

Chapter 2918 Jackie Goldrush

Upon awakening, Darren was met with a sharp pain in his stomach. The mere thought of being kicked away filled him with fury.

"I have resided in Whitecloud Village for many years, and this is the first time someone has dared to lay a hand on me.

"Forrest, take some gold bars and seek out Jackie Goldrush. Inform him that I require his assistance in reclaiming our territory."

With that, Darren retrieved a long box from the safe at the head of his bed. Opening it revealed ten neatly arranged gold bars.

Forrest took the bars and discreetly weighed them. They should amount to around twenty pounds. Though he displayed a greedy expression, he dared not entertain any wicked thoughts. Those who lacked scruples were already wolf food.

As Forrest departed the village the following morning, a large group of people arrived at Whitecloud Village in the afternoon. Matthew's team was not greatly affected by Darren's incident. The ongoing project continued as planned.

However, just as they were nearing completion, a group of individuals suddenly appeared in the distance. The villagers, who were in the process of packing up their tools, immediately recognized their identity.

The Defense Team had arrived!

"Mr. Larson, this is not good. Jackie has arrived."

Matthew, who was organizing the later stages of the project, froze upon hearing this unfamiliar name. Furthermore, observing the anxious and terrified expressions on the villagers' faces, it was evident that they held great fear for this individual.

"Jackie? Who is he?" After several explanations from the villagers, Matthew finally grasped the situation.

Jackie Goldrush was originally a powerful gang leader with over a thousand henchmen. They often roamed between villages, claiming to protect everyone's safety, but in reality, they were nothing more than bullies who stole from anyone possessing something valuable.

Moreover, from the villagers' conversations, it appeared that this person had some involvement in the illegal trade of Night Vines in the mountains.

"Isambard, crown prince, let's see who this village tyrant is!" With these words, Matthew led a small group of people out of the makeshift tent. Upon arriving at the scene, they found it already crowded with people.

"Which idiot attacked my friend? Come out and face me!"

Faced with the arrogant shouts of Jackie, the gathered villagers dared not approach. Darren might have a handgun, but he used it as intimidation. At most, he would only deliver a beating.

However, Jackie had numerous desperados as his henchmen, and they had blood on their hands.

"These troublesome individuals are making our lives unbearable. They are depriving us of any chance to survive."

"We finally had a kind-hearted person come to our aid, but these people are hoping for our demise. They are depriving us of any chance to survive."

Amidst the complaints, there was also a sense of worry. Life had finally taken a turn for the better, but now it seemed they would suffer once again. The mere thought of this filled the scene with sighs and lamentations.

"You, you, you, yes, you, come here."

Jackie raised his hand, holding a cigar, and beckoned to the villagers with a condescending expression, as if calling a dog. He was just about to whistle when the other person approached. He reached out and patted the man's cheek.

"Be honest, tell me, who laid a hand on Darren? If you don't speak up, then I'll assume it was you."

However, after speaking for a while, the villager showed no signs of fear. This only made Jackie laugh even louder. "Hahaha, you are an honorable man, old man. I admire individuals like you."

After saying this, his smile vanished, and his face turned serious. "Go ahead, remove one of his legs, and then ask the next person. If they cannot answer, continue."

After Jackie finished speaking, a group of robust men standing behind him effortlessly subdued the villager.