

Chapter 2874 Danny Allison's Hometown

Eagle Peak, Eagle Village.

In the remote mountainous regions, generations of villagers have relied on farming, barely sustaining their families on small plots of land. However, this was only possible if there were no bandits from the city.

Ever since outsiders discovered the village, an armed group has been invading them every three months. They are armed with knives, guns, and clubs, ransacking the village for anything valuable and seizing any food and cash available.

Later, when they realized there was nothing valuable left, they simply forced the villagers to grow tobacco for them and bought it at a very low price. This only added to the villagers' hardships.

They even wanted to take the young men from the village to work in coal mines. The desperate villagers tried to resist, but their resistance against the weapons of the invaders was futile.

On this particular day, this group, labeled as 'bandits' by the villagers, headed up the mountain to harvest leeks.

Dozens of well-dressed ruffians slowly walked toward Eagle Village, with the Captain cursing and swearing.

"D*mn it, I'm really unlucky to be assigned to collect goods from this primitive tribe."

Seeing this, one of his lackeys quickly nodded and bowed. The scars at the corner of his eyes became more prominent with his forced smile.

"Craig, how about a smoke to calm down?"

"How can I possibly calm down? These new shoes I bought for over twenty thousand are ruined, and my feet are covered in blisters."

"Craig, when we visit the villagers' homes later, we can soak our feet and try the local specialties. These city girls may be polished, but those in the mountains are different, all-natural," said the lackey while raising his eyebrows suggestively.

"Local specialties?"

Craig muttered a sentence, then he quickly grasped the situation and revealed a subtle smile.

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In the village.

Upon seeing Craig and his henchmen, the young girl hurriedly ran to her working father.

"Dad, are they back again?"

David looked up, and his face darkened. "D*mn, a bunch of bandits."

Filled with anger, he continued, "This village was once peaceful, but in just half a year, many villagers couldn't bear the oppression and fled the mountains. Only those with poor health or the elderly remain, waiting for death."

"Dad, just keep your voice down! If they hear you, it won't be good."

"So what if they hear? If not for these bastards, your brother wouldn't have been forced to leave the village. Now, there's no news about him, and we don't even know if he's alive or dead."

At the mention of this, Craig's eyes filled with bloodshot veins.

But as soon as he shouted, not far away, Craig and his group heard it loud and clear.

Upon hearing the cursing, Craig's face darkened.

"Bring that old man over here."

With that command, his henchmen rushed over aggressively. In no time, a battered and bruised David was brought before Craig.

"You d*mn rascals, if you have the guts, come and kill me!"

David was naturally hot-tempered, and because he was burdened by his son's plight, he had lost interest in life. If it was not for his daughter, he would have confronted them long ago.

Craig frowned and delivered a direct kick to David's stomach. David's face turned pale, and his body bent over in pain.

Lucia, who had followed, saw her father in this state and quickly stood in front of Craig.

"You scoundrels, stay away from my father!"