

Chapter 619 Freedom Of Speech

When Alicia returned to the private room, she felt like she had gone to the wrong room. Everything was a mess. The table and chairs were overturned, drinks and dishes were scattered all over the floor, and the strong smell of chili powder lingered in the air for a long time.

"Did I come to the wrong room?" Alicia asked in a daze.

Trevor joked, "There was a boxing match here just now, and the venue collapsed. Haha! I'd better take you to your room to rest."

Alicia didn't know what had really happened, but she didn't ask anymore. She thought Trevor was right. She'd better return to her room to rest.

"Okay, Mr. Sanderson. See you tomorrow then," Alicia said in a low voice.

Trevor looked back and smiled. "See you

tomorrow."

It was already late when Trevor arrived at the parking lot of the hotel.

He just started the car when he received a message from Bradly.

After reading it carefully, he sneered.

As he expected, the reporter named Bruno was unwilling to give up.

Trevor started the car and went straight to Ocean Metropolis Daily.

Bradly, wearing a suit, had been waiting at the gate of the building for a long time.

"Mr. Sanderson, he is on the sixth floor."

Trevor nodded. "Come with me."

Bradly and Trevor took the elevator to the sixth floor. It was dark, so the only lighted office was particularly conspicuous.

Trevor walked into that office without hesitation.

Bruno was drinking coffee leisurely. As soon as he saw Trevor, he was so startled that he almost knocked over the coffee.

He shouted, "How did you get in? You are not

employees of our company."

However, Trevor just ignored his protest and walked past him.

Trevor went to his desk and looked at his computer. Indeed, there was an article titled, "Heartbreaking moment: Alicia's rumored boyfriend is exposed!"

Trevor was not surprised at all.

With more than three thousand words and a lot of intimate moments that were deliberately fabricated, the article had been completed.

"I'm going to call the police. You will definitely go to jail. You're dead meat now," Bruno shouted again.

The corner of Trevor's mouth curved up. He pointed at the article on the screen and said, "Okay, call the police. You will be arrested if they find out you're making up stories and spreading false rumors."

When Bruno heard this, he put down his phone sulkily. But he said stubbornly, "You are talking nonsense! I'm a journalist. I'm only practicing my right to the freedom of

speech."

"Ha-ha! Freedom of speech?" Trevor couldn't help laughing at Bruno's shameless words.

He sat at Bruno's desk and used his phone to search for Jacob, the journalist of Red Wine Newspaper in Jork.

"Here, look at this news. Take your time. There is a price to be paid for your so-called freedom of speech."

But Bruno didn't dare to take the phone at all.

Because of the rumors he spread, Jacob was beaten badly, and his reputation was ruined. He was even thrown at the gate of the police station, and the recording of his confession was played on a loop.

The incident had caused a huge stir in the news industry at the time.

How could Bruno not know about it?

His eyes widened as he looked at Trevor with fear and shock.

At this time, he realized that the young man in front of him was Trevor, Ronald's son. A direct descendent of the Sanderson family.

"Mr. Sanderson, I'm sorry. I'm really sorry. I'm so stupid and blind. It's all my fault. Please forgive me. I swear, I will never do it again."

Bruno's face turned deathly pale. He quickly knelt down, hugged Trevor's thigh, and apologized, almost in tears.

But Trevor just looked at him in disgust.

Bruno changed so fast.

He was able to immediately guess Trevor's identity, so he was not stupid.

Trevor thought for a while. Then, a playful smile crept across his face.

He said, "Hey, don't you want hot and explosive news? Listen. I'll give you a chance to report real entertainment news. But I have one request. Don't rush releasing it."

Bruno quickly agreed.

Of course, he wouldn't dare to say no.