

THE WEDDING CRASHER

LANA MALLOY PARANORMAL MYSTERY
BOOK 3



KIM COX

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THE WEDDING CRASHER

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DEDICATION

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To my husband, Lee Cox, who puts up with me being on the computer all the time but also understands and supports my need to write.

To my wonderful son, Travis Cline, who shares my love for reading and for being supportive of my writing.

To my brother, David Hooks Jr., who shared my love of writing; although, his was a much different kind.

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To my Book Launch Team that make sure the books make sense and that all the t's are crossed and i's are dotted. Thank you for your wonderful support of my writing by leaving honest reviews at different locations.

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ROMANTIC SUSPENSE & ROMANTIC MYSTERY NOVELS

LANA MALLOY PARANORMAL MYSTERY SERIES

BOOKS BY KIM COX

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Chapter One

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As Lana walked down the aisle, Tony's love filled her heart. She was finally here after realizing there was nothing to be afraid of – nothing at all. So why did she want to turn around and run from the church and run for her life? But she wouldn't. She couldn't be a runaway bride.

Her footsteps slowed. She felt like she was trudging through deep mud. Then her legs wouldn't move at all. She looked hopelessly at Tony. The smile left his face and he looked horrified. The look of horror changed to disgust.

She yanked and pulled at her feet without success. What was going on? She tried to cry out, but not a sound escaped. She pulled the long wedding dress above her knees and tried to jerk her fashionably heel-clad foot from the carpeted floor. It was impossible. This couldn't be happening, at least not on the most important day of her life. She moaned and grunted, and then she yelled, "Tony!" Her voice sounded as if it came out through a vacuum in slow motion.

She looked around and everyone was frozen as if paused with a remote control. Everyone except Tony, who gave her a nasty look and walked quickly past her, through the back door, and out of the church.

Someone was in his place, but she couldn't tell who he was. As if someone pressed play again, her feet began to move. The crowd became active once more, smiling and whispering. Tony's brother still stood up as best man to the right of the stranger, who smiled at her as she reluctantly made her way to the altar. She couldn't stop walking; although, all she wanted to do was turn around and run after Tony.

When she reached the front of the church where the man she loved should've been, the strange man turned and took her arm, but his face was blank. Who was he? Lana twisted around to gaze into the crowd. She yelled for help, but everyone just continued to smile at them lovingly – as if this union was the most natural thing in the world. Tony even sat with the crowd now, smiling at her. The scene fast-forwarded, and the ceremony was all over. Everyone rushed to where she and her new husband stood and wished them happiness.

Tony hugged her and said, "This was the right thing to do. You'll be very happy with Myles. I won't hold it against you."

Lana jerked awake and looked at her clock. It was four in the morning. She'd slept for an hour. Her bridal shower hadn't ended until two. This was to be her wedding day, and she'd just had the worst bride's nightmare anyone could have. What was she supposed to do now? Call it off? Did this mean that marrying Tony would be the worst mistake of her life? Was her life partner supposed to be this Myles person? Who the hell is Myles anyway!

Nerves? Pre-wedding jitters? That had to be it. And if it weren't for her psychic ability, that's all it would mean to her. But she did have premonitions, and her dreams normally meant something. Figuring out what they meant always proved to be the hardest part. Lana wished her aunt Lucy would appear.

The windows blew open. A cold draft swooshed the curtains aside. Lana ran to the window and closed it, then pulled the curtains together.

"You called?"

Lana jumped. Lucy, her ghostly great-aunt, floated around the room smiling. Although Lana had helped Lucy move on a little over a year ago, she still popped back into her life from time to time.

"Lucy...ah, no. I wished for you. You can read my mind now?"

"I always could, honey. So, what's the problem?"

"You don't know? I thought you could read my mind."

Lucy floated to the bed, crossed her legs, and hovered above the covers as if sitting on top of the sheets. "Well, it's more like a sense. I can sense when you need me sometimes. Your mom and dad say hello, by the way, and they both send their love."

Lana sat beside her. "You've seen them? How are they?"

"They're both well. Better than when they were alive. But back to you. What has you so upset?"

Lana told her about her dream. "What could it mean?"

"Cold feet perhaps?"

"I thought of that already, but I think it means something more. You know how my dreams are. They usually lead to something I'm working on during a job. But I'm not working on anything at the moment. I put everything on hold until after the wedding."

"That's true. I'm happy you're not backing out of the wedding, though."

"I didn't say that." Lana was up and pacing the floor in front of her dresser.

"You're kidding, right? You've dragged your feet on this way too long already. You're not going to break poor Tony's heart."

"Of course not. I'm just wondering if this is a warning. Am I marrying the right man?"

"How can you ask that? Remember your premonition about you, Tony, and the baby."

A few months ago, when Lana had completed a job helping a ghost move on, who didn't want to leave and didn't want the owners of his house living in it, she touched the door handle of her car and the premonition hit her. She realized what her heart knew all along – Tony was the love of her life, and she would be stupid not to set the date for their wedding.

"But what else could the dream mean?"

Lucy placed a finger on her chin. "I got it. This dream must have something to do with a case you're going to work on. It's another premonition. It has to be." Then she floated over to gaze at Lana's wedding dress hanging in the plastic bag outside her closet door. "Gorgeous dress. I bet it cost a bundle."

Lana watched the white-haired woman and thought how short her aunt's attention span was. "Never mind that right now. So, what should I do? Should I postpone the wedding until I find out what this is all about?"

Lucy flew across the room and stopped in front of Lana. "You'll do no such thing. You'll marry that wonderful man today and be happy about it. Just shut the terrible dream from your mind until you return. You'll only be gone on your honeymoon for a couple of weeks. Whatever it is can wait until you return."

"Yeah. You're right."

"Ain't I always, honey."

Lana laughed. "You bet your...?"

"You bet your what? I'm still your aunt and I won't hear any nasty words coming out of your mouth."

"Buns. You bet your buns was all I was going to say?"

They both laughed.

The two women, one auburn-haired and the other gray-haired, blew kisses, and Lucy was out of sight again, leaving Lana to a night of tossing and turning.

* * *

The next morning at sunrise, Lana walked onto her front porch, with a cup of coffee, gazing at the cloud-covered sky and hoping the weather would change soon to the predicted forecast of sunshine for their wedding. She sat in her great aunt's rocking chair where she liked to meditate. Rocking helped her to clear her mind. The thoughts of the dream threatened to return, so she looked for something else to concentrate on.

Her 1972 Volkswagen Super Beetle and her great aunt's 1965 Ford Mustang set in the covered carport. She had inherited the Mustang from her parents who had inherited it from Lucy. Her family loved the older car styles, always stating they had more character than the newer ones. Lana had been so excited when she was finally able to restore them to their original glory. She leaped from her chair and walked into the yard to get a closer look. The restorations had turned out so well.

She ran her fingers over the now bright Saturn yellow hood of the Volkswagen, the nightmare flashed into her mind, she saw a yellow tablecloth at the reception and heard what sounded like a squeaky swing. She hadn't remembered either during the dream. Then she saw that blank face again. She forced her thoughts back to the car. It had all new windows, black vinyl seats, whitewall tires, and chrome rims. The rear engine had been completely rebuilt.

The Mustang had gone through the same upgrades, but she'd had it painted candy-apple red. Again, her mind betrayed her. She saw a white wedding gown stained with red. The spot grew until it spilled over a woman's chest. Lana rubbed her eyes and shook her head to remove the unwanted thoughts.

Happy thoughts. All she wanted to think of today was her life with Tony and about no one else. *Why did she have these visions when there wasn't anything she could do about it? Why now? What did it all mean?* No answers came — she was left with only more questions,

so she pushed her mind back to the Mustang parked before her and glanced over at the bug.

Her heart filled with pleasure at being able to refurbish them. She made a mental note to put them in the garage before the wedding. Tony had suggested the renovations when she'd asked him for his opinion on good investments. Of course, this was only one of his suggestions and the most fun. Always the businessman, he'd also suggested investing in a 401K and a retirement fund.

She decided to take a short walk around the block, and she directed her train of thought to their living arrangements after they married. Of course, she would live with Tony in the Calabria mansion, but she would keep her beach house exclusively for her PI office. She'd already renovated most of it to a more professional level—not too professional, though, liking the cozy feel of it.

Before long, she was on the beach front two blocks from her home, having traveled farther than she'd planned. Her thoughts wandered to the house Tony had purchased for their wedding present—a getaway home on John's Island—the home to Angel Oak one of the largest living trees believed to be almost 500 years old. Their new house set on over two acres of wooded privacy with a stunning carriage apartment, dock and boat ramp that accessed Bohicket creek, and shared a community with eleven other homes.

As you approached the front of the house by the winding driveway, you were met by the double-decker, full-length front porches. Lana envisioned herself sitting in her favorite outdoor chair on the large, screened back porch many times. Balconies were a part of all the bedrooms except for the master where a second-level porch stood. An old white house with peeling paint and dark shutters intruded her mind.

This had to stop. What had she been thinking before the intrusion? Oh yeah, the porches. The porches, especially the back porch, and the deck were Lana's favorites, as well as the in-ground swimming pool for exercise where she planned to swim laps during the summer to relieve stress.

There were three bedrooms upstairs and one downstairs, each with its own bathroom. All had ample closet space. The master bedroom included a large walk-in closet with a separate shower and garden tub. An old iron frame bed came to mind. *Huh? What led her there?* Another flash and she saw hands tied to the bed's frame.

Giving up on thinking about her dream home and the happy life she would have, she sped into a jog and then a run, focusing only on her next step. When she finally returned home, she fell onto the soft grass, doubled over out of breath.

Chapter Two

--

Myles tailed her home from a party, riding just a few yards behind her in the moonless night without alerting her to his presence. Turning off his headlights, he slipped into a parking spot across the street from her apartment. Carol hadn't recognized him when he'd bumped into her at the party. Could she really have amnesia or something? Why was she working at the insurance agency instead of the law firm? And who was buried in his backyard? Where had she been for the last five years? He didn't care; he was just happy she was alive. He thought he'd killed her.

He didn't want to scare her, but she was meant to be his. Since she had no memory of him, of them, he had to do it this way. She would be his again. Deciding to wait until she fell asleep before he went into her apartment, he sat in the car outside her building and reminisced about the day he found her again.

It had been on MyFriendPage, the popular social media networking site. Her homemade videos made his heart skip a beat. The last one he watched talked about the party she planned on going to that night and invited all her friends to join her.

His mind switched to earlier that night and the party. He'd not intended to go into the home of the event; he'd sat in his car for a long time until he could stand it no longer. He had to be closer to her, so he entered the house, just for a couple of minutes, and got a beer. He bumped into her on purpose, wanting to gauge her reaction. But all she said was "Excuse me, sir!" He wanted to yell, "Carol, it's me," but he didn't. Luckily no one else even noticed him standing in the darkness of a corner, his eyes glued to his one true love.

God! She was beautiful with her delicate pale pink skin, bright blue eyes, long blonde hair, and a smile that almost stopped his heart. Her laugh caught him by surprise as tears welled up in his eyes at the sound. He'd thought he would never hear her laugh again.

Ever since he'd found her online, he'd made excuses to be near her. She posted all her personal information on her MyFriendPage; although hidden from normal users, he'd gotten access. He'd found her address, too, and he'd driven by her apartment many times, sometimes sitting in his car until the wee hours of the morning.

Since he wasn't sure if his presence would upset her, he kept his distance, occasionally putting himself into her line of sight or within her walking space as he had at the party, hoping she would recognize him and love him as he loved her. But then he would remember the last time he saw her, how she'd yelled at him and tried to run away, saying she'd always loved Jason and would never love him, had never loved him.

Myles let his mind venture farther back. When he'd first found his love again, after so many years, he started making his plans for the two of them to be together again. He'd returned to the home they'd once shared, just to get away and think for a while. He'd

been tempted to dig up the grave he'd dug and laid her in all those years ago, but he never did. "Let sleeping dogs lie," his mom used to say. So, he did. Plus, he'd seen Carol with his own eyes. She wasn't an apparition. She was flesh and blood. He'd even touched her on occasion—accidentally, of course. His decision made, he'd begun preparations by first building the new shed and stocking up on groceries. Last, he cleaned the house from top to bottom.

Myles glanced at his watch. Soon she would be his—all his again. It had been midnight by the time she'd returned home, and now it was almost two in the morning. Would she be asleep by now? The interior lights had been out for at least an hour. He'd been in her apartment before, and he knew it would be as easy to break in tonight as it had been then. She felt safe, never took any extra precautions. He'd have to lecture her about that when he took her home.

He slid out of the car and onto the sidewalk and then hunkered down beside his car's frame to make sure no one watched the area of her neighborhood before he stood to his full height. With the door ajar, he observed his surroundings for a while and slipped on brown leather gloves. He'd removed the interior light before he'd left for the party earlier, so no one driving by would be able to see him.

He rested his head on the top of the car he'd rented under an assumed name. Working as a computer security technician, he learned many tricks on how to acquire the credentials he needed for this trip.

He quietly shut the car door and moved with the finesse of a panther to a corner of the building where his beloved bride-to-be lived. She would surely love him once she realized he'd waited for her to come back to him, not dating anyone in the last five years.

With his back against the building, he glided along its cold brick surface and down the side between two apartment buildings. He stopped every few seconds to make sure no one witnessed him around Carol's home. No one could know. They wouldn't understand, especially her new friends; friends who didn't know how much he and Carol had meant to and loved one another.

Adrenalin coursed through his veins, and he could barely keep his slow pace or remind himself it was necessary to keep to the plan. He couldn't make the mistakes he'd made before when he'd thought he'd . . . no, he wouldn't think of that again. She's alive and soon they'll be together again. It was all he could do not to run to her, pull her into his arms and kiss her, never letting her go, but he had to do this right. He had to take his time. He had to let her come to realize her true feelings for him, and he would, even if he died a little inside until she recognized him as the man she'd loved before it went all wrong.

He quietly slipped his knife through the edge of the sliding glass door. As he knew it would, the lock clicked open. The door slid open effortlessly—as it had all the other times he'd entered.

Before going for her, he'd pondered whether to get some of her clothes but decided against it. He would buy her whatever she needed. He didn't want her to remember anything of her old life here in this dingy apartment or her rude, obnoxious friends. After sneaking into her room, he froze, barely able to move from the sight of her sleeping form, so angelic that his heart jumped into his throat, and he pushed the emotion away – the regret of the time he'd lost with her. No, he was happy now. He'd found her and they'd never be apart again.

As he tip-toed to the side of her bed, she stirred a little, blonde hair extended over delicate fingers. With the hypodermic needle full of Liquid X that would keep her asleep for hours, he aimed at her arm and reached for her, but she woke before he could give her the shot. He grabbed her arm, and she bolted straight up into a sitting position in one single motion. She struggled to loosen his grip from her wrist. Then, she leaned back as if she'd decided to surrender her will. Before he knew it, her foot flew up and smacked him in his jaw, sending him backward across the room.

Where had she learned that move? Now she was on her feet, but she wasn't running or trying to get away. She was on her feet, hopping from one side to the other in a rhythmic dance in a boxer's stance. Her fists were balled, and she held them close to her face. She'd learned a few tricks in the past five years. He lunged for her, but she weaved and bobbed away from him. As he tried to circle around her, she landed a skinny fist to the other side of his face, stunning him for a second.

He should be mad, mad that she was fighting him, but he wasn't. In a way, he was proud that she'd learned to protect herself. But he'd boxed in college, and he knew he could take her. Although she was pretty good, she still moved in an amateurish fashion, giving away her next move before she took it. He noticed her feet would point to the area she planned to punch next. But he didn't want to hurt her although he knew he could.

When she started to land her next punch right between his eyes, he moved slightly to the right. She overreached, he grabbed her extended arm and then pushed her as hard as he could, slamming her into the furniture. The back of her head connected with the wall, and the rest of her body with the dresser. Makeup, lamps, picture frames and figurines scattered all over the floor.

She reeled from the contact, now unsteady on her feet. Quickly he retrieved the needle and plunged it into her arm before she could regain her composure.

"It's you. I know you!" she exclaimed just before her legs gave way and she landed into his waiting arms.

He just held her for a few moments enjoying her closeness. He wanted to make love to her again, but he would wait until they were married. In his mind, the first time they'd wed no longer counted.

After wrapping her in a blanket, he threw her over his shoulder and slipped out of the apartment the same way he'd entered. When he returned to his car, he unlocked the

trunk and slipped her limp body into it. He wasn't taking any chances of anyone seeing them together, not this time. Last time, he'd been lucky but naive.

Back in the driver's seat, he started the engine, listening as it purred to life. Slowly, he pulled out of the parking spot. "We'll be home soon, Honey. I promise," he whispered over his shoulder. He smiled to himself as he scrutinized his surroundings — not a car on the road, not a person in sight. He sighed, happy and content to have his true love with him once more.

Chapter Three

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Lana stumbled into the church; the packages lurched out of her arms and onto the floor beneath her feet. With the help of their contents, she hoped they would make her beautiful on this special day. She gazed around the open space, then tore open doors searching for anyone who could help. It appeared she was the first one there, so she set boxes down and chanced a glance at the auditorium. She'd had it decorated with yellow roses and her favorite wildflowers. The yellow roses represented the promise of new beginnings. The dream appeared to her, and a flash of some type of purplish flowers covered every inch of the old church sanctuary. Then it dawned on her; her dream had been a premonition about someone else's wedding. The bride, perhaps someone who didn't want to marry the man at the church's altar — a man by the name of Myles.

Lana scolded herself as she retrieved her things and headed to her dressing room. She wouldn't think of that now. It would have to wait until she returned from her honeymoon. Ah, the mountains in the fall . . . life couldn't get any better. All she wanted to do on this trip was to relax, love and be loved by Tony. They would hike, enjoy the colorful foliage and take in the ambiance of the scenery. Her Aunt Lucy used to say that when you experienced the beauty of the beach and the mountains you were seeing God's own artistic canvas and proof of His existence. While most people took these things for granted, living in Charleston, South Carolina, Lana's elders had raised her to be appreciative. She enjoyed the beach every day, taking in the fresh salt air and gentle breezes, valuing the majestic views.

Lana threw everything in a chair. When she turned around, she found her great-aunt hanging out in her room. Lucy was her only family member available to see her get married.

"Hey you," Lana said, wiping a tear from her cheek. "Glad you could make it." She realized how much she missed her family, wishing someone could've lived long enough to see her during the most important day of her life.

"I may not be the only one."

"What do you mean?"

"Don't want to spoil the surprise or disappoint you if it isn't possible. I see you came to your senses and forgot about postponing the wedding."

"I did. I couldn't let Tony down again. Not after he has waited patiently for me to set a date for over a year now."

Lucy hovered over the bench where Lana sat.

"Tony is a good man," Lucy said. "He would've understood, even though he would've also pitched a fit first."

"I know." Another tear slipped from Lana's eye. She was so nervous. "Any words of wisdom today?"

"All my words are wise." They both laughed. "Just love the man with all your heart even when he irritates the heck out of you. And mark my words, he will."

Lana sauntered over to the dressing table and finished applying her makeup. A knock sounded at the door. Lana and Lucy traded glances. "Who is it?" Lana asked.

"It's Ellie. I have a surprise for you."

Lucy waved bye, became luminous, then transparent and finally disappeared altogether.

Ellie Ramsey and her husband Dan used to be clients and had become great friends ever since Lana rid their house of Adam, an angry ghost who wanted them to leave.

"Coming!"

Ellie hugged Lana as soon as she opened the door wide enough for her to enter. "You're so beautiful. Tony is a lucky man."

"Thank you. Demi's not here yet, and I can't do a thing with my hair. Can you help me?" Lana hugged her again. "I'm so glad you're here."

"Oh, honey, you know I'll always be here for you. My family is your family. Sit over there and let me see what I can do." Ellie and Dan had named her and Tony as second godparents to their two children, Katie, and little Dan.

"You're a life saver." Lana sat at the dressing table, watching as Ellie brushed out her long hair.

"Takes one to know one. I'll always be grateful to you for helping us in our time of need."

"But that was my job."

"You went above and beyond; I'll tell you that. The best money we've ever spent, I can assure you of that. You practically saved our lives." Ellie flipped Lana's hair this way and that, pinned a curl here and there and was done in an instant. "All done. Hope this is what you like."

Every hair was in place, piled into ringlets atop her head, with wisps of curls around her neck. "You're a miracle worker. My hair has never behaved like that."

"My mom taught me a few tricks. Plus, I do Katie's hair for her piano and ballet recitals." Ellie smiled like the proud mama Lana knew her to be.

Another tear escaped Lana's eye. "I don't think I've ever missed my mom as much as I do right now."

"You can't see her? I didn't realize."

"Mom moved on many years ago, almost right away. She and Dad did stop by and tell me bye. It wasn't a complete surprise when Demi came to give me the bad news about their car accident." For a moment, Lana was lost in the grief of that night when her parents explained to her why they wouldn't be coming back home ever again.

"But I thought you could still communicate with your great aunt, and she moved on a couple of years ago."

"I can't explain that one, but for some reason Lucy is able to come and go as she pleases. She won't tell me how she manages it."

"Well, are you set? Do you have all the essentials?" Ellie asked her.

Lana twisted around on the stool so she could speak with Ellie face to face. "What do you mean?"

"Something borrowed, something new, something old, and something blue."

"My dress is new; I have on a blue garter. I have my mother's bracelet, but I don't have anything borrowed."

Ellie pulled out a gorgeous diamond necklace from her purse. "Wear this."

"It's amazing. But I couldn't. That must've cost a fortune."

"It's very old. It was my great grandmother's." Ellie held out her hand with the necklace.

Lana pushed her hand away and shook her head. "No way. I might lose it."

"Don't be silly," Ellie said, handing it to her again. "I'll get it back right after the service."

"Make sure you don't forget because I can't promise I'll remember. Can you put it on for me?"

Lana turned around and Ellie latched the necklace at the nape of her neck. "It's more beautiful on you."

"I doubt that but thank you so much. This is a wonderful surprise."

Ellie smiled. "But that's not the surprise. That's just a bonus."

Confused, Lana cocked her head to one side. "What do you mean? What do you have up your sleeve?"

"Remember? You told me you were walking down the aisle alone."

"Yes. I'm okay with that, really," Lana assured her.

"Well, with a little arm twisting, Dan volunteered to escort you."

Lana immediately said, "You shouldn't have forced him to agree to that."

Ellie placed her hands on each of Lana's shoulders. "Have you completely lost your mind? When has anyone forced that husband of mine to do anything he didn't want to do? I was only kidding about the arm twisting. I just asked him, and he said it would be good practice for when Katie got married. He almost fainted from that thought, though." Ellie laughed nervously, appearing to be a bit frightful of Katie marrying as well.

Lana hugged her. "You're a great friend, and so is Dan."

"Yeah, yeah, yeah. Oh, here's Demi now, and she's already dressed." Demi had been Lana's best friend since childhood and a Charleston Police Detective, who helped her with some of her special cases from time to time.

Demi rushed into the room. "So sorry I'm late, but Tesh had last minute orders for me. He's planning a vacation and leaves tomorrow. It's the first one he's taken in years, and he's like a long-tailed cat in a room full of rocking chairs." She laughed.

Lana hugged her. "No problem. Ellie helped me with my hair and that was all I needed. Plus, Lucy was here with a pep talk." Lana splayed her hand over the necklace. "See what Ellie let me borrow? Just for the day," she quickly added.

"That's gorgeous, and so is your hair. You're lucky Ellie was here instead of me, or you'd been wearing a ponytail or a bun."

"Don't be silly. You also do a mean braid." Her gaze traveled over her friend from head to toe and said, "Model!"

Demi made a full sweeping turn.

"That pale-yellow dress looks terrific on you. It is definitely your color," Lana said.

Demi's dark brown, almost black eyes twinkled with pride against a sandy-amber complexion, tawny and smooth. She wore her normally curly black hair swept up above her ears with baby's-breath pinned on one side. She was gorgeous.

Ellie interrupted, "Let's go or we're going to be late. Dan is waiting in the hallway outside the sanctuary. I'll drop you both with him and stand at the door, so they'll know it's time to start. Then I'll quickly make a dash for my seat. Y'all ready?"

Lana entwined her arms through theirs – both firm but one a red-ochre and the other slightly tanned. Her two best friends – one from childhood and the other new but just as strong. She felt so lucky to have them both with her on this day. Lana took a deep breath and said, "Let's do this." She smiled. "It's now or never, right?"

"You said it," Demi agreed.

"We're off," Ellie added.

ROMANTIC SUSPENSE & ROMANTIC MYSTERY NOVELS

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In *Suspicious Minds*, Natalie Southard is trying to keep her family business out of the hands of a known crime boss, Nick DeMarco. Ryan Donatelli is out to avenge the death of his sister, and he's not above using Natalie to do it. [Read More](#) | [Excerpt](#)

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In *Duty or Truth*, (Book 4) of the *Style & Profile Series*, Kara, a widowed mother of a teenage daughter, has always struggled with the loss of her husband, Jeremy, who was killed in action in Afghanistan. When her late husband's best friend and godfather to her daughter, Ian McCray, returns to Larch Rise as a detective with the local police department, old wounds are reopened.

LANA MALLOY PARANORMAL MYSTERY SERIES

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In the *Lana Malloy Paranormal Mystery Series*, Lana Malloy is a psychic, private investigator who is on a mission to help the dearly departed even when they don't realize they need help.

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In *Christmas Cruise* (Book 4), Lana boards a cruise ship haunted by dead women who were brutally murdered. While aboard the ship Lana has an experience that mentally injures her. Once she recovers, she’s more determined than ever to find the killer. [Read More](#) | [Excerpt](#)

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

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Kim Cox, writes fun, action-packed cozy paranormal mystery novellas, and spine-tingling romantic suspense novels with fast-paced suspense and tender, yet passionate love stories. Her characters are fresh, humorous, and gutsy.

She's best known for her Lana Malloy Paranormal Mystery series. Lana helps the haunted as well as the ghosts haunting them--an investigator for the unusual.

Kim lives in the Blue Ridge Mountains with her Chainsaw Artist husband and their fur babies. She has two sons and two grandsons. All boys . . . ahem, men.

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