

## Chapter 2913 The Desolate Village

After everyone had left, only Isambard remained in place. "Times have changed, and young people nowadays are truly remarkable." He sighed.

With a sense of nostalgia, he quietly put away his pen and paper, bent his body, and swiftly climbed up a tall tree. Despite his comical appearance, his speed was extraordinary. With a few leaps, he caught up with the main force ahead.

A few minutes later, Matthew and the others arrived at the mountaintop. Looking down, they saw a large village below, with a chaotic layout that dazzled the eyes.

"Boss, this is Whitecloud Village. According to Fitz's investigation, there are approximately three thousand households and around ten thousand people in this village."

Matthew squinted his eyes and observed. Whitecloud Village had a favorable geographical location. Although it was surrounded by mountains, there was plenty of arable land. The farmland outside the village alone was three to four times the size of the village itself. If properly developed, it could be considered a paradise.

However, as Matthew surveyed the area, he couldn't see many people working in the fields. He already had a rough idea of the situation. "Let's go to the village and gather information!"

With a command, the group set off once again. Whitecloud Village is now considered a large village, but when Matthew walked in, he found it unusually deserted, with hardly any people in front of each household.

Most of the farmers who should have been busy farming were hiding in their homes, and it was not hard to guess what they were doing.

"Crown prince, go find someone and ask about the situation."

"Alright!" After the crown prince agreed, he stopped a middle-aged man who was carrying a hoe.

"Hey, fellow villager, can you give me directions?" After saying that, the crown prince handed him a cigarette, and the man's eyes lit up, and his alertness disappeared.

"You're not from around here, are you?"

"Yeah, sir. You have sharp eyes. By the way, I wanted to ask why there are so few people in such a big village."

"Well, you see, it's all because of those outsiders..."

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The two of them chatted for about half an hour, and the crown prince got a general idea of the situation.

"Sir, it's getting late, so I won't bother you anymore."

"You didn't bother me at all. Such a well-mannered lad you are."

Throughout the conversation, the crown prince's cigarettes never stopped, and the man enjoyed them immensely. In just half an hour, he became talkative. If the crown prince hadn't interrupted, the man would have told him about the pigs he raised at home.

After the crown prince handed over two packs of cigarettes, their conversation came to an end.

"Young man, that mud house ahead is my home. Come over for lunch."

"Sure, sure!"

After the crown prince agreed, he returned to Matthew's side.

"Boss, the situation is not optimistic. Almost every household is addicted to the Night Vine, and their savings have been depleted. In some families, even the crying infants are left unattended, allowing them to cry themselves to sleep."

"Moreover, according to the guy, many people have fled the village and have never been seen again." At this point, the crown prince stopped speaking. Everyone present knew the fate of those people.

Since arriving here, Matthew had a furrowed brow that hadn't relaxed. He underestimated the danger of the Night Vine, but now he realized the urgency of the situation.

The situation was now critical, and if nothing was done in the next month, this village would become a ghost town. After taking a deep breath to suppress his anger and frustration, Matthew began to organize tasks.