

The Protector Chapter 754

Although the living and working conditions were tough, the shooting of the variety show in the barracks proceeded without a hitch.

They endured, for they knew that they were doing something different, and the outcome should be great. Most importantly, they would make a lot of money.

As they settled in slowly, they got used to the pace of life there. Seeking to further increase her popularity, Sarah queried, "Boss, can we broadcast live-stream from the barracks? My fans want to see what the army dorms look like."

Pierre puffed a cigar and replied, "It's up to you all. Let me tell you something. Since I'm the one who brought you all into this place to film a show, there's nothing I can't handle."

"You're amazing, boss! We admire you!" Sarah and the others cheered.

"It's nothing! After all, I have connections all over Erudia. There's nothing I can't do!"

Pierre boasted as he gave his cigar the last puff before casually flicking the butt onto the grass.

A small patch of the grass where his cigar butt fell was burnt.

Following his permission, the internet influencers started their live-streaming.

With one influencer assigned per team, the whole production crew started roaming around the barracks and filming.

“My dear fans, look! This is how a military base looks like. Here’s the battle tank, and this is the army-trained dogs...”

Sarah’s live streaming brought her to a phalanx of tanks.

“Dear fans! Behold, a tank!”

She sounded excited as she introduced the sight. “I’ll jump onto the tank later and show you how it looks like!”

Sarah not only filmed the tank formation, but she was also daring enough to climb up and shoot the inside of the tank.

“Excuse me, comrades! Filming is forbidden here. Please go back to where you came from!” Immediately, one of the soldiers rushed to stop her.

“Ugh, you smell bad. Do you even shower? You reek of sweat!” Sarah furrowed her brows as she insulted the soldier.

“Comrade, please return to where you come from! No form of shooting or recording is allowed here!” repeated the soldier patiently.

“Hey, do you know who I am? Don’t you dare to obstruct me from doing my job!”

Sarah was starting to get annoyed. “Furthermore, we entered this base legally. Did you see anyone stopping us? Why do you have to be such a busybody? If your superiors blame you later, can you afford to shoulder the responsibility?”

Sarah coldly replied.

“Get out of my way quickly! I’ll leave after I’ve done my broadcast. If you continue to hinder me, I’ll make sure you face the repercussions!” She insisted on barging in.

“Comrade, please back off. This is top-secret. Any photography and videography are strictly prohibited,” insisted the sentry on duty.

“Humph! What is there to be secretive about? It’s just a tank after all. Why are you acting like no one has seen it before? It’s plastered all over the televisions, but no one said anything about it being top-secret.”

With Pierre backing her up, Sarah had become arrogant and paid the sentry no heed.

As an authorized civilian in the base, she felt herself to be out of the barrack’s jurisdiction. She just wanted to do her things without any restrictions.

“Those on TVs have explicit permissions. Currently, this area is off-limits! You do not have clearance to film or take photos!” The sentry insisted persistently.

“I demand you to get out of my sight immediately! If you try to stop me again, I promise I will report your conducts to your superiors! Your future and career will be ruined,” Sarah threatened again.

“No means no! Unless you have received orders from our superiors, you’re not allowed to film here!”

Sarah was completely furious.

“I don’t believe you! I must finish my live stream today by hook or by crook. No one can stop me!” She snidely added, “Especially a stinky soldier like you!”

Despite all the warnings, Sarah still insisted on barging in.

“Who are you calling stinky?” At this moment, a fierce voice boomed.