

Apocalypse 647

Chapter 647 Testing His Luck

If his deduction was correct, these mutated insects fed on the sap of the mutated tree, and in return, they helped the tree by dulling the senses of its prey.

That would explain why he hadn't initially noticed the mutated tree creeping closer to him—the sweet scent had clouded his awareness.

Now that he thought about it, he had first noticed this aroma back when he was wandering through the forest, searching for his missing teammates from Group 6.

He hadn't given it much thought at the time since the scent wasn't unusual in a place like this—it could have come from a flower or even honey produced by local bees.

Besides, he had been too focused on finding his missing teammates to pay attention to it. But now, looking back, he realized his negligence had led him to this predicament.

After all, Kisha always reminded them that they lived in a different world now, where every detail mattered. Their surroundings were filled with evolved beings—trees, insects, animals, humans, and even zombies—making vigilance a necessity for survival.

Every detail mattered, and now that he was trapped, he realized he had long since fallen into the mutated tree's grasp.

The tree, aided by the mutated insects' sweet scent, had been luring him in from the start. That scent had subtly dulled his senses, allowing the tree's roots to creep closer and closer without him noticing.

It had patiently waited for him to lower his guard, for his awareness to fade just enough for it to strike.

That was why, no matter how much his instincts screamed at him, no matter how hard he looked around when his alarm bells went off, he had failed to spot the real threat—it had been hidden within the very air he breathed.

Even back then, he had already fallen under its spell. Not only had his senses dulled, but there was a high chance that even his mental signatures had been tampered with.

Based on his symptoms, he couldn't dismiss the possibility—especially since he could barely feel his connection to his spiritual energy. That was what unsettled him the most.

He couldn't tell whether the scent from the mutated insects was actually soothing his turbulent energy or if his mental state had been thrown into disarray.

Was he under hypnosis?

Trapped in an illusion?

Or was it a mix of both? Whatever it was, it wasn't a full illusion—his vision remained clear—but his perception, his ability to trust his own senses, was slipping away.

Either way, the situation was far from good.

'Maybe once I deal with these mutated insects, my senses will return to normal?' Sparrow thought as he continued launching 'Wind Blade' attacks in every direction.

Precision didn't matter—there were so many of them that every strike tore through a cluster, sending fluorescent blood splattering across the cave.

The glowing liquid pulsed for a few moments before fading into darkness, and with each insect he killed, the cave grew dimmer and more ominous.

Despite their parasitic relationship with the mutated tree, the mutated insects weren't completely defenseless. As Sparrow continued his relentless assault, cutting down dozens of them with each strike, the surviving insects reacted.

They no longer clung to the dangling roots, so they swarmed together, forming a dense, spiraling mass in the air.

The cave was filled with the deafening hum of countless beating wings, the sound echoing from all directions, making it impossible to pinpoint their movements.

Sparrow kept launching attacks, but now that the insects had clustered together, his strikes weren't as effective. No matter how many he cut down, more kept closing in, shrinking the distance between them and their target—him.

Although these mutated insects were small, each one had a beetle-like horn on its head. They used this horn to scrape the roots of the mutated tree, allowing its sap to flow for them to feed on.

Given the tree's thick bark and high defense, just imagining how strong those tiny horns must be was enough to send a chill down Sparrow's spine.

Even with his enhanced defense, he knew he wouldn't last long against an onslaught from hundreds of these creatures.

They might not devour him or suck his blood, but their sharp horns slashing and stabbing at him relentlessly would still leave him covered in wounds. At that rate, he'd be losing blood faster than the vial of blue liquid could heal him.

Instead of panicking, Sparrow quickly scanned his surroundings, searching for anything he could use before the mutated insects reached him.

It was clear that his attacks had only enraged them, driving them to retaliate—but he hadn't exactly had a choice. Those insects kept releasing that scent, clouding his mind and dulling his senses.

Perhaps to the mutated tree's victims, the scent provided a false sense of relief, numbing them to the pain of their impending death.

They wouldn't even realize what was happening until it was too late. It was a cruel fate—one that made their demise all the more pitiful.

Right now, dangling in the air, he was like a sitting duck—a perfect target for the swarm of mutated insects rapidly closing in on him. With no time to hesitate, he placed all his hope in a single attack—and a bit of luck.

Swoosh!

Crack!

Bang!

Sparrow sent a powerful 'Wind Blade' upward, aiming directly at the mutated tree's root that had coiled tightly around his legs. It was a gamble—if his luck turned against him, he might just end up amputating his own legs.

But even then, at least he'd fall and have a chance to escape. If luck was on his side, however, he'd sever the root and free himself.

It was all or nothing. Staying trapped meant certain death as the swarm of mutated insects closed in.

Fortunately, despite all his past misfortunes, luck hadn't completely abandoned him. His attack landed squarely on the thick root, slicing through it cleanly.

In the next instant, Sparrow felt the grip on his legs loosen before he plummeted several meters down, crashing hard onto the cavern floor.

"Argh!" Sparrow grunted.

"Now I feel some pain..." he muttered to himself, struggling to stand. "Must be because the mutated insects stopped secreting that sweet scent now that they've switched to attack mode."

Groping around, his fingers brushed against something beneath him. He quickly activated his smartwatch's flashlight, illuminating his surroundings—the dim glow from the circling mutated insects above wasn't enough to fully reveal the dark cave.

Meanwhile, the swarm, having missed their initial strike, began to turn for another attack. The brief respite gave Sparrow a moment to regain his senses and get a better grasp of his surroundings.

When his smartwatch's flashlight flickered on, the sight that greeted Sparrow sent a chill down his spine—a mummified corpse entangled in thick tree roots was pinned against the cave wall.

Its face was sunken, its mouth frozen in a silent scream, as if it had died in agony while being drained dry by the mutated tree.

As Sparrow surveyed the corpse, he noticed both large and small roots embedded deep into its withered flesh, as though the tree had burrowed into it, leeching every last drop of life.

A grim realization settled in—his fall had been cushioned by the corpse. Thankfully, it hadn't shattered beneath him.