



THE
CHRISTMAS
TREE FARM

THE MAGIC STARTS HERE...



LAURIE GILMORE
THE SUNDAY TIMES BESTSELLER

THE CHRISTMAS TREE FARM

Dream Harbor Series

Book 3

LAURIE GILMORE



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Contents

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

[Chapter 7](#)

[Chapter 8](#)

[Chapter 9](#)

[Chapter 10](#)

[Chapter 11](#)

[Chapter 12](#)

[Chapter 13](#)

[Chapter 14](#)

[Chapter 15](#)

[Chapter 16](#)

[Chapter 17](#)

[Chapter 18](#)

[Chapter 19](#)

[Chapter 20](#)

[Chapter 21](#)

[Chapter 22](#)

[Chapter 23](#)

[Chapter 24](#)

[Chapter 25](#)

[Chapter 26](#)

[Chapter 27](#)

[Chapter 28](#)

[Epilogue](#)

[Acknowledgments](#)

[Reading Group Questions](#)

[Credits](#)

[Thank you for reading...](#)

[The Pumpkin Spice Café](#)

[The Strawberry Patch Pancake House](#)

[You will also love...](#)

[About the Author](#)

[Also by Laurie Gilmore](#)

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[About the Publisher](#)

*For anyone who ever wished Hallmark Christmas movies were steamier,
this one might do the trick.*





Playlist



- Christmas Tree Farm** - Taylor Swift 
- Linger** - The Cranberries 
- BIRDS OF A FEATHER** - Billie Eilish 
- Memories** - Conan Gray 
- White Christmas** - Taylor Swift 
- hate to be lame** - Lizzy McAlpine, FINNEAS 
- A Nonsense Christmas** - Sabrina Carpenter 
- 21** - Gracie Abrams 
- the boy is mine** - Ariana Grande 
- Light On** - Maggie Rogers 
- Go** - Livingston 
- Back To December**- Taylor Swift 
- This Town** - Niall Horan 
- Bags** - Clairo 
- From the Dining Table** - Harry Styles 
- I Look in People's Windows** - Taylor Swift 
- Close To You** - Gracie Abrams 
- because i liked a boy** - Sabrina Carpenter 
- Santa Tell Me** - Ariana Grande 
- mirrorball** - Taylor Swift 
- Until I Found You** - Stephen Sanchez 
- All My Love** - Noah Kahan 
- Landslide** - Fleetwood Mac 

Chapter One

Kira North hated Christmas. Which was unfortunate considering she was currently the proud owner of a Christmas-tree farm in a town that was far too cute for its own good, with residents that couldn't seem to take the hint and leave her the hell alone.

She breathed out a frustrated sigh as she closed the door on her latest visitor. Some guy named George, who'd dropped off a complementary sample of Christmas gingerbread cookies from the bakery in town and a business card, and more than a few hints about a plan to do business together. He was the third one this weekend.

Yesterday, Deputy Mayor Mindy Walsh had dropped by on behalf of the town council to hand her a flyer for the annual Tree Lighting next week, as though Kira hadn't seen half a million of those every time she went into town for food. And just this morning, an entire family showed up, kids in tow with matching Christmas sweaters, asking if they could cut down a tree. She'd pretended not to see the children's tears as she turned them away.

It was all a bit much. She slid down to the floor, her back against the door, and tore open the red and green cellophane protecting the cookies. She picked a Santa-shaped one and bit off his head. Unfortunately, he was absolutely delicious, all nutmeg and cinnamon. Damn him.

The cold seeped through her back as she finished him off one decadent bite at a time. The door was freezing. The floor was freezing. The entire crappy old house she'd moved into three months ago was freezing. She leaned her head back against the door with a soft thud, attempting to pretend that she was fine. It was fine. She would just put on another sweater even though she was already wearing two. She'd put on a warmer pair of socks. People sometimes wore hats inside, right?

The ancient radiator beside the door let out a defeated whine.

Right. Time to get up. Time to get up and get back to work because the 'quaint farmhouse' she'd bought, sight unseen, was actually a decrepit old farmhouse with a heating system on life support, and the 'acres of scenic farmland' was actually a beloved, but totally run-down Christmas-tree farm, and even though she'd sworn not to reopen it, now she had to in order to make some money and fix up this place, seeing as how she'd spent all hers buying it in the first place.

If she wanted to survive the winter and not be found frozen to death by a nosy but well-intentioned neighbor, she needed to get this place up and running. And fast. It was already the Sunday after Thanksgiving, and judging by the family she'd devastated this morning, people were dying to get their trees up.

She grabbed a blanket on her way past the couch and shuffled over to where she'd left her laptop on the ancient wooden dining-room table the previous owners had left behind. They'd left a lot of junk behind, actually. She kept finding old mail tucked away in odd places but hadn't bothered opening any of it. The table was nice though. It fit her farmhouse aesthetic.

She flipped open her computer. Still no Wi-Fi. It hadn't worked right since that power outage last week.

Damn it.

How was she supposed to hire people, set up a website, *and* create a social media presence for this place without Wi-Fi and with an incredibly