

HOME
IN PRESTON
HOLLOW

a novel
J. K. Bozeman

Jennifer is dawdling in Paris avoiding the pain of her father's demise with ALS when she receive a curt email that he's dead. Home in Dallas she learns he was possibly murdered and has left most of his estate to a handsome new neighbor.

HOME in PRESTON HOLLOW

By J. K. Bozeman

Order the book from the publisher [BookLocker.com](https://www.booklocker.com)

<https://www.booklocker.com/p/books/12825.html?s=pdf>

**or from your favorite neighborhood
or online bookstore.**

HOME
IN PRESTON
HOLLOW

a novel

J. K. Bozeman

Copyright © 2023 J.K. Bozeman

Ebook ISBN: 979-8-88531-308-7

Print ISBN: 978-1-958877-30-2

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, recording or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the author.

Published by BookLocker.com, Inc., Trenton, Georgia.

Printed on acid-free paper.

The characters and events in this book are fictitious. Any similarity to real persons, living or dead, is coincidental and not intended by the author.

Library of Congress Cataloguing in Publication Data

Bozeman, J.K.

HOME in PRESTON HOLLOW by J.K. Bozeman

Library of Congress Control Number: 2022915204

BookLocker.com, Inc.

2023

First Edition

Your father is dead. Come home as soon as possible.

Tom Collins

Imagine my shock reading such a blunt email after midnight, coming in from a night of celebrating Friday with friends in a touristy dive on the rue de la Huchette.

So curt and tactless that, after the initial shock, the first emotion I can recall was resentment toward Tom, the groundskeeper, whose last name I hadn't yet learned

I probably held some latent resentment because I knew how much Dad had been depending on him during my long inexcusable absence.

I responded in a similarly terse manner:

Please confirm: John Wesley McAllister?

Jennifer

I admit my pique – I can't call it anything stronger – with my boyfriend Guillaume was probably coloring my response.

Entertaining such petty emotions was possibly a defense against the full force of the recognition that I had lost the mainstay of my life, the most loving, generous and supportive father I could have ever hoped to have.

Dad had been diagnosed with ALS (amyotrophic lateral sclerosis, Lou Gehrig's disease) nearly three years ago, and I had learned enough

about the disorder to know it would continue to reduce his muscle control and strength until it proved fatal.

With his encouragement, I had convinced myself he still had several years left.

I couldn't call home to confirm the email because my cell had been grabbed by street creeps.

Paris had escaped the grip of COVID-19, but a few people were still wearing masks and two hoodlums had taken advantage of the relative absence of police near the Sorbonne and wrested my backpack from me. Fortunately my passport and laptop weren't in it.

Gui, the man I had been dating for nearly two years, had gone to Bordeaux to set up a web site for a winery. He hadn't invited me along. I probably wouldn't have gone because he had assured me it was a rush job and he would be working most of the time, but he could have asked.

He had tried to call my cell several times, and by the time I reached him on the concierge's phone, instead of showing concern for my well-being, he lectured me about being more careful.

I probably don't need to expand on the petty sensitivities we can be susceptible to in the bewildering struggle between the sexes. I mention this trying to give you some idea of where my mind was and why I might have had more than usual to drink that night.

I booked a flight on-line to Dallas-Ft. Worth.

It was early evening in Dallas, but Tom hadn't responded.

Not everyone is glued to the Internet 24/7, but I felt such a significant event deserved immediate attention and a prompt response.

My flight didn't depart from De Gaulle until 11:30am, so I felt I had plenty of time. While I waited for a response from Tom I picked out what I would wear on the flight and packed a few clothes.

Much of my wardrobe is black, mostly because of my mother, who was on my mind.

I still haven't fully assimilated her death. She had insisted I preserve my fair skin by avoiding the sun and wearing sun-screen.

The American preference for tanned blondes, is even more pronounced in Dallas, but I'm vain enough to think black suits one of my more valuable assets – and, of course, it's slimming.

I can never sleep on a flight, so I lay down to get a little rest, leaving my laptop on to signal a response.

I awoke with a start a little after nine, alarmed and guilty I had slept so long and soundly. My laptop was dead, and I let myself panic, caught up in the urgency many of us let contemporary culture impose.

I was a little hung over and still peeved with Gui, decided not to contact him, imagining how surprised and possibly hurt he would be when he discovered I had left without so much as a brief email or message on his voice mail. That would give me the opportunity to say he seemed to care so little about me I doubted he would want to be disturbed by something so trivial – meant, of course, to prompt assurances of his concern, possibly even his love.

I stopped to say goodbye to Monsieur Poulain, who opened the upper half of his Dutch door with his usual look of drowsy annoyance. I resisted the urge to insist that, other than the recent replacement of my key and the brief use of his telephone, I had never been any trouble and resented being treated like a nuisance. I simply said, “*Mon père est mort. J'y vais à Dallas.*”

He probably speaks English well enough, but seems to deliberately have a hard time understanding me regardless of the language I use. I didn't need his simulated sympathy, and I was too aggrieved by his

slights to ask him to call for a taxi, though I knew it would take longer for me to hail one on the street.

By the time I managed to get one to stop I was in full sulk, and I imagined my icy silence was repaying the driver in kind for the *sang-froid* I should have appreciated.

At the airport I gave him an adequate tip and a cold look, muttering to myself that too many French men need to get over themselves.

An older American woman who had already had more than enough to drink had the aisle seat. I remained polite in telling her I had been studying in Paris and was flying home for a visit.

I didn't mention my father's death. I found myself rationalizing that I might find the email was just a coincidence. Both Tom and Collins are common names, and Collins might not be the caretaker's last name. There are billions of email addresses, hundreds of them similar to mine. Some unknown Tom had transposed a couple of letters.

If fate spared me, I promised I would be a more loving and attentive daughter. I would visit more often, learn to accept the deterioration of his body, listen more attentively, get over my irritation with his increasingly grotesque laughter...

I felt like a zombie getting off that ten-hour direct flight, numb with exhaustion, the instability of the passageway between plane and terminal making my legs feel weak and wobbly.

I wasn't suffering my usual sense of insignificance and isolation I experience in most modern airports. I know DFW Airport well enough to wend my way out to catch a cab.

JENNIFER McALLISTER seemed to suddenly zoom into focus in neat black block letters on a placard held by an exceptionally attractive young man, and he was smiling in recognition.

I was stunned by this undeniable confirmation that Dad was dead. How else could anyone have anticipated my arrival on that flight?

Why else would this handsome young man with vivid blue eyes and welcoming smile be there? My bargaining with fate, promising to be a better, more attentive, more loving daughter had been in vain.

“I’m Jase. Jason Allen.”

I was scolding myself for not having made more effort to make myself more attractive as I took his out-held hand and felt its pleasant warmth. I recalled having heard Dad say “Jase” several times during our recent conversations, had assumed he was speaking to a nurse or caretaker, but I hadn’t attached a gender to the name.

Dad’s mind had remained quick and strong, but his ability to express himself had been deteriorating until I often found him unintelligible. I had done my best to listen closely, often trying to guess what he was saying, rather than ask him to repeat or explain something.

I let Jase take my carry-on and followed him through the terminal, admiring his handsome young body, a white dress shirt accentuating his shoulders, tight black pants enhancing his slim hips, long legs slightly bowed, ample feet toed a bit outward.

I recalled Gui telling me Alexandre Dumas had told his son, “A man should have a slim foot and a thick organ.” I couldn’t help smiling to myself that while that was true of Gui – and his motive for telling me – we Americans generally ascribe a positive correlation between the size of the two appendages.

My father, the most important person in my life was dead, and I was thinking of sex and my boyfriend’s slights!

I was suddenly struck with regret for having spent too many hours with my mind engaged in the sordid swamp of modern French literature while my father suffered and died alone.

As I followed Jase through the automated doors the sultry afternoon air felt like a flush of shame and self-reproach, and I trembled, almost stumbled, might even have let myself if I had felt worthy of sympathy.

Without looking at me, my guide said, “Wait here.”

I tried to focus my mind on the more immediate consequences of Dad’s death: the arrangement of the funeral, the ordeal of making appropriate responses to those expressing consolation ... Still not much consideration of the grief and guilt I would suffer, how my life would be changed, reduced.

It took me a moment to recognize my own car, the gleaming black Mercedes coupe Dad had given me as a birthday present when I was home summer before last. I had been ungrateful, resenting an obvious inducement meant to entice me back to boring Big D.

I could hardly take my eyes off Jase. The clarity of his blue eyes and his perfect profile made me think of Alain Delon in *Plein Soleil* (English title, *Purple Noon*), the first film version of Patricia Hightower’s *The Talented Mr. Ripley*. (I had read it because she was an expatriate from Ft. Worth and I was imagining a similar course.) Alain’s vivid blue eyes, with the mind-racing-behind-them quality Matt Damon brings to the role of Tom Ripley.

When we pulled out from the terminal’s underground into the sun the stark light seemed to dispel my trance, and I felt a flush of shame for letting erotic thoughts intrude when I should be subdued by grief.

I finally thought to ask, “Who sent you?”

Without taking his eyes off the traffic, he drawled, “Tom.”

“How did you find out I was on that flight?”

“Internet.”

I supposed he had adopted the laconic cowboy persona common in Texas.

He seemed unaware I was staring at him, but I assumed such a remarkably good-looking young man was accustomed to being admired.

His hands are remarkably handsome, nails clipped close and clean. His hair is nearly the same dark brown color as mine, nearly as long, had been allowed to air dry, slight waves adding to his appearance of calm self-assurance.

The gate and the garage at the end of the drive hadn't changed, but I hardly recognized the landscape in front of the house. Jase stopped under the *port cochere* Mother had insisted on when Dad designed the house.

As I got out I saw Juanita standing in the doorway, her eyes filled with tears, and the full reality of Dad's death finally struck.

"Oh, *mi'ja*," she murmured as I surrendered to her warm motherly embrace and found myself sobbing as I hadn't since childhood.

She let me have a good cry before guiding me into the side entrance hall Dad had called the mud room because a similar one had been used for leaving muddy shoes in the farmhouse in which he had grown up.

On the right, what had once been called the game room had been further transformed into a cluttered sickroom/office, the walls crowded with photographs and paintings.

There were lamps on in the den, and I saw Ross Levine, my godfather, one of Dad's oldest and closest friends, waiting for me.

He came to me, his expression grave but reassuring and took me into his comforting embrace, as he had after Mother's death.

Over his shoulder I saw another man standing at the end of the opposite couch, his face above the lamplight, and through my tears I could form only a vague impression. He stood still and impassive, one

hand holding the other wrist over his crotch, as though protecting his genitals, his expression grave, eyes down.

“You remember Tom,” Ross assured me.

This solemn young man in a black suit, white shirt and tie bore little resemblance to the gardener I recalled in rumpled khaki shorts and sweaty T-shirt, barefoot, a baseball cap pulled down over his eyes making him look dim and a little goofy.

I found him blandly handsome, pleasantly proportioned and self-possessed – not at all the yokel against whom I had been nursing resentment because of his blunt message.

He murmured something and without raising his eyes gave me a slight bow, which seemed a bit stiff and haughty, as though he begrudged me the respect it was meant to demonstrate.

Unable to form an appropriate response, I stared at him thinking, except for his grave expression, he might have passed for a department-store mannequin.

“Sit down, darlin,” Ross urged, and I took the place where he’d been sitting, felt his warmth in the leather worn supple through years of use. I took the white handkerchief he offered and blotted my eyes and nose.

Ross sat down beside me, and Tom sat as before, opposite. Ross asked, “Did Jase tell you anything about your dad’s death?”

I suppressed the sarcasm in my response. “I think I got six words out of him.”

Ross allowed himself a chuckle. “He’s not exactly a chatterbox, but your dad was mighty fond of him.”

(“Mighty fine” had been one of Dad’s most approving phrases. Ross, who had grown up in more sophisticated Richardson, used the phrase as assurance that Dad had definitely been very fond of Jase.)

Self-reproach brought on another bout of weeping.

After I was calm again, Ross laid his hand on mine and assumed the deeper and more measured voice of a legal adviser. “Tom found his body out back, near the branch.”

The branch is what Dad called the small streambed eroded into the white limestone that marks the rear of our yard.

“Jase had gone with Tom to a rehearsal at the Bath House.”

I had been looking at Tom from the mention of his name at the beginning of Ross’s account, which seemed too careful and circuitous, unable to detect any change in his inert expression. The Bath House on the northeastern shore of White Rock Lake, a relic of the New Deal, had been renovated into an art gallery and performance space.

“He was in his wheelchair, and there was nothing unusual about him being out there enjoying the twilight. Juanita doesn’t recall having heard anything.”

I turned to Juanita, who was lingering in the doorway, and her tear-filled eyes and dismayed expression seemed to tell me more than Ross was too-slowly disclosing.

“The police found a pistol – a Smith and Wesson thirty-eight – near his feet. His fingerprints are the only ones found on it.

“The bullet entered under his chin and passed through his medulla and cerebellum. He was surely almost instantly dead.”

Ross took a deep breath to regain control of his voice, and my attention returned to Tom, who seemed even grimmer and more withdrawn, almost catatonic.

“The gun was reported taken in a burglary nearly a year ago. No one knows how it came into your dad’s possession.

“I’ve never known him to own a handgun. Tom and Jase – and Juanita – think he probably wasn’t capable of pulling the trigger.”

“No way,” Tom muttered, not raising his eyes.

“He’d lost almost all strength in his hands. Tom and Jase have been bathing him, and Jase has been feeding him.”

Painful images of Dad’s deterioration invaded my mind.

“The police think he probably held it against his chest with his right hand and steadied his right hand with his left. They’ll want to talk to you, of course.”

Why? I wanted to protest. I couldn’t imagine Dad shooting himself, couldn’t think why they might need to interrogate me.

“I can be with you, if you want me to be.”

I looked at him more closely, searching for some clue to why he thought I might need his support.

He laid his hand on mine again. “You probably know he wanted to be buried with his family out in Fairview.”

We had never discussed it, but I didn’t doubt that had been his intention.

“Unless you have some objection, Tom and I have set the burial for Saturday morning.”

That seemed too soon, but I couldn’t think of any reason for delay.

“Tomorrow evening, from five until eight, we’ll have a visitation at Sparkman-Hillcrest. You’ll be expected to attend. But if you don’t feel up to it, Monica and I will stand in for you.”

Monica is Ross’s wife, a lovely woman with whom I have always enjoyed an easy rapport, and the mention of her gave me some reassurance.

Though I couldn’t imagine anyone wanting to kill Dad, I never for half a second believed he had shot himself.

My first night back home Juanita made one of my favorite meals, tortilla soup, grilled chicken fajitas and guacamole. The delicious aroma drew me to the kitchen, where I had the first good meal I'd had in nearly a week.

Juanita and I didn't talk much – little beyond small talk about the food and her family. She's very proud of how well her grandson, Maye (two syllables, a nickname for Ismael), is doing at St. Marks. Dad had been paying his tuition.

Her son Temo (short for Cuatémoc), Dad's chauffer until Dad retired, had opened his own repair and customizing shop on Garland Road. He and Marissa had bought a larger house in Lake Highlands, though Juanita thought they didn't need the extra room, as Marissa refuses to have more children.

Juanita said when she mentions children, Marissa says, "*La familia pequeña vive mejor.*" (The small family lives better.)

I had always wanted a brother, preferably several years younger so our sibling rivalry wouldn't be too intense. Maybe even a baby sister to draw some of Mother's attention away from me.

I wandered through the house, noticing how little most of it had changed. When I was last home Dad had already made the game room into his bedroom/office because he didn't want to expend his waning strength climbing the stairs.

It had since taken on more aspects of an infirmary, except the walls were covered with photos, drawings, paintings...

Most of the paintings were unmistakably by Willis Jackson, Dad's assistant from my earliest memories and one of the most creative men I've ever known. He had passed away more than a year ago, and I had neglected to visit him when I had last been home, reluctant to find him reduced by age and heart disease.

More significant changes had been made in the adjacent restroom, a shower replacing the urinal and support bars added along the walls.

I found myself nosing through the medicine cabinet, where I found several antidepressants, including Elavil and Prozac, and a vial of Ambien. If Dad had wanted to commit suicide, he would surely have chosen the gentler form of an overdose.

In the early morning, after I had lain awake for what seemed hours, I went downstairs for the Ambien and took one.

Going back up the stairs I was ambushed by an old sorrow, which brought an insight into why I had found Dad's strangled laughter so disconcerting and let it keep me in Paris, despite the lack of anything truly positive about my life there, except the possibility of a closer relationship with my boyfriend, Guillaume .

His laughter had always been spontaneous, full of irrepressible pleasure, but it had lost those qualities and become distressing evidence of how the ALS was destroying him, stirred up the painful memory of the most traumatic day of my life:

I had been running up the stairs when I heard Dad, who rarely raised his voice, shouting, "You and your goddamn vanity!"

I had frozen, knowing he was yelling at Mother – the first and only time ever in my experience – but I was unable to imagine what could have caused him such anger and distress.

Though I can't adequately describe it, I will never forget his face when he found me there, his anguish contorting to remorse.

He opened his arms, and I threw myself into their refuge, can still feel his stifled sobs and hear his murmured, "I'm so sorry you heard that, angel." (He hadn't called me angel in years.) "Forgive me. But I love your mother so much."

He yielded to grief, sobbing and rocking me gently, and I gave myself up to sympathetic sorrow, though I had no idea what had triggered his rage.

Later that afternoon, Juanita, already my standby mother, sat me down at the kitchen table, and, her eyes welling over with tears, told me Mother had breast cancer that had spread into her lungs and bones.

The weight of that death sentence grew in my mind, and with it a burden of grief and guilt I still feel as I write this.

I woke before dawn, but recalling my loss, did my best to withdraw back into the refuge of sleep and didn't drag myself out of bed until nearly ten.

Juanita had coffee, orange juice and a plate of fruit ready for me. Knowing how I'm always a little grumpy first thing in the morning, even under the best circumstances, she said very little as she made toast and scrambled two eggs.

The doorbell rang, and she went to answer it, returned to say it was the police and she had asked them to wait in the living room. I finished the eggs and gulped down another cup of coffee, trying to imagine anything relevant I might have to tell them about Dad's death.

A young uniformed officer and a woman approaching middle-age were sitting opposite each other, both having taken the nearer end of the two facing couches. They stood as I entered.

She was tall and slim, with remarkably good posture, her non-sense short hair streaked with gray. I assumed she was the senior officer and surmised that she would be more sympathetic, and she moved aside, yielding her seat to me.

She apologized for their intrusion and gave me a card, which identified her as Shirley McLemore, Deputy Chief, Physical Evidence Bureau, Dallas County Sheriff's Department.

His uniform identified him as Dallas Police, his name tag, as Swanson. He was ordinary, slightly overweight, his fine brown hair clipped close in a conservative style which accentuated his heavy jaw and made him look more stolid than he proved to be.

I wasn't alert to any distinction between county sheriff and city police, and I found nothing significant about being interviewed by a representative from each.

She told me she had been informed that I had just returned from Paris and that I hadn't visited my father since the summer before last. (I considered saying I had intended to visit in August when Paris becomes a ghost town, but the pandemic had rendered that excuse lame.) Though her manner remained scrupulously restrained, I felt the lash of guilt for my neglect.

She asked when I had last spoken with my father. I admitted it had been nearly two weeks, blaming the muggers for having taken my cell, saying that ordinarily I spoke to him at least twice a week, that exaggeration spurring more guilt.

"Has he sounded depressed?"

"No, never," I assured her.

"Could've been the antidepressants," Swanson remarked.

I was aware that suicides are sometimes precipitated by antidepressants, but I resented his conjecture.

"Did he ever mention suicide?" she asked.

"No, never."

He had approved of the physician-assisted suicide law passed in Oregon. On the other hand, he had often spoken of the need for more stringent gun control laws.

“He hated guns,” I insisted.

“No one likes to admit a loved one has taken his own life,” Swanson observed.

I glared at him. “He would never have killed himself in such an ugly, violent manner. Besides, he didn’t have the strength to pull the trigger.”

He stared back and drawled, “You cain’t know that.” [Can’t is often pronounced as a rhyme with aint in our southern midlands dialect.]

She assured me, “There really are no forensic means of determining whether or not he was capable.”

“He could’ve bolstered his right hand with his left,” he added.

She gave him a cool look. “That might help explain why there are no prints on the gun except those of his right hand.”

I failed to note the possible significance she might have been suggesting, demanded, “Where did he get the gun?”

“Easy enough,” he suggested, “and no evidence of anyone else present. The yard man and the retarded kid have at least a dozen witnesses saying they were at a rehearsal.”

Was Jase retarded? Though far from ordinary, he looked intelligent.

“And the security system – state-of-the-art – didn’t record any intruder,” he persisted.

I felt a surge of indignation, until it occurred to me that might be the response he was trying to elicit. (They sometimes use this ploy on television and in movies - and that scene seemed little more real to me at the time.)

“We have photos of the crime scene, if you’d like to see them.” She said, opening her laptop on the coffee table between us.

I did *not* want to see them, but was unable to protest.

“The weapon was a Smith and Wesson six-thirty-eight air weight, single or double action.”

I had little idea what most of that meant. The first photo was apparently of the gun, probably about actual size, gleaming chrome- or silver-plated with a black handle and short barrel.

“Lady’s gun,” Swanson explained, “Bought for a lady by her husband for protection. Stolen from that lady in a burglary.”

I grew more irritated every time he drawled lady. “I get your point, officer. A strong manly man like you wouldn’t use such a weapon, but it would be just right for a delicate pussycat like me or a decrepit invalid like my father.”

Ms. McLemore was surprised by my animosity, but she cleared her throat and gave him an admonishing glare. His subdued response indicated he got the message.

She reached for the laptop, and as she moved the mouse to close the file the photo of the gun was replaced by another image: a wooded area, a man in gray warm-ups crumpled over in a wheelchair. I won’t try to describe it more precisely because my horror surely warped my perception and my memory has since probably worked further distortions.

“We’ve troubled you enough today, Mis McAllister.” Her eyes remained on him as she stood. “Please accept my condolences. You have my card. Call me if you can think of anything that might be of value in our investigation.”

Her fixed regard of Swanson left little doubt she meant for him to get to his feet and be on his way to the door.

In my absorption in that appalling image my perceptions seemed to dim and I lost focus for a moment, and I barely heard her low voice as she said they could see themselves out.

Now, however, I'm almost certain I glimpsed contrition in Officer Swanson's eyes as he resigned himself to censure and pulled himself erect. His composure, the way he held himself, his shoulders squared, not letting himself show the least swagger, left an impression more eloquent than any overt apology could have, of his dignity, his quiet pride in his profession.

I began to understand that he wasn't unfeeling; his smug expression and attempts to provoke me were part of his job as best he knew how to perform it.

I recognize now that instead of striking at his bait, I should have remained calm, reasonable, respectful, and sought to earn his respect.

At that time, however, all I felt was relief that would only later expand to gratitude for her professionalism, her brevity and mercy in not compelling me to examine the photos. I had certainly glimpsed more than enough.

I can still see that gleaming gun clearly, and, all the more horrible in its obscurity, almost subliminal brevity, the image of Dad's wasted body slumped over in defeat, his intelligence, generosity, gentle good humor extinguished.

I let myself sink back into the couch, into a sort of stupor, yielding to lethargy, numb and helpless, as though I were being sucked down into a quagmire of our heavy black mud.

I was still stuck there in that "Hour of Lead," as Emily Dickinson described a similar experience, when Juanita came in to tell me that Susanna, as she always calls my best friend, was on the phone. I hadn't even heard it ringing.

I pulled myself together and up from that slump. Trusting in her patience and understanding, I took the time to stretch and flex my body in an effort to summon some sense of being capable of communication.

By the time I picked up the receiver I had managed to prepare my voice to produce something approaching pleasant surprise. And her familiar voice was soon bringing back some sense of reality.

She told me she was unable to fly down for Dad's funeral, which was no surprise, as she is in the final month of her pregnancy, and Warren, her husband, was insisting she shouldn't take a chance on catching the "plague" which had spread more rapidly and taken more lives in the U.S. due to our former president's refusal to take charge. She felt fine, but, you know men; he was threatening to call her obstetrician to get an official prohibition.

Though I would have valued her support, I didn't want her making the long flight from Seattle. In our last several conversations we'd discussed her growing difficulties with sitting and sleeping.

We talked about Dad, how much she had loved and admired him, how much I would miss him, how miserable I was with myself for not having been home more often, and my last too-long absence about which he'd never given me even a hint of reproach, how I had found it too painful to see him being diminished, dragged inexorably down toward death.

On to her baby, who she had known for months is a boy, and the subject of his name. She wanted to name him Aaron or Aidan, but Warren was being a mule, insisting on Hunter. "Hunter?!" she exclaimed with mock exasperation, "He's never hunted anything in his life – except his keys. He's about as outdoorsy as you!"

I found myself laughing, but too soon weeping again.

HOME
IN PRESTON
HOLLOW

a novel
J. K. Bozeman

Jennifer is dawdling in Paris avoiding the pain of her father's demise with ALS when she receive a curt email that he's dead. Home in Dallas she learns he was possibly murdered and has left most of his estate to a handsome new neighbor.

HOME in PRESTON HOLLOW

By J. K. Bozeman

Order the book from the publisher [BookLocker.com](https://www.booklocker.com)

<https://www.booklocker.com/p/books/12825.html?s=pdf>

**or from your favorite neighborhood
or online bookstore.**