

Chapter 2906 Changes In Strength

The night sky was adorned with countless stars, and the moonlight shone brightly, like a silver veil, casting a layer of decoration on the earth.

The pond reflected the shape of the full moon with clarity.

Paintaker sat alone by the pond, gazing at the water and sighing silently, completely unaware of Matthew behind him.

"What's wrong? You're not the kind who'd sigh so easily," a voice rang out behind him.

Only then did Paintaker realize Matthew was there. Paintaker stood up, clasping his hands together. "Master Larson, it's late. Why haven't you rested yet?"

Matthew smiled awkwardly. "Shouldn't I be asking you the same? Although we haven't known each other for long, this is the first time I've seen you in such a melancholic state. Did something happen?"

Paintaker panicked for a moment but quickly concealed it. "Thank you for your concern, Master Larson. I'm fine."

However, his poor acting skills couldn't escape Matthew's eyes. "Paintaker, we're friends, right?"

Paintaker looked at Matthew's serious expression and instinctively nodded.

"Friends are supposed to help each other, aren't they? When I was in trouble, you didn't hesitate to come with the crown prince to find me. If you consider me a friend, then tell me what's bothering you. Or is it that you've fallen for someone and are thinking of leaving the monastery?"

Upon being provoked like this, Paintaker's face immediately turned red.

"I am devoted to the teachings of my belief, but I am concerned about the affairs of the villagers in the Great Mountain. Master Larson, please do not make fun of me."

After he finished speaking and saw the mischievous smile on Matthew's face, Paintaker suddenly realized that he had let something slip. His already flushed face became redder. He stared with wide eyes, wanting to say something but unable to find the words.

The monk was inexperienced when it came to a game of schemes. Matthew was not. "Alright, I won't tease you anymore. Tell me, what is troubling you? If there is anything I can do to help, I will do my best."

Paintaker let out a heavy sigh and hesitantly spoke. "Master Larson, I know you are busy with the revival of the Martial League and the Commercial Union and have many things to attend to. So, I originally intended to handle this matter myself."

Upon hearing this, Matthew thought that the little monk had changed, becoming more understanding of worldly matters. However, Paintaker's next words made him realize that he had been mistaken.

"Seraphis needs you to reorganize it in order to bring peace to the world. Compared to that, my concerns are insignificant. Therefore, I will handle this matter myself. Master Larson, focus on the tasks at hand. The sooner you finish your task, the sooner we can achieve stability."

Well, it's still the same as sacrificing oneself for the greater good. And judging by his demeanor, he seems to be struggling to avoid saying it. Matthew frowned, and with the previous conversation in mind, he suddenly had a suspicion.

"Has something happened in the mountains? If you don't want to say, I can have the crown prince investigate."

Paintaker was taken aback for a moment. Whenever he encountered difficulties, he could quickly find out the truth through investigation. Unable to hide it any longer, he decided to tell Matthew.

"It's the Night Vine!"

As soon as Matthew heard about this once again, his expression immediately darkened. Without making eye contact with Matthew, Paintaker continued to speak.

"The people in the villages within the mountains are already living a difficult life. On the one hand, they have to work hard to support themselves through farming. On the other hand, they have to face exploitation and oppression from outsiders. Some of the strong villagers are even forcibly taken away to work in the mines.

"What's even more despicable is that there are people from outside the mountains who have brought the Night Vine into the area, deceiving the villagers by claiming that it can enhance their physical strength and vitality. And so many have gotten addicted to it that they can't extricate themselves from the vine's clutches."