

## Chapter 292 Mysterious Rich Businessman

All of a sudden, all the applicants in the hall looked at Millie in a different way.

They still remembered that Chris and some others had a conflict with her before.

As a result, those who wanted to get the job with selfish and disgraceful intentions were driven away while Millie stayed together with a few others who were actually qualified for the job.

At the thought of this, all the applicants in line tried to behave themselves and didn't dare to even think about any bad ideas.

A few hours later, the interviews were finally over.

Jeanne collected the resumes of those who had passed and went to report to Trevor.

In his small office, Trevor was a little startled when Jeanne knocked and came in.

He was still lost in thought about his last conversation with Luisa. They had made a plan to visit Dilan at the hospital on the weekend. They thought that some company might help Dilan recover faster.

Straightening his collar, Trevor sat up straight and listened to Jeanne's report.

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He was quite satisfied with the new teachers they had recruited. The ones selected by the interviewers were all reliable people.

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"Mr. Sanderson, a rich businessman is going to throw a party in two days. He has sent you an invitation. Would you like me to RSVP yes?"

Hearing Jeanne's words, Trevor tipped his head to the side and asked curiously, "Who is this rich businessman?"

Jeanne shook her head and replied, "There's not much specific information about him. I only know that the moment he set foot in Jork, he bought a five-star hotel worth about five billion dollars so that he could have a venue for his massive party."

Trevor couldn't help clicking his tongue when he heard this.

He thought, 'Who would buy a multibillion-dollar hotel for a party?

This guy must be really filthy rich or out of his mind. Maybe even both.'

Seeing the morbid curiosity in Trevor's face, Jeanne continued, "Also, he seems to be widely famous. He not only invited Jork's elite to attend his party. He also invited the elite of Jork's surrounding cities."

Trevor thought as he pinched his chin.

In the beginning, he wasn't a fan of attending lavish social events.

But after coming to a few parties, he'd grown used to it. It wasn't like he had a choice. He was the Sanderson family's heir. He was expected to come to such functions to socialize and build potentially lucrative business connections.

And even if he refused to go, his sister would just force him to go, and that would not be much messier than taking the initiative to attend the party to begin with.

Thinking of this, Trevor nodded his agreement.

Two days later, he was driving to the five-star hotel where the party was being held.

The facade of the hotel was brightly lit and decorated with a row of magnificent marble pillars that screamed opulence.

Perched on the roof was a gigantic sign of the hotel's name lit by several spotlights that pointed in uniform direction. The sign said Season Hotel.

Many luxury cars were driving in and being taken care of by an army of valets.

When Trevor's Bugatti Chiron cruised in, it practically disappeared in a sea of fancy rides.

Trevor parked his car himself and entered the banquet hall.

At this time, many well-dressed rich people were chatting and mingling among themselves.

Most of them were discussing the possible identity of the

rich Jork newcomer who had invited them to such an extravagant gathering.

Trevor saw a familiar face in the crowd.

Selma looked so attractive in her gorgeous dress.

But she seemed upset about something.

Trevor walked up to her and asked with concern, "Hey, Selma. Are you all right?"

Startled, Selma took a step back and put her hand over her chest. She obviously wasn't expecting anyone to approach her so suddenly.

She put on a sheepish grin when she realized that it was Trevor.

She heaved a sigh of relief.

Selma's actions only confused Trevor more.

When she finally calmed down, Selma replied, "Yes, Trevor. Yes, I'm all right. I'm sorry. I just didn't see you coming. Someone's been pestering me for two days now, and I've been looking over my shoulders since."

Trevor eyed her carefully and said, "Here? In Jork? And who's crazy enough to pester you in your own turf?"

Selma rolled her eyes at him.

"Someone whose family is one of the underworld's big shots. I don't want to spark a conflict with him, so I went to this party to avoid him."

Hearing this, Trevor felt his heart leap to his throat. He couldn't believe that someone from the city's underworld

was bothering Selma. The men of Jork's underbelly were, at the very least, insane and dangerous.

