

THE CHRISTMAS MAKEOVER

by Susan Lute

EXCERPT

“Don't wait too long to decorate. The mayor is having a Christmas window display contest. The winner will get an angel trophy. Wouldn't it be great if we were the first winner to display the trophy for the whole year?”

Boxes of decorations in the storeroom were stacked as high as the ceiling. All Faith could see was her granddad falling off a ladder and breaking his leg again. “I'll get it done. I promise.”

“I'm sure Grant will help. That boy loves Christmas,” Esther said with a sweet smile before following Stuart out of the shop.

Faith rolled her eyes. This wasn't the first time Esther had made up an excuse to throw her and Grant together. It probably wouldn't be the last, either, which should have bothered her but didn't. What was a teeny-tiny crush between friends, anyway? Still—

“Maybe that's not a bad idea,” she said to the now-empty store. Grant was decent, kind, and responsible. Look at how he took care of his grandma, though Faith was pretty sure Esther would protest loudly if she had an inkling of his subtle oversight.

And if there was a moment here and there when Faith wondered what it would be like to have his complete, undivided attention, no woman worth her salt would blame her for the tiny tremors that made her heart unstable whenever he tempted her with one of his experimental pastries.

Grant, with his neon shirts and mismatched socks made sense to her. If they weren't such good friends, she'd fall for him in a hot New York minute.