

Chapter 877 A Sobering Slap

Trevor paid no attention to Otis. After jumping into the clear sea, he was immediately attracted by the beautiful scenery below.

At first, the sea water was warm. When he dived a little deeper, the temperature became cooler.

But here, he could clearly see some small fish of varying colors swimming in and out of a bright red coral reef.

He even found a small red crab fighting with a little octopus next to the coral reef, which was very interesting to watch.

When his chest started to feel tight, Trevor let his body float back to the surface.

Diving was indeed a dangerous activity. Newbies in particular needed to be careful when testing their limits.

When Trevor popped out of the water, he looked around but didn't see Otis.

He smoothed his wet hair back in surprise. He had not expected that Otis could hold his breath for so long.

Trevor swam to the side of the yacht where the ladder was, only to find that several people were missing, including Henrik.

"What's going on? Where did they go?" Trevor asked as he took off his goggles.

Someone pointed at the sea and shouted, "That idiot, Otis, held his breath for so long that he almost drowned. Henrik jumped in the water to save him!"

Trevor looked around and saw a group of people swimming back to the yacht with an unconscious Otis among them.

Despite his confusion, Trevor swam over to help.

Apparently, praising Otis was unnecessary.

Henrik cursed as he pushed Otis onto the yacht.

"Damn it! You troublemaker!" Henrik pumped Otis' chest a few times.

Otis immediately spewed a lot sea water and coughed violently.

When they saw Otis throw up all that sea water, everyone sighed in relief.

Otis was safe for the time being.

They were at a loss whether to cry or to laugh.

Why would Otis hold his breath so long that he fainted?

Several men came forward to help Otis adjust his position so that he was lying on the edge of the yacht. Otis continued to vomit with tears and snot rolling off his face. He looked extremely embarrassed.

Henrik sighed in relief. He would have gotten in trouble if anything bad happened to his companion because he was the organizer of this party.

"Hey, Otis, are you okay?" Henrik asked sourly as he patted Otis' shoulder.

Otis replied in a daze, "Did I win?"

Trevor couldn't help grinning when he heard this.

Otis was really hopeless.

The other men burst into laughter.

Henrik was still angry but he also laughed. He had taken a large group with him to save Otis, and they had been in such a hurry that they had no time to take off their clothes.

But the first thing Otis wanted to know when he regained consciousness was the result of the childish contest.

Pak!

Henrik slapped Otis soundly across the face.


"Wake up, you fucking fool! If I didn't notice that something wrong and ordered people to rescue you, you would have died!"

The slap brought Otis to his senses.


He shook his head and remembered losing consciousness from holding his breath for too long.

His face turned pale and his lips trembled when he realized that he had just had a

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 +90 Points at most

horrifying near-death experience.

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