

## Apocalypse 646

### Chapter 646 Mutated Insect

His body then started to perspire; he was getting wet with sweat, and now he felt parched, as if he was running a fever.

Sparrow had no idea how much time had passed since he began healing or when his spiritual energy had started spiraling out of control. His entire body felt like hell, but he couldn't afford to complain. As long as he was still breathing, that was all that mattered.

He considered himself lucky—grateful even—that he had survived. But then again... had he really made it?

He felt that even if the wound inflicted by the mutated tree didn't kill him, his own spiritual energy might. It was running wild inside him, threatening to tear him apart from the inside.

The sheer force of it surged through every vein in his body, pushing him to the brink—he wouldn't be surprised if his brain exploded at any moment.

"Ugh!" Sparrow's muffled grunts and ragged breathing were the only sounds echoing in the darkness as he struggled to control his energy.

But he was still too weak. Most of his strength had already been drained to heal his body, leaving him with barely enough to contain the raging force within him.

His spiritual energy, now unchecked, battered his body from the inside, threatening to tear him apart.

Amidst his turmoil, a faint, sweet scent drifted through the air. He didn't know when he had first noticed it—he had been too preoccupied with simply staying alive.

But now, as he fought against the chaos within him, the scent became clearer, pulling at his senses like a whisper in the dark.

It was alluring, almost beckoning him, and for the first time since his ordeal began, he became aware of his surroundings once more.

The sweet scent made him feel as if he were floating, weightless and detached from reality. It dulled his senses, easing his pain and lulling him into a state that should have aided his recovery.

And yet, despite its seemingly soothing effect, every instinct in his body screamed that something was wrong.

His internal alarms blared, louder than ever, a stark contrast to the deceptive comfort the scent provided. After his earlier experience with the mutated tree—when lowering his guard had nearly cost him his life—he knew better than to ignore these warnings.

This was no trivial matter.

Something about this situation felt off, and even though he was wracked with pain, he forced himself to stay alert. Everything around him was unknown, and in this unfamiliar darkness, vigilance was his only lifeline.

Sparrow lay face down on the rough, uneven ground, his breath coming in ragged gasps as dust billowed around him, stinging his eyes and clogging his nose.

Each inhale sent a mix of dirt and grit into his lungs, making it even harder to breathe. But he had no choice—earlier, he had been completely immobilized by his injuries.

Now, though the pain was still intense, he could at least move his hands. His body remained battered, his ribs still fractured and healing, while the lingering sting of freshly closed wounds pulsed through him.

On top of that, the chaotic surge of his spiritual energy continued to wreak havoc within him, compounding his agony.

With no clear focus amid the overwhelming pain, he gritted his teeth and summoned what little strength he had left.

Planting his hands against the ground, he forced himself to push up, using a small surge of energy to roll onto his back.

The moment his gaze met the sky, a brief sense of relief washed over him—until the sharp ache in his body reminded him that his ordeal was far from over.

But when he turned over, his blurry vision caught sight of faintly glowing, berry-like orbs clinging to the ceiling.

Their soft bluish light flickered dimly, making it difficult to determine whether they were insects, fungi, or some other unknown organism.

However, his curiosity was quickly overshadowed by the pulsing ache in his skull. His entire body felt drained, leaving him utterly vulnerable.

The overwhelming exhaustion and searing pain proved too much—before he could make sense of his surroundings, darkness swallowed him whole.

Whether he had fallen asleep or simply lost consciousness, he couldn't tell.

When he finally came to, disoriented and groggy, an unsettling realization struck him—he was no longer on the ground.

Instead, he was dangling in the air, his left leg ensnared and hoisted upward.

His heart pounded as he took in the tangled mess of roots and vines surrounding him, stretching ominously into the shadows. And worst of all, someone—no, something—was dragging him deeper into the unknown.

Shock jolted through him—he hadn't felt a thing. Somehow, even the searing pain from his spiritual energy running wild had dulled, no longer as agonizing as before. Instead, a strange weightlessness settled over him, as if he were floating on a cloud, lulling him into a deeper, more restful sleep.

But something wasn't right.

The sweet, alluring scent in the air was far stronger than before, almost intoxicating. His vision blurred, his focus slipping as an eerie haze clouded his mind. It was as if he were being hypnotized, drawn into a trance he couldn't escape.

The only thing that woke him up was the blaring alarm inside his head, a deafening siren growing louder and louder as he sank deeper into his comfortable sleep.

His eyes snapped open, only to realize he was already dangling in the air. He hadn't even felt himself being lifted.

Then, he caught sight of something shiny slipping from his neck, but before he could process what it was, thick vines began wrapping tightly around him.

The vines pinned him against the dirt wall. Though his senses dulled and a trance-like state threatened to consume him, he instinctively fought back.

Strangely, the hypnotic effect also worked in his favor. It soothed his raging spiritual energy, abruptly stopping its assault on his body.

Perhaps he couldn't feel the pain anymore, tricking himself into believing the chaos had subsided. Or maybe, just maybe, his energy had truly stopped going berserk, finding an unexpected balance within the hypnotic effect's lulling embrace.

But now, the only thought racing through his mind was, I need to get out of here.

Though disoriented, he unleashed his 'Wind Blade' attacks, aiming for the vines. The small, berry-like orbs cast a dim, eerie glow, offering just enough light to see.

He dangled high above the ground, now dangerously close to the glowing, berry-like orbs floating in the air.

But even with their faint illumination, his blurred senses made it difficult to land a precise strike on the vines constricting his legs.

But Sparrow refused to be discouraged. Gritting his teeth, he hurled more 'Wind Blades' upward, but his aim remained off, sending attacks wildly in every direction.

The strikes tore into the dirt wall beside him, kicking up dust and debris that rained down, stinging his eyes and choking his lungs. He coughed violently, struggling to see through the thickening haze.

Desperate to snap himself out of it, he slapped his own face—only to end up with ringing ears and no improvement in his disorientation.

Panic crept in as a chilling thought crossed his mind: with his aim so off, he might end up slicing through his own dangling leg—a mistake that would lead to a very, very unfortunate outcome.

But he knew staying still until his disorientation faded wouldn't help either—the sweet scent in the air was growing stronger the closer he got to the dangling, berry-like orbs.

A creeping sense of dread washed over him.

Those orbs weren't just harmless fruit; they felt like monstrous eyes, watching him struggle, observing his every frantic movement as he fought to escape.

Since he couldn't land a hit on the vines trapping his leg, he turned his attention to the glowing, berry-like orbs instead.

For some reason, they filled him with an overwhelming sense of dread, and his instincts screamed at him the closer he got. His alarm bells were blaring inside his head.

With no time to fine-tune his aim, he resorted to desperation—wildly unleashing 'Wind Blades' in every direction, hoping to strike the eerie orbs above.

As Sparrow wildly unleashed his 'Wind Blades,' they finally struck the orbs. A fluorescent liquid oozed from them, releasing an even stronger burst of the sweet scent into the air.

'Fuck, so it really was coming from those orbs. What the hell is this smell?' he thought, hastily covering his nose with his hand to block out the scent that was clouding his senses.

Now that his suspicions were confirmed, he needed to get rid of those things—without inhaling any more of the airborne toxin. But before he could act, the glowing orbs began to shift.

At first, he thought it was just his disoriented vision playing tricks on him, making everything seem like it was swaying. But no—the orbs were actually moving. No, not just moving. Flying.

The orbs darted through the small, cave-like space where Sparrow was trapped, circling the area in eerie, rhythmic patterns.

Their glowing light bathed the surroundings in an unsettling luminescence, revealing the grim details he hadn't fully noticed before—mummified corpses, scattered bones, and decaying carcasses, both human and animal.

A chilling realization sank in. This wasn't just some random pit—it was a lair.

And those floating orbs?

They weren't just harmless lights. They were living creatures—mutated insects, grotesquely evolved and somehow linked in a parasitic bond with the mutated tree that had attacked him.

