

## Chapter 2938 Burn the Night Vine

"Matthew, I've heard about everything you've done in Whitecloud Village. You're a real man. We mountain folks have never seen the world. Everything here revolves around alcohol. Here, let me offer you a drink on behalf of the local farmers."

At that, Delmont picked up his mug. It was filled to the brim with beer, but he chugged it down in the blink of an eye.

Matthew wasn't intimidated by Delmont's effort. He raised his mug and gulped the beer down in one go.

"Nice job, Matthew! I appreciate your eagerness! Here, fill up Mr. Larson's cup, I want to make another toast"

After downing three mugs of beer in a row, Delmont wiped the stains off his beard. He then tore off a roasted leg of lamb and offered it to Matthew.

"What do you think, Matthew? Is our homemade beer strong enough?"

Matthew took a seat calmly. "It's indeed good, but it's lacking something."

Delmont set down his mug and asked with interest, "What do you think is lacking? I'll find them for you."

"One might like the taste of strong drinks, but they harm the body. Despite satisfying one's taste, it's also hazardous to our health. Turning it into a habit would be bad. Don't you agree with me, Mr. Thorne?" After that, Matthew narrowed his eyes and observed Delmont in silence.

From the moment he saw Delmont, he knew that the man's warm and plain appearance was just a disguise.

Implication lay in his words, and he was sure Delmont would understand it.

As expected, after a moment of stunned silence, Delmont slowly put down his silverware. "So, you're here for the Night Vine, huh?"

Alton's expression changed at the words. The surrounding men also raised their rifles. The muzzles were now pointing at Matthew and Shawn.

As soon as Delmont ordered them, a rain of bullets would pour after Matthew and Shawn.

Still, Matthew remained calm. He served himself a side dish, his face showing no trace of fear.

"You're a wise man, Chief Thorne. Let's skip the beer and the threats. If the two of us dared to venture in alone, we have a way out too. What do you think, Chief Thorne?"

Delmont's face went pale as Matthew exposed him. After meeting Matthew's gaze for a moment, he burst into laughter. "Put the guns down, boys! He's not afraid of us. You're a brave one, Matthew. Here, a toast to you."

With that, he raised the mug again. The few drinks before were meant to get Matthew drunk and extract information. But this time, it was purely out of admiration. "Tell me, Matthew. What brings you to our village?"

Matthew put the mug down and smiled at him.

"Along the way, I can see that none of the villagers have taken Night Vine, which means you're aware of its danger. Therefore, I'm hoping that you can destroy the plantation in your village."

A shadow darkened Delmont's face at the words. He slammed on the table. "Are you messing with me?"

At that, his men aimed their rifles at Matthew again.

"We rely on the Night Vine to live a good life. What can we rely on if we cut off our source of income? How can we cover the cost of the weapons? How do we defend ourselves if the other villages attack us? Since you're a clever man, you should give me a solution."

His eyes were now filled with a murderous intent. His previously warm demeanor turned fierce.

The once peaceful ambiance quickly tensed.