

## Chapter 974 An Affair In The Office

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"Humph! You are so snobbish," Trevor said again.

But this time, the two upstarts didn't dare to refute his mockery. Their faces flushed and then darkened.

While picking up the money, Laila said with an apologetic smile, "Sir, you're right. It's all my fault for looking down on others. Please forgive me."

But Trevor just shook his head coldly.

He was so disgusted by the three people. He was not interested in talking with them, so he said, "Where is the president? I want to talk to the president."

Laila's face turned deathly pale. "He is in his office on the second floor. Can you please not complain about me? Sir, please forgive me. I can't lose this job."

"Now, you're scared?" Trevor glanced at Laila, then looked back. "I have some business to talk with him. You take the cash to the second floor later."

After saying this, Trevor walked towards the elevator.

Would he complain about Laila? Of course, he wouldn't do such a thing. He wasn't that petty to take revenge on an insignificant bank teller.

Trevor entered the elevator. Before the doors closed, he saw that Laila seemed to have something to say.

But she hesitated and wasn't able to speak up until the doors closed.

Trevor didn't take it to heart. He thought Laila wanted to plead for mercy.

When the elevator arrived on the second floor, he went straight to the bank president's office and knocked on the door.

Unexpectedly, it wasn't locked, and it opened automatically.

And Trevor was shocked by the scene in front of him.

"Ahhh! Who are you? Get out of here!" A coquettish woman, whose clothes were disheveled, screamed and left the arms of a middle-aged man. Her face turned pale.

What were they doing just now?

Trevor suddenly understood and the look on his face became a little strange.

No wonder Laila wanted to say something before the elevator doors closed. It turned out she wanted to warn him.

Trevor glanced at the coquettish woman and saw she was wearing a teller's uniform. He couldn't help but be amused by the thought that came to his mind.

"No wonder there is no teller at the VIP service window. It turns out the teller is serving the bank president in his office."

"Why are you standing there? Get out and close the door! Now!"

The middle-aged man was Musa Flores, the president of Glory Bank on Birch Street.

He shouted at Trevor angrily while buttoning up his shirt.

"Where are you from? How dare you break into my office! Are you courting death?"

Trevor looked at Musa and raised his eyebrows. Then he said lightly, "I'm here on behalf of the Sanderson family. Are you sure you want to drive me away?"

"What? Did Mr. Sanderson send you here?" Musa was so shocked that he instantly showed a look of reverence. "I'm so sorry. It's all a misunderstanding."

After saying this, he patted the enchanting woman's plump buttocks, motioning for her to leave.

Then, Musa took out the tea and red wine. "Which do you prefer, black tea or red wine?"

With a calm expression, Trevor sat on the sofa and answered, "Tea."

Musa started to make tea. Then he smiled apologetically and said, "Please don't mind what you saw just now. It was only a misunderstanding. Since you work for Mr. Sanderson, we are friends. If you need anything, feel free to let me know."

After a while, Laila dragged a heavy suitcase to Musa's office. She lowered her head and said, "Sir, this is your money. Five million dollars in total. It's been counted, and it's intact."

Trevor nodded at Laila and turned to Musa. "Help me open an account and deposit the money."

Of course, Musa wanted to please Trevor, so he nodded his head vigorously. He didn't even check Trevor's ID carefully. He opened an account for Trevor and deposited the money quickly, fearing that Trevor would feel neglected and complain.