

Chapter 973 Snobs

Zakai didn't know Trevor had figured out his ploy.

When he saw Trevor take the large suitcase, a hint of gloat flashed across his eyes.

He looked like he had found a scapegoat.

Trying to stay casual, Zakai lit a cigarette as if nothing had happened.

"Go to Glory Bank in Birch Street. Open an account and deposit the money there. The president of that bank is my friend."

Trevor smiled and nodded. Carrying the heavy suitcase, he went to the bank without another word.

It didn't really matter to him which bank to deposit the money in.

By using Zakai's name, it might be easier for him to deposit the money with his fake ID.

Trevor arrived at Glory Bank in no time and saw they had three separate counters.

The counters were classified accordingly as ordinary, premium, and VIP.

As per Zakai's instruction, Trevor headed straight to the VIP counter.

However, no staff was sitting behind the counter, so Trevor transferred to the adjacent premium service counter.

"Hey, bumpkin, who are you? Why are you standing in line here?"

When Trevor stood in line at the premium service counter, someone from the queue arrogantly told him off.

Raising his eyebrows, Trevor looked up at the man who was standing in front of him in the line.

It was a stout middle-aged man wearing a fancy suit. The diamond inlaid on his cuff link looked expensive, which confirmed that he was a nouveau rich.

"Leave, boy. You're in the wrong queue. You should know your place. It's embarrassing to wait in line with a bumpkin like you."

The middle-aged man cast a contemptuous look at Trevor.

Trevor glanced down at himself and surveyed his clothes.

Sure enough, his bodyguard uniform was too loose and didn't fit him well.

He did look nothing like someone with lots of money kept in the bank.

But someone's appearance shouldn't be a reason for others to look down on anyone.

"How arrogant," Trevor sneered coldly.

Hearing Trevor's words, the middle-aged man glared at him.

"What did you just say, you redneck? Can you repeat it?"

A bald man in the line smiled at the middle-aged man and tried to appease him.

"Don't get worked up, man. He's just some poor and dumb guy. He isn't qualified to receive the premium services. The staff will surely decline his application. One should have at least half a million dollars to get premium services. I highly doubt he has ever been here before."

The woman teller behind the premium service counter overheard the conversation between the two men.

She couldn't help curling her lips into a mocking smirk as she poked Trevor a disgusted look.

"Hey, you are lining up in the wrong queue. The ordinary service counter is on the other line. Please head over there."

The two men didn't hide their satisfaction at the teller's words and broke into condescending laughter.

"Did you hear that, kid? Get out of here! Do you want the security to throw you out?"

"Get out now! You're making the air here dirty, and I don't like it. If I lose my patience and withdraw all my money from the bank because of you, the security surely won't go easy on you."

Upon hearing the man's threat, the teller was alarmed. She glared at Trevor and snapped, "Leave now, boy! I'll call security to drag you out if you don't move."

Trevor's expression turned grim.

He could let the two men's arrogant remarks slide.

But he wouldn't stand for it if the staff provided a trashy service.

This infuriated Trevor.

"Shut up! Is this the kind of treatment you give your customers around here? It's unacceptable. I will make a complaint to your manager!"

The teller gritted her teeth in anger and humiliation. She stood up and shot back, "I'm warning you. If you don't get out now, I will call security!"

The two men looked very entertained as they let out a baffling laugh.

Trevor scoffed at them and unlocked the heavy suitcase he was carrying.

After two crisp sounds, the suitcase opened, and a heap of cash fluttered to the cold floor.

It must have amounted to at least a million dollars in total!

Everyone fell silent and looked at Trevor in astonishment.

"Don't blame me for not making it clear to you." Trevor sneered. "I'm here to deposit money for the Sanderson family. I advise you to pick up the money on the floor!"

The Sanderson family!

"If there is a banknote missing, The Sanderson family will hold you accountable." Trevor looked down at the teller's ID

card. "So you're Laila Chavez."

The color drained from Laila's face immediately because of fear. She dashed out of the counter and picked up the money on the floor.

As far as she knew, the Sanderson family had a close relationship with their president.

If Trevor reported this to the higher-ups, she would probably lose her job.

Laila's hand trembled, and she broke into a cold sweat.

The two men were equally shocked. They trembled in fear and awe of Trevor.