

Chapter 1 : The King Series [Frazier] | Awards | LibraryThing

T.M. (Tracey Marie) Frazier never dreamed that a single person would ever read a word she wrote when she published her first book. Now, she is a five-time USA Today bestselling author and her books have been translated into numerous languages and published all around the world.

Moms current boyfriend had used her as a punching bag yet again. She said she deserved it. She even went as far as apologizing. I hated her for that. For letting him lay his hands on her like that. I may not have been able to win in a fight against a grown man, but I was convinced I could have at least done some damage. So when I heard those words shouted from across the playground it was like my anger had made the decision before I had a chance to really think about it. I towered over all the other kids in my grade and could easily see over their heads. In the center of the circle was a brute of a kid named Tyler, a dark-haired boy who always wore band logo t-shirts with the sleeves ripped off. He was holding this skinny kid by the collar of his shirt, punching him in the face over and over again with his closed fist. The littler kid grunted each time Tyler made contact. His ribs were so visible I could count them. Blood dripped from his nose and fell to the ground. I pushed aside two little girls who were cheering on the beating. Kids can be fucking cruel. Adults can be crueler. I jumped in front of Tyler and cocked back my fist. The back of his head landed with a thunk against the pavement. I instantly felt better, although the need to inflict violence was always like a rat gnawing on my every thought and emotion, punching Tyler had temporarily dimmed the feeling from blaring spotlight to burning candle. The skinny kid was on the ground holding his bloody nose. He moved his hands away from his face and looked up at me with the biggest most ridiculous smile, blood coating teeth that were too big for his mouth. I was just letting him get some punches in before I rained down the pain. Tears ran out the sides of his eyes and down through the blood smeared across his lip. The circle of kids had broken up and gone back to their kickball game. I started walking away, but somewhere around the sandbox the kid had caught up with me. I could totally have taken him. So I told him to fuck off. He extended his hand to me and I uncrossed my arms and shook it. For a gangly kid who was the same age as I was, he dressed and spoke like a foul-mouthed grandfather, someone too old to give a shit about filtering his words. And what eleven year old shook hands? While everyone else was learning the words to Old McDonald, I was worried about how long I was going to have to wait until after dark to go home. Too early and whatever guy my mom let move in that month would be ready to brawl. Being on my own was natural to me. As time went on, it became something I liked. Until I started getting in trouble. Then WE started getting into trouble together. Two pees in a juvenile delinquent pod. He re-tucked his too-large plaid shirt into his kaki pants, righting his suspenders that fell off his shoulders every few seconds. He straightened his yellow polka-dotted bow-tie. Beer he likes though. They all had different names, different faces, but essentially they were all the same. In the corner of my eye I saw Tyler hobbling up the steps into the school, clutching his jaw. Samuel was easily a foot shorter than me and scooted under it without any problems. I passed him the cigarette, and he inhaled deeply. He then spent the next five minutes choking. I put the cigarette out on the sole of my sneaker while his face turned a weird shade of purple before going back to pale smeared with freckles and blood. Samuel ignored my outburst and continued talking. School would now become just a place to go during the day so I could sneak into the locker room before class to shower and for the free breakfast program. Everything I owned was in my backpack. And it was light. Never liked being told what to do all that much. We can do it together. You run the shit. Unsure of what to do next I gave in. I sat down next to him in the grass and sighed. He smiled up at me like just me being there meant we were halfway there. So this shit starts now. Pussies get pushed over and stepped on. We could steal some from him and sell it. Then, we can use that money to buy our own to sell. The top read GOAL and he drew a house with legs underneath that did look like a stick figure version of the whatever-you-call- it-thing in Star Wars. Then, he drew what looked like it was supposed to be us, him much smaller than me. With a green marker, he drew dollar bill signs all around us floating in the air. We friends now, Preppy? I plucked the marker from his hand and took over his drawing. I was never good at much in school, except for art. Drawing was my jam. Write that down in the plan. We gotta have hobbies, too. He

nodded slyly and purses his lips, hooking his thumbs under his suspenders. Nobody will get in our fucking way. Not my stepdad, not my uncle, not teachers, and especially not bitch-ass bullies like Tyler. This is just about Preppy and King crawling out of the shit instead of rotting in it. These are rough people. More than one dealer had come to our house armed with guns, demanding payment. Mom would settle her debt by taking them into her bedroom and closing the door. This kid may have just been screwing around, but the more I thought about it the better it all sounded. Living a life without answering to anyone. A life without fear of what someone could do to me or to this little preppy kid, who by the looks of it had enough bullying to last him his whole life. But they were the ones who were wrong. In the way of our business? In the way of our plan? For a moment, he stared over my head, deep in thought. Then, he shrugged and locked his eyes onto mine. The animal onto the female part. A cat on a cunt. The walls of my makeshift tattoo shop pulsed with the heavy beat of the music coming from my homecoming party raging on the floor below. It shook the door as if someone were rhythmically trying to beat it down. Spray paint and posters covered the walls from floor to ceiling, casting a layer of false light over everything within. The little dark haired bitch I worked on was moaning like she was getting off. In prison, the teardrop tattoo represented taking a life. But then again it was good to be home. I fed off the fear in the eyes of those who crossed me. A place where the residents on one side of the causeway lived solely to cater to the rich who lived on the other side, in high-rise beachfront condos and mansions. Trailer parks and run down houses less than a mile from the kind of wealth it takes more than one generation to accumulate. On my eighteenth birthday, I bought a run-down stilt home hidden behind a wall of thick trees, on three acres of land that practically sat under the bridge. And along with my best friend Preppy, we moved on up to the rich side of town like the white trash version of the motherfucking Jeffersons. True to our words, we became our own men and answered to no one. We did what we wanted.

Chapter 2 : King | T.M. Frazier Books

His work as a sculptor installation artist painter and print king by tm frazier epub tuebl king by t.m. frazier JFK Assassination witness page Kennedy Assassination king by tm frazier mobilism CALIFORNIA USGS MINUTE.

Soulless King 4 by T. A real genuine purpose and not just some shit Chop spewed out as orders, that I and every other member of the Beach Bastards took as bible, but a true reason to live again. To WANT to live again. Someone to live for. Ti was my chance at some sort of real happiness when Lord fucking knows I had no idea what that really was before her. Like when Grace made me my very first birthday cake. Like the time King, Prep, and I sat at the top of the water tower and thought the world was ours to take. Because at that time, it was. Then there was Ti, and my new happiness became the first time I saw her smile. The first time I kissed her. The first time I tasted her pussy by the fire. The first time she let me inside of her, shamelessly pushing through her virginity in a frantic need to make her mine. And I will kill every motherfucker who dares to try and take her from me. The second I opened the door, I instantly regretted forgetting to knock. Chop was leaning back on the faded green chair in the corner of the room with his jeans down around his ankles, a beer in his hand. A redhead BBB named Millie, or Mallie, or Jennie, was on her knees between his legs, her head bobbing up and down on his dick. You remember what happened last time you showed me disrespect? I tell you to fucking knock and you just walk in like you own the fucking place? Did I tell you that you could fucking stop? He stood, tucking himself inside his jeans, zipping up as Jodi ran past us out the door. I could smell the beer on his breath. A few of the brothers were sitting on stools at the bar. Most of the others were playing pool, their bets stacked up in high piles on the rim of the table, indicating the high stakes of the game. He stood behind me and pushed me forward. I braced myself on one of the tables to keep from falling, sending a stack of bills scattering to the floor. I know whores who spend all day on their knees and on their backs who stand straighter than you. I am a prospect. I took a couple of deep breaths to try and suppress it. No good would come of me lashing out. Just remember last time. A few more minutes. Tell them what you should already know, but seem to keep forgetting over and fucking over again when you show me disrespect. A silver haired man in the back of the group stood straight faced, showing emotion that I could have easily have mistaken as sympathy if I thought a brother could have sympathy for a prospect. I cleared my throat. I am not a son. I do not have a father. I am a soldier in the army of the lawless, and I am nothing more. I do not need or want a son. What I need is a good fucking soldier. Kicking me in the tailbone with his boot, I fell flat onto the floor, my cheekbone smashing against the black-and-white checkered linoleum.

Chapter 3 : Soulless (King #4) read online free by T.M. Frazier

King read online free from your Pc or Mobile. King (King #1) is a Romance novel by T.M. Frazier.

Prologue I was mad at the world, at the whiskey for not being strong enough, at the drugs for not lasting long enough, at the fucking whores I banged for not getting me off when it was my fault my dick was fucking useless after a bucket of fucking blow. A real genuine purpose and not just some shit Chop spewed out as orders that I and every other member of the Beach Bastards took as bible, but a true reason to live again. To WANT to live again. Someone to live for. Ti was my chance at some sort of real happiness when Lord fucking knows I had no idea what that really was before her. Like when King tattooed us for the first time and we loved them, even though they were crooked and downright fucking awful. Like when Grace made me my very first birthday cake. Like the time King Prep and I sat at the top of the water tower and thought the world was ours to take. Because at that time, it was. Then there was Ti and my new happiness became the first time I saw her smile. The first time I kissed her. The first time I tasted her pussy by the fire. The first time she let me inside of her, shamelessly pushing through her virginity in a frantic need to make her mine. And I will kill every motherfucker who dares to try and take her from me. TM Frazier has just knocked me down and kicked the pieces of my soul all over the place. She just shattered mine but in typical Frazier fashion, somehow fit them all back together. Soulless picks up where Lawless left off. I love the bumpy ride we rode sidecar for. I love a story where you can see light through the darkness and find the beauty in pain. The entire cast of characters is back and they had a hell of a story to tell. Trust me, this is a book you want to read. I loved King, but Bear? This was my favorite of the series. But it was still a love story. And it was ours. Tracey Marie Frazier resides in sunny Southwest Florida with her husband and three feisty fur kids. She attended Florida Gulf Coast University where she specialized in public speaking. After years working in real estate and new home construction, she decided it was finally time to stop pushing her dreams to the back burner and pursue writing seriously. In the third grade she wrote her very first story about a lost hamster. It earned rave reviews from both her teacher and her parents. It only took her twenty years to start the next one. It will not be about hamsters.

Chapter 4 : T.M. Frazier (Author of King)

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All the Rage by T. If they come back to you, they were always meant to be yours. My story is different than most. Because in my story, if you love someone enough, you should first drop the gun. Spotting a loose seam on the corner of the cushion, I mindlessly started picking at the fraying seam. I thought you asked to go to the doctor? Should I call a priest? Wait, maybe in your case you need an exorcist. This is about the other ones. A light went on in his eyes. Like it was that simple. That was why I went over to his house every day. That was why he was my best friend. What did this new doctor say? He sat down next to me, his knee knocking into my thigh on the small tattered couch. He snapped off two of the four bars and handed me the half still in the wrapper. He nudged my shoulder. Klondike said it, made it sound weird. I tried to remember how the doctor had said the word while Cody patiently waited for me to answer. He was never in a hurry and he never rushed me for answers like my parents or the doctors did. Cody had a level of patience I could never think to reach, but lucky me, my best friend had enough for the both of us. Finally, it came to me.

Chapter 5 : Must Read Books or Die: NOW LIVE: Preppy by T.M. Frazier

Dla Charley i Logana PodziÅ™kowania Na poczÅ™tku chciaÅ™,am podziÅ™kowaÅ™ wszystkim moim czytelniczkom za ciepÅ‚o. Kocham Was wszystkie bardzo mocno.

Chapter 6 : Preppy, Part Three by T.M. Frazier - online free at Epub

T.M. Frazier is a USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR best known for her KING SERIES. She was born on Long Island, NY. When she was eight years old she moved with her mom, dad, and older sister to sunny Southwest Florida where she still lives today with her husband and daughter.

Chapter 7 : Blog Tour Review & Giveaway: Soulless (King #4) by T.M. Frazier @TM_Frazier - The Book A

The bowtie is BACK! Dre was just a beautiful stranger when Preppy saved her the first time around. Now, he has to save her again, but she's no longer some stranger, she's family, and he has no idea who or what he's up against.

Chapter 8 : read All the Rage online free by T.M. Frazier

PROLOGUE. It was once said that if you love someone enough, you should let them go. If they come back to you, they were always meant to be yours.

Chapter 9 : Ebook Bike â€œ Your Home For Books

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