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They All Died Smiling

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I have other books in the paranormal and urban fantasy realms available all over the web, including Amazon and Smashwords. Here is the [link to all my books on Amazon](#).

For now, please enjoy some of Kassidy's adventures...



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Sneak Peek of *They All Died Smiling*
Reluctant Demon Hunter, Book 1

Prologue

Allison shouldered her heavy backpack and checked to be sure she had left nothing behind in her haste. No trace of her presence remained. Not even a footprint. She had told her college roommate she was visiting her parents for the weekend and told her family she was on a Christian mission trip to New Mexico. Nobody knew of her plans, so they couldn't come looking for her.

She used a stick to erase anything resembling a sign and took care to clear any debris. This was the only way to win her reward, and she had indeed planned perfectly. What a beautiful place to make her Freedom Journey!

Allison giggled with excitement. Her moment had come at last. She could hardly wait! The songs of a thousand birds echoed her joy. "I'm free!" she shouted. She hadn't felt this good in years. The mountaintop invited her—called to her with sweet promise.

She walked in regal, measured steps toward the ridge at first, but then she reconsidered. *I can't turn this into something rigid like graduation with pomp and circumstance.* Giggling, she raced toward the summit and with it, the pinnacle of her life. The spectacular view of pink and golden rays of sunlight streaming through a hole in dark grey clouds lit her way like the Star of Bethlehem. The image made her laugh with joy. "Thank you, Jesus; I'm free!" She cried as she leapt over the edge.

Again she yelled "I'm free!" and listened to the sound bounce off the mountains and return to her as she hurtled toward the rocky ground below. How good the whoosh of air felt as it whipped her mousy blonde hair around her tan face and then straight up toward the heavens. It tugged playfully at her eyelashes, making her laugh.

Allison's stomach turned a flip-flop like it always did on a roller coaster. She felt giddy and at peace. *Best decision ever.* "Free! Free! Free!" She shouted and laughed her way down the nine-hundred foot drop until the impact brought her cry of freedom to an abrupt end, taking her laughter and her life.

Her bones shattered against the unyielding mountainside before the echo of her triumphant cries had d into memory. Like a sacrificial offering, her lifeblood dripped down the rocks into the stream, tinting it crimson, diluting her essence.

The mountains echoed her shouts around the hollows and among the trees long after she died.

Jan frowned at the pale band of skin around her tanned ring finger, where her wedding ring used to be. A tear fell on the physical mark of her divorce. "I tried so hard to be a good wife to you. I kept myself in good shape. Why? Ron, why did you leave me?" She never used to talk out loud to herself, but ever since he left and she lived alone, she decided it didn't matter. *Who cares if the neighbors hear me and think I'm crazy?*

"I've got to get myself together," She poured a glass of wine and pulled a bag of pretzels from the cupboard. "At least I bought pretzels instead of chips so I don't put on another five pounds." She sighed in disgust at herself and considered giving up men permanently. Maybe she was just over-reacting, but lately, it seemed like everyone around her was breaking up. Ron had found a tasty tart half his age. *Well, that might be exaggerating.* Ron was only thirty-three and his tart was in college studying fashion merchandising. Jan held a pretzel stick in her teeth and considered taking up smoking again but remembered how hard it had been to quit the first time. *Maybe I'll light the end of the pretzel just to shake things up a bit.*

The computer beeped and whirred to life. The old PC was acting as sluggish as Jan felt. She logged into the Healing Your Broken Heart website to read the latest posts. Going there always made her feel better. It gave her hope that maybe she could get over Ron one day and give up thoughts of smoking or eating an entire can of Pringles in one night.

She read the letter from Sondra, who had inspired her so much over the past few weeks:

Dearest sisters,

I am finally at peace. I'm about to make my Freedom Journey, so this is my last post ever. Soon I will put my broken heart experience behind me and be healed.

It has been a long journey, one I could not have undertaken without you, my dear sisters. Thank you for your loving support.

For those of you who are afraid you'll never be whole--never be free--I felt that way for a long time. Mandy's book helped me so much, but if you ever get the chance to go through a counseling session with her, do it. She is truly a gift. By His divine Grace, with her help, I am healed.

Trust and believe you can be free from the pain of a broken heart. I used to think I would never be happy again, but thanks to Mandy, all that has changed. You'll be just like me one day. Now I will never stop smiling.

Love,
Sondra

Jan rested her elbows on the desk and cried into her hands. Tomorrow would be her chance to have a private session with Mandy. Then maybe she

could be like Sondra and all the others who felt whole again.

Julie held her breath as she opened the envelope from Tippin Ministries with trembling hands. Had she won a ticket? Or was this going to be the latest in her ongoing string of disappointments? Since Charles dumped her six months ago, everything in her life had gone downhill. Nothing ever went right for her anymore and she just couldn't make herself get over the pain and loss so she could move on to a fresh start. This envelope was either her turning point or more evidence that happiness was a hoax.

Unfolding the letter with closed eyes, afraid to read the truth, she offered a silent prayer. She filled her lungs, opened her eyes, and started reading.

Congratulations, you're going to see best-selling author Mandy Tippin LIVE in Chicago on Tuesday, November 12...

Waving the letter like a flag of triumph, she squealed and danced around the room. "I'm in! I'm in!" She could hardly wait to see Mandy in person. Finally her luck was changing for the better. This would be the best moment of her life.

She pulled out her cell and dialed. "Kass? Kass, you're not going to believe this!"

From Chapter 1

Bulldog Bob stopped and pointed at me. "Spence."

I gave him that secret nickname because of his big jowls and four chins. Any chair he used squalled in protest. He hooked his finger in a 'come here' gesture and went into his office, expecting me to be at his heels, wagging my tail, panting on his every precious word.

With him, I never knew what to expect. But then, nobody else did either. He always scowled and barked orders, so I could be getting fired, scolded, praised or promoted. Impossible to tell until whatever it was happened.

Note to self. Never ever call him Bulldog Bob to his face.

"A woman died in the River. Nobody more experienced around. Go." He handed me a piece of paper and turned his attention to the computer. Code for dismissed.

The Chicago River made the miracle of walking on water seem possible. Thick and filthy, it was hard to imagine someone drowning in it.

"She couldn't walk along the chunks in it and save herself?" I calculated the commute time and stayed put.

Bob grunted and kept typing. "Good one, Spence. When do you open at Second City?"

"Next week, if I keep getting assignments like this." I've never been to the legendary comedy club, which was on my list of places to visit. In the audience, not as a comedian.

The typing paused, then resumed. "You're still standing there."

"You're observant this morning. Must've had your coffee."

"Deadline is in two hours, so you'd better get a move on." He snapped twice.

Woof.

It would take me most of that time to commute if I had to take the bus. "Keys." I held my palm out for them.

He shook his head. "No way."

"Bob, you're giving me a two hour deadline. I don't have a car here and I don't know the city. You have a Garmen, so I can get there and back in almost enough time to write half an article for you."

"Nothin' doin'. I've seen how you park."

"I practiced," I lied. Nobody ever has to parallel park in the Ozarks.

He stood and loomed over me, jowls swaying. "One scratch and you're dead. Hear me? Not just fired. D. E. A. D. Dead."

"Gee, thanks for the lesson. I always wondered how to spell that word."

He grunted and tossed me the keys.

"See you in a couple of hours." After Pa and then Aunt Beck's houseful of boys, it took a whole lot more than blubber wagging in my face to intimidate me.

I hate city driving. At the river, I peeled my clenched hands off the steering wheel. Now for that parallel parking challenge. It only took me three tries to get his car more or less where it belonged. I pulled change out of the ashtray to feed the parking meter. No reason I should use my own coins to go on assignment.

These money-hungry machines were new to me. They don't have meters or street parking in the country. Lining up with a curb without touching bumpers was among those skills I had managed to master just well enough to pass my driving test, thanks to some of my city-born friends at college. This wasn't a stellar parking job, but it was within the bounds of legal, so it would have to do for now. Otherwise I'd spend the whole time scooting back and forth clear through my deadline.

Reporters at crime scenes are as welcome as ants at a picnic, but I've discovered that a smile and a southern accent melted most tough cops well enough to let me do my job, as long as I didn't get in their way. If all else failed, I could toss my long chestnut hair and widen my eyes a little. That usually worked. Seeing the cops in question made me reassess my plans. The country charm routine never worked on crusty ole Darrell.

I had forgotten. This was Tom and Darrell's beat and they were at the scene. Darrell, tall black, and burly, could look at a criminal and make him squirm. Heck, he could make me squirm, and I wasn't doing anything wrong either time I met him. Tom looked tiny in comparison but stood five-foot nine. All muscle. He had never developed the donut gut of so many of Chicago's finest. The penchant of police officers for donut shops had reached the esteemed status of legend. Every Chicagoan who left the place of their birth felt an obligation to tell everyone around them about cops and donut shops in the Windy City. They did the same back home too, so it was probably just a cop thing.

Darrell had both muscles and the donut gut. He looked like he wanted to knock me into the river. His expression reminded me of one of those Boxing Opponent Bags with a scowling, Someone's Gonna Die Here face.

"Mornin' Darrell." The charm would probably never work on him, but I would keep trying. The hair toss was definitely out of the question though. I took a camera out of my bag.

His brows lowered to form a shelf over dark brown eyes. He stalked close to me and brandished bright yellow crime tape in a clear "keep away" gesture.

I ignored the look and balanced on my toes to see the body. The bloated woman wore faded Levis jeans, a Chicago Black Hawks fleece sweatshirt, and athletic shoes, all covered in river sludge. Greenish-blond hair, courtesy of her stay underwater, hung in chunks over her swollen, smiling face. That meant she had drowned hours ago and was just discovered.

Did drowned people smile? Strange.

Her clothes held onto water like a redneck gripping a beer. The poor woman had swollen so much those Levis looked painted onto her body. They'd have to be cut off her. The button had popped, either from the swelling or from the efforts of the frogs who recovered her.

Darrell ran a line of danger tape in front of me. Tom shot pictures with a Canon digital camera and didn't notice me until Crusty growled, "This is a crime scene, not a press conference."

Good sense told me to put away the camera for now, but I was not about to leave the scene.

Someone in a slimy wetsuit climbed out of the river and slid his face mask up over his head. "Sure was fun pulling her out of the water." His sarcasm and frigid water dripped onto the ground.

I looked past the crime tape at the woman's face. Either she died smiling or drowning made her look happy. How could that be? The expression on her lifeless face unsettled me. It was just plain wrong.

Tom snapped at least a dozen pictures of various parts of her body before zooming in to shoot her face. "That is the weirdest thing I have ever seen." He rocked back on his heels and stared.

"Could being underwater somehow make her smile like that?" I doubted it could be a function of drowning, but I had to admit I didn't have any real knowledge or experience on the subject.

"I don't think so." He scanned me like he wanted to eat me for lunch. "Nice to see you, Kass, but why do we always meet over a crime scene?"

"Probably because that's where our jobs most often collide." My pulse quickened. He was one of those cops who worked out like it was a religion. Best of all, his smile lit his whole face. His gorgeous brown eyes swept over me from top to bottom. He quickly shifted on his feet and looked away.

I'm a size sixteen on a good day, and while I exercise, I won't appear on the cover of any fitness magazines. I enjoyed his appreciation. Clearly my body had begun demonstrating its readiness to move on after Randy. The rest of me wasn't so sure. Stick to business, Kass. Ponder whether or not it's time to think of dating anyone or not later.

"We'll have to try for a coffee shop or even better, an Italian restaurant sometime."

Don't look at his incredibly fit body. Don't, don't, don't.

He smiled at me, awaiting a response.

Tom, you're not helping.

Darrell cleared his throat and glowered at me with hands on hips in a classic cop stance. I couldn't help but laugh.

"When I'm off duty, of course." Tom shot his partner a nasty look.

"Let's talk about that later." Standing near a bloated, grinning corpse, dating was the very last thing that should be on my mind even though we had an obvious mutual attraction. Time to get back into reporter mode. I pulled out my pad and pen.

Note from Cassidy: This is my childhood friend Russell's favorite dessert ever. He could get downright naughty about it, too, but you'll find out about that in the book. I used to make this when I worked for the local bakery in high school, and for the family all the time.

Kassidy's Cherry Cobbler

You can use whatever fruit you like, and you'll need four cups. I don't add sugar to the fruit, but if yours is tart, you could consider adding a half cup of sugar, agave or honey. Here's the recipe.

Ingredients:

- 4 cups frozen sweet cherries or your favorite fruit

- OPTIONAL: A teaspoon of spice. For cherries, I use nutmeg. For peaches, a half teaspoon of ginger is great.
- 1 cup all-purpose flour
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar
- 1 teaspoon baking powder
- 1 teaspoon kosher salt
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk
- 4 tablespoons (1/2 stick) unsalted butter, melted
- 1 tablespoon cornstarch
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup boiling water

Preheat oven to 325 degrees.

Spread fruit in a nine inch square pan, and if you're using cinnamon, nutmeg, or some other spice, sprinkle that over top.

Use a medium bowl to mix the flour, one half cup of the sugar, baking powder and a half teaspoon of salt.

Add the milk and melted butter and combine well. Pour batter evenly over fruit.

Now in a small bowl, combine the cornstarch, remaining salt and sugar. Sprinkle over cobbler.

Evenly pour boiling water over the dessert.

Bake until bubbly, about an hour. If you're wondering about the cornstarch and boiling water, this method gives juicy fruit, a tender crust and a bit of crunch on top, because of the cornstarch.

Serve with real whipped cream or vanilla or cinnamon ice cream.

At the time of writing this Sneak Peek, the book is not yet available. Watch for *They All Died Smiling: Reluctant Demon Hunter Saga, Book 1* published by The Wild Rose Press!

Publisher Website: <http://TheWildRosePress.com>

Amazon: www.Amazon.com/author/rondadelboccio

Would you be willing to do me a quick favor?

If you're like me, some of your friends and/or family enjoy the same types of books you do. Don't you?

And I bet you can think of at least 1 right now, can't you?

And you most likely talk about the stories you like, right?

That's how we avid readers roll. We love sharing books, talking about

the characters, and speculating about what might happen in the next book in the series.

If you enjoyed this sneak peek, chances are excellent that some of your friends are would love to know about it.

Would you be willing to do I a favor and please send them to the link to get their own copy of this Sneak Peek of *They all Died Smiling*?

That link is www.subscribepage.com/tads

HANK YOU in advance!

As my way of thanking you ...

TURN THE PAGE

For a bonus story excerpt from *A Tasty Morsel*, one of my paranormal fantasy novellas.

UNANNOUNCED BONUS:

Excerpt of *A Tasty Morsel* *A Humorous New Adult Paranormal Fantasy*

First - The Story BEHIND the Story

I live in the Ozarks, which is a beautiful area populated with fun hillbilly/redneck characters, tourists from all over, and, in my imagination at least, a host of undead, immortal, mystical and mythical beings. Oh who am I kidding? They're real!

I set this story at one of my very favorite places, Dogwood Canyon. When I was taking a tour, our guide said someone had just discovered a cave hidden in the rocky hillside. My storyteller's brain went into hyperdrive immediately. I thought, what if someone discovered a vampire in that cave? This story was born. It is the first of a collection of connected tales you will see from me.

Thanks for reading, and I hope you enjoy the nibble of *A Tasty Morsel*, available exclusively on Amazon.

Throbbing pain woke her. She shivered and wondered where she was until her mind cleared enough to recount the events that had caused her to be in the hidden vault within the cave. She reached up and felt her head. Dried blood covered a jagged cut. "Why isn't there more blood from this?" Head wounds tended to be among the messiest. She sat slowly, cradling her pounding head.

Memory of the moving dead man gave her a snowball-frigid feeling in the pit of her stomach. She looked between tousled strands of hair at a man-shaped mark on the floor where the porcelain stranger had been. "No. I must be imagining things..." Ignoring the throbs of pain, she crawled to the spot where he had lain. Snail slow, she reached out a finger and touched the dry ground. "At least I'm not seeing things."

Maybe she was not intellectually sound after that knock on the head. "Unless I'm suffering from concussion and don't know any better. Let's see... I'm Ellie Mae Harris. It's Tuesday, and the president is Obama." Pleased to have passed the severe-brain-injury tests, she dug in her backpack for painkiller and her bottle of water. "Of course, there's nobody here to ask if I'm right about all that... but I think I am." She laughed at herself. "I certainly haven't lost the habit of talking out loud to myself. I'll take that as a good sign. Beats the alternative."

She leaned against a cool, moist stalagmite, closed her eyes and waited anxiously for the meds to make her head stop hammering. Waiting

for pain to abate was about as useful as watching a pot of water come to a boil, so she began considering what might have happened to Porcelain Man.

How could anyone staked through the heart find the strength to move? No doubt he had gone to search for food. Ellie dug in her pack again. She always carried a protein bar and some trail mix because her work often kept her in the field for hours. He had not disturbed her pack.

"I wish he would have taken my food instead of climbing down. Good thing he didn't decide to eat me." Her nervous laugh bounced around the cave in search of the previous one.

She fingered the jagged cut again and wondered how she had managed to shed so little blood. The thought that maybe he lapped it up like a hungry hound crossed her mind, but she dismissed that chill thought with a shiver. "Ellie, you've read too many horror stories."

How long had she been unconscious? Had he already made his way to the ground? She would go look when her head had stopped imitating a whirling dervish. Remembering the man's dead eyes looking at her made her wonder, "Did the conk on the head knock me out, or did I actually pass out from fear? I'm not the squeamish type." She shivered again and wrapped her arms around herself. "But that was the creepiest thing I have ever seen in my life! Right out of a Dean Koontz novel."

Where was the skewered stranger now, and what should she do if he came back? More pressing was the thought that she had to get herself out of the cave. "If I tell anyone I saw an un-decomposed dead man get up and walk out of the cave, nobody will believe me. They'll lock me up." When she felt steady enough, she would hug the rock face like a lover and get herself to the ground.

Anxious to escape the horror novel scene, Ellie got to her feet and tested her balance. "Good. No more dizziness and I'm fairly steady." Maybe it was adrenaline, but she decided to leave the chamber and go to the cave mouth to peer over the edge. She paused at the panel that had opened the stony door and wondered whether to close it. A muffled animal sound from below – perhaps an elk? – caught her attention.

Leaving the panel and door as they were, she walked to the vertical slit that served as the cave mouth, knelt and peered into the moonlit night. A large shape lay on the ground below

"If that is an elk, what's it doing in this part of Dogwood Canyon?" The large animal preserve was almost two miles away. "I'd better get down there."

She knew full well she should not scale the rocks after hitting her head but didn't feel she had a choice. "I'll take it slowly this time." Normally she climbed like a mountain goat, but with the injury and no spotter, she didn't want to take any unnecessary chances. Following her own sound advice, she embraced the rocks like a lover as fingers and toes hungrily sought each new crevice.

Although at first the experienced climber heeded her own advice to proceed with care, anxiety hastened her probing steps.

"Mira, wait! I shall come for you."

The side of a cliff is a bad place to be startled. She told herself a split-second too late to lean forward and hold on. As the softly lit mountainside zoomed past, she tried to catch hold.

"Fear not. I shall catch you!"

Fear not? What century is this guy from, and why do I care at this moment as I plummet to the rock-strewn ground?

The person attached to the voice was as good as his word. He caught her in an indelicate yet effective manner, with one arm around her chest and the other between her parted legs.

Ellie landed with a startled "Oh!" She looked over her shoulder to see the pale face of the stranger. Still in his grasp, she writhed and kicked at him.

The man laughed. "Feisty as ever, Mira."

"Put me down!"

"How can I set you on your feet when you are thrashing like a beast?"

Ellie stopped fighting his steady grip. "Good point. Now get your hand out of my crotch."

"If you wish me to catch you more delicately, next time you might consider landing more artfully."

His ethereal laugh made her shiver. "Funny. Wordy, but funny."

The man took his hand from between her legs but wrapped it around her and pressed her to him with frightening ferocity. "My beloved, I thought I would never again see you."

Gasping for breath in his tight embrace, Ellie reached back and grabbed his privates while trying without effect to stomp on his instep. Though considering that her feet dangled above the ground, it was no surprise that she could not find his tender instep. Hearing her gasp, the undead stranger loosened his grip. She gulped air. He should have screamed in agony when she squeezed his manhood.

Laughter poked through his words, "Now I am forced to make the same request of you that you recently made of me."

"Why aren't you screaming in pain?"

"Were I still a mortal man, surely I would be wailing like a babe by now."

Wailing like a babe? "What do you mean WHEN you were mortal? And why do you keep calling me Mira?"

"Release me, and then I shall set you gently on your feet, and after that we can discuss our identities like civilized people."

Ellie snatched back her hand and blushed. "Sorry." But she wasn't. Not only the fall and timely catch quickened her heart. The lilt of his voice, for sure, but that wasn't all.

He set her down gently as promised and turned her to face him. "Now, it must have been a long time since our last tryst, but do you not remember me?"

"Our last tryst?" The look of love and longing she saw in his face nearly made her weep. Too bad I'm not Mira. He must have worshipped her. "I am not Mira, and I have no idea who you are," other than an incredibly handsome man with skin pale as death. Who I have the hots for. Ack, this isn't like me. She reached out a tentative hand and pressed it to his heart, but did not feel it beating. Her stomach knotted as her own pulse quickened with mingled fear and desire.

He studied her from head to toe, reached out and touched her nylon multiple pocket vest. "Pray tell me, dear lady, what year this is."

Her eyes widened. *Pray tell me?* Maybe he hit his head. "Two-thousand seven." She could feel color drain from her face.

"I believe I have been indisposed for a very long time."

"Indisposed?" She remembered the stake through his heart. "How long?"

He passed a hand over his eyes. "My memory is foggy, you see." He cocked his head. "I suppose you could not be Mira, but the resemblance is uncanny."

"Never mind Mira. Who are you? And how did you get into the cave? And what about that stake through your heart? And what's this about not being mortal anymore."

Download A Tasty Morsel and see all my books, go to www.Amazon.com/author/rondadelboccio

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About Ronda Del Boccio



Ever since I was a toddler, I've told stories. I made up skits and plays while playing with my stuffed animals, all with no involvement from my parents. I could entertain myself for hours! At that young age, I wanted to have a way to catch those stories and keep them in a treasure box.

As a "legally blind" child (meaning a girl with very poor eyesight), I received daily torturous bullying, because I had to hold books up to my eye in order to read (still do), because I was fat, and because I saw the world so very differently from other children.

How grateful I am for all these experiences—yes, the blindness and the bullying too--because they gifted me compassion, perseverance, and boundless creativity. Since I have to adapt everything I do compared with how a fully sighted person would do it, my ability to "think on my feet" and be innovative is amazing.

Books and stories became my best friends. I became a voracious reader and an avid writer of stories. I wrote articles and then became the editor of our school paper in 8th grade. At my high school, I started writing Doctor Who fan fiction, poems and fantasy stories.

A few of my poems and stories made it into journals, newspapers and magazines. Then for quite a while, I didn't write much of anything.

Ah, the soul of the storyteller is my nature, and writing is how I follow my bliss. So I decided to dedicate many enjoyable hours to writing and bringing my creations into the world so YOU can enjoy them.

Now I laugh every day, because the "you're so weird" qualities about which kids teased me during those 12 years of torture known as school are now my livelihood. Oh, how I LOVE my 1-minute commute past the coffee pot (to get coffee).

Let's get acquainted! I'd love to know more about you and the stories you enjoy most. Please visit my website WriteOnPurpose.com for more magical adventures.

Read my other books on Amazon amazon.com/author/rondadelboccio

Connect with Ronda

I LOVE getting to know my readers. Let's get acquainted! Here are a few of the places where we can connect.

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