

Apocalypse 581

Chapter 581 Looking For Sparrow's Body

After locating the pit, Kisha approached Duke and Vulture, carefully retracting her consciousness to avoid any strain.

Her voice was hoarse as she spoke. "I found a pit underground filled with remains."

Her eyes met Duke's briefly before her gaze flickered to Vulture, gauging his reaction.

As though struck by lightning, Vulture froze, his body stiffening at her words. Slowly, he turned away, his shoulders heavy with emotion.

He wiped the tears and snot from his face with his arm, but it wasn't enough. With a resigned sigh, he lifted his shirt to wipe his face, revealing the sight of his well-defined abs.

Before the sight could fully unfold, Duke's sharp eyes snapped to Kisha's face with a somewhat accusing gaze.

His eyes narrowed protectively, and with swift precision, he covered Kisha's eyes with his hand, his possessiveness clear.

"Wifey, if you want to see an eight-pack, there's no need to look elsewhere," Duke said, his voice low and teasing. Without giving her a chance to protest, he grabbed Kisha's wrist and guided her hand to rest against his shirt.

But apparently, that wasn't enough for him. With a mischievous glint in his eyes, he lifted his shirt and bit down on the hem, holding it in his teeth to fully expose his sculpted, rock-hard abs.

He then pressed her hand against the defined ridges, guiding her touch along the length of his abdomen, ensuring she could feel every line and curve.

Even in such a tense moment, Duke's possessiveness radiated unmistakably. Kisha, caught off guard, couldn't help but feel both flustered and wronged.

She hadn't been sneaking a peek at Vulture's abs, despite what Duke clearly thought.

Well, it wasn't like she needed to explain herself. Besides, she found it amusing to see Duke's somber expression replaced by a flare of jealousy.

His brooding mood had lightened, and for that, she was secretly grateful. At least now, he wasn't consumed by grief.

After a bit of playful teasing and once Vulture had calmed down, Kisha took the lead, guiding the two men toward the location of the pit she had sensed.

Vulture, however, still bore the evidence of his earlier breakdown. His swollen, red eyes and equally flushed nose stood out against his rugged appearance.

The contrast made him look both pitiful and unintentionally comical, a sight so oddly out of place that Kisha had to suppress the urge to chuckle.

Given the seriousness of the situation, Kisha chose to remain silent. As they arrived at the spot where the mutated tree had once stood, she halted at the edge.

The gaping hole left behind by the tree's massive roots stretched deep into the earth, but it wasn't wide or clear enough for them to see far below the surface.

Focusing her telekinesis, Kisha summoned an invisible force, akin to giant, unseen hands, to dig into the sticky soil.

With one swift motion, she removed a massive chunk of earth—nearly the size of a nanny van—and flung it aside effortlessly.

Despite her efforts, the depth of the pit was far greater than she anticipated, plunging much deeper than the scattered remains and bones she had sensed earlier, which lay a few meters beneath the surface.

After Kisha successfully excavated the pit, Duke took the lead in ensuring their safety. He conjured a powerful 'Fire Meteor' and sent it hurtling into the depths of the pit.

The intense flames illuminated the dark cavity, burning away any lingering harmful gases that could pose a threat to them.

Once the air was cleared, the trio removed their gas masks, leaving only their night vision goggles to aid their vision in the darkness.

With a brief glance at one another, Kisha, Duke, and Vulture leaped into the massive pit. Their coordinated landing echoed with a loud creak, the sound resonating ominously through the cavernous space.

Snap!

Creak!

As their boots hit the ground, the brittle bones beneath their feet snapped like dry twigs, sinking them ankle-deep into the unsettling terrain.

A cloud of fine dust rose from the disturbed surface, further obscuring the already dim environment.

The ground beneath them felt unstable, as though they were standing atop a gruesome mountain of bones, dried bodies, and dismembered limbs.

A nauseating, musky odor permeated the air, difficult to describe. It wasn't the rancid stench of rotting flesh, as most of the remains were desiccated or skeletal, yet the smell was deeply unpleasant, a mixture of decay and something disturbingly hard to explain.

Kisha and Vulture instinctively coughed as the rising dust hit their faces, while Duke furrowed his brow, scanning their grim surroundings.

However, with only their night vision goggles, their visibility was limited—everything appeared in hazy outlines, distorted and incomplete.

No light from the reddish moon reached the depths of the pit, leaving it in a suffocating darkness.

Realizing the need for better illumination, Duke conjured three small fireballs that floated around them, casting a flickering glow.

He was careful not to create more than necessary, mindful of preserving the limited oxygen in the enclosed space.

With the area now illuminated by the soft glow of Duke's fireballs, Kisha, Duke, and Vulture removed their night vision goggles and handed them to Kisha, who quickly stored them in her inventory.

Only then were they able to properly take in their surroundings.

The pit resembled a cave, its walls lined with dangling roots that swayed slightly, as if alive. Beneath their feet was a chaotic pile of bones and bodies, so jumbled together that it was impossible to distinguish whether the remains belonged to men or women.

Mixed among the human remains were the carcasses and bones of various animals, creating a grim, unsettling tableau that emphasized the horrors of the mutated tree's feeding pit.

As they surveyed the pit, it seemed nearly impossible to identify whether Sparrow's remains were among the countless others.

Vulture's gaze swept over the pile of bones, his eyes blank as he spoke. "Master, do you think the missing members of Group 6 are also here... among the dead?"

His voice was hollow, and his gaze lingered on the vast sea of bones beneath their feet, a jumble so extensive that he couldn't even tell where it ended or how deep it truly went.

Duke didn't respond. He simply scanned the entire area, his expression darkening with each passing moment.

His eyes, sharp and menacing, scanned every corner of the pit as his lips pressed into a thin, grim line.

His cold, indifferent demeanor remained unbroken, leaving it unclear whether he hadn't heard Vulture's question or had deliberately chosen to ignore it.

They then each moved to different corners of the pit, with a fireball trailing closely behind them.

Kisha couldn't help but feel amused by the sight. As far as she could remember, no fire-type superhuman had this level of control.

Typically, once a fireball was conjured and left a summoner's hand, it was like a bullet fired from a gun—it would either hit its target or simply dissipate.

But what she is seeing now was different. The fireball remained under Duke's control, despite being separated from him.

Maintaining this required constant spiritual energy consumption, a feat most fire type awakened ability users couldn't manage. The effort it took to sustain the flame after it was released was impressive and rare.