

HOLIDAYS, INC. by Rachelle Paige Campbell EXCERPT

He swallowed the sigh building in his throat. The town changed, but not his twin. For most of their lives, his sister slumped and slouched in her never-ending quest to avoid attention. As fraternal twins, they shared a remarkable number of physical similarities, including height, dark brown hair, and gray-blue eyes. In the light, her eyes looked blue and his gray.

By choice, Jill faded into the background. He'd utilized those exact attributes to stand out in a crowd. Her smile lit her whole face brighter than the old marquee outside the theater. He slid across the smooth bench seat and interlaced his fingers on the Formica tabletop. With a deep breath, he counted to ten but couldn't calm the throbbing in his temples.

"I'm so glad you're here." She dropped her menu.

"Are you?" He set his jaw, gritting his molars.

A ponytailed, blonde server filled two water glasses and handed him a menu.

Jill pushed up her glasses on her nose and squinted. "Do you want to order?"

Her careful perusal yielded the wrong result. She couldn't assign his current mood to hunger. "I'm not hungry." His stomach grumbled. Jill shot him the I'm-your-twin-you-can't-lie-to-me smirk.

"Can Ted make him a BLT with a fried egg?" Jill rolled her eyes and turned toward the teenage server.

Crossing his arms over his tight chest, he arched a brow. Once again, someone made a decision on his behalf without consulting him. What else did he expect? He'd returned home.