

Chapter 1 : Katy Evans (Author of Real)

"I knew back when I read Real that Katy Evans would be a writer to watch. But I had to wonder how she would ever come close to creating a dynamic character like Remy again. But I had to wonder how she would ever come close to creating a dynamic character like Remy again."

A bad boy with something to prove. A woman with a mission. The race of their lives. The love of a lifetime. Scouting new talent brings me to his doorstep The sexy, mysterious Racer Tate is not the kind of man a girl like me falls for. But his proximity pushes me beyond reason, and his kiss This is our last chance to win, and he is our only hope. And now the one in heart wrenching, toe-curling, soul-crushing trouble is me. Because when your heart belongs to someone, their truths become your own, and their secrets become your salvation He says he wants me. Because, honestlyâ€ they are sexy beasts who love danger and speed. It sounds real exciting. I used to watch F1 religiously but at some point I got le bored and deemed reading romance novels more beneficial to my mental health. Completely personal preference here. Trees flying past my window. Preston bumping up against my side. I swerve lightly and lock our wheels together. Shove him off the road. Destabilized, I swerve and straighten with a screech. I keep my foot on the pedal, swerving right as the truck passes, dust piling up in a cloud behind me. My heart is racing a thousand miles an hour, and I want it to race even more. Preston comes up, attempting a pass. He gyrates and bumps me to the side, sending me spinning. I pull up behind him and kiss his bumper. We meet eyes through his rearview mirror, and I smile menacingly, pressing the last way into the pedal to kiss the fucker harder. I release it and speed back to the parking lot, my mind on that finish lineâ€and on fucking sexy crash-into-my-cherry-mustang Alana waiting in the crowd. Is she like my fans who watch me? Whose pussies get wet from the excitement? Whose nipples turn hard as fuck by the time I climb out of the car and give them a glance? My cock is thick again. Yeah, my dad is a man who goes after what he wants. I screech to a halt. I turn her off, then ease out of the car, breathing hard. I hear the shuffle of feet as girls scramble to get closer; meanwhile, the guys shove their way forward too, including Henley. I raise my arm and slap his hand. He also places my bets, and the wad of cash he shoves into my hand is 30,dollars thick. Yeah, it feels good to stuff that money in my back pocket, but not even winning feels as good as the drive. I scan the crowd and look for herâ€my eyes finding her in the same spot I left her, her mouth gaping wide open. My eyes stay on her, my gut roiling with hunger. I smile at her; her eyes widen a little bit, and she blinks. Her books have been translated into nearly a dozen languages across the world.

Chapter 2 : Read Katy Evans Books Free Online at theinnatdunvilla.com

Real read online free from your Pc or Mobile. Real (Real #1) is a Romance novel by Katy Evans.

Such an amazing book! I could feel it in my bones. Remy captured my heart years ago, how could his son not do the same? Racer was everything I expected and wanted. In true Katy Evans form, we have a male lead who is larger than life and outshines the brightest star, while also being vulnerable and flawed. Katy Evans is my most FAV author. President "We need more books like this! Smart, intense, forbidden, hot, and thought-provoking. Katy Evans made politics sexy and alluring! A man of power, a woman of duty, and lots of stolen moments! Evans painted a dreamlike fantasy with this one. He is confident and cocky and of course, a manwhore. President by Katy Evans owned me from the first to the last page. My favorite Katy Evans hero! I loved every moment of it! But I had to wonder how she would ever come close to creating a dynamic character like Remy again. Well, Malcolm Saint turned out to be every bit as intriguing and enigmatic"but in his own sophisticated way. Racer was so hot, so gripping, and just a really truly great read! Definite recommendation from me! Brooke and Remy sucked me right in. Intense, addictive, and mouth-wateringly sexy! Reading it was like being cocooned in my own world. Evans signature blend of hormones, adrenaline, and intoxicating love make for a hypnotically addictive ride! It was everything I love about a Katy Evans book. Ian Ford was absolutely divine! I desperately wanted him to win " the race and the girl. There is no shortage of steamy scenes. So steamy I was left fanning myself. Love, purpose, legacy and HEA!

Chapter 3 : Racer (Real #7) by Katy Evans – Steamy Reads

Book Real - Katy Evans Um boxeador caÃdo. Uma mulher com um sonho despedaÃado. Uma competiÃo Ele atÃ me faz esquecer o meu nome. Uma noite foi o suficiente, e eu esqueci tudo e qualquer.

The first two songs are so meaningful, you might enjoy listening to these particular two while Brooke and Remington do. Every time one of them lands a punch, cheers and claps burst across the room, which is crowded with at least three hundred spectators, all of them thirsting for blood. The worst part of it all is that I can hear the god-awful sound of bone cracking against flesh, and the hairs on my arms are pricked in utter fear. Any minute now I expect one of them to fall and never, ever, get up again. And then myself for agreeing to come here in the first place. Which apparently, thank god, they both did. I love you, Remy! Loves to sleep with them, stalk them, drool about them, and yet when she catches them, she can never really hold onto them. I, on the other hand, am not interested in getting involved with anyone. Not when my romantic little sister, Nora, has had enough boyfriends, and drama, for both of us. I stare up at the stage as the guy whips off the satin red robe with the word RIPTIDE on the back, and the spectators stand screaming and cheering as he slowly turns to acknowledge them all. His face is suddenly before me, illuminated by the lights, and I just stare like an idiot from my place. A shiver shoots down my spine as I helplessly drink in the entire package everyone else seems to be gazing at. He has black hair, standing up sexily as if women have just had their fingers there. Cheekbones as strong as his jaw and forehead. I look down his long, lean body and something hot and wild settles in my core. Everything, from his beautifully slim hips and narrow waist to his broad shoulders, is solid. The sexy V of his obliques dips into his satin, navy blue shorts, which gently hug his powerful legs, thick with muscle. I can see his quads, traps, pecs, and biceps, all gloriously tight and cut. Celtic tattoos circle both of his arms, exactly where his bulging biceps and the rigid square deltoids of his shoulders meet. Also something – warm in his gaze. My sex clenches tight, and I hate that he seems to know it. Oh my god, he had. You and your OCD! Hammer throws the first punch. I inwardly flinch at the power in his punch; my body clenches at the sight of his muscles contracting and tensing, working and releasing, with each punch he delivers. The crowd watches, enraptured, as the fight continues, those awful cracking sounds filling me with goose bumps. The fact that beads of perspiration pop on my brow, in my cleavage. As the fight progresses, my nipples strain, even more puckered and tighter, against my top, pushing anxiously against the silk of the fabric. Just knock him dead, you sexy beast! My panties are soaked, and my pulse has gone haywire. Lust, pure, white-hot lust, flutters through my nerve endings. Piercing blue eyes meet mine, and something knots and pulls inside my tummy. His sweaty chest rises and falls in a deep pant, and a drop of blood rests at the corner of his lips. Through it all, his eyes are glued to me. Heat spreads under my skin, and the flames lick me all over. The way he stares at me is hot. The way he stands there, with his hand held in the air, his muscles dripping sweat, with that air of authority Mel told me about in the cab. An awful awareness of the exact way I look to him sweeps over me. My long, straight hair, the color of mahogany, falls to my shoulders. My button-up white shirt is sleeveless, but it goes up my throat in a lacy mock-neck, and the hem is tucked nicely into a pair of high-waisted, but perfectly presentable, black pants. A small set of gold hoop earrings nicely complement my honeyed whiskey eyes. Despite my conservative choice of clothes, I feel completely naked. Please, god, I did not just think that; Melanie would. Another tightening in my womb distresses me. My system is on overload. A voice blares loudly through the speakers as I charge down the wide path between the stands. We have a KO! Yes, ladies and gentlemen! And in record time, our victor once again, I give you, Riptide! I wonder about the eerie silence when pounding footsteps echo at my back. My senses reel out of control. His animal magnetism is so powerful I think he just took my voice. With trembling efforts, I pry my hand free and glance frightfully at Mel, who comes behind him, wide-eyed. His lips curl and he meets my gaze. And right in front of Mel. His eyes are hot and almost proprietary when he looks at me. He steps forward, and his damp hand slides into the nape of my neck. My pulse skitters as he lowers his dark head to set a small, dry kiss on my lips. That could both change and ruin my life. I feel his lips on mine. The softness of his kiss. Unfortunately, I have no one to vent with other than Mel. I shake my head. The guy just

kissed me in public! Do you realize there were people with their phones trained on us? Everyone wants a picture of him. His eyes, I can feel them on me, so raw and hungry. I feel instantly dirty. My nape pricks where he touched it with his sweaty palm. Look, who knows what shit went on in his personal life? All I know is it was god-awful and made a couple of headlines, and now nobody even cares. What I want is a job. You were easily the classiest lady out there. Come get a hug. What do we even know about this man, Mel? Do you want me to end up murdered in some dark alley and my body parts tossed into some trash can? I can never really stay angry for long. You used to like it when you competed. What angers me most are the feelings the mere thought of him rouse in me. I feel â€¦ fevered. This is where the exact moment that my life shattered around me was perfectly immortalized on film and can now be played and replayed, over and over, so the world can watch for their enjoyment. It shows the very second my quads knot up and I stumble, and the instant that my ACLâ€”the anterior cruciate ligamentâ€”just tears and my knee gives. It lasts for over four minutes, this charming little video. In fact, my anonymous paparazzi stalker kept the camera solely on me and on no one else. Which obviously inspired the title. So there I am, in this real-life homemade movie, hopping in miserable pain out of the track, crying my heart out. Crying not because of the pain in my knee, but from the pain of my own failure. And I just want the world to swallow me and I want to die because I know, know, know right this second, that all my training has been for nothing. But instead of the earth opening up and sucking me right in, I get filmed. The slew of comments under the video are still fresh in my mind. Some people wished me well in other endeavors and said it was a shame. But others laughed and joked about it, like I had somehow begged for this to happen. These same comments have plagued me with doubts, day and night, for years as I replay both days and wonder what went wrong. Neither of those times do I even know what I did wrong, but obviously it is now physically impossible for me to do it again. My sister, Nora, is the romantic, the most passionate one. I was the one who spent her entire young years training her heart out, my one and only dream being a gold medal. But my body gave up long before my soul wanted it to, and I never even made it for a worldwide competition. This is why I love sports rehab.

Chapter 4 : RIPPED (Real #5) - Katy Evans - PDF Free Download

Katy Evans is a New York Times, USA Today, and Wall Street Journal bestselling author. Her debut REAL shot to the top of the bestselling lists in and since then 10 of her titles have been New York Times bestsellers.

Evans [takes] writing to a whole new level. She makes you FEEL every single word you read. Katy Evans had me on the edge of my seat. Katy Evans does just that. And begging for more. Katy Evans could teach classes on the art of the companion novel. You may love Remy now, but after you read his side of the story he is going to consume your heart. The sexual tension was incredible. I have a whole new level of awe and amazement for the talent that is Katy Evans. The secret you love, and the one you hate. It sits on my doorstep this morning, and I love the way it smells. I love the crackling noise when I drop into my dining room chair and slap the sucker open. This sound, this smell. By the time I was seventeen, he was gone. As was his morning rumple of my hair and his cologneâ€”but not the smell of the paper. Mackenna Jones Is Back in Town! I squeeze my eyes shut and open them, my stomach trembling uncontrollably. Mackenna Jones is back in town! Fuck, I really need to stop reading that. Still reads the same. I thought it impossible that a single one of these butterflies had survived Mackenna Jones. What are you going to do about it? The thought of him being in the same state makes me scowl bleakly. You had to come here? How even Obama has openly said this band is responsible for turning young kids back to the music of the mastersâ€”Mozart, Beethoven. For a time, this song played on every radio station in the country, and it made me loathe music with a passionâ€”hell, the mere thought of it angers me all over again. My hands shake as I set down the newspaper, fold it, and try to move on to another section. But now, my precious Saturdayâ€”time I get our apartment to myselfâ€”has officially been ruined. Not only my Saturday, this just ruins my entire fucking year. My hands tremble as I go back to the entertainment section and slowly scan for the date of the concert. I find myself clicking open Internet Explorer on my phone and navigating straight to Ticketmaster. Yep, the show is already sold out. So I head to eBay, where I discover the staggering prices the best tickets command. Or maybe I do know. A cold chill is settling in my body. The show is sold out. The tickets cost a fortune. Almost six years since seeing that hard, perfect man-butt as he jumped into his jeans. The first time he took me, I could almost see my V card nicely tucked into his back pocket. He told me he loved me and asked me to tell him that I loved him. He was still inside me when he asked if I wanted him to be with me. But I know that he knew. He kissed me harder than ever when I started to cry, and our kiss tasted of my tears. At the time, I thought it all so painful and raw, the way he kissed me. I trembled as he held me. I could hear his breath mingle with my breath as he soothed a hand down my spine, telling me over and over that he loved me. For days and weeks and months, we made hot, fevered love. I was seventeen and he was my everything, and when he took me, I thought he wanted everything I had to give. Mackenna was a secret, you see. Especially not my mother. But we always managed to see each other anyway. As far as I was concerned, he was it for me, and I for him. He was my best friend too. My world broke when I heard he left Seattle. I thought that with his absence, the wound would heal. But the wound is still there. I gave the motherfucker everything that was in my young, stupid heart to give, and he ruined me. He and his mashers are in town and everyone is going. Bach, Chopin, the masters. The result is a rock band symphony that runs through your body and curls your toes. And if you add in his vocals. People choose to fall in love because it makes them feel good. Love makes them feel protected, safe. It makes me feel good. Hating him is all that keeps me sane. I can still feel something. I am not yet dead, because I can feel this hate corroding me. Stopped me from being the woman I could have been. He was my first love and my first everything, including my first heartbreak. The tickets are expensive. I spend most of what I make helping my mom care for Magnolia. But three little clicks on eBay is all it would take. Three little clicks and I can go up that last notch of debt on my credit card and see this asshole again, in the flesh. Totally worth it, I decide, and go online and buy two of the most expensive tickets eBay has to offer. Opening my calendar, I find the day and mark it with an X. Not if I can help it. I liked red, and I liked blue, and somehow really liked yellow. Hot pink and purple were good too. But then colors began making fun of me. They felt too happy. Black was safe and neutral. Right after Dad died, I stopped trying to be anything

other than what I really was. I stopped trying to fit in. I became black and black embraced me. Tonight I blend with all things sinful and dark. Even the sky is cloudy because Mackenna is in town. The stands are wet. The fans are wet. Just like that, the shot of vodka I had drunk in a toast to my courage leaves my system, and knees that had felt like they were made of steel minutes ago start feeling like jellyfish. Reaching nervously around my neck, I pull the hood of my poncho over my wet head and tug Melanie behind me as we wind through the crowd to our seats at the front of the stadium. She looks even fatter than I do. Goods for the band members. Even when my hair is hanging wet down the sides of my face, I think I look good. Black nails, black lipstick, black poncho, black hair—well, my hair is mostly black except for a stupid pink streak Melanie dared me to dye one drunken night, and I can never refuse a dare. Her boyfriend probably just fucked her brains out. Lord, why do my friends get the horniest boyfriends? Um, yeah, breathing Mackenna is the last thing I want or need. But the stage keeps getting closer and closer, looming larger as we approach. It almost feels like every step closer to our seats, a year of my life drops away.

Chapter 5 : Katy Evans - Wikipedia

Can love really conquer all?â€”Book Six in Katy Evans's breakout New York Times bestselling series that began with REAL. Maverick "The Avenger" Cage wants to rise to the top and become a legend in the ring.

Since he hit the scene, his secrets have been his and his alone to keep. But I never imagined he would change my life. I intended to reveal him, his secrets, his lifestyleâ€”not let him reveal me. But my head was overtaken by my heart and suddenly nothing could stop me from falling. I fell for him, and I fell hard. Sparks flew between them in Manwhore. Find out in Ms. Manwhore, the ultimate conclusion to their electric, breathtaking story. Except he passed on my offerâ€”. Just like I once did on his. So I try to distract myself. Tahoe and I are strictly friends. But the more time Tahoe and I spend around each other, the more confused I feel. The one your mother warned you about. The one my body craves. The only one who will surely break my heart. We were just two strangers. Facing a forbidden attraction, a chemical connection. Neither of us expected or wanted it to amount to more. But I had never been drawn to a guy the way I was drawn to this one: Even knowing I should stay away, I proved to be too human, after all. The chemistry was amazing. The laughs were incredible. Just sex because he was too irresistible.

Chapter 6 : Katy Evans Books | NovelCom

Katy Evans's USA Today and New York Times bestselling series strips away everything you've ever believed about passionâ€”and asks the dangerously enticing question, "How REAL is what you feel?"

Chapter 7 : Real (Audiobook) by Katy Evans | theinnatdunvilla.com

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Chapter 8 : Katy Evans | NYT & USA Today Bestselling Author

New York Times bestselling author Katy Evans expands upon the intense love story begun in Real and Mine -- this time from Remington "Riptide" Tate's point of view. Underground fighter Remington Tate is a mystery, even to himself.

Chapter 9 : REAL (Real #1) - Katy Evans - PDF Free Download

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