

Chapter 2914 Deliver Us From Evil, Monk

"Isambard, please assess the surrounding terrain first. Once the support troops arrive, you will be responsible for constructing the mountain road."

"Crown prince, you will go to the village later to recruit people for the mountain construction. Men will handle the labor, while women will cook and assist with lighter tasks for the construction team. In addition, urge the troops behind us to find ways to increase their speed."

"As for Fitz, send another group of people to continue the investigation."

After assigning tasks to several individuals, Matthew was approached by Paintaker, who wore a worried expression. "Master Larson, I'm afraid we don't have enough elixirs."

"How many do we have?"

"Just under two thousand!"

This quantity was indeed insufficient for the current situation. Matthew also felt overwhelmed, as the situation was much more severe than he had anticipated. After contemplating for a while, he made a decision.

"First, distribute them to families with children. I'll ask the guys to ramp up the production speed."

An almost complete destruction of Whitecloud Village had already occurred due to the Night Vine, and estimating the amount of energy required for rebuilding was difficult.

As the sun set in the evening, the personnel from the infrastructure group in the rear arrived early. Taking advantage of the remaining daylight, Isambard led a few experts in exploration and detection to inspect the terrain and soil.

The crown prince had recruited a significant number of workers after an afternoon of hiring, approximately three to five hundred laborers. However, most of these workers appeared frivolous and had sunken eye sockets. Despite their robust physique, they seemed weak and fragile.

One person's eyes lit up upon seeing Matthew.

"Mr. Larson, what would you like us to do? When will we receive payment?"

As he asked, the person gasped for breath and swung his arms, approaching Matthew with a sly smile.

"Mr. Larson, how does 500 sound? My wife will sleep w—"

Before he could finish speaking, the crown prince swiftly kicked him, sending him flying far away. "Disgusting scum!"

Paintaker, witnessing this scene, couldn't bear to watch and closed his eyes.

"Master Larson, this person is deeply corrupted!"

Such an individual is beyond redemption. While the body can be healed, once the spirit is tainted, it is impossible to save them. No medicine can cure death, and no divine providence can save those who are already d*mned.

Matthew clenched his fists, trembling slightly, and then slowly relaxed. "Do what you can! He is not an exception."

It was the first time he felt so powerless. From the calluses on the man's palms, it could be seen that before being the Night Vine addict, he was probably a diligent and humble farmer. But he had lost all sense of morality.

Just as he was feeling emotional, there was a commotion in the crowd.

"Is that the monk?"

As a cry rang out, many people rubbed their eyes and stared at Paintaker for a while, then immediately dropped to their knees.

"Oh, holy monk, please save us. This suffering is unbearable. Even my beloved has left me."

"Holy monk, please save us!"

"If I had known this thing was so terrible, I would never have touched it, even if it meant being beaten to death."

Paintaker had a high reputation among the mountains, and as soon as people saw him, they felt as if they had encountered a savior. Various pleas filled the air, and heads banged on the ground. Many wives held their hungry babies and knelt down, begging continuously.

This scene even made Matthew turn his head away in distress. "Paintaker, please handle this. I'll go and urge the logistics department to quickly send over the remaining elixirs."

After saying that, he left the scene. If he stayed any longer, he was afraid he would lose control as well. D*mn the evildoer. Matthew clenched Bloodreaper tightly, his hand almost deformed.