

Chapter 875 Otis ' Confusion

On the weekend, Trevor came to the wharf of Dreles, where a white luxury double-decker yacht was docked. It was magnificent and luxurious.

To his surprise, however, a beautiful woman wearing nothing but a skimpy green bikini was taking photos nearby. He could hear the clicking sound as she took one shot after another.

"Hi, handsome. Is this yacht yours?"

Seeing that Trevor was headed towards the yacht without looking sideways, the woman immediately lowered her camera and flashed him a warm smile.

Trevor shook his head. "No."

The moment he said that, the smile on the woman's face disappeared. She thinned her lips and sneered at him.

"Here I thought you were a rich man. What an absolute waste of time. Stay away from me, will you? Can't you see this gorgeous woman busy taking photos?"

Trevor scoffed and glanced at her.

She didn't hold a candle to Makenna in terms of appearance, Clarissa in figure, and Cecelia in temperament.

And yet, she claimed to be beautiful, which was both arrogant and amusing.

At that exact moment, the yacht rumbled to life.

"Trevor! You're here!" Standing on the yacht, Henrik raised his arm and waved at Trevor. "Well, get on the yacht quickly. We're all already here except for you."

Henrik was adjusting to being friendly instead of hostile.

Trevor smiled and tried to ignore the stunned and remorseful expression of the woman beside him.

"Well, handsome, you know I was kidding just now, right? Don't take it seriously, okay?"

The woman quickly ran towards him and tried to keep up with his long strides. She pasted a huge smile on her face, but her eyes darted to the yacht.

She flipped her hair, batted her eyelashes, and said in a charming manner, "Do you want to bring a female companion with you? I can be fun and entertaining."

Before Trevor could open his mouth and refuse, Henrik groaned and turned to the woman, his voice dripping with disgust. "Fuck off! Get out of here! You already said he was a waste of your time, but now you want to butter him up just so you can get on the yacht? Leave before I throw you out myself!"

The woman stiffened beside Trevor. Her face reddened with embarrassment, and she clenched the camera tightly in her hands. Even so, she didn't dare refute Henrik's claims.

As she watched Trevor walking on the yacht, she sighed audibly, feeling regretful.

The little scene didn't bother Trevor or affect his mood.

When he reached the deck, the yacht moved forward, looking like a sharp axe splitting the waves.

The yacht rushed to the sea and moved through the water smoothly.

Henrik planned to improve his relationship with Trevor, so he took the initiative to show the other guy around.

Henrik explained that the yacht was customized, with no expenses spared. It was the epitome of luxury, with a plush interior and amenities like a bar, several bedrooms, and a fully-stocked kitchen.

Henrik made the introductions as they met the other rich men who were chatting and drinking champagne.

Trevor smiled faintly and raised his eyebrows.

He had a rough impression of these people, who were the young men he had previously met on the twisting mountain road.

When it came to the last person he was

about to introduce, Henrik hesitated for a bit and pinched the bridge of his nose.

"You know him, Otis Olson. Last time you saw him... You know, at my home... Yes."

Trevor smiled and sat on the nearest chair. He leaned back and observed the other man. Trevor had a deeper impression of Otis, who mocked him in Henrik's home.

Otis wanted to take that opportunity to make a good impression and please Henrik, but in the end, he was beaten up by Henrik himself and driven out of the villa.

As if sensing that they were talking about him, Otis turned his head towards Henrik.

He still couldn't figure out what it was that he said or did to irritate Henrik.

Despite what happened last time, Otis found the courage to ask for an invitation to this yacht party.

After seeing Trevor again, Otis misunderstood the situation.

He thought Trevor and Henrik were still at

odds with each other.

In his eyes, Henrik brought Trevor to the yacht to taunt him. He decided to make fun of Trevor to get on Henrik's good side.

Otis stood up excitedly, walked towards the pair, and winked at Trevor.

"Hey, Mr. Wright organized this diving activity. Have you ever dived before, Trevor?"

Trevor shrugged and replied lightly, "No, this is my first time."

With a cheeky grin, Otis said in a condescending tone, "You are just a country bumpkin. I mean, I'm not even surprised that you can't afford the common entertainment activities of rich people like us."

Otis assumed he successfully put Trevor in his place, so he looked at Henrik excitedly, waiting for him to praise him.

Henrik clutched the glass he was holding so tightly.

Fury thrummed in his veins, and he stared daggers at Otis.

He wondered if Otis was an idiot. It was true that he didn't get along with Trevor before. But now, there was no more animosity between them. And Henrik even showed Trevor around. Otis was so stupid that he couldn't read faces.

The more he thought about it, the angrier Henrik became. "Shut up!"

He kicked Otis's butt.

It was unexpectedly funny. Trevor wanted to laugh, and he coughed to cover it up.

Otis, however, looked at Henrik in disbelief and confusion.

With scrunched eyebrows, he scratched the side of his head and wondered what he had done wrong this time.