebrate. Hmmm?"

Shadow found her lips with his and kissed Millie with tender swipes of his tongue. He took that raw, helpless feeling she had and turned it into satisfaction and elation. She was *pregnant*. With Shadow's child. It was a chance for a family of their own for both of them. Millie was going to accept Shadow's promise that he wasn't going to leave her. It hadn't been until she'd realized how much responsibility and commitment she was in for when she'd first thought she might be pregnant that she'd started to doubt Shadow's commitment to her.

"You knew better than to doubt me, Millie," Shadow said between kisses. "You know how much I love you. At least, I hope you do. I try to show you every single day how much you mean to me."

"You do," she said, letting her hands wander over his muscled shoulders and chest. "I just panicked."

He pulled back to look at her. "I understand. Just know that I'm in this with you. We'll get through it together and have a whole slew of children before we're done."

"Heaven save me," she groaned.

Shadow just chuckled as he entered her in a slow, steady glide. "There, baby," he said, his voice gone husky. "Take all of me inside that tight little body."

"Shadow," she cried out, arching her back. "Fuck!"

"That's it. Move on me. Take what you want."

She did. Millie dug her heels into his ass and urged him forward. She used everything she had to get him to fuck her harder. Faster. More. Shadow gave her everything she wanted and more.

Their skin slick with sweat, muscles heaving, they committed their bodies and hearts to each other. Shadow was gentle with her. Until she refused to let him be gentle any longer.

"Oh, God!" she screamed. "Fuck me!" Millie lifted her hips, fucking him as hard as she could, using his forward momentum as she shoved herself back against him to give her the rough ride she needed.

"Witch," he hissed in her ear. "Gonna come so fuckin' hard!"

"Do it! Do it now!"

Shadow bellowed to the rafters just as Millie screamed out her own orgasm. Her body tensed, tightening with pleasure as spasms contracted through her lower body. As long as she lived, she'd forever crave everything Shadow gave her. There had never been pleasure like this in her life before Shadow. Millie knew there would be no other man for her. She knew in her heart she'd be the only man for Shadow. Somehow, they'd make this work. They'd both love and protect the child within her, and raise that child to be loyal, brave, honest, and giving. It was all she could ask for. All she wanted.

And she'd do it all, with Shadow at her side. Now. Forever.

[Shadow \(Bones MC 10\)](#)

Marteeka Karland

Millie: Venus and I have always clashed. Now she's hell bent on rescuing our little sister, Katya. Which I agree with. Except I tried to get the bitch to go after Katya when we escaped, four years ago. Before I can kill Venus I get a look at the man standing behind her. Shadow. Talk, dark, and dangerous doesn't begin to cover him. He's hella big, with a wicked sense of humor that never seems to waver, no matter how much I insult him. He's all that keeps Venus and me from tearing each other apart. And I want him. Oh, I pretend it's just a fling, but Shadow has other plans. He's also got some anger management issues we need to deal with. That's OK, though. I have some issues of my own.

Shadow: I'm the rock of my club. The mild mannered one with a quick wit. But there's a reason they call me Shadow, and it's not the color of my skin or the way I blend into the night, so no one can see death coming. There's a darkness in my soul. A rage that sometimes burns out of control. But then I meet my little Millie. She's fierce in a tiny package. Can probably even take me in a fight. And I want her desperately.

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