

The Epic BD 620

Chapter 620 Learning to Ski

She tumbled headfirst into the snowdrift, the cold air biting at her nose and cheeks. She could taste the snowflakes on her tongue as she gasped for breath. After a moment, she lifted her head and took a deep breath of the crisp winter air.

Dexter picked up her ski poles, panting as he approached her. "You fool."

Josie's face fell into a pout. "It's only my first time."

The ski complex was a hive of activity, with people of all social classes enjoying a day of skiing.

No one there could recognize Josie and Dexter, and for the first time in a long time, she felt like a normal couple skiing with their friends in wintertime.

This was what she had always hoped for with Dexter, to be able to just be themselves and enjoy each other's company.

Dexter noticed her unfocused gaze and gave her a pinch on her cheeks. "Get up now. The ground is really cold. You can try again."

Josie held onto his hands. "I like this place."

"We can come here often if you like it here," he said, firmly pulling her from the ground.

He assured her confidently, but Josie felt this could be the last time.

She sighed softly at the thought. As she took her first step, she noticed her left ankle was sprained. Dexter knelt down beside her and gently unlaced her boots. He massaged her ankle tenderly; his lips curled into a playful grin. "I shouldn't have let you do this," he said. "It hurts, doesn't it?"

Josie glared at him. "It's all your fault for not taking good care of me."

Dexter was baffled by the way she shifted the blame on him. A smirk played on his face as soon as he heard her comment. Josie's face scrunched up as he continued to rub her ankle with a controlled force. A jolt of adrenaline surged through her veins, fueling her with renewed vigor.

Out of the blue, she leaned in closer to Dexter and gave him a peck on the lips.

Dexter was caught off guard. His hands froze in mid-air seconds after the kiss.

When he regained her senses, her head had already turned to look at the people at the top of

the hill slope. "I feel so bad for spoiling everyone's mood."

Dexter briefly glanced in their direction. "Nothing to worry about. Let's head back."

He quickly removed both of their ski gear and carried her on his back as they made their way toward the exit.

Josie tried to reach back, but he held her tightly. "We have to let them know we're leaving." she asserted. "We can't just abandon them."

"Do you think everyone is as foolish as you? They'll catch up with us soon. Don't worry about them."

She wrapped her hands around his neck, leaning close as he carried her. The white layer of snow softened the edges of the ground and covered the pine trees by the road. Tiny patches of green revealed themselves amidst the layer of snow.

Dexter carried her steadily on his back as they walked towards the exit, but it felt like it was taking forever to reach.

The air was crisp and cold. The snow fell gently, like a million feathers drifting down the sky.

Josie's eyes narrowed in suspicion. "Have you carried anyone else before?" she asked sharply.

Dexter shrugged. "Who else could've had this privilege?" he responded, his voice casual.

Josie couldn't believe his words. She felt a pang of jealousy and insecurity. "You've never brought anyone else here before either?" she asked again, her voice trembling.

Josie regretted the words as soon as they left her mouth.

Dexter had been treating her so well lately that she had forgotten their boundaries. She brought up something from the past-mentioning anything from the past would have made him angry before.

However, Dexter didn't throw a tantrum at her. Instead, he responded nonchalantly, "No."

He had carried Leanne numerous times when they were still in school, but it wasn't something worth mentioning now.

Josie's lips beamed into a wide grin. She knew she shouldn't be feeling this way, but she was becoming more reliant on Dexter as time passed. Everything he did for her made her heart swell with admiration.

She knew she had to control her feelings for him.

"I'm fine now. You can let me down," she muttered softly.

Dexter let out a light chuckle as he pointed at the exit. "Not bad, Jo. You took a long time. before you asked me to let you down."

She scratched her head, her cheeks turning red as she let out a nervous chuckle.

After they left the ski complex, Dexter took her to a nearby clinic to check on her ankle. "You really are a piece of work."