

Damsel in a Dress Deleted Scene

Kirsten Weiss

I stared at the jumbled shoes at the bottom of my closet. I *knew* I had a pair of impractical heels that would (mostly) match my bridesmaid dress. But they weren't in my closet.

I grimaced. *The chest*. The chest of things I hardly used but couldn't bear to throw away. Considering the size of my apartment, I guess it was good it was only *one* chest.

I stepped inside the closet and dragged the chest from its dark recesses. It was one of those heavy-duty plastic jobs, with a padlock on one end. Naturally, I'd long forgotten the combination. Fortunately, the other end was lock-free. I lifted the free side and exhaled. The shoes were on top. I wouldn't have to go rummaging.

I lifted them out, and my gaze fell upon a single child's swim flipper.

That summer.

I'd had chicken pox and had missed my chance to go to camp with my brother and sister. In a fit of insanity, my parents had rented a house in Tahoe for two weeks. They'd allowed me to bring Harper and Adele.

That summer. The pine woods in the morning and the beach in the day and the woods again at night. It was an era when parents didn't worry about children being taken. And if we broke an arm, we got a cast and moved on. (None of us did break an arm, though I suspect there were a few skinned knees).

I don't remember the game we'd invented, but I remember running surefooted by moonlight, around manzanita and across rocks and dried pine needles. The high deck of the cabin we'd rented became our spaceship, and I do remember its entry and exit were by any means *except* the steps. And I remembered the sense of possibility and magic.

I wished I could still see through those childish eyes. Occasionally, I can still catch glimpses. But the magic...

The real magic, of course, was our friendship. A friendship that had endured through college separations and my time overseas. And that was largely because of Adele. She cared.

Bridesmaid duties can be deadly...

Maddie Kosloski has more than wedding cake on her plate. She's managing her paranormal museum, helping her best friend Adele with wedding plans, and trying to prove that Adele's vintage wedding dress is most definitely not haunted.

But when a bridesmaid turns up murdered, Maddie has to solve the crime to save the wedding. As her bouquet of suspects grows, and everyone's alibis have the ring of truth, Maddie begins to doubt this wedding will go off without a hitch.

If you love laugh-out-loud mysteries, witty heroines, and a touch of the paranormal, you'll love *Damsel in a Dress*, book 5 in the Perfectly Proper Paranormal Museum series of novels. Read this twisty cozy mystery today!

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