

Apocalypse 648

Chapter 648 Getting Away From The Mutated Tree

"Buddy, thanks for catching me... and sorry I can't take you with me," Sparrow murmured, giving the corpse a slight bow of respect. He wished he had the time to offer a proper farewell, but survival came first.

The buzzing grew louder—his brief moment of pause had cost him. The mutated insects were already swarming toward him again.

Gritting his teeth, Sparrow forced himself to his feet, his body sluggish and unsteady. Despite the dizziness clouding his mind, his willpower kept him moving.

Staggering, he launched attack after attack, cutting down the oncoming swarm while his sharp gaze scanned the cave for an escape. He had no choice—he had to get out of here alive.

Sparrow had no idea how long he had been trapped inside the dark cave. He had been fighting the relentless swarm of mutated insects non-stop, yet he couldn't find an exit.

Digging his way out wasn't an option either—the insects gave him no chance to focus on a single spot. They were like a swarm of killer hornets, refusing to let up until he was dead.

Then, suddenly, the ground trembled. A deep rumble echoed through the cave, and dust and dirt began raining down from the ceiling. The massive dangling roots overhead stirred like awakened serpents, twisting and writhing.

Sparrow immediately recognized what was happening—something aboveground had triggered the mutated tree, causing it to react violently.

This was his chance.

But even with the chaos shaking the cave, the mutated insects remained locked onto him, determined to finish what they started. They weren't letting him go. Sparrow clenched his jaw. He didn't need much—just one opening, one opportunity to break free.

Desperately, Sparrow looked up at the ceiling. If his guess was right, the mutated tree was preparing to make a big move.

It could be extending its roots to hunt for more prey to stockpile in its lair, or perhaps it was engaged in a battle outside, causing the massive tremors.

Whatever the reason, this was his chance.

As Sparrow unleashed 'Wind Blade' after 'Wind Blade,' his gaze never wavered from the ceiling. He ran frantically around the cavern—stumbling, falling, crashing—but he never stopped. Each time he hit the ground, he forced himself back up and kept going.

Fortunately, the lingering sweet scent that had dulled his senses worked in his favor. He couldn't feel fatigue or the depletion of his spiritual energy.

Though he was disoriented and aching from the relentless battle, the pain and disorientation were nothing more than minor inconveniences.

Then, a faint ray of light pierced through the darkness from above. A massive tree root shifted, pulling out of the cave and leaving behind a small opening—just big enough for Sparrow to squeeze through.

Though the ceiling was several meters high, Sparrow didn't hesitate. He took a deep breath, then leaped with all his strength, conjuring a whirlwind beneath him to propel himself upward.

As he ascended, he noticed the roots beginning to close in around the opening again. His heart pounded—he had only moments to escape.

Sparrow conjured another 'Whirlwind' to propel himself faster, then summoned 'Wind Blades' in each hand. As he neared the opening, he hurled the blades forward, crossing his arms in front of his face to brace for impact.

The sharp gusts slashed through the smaller mutated tree roots, weakening them just enough. With his enhanced defense and strength, he forced his way through, shattering the remaining obstacles.

The moment he broke free from the cave, the force of his escape sent him hurtling outward. He instinctively used his crossed arms to absorb the impact as he hit the ground, rolling several times before coming to a stop.

But the moment Sparrow emerged outside, relief was the last thing he felt. There was no time to celebrate—right before his eyes, the mutated tree was engaged in a fierce battle, its vine-like tentacles lashing out aggressively.

Fortunately, he wasn't the target. Either the tree didn't see him as a threat, was too focused on its enemy, or simply hadn't noticed his escape.

Whatever the reason, Sparrow wasn't about to waste the opportunity. Without hesitation, he turned on his heels and bolted, seizing his chance to get away.

Sparrow saw blazing lights streaking across the sky—either a barrage of 'Fire Meteors' or countless 'Fire Balls' raining down toward the mutated tree.

Since he was still dangerously close, staying put wasn't an option. If he didn't move now, he'd be caught in the devastating assault.

But fire wasn't the only threat—other elemental attacks followed in rapid succession, crashing down one after another. Sparrow didn't waste time analyzing them.

All that mattered was that he was finally free from the mutated tree's grasp. Without hesitation, he turned and sprinted, focused solely on escaping and reuniting with his team.

So, he ran as fast as his battered body would allow, even as weakness gnawed at him and his knees threatened to buckle. He relied on sheer willpower to keep moving forward.

Even after making it outside, some of the mutated insects managed to slip through before the tree's roots sealed the hole shut behind him.

Sparrow pushed himself harder, occasionally conjuring a 'Whirlwind' to propel himself forward and increase his speed. He had no clear destination—his only goal was to get as far away as possible.

In his current state, facing any enemies would be a death sentence, so he didn't even attempt to fight off the insects trailing him. Instead, he focused solely on escaping.

Without realizing it, Sparrow had already run several kilometers. Then, his foot caught on something, and he went down hard.

"Ugh!" He gritted his teeth as his face slammed into the ground, pain radiating across his features.

'Damn! Even my defense doesn't work against the ground anymore?' he thought bitterly as he tried to push himself up.

Before he could fully rise, something grabbed his collar and yanked him backward, dragging him into a nearby bush.

Sparrow's eyes widened in horror. 'Shit! Am I being dragged away again?!'

"Fuck, did the mutated tree catch me again?!" he muttered, panic flaring in his chest as he thrashed against the grip, trying to fight back.

The mutated insects were still swarming behind him, but his sudden fall caused them to lose track of him momentarily.

Sparrow watched as the mutated insects flew past him, his body frozen as he was dragged backward into the bushes. His gaze was fixed on the sky above, his collar tight around his throat from the force pulling him away. His heart pounded so violently it felt as if he had been plunged into ice water.

He wasn't sure whether to feel relieved that he had lost the mutated insects or terrified that he had been caught by something else—especially now, when exhaustion was finally weighing down on him.

Then, a deep, guttural growl echoed through the forest.

"Roar!"

The beastly sound reverberated all around him, shaking the very air. Sparrow stiffened, momentarily forgetting he was still being dragged.

His breath hitched as he strained to see through the thick leaves brushing against his face, their rough edges scratching his skin. Everything felt chaotic—his senses overwhelmed, his mind reeling. And worst of all, he still couldn't see what was lurking beyond the bushes.