

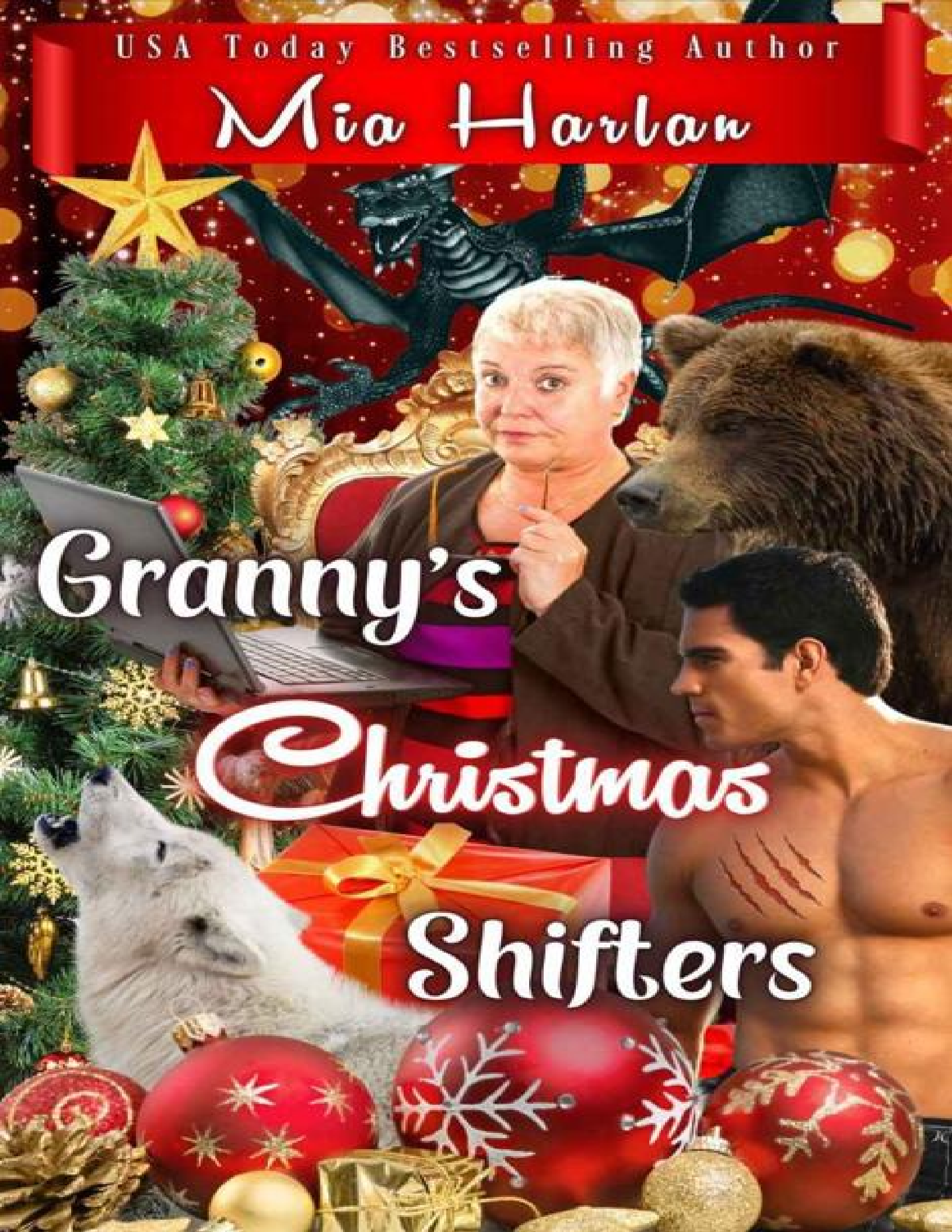
USA Today Bestselling Author

Mia Harlan

Granny's

Christmas

Shifters



# Granny's Christmas Shifters

Mia Harlan

Copyright © 2023 by Mia Harlan

This book is a work of fiction. All names, characters, places, and incidents are the products of the author's imagination. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, or actual persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

Editing: Pair of Nines Publishing

Proofreading: Kaye Kemp Book Polishing

All rights reserved.

No part of this book may be reproduced in any form or by any electronic or mechanical means, including information storage and retrieval systems, without written permission from the author, except for the use of brief quotations in a book review.

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

# Contents

1. Chapter 1

2. Chapter 2

3. Chapter 3

4. Chapter 4

5. Chapter 5

6. Chapter 6

7. Chapter 7

8. Chapter 8

9. Chapter 9

About Mia Harlan

Also By Mia Harlan

Acknowledgements

# Chapter 1

*Gertie*

“Please tell me you’ll at least think about writing again, Gertie.” My former agent’s voice echoes through my SUV. “The world is clamoring for another Gertrude Keene novel, and it would mean so much to your fans.”

I roll my eyes and raise my voice so Edna can hear me over the Bluetooth.

“In case you’ve forgotten, we both retired ten years ago. R.E.T.I.R...”

I trail off as I pull onto my street and glare at the houses. It looks like Christmas threw up all over the yards... after feasting on a hodgepodge of decorations that shouldn’t have existed in the first place. Bright lights flicker on rooftops, mechanical Christmas trees dance in people’s yards, and one particularly annoying plastic Santa shouts “Ho Ho Ho! Merry Christmas!” over and over again as I drive past.

“Gertie? Are you still there?”

“Course I’m still here.” I tap my fingers on my heated steering wheel. “Why do people make such a big deal about Christmas, Edna?”

“A little holiday cheer never hurt anyone, you know.” Edna chuckles. “Don’t you think you’re being a bit of a Scrooge?”

“I am not! There’s nothing *little* about this. It’s going to give someone an aneurysm. Who needs this many decorations?”

“Well, I, for one, am jealous of how gorgeous your neighborhood looks every year. I wish people around here had a little more Christmas cheer.”

“No one forced you to move to Ravenwood,” I grumble. “Even if the name does have a nice ring to it.”

“Perfect for a Gertrude Keene...” Edna prods.

I’m tempted to hang up on her, but I haven’t quite gotten the hang of the Bluetooth thingamajig in my SUV. Plus, I enjoy our regular chats. It’s why I’ve kept in touch with her after I stopped writing. That, and she’s willing to listen to my growing list of complaints.

I scowl as I pull up my driveway. “Can you believe they forced me to decorate my house?”

“They made a seventy-three-year-old woman climb onto her rooftop to string up lights?” Edna gasps in mock horror.

“You very well know they did not. Those good-for-nothing tinsel tyrants showed up the day after Thanksgiving, and I had absolutely no say in the matter. It’s my house, Edna!”

“Well, if it bothers you so much, take me up on my offer.” Edna sounds triumphant. “I found the perfect setting for your book, and it’s right here in Ravenwood. You’re going to love it, Gertie!”

“I can’t just up and leave!” Oh, who am I kidding? Of course I can. It’s not like I have anything else going on, and Edna knows it.

“Didn’t you tell me Jacob and Olivia are spending Christmas with their college friends?” she asks.

“So what if they are?”

“And Molly’s off on that cruise, isn’t she?”

“So my daughter and grandkids abandoned me,” I grumble. “Doesn’t mean I don’t have other plans.”

“Mall walking does not count.”

I sigh.

“Just come here and look at it. And wouldn’t it be nice to catch up with an old friend?”

“We’re catching up right now. Speaking of which, I’m home. Talk to you in the new year.”

“Gertie, wait—”

I turn off the car, and Edna’s voice grows faint.

“I can’t hear you,” I shout and stuff my phone in my purse.

I make my way inside and slam the door extra hard, hoping that the giant wreath the neighbors hung will fall down. It never does.

I have all the curtains drawn, no tree, and not a single decoration in sight. I select a romance book from one of my floor-to-ceiling shelves, grab some leftovers, and settle in my comfy reading chair.

My landline rings occasionally, but I ignore it. Edna’s relentless. It’s why I chose her as my agent back in the day, but being on the receiving end is a losing battle.

I wake up while it’s still dark out. Knowing I won’t likely fall asleep again, I pour myself a cup of tea and pick up the phone.

*You win this round, Edna. You win this round.*

“Hello?” My very groggy former agent answers on the third ring. “Gertie? What’s wrong? Are you hurt?”

I push aside the nagging guilt. “I’m fine, Edna.”

“You’re fine? It’s three o’clock in the morning, Gertrude Keene!”

“It is. And I’ve given your offer some thought.”

“Well?” she demands.

“I’ve written twenty-four books... but I suppose I have one more in me.”

“You do?” Edna lets out a delighted chuckle, the drowsiness instantly dissipating from her voice. “That’s wonderful news, Gertie. And twenty-five does have a nice ring to it.”

“If you say so,” I grumble. But I can’t deny that an old, familiar spark has ignited in me. I’d all but forgotten what it was like to have a sense of purpose, and I briefly wonder why I hadn’t thought to come out of retirement ages ago.

“I’ll book you a flight right away and call you back with the details,” Edna says, jumping into her old role as readily as I do into mine. “And I’ll have a rental car waiting for you at the airport. Do you have a working computer?”

“You very well know I got rid of mine over a decade ago.”

“We can pick one up once you’re ready to start writing. Do you have a preference?”

“A working keyboard with all the important buttons, like Delete.”

Edna chuckles. “Good choice. Now, if there’s anything else you need, anything at all...”

I assure her that I’ll be fine, pack my clothes and all my pills, and take a taxi to the airport. Edna’s booked me in first class, and I greet the plush, spacious leather seat like an old friend. I even order Champagne with my meal for old time’s sake.

When we land, I pick up my rental car and make the snowy thirty-minute drive to the small town where Edna lives.

The Christmas decorations in Ravenwood are festive but modest. A reindeer



and a sleigh are partially buried in her snowy yard, and there is a string of lights wrapped around her porch railings.

The house is much smaller than I expected, but it does seem cozy. I ring the doorbell, and I'm pleased that it doesn't play a Christmas tune. Edna isn't even wearing red or green—her sweater's purple—and it feels like no time at all has passed when she pulls me into a warm hug.

"It's so good to see you, Gertie. Did you have a good flight?"

I assure her that I did, and that everything was up to snuff.

I say hello to Edna's granddaughters, five-year-old Kaitlyn and seven-year-old Amelia, and then Edna ushers us inside before we catch a cold. Edna's tree is modest, and I recognize some of the furniture from her sprawling old home. But I suppose if she lives here alone, she no longer needs all that space.

Edna puts on some cartoons for the girls, and the two of us settle in the kitchen with steaming cups of tea.

"When is Michelle coming to get the girls?" I ask, referring to Edna's only daughter.

Edna's face falls. "She's not."

"Oh no. Edna, I'm so sorry! Why didn't you tell me?"

Edna shakes her head. "She's not dead, if that's what you're thinking. She dropped off the girls three years ago and skipped town."

I gasp. "But you haven't said a thing. Each time I ask, you say she's doing great."

"I know. I'm sorry." Edna wrings her hands. "At first, I was ashamed. I figured she'd be back, and then we wouldn't have to speak of it ever again. Then too much time had passed and..." She shrugs and puts on some forced

cheer. “Don’t you worry, now. We’re doing great. I love the girls to pieces, and it’s so nice having them around the house.”

I’m reminded of my own silent house and absent family. I miss the days when Jacob and Olivia were toddling around the house in diapers and making snow angels in the yard. I miss helping them with their homework by the fireplace and teaching them to make gingerbread cookies in my spacious kitchen.

Edna clears her throat. “Now, enough about me. How’s my favorite horror author doing?”

“Looking forward to seeing what you’ve got for me. Now tell me everything.”

Edna gives me a rundown of the spooky rumors circulating around town and then walks me to the door.

“Are you sure you don’t want me to come? You know, just in case? I can ask Dottie from next door to watch the girls.”

“I’ll be fine. We both know monsters only exist in books. And if there are any in Ravenwood’s forest, they wouldn’t dare harm a nice little old lady now, would they?”

Since my main characters are always in their twenties—practically children, if I’m being honest—Edna chuckles right along with me.

She repeats the directions to the forest entrance, walks me to the car, and sends me off with a steaming hot to-go mug of tea and promises to call as soon as I’m done exploring.

I park on a small street and make the short walk to the path that leads into the forest. The ‘Beware of Monsters’ sign is right where she said it would be. Of course, my main character will ignore it and enter anyway. They always do.

Wouldn't make a very good horror story if they turned around and went home now, would it?

But this is real life, not a book, and there's no such thing as monsters.

I step into the forest and make mental notes of all the eerie ways to describe it, though it's really quite picturesque. Trees tower over me, their branches blanketed in snow. The air is crisp and fresh, and the snow crunches under my boots as I slowly make my way deeper and deeper into the forest.

By the time I'm ready to turn back fifteen minutes later, it's snowing quite heavily, and my footprints have all but vanished. Luckily, this isn't my first rodeo, and the brightly colored ribbons I tied at eye level flutter in the wind, marking the way home.

I pull out my phone while I walk and hit record. I set a brisk pace, thanks to the mall walks that have become my only hobby of late, and dictate the synopsis of my next book.

It's a stroke of genius, if I do say so myself, and excitement courses through me as I hit send. Edna is going to be beside herself when she hears what I have planned.

The exit looms up ahead amidst a sea of white, and I'm only a few feet away when my foot snags on a buried rock.

I tumble into a pile of snow, and it envelops me in its frozen embrace. The chill seeps straight into my bones as my head hits the ground. And then everything fades to black.

## Chapter 2

*Dragon*

“Monsters!” I snap as I swing my ax. “Everyone in town is calling us monsters.”

My blade slams into the tree trunk and slices straight through, the cracking sound echoing through the otherwise silent forest.

“Timber!” Bear shouts, even though there’s no one else around for miles. Bear always shouts timber. I think he enjoys the sound of his own voice echoing through the forest too much not to.

The tree crashes to the ground, sending fresh snow flying up before it lazily drifts down and settles onto the ground.

Wolf rubs the back of his neck sheepishly. “The monster thing is kind of my fault.”

His name isn’t actually Wolf. It’s Samuel. Bear is Henry, and I’m Benjamin. We use our given names when we head into town for supplies, but stick to our nicknames at home. It made a whole lot more sense going by our shifted

form centuries ago, when we first met, but we're too old to change our ways now.

I scowl at Wolf. "What did you do?"

"Put up a sign."

"What kind of sign?"

He breaks into a huge grin. "Private property. Beware of Monsters."

"You dolt."

Bear's usually grumpy demeanor thaws slightly. "You did not."

"I did. Saw it for sale in town and couldn't resist."

Bear lets out a deep, throaty chuckle that echoes through the empty forest. I swear the only time the man laughs these days is at Wolf's usual nonsense. Mostly, he's been locked in his room, or out in the forest, doing who knows what.

"You laugh now." I set my ax down against the tree. "But we're the talk of the town. Some men were bragging about coming out here to hunt. Lucky for us, I managed to discourage them. Told them the most exciting thing they'd find are angry landowners with shotguns."

Wolf grins. "I should make sure mine is loaded then."

I growl.

Wolf shakes his head, but his eyes maintain their usual twinkle. "I'm kidding, Dragon. Take it easy. I'll take it down once the storm clears. And hang it on our cabin door. No one ever makes it out this far."

"And with good reason," Bear grumbles.

He's right. The closest road is several miles east, and the only way to our cabin is on foot... unless you're me.

I strip off my clothes, completely unbothered by the winter chill. "I'll fly out and take the sign down before it causes any more trouble."

I take a running start, shift, and take to the sky.

“Any excuse not to gather firewood,” Wolf grumbles.

I send down a puff of smoke in his general direction, and he yelps.

“Bring back some smoked meat,” Bear shouts after me.

It’s a fair exchange, and an easy one, despite the heavy snow. I know this forest like the back of my hands. Or, in my current form, feet... which I don’t know half as well as the forest. I glance down to examine my talons and nearly barrel head-first into a taller-than-average tree. That will teach me not to pay attention.

The fact that this flight is a break in routine leaves me feeling even more out of sorts. I only go into town once a month. A second trip in one day means something isn’t right.

I keep watch for human activity, but no one would be stupid enough to come out here in this weather. Good thing, too. Last thing I need is word of a monster sighting getting out. Next thing you know, they’ll be out here with torches and pitchforks, like in the old days.

They don’t frighten me. I could roast them where they stand, if I weren’t above killing innocents. But given the chance, they could become a real nuisance, and I can’t risk being forced to leave land that we’ve owned for centuries.

I stay vigilant as I touch down in front of the ‘Beware of Monsters’ sign. It’s got bright red writing and caricatures of poorly drawn, angry looking dragons. *Wolf is a fucking asshole!*

I shift and briefly wish I’d brought clothes. The snow stings my bare feet, and I grimace as I tear off the ice-covered metal sign.

I’m just about ready to shift back and head home when I spot something large lying diagonally across the forest path. Dinner?

I take a step closer, my feet sinking into snow that's ankle-deep. Something sharp digs into the ball of my foot, but I ignore the inconvenience. I'm a shifter. A simple cut will take a few minutes at most to heal.

The animal up ahead is hard to make out in the storm. If it's hurt, I'll put it out of its misery, and roast it for the men.

I take another step, shiver, and gasp when I realize it's actually a human.

"Are you all right?" I shout, then berate myself. "They're unconscious, you dolt."

I rush toward it, kneel in front of the body, and roll it onto its back. One look at the old lady's pale, lifeless face, and I write her off as dead. Her wrinkled skin is damp, her eyes are closed, and her body is limp and unresponsive.

My dragon roars, and pain wells up deep in my soul.

There was a time when wars raged, hikers froze or starved in search of nearby towns, and folk came out here to die. I've seen many bodies over the centuries, yet this one hits me hard.

I reach out to check her pulse. Her skin is cold, her neck fragile, both a reminder that she's likely dead. Except, by some miracle, she's not. There's a faint heartbeat, and I latch onto the hope that she'll survive.

*She's ours!* My dragon roars again.

I groan.

She's not even covered in diamonds or jewels. Why couldn't the beast latch onto shiny things like the rest of the species? But no. My dragon wants a granny.

I take in her silky-soft silver hair and beautiful wrinkled face, and my cock springs to attention. I need to do whatever it is to save her so I can claim her! Instinct kicks in. I forget the damn 'Beware of Monsters' sign and shift. My talons dig into her thick coat as I pick her up, flap my wings, and take to the

sky.

The flight, usually brief, feels endless. I have no way of knowing if the woman I'm carrying lives, and I recall how frail she felt to the touch. What if she dies before I make it back? What if she's already gone?

I roar as I land. I set her gently on a pile of snow, but she doesn't even stir. I shift and have her cradled against my naked chest by the time Bear throws open the door.

He takes one look at me and scowls. "Did you kill her?"

Wolf peers out from behind him. "Dragon, when I said I'd help you hide a body, I didn't mean that literally. It's just a thing people say. You weren't supposed to actually do it."

"Good to know." I shove my way past both men.

The house smells like gingerbread, "Last Christmas" is playing softly on the speakers, and the giant-ass Christmas tree Wolf makes us decorate every year fills the place with holiday cheer.

As I storm toward the fireplace, the last thing I feel is festive.

"If you're going to burn the body, do it in the forest," Wolf cries. "Don't stink up the place."

"I'm not going to burn her, you dolt. I need to warm her up!"

"She's alive?" Bear demands.

"Yes," I grunt in the affirmative as I set her down on the carpet and start peeling off her jacket.

He growls. "Why didn't you take her to the hospital?"

"What was I supposed to do? Fly her there? Pretty sure someone would have noticed a *dragon*."

"Valid point," he grumbles.

Wolf leans in closer and peers at her face. I feel a wave of jealousy and have



to fight the urge to shove him away.

He frowns. “Are you sure she’s alive?”

An ache I can’t explain forms in my chest. “I hope so. But I don’t know how long she was in the forest. Or why she passed out.”

“Old age,” Wolf says.

I shake my head. “You don’t pass out from old age.”

“How would you know?” he asks, which is a fair point.

The three of us are immortal. We haven’t aged a day in centuries—well, biologically speaking, anyway. Mentally, I’m not sure how old I am. Some days, I feel twenty, and other days, I feel ancient. Right now, the only thing I feel is worry for the pale woman lying in front of me.

I pull her jacket the rest of the way off. “We need to get her warmed up.”

Her pants are soaked straight through, and Bear kneels down to help remove her boots.

“This feels wrong,” Wolf mutters as we strip her down to her underthings. They’re damp, so they need to go, but I’m with Wolf. I can’t just take off an unconscious woman’s panties.

Bear seems to have no such qualms. He yanks them off, and then expertly unclasps her bra. She’s left completely naked, and I cradle her against my chest, shielding her nudity from the men as much as I can.

Bear grabs a heavy blanket from the couch. But when he starts to reach for the woman in my arms, my dragon lets out a possessive growl, and Bear instinctively growls back.

Wolf growls, too, not to be outdone. “Feels like old times, huh?”

Bear chuckles, and the tension between us dissipates. He drops the blanket on top of her and examines her pale, lifeless face. “Where did you find her?”

“A few feet from the ‘Beware of Monsters’ sign. She was lying unconscious

in the snow.”

Wolf grins. “So in a way, I saved her life?”

I nod. “Assuming she survives.”

He lets out a few choice words.

Bear growls and pulls his sweater over his head. “She’s going to survive.”

He unclasps his jeans and they fall to the ground. The asshole isn’t wearing boxers, and I want to murder him on the spot. Or shift and fight him for the woman in my arms. My dragon roars, but her needs come first, and right now, we need to do whatever it takes to warm her up.

It nearly kills me, but I let Bear join me, and we cradle her naked form between us.

“Good thinking, holding her against your *bear* chest,” Wolf says.

I roll my eyes.

Bear grunts.

Wolf sighs. “No one? Really?”

We stay perfectly still for several minutes. The woman in our arms doesn’t stir, and she still looks as pale as death.

“I don’t think this is working,” I tell Bear. “She needs a doctor, but I can’t fly her into town. Even with the snowstorm visibility being what it is, someone is bound to notice a dragon.”

Bear scowls. “I don’t think she’d survive the flight.”

I nod in agreement.

“There’s one other option,” he says.

I instinctively shake my head. “There must be another way.” One that doesn’t uproot the life we built for ourselves.

Bear’s scowl deepens. “If we do nothing, she dies.”

My dragon roars. If she dies, it will destroy us. I feel it down in my bones.

Though I worry that if she lives, that will destroy us, too.

I take a deep breath and force out the words, “My dragon and I accept the responsibility.”

“As do my bear and I.”

Wolf remains silent.

“We are Pack,” I tell him. “We choose as one.”

## Chapter 3

### *Wolf*

The way Bear and Dragon stare at me is rather disconcerting. We've been together for centuries, and I've never once taken on the role of Alpha and made a decision for our pack.

Dragon likes everything just so and keeps us in line, so that role falls to him. Bear's our Beta who sometimes disappears for days on end and walks around grumbling the rest of the time. And as for me, I'm the Omega, the peacekeeper, the comic relief. I also make a mean Christmas cookie.

And, if I'm being honest, I'm more than happy with the status quo.

"Well?" Dragon snaps. "Are we turning her or not?"

Bear's eyes narrow on me, like he's willing to fight over the scrap of a granny in his arms.

I shrug. "I guess we could use a granny 'round here."

Even as I say it, I already know I don't see a grandmother when I look at her. Her hair may be gray, and her face may be wrinkled, but compared to us,

she's a baby. And the way my wolf wags his tail at the sight of her tells me he wants to fuck her, not ask her to make him hearty soup.

Not saying that all grandmothers do is make soup, just saying it's the fondest memory I have of mine.

Dragon nods. "I'll do it, then."

"Like hell you will," Bear growls. "I'll turn her."

Dragon lets out a roar so loud my ears hurt. Bear matches him, roar for roar. I join in, just for the hell of it, but instead of knocking it off, they roar louder.

The sound doesn't disturb our new charge in the least. Her eyelids are still closed. She needs our immortality, and sooner rather than later, if she's going to see the sun rise.

"Gentlemen, there is enough granny to go around," I say, because the whole situation is ironic... or it will be, assuming she survives.

"I found her," Dragon snaps. "So I get first dibs."

"I claim her as my mate," Bear snaps back. "So she's mine."

Well, that's interesting. It also explains all the posturing and the pull I feel toward her.

Granny is our fated mate. As in all of ours. Bear's, mine, and Dragon's.

We are Pack. We choose as one.

"If you keep arguing," I snap, "neither of you will get a chance to turn her."

Dragon's eyes narrow. "Are you volunteering, pup?"

Bear glares at me like he's picturing all the ways to decapitate a wolf.

I roll my eyes, not bothered in the least. "I don't want to get in the middle of your angry sandwich. Granny is already doing that. Literally and figuratively and every other -ly there is. And if one of you doesn't turn her, yesterday, she's going to croak."

My wolf howls at the thought, but I stamp the feeling way down. *Fear is no*

*way to live.*

Those used to be my father's words. But over the years, they've become my own. Maybe not quite the way the vicious Alpha meant, but which one of us is still alive and kicking?

Hint: he's staring at a Bear, Dragon, and Granny sandwich.

And speaking of the big, green monster—both the one rearing its ugly jealous head and the one with wings—Dragon narrows his eyes on Bear. “Just let me fucking turn her.”

“I'd let Wolf turn her sooner than I ever let you.”

Dragon nods. “Fine. Wolf, you do it.”

I think my jaw drops. “Me?”

“Yes, you. Turn her,” Bear snaps.

Dragon nods. “Someone has to.”

I let out a dramatic sigh, like they're asking me for a huge favor. “Fine, but you both owe me.”

They instantly nod, and I wonder how I just became the lucky fuck who gets to turn his mate and claim some favors to boot. And I already know what I want. First turn at fucking our mate the moment she recovers.

I take her from the men and cradle her naked body against my chest. “Biting Granny makes me feel like the big, bad wolf,” I joke as I try to add some levity to the situation. Turning someone is no joke. “I'm going to huff, I'm going to puff...”

“Wrong fairy tale,” Bear growls.

“Been a while since I was a kid.”

“Just bite her, you dolt,” Dragon snaps.

I let out another resigned sigh, mostly for show, and sink my fangs into Granny's neck. My wolf howls.

Turning a human is a delicate matter. I've never done it, but I heard tales of it in my youth. Bite her. Drink her blood, but just a pint... no, wait, not a pint. A shot. She's a fine spirit, not an ale.

I wish I could impart this wisdom on my pack mates, but I can't talk while my fangs are buried in Granny's neck. Bear and Dragon are sorely missing out.

When I finish drinking, I lick her wound closed. Then I rip open my wrist and place it against her lips. A spirit for a spirit.

My blood pours into her mouth, and I stare down at her naked form. I really do feel like the big bad wolf, and Granny is fucking hot.

Her skin is etched with lines and stories of decades past, unmarred by magic like our own. I feel honored that I get to see the chapters of her life, and that I get to turn her and make her mine.

Her silver hair grazes my arm, and I long to thread my fingers through it. Maybe I will once I'm done pouring my blood down her throat. That is, assuming Bear and Dragon don't try to stuff a sword down mine for even thinking it.

As if reading my mind, Bear grabs the blanket and tosses it on top of her curves, shielding them from my leering eyes.

"Get your head out of the gutter, pup," Dragon snaps.

"As if yours isn't in the gutter, too," I snap back.

It's obvious he wants her as much as I do. Bear, too.

As her sire, it is my duty to care for her, but she's one of us. Pack. So she belongs to all three of us now.

I pull my wrist from her lips and lick the wound shut. Bear and Wolf kneel in front of me, watching her for any signs of life.

"Wake up, little wolf," I whisper. "You're ours now."

As if on command, her eyes fly open and land on Dragon's cock.

She gasps and turns her head slightly. Her gaze lands on Bear's cock, and she gasps again.

As shifters, we're so used to seeing junk flying free, we don't bat an eye. But it must be a bit disconcerting for a human.

"Why are you naked?" she asks, her voice trembling. Her gaze drops down to the blanket we've got draped over her, and she gasps. "Wait, why am I naked?"



## Chapter 4

*Gertie*

I wake up in a young man's arms, in my birthday suit, and there are two young gentlemen kneeling in front of me, their impressive cocks flying free.

Well, that's unusual...

Not because of my age. I've taken my fair share of lovers since I retired, and I'm no prude. Even had a threesome back when I was in my prime. Back in those days, fifty was the new thirty, you know.

But I always send lovers home after we're done playing hide the salami. I have enough trouble sleeping without having to listen to a man's snores and farts all night long. Not that I expect these men to have either problem, considering they're young enough to be my grandkids.

I get to my feet a whole lot faster than I remember doing in the last few decades.

"Now would you look at that," I exclaim, planting my hands on my naked hips and feasting my eyes on the three men kneeling in front of the crackling fireplace. "Did I fall asleep watching a porno again?"

And is it too much to ask for a sex dream without a floor-to-ceiling Christmas tree and “Jingle Bells” playing on the speakers?

“You don’t think that’s why she passed out, do you?” the man we forgot to tell about the dress code asks.

It’s a shame he’s wearing so many clothes, though he does look quite handsome in red flannel. And what is it about men in jeans with bare feet that always gets my motor running?

“She wasn’t watching porn,” one of the naked men says, “in the forest,” his voice gets louder until he’s practically shouting, “in a snowstorm!”

His sun-kissed hair is pulled back in one of those gentleman donuts that’s popular with young people, but he makes it look good. His beard is neatly trimmed, his gray eyes meet mine, and his huge cock points straight at me.

I lick my lips. I like a cock that knows where it’s going.

Clothed-and-Handsome chuckles.

The other naked man, who’s built like a mountain, growls. His chest vibrates and his cock bounces slightly. *Come to Gertie!*

He’s got wide shoulders and a beard that would make a grizzly bear proud. I like the look of him. I like the look of all three of them. And I’m so busy ogling them, it takes far too long for their words to sink in.

I passed out. In the forest. In a snowstorm.

It all comes back to me, and I gasp. “I’m dead, aren’t I?”

I should probably be more upset that I won’t get to see Molly, my grandkids, or my dear friend, Edna, for a while. But I left enough in my will to last my family a lifetime, and this afterlife isn’t looking all that bad. The house is warm and cozy, and even though I’m not fully on board with the Christmas theme, it comes with delicious-looking men.

Still, I can’t help but sigh. “I really thought I was smarter than Harper.”

Clothed-and-Handsome frowns. “Who’s Harper?”

“She was going to be my main character. The one who walks into the forest against her better judgment. I had it all planned out, and it was going to be so good.” My shoulders slump. “I guess I won’t get to write it now. Unless you read books in heaven. Do you read books in heaven?”

The men exchange confused glances. Maybe they don’t have books after all.

They get to their feet, and my pulse quickens as they tower over me.

I turn to Clothed and Handsome. “Why aren’t you naked?”

He winks. “Do you want me to be?”

“I may be old, but I’m not dead. And if I’ve earned a heaven with hot men, I’m taking it. Say, are we going to have an orgy?”

“I like her.” Clothed-and-Handsome grins. He also doesn’t start stripping.

Bouncing Cock shakes his head. “An orgy involves drinking and indiscriminate sex.”

I like a man who’s equally into semantics. “Gangbang then. Or is that word only used in pornos?”

“I don’t watch pornos,” he tells me.

“Foursome?” I suggest.

He completely ignores my question. “When I want to fuck, I find myself a woman.”

Compass Cock shakes his head. “He doesn’t go into town. He hasn’t had a woman in centuries. Hell, he’s probably a virgin.”

Bouncing Cock scowls at him but doesn’t deny it.

“If you want to fuck, you can have me,” I tell him helpfully.

He doesn’t pounce on me and make me come, which is a huge letdown.

“I’m not in hell, am I?” I ask. “Because if you’re just here to tempt me, and you’re not here to fill all my holes, I’m going to be terribly disappointed.”

Compass Cock's eyes widen. "You want us to fill all your holes?"

I nod. "You've got really nice members."

Bouncing Cock growls. "Don't ever say members. Or heaving bosom. Or sheath. And don't call your pussy a flower, or we've got a problem."

"Oooh, we're talking dirty." I perk up. "I like it."

"You call this talking dirty?" He stares at me like I've grown a second head. Come to think of it, so does Compass Cock.

"I guess it's true what they say. You can't have beauty and brains. But I don't mind. Your equipment is top notch, and you look like you know how to use it."

Neither man makes a move, but heaven or hell, I vow to make the best of it. You don't get to be my age without learning to roll with the punches.

I take a step toward them, but despite their raging hard-ons, they look more shell-shocked than turned-on.

"You might want to look in a mirror," Clothed-and-Handsome tells me.

I shrug. "I know I'm naked and I'm old enough to be your grandmother, but I still look good. And if this is heaven, I'm not letting anything stop me. The naked bit is good. Means we don't need to waste time undressing. Well, except you. You could use fewer clothes." I know I'm talking a lot, but it's either that or admit that the likelihood of this being heaven is dropping by the minute, and I don't think I'm ready for that.

"Look." Bouncing Cock grabs me by the waist, picks me up like I weigh nothing, and carries me across the room. But instead of taking me to the bedroom with the four-poster bed I can see peeking out through the doorway, he deposits me in front of a mirror.

"Kinky, but I'm into it," I tell him. "Grab my hips and fuck me like you mean it."

I look into the mirror hopefully, and my jaw drops as I take myself in. I look like I did when my last author photo was taken nearly thirty years ago.

“Look at me in my prime,” I tell the men. “I was quite striking in my forties.” But there’s a lot less gray hair than I thought I saw a few seconds ago. It seems to disappear in front of my eyes.

I finally realize what’s happening. I’m reverse aging. “This really is hell, isn’t it?”

Compass Cock frowns. “This is your idea of hell?”

“It is if I keep getting younger until I’m a baby and I have to watch you hotties change my poopy diaper.”

“Fuck me,” Bouncing Cock says.

“Yeah, I’d much rather fuck you than poop,” I tell him. “And I do not want to be a baby.”

“You’re not going to be,” Clothed-and-Handsome tells me.

“Yes, I am. Because if this was heaven, we’d be naked and on our way from orgasm-town to orgasm-ville. And since no one has come yet, I’m guessing this is hell.”

Bouncing Cock turns to Clothed-and-Handsome. “You turned her, Wolf. You explain.”

“Fuck you, Bear,” he fires back.

“I’d like to fuck Bear,” I say offhandedly. “And I like your nicknames.” I turn to Compass Cock. “What’s yours?”

He gives me a small smile. “Dragon.”

I nod. “It suits you. All your nicknames do.”

The men seem pleased.

Wolf turns to me. “You’re not going to become a baby.”

“How can you be so sure?”

“Because you’re becoming a wolf.”

“Figures.” My shoulders slump. “I’m guessing you don’t fuck wolves, do you?”

“Excuse me?”

I pout. “I don’t think I like this hell very much.”

“She’s in shock,” Bear says.

Dragon nods. “Why don’t you have a seat?”

“On your cock?” I ask hopefully.

Dragon shakes his head.

“Bummer.”

“We’re not going to take advantage of you any more than we already have. We only stripped you naked because your clothes got wet and you were freezing.”

I wiggle my eyebrows. “My clothes aren’t the only part of me that’s wet.”

The men chuckle.

“I’m losing my touch.” I sigh and pull my mind out of the gutter. “Am I going to sprout fur and howl at the moon?”

Wolf nods.

“Explain better, you dolt,” Dragon snaps at him.

Wolf grins. “Just remember you owe me.” He turns to me. “You’re not a wolf. You’re a wolf shifter.”

“Like my *Run Little Wolf*?”

Wolf frowns. “Excuse me?”

“I’m guessing none of you have read any of my books, have you? This really is author hell.”

“Um...” Wolf says.

“Let me guess,” Bear says. “Gertrude Keene?”

I perk up. “You’ve read me?”

He nods.

“What the fuck are you talking about?” Dragon demands.

“She’s Gertrude Keene,” Bear says.

Dragon still looks lost.

“You can call me Gertie,” I tell him.

He nods.

Bear frowns. “I can’t believe we turned a best-selling author.”

Wolf gives me a once-over, which feels all nice and warm and sends pleasure straight down to my core. “Is turning a best-selling author better or worse than say, turning a grocery store clerk or a retiree?”

Bear doesn’t reply.

Dragon shrugs. “Not sure, but we’re going to have to buy a typewriter.”

Wolf sighs. “They use computers now, you know.”

“I wrote my first novel on a typewriter,” I tell Dragon. “They’re highly overrated. Loud and clacky, and no delete. Computers are the way to go.”

“If you say so.” He doesn’t sound convinced.

“You write a novel, and then we’ll talk.”

“Fair enough. We’ll get a computer.”

I perk up. Maybe I’ll get to write in this heaven-hell after all.

I turn to Bear, who at least knows enough of my book to understand what I’m talking about. “So I’m a werewolf now. Do I get time off? And what are my responsibilities when I’m not taking revenge on the town?”

“No revenge,” Dragon snaps.

“Oh, good.” I nod. “I didn’t really want that part. I like writing horror, but I don’t think I’d enjoy being horror.”

The men gape at me some more.

Dragon finally clears his throat. “You don’t have any responsibilities. We’ll take care of your every need.”

My gaze drops down to their cocks. What? They’re kind of hard to ignore. And two of them are still hard, despite our less-than-sexy conversation.

I wiggle my eyebrows. “Every need, you say?”



## Chapter 5

*Gertie*

The men stay right where they are, and I glance in the mirror. I now look like I did in my early thirties. Translation, hot. The men should be lining up to fuck me instead of standing there looking all lost and confused.

“Are you three virgins?” I ask. They do look quite young. I doubt they’ve even turned thirty. “Don’t worry, men. I don’t mind taking the lead. Which one of you wants to prove to me that we’re in heaven?”

Wolf shoots me a feral grin. “Gentlemen, remember that favor you owe me?”  
Dragon frowns.

Bear is too busy staring at my lips to say much. He seems willing, and he’s already naked, so I take a step toward him.

“I’m going first,” Wolf tells me. “Bear and Dragon owe me.”

I turn to look at him. “Too many clothes. But maybe if you took them off, you’d be in the running.”

Wolf grabs his flannel shirt and yanks. Buttons fly everywhere, and I lick my lips as I take in his six-pack abs. “And heaven is back in the running. I’m a

werewolf, and you're going to make me howl."

Dragon groans.

"It's the wolf blood," Wolf says. "It turns us into comedians."

Bear groans, too.

Dragon sighs. "Maybe we're the ones in hell." He gives me a once-over.

"Never mind, I take that back."

I grin.

Bear looks thoughtfully at me. "You're going to STFUATTDLAGG."

"STGG what what?" I ask.

"STFUATTDLAGG," Bear repeats.

I sigh. "I'm not good at acronyms. My grandkids are always telling me I use Well That's Funny wrong."

Bear frowns. "Well that's funny?"

"You know, WTF?"

He lets out a hearty chuckle.

I sigh. "I don't like acronyms."

"Not even GOYKALTPLAGB?"

I stare at him blankly.

"A treat for later."

"A sexy treat?" I ask hopefully.

He nods and wraps his hand around his massive cock.

"Now we're talking. Line up, boys. There's plenty of Gertie to go around. I am making the most out of heaven."

"This really isn't heaven," Wolf says, unzipping his jeans. "Though I get to go first, so it sure feels like it."

"It would be heaven if you weren't here," Dragon tells him.

Bear grunts in agreement.

“I kind of like all three of you,” I tell them.

They grin.

Wolf kicks off his jeans. “Let’s do this.”

“That is not how you seduce a woman,” Bear tells him. “Let me go first, and I’ll show you.”

“You’ve been fucking your own hand for centuries. You can wait another hour.”

“Oooh, you last that long?” I perk up. “And I’ve spent the past few years flying solo. I’ve got a nice vibrator back home, but it really doesn’t fill me up the way a man should. It does vibrate really nicely, though.”

Wolf yanks his boxers down and stalks toward me. “Once I’m through with you, you’re going to forget your vibrator exists and only remember my cock.”

I lick my lips. “I don’t know... it’s a really good vibrator.”

Bear snorts, and Wolf cups the back of my head and captures my lips in a heated kiss. It’s been a while since I’ve locked lips with a man, but I don’t ever recall it ever feeling this good. He sets my lady bits on fire and leaves me craving more.

I rub my nipples against his chest like a horny little werewolf. I kind of want to hump his leg, too. I wonder if that’s going to be a thing now.

I don’t mind too much. Not if it comes with three gorgeous males, and I’m the one coming.

Wolf stops kissing me briefly and turns to Bear and Dragon. “Since I’m a generous man, I’ll let each of you kiss her once before I fuck her.”

I wonder if I should protest. I may be seventy-three, but I’m still a modern woman and I should have a say. But if the end result is kissing Bear and

Dragon, I've got a good thing going here, and I shouldn't do anything to mess it up.

Dragon steps forward first. He growls, and a shiver of anticipation travels down my spine. Unlike Wolf, he grabs a fistful of my hair and claims my lips like he's punishing me for some past transgression.

My breath quickens, and the humping urges return.

The moment he pulls away, I'm ready to confess all my sins. "I stole a piece of licorice once when I was a girl."

He looks confused.

"You can punish me later," I add.

He breaks into a slow grin. "I look forward to it."

Bear clears his throat and crooks a finger at me. I stare at it and lick my lips.

"Come here," he growls.

I don't need to be asked twice. I cross the room and stop in front of him.

"Good girl," he says.

"Young man, I'm four times your age."

He snorts. "I've been around for centuries, little girl."

"Who are you calling little?" I cup my breasts, which are sitting a whole lot higher than they were this morning.

He crooks his finger at me again, beckoning me even closer.

"Do that a bit lower," I tell him and shoot a pointed look down to the apex of my thighs.

His pupils dilate further, and then he does just that. He drops his hand between my thighs and flicks my clit.

I moan.

"I said kiss!" Wolf snaps.

"As you wish." Bear drops to his knees and grabs my thighs with strong

hands. “I’m going to teach you the meaning of GOYKALTPLAGB.”

And then he leans forward and plants a hot kiss right on my clit.

It’s been too goddamn long since I’ve had a man, and longer still since I’ve had one willing to go down on me. And it’s actually been forever—meaning never—since one did it as well as Bear does.

He runs his tongue along my clit, sucks it into his mouth, and gives it slow, delicious licks, drawing moans from my lips that get louder and louder as I get closer to orgasm.

“This is so unfair,” Wolf protests as the pleasure continues to build.

“I just wish I’d thought of it first,” Dragon says.

“You’re both assholes,” Wolf snaps.

I ignore them and focus on the pleasure.

But just as I’m about to come, Bear pulls back.

I let out a sob. “Please, Bear. I need this so bad. Don’t stop. Don’t let this be hell.”

He gives my clit one more lick, slow and rough. “Come for me, Gertrude,” he orders.

I shatter against his mouth, screaming my release so loudly I wouldn’t be surprised if birds took flight outside, an avalanche came down, and the whole forest burst into flames.

## Chapter 6

*Bear*

Gertrude is stunning as she comes. Her climax fills my mouth, and I greedily lap up every drop. I can't get enough of how intoxicating it tastes and how free and uninhibited she is.

I squeeze her ass and marvel at how utterly fuckable she looks. Her pussy lips are swollen from my tongue, and the need to claim her is almost overwhelming.

My bear growls as I stare up at her in awe. She stands there like a proud goddess, her legs still trembling from the aftershocks of release, her pale skin smooth and flawless. But hell if I didn't find her delicious curves just as tempting before she started reverse-aging.

My cock throbs, urging me to fuck her until she's screaming my name and I'm shouting hers.

*Gertrude Keene. I licked Gertrude Keene's pussy and made her come!*

I still can't wrap my mind around the fact that it's her in the flesh. Every one of the twenty-four novels she's written sits proudly on my shelf in the next

room, cheering me on for bringing my favorite author a sliver of the pleasure she's given me.

I'm going to have to make her come every day for the rest of our endless lives to express even half the gratitude I feel toward her, and I'm up to the challenge.

"My turn," Wolf reminds me as I get to my feet.

*Fuck.* Is it wrong that I want to ignore him and keep her all to myself?

My bear agrees, but a promise is a promise, so I clench my hands into fists and force myself to stand back as Wolf scoops her up in his arms.

"Do you want me to fuck you in front of the mirror?" he asks. "Or on all fours under the Christmas tree?"

"I was never big on Christmas," Gertrude tells him. "But I am feeling rather festive."

Wolf grins and sets her down on the faux-fur bear skin rug Wolf bought just to mess with me.

"I got her good and ready for you," I say just to be a dick.

Wolf scowls, but Gertrude smiles warmly at me. "That you did, Bear."

I puff out my chest and stroke my cock as I watch them. I've wondered what it would be like to share a woman. To watch another man fuck her.

It's hot as hell.

Wolf stares down at Gertrude with a mix of longing and desire. He's falling for her, just like I am. "You're the best Christmas present I ever got," he tells her. "It's just too bad you're already naked. I would have had fun unwrapping you."

"There's always next time," she says as she gets on all fours.

Wolf grabs her hips and positions himself at her entrance.

Gertrude moans and wiggles her hips. "Please, Wolf. I need you inside me."

Wolf slowly slides inside her, and she moans.

“I wish that was me,” Dragon grumbles.

“You could ask her to wrap her pretty lips around your cock,” I suggest.

Gertrude whimpers. “I do like the sound of that.”

I don’t think Dragon does. He scowls at Wolf but stays put by the fireplace.

Gertie’s gaze shifts to me. “You like to talk dirty, don’t you, Bear?”

I nod. “I like to read.”

Dragon frowns. “What does one thing have to do with the other?”

“He reads dirty books,” Gertrude tells Dragon. “Hey, Bear, did you read the one with the blue alien?”

I stroke my cock and nod, a little surprised that talking about romance novels is a turn-on for me. “Everyone’s read that one.”

She moans as Wolf slowly slides his cock out and then slides in again, burying himself to the hilt. “Yes, just like that, Wolf,” she says, her gaze still on me. “What about the one with the door? My daughter got it for me.”

“I have.” I stroke myself some more. “And I just finished the one with cum rain.”

“Oh, that’s a goodie. I’m all for fancy cocks.”

“Are our cocks fancy?” Wolf asks as he slams into her.

“Not like that,” Gertie tells him. “But I like them anyway.”

He shrugs. “That’s because we know how to use them.”

To prove his point, he pulls out almost all the way and then slams back into Gertrude’s pussy. She lets out a delicious whimper and glances over her shoulder at him.

I prefer her eyes on me. “How is it that we read the same books, yet you don’t know the meaning of STFUATTDLAGG?”

“You just can’t let it go, can you?”



“If you want, Dragon can show you.”

The man glances at me, and I gesture at his cock, then at Gertrude.

“So this is something we do now?” he asks, gesturing between us. “Have group sex under the Christmas tree?”

“Best gift I ever got,” Gertrude tells him. “But group sex sounds so much less kinky than an orgy or a gangbang. Takes the fun out of it.”

I grin. “Don’t you want Gertrude to suck on your cock?” I ask, because the sooner he accepts that we plan to share our mate, the better.

He seems to consider it for another second, grumbles “I don’t like change,” and crosses the room.

“I can believe *you’re* centuries old,” she tells him.

“I’ll show you centuries old.” He drops to his knees in front of her, grabs a fistful of her hair, and slides his raging hard-on into her mouth.

“That’s how you STFUATTDLAGG,” I tell Gertrude as I stroke my cock and nearly come on the spot.

Watching my two pack mates fuck our mate is even hotter than reading.

Gertrude mutters something around Dragon’s cock, and he throws his head back and groans.

“Suck on Dragon’s cock like a good girl,” I say.

She shoots me the side-eye.

“A good woman, then,” I amend. Unlike Dragon, I can be flexible.

The shifter buries his entire cock in her mouth, and she whimpers. I need to hear that sound again. Make sure my men make her feel good.

“Wolf, tell her how good her pussy feels,” I order.

“It’s so hot,” he groans. “And wet. I’m going to come.”

“Not yet,” I snap. Not before she does.

I also don’t miss the fact that in books, men order their women not to come,

not other men, but I find that I kind of like it.

“No one comes until I say so.”

My bear growls in approval.

“The hell?” Wolf demands, gritting his teeth. He starts to sweat, but then his scowl turns into a triumphant grin.

He reaches between them to rub Gertrude’s clit. She whimpers, and it takes me a second to realize what he’s up to. The fucker’s going to force her to break the rules by making her come.

“I said neither of you comes!”

Wolf rubs her clit even faster.

Gertrude whimpers and lets out these delicious little moans around Dragon’s cock. He groans and throws his head back.

“You don’t come either, Dragon.”

“Cut it out,” he snaps back. “I’m in charge of my cock, and I come when I want.”

Gertie moans something around his cock.

“That feels so good,” he groans, tightening his grip on her hair. “You’re mine, Gertie, and don’t you forget it.”

“Ours.” Wolf growls as he slams his cock into her pussy.

I suddenly *need* to be inside her. I *need* to feel her heat wrapped around my cock as I fuck her into orgasm.

“You can all come now,” I tell them. That’s how it works, right?

Luckily, it is, because Gertrude shatters instantly. Her thighs shake as she screams her release around Dragon’s cock. It sets him off, and he roars as he comes in her mouth, and Wolf howls as he fills her pussy with his cum.

“Swallow!”

Gertrude does. Then she licks her lips and collapses on the carpet, completely

spent.

“I came because I wanted to,” Dragon tells me.

“Of course you did.” Gertrude lets out a long, content sigh. “I think I’m in heaven.”

“I think I am, too,” Wolf says, leaning down to shower her naked back with kisses.

“I’m not through with you yet, Gertrude,” I tell her.

She grins up at me. “I think I have it in me for one more round.”

I march past her to the Christmas tree and grab some tinsel. “Wrists,” I order.

She sticks her hands out. “Yes, Sir.”

“Good girl,” I say automatically. “Woman.”

She giggles. “Girl is fine. Makes me feel young again.”

“I’m going to make you feel young again. Now, hands behind your back.”

She does as I say, and I wrap the sparkling red and green decoration around her wrists and tie a bow. “You’re such a fuckable present,” I tell her.

“I’m liking Christmas more and more,” she says.

“Do you think an ornament would make a good ball gag?” I ask the room at large.

Dragon and Wolf gape at me like they’re seeing me for the first time.

“Who are you and what have you done with Bear?” Wolf asks.

I shrug.

Gertrude shrugs too. “If the ornament is shatter-proof and not covered in glitter, it’s probably safe,” she says. “But it would be a shame when I’ve got myself some delicious cocks I could be sucking on instead.”

“You heard her, men.”

“Both of us?” Dragon demands. “At the same time?”

He looks ready to run right out the door.

Gertie shrugs. "I'd be willing to try it if you are. Or you could rock paper scissors for it."

Dragon and Wolf don't look like they're feeling all that experimentative, so they play a naked game of rock paper scissors.

"I was only kidding about that part," Gertrude says.

"Rock!" Dragon shouts, hitting Wolf's scissors.

"Best two out of three," Wolf shouts, and they go at it again.

She shakes her head. "I'm starting to think you might not be centuries old after all."

"Oh, we are," I tell her. "We're just young at heart."

Gertrude nods. "I can relate to that."

I grin. "Now, are you ready to shut the fuck up and take this dick like a good girl?"

## Chapter 7

*Gertie*

Bear's words echo through the room while "Rocking Around the Christmas Tree" plays softly on the speakers. *Shut the fuck up and take this dick like a good girl.*

"So that's what ST... whatever you said earlier... means," I tell him, not bothering to parse out the acronym.

Bear grunts.

"You've been reading far too much smut if you can remember that mouthful," I tell him. "I like it."

He smirks. "Just break it down. Start with STFU."

"Acronyms hurt my head," I tell him. "Which one is that again?"

"The one where you stop talking and let me fuck you."

I nod. "That I can do."

"Good." His gaze drops down to my breasts, which stand proudly on display.

"Damn, I don't remember my tatas ever looking this good."

He groans. "Please don't call them tatas."

“Tits?” I suggest. “But is this really the best time to talk about semantics?”

“How about we don’t talk, period?” he asks.

“I’m not good at that. And that rock paper scissors game looks like it’s going to take a while.”

Bear glances at Wolf and Dragon and shakes his head. “Amateurs.”

“Then why don’t you show me what that expert cock of yours can do.”

Bear pushes me down onto my knees, which doesn’t hurt in the slightest. Come to think of it, my wrists feel just fine, which hasn’t been the case since I finished my tenth book. And my joints don’t ache, either. Ah, the perks of being in heaven.

“Stick your cock in my mouth, Bear,” I tell him.

“No,” he barks. “Spread your legs. Wider, Gertrude.”

I instantly obey. My heart pounds and my pussy throbs in anticipation as he circles around me. He drops to his knees behind me, forcefully spreading my legs apart with his own.

“Rock. I win,” Wolf cries triumphantly.

I flash him a mischievous grin. "Time to bring that big bad wolf to Granny's house."

Wolf smirks at me, his piercing gaze caressing every inch of me. A surge of desire floods straight to my core, and I tremble in anticipation.

Bear grasps my bound wrists and forces them back so my hands graze his rock-hard abs. I feel deliciously exposed, achingly vulnerable, and one hundred percent ready for the men to ravage me.

My mouth waters as I stare hungrily at Wolf’s throbbing cock. He strokes himself, teasing me as he steps closer and rubs the glistening tip against my lips. I lick my lips.

Wolf groans and thrusts into my waiting mouth. The taste of our previous

encounter lingers on him, intoxicating and delicious.

Bear leans down, his breath caressing my ear. “If you want to stop, tap my stomach twice.”

I do.

“Out,” he orders, and Wolf instantly pulls his cock from my mouth.

“I was just testing it out,” I tell the men. “Seeing how it works.”

Wolf’s pupils dilate, and he strokes his cock. “Does that mean you don’t want this?”

“I do.” I lick my lips and tilt my head forward, but he’s just out of reach.

“Please, Wolf.”

Bear reaches around me and rubs a small circle around my clit. “You’re so wet for us, aren’t you, my little Gertrude? You want us to pleasure you with our cocks.”

I moan. “Yes, please. Take me. I’m yours.”

“And I’m yours,” Wolf says as he plunges his cock into my mouth.

“As am I,” Bear growls, lining his hard length up at my dripping entrance. I ache for him, but he focuses his attention on my swollen clit instead. He teases and torments me until my body’s begging for release. “I’ve never been inside another woman, Gertrude. It’s just you. Only you.”

With those words, he thrusts inside me, filling me to the brim.

I gasp around Wolf’s cock.

“You feel so wet.” Bear growls.

“And so beautiful,” Wolf adds. “Can we keep you forever?”

His words send heat flooding straight down to my core—and my heart. But before I can really process what I’m feeling, Dragon growls and crosses the room toward us.

“I like my routines, Gertie,” he says as he kneels on the carpet next to me.

Bear slides his hard cock out of my pussy and slams back in, distracting me.

“The world around us may have changed since we came to this land,” Dragon adds, “but our lives have not. Not until you.”

I try to focus on his words, but Bear makes it difficult. Wolf’s cock doesn’t help either. He slides it in as deep as I can take him and then stops.

“Hey, Dragon,” he growls. “Think you can save your complaints until we’re done fucking our mate?”

“They’re not complaints,” Dragon says. “I’m giving her a compliment.”

“It doesn’t sound like a compliment,” Wolf grumbles and resumes fucking my mouth.

“It is,” Dragon says resolutely. “Gertie’s my mate. She understands.”

*Gertie is too busy being fucked to understand much of anything*, I think. But telling him would require me to tap Bear’s six-pack and stop the festivities, so I let things play out.

Wolf snorts. “Well, do you mind clearing it up for the rest of us?”

“I hate change. I like Gertie.” Dragon presses his lips against my neck and sucks.

A wave of pleasure shoots through me.

“You’re ours,” he adds possessively, while Bear and Wolf fill me with their cocks.

I nearly come on the spot.

“I still owe you that punishment,” he adds, making my heart race. “Are you ready, Gertie?”

I tense, not sure what to expect, and gasp when I feel the flat of his palm land on the side of my ass. It stings, and I know I can tap Bear’s chest if I want to stop. But I don’t. I want more. I *need* more.

Dragon slaps the same spot again, and I clench around Bear’s cock.



“You don’t come until I say so,” he growls.

For a virgin, he’s really got this whole sex thing down.

I almost ignore his order and orgasm anyway, but I want to please him, so I fight the rising pleasure.

Dragon doesn’t make it easy. He leans down and sucks one of my nipples roughly into his mouth, leaving me hovering at the edge of release.

“Please,” I whimper around Wolf’s cock.

He roars and shoots hot, salty cum into my mouth. I greedily gulp down every last bit of his pleasure, while Bear relentlessly thrusts inside me.

He keeps rubbing my clit, and the pressure builds until I need to come so badly I’m trembling. I try to hold off, but when Bear leans down and nips my ear, I don’t think I’ll last.

“Come for me, Gertrude Keene,” Bear orders.

My entire body explodes in pleasure as I let go. I scream my release and clench around Bear’s cock as a wave of emotions unlike anything I’ve ever felt washes over me. Pleasure courses through me, and my entire body shakes as Bear continues to fuck me relentlessly.

He roars his release, and another orgasm floods through me, leaving me gasping for breath. The entire experience is so intense, there’s no doubt left in my mind I’m in heaven—and I want to stay right here, with these men, for all eternity.

Bear unties my wrists, and I sag back against his muscular chest, completely spent. I absolutely love heaven.

## Chapter 8

*Gertie*

I snuggle on the plush brown rug with the three men, feeling utterly and completely satisfied. “The Most Wonderful Time of The Year” plays over the speakers, and I’m inclined to agree.

Bear’s large bicep pillows my head, and his hard, muscular chest warms my side while he idly flicks my nipple. Dragon warms the other side, his large thigh draped over mine while he draws slow circles around my belly-button. Wolf settles cross-legged at my feet, grabs my ankle, and proceeds to rub the pad of my foot with strong hands.

I moan. “I’m in heaven.” Literally. I giggle.

Wolf grins. “Ticklish?”

“Not really,” I tell him. “Never have been.”

He raises an eyebrow, and I let out another moan as he rubs my foot just so.

“I could get used to this,” I tell the men.

“You’d better,” Wolf tells me, “since we’re never letting you go.”

I start to laugh.

Dragon's fingers still on my abdomen.

Wolf stops the heavenly foot massage. "That wasn't a joke."

"I know," snort, "it's just," snort, "in my novels," snort...

Bear starts to laugh, too, proving that he really has read me. "Gertrude writes horror," he tells the other two men, but they don't seem to understand.

"That's what the villain always says," I tell them.

"Oh." Wolf's face falls. "We wouldn't keep you here against your will."

"But you belong with us," Dragon adds.

Bear plants a soft kiss on the top of my head. "We're hoping you'll stay."

"Of course I will," I tell him. "There's nowhere I'd rather be." *And I'm falling for all three of you*—though it's too early to say that, considering we just met. Even if we are in heaven. There are rules about these sorts of things.

Wolf starts up his foot massage again, and I relax. "This is heaven."

"Good." Wolf switches to my other foot.

I let out a contented sigh. "So how does this work? Is there a manual?" The afterlife really should come with one.

Wolf runs his thumb along the pad of my foot. "You mean the *Kama Sutra*?"

"I'd be up for that." I grin. "But I mean, do we just stay in here and fuck for all eternity?"

Bear lets out a hearty chuckle that rumbles deep in his throat and vibrates against my side.

"It's a valid question," Dragon tells him. "We'll need to draw up a new schedule."

Wolf snorts. "Let me guess... Orgy Sundays, Dragon Mondays, Wolf Wednesdays, and Bear Fridays? Or were you planning to schedule daily orgies from six to eight?"

"I'm on board with daily orgies," I say.

Dragon looks thoughtful. “Would that be six to eight in the morning or evening?”

“Definitely both,” I tell him. “And add some afternoon orgies, too.”

I’m just teasing, but Dragon frowns. “I’ll have to rework our entire schedule!”

Wolf grins. “You’ll figure it out, man. We believe in you.”

I’m pretty sure he’s messing with him, but Dragon jumps to his feet. His cock slaps against his thigh quite nicely as he rushes off. “Let me get my diary.”

I ogle his delicious-looking ass. “Does he really have a diary?”

“Yup.” Wolf sets my foot down and takes Dragon’s spot on the rug. “He still hasn’t gotten on board with phones or computers.”

Bear idly drums his fingers on my lower belly. “Or ebooks.”

“I wasn’t on board with those at first, either,” I admit. “I like the new book smell. Running my fingers along a nice, thick spine. The light rustling of pages. But it beats using a magnifying glass. Not that I’ll need one now. Everything looks crystal clear up here.”

Wolf runs his warm palm along my bare thigh. “I prefer physical books, too.”

“A good story is a good story,” Bear says.

“Hear hear.” I smile as I snuggle into him.

“I collect physical copies of all my favorites. Got every Gertrude Keene on my shelf.” His words warm my heart. “But it takes far too long for shipments to get here. If I want to read a book, I’m reading it now.”

“You have to wait for books to get shipped up here?” I ask in surprise.

Wolf nods.

I figured they would just magically appear in heaven, but I supposed someone has to go down to Earth to get them. And if that’s allowed, does that mean I can go down to check on my family from time to time, too?

Before I can ask, Dragon marches back into the room and holds up a large leather-bound notebook and a pencil. "I'm ready."

"That's one thick diary," I tell him.

"It's nice and hard too." He winks, tapping the cover.

"So what's it for?"

"Our schedule," Dragon says.

Wolf snorts. "He keeps meticulous notes of everything. In shorthand."

"Shorthand?" I repeat. "Is it strange that I find it kind of sexy?"

"Definitely," Wolf says.

Bear chuckles.

Dragon scowls at them and settles on the rug at my feet. He sets his large notebook on his lap, and his cock peeks out from behind it as he starts to note things down. "I'm making a list."

"I like making those, too," I tell him. "Though mostly on Post-its. Your way is more organized."

Dragon puffs up, and I feel like that's the best compliment I could have given him. He jots something else down and glances at me. "What time do you usually wake up, Gertie?"

I shrug. "I've been having trouble sleeping of late, so it varies."

"I'll make a note of that," he says thoughtfully. "Orgasms before bed might fix that."

I nod in agreement. "What about when we're not having sex? Will I still need to eat and use the little girls' room?"

The men nod.

"I could live with that. What about clothes? Do we all get those, or do some of us stay naked? I'm no prude, but I wouldn't want to get my juices all over that nice couch."

“We can pick up some clothes,” Dragon says thoughtfully as he jots it down in shorthand. “We’ll probably need a bigger bed so we can all fit, too. That way I don’t have to draw up a nightly sleep schedule.” He writes it down and taps my knee with his pink eraser. “Oh, and a vibrator.”

I picture him using it on me. “I wouldn’t be opposed.”

“Is there anything else you need? Name it and it’s yours.”

“How does this work, exactly? Do you write things in your diary and when you’re done, they just magically materialize in the living room?”

Dragon chuckles. “No, we go into town and buy them, like everyone else.”

My eyes widen. “You have money?”

“Yes.” Dragon taps his pencil on his bare knee idly. “More than enough to buy everything you need.” He starts to write again. “Including a typewriter.”

I sigh. “I have to say, I’m disappointed.”

Dragon looks up in surprise.

Bear growls. “She wants a computer. She needs to delete.”

Dragon flips his pencil over, erases, and writes it down.

“It’s not that.” I purse my lips. “I suppose I always thought heaven would be all fluffy clouds and angels. It’s a bit of a letdown that we still need money. But...” I cheerily add, “Sex in heaven...” I fan myself. “Mind-blowing. And the men...” I shoot them a wink.

Bear places a flat palm on my abdomen. “You’re not in heaven, Gertrude.”

I giggle. “Oh, I am. They don’t have orgasms like this in hell.”

“I meant you’re not dead,” he amends.

“Of course I am.”

“No, you’re not,” Dragon chimes in.

“You’re a wolf shifter,” Wolf adds. “We talked about this.”

I nod. “A wolf shifter in heaven.”

Wolf shakes his head. “This isn’t heaven. Or any sort of afterlife. This is life, life.”

I shake my head. “That’s impossible.”

## Chapter 9

*Gertie*

“I must be dead,” I tell the men, “because nothing aches.”

Wolf frowns, and his hand on my thigh stills. “What’s that got to do with anything?”

“Pain is how you know you’re alive.”

“No.” Dragon taps his pencil’s pink eraser against my ankle. “Breathing and a heartbeat is how you know you’re alive.”

“What about vampires?” Bear asks. He continues to play with my nipple idly, almost as if he isn’t aware he’s even doing it.

Dragon frowns. “Technically, vampires are undead.”

“But are they?” Bear asks.

“Does it matter?” Wolf jumps in.

“Yes,” they both snap at the same time.

Wolf runs his hand up my leg. “How about we just agree that being alive is how you know you’re alive?”

“Fine,” Dragon says.



Bear grunts.

I frown. “That’s a non-answer if I ever heard one.”

Bear chuckles. “Gertrude, you’re not dead.”

“Although…” Wolf taps his fingers on my bare thigh. “I’ve never heard Bear string so many words together in my life, so I’ve been wondering if I might be.”

Bear snorts.

Dragon groans. “Now she’s going to think she is dead, you dumbass.”

“I was kidding.” Wolf rolls his eyes. “You really aren’t dead, Gertie.”

I shake my head. “Let’s examine the facts, shall we? I’m seventy-three, and I just did the dirty with three hotties who might be even younger than my grandkids.” And I think I’m falling for all three of them.

“We’re centuries old,” Wolf reminds me.

“See? Heaven.”

Dragon slams his diary shut around the pencil and leans it against one of the wrapped presents under the tree. “I found you passed out in the forest,” he says.

I can’t quite take him seriously when he’s sitting cross-legged with his cock standing at attention.

“If I hadn’t put up that sign,” Wolf adds, “Dragon never would have found you. Speaking of which, what happened to the sign?”

“Ah, hell,” Dragon breathes. “I left it behind.” He glances out the window, where a heavenly winter storm is brewing. “It’s probably buried under a mound of snow. I’ll retrieve it once the storm clears.”

Bear’s chuckle rumbles against my side. “The ‘Beware of Monsters’ sign is why you were out there, wasn’t it, Gertrude?”

I nod. “Research for my new book.” I sigh. “But then I fell and died.”

Dragon groans. “For the last time, you didn’t die. I brought you here and turned you to save your life.”

“You mean I turned her,” Wolf says.

Dragon ignores him. “How is being dead more believable than being a shifter?”

“You have a point there,” I say, “But then why have the three of you been fucking me and making me come?”

“Because we’re into you,” Bear says.

“And you’re hot,” Wolf adds with a wink.

“And you’re our fated mate,” Dragon finishes.

“Those are good reasons,” I say. “Wait, I’m your fated mate? As in…” I can’t quite get the word out.

Bear says it for me. “Soulmates.”

My heart hammers in my chest. If I weren’t already dead—or a shifter, if the men are to be believed—I’d be worried I might be having a heart attack.

He takes my hand and places it over his heart. “My bear and I accept you as our mate, and vow to spend all eternity bringing you pleasure, in bed and out.”

Wolf takes my hand next and moves it to his chest. “My wolf and I accept you as our mate. We are yours to do with as you please, for the rest of our lives.”

Dragon pulls me up into a seated position and places my hand on his chest. “My dragon and I accept you as our mate, to share our time, our home, and our joys and sorrow, for as long as we both shall live.”

Tears spring to my eyes as I open my heart to the men surrounding me. “And I accept all three of you as my mates. I want to spend forever with you having lots and lots of delicious foursomes and getting to know you all better,” I tell

them. A faint howl echoes in the recesses of my mind. I instinctively know what it means. “And so does my wolf.”

The men pounce on me, peppering my body with kisses. And since I’ve got myself three hotties, I take my time enjoying them.

Half a dozen orgasms later, we’re snuggled beneath the Christmas tree again, and this time I find myself humming along to “Santa Claus Is Coming To Town.”

“You men would look really handsome dressed up as Santas,” I tell them.

Bear chuckles. “Would you dress up as Mrs. Claus?”

“Tempting, but I think I’d rather be the town.” They stare at me blankly. “So you can be the ones coming. Well, in town, not to town... but you get the picture. Wait, town! Edna must be worried sick!”

“Who’s Edna?” Dragon demands.

“My friend.” I jump to my feet and rush to get my jacket.

“Where do you think you’re going?” Bear adds, racing after me.

Wolf follows. “It’s not safe to go out in this storm!”

“I just need my mobile phone.” I search my pockets and tap the button to see my missed calls. There are dozens.

“You can’t call anyone,” Dragon orders. “Humans can’t know we exist. It’s better that your family thinks you’re dead.”

“We’re not doing that,” I tell him. “Edna must be worried sick when I didn’t come back.” I quickly explain that she’s the reason I’m here. “I have to call and tell her I’m all right.”

“The Gertie she knew is gone,” Bear tells me. “It’s better this way.”

I shake my head. “I’m calling her.”

The men watch, wide-eyed, as I tap the screen. The phone rings, the sound echoing through the room, and I realize I’ve got it on speaker. Since I don’t

mind the men listening in and don't know how to switch it back, I just leave it.

"Gertie!" Edna shouts the moment she picks up. "Please tell me you're alive!"

Hearing her voice solidifies that fact that I am, but I wink at the men, "I'm calling you from heaven."

"Do not joke with me, Gertrude Keene. You were gone for hours. I even sent out a search party, and no one could find any trace of you! Do you know what horrors have been going through my head?"

"I'm right as rain, Edna. Don't fret."

"You sound different. Almost... younger."

The men shake their heads wildly.

I ignore them. "Well, funny story, that... I met some hot young men, and they turned me into a wolf shifter."

"Likely story," Edna scoffs. "Please don't tell me you're trying your hand at writing romance, because that simply would not do."

I giggle. More like living it. "I wouldn't dream of it."

"Good. Because the synopsis you sent me is absolutely brilliant."

Bear seems to perk up at that, and I wink at him.

"It just came to me," I tell her. "I thought I was done writing, but I think I've got a book or two left in me yet."

"I'm happy to hear it. Now, where are you? I want to see for myself that you're not being held hostage by Christmas monsters."

I snort. "Christmas monsters?" More like Christmas shifters.

"Don't think I can't hear 'Jingle Bells' playing in the background, Gertie."

"Let's just say I found my Christmas spirit, along with a nice, cozy cabin where I can write my next novel. And speaking of Christmas..." I glance at

the men. “I’ll talk to you after the holidays. Right now, I have some presents waiting for me under the tree.”

Edna protests, but I can’t resist pressing the big red button. Then I turn to the three deliciously naked men waiting for me under the tree.

“Now this is what I call a merry Christmas!” I tell them with a mischievous grin.

And as for my plan to turn my friend, daughter, and grandkids into shifters... Well, that can wait until after the holidays.

\*\*\*

Thank you for reading *Granny's Christmas Shifters!* If you enjoyed Gertie's golden year paranormal romance, you're going to love Edna's story in *Grandma's Christmas Vampires!*

Looking for more quirky paranormal romance? You're going to love **HER PASTRY SHIFTERS!** A curvy baker accidentally ends up sharing a hotel room with three hot men who shift into pastries. **One-click to read HER PASTRY SHIFTERS by Mia Harlan today.**

Looking for more unique stories with plenty of spice?

- I've got some delicious men who shift into donuts in **HER DONUT SHIFTERS BY MIA HARLAN.**
- Amber can shift into anyone she meets, and one of her fated mates Chase is a bunny shifter with a rather substantial carrot in **AMBER BY MIA HALRAN**
- Violet can shift into anyone she meets and is forced to spend life in an 80-year-old's body in **VIOLET BY MIA HARLAN.**

- Wynter's mate Xavi shifts into a block of ice and her other mate Leith can shift into anyone he meets in WYNTER BY MIA HARLAN

# About Mia Harlan

Mia is a USA Today & International Bestselling Author who writes quirky romance guaranteed to make you laugh.

A librarian by day and author by night, she lives in Canada with her husband (who's definitely NOT a vampire) and their Mini Mortal (who doesn't have fangs).

Also By Mia Harlan



# Shifter Bay

*Enter a world like no other, and fall in love at first sight with unique, quirky shifters.*

Her Donut Shifters

Her Pastry Shifters

Billionaire Rubber Duckie Shifter (coming soon)

# Silver Springs

*Lose yourself in a quirky, paranormal small town filled with magic and fated mates.*

Amber

Amber: Deja Brew

Amber Goes Yeti

Amber's Christmas Surprise

Violet

Deflated (with Eva Delaney)

Violet: A Monster-ly Undercover Christmas

Wynter

Minnie

Moonlit Nephrite (with Eva Delaney)

Tall, Dark, and Haunted (with Hanleigh Bradley)

Saturn (with Hanleigh Bradley)

Venus (with Hanleigh Bradley)

Neptune (with Hanleigh Bradley)

## Beach Romance (Writing as Mia Sands)

*Librarians find love at a beach resort in these spicy shorts.*

Mile High Librarian

Mister Fit

## Other

An Espresso Machine's Guide to Love and Mischief (with Eva Delaney)

Glow Sticks (with Sapphire Winters)

Paranormal Reverse Harem Romance Reader Challenge: A Coloring Book

# Acknowledgements

To all the amazing people in my life: THANK YOU for inspiring me, supporting me, and filling my world with so much light! I tried writing a whole page to thank each of you. Halfway through, I freaked out thinking I might forget someone, realized the words weren't quite right, and spent three hours editing. Then, in a full-on panic, I decided to scrap this book, quit writing, and live under a blanket. But, I talked myself down, crawled out from under my blanket, and made a promise: someday, I'll be that author who nails the acknowledgment section, cooks a healthy dinner, and keeps the house clean. Today's not that day, but hey, this book is done! So, a huge, messy, heartfelt thanks to all of you for sticking with this hot mess of an author.