

Apocalypse 645

Chapter 645 What Really Happened To Sparrow

"Now, tell us what happened. We all thought you were already dead," Vulture, who couldn't wait for Duke to respond, said while Kisha settled into Duke's lap like a cat. Duke didn't try to stop Vulture from questioning Sparrow, sensing that Kisha was curious about the answer.

"Dead?! How could I die without even knowing I died?" Sparrow scrunched his nose as he looked up at Vulture disdainfully.

"We retrieved a body from the pit beneath the mutated tree, along with your dog tag. Before that, we followed your blood trail from the rice field, where we found your walkie-talkie stained with blood, leading us to the nest of the mutated tree. After defeating the mutated tree, we searched its nest and brought the body back to the base. This time, we plan to bury it alongside our other brothers." Vulture recounted to Sparrow what he, Kisha, and Duke had done so that they would be on the same page.

"We even identified the body because it was wearing the same clothes as you, but since the body had dried out and mummified, we couldn't really tell if it was you..." Vulture then stopped, as he began to reflect on the mistakes he had made.

Aside from the clothes the corpse was wearing and the dog tag he saw on the mummy's lap, he hadn't done any identification.

So how could he be so sure that it was Sparrow?

Now, he glared daggers at Vulture for his stupidity, but he couldn't say it out loud because it would seem like he was also reprimanding Duke and Kisha for being foolish enough to assume that the body

they found was actually Sparrow's without even going through DNA identification or anything like that, believing he was dead just because of some random mummified body and his missing dog tag.

And since he can't say it out loud, Sparrow could only redirect his disdain to Vulture and glared at him with a mix of mocking and hateful glares as if to say 'You really are stupid.'

Then, Sparrow started speaking and telling them the story of what happened.

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After being pierced by the mutated tree's vines in the stomach, Sparrow lost consciousness while the blood from his body was flowing out from the wound.

But not long after, he regained consciousness. He really didn't die an instant death; what woke him up was the burning pain in his inner pocket. Even in his unconscious state, he felt like he heard a paper igniting before it burned, and then he felt the heat.

With leaden eyes, he opened them, but he was still being pulled by the vines at an unprecedented speed towards somewhere. Since his blood was spilling like water, he tried to reach for the vial of blue liquid in his pocket.

But he had failed a few times as he didn't feel his limbs anymore, and he was just dangling in the air like a boneless ragdoll.

One thing he was sure of: the amulet Kisha had given him had saved his life from receiving a critical hit that would have been enough to instantly kill him.

He had three of them when he first went on a mission assigned by Kisha when Duke and they were looking for the Winters upon arriving at City B, but luckily, he didn't have to use those amulets.

Since Kisha was sending him again on a mission far away from her, she gave him and Vulture one each of those amulets, although he didn't even know how to use it.

However, the thought that it would immediately function on its own when the holder's life was in danger from a critical attack made Sparrow feel incredibly fortunate that he kept it close to his chest.

But now, since he was still being pulled somewhere, even if he didn't die instantly from the gaping hole in his stomach, he would still die from blood loss.

So, Sparrow used his remaining strength to move his muscles, but before he could, he felt himself being thrown somewhere. Then, he hit a bunch of hard objects, and a cloud of thick dust struck his face, making him cough violently, which caused his gaping wound to gush even more blood.

Sparrow felt like he was about to pass out as his entire body grew so cold that he began to shiver and his teeth started chattering.

He remained still in one position, or should he say that he tried to move but his body no longer obeyed him. Images were already flashing through his mind during that time, but he didn't want to give up and die just like that; it would seem so pathetic, and he didn't want to leave this world just yet.

He wasn't afraid of dying, but he was anxious about the people he would leave behind, like his master, his young madam, and his good brothers.

So, Sparrow ground his teeth until he could taste the metallic flavor of blood in his mouth. Despite this, he summoned his willpower to move his arm and reach for his pocket, which was only four inches away. Yet, those four inches felt like an eternity to cross.

'Dammit! Fucking move!' he grunted in his mind, unable to stop his teeth from chattering, his energy too low to actually speak. The sensation that life was slowly slipping through his fingers filled him with desperation.

When he managed to pull something from his pocket, he felt his breathing becoming shallow and his strength becoming even weaker than before.

It took him a long time to bring out the vials of random liquid he had grabbed from his pocket, but he didn't have time to check if those liquids were the vial of blue liquid or the vial of black liquid. He didn't even have the energy to open one.

'Damn it, really damn it! This is because I've become overly arrogant about my growing strength and become careless. Now, life has taught me a hard lesson that's almost too tough to swallow,' Sparrow thought bitterly as he brought the vials of liquid close to his face.

His gaze was becoming blurry and unfocused, so he couldn't really see what kind of liquid he had—not that there was much light where he was, to begin with. Everywhere was dark, musty, and a little cold.

Without any options left, Sparrow just put a few more vials of liquid in his mouth, and with the last bit of strength he had, he bit down until the glass broke and the liquid spread in his mouth.

The small shards that entered his mouth scratched his gums and tongue, but Sparrow didn't mind.

Fortunately, the little shards of glass only shattered around his teeth and gums, embedding themselves on his tongue and gums but not coming close to his throat, so he swallowed the liquid that had filled his mouth.

'Ugh!' Sparrow grunted, not just from frustration, but because he was struggling to swallow. It felt as if his tongue had swelled, making it difficult to swallow, almost like something was cooling on his tongue.

But it seemed like the gods were on his side, as among the vials of liquid he had shattered in his mouth was a vial of blue liquid.

There was also more of the vial of black liquid, and he felt energy suddenly fill his veins like adrenaline. Along with those feelings was the sensation of his wound pulsing and beginning to mend itself.

He felt like he was able to move his fingers a little better than before, but the little bit of blue liquid wasn't enough to completely close the gaping wound on his stomach.

If he weren't a superhuman and were just a normal human without much vitality, which represents his 'HP,' he would have really died.

Even with that amulet, he wouldn't have lasted and would have died from losing too much blood.

With a bit of strength, Sparrow reached for his pocket again.

Since he couldn't see anything in the dark, he just drank whatever vial of liquid he could. Luckily, this time he managed to grab three vials of blue liquid, and when he drank them consecutively, his wound closed up at an unprecedented speed.

Still, Sparrow needed time for his body to adjust, and his energy was going haywire due to the number of vials of black liquid he drank at the same time.

He felt his body going from cold to so hot that it felt like lava was coursing through his veins. 'Arg,' Sparrow hunched over to the ground like a shrimp, feeling uncomfortable all over; he felt like his veins were about to pop.

He muffled his grunt because he wasn't sure if the mutated tree was still around or if there was still some danger nearby.

But because he was in so much pain, he felt like the veins around him were going to explode with energy.

He tried to calm his spiritual energy, but it wasn't helping as much as he thought, and he was still so weak that he felt like his muscles had yet to regain their functionality.