

Chapter 2617 Extracting Information

"Alright, you're now part of the team!"

"When can I start working?"

"Right now!"

Matthew was rather stunned. Well, this efficiency is quite impressive!

Since it was settled, Matthew wasted no time. He entered the Subterra Arena with Elara and Ivy.

Due to it being an underground arena, despite the vast space, the ventilation was relatively poor. They were hit by a strong waft of sweat and pheromones as they entered the hall. In simpler terms, it smelled quite bad.

Inside the arena, several ring matches were in full swing.

"Miss Gavell, maybe you and Ivy should head back. This place might not be suitable for you," Matthew suggested.

Looking around, he noticed that not a single person had their shirts on. Muscular or flabby, everyone was showing off quite a bit of skin.

However, to his surprise, Elara was pretty unfazed. She just occasionally raised her hand to shield her nose.

"It's okay. It's my first time seeing this. I'm rather curious."

She wasn't particularly concerned about her safety.

Since Matthew could firmly catch her as she fell over twenty yards from above, Elara was confident that he was a skilled martial artist. Ivy, on the other hand, was engrossed in her little cactus, oblivious to her surroundings.

Since both of them seemed fine with the situation, Matthew decided not to press the matter further.

After finding a spot, Matthew sat down and began chatting with the nearby resting boxer. "Dude, how did you sculpt those iron-like muscles of yours?"

The boxer couldn't help but smile when Matthew complimented his physique. "I just practice a bit casually in my free time, throw some punches every now and then, and it's come to this over time."

After some bragging, he showed off his iron-like muscles to Elara. Unfortunately, she seemed completely disinterested, and if Ivy hadn't been reluctant to stay with her, Elara would have taken the latter away with her.

Matthew, on the other hand, acted genuinely impressed. "Dude, with your physique, the speed of your punches, and your strength, you must be the boxing king around here."

The boxer couldn't help thinking that Matthew was mocking him even though it was clearly praise. "Well, not quite. But inside the Subterra Arena, there are only a handful who can take me on, and they're few and far between."

As they exchanged words, Matthew discreetly extracted information about the entire arena and the underground forces at play.

While the two were engrossed in their conversation, there was a sudden commotion not far away. A man hurried through the crowd, carrying another man with twisted arms, and he shouted as he walked, "Where's the team doctor? Where is he? Terry, where's the doctor you hired for me?"

With a deep, booming shout from the man, the recruiter rushed over, scrambling on the way. "Boss, we only found an intern doctor today, a barefoot one."

"D*mn it, who cares if he's barefoot or not? Just get him here quickly."

Matthew had already arrived at their side as the recruiter anxiously looked around. "Let me take a look!"

After seeing Matthew's attire that clearly didn't fit in with the others, it was evident that he was the newly recruited team doctor.

"So young... Can he handle it?"

"Terry's getting more and more unreliable in his hiring!"

"I agree!"

Their comments left Terry, the recruiter, red-faced, even though they were right.

As the crowd began discussing, the arena boss shouted in anger again, "If I hear another f*cking word from whoever, you step up and treat him! If you can't save him, I'll break your arms!"

His words silenced the entire arena.