

## Chapter 2734 The Ghost Mask

"You fools, why are you just standing there? Save me!" Sahil's desperate plea echoed, especially as he witnessed the pitiful state of his subordinates.

"If word leaks out, the main family will execute us all. Our only chance of survival is to kill Solon and this youngster, you imbeciles."

His underlings quickly grasped the severity of the situation. It seemed more prudent to fight now, to try and eliminate this enigmatic masked man, as death seemed inevitable either way.

Matthew hadn't anticipated that Sahil, teetering on the brink of death, would still resort to such a ploy. He had to admire the man's audacity, knowing he might not withstand an onslaught if thousands of them attacked him.

"Don't be swayed by his drivel. You're all just expendable pawns, doing his dirty work. You're merely obeying orders. To put it bluntly, you're insignificant to the main family. They couldn't care less about your fate. Meanwhile, this old cur here merely wants you to be his sacrificial lamb."

He paused briefly before continuing, "Of course, if you're willing to be a sacrificial lamb, step forward, and you can try your luck against me."

As his words hung in the air, a terrifying pressure once again swept through the surroundings.

His authoritative demeanor and logic left the henchmen reeling.

"What the masked man said is true. Even if someone investigates this, it would be the higher-ups who would face the music. We're just doing our jobs."

"Yeah, don't listen to that scoundrel Sahil. That old devil is trying to trick us. We don't want to follow him to the grave."

After a flurry of discussions, most of the men discarded their weapons. Only a handful of Sahil's loyal followers charged forward in a futile attempt to rescue him. Unfortunately, a few needles were all it took to swiftly incapacitate them as the lethal needles pierced their temples before they could even touch the hem of Matthew's clothes. The battle ended before it could even begin, as they fell to the ground in silent thuds.

Matthew's actions only heightened the fear in the henchmen's hearts.

"If you drop your weapons and kneel obediently, I promise to spare you. I'll count to ten. Those still standing and holding weapons will be eliminated!"

A fierce and murderous aura radiated from Matthew the moment those words left his lips. He resembled a demon that had crawled out of the abyss.

Clang!

A crisp sound reverberated across the area. Someone had succumbed under the intense atmosphere. Now that someone had taken the lead, more and more people began to discard their weapons and surrender in succession.

Although Sahil was seething as he watched this scene unfold, he also knew that he had been thoroughly defeated. So, he could only close his eyes in despair.

"Solon, come out and clean up this mess!"

Once Matthew saw that the situation was under control, he immediately summoned Solon. Then, Matthew dashed into the building the moment Solon emerged from his hiding place.

"I'm leaving everything in your hands now. I don't care what you plan to do: subdue, expel, or hold them accountable. It's all up to you. However, I do have one condition. Don't kill them."

Matthew entered the room and swiftly shut the door behind him.

On the other hand, Solon was utterly astounded.

Matthew had single-handedly faced three to four thousand enemies. Not only did he emerge from the battlefield unscathed, but he also managed to subdue all of them. Is this even real? Am I dreaming?

"Boss! Boss!"

He only snapped out of his stupor when his subordinates came over and called out to him.

"Mr. Durham, how should we handle these people?" asked his subordinate, gesturing at the enemies squatting in front of them.

"Confiscate all their weapons and separate them. As for what to do with them... Wait for my instructions."

Solon was still reeling from the shock of what had just transpired. He didn't know how to handle the situation at the moment, especially since killing wasn't an option.

Matthew quickly removed his mask after entering the room and locking the door behind him.

"Jesus, I almost lost control!"

A flicker of fear crossed Matthew's face. He had nearly gone berserk earlier.

Although the Ghost Mask could grant him immense power, the corresponding side effects were equally potent. When he pushed the mask's ability to its limit, he was nearly consumed by the urge to slaughter everyone in sight. That was also why he ended up dislocating Sahil's arms within minutes.

Fortunately, his strong willpower allowed him to quickly regain his senses and react in time. Otherwise, Sahil wouldn't be nursing dislocated arms; his arms would have been ripped from his body.