

Apocalypse 576

Chapter 576 Mutated Tree

The mutated tree must have been patiently waiting for Kisha, Duke, and Vulture to venture further into the fog, carefully observing their every move, knowing that the deeper they went, the easier it would be to ambush them.

It had been biding its time, silently preparing to ensnare them with its roots.

However, when Vulture uncovered the arm and Kisha showed signs of trying to escape, the tree's patience snapped.

It couldn't afford to let its prey slip away—especially now, after the recent blood rains. The tree must be ravenous, needing more sustenance to fuel its evolution and grow even stronger.

Now that the mutated tree's cover was blown and it sensed its prey trying to escape, it could no longer feign to be just a normal tree.

The transformation was swift. Kisha, Duke, and Vulture were confronted by a massive Weeping Willow tree, its branches resembling the long, slithering arms of a jellyfish, undulating in the air as if reaching for them.

The thick, twisted roots began to writhe across the ground, creaking ominously with each movement.

Although the dense fog obscured much of its form, the tree's enormous size and deliberate movements were impossible to hide.

The shifting roots stirred the mist, slowly unveiling the contours of the creature beneath the eerie reddish moonlight.

It was an unsettling sight—roots unfurling like serpents emerging from their burrows, now awake and hunting for their next meal.

As Kisha, Duke, and Vulture hovered above the ground, they finally got a clear look at the Weeping Willow—towering far above the other trees, a grotesque anomaly in the forest like a sore thumb.

Its size was likely a result of the mutated tree's insatiable hunger for nutrients—blood and flesh, whether from humans or wild animals.

It explained why there hadn't been any animals in sight for miles, the forest eerily void of life.

The tree's reach was unsettling, its roots thick and twisted, stretching deep beneath the ground.

It wasn't hard to imagine that this was why Sparrow hadn't been able to escape when he first sensed something was wrong.

As Kisha pieced it together, the mutated tree had waited patiently, sensing Sparrow's awareness and quickly moving to trap him, ensuring he couldn't flee.

Now that Kisha had fully grasped the nature of their enemy, her gaze darkened. Facing such a creature on his own, Sparrow's chances of survival were nearly nonexistent.

Kisha lifted herself, along with Duke and Vulture, higher into the air.

The mutated tree before them was at least ten meters tall, its vine-like tentacles stretching far and wide.

But the most dangerous part was its roots—sharp, thick, and with a reach far greater than its vines.

As Kisha analyzed their position in relation to the spot where they had found Sparrow's walkie-talkie, it became clear that this tree either had roots that extended for miles or, even more terrifyingly, it was capable of moving—treating this area as its nest, where it stored its victims before draining them of blood and flesh.

In either case, the mutated tree was a deadly force, far more dangerous than Kisha had anticipated.

It seemed as though Vulture and Duke already understood Kisha's thoughts. Duke locked his gaze on the mutated tree, his expression menacing, though he waited for Kisha to speak.

"Wifey, do we have a plan?" he asked, his eyes never leaving the swaying tree. The thick roots lashed out like monstrous serpents, while the fog churned in the air like dust, the sticky mud beneath them resembling treacherous quicksand.

Under the eerie glow of the reddish moonlight, the ground now looked like a vast sea of blood.

Though Duke was eager to make a move, he hesitated, aware that he wasn't familiar with the powers of a mutated tree.

He trusted Kisha's judgment, knowing she had witnessed these creatures in her past lives.

Her reaction moments ago confirmed what he already suspected—Kisha knew exactly what kind of danger they were up against.

"To be honest, this one is far too dangerous," Kisha said, her expression grim.

"It may look like a tree, but it's clever enough to bait and ambush its prey. Mutated trees usually have exceptional defense and area-of-effect offense."

"As we can see, it's using an AOE defense—this fog that not only dulls our senses but can also poison us. It's not just a defensive tactic; it's a lethal offensive one."

"If it weren't for the Scarlet Bees, we would have likely fallen right into its trap." Kisha paused, her gaze sharp.

She and the others hadn't removed their gas masks, and their night vision goggles were pushed up on their foreheads, the faint reddish moonlight providing just enough visibility as they hovered above the forest.

The mutated tree, as if trying to intimidate them, relentlessly lashed its roots against the ground, the eerie creaking sound echoing through the air.

It could have been attempting to draw their attention, preparing for a sneak attack. Either way, Kisha remained vigilant, keeping a close watch on their surroundings from above with the help of the Scarlet Bees and her heightened senses.

However, the strain was evident. As she used her telekinesis to keep both Duke and Vulture elevated, her focus was split thin.

The mental effort of holding them aloft while scanning for danger was beginning to take its toll, draining her 'Mental Capacity' rapidly.

Swoosh...

Bang...

Kisha barely managed to evade a sneak attack from behind. With quick reflexes, she used her telekinesis to shift herself, along with Duke and Vulture, out of the way just in time.

A thick root, as wide as an adult's waist, shot up from the fog beneath them with startling speed and precision.

If she hadn't been so attuned to her surroundings, aided by her 'Perception Skill,' she might not have noticed it in time—or worse, she might have been caught off guard entirely.

"Shit! That was too close!" Vulture swore, his eyes fixed on the black roots that, after their attack, vanished back into the fog.

It felt like they were caught in a twisted game of 'whack-a-mole.'

The mutated tree's roots would suddenly emerge from the mist, striking with deadly precision, only to retreat and disappear as soon as they failed.

Using the fog as cover, it would quickly reposition and launch another surprise attack, keeping them constantly on edge.

Given their altitude, Vulture found it difficult to connect with the earth beneath them, making it nearly impossible to manipulate the terrain.

As a result, he was left relying on his massive hammer to deflect the roots' vicious strikes.

Meanwhile, Duke, though armed with his spear, wasn't launching random attacks.

Instead, he was waiting, carefully conserving his spiritual energy and using his awakened abilities only when the right moment arrived, knowing that a careless counterattack would be a waste of precious strength.

Kisha was also struggling with the situation. She knew that without getting close to the mutated tree's main body, they wouldn't stand a chance of defeating it.

But she also wasn't sure if the mutated tree had any intention of letting them leave.

From what she could tell, it would stop at nothing to bring them down, using their bodies as nutrients to fuel its growth.

The closer they got, the more the roots became a serious problem. A few meters away from the tree's main body, she could already see its vine-like tentacles stirring, preparing to strike.

The situation was growing increasingly dangerous, with each step bringing them closer to an inevitable confrontation.