

Apocalypse 575

Chapter 575 Search And Rescue Mission 11

"We must be getting close," Duke muttered, shifting his weight as the thick, muddy ground clung to his boots, making every movement feel sluggish and uncomfortable.

Kisha felt a knot tighten in her stomach, but she couldn't quite place why.

Her gaze lingered on the arm lying on the ground, and the unease settled deeper. The thick fog clouding their senses wasn't the only obstacle—they were now fighting against the sticky earth beneath them.

Each step was heavy, the mud clinging to their boots like an anchor, forcing them to move slowly.

More than once, they nearly lost their footing, and with every misstep, the feeling of vulnerability only grew stronger.

"This isn't good," Duke muttered under his breath, his eyes scanning the mud-slicked ground.

The effort of slogging through it, combined with the oppressive darkness and the suffocating fog, felt like an exhausting battle with every step.

They were vulnerable, exposed in the heart of enemy territory, and for a moment, he regretted their decision to enter.

But he quickly pushed the thought aside—without venturing in, they'd have no clue where Sparrow was. The severed arm lying on the ground only deepened the pit of dread in his stomach.

This part of the forest felt like a trap—eerily silent and charged with a palpable sense of danger.

The air itself seemed to scream that Sparrow's life was in grave peril. The thought of whether he was still alive or already gone twisted something inside Duke, a burning anger simmering beneath his calm exterior.

Yet, he refused to let the rage overtake him, knowing that losing his composure would only cloud his judgment.

Glancing at him, Kisha could feel the turmoil radiating from Duke, his body tense, as if the weight of the situation was crushing him.

Wordlessly, she reached for his hand, offering silent comfort.

She knew how deeply he cared for those close to him, and the raw emotion emanating from him now spoke volumes. Even his hands were trembling, betraying the fierce battle inside him.

The feel of Kisha's hand in his provided Duke with a momentary sense of calm, the silent support grounding him, though it did little to dispel the unease gnawing at his insides.

The more they ventured into enemy territory, the clearer it became that Sparrow had undoubtedly encountered some kind of accident. The realization only deepened their dread.

As Vulture finally regained his footing, he moved toward the protruding arm, his curiosity piqued.

With a grunt, he attempted to pull it from the mud, only to find it stuck, as though the arm had been cemented into place.

The strange resistance fueled his determination to pull harder, his eyes narrowing with suspicion.

Kisha, too, sensed something was off.

The mud was thick, yes, but with Vulture's strength, the arm should have come free without too much effort.

A gnawing suspicion settled in her gut.

Something wasn't right.

If this was truly their missing person, they needed to confirm it, but for now, the arm's resistance only added to the growing sense that whatever they were up against, it was far more dangerous than they had initially realized.

As Kisha and Duke stood lost in thought, Vulture's determination grew. He wasn't about to give up easily, not after everything they had already endured.

The arm was a potential lead—one that could guide them to their missing person, or at the very least, provide crucial information.

With gritted teeth, he yanked harder, his muscles straining with the effort. The veins in his arms and neck bulged as he pulled again and again, his frustration mounting with each failed attempt.

"Argh!" With a final, forceful tug, Vulture used every ounce of his strength to yank the arm free from the stubborn mud.

The sudden movement sent him tumbling, rolling across the ground in a chaotic sprawl.

The unexpected motion startled both Kisha and Duke. Fortunately, Kisha had anticipated the possibility and had silently wrapped her telekinesis around both Vulture and Duke, keeping them tethered to her.

Even as Vulture's body skidded through the mud, she was able to track his movements effortlessly.

Without missing a beat, Kisha and Duke sprinted toward him, ready to assist.

Vulture shook his head, disoriented from the blow he'd taken when his head slammed against a rock.

He propped himself up, still sitting on the muddy ground, gripping the severed arm in one hand while his other hand pressed against his temple.

"Young Madam," he panted, "I managed to get it out, but damn, why was it so difficult? Felt like I was trying to pull up a whole person buried under there." He raised the arm high, presenting it to Kisha and Duke as their shadowy figures drew closer, finally coming into clear view.

Kisha and Duke leaned in for a closer look, the arm initially appearing like a root from a distance — dry, almost mummified, and shriveled.

But as Kisha's gaze sharpened, she noticed something more disturbing. Wrapped around the arm was a real root, its end sharp enough to penetrate the limb, passing through from one side to the other.

The sight darkened her expression, her aura shifting in response to the ominous discovery.

Both Duke and Vulture felt the change in the air, a subtle but undeniable shift in Kisha's presence.

Duke squinted at the arm, noticing the root still firmly attached, which likely explained why Vulture had struggled so much to pry it free. But the question of why a root would be entwined with a severed arm lingered, an unsettling mystery neither of them could easily solve.

Kisha, however, already knew the answer.

Yes, she already knew that they are fucked.

With gritted teeth, Kisha reached for the severed arm in Vulture's hand, but before she could take it, the ground began to tremble beneath them.

Creak.

The ominous groan of the trees echoed through the fog, a sound that sent a chill down their spines.

"Fuck!" Kisha muttered under her breath. She attempted to leap into the air, but the sticky mud clung to her like glue, trapping her in place.

With no other option, she used her telekinesis, lifting herself and then pulling Duke and Vulture up with her.

"What's happening?" Duke asked, tightening his grip on his spear as Kisha lifted them above the thickening fog.

Beneath them, the ground rumbled again, accompanied by a series of low, grinding sounds — as if the trees were shifting.

"We're facing a mutated tree," Kisha snapped, her voice seething with frustration. It was clear from her tone that she had just realized the extent of their situation.

Mutated trees, with their unpredictable properties, were among the most dangerous enemies to deal with.

With tough, nearly indestructible defenses and long-range attacks using their roots, they were a nightmare to defeat.

And now, Kisha could already sense the trees' intention — it was using its roots to drag them in, and its cover had been completely exposed.

'No wonder there's fog and that foul, poisonous scent in the air,' Kisha thought, her mind racing as the full scope of the situation dawned on her.

'It's not unusual for mutated trees to have these kinds of defensive abilities. Some of them use this tactic to ensnare their prey, dragging them underground to harvest their blood and flesh, feeding their growth and strength. All that's left behind are bones.'

With a grim understanding of their predicament, Kisha focused on lifting herself higher, making it harder for the mutated tree's roots to reach them.