

## Chapter 2735 A Practical Approach

"It's a double-edged sword!" Matthew gazed at his reflection in the mirror, his eyes bloodshot as the hint of madness faded from his pupils. He leaned over the sink, splashing cold water onto his face. The icy droplets helped to ground him, and soon, his murderous urge subsided.

Once Matthew had regained control over his emotions, he exited the building to find the situation already under control. Sahil's men had been disarmed and captured, with Sahil himself bound by Solon.

"Matthew, what should we do with him?" Solon asked, pointing at Sahil, whose arms were flailing about. A hint of murderous intent flashed in his eyes.

"Why are you asking me? Isn't this an internal matter for the Durham Family? If you're displeased, kill him. Accuse him of conspiring with the Keller Family and attempting to assassinate you. Claim self-defense. However, I would suggest keeping him alive. Sahil likely holds valuable information. You know how to make him talk, don't you?"

Solon grinned triumphantly, clenching his fist. "I have a hundred ways to make him talk."

Killing Sahil outright would mean losing any intelligence he might possess. Solon understood the importance of weighing the pros and cons.

Sahil watched their conversation, fear flickering in his eyes. His mouth was gagged, leaving him unable to speak. He could only struggle against his bindings, his eyes filled with resentment as he glared at Matthew.

If it weren't for this brat, I wouldn't be in this mess.

"Quiet, you. You'll have your chance to speak when you face the family," Solon snapped at Sahil before turning to Matthew with a warm smile.

"Matthew, despite our differences, I want to thank you for your help. I, Solon, owe you a great favor. If you ever need help, let me know. I'll do my best to assist you."

Solon knew that without Matthew's intervention, he would have been dead a hundred times over. Regardless of whether it was fear of Matthew's intelligence or respect for his power, he felt the need to express his gratitude.

However, Matthew was unimpressed. "Enough. If I can't handle things myself, what good would your help do? Besides, I don't trust men who easily discard their allies. You fit the description perfectly."

Solon grimaced. I was trying to be civil! Even if I can't beat you in a fight, there's no need for verbal abuse!

"Let's not dwell on the past," Solon quickly deflected.

Matthew snorted, "Let's consider this matter settled. But feel free to bother me if you have a death wish."

"Don't underestimate me, Matthew. Do you think I would betray such a reliable ally?"

Solon noticed Matthew studying him intently. After a few seconds, Matthew nodded earnestly.

"That's exactly what I think!"

Solon nearly choked on his own spit.

This guy's emotional intelligence is in the negatives.

"I'm trying to be submissive here. Can't you be a bit more gracious?"

Matthew ignored Solon's discomfort and produced a document.

"These are records of the Durham Family branch's illicit activities over the years. You need them, right?"

Matthew had altered this version of the document. The original was safely in his possession.

"What?"

Solon quickly skimmed through the pages, his excitement barely contained as he saw the list of names, thousands of transaction records, call logs, and more.

With this document, he could easily expose the Durham Family's third branch's misdeeds.

I've made a significant contribution! I did it! I actually did it!

Solon was ecstatic as he looked at Matthew. The urge to kneel and worship Matthew was barely held back by his last shred of sanity.

"You've done me a great favor!"

Matthew quickly stepped back, waving his hand dismissively. "No, save your thanks. I'd prefer you repay me with something practical!"