

A Lot of Snow For Christmas



BL Maxwell

A Lot of Snow For Christmas

BL Maxwell

A Lot of Snow For Christmas



BL Maxwell



A Lot of Snow For Christmas

BL Maxwell

Copyright © 2023 BL Maxwell

Editing provided by: AnEdit

All Rights Reserved. This book may not be reproduced, scanned, or distributed in any printed or electronic form without permissions from the author, except for using small quotes for book review quotations. All characters and storylines are the property of the author. The characters, events and places portrayed in this book are fictitious. Any similarity to real persons, living or dead, is coincidental

and not intended by the author.

Trademarks:

This book identifies product names and services known to be trademarks, registered trademarks, or service marks of their respective holders. The author acknowledges the trademarked status and trademark owners of all products referenced in this work of fiction. The publication and use of these trademarks is not authorized, associated with, or sponsored by the trademark owners.

Warning

Intended for a mature 18+ audience only. This book contains material that may be offensive to some and is intended for a mature, adult audience. It contains graphic language, explicit sexual content, and adult situations.

A Lot of Snow For Christmas

[One](#)

[Two](#)

[Three](#)

[Four](#)

[Five](#)

[Six](#)

[Seven](#)

[Eight](#)

[Nine](#)

[Epilogue](#)

[About The Author](#)

[Also By BL Maxwell](#)



One

Jack

The day had been great. I'd rented a cabin for the week in Tahoe to enjoy all the fresh snow that had been predicted. Skiing had always been a part of my life, and moving away from the snow hadn't stopped me from making as many trips to the mountains as I could. Especially when the snow was as fabulous as it had been this season.

"Hey Jack, how was your day?" Jim, one of the regulars at the ski area asked me. He'd been skiing here as long as I had and had started many years before I was even born. I hoped to still be skiing at his age which had to be in the seventies.

"One of the best ever. Great to have this much snow." The snow crunched under my ski's as I slid them back and forth while leaning on my poles, waiting for my turn on the lift.

"Unless you have to shovel it," he grumbled under his breath. "Where are you staying?"

"I rented a cabin near the resort, but I haven't checked it out yet." Snow continued to fall as we spoke and all I could think was how incredible the skiing would be while I was here.

"You might want to take off early and make sure it's accessible. We've had a lot of vacation rentals that aren't. The snow has been so heavy the owners haven't been able to keep up on clearing the roads."

“I’ll do that. I got here early so I don’t mind taking off early. I have four more days of skiing and it’s looking like it’ll all be in powder.”

“Be careful. I can’t stress enough how dangerous it is right now. Avalanche patrol has been working nonstop to knock down anything that looks dangerous around the ski area, but they don’t do much to protect the nearby cabins.” Jim’s eyes—which were all that was visible of his face—tightened in worry as he looked around the surrounding area. All the trees were so heavy with snow it looked unreal.

It had been years since the Sierra had received so much snow, if ever, and no one was really prepared for so much in such a short period of time. I glanced at some of the higher peaks and reminded myself it wasn’t a good idea to ski those areas alone. No matter how tempting the powder was.

“I will. I won’t be taking any chances since I’m skiing alone.”

“It’s not just skiing that’s dangerous. I’m not exaggerating when I say this is like nothing we’ve ever seen. The road crews are having trouble keeping the roads clear, and several roofs have collapsed from the weight. I wouldn’t want to find out in June you were stuck in a cabin all that time.” He met my eyes and even as he looked relaxed on his ski’s his eyes showed how serious he was.

“Why don’t I give you a call when I make it to my cabin? Then we’ll both know I’ve made human contact, and someone up here will know where I’m at.” We exchanged numbers just

as his turn on the lift came up. He waved me off as he and the three people he was with slowly glided up the hill before they were lost in the heavy snow and hidden from view.

I slid onto the lift with three strangers, and it was snowing so heavy none of us spoke all the way up. The snow muffling our voices and forcing me to duck down into my coat to keep my face warm. I had invested in excellent cold weather gear, but with this much snow, and the temperature being below average, it was truly testing the limits of what would keep me warm, while allowing me to move freely. The farther we got to the top of the lift the uglier the weather was. A heavy mist mingled with the snow and made it impossible to see more than twenty feet ahead. I slid off to the side out of the way of other skiers before locking down my boots and stomping on them a few times to make sure they were locked in enough for the heavy powder.

They'd blocked off a few of the runs out of an abundance of safety, and possibly to prevent anyone from skiing alone outside the boundary which on a day like today could be life changing, and not in a good way. Standing at the top of the first run, I took notice of how few skiers were actually out, and how deep the snow obviously was. No tracks were visible, and I was only able to tell where the trail was from it being cleared of trees.

After adjusting my goggles and zipping my coat I dropped down into the deepest snow I'd ever skied. It was light but above my knees, and the only thing that kept me upright was my speed. I knew if I slowed down at all I'd be stuck in it.

Making very few turns I slid to a stop at the bottom and waited with a few other skiers. All of us probably questioning our sanity the way I was.

“How was it?” one person asked who’s knitted hat was already coated with snow.

“Deep. But at least it’s light,” I said, and looked down at the next run. “Hopefully it eases up soon, or we won’t be skiing for a few days.” I knew without Jim saying anything that this much snow wasn’t a good thing when it came to skiing, and too many times that had been proven. I wasn’t one that was interested in becoming a statistic.

Two snow boarders pushed off and slowly made their way down the next slope. Every turn was an effort, and I knew from experience they’d be in the lodge soon. I pushed off without another word and after making as few turns as possible I kept going until I was at the lift again.

“How was it?” Jim asked.

“Not easy,” I said making him laugh.

“Wait until you’re my age. I’m more comfortable with the groomed slopes myself, but I wanted to experience this since it’s so rare.” He tapped at his skis with his poles making sure his boots were still all locked down and his bindings were holding up. Deep snow was a workout for us and our equipment, and you didn’t want to break a binding halfway down and have to wait for ski patrol to pick you up. Not in this weather.

“I’m going to make a few more runs and then call it quits. The snow just isn’t letting up, and I don’t want to be driving around in the dark looking for the place I rented.”

“Good call. You wouldn’t be getting much help either. The tow truck companies, and everyone involved with emergency services are all swamped. So, you getting lost might not be seen as an emergency until you’re stuck in the snow somewhere.”

“I hadn’t thought of that. I was hoping since this is the weekend before the holiday it wouldn’t be so busy before the schools are out.” Christmas was coming up fast, but I had planned my vacation around it. Once the schools were out this area would be packed. “I’ll take another run then leave.” I looked up at the sky as the snow seemed to fall even heavier than it was when I’d arrived.

Light, fat flakes that floated down so heavy that visibility dropped to about twenty feet. As I rode the chairlift up for my final run it was difficult to make out the chair ahead of me. I knew then I’d made the right decision to make this my last run.

“Chairs are closing in thirty,” the lift operator yelled as I slid off at the top.

I waved at him to answer and after checked my boots were fastened before pushing off. The snow slowed my descent a lot more than it had on my previous run, and I noticed I was the only one on this run. Normally I’d love to have it all to myself,

but not today. The heavy snow falling on the already heavy snow was ominous.

Skiing was challenging, and when I got to the bottom of the run, I continued down to the parking lot and as close as I could get to my car. Usually, I'd be on the lookout for a shuttle to take me to the parking lot to avoid carrying my skis and walking in my boots, but not today. It only took me a few minutes to get my skis in the rack and be behind the wheel of my SUV.

"I'm glad this place has a spa, at least I can warm up once I get there," I mumbled to myself as I crawled out of the parking lot and made my way to my rental.



Two

Ronnie

It sounded like such a good idea. I had never had a white Christmas, and with all the snow in the Sierra this year, I thought this was the perfect time to do it. Even if I'd never actually driven in snow before, and it ended up taking me six hours to get to Truckee where normally it was around two.

"I hope the snow lets up so I can see enough to find the hotel," I mumbled to myself, and patted Chewie where he sat on the backseat. "Don't worry baby, we'll get there soon." He huffed at me before laying back down. Chewie was a small, brown mixed breed dog I'd adopted three years ago. He earned his name when he was a puppy and chewed through every cord within his reach.

My family was big and loud and didn't understand why I didn't want to spend the holidays with them. But the past year had been full of changes for me, from getting a new job to deciding it was time I made sure I was happy and stopped playing the field with all the available men Sacramento had to offer. Not that they didn't make me happy, most of them did. But I wanted more than the one-night stands. I wanted love.

"Pay attention Ronnie before you end up in the ditch," I said to myself and clenched the steering wheel tighter.

"Do not travel to the Sierra if you can avoid it. They're predicting several feet of snow over the next twenty-four hours and interstate 80 is unlikely to stay open. There's just too

much snow for the snow removal crews to keep up on it,” the guy on the radio said, interrupting the music I’d been listening to.

“It’s really bad out Chewie, we might have to find a place that’s closer to stay if it’s snowing this hard the whole way.” I wiped at the windshield, but it was so cold out my defroster wasn’t keeping the window clear, and since the sun was beginning to go down visibility was getting even worse. I stayed close to the car in front of me and we all snaked along the road following a lead car with emergency lights that flashed amber on the snow.

“Oh, what now?” Traffic slows to a stop and after waiting a few minutes, some cars turn around and head back to Truckee. While I sit and wait, night falls, and when some of the vehicles ahead of me turn off their engines, I realize they’re planning to wait it out.

“Chewie, I think we need to see where we can stay for the night. I don’t think it’s a good idea for us to sit in the car.” He grumbles from the back but doesn’t move. I notice there’s a turn ahead where the emergency vehicle has stopped. Without thinking I threw on my jacket and stepped outside my car. “This has to be the worst idea yet.”

Blowing snow hit my face like tiny shards of glass, but I ignored it and hurried to the vehicle that was stopped at the front of the line. A man sat inside talking on a phone, and jumped when I tapped on the window. “What is it?” he asked as he cracked it open enough to hear but not let out the heat.

“Is there someplace nearby I could stay for the night? I drove up from Sacramento and I’m not sure I can drive all that way tonight.”

“You could try at the ski resort there on the right. I doubt they’re fully booked with this weather.”

“Thanks, is it okay to drive past you?” I wasn’t sure what the protocol was, and I didn’t want to end up with a ticket if I didn’t have to.

“Sure, just be careful, it’s nasty out. Visibility is nonexistent and it’s only going to get worse.”

I thanked him and hurried back to my SUV, never more thankful for all-wheel drive. After shaking off the snow, and getting settled in my seat, I backed up enough to go around the vehicle in front of me.

“Don’t worry Chewie, we’ll find a safe place for tonight.” I tried to believe my own words, but thoughts of the Donner Party played on repeat through my mind. They were only looking for a safe place too and look what it cost them. A shudder ran down my spine as I inched along, and finally was able to turn right past the lead car.

This road was not any better than the one I’d turned off on, but I was relieved to catch a glimpse of lights from what I hoped was the hotel for the ski resort. “I swear it’s snowing even harder now. Sorry Chewie but don’t worry baby, I’ll take care of us.” I hoped my words were true, but I was really worried.

The road had only been plowed at the entrance, and since it was snowing so heavily it was hard to tell what road was and what—wasn't. Lights from a car flashed in front of me, and I worried we'd be hit. The back of the car fishtailed as I fought to keep us on the road. The car that had startled me continued in the other direction back to where we'd just come from. I hit the brakes, and I knew it was too hard as soon as the tires lost traction and we slid sideways.

I fought the wheel and forced myself not to close my eyes as I braced for the impact. The snow was already piled higher than the car on both sides of the road from where they'd been plowing it in an attempt to keep the roads clear. The passenger side collided with the mounded snow. The sound leaving no doubt there was going to be damage. I turned to check on Chewie and just then snow from the top of the mound plopped on top of the car burying us completely underneath.

Diving over the back of the seat I unhooked Chewie from his harness and pulled him into my arms. "Are you okay?" He was trembling slightly but was otherwise unharmed. "Let me get us both wrapped up then we're getting out of here. I saw some lights ahead. I'm sure we can walk that far."

I bundled Chewie up in his flannel jacket I'd bought for when we got here and tucked him inside my coat. "Don't worry we'll be warm soon," I whispered before kissing the top of his head. He snuggled inside my coat, and I pulled my hood up and zipped my coat all the way to the top.

The door held fast as I pushed as hard as I could to open it. I'd considered taking my backpack with us, but I couldn't see how I could handle it when I couldn't open the door. I put my shoulder into the door and pushed as hard as I could. It gave a little and gave me enough hope to push harder just as I was about to give up and try something else, the door opened.

"Hey, are you okay?" A man peered inside; his face was mostly covered except for his eyes which were visible through the clear goggles he wore. Ice blue, fitting for this mess we found ourselves in.

"Yes, we're—" Chewie moved to put his head out of the top of my jacket and wiggled in glee at the man who had possibly saved our lives. *I knew it was dramatic, but Donner Party!* "We're not okay, we need some help." I tried to stay calm but even I didn't miss the hysterical edge to my voice. Probably a combination of the driving conditions and being completely buried in snow.

"Well, come on then. I have a cabin just down the road. I had just arrived when I saw the lights of your vehicle disappear. I was worried you'd slid off the road."

"Someone was driving toward us and lost control. I swerved to avoid hitting them and hit the snowbank instead."

"Are you alone?" he asked, and leaned down to look into my car.

"Yes, well except for Chewie."

“Who?” He noticed Chewie then and reached out to scratch the top of his head. “Let me help you get your things. You’ll have to stay the night, the storm is too strong to try to drive anywhere tonight,” he yelled over the wind that had gotten stronger just since we’d been here.

“I can’t ask you to do that,” I said, and was horrified at the thought of a stranger needing to let me stay at his place in the middle of nowhere in a snowstorm.

“You didn’t ask, I offered. Now come on before Chewie becomes a furry popsicle.”

I gasped and pulled him closer before reaching into the backseat to get my backpack and Chewie’s duffle. The rest of my things would have to stay in the back, there was no way I was hauling an artificial tree and ornaments through the snow. I loved Christmas, but I had my limits. I shimmied backwards out of the car and right into a wall of a man.



Three

Jack

I knew something was wrong as soon as I saw the lights of the car reflected through the snow. But I didn't expect to find it nearly buried under the mounded snow on the side of the road. I shivered to think what could have happened if I hadn't seen him.

"Oof, sorry," he mumbled, and I barely heard it over the storm as he backed into me.

"It's okay, I was holding the door, so it didn't slam shut on you. Give me some of your things and I'll carry them." I took the backpack and duffle bag from him before he could react.

He leaned back to look up at me, still tucked inside the car while I held the door open. "Thank you," he finally said. "I'm Ronnie Diaz"

"Jack Mathews. You're welcome, now let's get you and Chewie inside before the storm gets any worse." I led him back to the cabin I'd rented that was almost completely covered by snow and made a mental note to call the rental company about that as soon as the storm passed.

We walked through the narrow path I'd just shoveled a few hours ago when I got here to keep it clear. Snow was piled so high it was closer to a tunnel leading to the front door.

"The snow is crazy this year," Ronnie said from behind me.

I unlocked the door, and he hurried inside. “Wow, when you said cabin I wasn’t expecting this.”

It was true. I’d splurged and rented a huge modern cabin that was more like a rustic mansion than a log cabin. Ronnie lowered the hood of his jacket as he walked around the expansive living room, and ended up in front of the massive stone fireplace.

“Wow, nice place.” He stepped closer to the fireplace before unzipping his jacket and taking out his dog. “I think he needs to go potty.”

“He can use the back patio. It’s cleared but probably won’t be for long.” He moved to the sliding door I’d indicated, and without a word he took his little ball of fluff out back. I realized I was still holding his things and set them both down on the kitchen counter. *What the fuck was I thinking bringing this guy back here?* He seemed harmless enough, but I’d come here to get away from everyone and everything. To find some quiet and peace. Maybe he isn’t a talker. He was a tiny little thing, so hopefully unless he had some unforeseen ninja skills, I thought I was relatively safe.

“Thank you, I don’t think Chewie could have waited another second. Speaking of, do you mind if I use the bathroom?” He still had his heavy coat on, and Chewie held close to his chest, but those eyes. Not the little fluff of a dog, but Ronnie. His eyes were a deep dark brown. He took a step back and I realized I hadn’t answered him yet.

“Yes, it’s down the hall first door on the right.” He followed my directions while walking away from me, and when he pulled the door closed behind both him and Chewie, I dragged my hand down my face. *Fuck.*

“Do you have a landline here? I tried my cellphone but there’s no signal.” He shook his phone in my direction to illustrate his words all while Chewie looked on with his cute doggie grin.

“No, sorry. It’s strictly a vacation rental so they never had one installed. I asked when I rented the place. Let me check mine.” I took it out and same as his, no signal. “You could try the WIFI, that might help.” I found the folder with all the information in it and handed it to him. He tapped in the information to connect, and just as he finished the lights went out.

“Fuck,” he mumbled barely loud enough for me to hear him.

“There should be a generator. Just give it a minute.” As the words crossed my lips there was a click and a few lights came on. I was never more thankful to have thought of building a fire as soon as I’d arrived. I looked at my phone but still there was no signal, and now when I checked for networks it showed none. “I think the internet might be down too.”

“Of course, it did, because this day just had to keep getting worse.” He buried his face in Chewie’s fur and I tried not to stare. I was pretty sure he was either in tears, or close to it.

“Hey, it’s okay. Are you hungry? I’ve got plenty of food here.” I moved past him into the kitchen and was relieved to

see the refrigerator was still powered on. “They must have only run emergency power to parts of the house, hopefully there’s extra fuel so we don’t run out,” I rambled, and hoped he didn’t realize how worried I was.

“This is what happened to the Donner Party. They went out for an adventure and see what happened. You know what happened right?” he whispered.

“You mean how they ate—”

“Oh god,” he cut me off. “Please don’t say it. I can’t even think it. It’s got to be one of the most horrible things that’s ever happened around here, don’t you think?” Now it was him that rambled, but somehow, I could tell this wasn’t as unusual for him as it was for me.

“It was a tragedy, but I agree we don’t need to talk about it.” Stuck in a snowstorm near where it happened, the last thing I wanted to talk about was how they were forced to eat each other. No thanks. “Don’t worry, I brought enough groceries for a few days, and I noticed there were totes with emergency supplies in the garage. I bet there’s some MRE’s there.”

“What’s that?” he asked.

I took my coat off and hung it by the door. We’d tracked in some snow, so I took the mop out of the small closet in the kitchen and got busy cleaning it up. “MRE’s? Dried food. They taste like crap, but they’ll keep you alive.” I finished cleaning up the snow and met his eyes. Those gorgeous brown eyes that were now wide in fright. “Hey, don’t worry we’ll be fine.”

He nodded but pulled his dog closer to his chest. “I’m going to see if I can get a call out yet. I need a tow truck to get my car unstuck. There’s no way I’m staying here and missing Christmas.”

“Even if you could get a signal they won’t come out. They’re swamped with spinouts and accidents on the interstate. Until they close it there’s not a chance one of them will come out here.”

“Oh no,” he whispered, and I had to fight the urge to hug him. He was so upset, and I might have hated that he was intruding on my solitude, but I didn’t want him to feel he couldn’t stay. Like it or not we were stuck.



Ronnie

I had two choices, either I gathered up our things and Chewie, and I tried to wait it out in the car hoping for a tow truck. Or we stayed here, with Mr. Sunshine who obviously isn't happy about us being here. "Like we planned to break down near his cabin," I mumbled.

"What was that?" he asked from where he now stood in the kitchen putting something on a plate.

"Nothing, just talking to Chewie." He held my eyes for a moment before going back to what he was doing.

"Here, why don't you take your coat off." He slid the plate which I could now see held a variety of cheese, crackers and fruit. "You'll feel better once you warm up." He rubbed his hands together and walked over to the fireplace while I stood at the door dripping water on the same floor he'd just cleaned up.

"Sorry, I'll clean it up." I took off my jacket and hung it next to his. Chewie was squirming so I set him down and he ran right to Jack. Figures, the little traitor. I took out the mop and cleaned up the same as he had and when I was done, I walked back into the living room to find Jack sitting on the hearth of the fireplace with Chewie on his lap. "Oh my god, I'm so sorry. He can be a little pushy." His ears perked up, but he made no move to leave.

“It’s okay. Go ahead and eat.”

With a final glance I pulled out a barstool and pulled the plate closer. “Thanks for this, I haven’t eaten since I left Sacramento. I mean I’ve been watching my diet, but I don’t like starving. Then when I realized how close we were to the Donner Party monument, well you know, my mind went on overdrive. Not that I thought you’d make a meal of us or anything like that.” For the love of god let a bolt of lightning strike me down and shut me up. None of what I was saying made any sense, but my mouth seemed to have a mind of its own and I couldn’t shut up.

I shoved some food in my mouth, not even bothering to see what it was. The taste of cured meat and aged cheeses hit my taste buds and I had to hold in the groan that tried to escape. “This is really good,” I managed to get out.

“Thanks, I was saving it for Christmas, but this seemed like an emergency.”

I stopped mid-chew as he spoke. “Oh god, I’m so sorry. I didn’t mean to eat your special food.”

“Ronnie, is it?” He stood and walked closer to where I now stood mortified that now I had eaten food he’d been saving.

“Yes, sorry. I was rambling and I guess I thought you had set it out for me since you said you had food. I’m not really sure why I ate it. But I’m really sorry. I’ll pay it back I swear, as soon as I get back home.”

“I set it out for you to eat. Don’t worry I have plenty of other food, but that was the quickest to grab. If I didn’t want you to eat it I wouldn’t have given it to you.”

He stood talking to me holding a very happy Chewie who apparently liked Jack more than he liked me. “Are you sure? I can pay you.”

“Ronnie, go ahead and eat. I’m going to the office to try to do a little work.” He handed Chewie to me who was not happy at all and walked out of the room.

“Why are you such a little traitor?” I asked him before offering him a piece of cheese and a little snuggle. “It’s really cold out, I hope the fire doesn’t go out.” Glancing at the fire I noticed a large log had been added, and I was glad to see it was still a roaring fire. We’d need it to get through the night here.

I walked over to Chewie’s backpack and took out his food and water bowl. After filling it I set it on the floor near me and he immediately took a drink before eating some of his food. Without thinking I took another bite of cheese and froze when I realized it, but relaxed when I remembered he’d told me it was fine.

From where I sat, I could see the storm was not letting up at all, if anything it was snowing harder. Chewie pawed at my leg until I lifted him up on my lap. “What do you think buddy? It looks like we won’t get the white Christmas I thought we would.”

“What did you have planned?” Jack asked as he walked out from a room down the hall wearing pajama bottoms and a sweatshirt.

“Nothing too crazy. I brought a small artificial tree and ornaments. Lots of gifts for Chewie and a few I treated myself with. I just wanted it to be special with just the two of us.” It had been such a stupid idea which my mom wasted no time pointing out. But I was looking forward to having time with just the two of us.

“Do you not have any family?” Jack asked as he sat on the stool next to me.

“I’ve got plenty of family. There’s ten of us kids, and I think at last count twenty-five grandchildren. They haven’t started on the great grandchildren yet.”

“Wow, that’s—”

“A lot. Really too many. I just wanted a quiet Christmas for me and Chewie. I never thought we’d end up stuck here.”

“Don’t worry we should be fine as long as we keep the fire going.” He glanced over at the fireplace and the roaring fire it held.

“So, what brought you all the way up here during a snowstorm?” I asked.

“Well, that’s easy enough. I don’t like people.”

All the air seemed to be sucked out of the room as I clutched Chewie even closer. “All people?” I asked and braced myself for his answer.



Jack

Ronnie looked at me like he expected me to throw them out into the snow at any second. I was an asshole, but not that kind of asshole. “I work with the public every day at my job. For the most part I like it but after a while I need a break.”

“What do you do?” he asked.

“I work for a corporate law firm.” I walked over and used the poker to stir up the fire. Sparks flew around the inside of the fireplace like a swarm of fireflies looking for escape.

“Do you have family? I mean won’t someone miss you while you’re here? My mom threatened to track me down when I told her I was skipping the big holiday.”

He sounded so young, but I guessed he had to be around thirty. Slim built and small in stature, but big in attitude and sass. In a perfect world he was my kinda guy. But the dog. It wagged its tail at me as soon as I glanced in their direction. It was cute as hell, but I didn’t normally spend time with furry creatures. Just then the lights went out.

Ronnie gasped, and for a moment we were plunged into complete darkness. The sound of the wind howling through the tall pines while the snow built up even deeper outside the cabin. “What happened?” he asked, his voice quivering.

“The generator must have run out of fuel. I’ll go check on it.” I poked at the fire again and threw another log on before closing the fire screen and putting the poker back in its stand.

Ronnie hurried to my side and gripped my arm with the arm he wasn’t holding his dog with. “Take me with you. I don’t want to stay here alone.”

“You’ll be fine, I’ll be right back.” I tried to peel his fingers off my arm, but he was surprisingly strong.

“No way.” The fire reflected in his eyes as he glanced around the dark room. “We’re going with you.”

“Okay but stay close. I don’t want to lose you in the dark.” *Might as well play it up a little.* He wrapped his hand tighter around my arm and pulled himself in closer to my side.

“Let’s do this,” he whispered.

The generator was on the side of the house, and even though it was covered I still needed to put my boots on. Ronnie barely let go long enough for me to get it done. When both of us were ready I led us through the garage and along the side of the house. An overhang kept snow from building up too heavy in this area, but it was icy, and the driving wind and heavy snow made it slow going.

I picked up the fuel can I’d noticed earlier, and tried to control my reaction when I realized it was empty. There was another sitting next to it but it was in the same shape. “They’re both empty. I didn’t check when I started the generator earlier. I saw them and thought they were both full. Fuck.”

Ronnie's hand found my arm again as we both stood there staring at the useless generator. "What now?" he yelled over the wind.

"Now we make sure the fire stays lit. I noticed plenty of wood in the garage. So, I think we'll be okay as long as we can keep the heat up." Without thinking I put my arm around him and pulled him close while sheltering the three of us as good as I could from the storm. He smelled divine. Musky with a clean soapy scent that made it hard for me to resist burying my face in his hair.

We both walked in through the garage side door, and I put as much wood as I could carry in the canvas carrier that was hanging by the stack of dry wood.

"Do you think there's enough here?" Ronnie asked.

There was quite a bit, but if we burned it too fast and the storm lasted multiple days, I wasn't sure what we'd do then. But I wasn't willing to admit that to him. "There's enough. I'm sure the power will be on by tomorrow." I lied. I had no clue how long the power would be out, and I forced myself not to dwell on the recent reports of power being off in this area for days at a time, or even weeks.

Ronnie put his dog down and gathered as much wood as he could carry and all of us hurried back into the house. "It feels like it's getting even colder," he said, and stood close to the fire warming his hands.

"With only the fireplace for warmth the house is going to get cold. We should probably gather some blankets so we can stay

in this area and close off the other rooms.” I didn’t wait for his reaction, just hurried off to a bedroom and stripped the comforter and blankets off it. When I returned to the living room Ronnie met me there with his arms full of blankets and pillows as well.

He dropped them on the floor before moving the two couches closer to the fire. The two of us made up beds and when we were done, I added more wood to the fire.

“Go ahead and get comfortable. I’ll make us each something warm to drink,” I said, and walked into the kitchen. Ronnie took off his jacket again and lay it over the chair we’d left untouched. He slid under the blankets and pulled them all tight around him.

“Come here Chewie,” he said and patted the blanket next to him. The little dog jumped up next to him and walked around in a circle until he settled into a comfortable spot. I filled the teapot I’d found earlier with water and walked over to the fireplace. There was a hook that was probably decorative, but I used to it to hang the teapot close enough to the flames to heat it.

Neither of us spoke as we both watched the flames and snuggled in under a blanket. “You never told me what you do,” I said, glancing over at him.

“I make and sell specialty dog supplies. See how Chewie’s collar matches his duffel bag and they’re both personalized? His bowl and leash also match. Plus, he has a whole wardrobe. I didn’t pack much of it since I thought we’d be inside the

hotel most of the week. His bed is out in the car, and it's personalized too."

I stared at him for a long minute, not sure if it was that he'd revealed to me that he was even more obsessed with his dog than I originally guessed, or the fact that his eyes lit up with so much happiness and pride as he described the business he obviously loved. I was positive my face did not light up that way when I talked about my job. Even if I did make more money than I'd ever need, it wasn't enough.

"Tell me more about your business," I said, and relaxed back into the couch.

"Well, I started it a few years ago selling custom collars at craft fairs. Now I have a website and online store. It keeps me very busy, and Chewie is my model. Isn't that right Chewie?" His little dog licked his face before curling up again and huffing out a sigh.

"He really does look like a miniature Chewbacca," I said before I could stop myself.

"I know, but that's not how he got his name. He really did chew up everything when he was little." His fond smile and bright eyes said so much about how happy he was with his life. I wanted that. I wanted to wake up and not dread going to work.



Six

Ronnie

The quiet was getting to me. I wasn't one to sit around in a totally quiet house. If I was home, I'd have the music loud and I'd be running around my spare room working on a few projects all at once. But I tried not to show how much the silence bothered me and focused instead on watching the fire.

When steam started to rise out of the kettle, Jack stood and poured the hot water into two mugs. "Did you want hot chocolate or tea? Sorry I didn't bring any instant coffee."

"Hot chocolate sounds perfect." I got up and went to the kitchen before returning with a plate of cheese and crackers for each of us. "I guess we should try to save the food you brought."

"Help yourself to whatever is here. I'm sure there's plenty for all of us." He took the plate from me and mixed up the hot chocolate for me before choosing tea for himself.

"Thank you," I whispered and held the mug he gave me in both my hands, soaking up the warmth. "Do you really think we're safe?"

"I do. There's nothing else we can do now until the power comes back on, and the roads are cleared."

"We're stuck like the Donner Party," I mumbled but I knew he heard it.

“I’ll make sure we’re—” A crash of glass and a noise that sounded like the house was collapsing sounded from the back of the house. “Stay here, I’ll go check it out,” Jack said, and ran in the direction the noise came from.

Chewie’s ears perked up and he stood looking in the direction Jack had run. I hadn’t moved from the couch where I held the blanket up to my chin. Chewie ran over to me and barked letting me know he didn’t like it that Jack had gone off on his own.

“I’m sure he’s okay,” I said. But he was not satisfied and gripped my blanket and tugged as hard as he could. “Okay Chewie, we’ll go look.”

The sound of the storm grew louder the farther I walked down the hall. Chewie stayed back in the living room, and I wondered if he knew it wasn’t safe. “Ronnie, I need your help,” Jack yelled from the end of the hall.

Without thinking I ran toward his voice and flung the door open. Snow, ice and insulation blew around the room, and a tree rested halfway in the room. “Be careful. A tree hit the house,” Jack yelled over the wind.

“What do we do?” I yelled back. Shocked at what I saw I stood there clinging to the door while he tried to shove at the tree.

“I don’t know. The fucking tree took out the roof, but I have no clue what we should be doing right now.” He stopped for a moment and just stood there, snow was falling inside the

house now, and the wind blew his hair and everything that wasn't tied down all over the room.

“Jack, come here. All we can do now is close off this area. We should probably put some towels or something under the door to keep the cold out. When you rented this place, I'm pretty sure they didn't expect you to do a roof repair. Come on, you need to dry off and get warm.” He was soaking wet now and every breath he took came out as mist, but he stood in the middle of the ruined bedroom not moving.

Finally, his eyes met mine and he rushed toward the door I held open. “You're right. We'll try to seal the door as well as we can otherwise, we'll never be able to keep the house warm.”

I shoved the door shut as soon as he was outside the room. The hallway was as cold as it was outside. I ran to the first room but didn't see anything useful. The next room had its own bathroom and a lot of towels stacked neatly next to the shower. I grabbed a few of them and hurried back out to the hall. Jack was already there shoving the towels he'd found under the door.

“Thanks, I think we're going to need as many as we can get,” he said and took the ones I held from me.

“Jack you really need to get out of those cold, wet clothes. Hypothermia is no joke. One of my cousins got it years ago and believe me you don't want to go through that.” I was rambling again, but I needed him to listen. “If we're going to get out of here, we both need to be careful.” He visibly

shivered at my words but nodded to me. I pushed at the towels with my foot before the two of us walked back out to the living room.

Jack stood there like he wasn't sure what he should be doing so I took one of the towels we hadn't used and handed it to him. "Th—thanks," he stuttered out as his teeth chattered and his whole body shook with shivers.

"Go change your clothes. I'll put more wood on the fire." He walked off toward the bedrooms and entered one.

I glanced around looking for Chewie, it wasn't like him to hide from me. "Chewie?" I called but still no answer. I walked around the living room expecting to see him curled up on the couch, but he wasn't there. In a panic I hurried to the kitchen and even looked in the garage using my phone's light but still nothing. "Chewie, where are you?" I waited and listened but still nothing.

"What's wrong?" Jack asked, walking out of his room with his shirt still off and a pair of sweat pants on. I ignored his toned chest and walked past him.

"I can't find Chewie." My voice sounded frantic even to my ears, and I rushed down the hall opening doors.

"He didn't get out, did he?" Jack asked from behind me.

"No, I mean how could he? I checked the garage, but it was so dark. I used my phone light but maybe I missed him. He doesn't usually hide from me, and he always comes when I call. Oh my god what if he got out and I didn't notice."

“Hey hey, we’ll find him. He can’t have gotten too far.” He gripped my shoulders and forced me to meet his eyes. “We need to check the room the tree came through maybe he snuck in when we were checking it out.”

“Oh god, Chewie,” I yelled and pulled free from him. We’d shoved the towels so tight under the door it was hard to push it open. But I used every bit of energy I had and pushed the door in. The room looked even worse than it had in the short time we’d closed the door to it. Snow was building up on the tree that was shoved halfway across the room, and there tucked under the bed, was a mass of brown fur I’d know anywhere.



Seven

Jack

Ronnie threw himself on the ground and picked up the small dog that had been hiding under the bed avoiding the snow that had fallen in here. “Is he okay?” I asked, surprising myself. It wasn’t that I didn’t like animals, but I didn’t like the hair and mess that went along with having a pet.

“I don’t know,” Ronnie said, his voice choked with emotion.

“Come on, let’s warm him up.” I gathered Ronnie up in my arms and carried him out of the cold room and right to the couch. His pants were wet, and he had some snow in his hair but none of that mattered right now. Ripping the blanket off the couch I’d been sitting on I wrapped the two of them up. Tears streamed down Ronnie’s face as he pulled the little dog close to him.

“I’m so sorry Chewie, I didn’t know you were in there,” he murmured to the little ball of fluff, and when his eyes met mine something in me shifted.

I couldn’t stand seeing the hurt and concern in those beautiful eyes, and I wanted to bring back that sweet smile he’d worn nearly the whole time he’d been here. I sat beside him on the couch and pulled him into my arms. “Don’t worry, I’m sure he’s okay.” Just then Chewie looked up at me, and I wondered how I ever thought I could ignore him.

“Chewie? Are you okay?” Ronnie held him out so he could see his face, and was answered with a big friendly lick, making him laugh.

“Chewie, you have no idea how relieved we are that you’re okay. How did you even get in the room?” I asked, knowing there was no way he could answer. But I realized I was just as worried about him as Ronnie had been. *What the hell was happening to me?* I moved to stand but Ronnie gripped my arm holding me there.

“Stay. Please?”

His eyes pleaded with me to stay, and in that moment, I knew for some reason I wouldn’t be able to say no. I moved closer to him and wrapped them both in my arms. It felt so right, and I forced myself not to question it and just live in the moment. Something I never did. Every part of my life was planned out even vacations were carefully timed and planned a year in advance.

The fire crackling was the only sound in the room while the storm raged on outside. I rubbed Ronnie’s back as I held him and Chewie close. The little dog fell asleep, and the warmth, the darkness of the room, and the feeling of him being so close to me soon lulled me to sleep.



I dreamt of a cute boy who talked way too much about anything and everything, but I didn't mind it. To me he was everything, and I loved how happy he was, and how much he cared about everyone and everything. Having his hand in mine was my favorite thing and walking his little dog around the neighborhood had become a way to relax and reconnect with them both. They were a team, and they'd let me in their little family.

His family was big, but I found something in common with them all, and his mother made me feel more welcome than I would have ever expected. We were happy, so fucking happy I never wanted it to end.

I awoke with a start, and was confused at first, not remembering I was at the cabin. Ronnie's content sigh brought me back to the present, and I pulled him closer. What was happening to me, I spent my whole life planning for the career I now had. Not once did I plan on including another person in that life. But spending a few hours with Ronnie had made me question whether my career or my happiness was more important.

"Hey, is everything okay?" he asked as he stroked my cheek with his hand.

"Yeah, just thinking." I was nowhere close to admitting my thoughts to him but having him this close made it hard to resist him. "What is it about you?"

"What do you mean?" he whispered, his brow furrowing in confusion.

“I’ve had my whole life planned out since I was five. I’d get the same job as my dad, work like crazy, then retire early. I’ve been careful not to let my private life bleed into my professional life. But I don’t think I realized just how miserable my life has been until I spent a little time with you. You cared more about Chewie than your own safety. I could see it in your eyes, you would have run into the storm if you thought he was out there. I’m not sure I’ve ever cared so much about anything or anyone.” It hurt me to say those words, but they were all true. I’d become so hardened to everyone, and I didn’t trust anyone except my parents. What kind of life was that?

“I had no clue what I wanted to do, but I was lucky my parents let me live there until I could figure it out. I wasn’t very good at school, so I didn’t want to go to college. It just felt like more torture, and frustration. But I tried a lot of jobs, and working at a pet store was my favorite. Then I got the idea to start decorating the collars and harnesses. When I showed my boss, they encouraged me to make a business of it, and with a lot of work I made it happen.” The far off look in his brown eyes made me smile. He was so happy, and that joy was contagious.

“This is going to sound really strange, but I love how happy you are. Your smile is contagious, and every time you smile, I want to see you smile again.” I blinked hard, shocked that I’d actually said that out loud, but happy to finally have the courage to speak my mind.

“My mom calls me her sunshine. I hated it when I was a kid, but now I don’t mind so much.”

“Well, we need sunshine now. If this storm keeps up like it is we might be here a while. I can’t see them being able to plow the road for a while.” I hated to be so pessimistic, but it was true. The weather had been horrible the whole time I’d been here and had only gotten worse. “I hate that you’re stranded, but I’m thrilled that you chose this road to turn down.”

His eyes met mine with a sweet smile. “I’m glad too. I mean I’d rather be in a warm hotel with WIFI, but if I had to be stranded, I’m glad it’s with someone like you.”

That smile did weird things to my stomach, and the way he stroked my cheek made me crave more from him even if we were strangers. Something told me he was the one person in this world my heart had been searching for, and no matter what my logical part thought of this whole situation, there was nothing that was going to stop my heart from pursuing it’s other half.

“Tell me more about yourself,” I said, and rested my head against the back of the couch as I shifted him around onto my lap.

He grinned and snuggled in with Chewie on his chest. “What do you want to know?”

“Everything.”



Ronnie

Something had shifted. Maybe it was being trapped together with no choice in leaving. It was easy to see Jack wasn't the type of person that talked about himself, yet here he was sharing story after story from his past. We talked about everything from the foods we loved, to why he never had pets.

"It's the hair. I can't stand having hair on everything," he said, and looked guilty.

"You get used to it. We've always had pets so after a while you just get used to using a lint remover before you leave the house and carrying one in your car. It's worth it." I gave Chewie a gentle pat on the head, and he wiggled around to get comfortable. "Sometimes I think I'd rather be around animals than humans, but I love talking to people so it doesn't really work for me."

Jack laughed, and his whole face lit up. "I try to avoid people if I can. The clients I meet at work have made it hard for me to not be cynical about anyone I meet."

"You just haven't been meeting the right people. Not all of them are bad."

"I think you're right," he whispered. "I want to kiss you so bad right now."

"Then do it," I whispered back.

His lips met mine, and what started as a tentative touch of our lips soon evolved into both of us fighting for control of the inferno we'd ignited. His lips were warm, and his stubble was just rough enough I knew my skin would be irritated from it but right now I couldn't be bothered to care. Weaving my hand through his hair I pulled him closer and swallowed his gasp of surprise. The sound of our kisses was loud over the sound of the storm and the fire, but everything seemed to come together to make me want so much more from him. This stranger who had been kind enough to go out into the storm and help us find shelter.

"If we keep this up, I won't want to stop," I breathed out as my forehead rested against his.

"Then don't. We've got nothing else to do for who knows how long. I haven't wanted anyone as bad as I want you ever. I'm not sure what it is about you that draws me in, and to be honest I don't care. All I know is I'm so glad that fate put us together tonight." He was serious, it was easy to see in his eyes. But I wasn't sure it was fate that put us together, and right now I didn't care.

He was hot, and I was more than willing to do whatever came next. "We've got nothing but time, and I love being in your arms. Just promise me something."

"Sure, whatever you want," he said.

"If we do what I think we're going to do, you won't kick us out after. I mean we'd have to sit in the car and I'm not sure either of us would survive that."

He pulled away from me enough to meet my eyes. “Why would I do that?”

“You’d be surprised how shitty some people can be. You don’t know me, we just happened to meet in the middle of this storm. There’s nothing that can make you let us stay here.” I hated to have to ask, but I wanted to know. If Chewie and I were going to be waiting out the storm in the car I’d rather know it now than wait until later.

“You’re welcome to stay here as long as you like. If you want to leave, I’ll do all I can to help you, but I’d really, really like for you to stay. Both of you.” He brushed the hair back from my face and stared at me with a look of absolute adoration. I wasn’t sure why he looked at me that way, but I wanted to find out.

“I don’t want to leave, but I wanted to give you the choice,” I said and snuggled in closer.

“Stay,” he whispered and pulled me close. Both of us fell asleep, and for once I let myself enjoy the comfort another person offered me. He was sweet, and once he’d let down a small part of the walls he’d built and opened up a little, I realized I wanted to know more about this man who was willing to help someone he didn’t know.



A while later I woke to Chewie jumping down from my chest while Jack still slept behind me. The fire had died down to just

a bed of coals and the room was getting colder. I slid off Jack and put a few logs on the fire before stirring up the coals to get it going.

“Hey, good morning,” Jack croaked out.

“Good morning, sorry to wake you up. Chewie needs to go out.” I slipped my boots and coat on and got ready to take him out on the patio again. The snow was still falling, and it had built up even higher on the patio. There was a small area that was clear, and I hurried to put Chewie there so he could relieve himself. “Good thing you’re not a big dog,” I mumbled as I cleaned up after him.

“Let’s see what we can do for breakfast,” Jack said, and walked into the kitchen. “How does cereal sound?”

“Sounds great to me,” I said as I filled Chewie’s bowls. He wasted no time eating his food and taking a drink.

The two of us sat at the counter and ate while sneaking glances and sharing smiles at each other. It felt nice and helped me not focus on the fact we were all trapped here.

“Do you think the storm will be over soon?” I asked.

“I don’t think so. When I checked the weather yesterday it said snow was expected for the next week,” Jack said.

“Thanks again for helping us. I really can’t thank you enough.”

He looked up and his eyes met mine, and before I knew it, he was kissing me. Just a sweet brush of the lips, but my heart

fluttered at the touch, and when he pulled away, I leaned out to stay close to him.

“What do you want to do today?” he asked.

“I can think of a thing or two.” I smiled at him and batted my lashes at him.

“Oh, I bet I can guess, and I could probably think of a few things myself.” Jack moved around where he sat before looking at me. “There’s a lot I’d like to do with you Ronnie.”

“It sounds like we’ve got nothing but time.”

He slowly turned and met my eyes again, and before I could speak again his mouth was on mine. His tongue teased mine, and a groan I had no hope of holding back escaped my lips. “Oh god, if you keep this up—” I panted as I spoke and hoped for enough control to hold off until we’d at least known each other a while longer. But I wasn’t a strong man.



Ronnie

I looked down and Chewie was sitting there watching us kiss. Now I loved the little pest, but I didn't want to know he was watching us while we were busy making out like teenagers. "I think I'm going to brush my teeth and wash my face. Want to meet me in one of the bedrooms after?"

"Uh, sure," Jack said, like he wasn't sure what I was talking about, but then when I pointed at Chewie who was still looking at the two of us, he laughed. "I'll meet you in the first room on the right."

I gathered my things out of my backpack and hurried past Jack to the bathroom. There was a skylight in the bathroom, but it was covered with snow dampening the light in the room. I soon learned we'd need to add water to the toilet for it to flush, yeah this just kept getting better and better. But then I thought of the guy who was going to meet me in the bedroom. I was excited, and it felt so much like a date. A weird date between two guys trapped in a cabin. But still a date.

I tapped on the door, and he told me to come in. He was lying on top of an enormous bed with way too many pillows looking way too irresistible. I took my time walking over to him, as his eyes widened but he stayed silent.

"Where's Chewie?" I asked.

“I made sure he had more water, and the fire was going. He’s on the couch.”

“Good, because I don’t want any interruptions from what I’m about to do to you.”

“What—” he squeaked out before I launched myself onto the bed and our mouths met. There was nothing that would make me stop kissing him. His mouth fit perfectly with mine the same way his arms held me close without making me feel uncomfortable. I wanted more with him, so much more. “On the table.”

I looked up to see lube and condoms. “You read my mind,” I said and moved them to beside us on the bed.

We kissed a while longer before both of us stripped. It was freezing in the room, so we moved under the blankets. I rolled on top of him and ground down on him making both of us groan. “Ronnie you’ve got to do something. I’m so on edge I don’t know how much longer I can hold out.”

“It’s okay baby, I plan on wringing more than one orgasm out of you today.” I reached down and took him in my hand. He thrust up and after just a few strokes I knew he was close. “Go ahead, there’s more I promise.” I kissed him and with a final stroke he came.

“Ronnie,” he groaned.

“Now for the fun part,” I whispered as he panted totally rung out.

A while later, he went out to the living room and brought Chewie into the room with us. We smelled like sex and sweat, and I didn't have it in me to care. It had been a fabulous morning and I hoped we had more.

We slept a while longer with Chewie tucked between us, and when we woke a few hours later nothing had changed. The storm still raged, and the power was still off.

“Ronnie?”

“Yes.” I turned over to face him in the big bed.

“Tell me I'm not dreaming, and all of this is real,” Jack said as he turned to face me.

“You're not dreaming, and it's all real,” I deadpanned, making him smile.

“I wish we could stay here forever and never go back to the real world.”

“So do I. Except I'd really like to take a hot shower eventually.”

He brushed the hair out of my eyes and kissed my forehead. “Tell me these feelings won't end when the power comes back on,” he whispered, his voice taking on a serious tone.

“I can't promise you that, but I can say without a doubt I'm not willing to let it all go. I want to spend time with you once we're out of here.”

“I can't imagine not ever seeing you again.”

“Chewie too?” I asked and picked him up.

“And Chewie too,” he said as he took him from me and settled him on his chest.

Seeing him so loving to Chewie showed me a lot. He was someone who was career driven and he’d said his whole life was controlled by his work schedule. I didn’t really think he could change that. But I told myself I’d be there if he called, and I really hoped he called.

“Let’s make a pact. If our lives don’t allow us to spend time together, we’ll meet here next year on the same day. No matter what. Can you promise me that?” he asked, and this time his eyes looked nearly desperate.

“I’ll do all I can to make sure that happens. But I’m sure we can make some time to spend together when we get home. You’re not that busy, are you?”

He didn’t answer for a moment, just chewed his lip while he considered my words. “I hope you’re right; I really do.”



Later that day the power came back on, but the storm didn’t let up. It was four more days before the weather broke enough for them to plow the road. We’d spent the time talking, playing board games, and working on puzzles we found in the cabin. It didn’t matter that we had no power, or other entertainment, we had each other, and it was enough.

“I think that’s everything,” I said, as I checked my car that I was finally able to get out of the snowbank with the help of a

tow truck.

“It’s been great getting to know you,” Jack said, as he stood and watched me secure Chewie in the backseat.

I walked up to him and kissed him the way we’d kissed the first time. Desperate, and full of want, the way I still felt about him. “Don’t forget our promise. But I will be calling you,” I said and pointed my finger at him.

“I’ll be waiting,” he said with a smile. He stood outside and waved as we drove away and I hoped with everything in me it wasn’t the last time I’d ever see him.



Jack

I pulled up to the same cabin I'd rented last year, and I marveled at how different it looked this year. Last year had been a heavy snow year and the cabin had been nearly hidden under the heavy snowfall. This year the small bit of snow on the ground didn't stop me from driving right up to the garage and after using the code to the door, pulling my SUV in.

"Hey, wait for us," a familiar voice behind me made me instantly smile and spin around.

"I knew I should have waited for you instead of leaving alone," I said, and jogged over to Ronnie's SUV and greeted him with a warm kiss. We'd been together since the day we left here. I thought there wasn't much chance of us lasting, but I was wrong.

I left first and all the way home was on the verge of tears thinking I'd met this great guy who I'd never see again, but as soon as I pulled into my driveway, he pulled in behind me. Since then, we hadn't been apart for more than a day.

"So, are you going to try skiing?" I asked, knowing what his answer would be.

"Nope, that's your thing. Chewie and I are more than happy to relax here while you go do your thing. We'll be waiting for you." He grinned before kissing me. "I'm so glad we came back here."

“Me too, who would have thought a year ago we’d have met while being trapped in this very cabin.”

“Yeah,” he said and looked up at the building.

“I have a surprise for you,” I said, and took his hand.

“You do? But I didn’t get you anything. I thought we were just coming up here to spend some time.”

“We are, but—well you’ll see. Go ahead and go inside.”

I followed him in holding Chewie, he’d been right, I didn’t mind the hair at all. The love I got from the little hair ball far outweighed the annoyance I expected. Ronnie walked in through the garage, and up to the big bouquet of roses I’d had set up on the counter.

“Oh, these are beautiful, thank you.” He leaned in to take a whiff of their sweet smell but ignored the note.

“What does the note say?” I prompted when it looked like he was going to totally ignore the note.

He plucked it out of the bouquet and read it to himself. When his eyes met mine, they were brimming with tears. “Is this real?”

“It’s all real. I love you and there’s no way I was going to let someone else own the place that we met.”

“You bought the cabin?” he choked out.

“Yep. From now on we can come here as often as we want. What do you think?” I hoped he liked this idea. It was the only thing we hadn’t talked about between us.

“I love it, and I love you,” he said, and reached up to kiss me. “They fixed the roof, right?”

“Yes, they fixed the roof, it’s all good as new.” As the words left my mouth, I noticed a few flakes of snow start to drift past the window.

“Oh, maybe we’ll get trapped here again,” Ronnie said.

“I’m okay with that.”

“Me too.”

THE END



About The Author

BL Maxwell grew up in a small town listening to her grandfather spin tales about his childhood. Later she became an avid reader and after a certain vampire series she became obsessed with fanfiction. She soon discovered Slash fanfiction and later discovered the MM genre and was hooked. Many years later, she decided to take the plunge and write down some of the stories that seem to run through her head late at night when she's trying to sleep.

Contact:

Email: blmaxwell.writer@gmail.com

<https://smart.bio/blmaxwellwriter/>



Also By BL Maxwell

Thank you for reading *A Lot of Snow For Christmas*. Be on the lookout for more from Ronnie and Jack soon!

**Enjoy a Free copy of A Night To
Remember . A short story with Andy and
Link.**

<https://blmaxwellwriter.com/free-reads/>

Faded Dreams:

<https://mybook.to/FadedDreamsRTR2>

Green Eyed Boy, Lobster Tales Book One

<https://mybook.to/GreenEyedBoy>

Two strangers, drawn together over their work ethic, and sealing the deal over delicious lobster rolls. They could just be the perfect match.

After quitting his job, Billie Watts hits all the food festivals he can as he drives across the country. When he finally reaches Stoney Brook, Maine, he's excited to find he's there just in time to try one of the lobster rolls he's heard so much about. The bright neon yellow food truck with a giant red lobster on top looks like the perfect place to try it.

Lance Karl is as ready as he can be for the start of the three-day Tall Ships Festival and hopes to sell enough lobster rolls out of his food truck to make a good start towards owning a restaurant. The day begins cold and misty, and a text from his nephew saying he can't help him is not the perfect start he'd hoped for.

When a green-eyed stranger interrupts his frantic morning, Lance doesn't realize meeting Billie will not only change his day, but maybe even the rest of his life. Two strangers, drawn together over their work ethic, and sealing the deal over delicious lobster rolls. They could just be the perfect match. A small-town MM Vacation romance.#friends to lovers #meetcute #workplace romance #mm romance

Brown Eyed Boy, Lobster Tales Book Two, New Release

<https://mybook.to/BrownEyedBoy>

Lance and Billie met and fell in love over their mutual love of food and their drive to have a successful business in the small town of Stoney Brook Maine. Both are driven to succeed, but now it's time for a vacation, a real vacation.

Billie plans a trip to Dublin, Ireland to explore Lance's Irish roots, he takes a little convincing. But when Billie tells him they'll be spending time with an uncle who also runs a small café, it's more than Lance can resist.

They spend their days trying new foods, exploring ancient wonders, and meeting more new relatives than either of them could have imagined. And at an ancient castle, Lance discovers that everything he needs is right in front of him.

What starts as a vacation ends up being life changing, and something Lance and Billie will never forget.

**#VacationRomance #WorkplaceRomance #MMRomance
#GayRomance #FriendsToLovers**

BETTER TOGETHER Series

Better Together

Chains Required

The First Twelve

The Better Together Boxset

VALLEY GHOSTS Series

Ghost Hunted

Ghost Haunted

Ghost Trapped

Ghost Hexed

Ghost Handled

Ghost Shadow

Haunting Destiny

THE STONE Series

Stone Under Skin

Blood Beneath Stone

Stone Hearts

The Stone Series Box Set

SMALL TOWN CITY series

Remember When

A Night to Remember (Short Story)

Try To Forget

Try To Remember (Short Story)

One Last Chance

CONSORTIUM TRILOGY

Burning Addiction

Freezing Aversion

FOUR PACKS Trilogy

The Slow Death

The Ultimate Sacrifice

The Final Salvation

BLINDING LIGHT Series

Blinding Light

Faded Dreams

STANDALONE

The List

Double Black Diamonds

Ride: The Chance of a Lifetime

Check Yes or No

A Ghost of a Chance

Tutu

Salt & Lime

Amos Ridge

Six Months

Ten or Fifteen Miles

The Snake in the Castle

A Beach Far Away

The Things We Find

Blinding Light

Peppermint Mocha Kisses

Spirits, Teeth and Wings

A Taste of Paranormal Romance

BL Maxwell

<https://mybook.to/SpiritsTeethWings>

Try a small taste of three paranormal series featuring different creatures of the night. Ghost hunters, vampires, and gargoyles, all with their stories to tell. Each of them hoping to somehow find their other half in the strange world they live in.

Ghost Hunted:

Proving ghosts are real is something Jason Thomas had always dreamed of. Visiting the haunted places, he'd been obsessed with since he was a kid, and playing amateur ghost hunters with his best friend Wade, is a passion that's only grown. As the years passed, Jason's fascination with ghosts was too big to contain, and he'd drag Wade along to different haunted houses or hotels, always hoping to see an actual ghost.

Wade Rivers has always loved spending time with Jason, even if it meant he'd have to endure another creepy, supposedly haunted location. Before he knew it, Wade's feelings for Jason deepened from friendship into something more. Unfortunately, so did his fear of the places Jason wanted to explore.

The chance to spend a weekend alone in a famous haunted house was too much for Jason to resist, and almost too much for Wade to endure. He knew going to the deserted house was everything Jason had ever dreamed of, so Wade tried to put his fears aside. But when strange things start to happen, admitting to Jason how he feels suddenly isn't the scariest thing Wade will encounter.

A friends to lovers, paranormal romantic thriller.

Burning Addiction:

His days are spent doing odd jobs for cash to pay for his habit. One night, he overdoses and nearly dies. Doctor Lucas Martel works nightshift in the emergency room at Eureka Hospital. He's reclusive and brilliant at his job, and he's all too aware that not everything in Eureka is as it seems. He's also a vampire, one who chooses to blend in with humans rather than feed on them. Something strange is happening to the homeless and addicts on the streets of Eureka; many have gone missing or ended up dead, and others have overdosed on drugs so strong, no human cure can counteract them. Not normally concerned with human tragedies, the vampires can't stand back and let this play out, or they risk exposing their world to the humans. Brennan must face his demons, and Lucas will discover many things about himself, and what he believes to be true: a seedy underground of rogue vampires and drugs

that must be stopped, at any cost. *Warning: contains references to drug use and abuse.

Stone Under Skin:

Ankit has lived many lifetimes. Once, long ago, he was made of stone, and marked with symbols and sigils meant to safeguard him and allow him to protect and serve others. He's a living gargoyle now, cursed to live as a human; always watching, at all times aware, and constantly searching for his fated one.

While walking home from his job as a librarian, Ethan Lewis is beaten and robbed. Ankit stumbles upon him, and instantly recognizes him as the man he's fated to. He helps him back to his apartment, and after tending his injuries, watches over him.

Fate has woven their lives together for centuries, but in every lifetime, they could never live freely, or love each other as Ankit has often dreamed of. To change their destiny, they'll fight together with other gargoyles, and a young watcher, who is unaware of the tremendous power she possesses. This will be the last battle against their creator, and they'll either die fighting for their freedom, or survive to live the life they've always yearned for. MM

Paranormal Fantasy

(Includes book one from The Valley Ghosts Series, The Consortium Trilogy, and the Stone Series.)

The Ultimate Sacrifice (Four Packs Trilogy Book 2)

<https://mybook.to/FourPacksTrilogy>

Grady Summerville is facing a slow and agonizing death, but has come to terms with his disease and doesn't fear dying. However, fate has other ideas, presenting him with a future thanks to Max Steele. Grady owes his very life to Max, and as his health improves, finds himself falling head over heels with his savior.

Max Steele has been forced to leave his pack and everyone he knows to move to the West Territory to be a blood donor for Grady. He knows it's the right thing to do, but it doesn't mean he has to like it.

As tensions escalate between the two packs, Max finds his loyalty tested and is torn between following his alpha, or following his heart.

If Max doesn't make the sacrifice then it will be Grady making the ultimate sacrifice and paying with his life.

#MMParanormal #Shifters

Freezing Aversion (Consortium Trilogy Book Two)

The cold isn't the only killer in the wilderness.

<https://mybook.to/FreezingAversion>

Benjamin Coulton is a tracker employed by the Consortium, the ruling counsel of vampires. When he's sent to investigate a rogue vampire killing indiscriminately in a remote region of Alaska. Bad weather hampers his effort and he loses the vampire he's been tasked to find.

Leon Davis and his friend Trevor agreed to be winter caretakers for several cabins and a fishing lodge, thinking it would be easy money. They settle into their daily routine of checking the cabins for animal break-ins, or broken water pipes, and prepare for a long winter.

Until a run in with a vampire changes everything.

Ben finds a newly turned vampire left for dead by the rogue vampire, and suddenly Ben's mission changes course. In the freezing wilderness of Alaska, he uncovers more truths and the mate he'd always longed for... and now the vampire he was tasked to find is hunting them.

#MMParanormalRomance #vampire #fatedmate #thriller

A Ghost of a Chance

<https://mybook.to/AGhostOfAChance>

James McKinney has always lived life alone. He doesn't have a family, at least none that he remembers. He's always dreamed of having a house of his own, a place he can call home. Finding the right house, ready to work to make it his home, nothing can put a damper on his happiness, or can it? Trey Andral, returning home from college, notices someone moving into his old friend's house next door. Miss Hattie is still waving to him from the bedroom window, even though he knows she's gone. He also knows he can't not help the new guy make the house his own. Trey has always been able to see and hear sprits, but what's normal to him is terrifying to most others. When the spirits seem intent on contacting James, Trey has no choice but to share his secret, risking their friendship. If they work together, maybe they can figure out what the clues the spirits are giving them mean. And maybe they can find family in each other.

Tutu (Malicious Gods: Egypt)

<https://mybook.to/Tutu>

Kit Nelson was thrown into the world of demons and cults as a child. He's learned to depend on no one, and to do all he can to keep himself safe from dark forces. He also knows he can't trust anyone else with his life. He knows what the demons who hunt him have in mind for him, and he'll fight it every step of the way.

Tommy Smythe and his sister Lola have been fighting what they know is a rising tide of evil for years. They're prepared with all their paranormal weaponry, including the assistance of an ancient god who has fought demons his whole existence. Tutu, the Egyptian god and Master of Demons has chosen Tommy to be his vessel and his sword when needed to destroy any and all demons.

A new threat ripples through the dark underworld, one that will be felt across all mankind. A demon has chosen one whose body he will use to return to the land of the living. But only if Kit, Tommy, and Lola can't stop him. Only Tutu has the power and knowledge to protect them from the demon Rerek, and he also knows even with his help, this is not going to be an easy battle.

Amos Ridge

<https://mybook.to/AmosRidge>

“There’s no time. Remember, I love you.” It all started with a discovery. A cave beneath a waterfall that held a crystal. Two boys—best friends—embark on a journey they’re told will help all mankind. As the years go by, their friendship turns to love, and their adventure turns into a battle. Drew Langly is the keeper of the crystal. With his contact, the crystal allows them to jump to different timestreams and help, if they can, to further that society or fix anything that improves their lives. When he’s ripped from the timestream, it’s the beginning of what will change everything they’ve come to know about how the different timestreams function. Colby Adams is Drew’s boyfriend, fellow traveler, and jump partner. When Drew is left vulnerable after a failed jump, he’s there to help and try to figure out what went wrong. They soon discover another team of travelers is in trouble, but they’ve been warned against trusting them. The more they learn, the more they realize everything has been a lie. To rewrite a history that’s been full of deceit, they’ll need to put their trust, once again, in strangers. Can they rewind it all and begin again? Experience the history they were always meant to? With some unconventional help, maybe...