

My Dreamy Old Husband Chapter 731

After a long time had passed, Sophia woke up and found herself trapped in a cramped space. She struggled desperately to climb out when she saw a flicker of light in front of her and finally freed herself out of it.

However, she soon realized that her house had collapsed and the town was ravaged by the burst of war.

She looked up with her poor eyesight and felt even more dizzy and lightheaded; there was also a long, bleeding wound on her arm. The peaceful town had become war-stricken as buildings were torn apart and almost all of her neighbors' houses had been destroyed by something.

Cries of despair and roars of anger sounded throughout as the survivors ran desperately out of the town.

"The rebels are here to slaughter the town!"

She heard the locals running away frantically as their cars raced out of town.

Glancing back at the collapsed bookstore, she realized that she could no longer save all those people that had taken care of her; they were crushed inside forever. In a chaotic situation like this, it was best for her to save herself first and run as fast as she could. After all, she couldn't find anyone to save.

Sophia crawled back into the wreckage and found some clothes, cash, and a car key.

She didn't know where she was going to look for Quinton, but she would end up dead sooner or later if she waited around here. Since the rebels had chosen this town as their clashing point, Sophia needed to run away before the government forces and rebels started the war.

Sophia drove the car and followed the crowd as they headed toward a safer city.

She wanted to wait for Quinton's return, but she had no idea where he had gone or where to look for him without his contact information. If she were to wait here, she would have ushered in the rebels instead of Quinton.

As of late, the entire African continent had been plagued by an epidemic and social unrest as despair spread among the people and burned off their last piece of sanity. With that, rebels were birthed and killings of the innocent started.

The land had gradually lost its sanity and last sense of peace; even this small town was finally affected by the ripple of disaster.

Sophia fled with the troops in the car as she didn't know where to go. She had no passport or any form of identification on her, so she would just have to take one step at a time; it was better than waiting here for her death.

Three days later, Sophia came out of the desert and arrived at the largest city near the port. Although there were government troops around, the people were still unsettled and frightened about the situation.

The rebels were about to attack the city and no one knew what the outcome would be; the country had completely fallen into a state of chaos, and many of its people tried their best to flee the country.

Moreover, the deadly airborne plague had caused the city's entire medical system to collapse—those who were infected by it would have their whole bodies festered while they died in pain, and there was still no cure for it.

Terror and despair spreaded throughout the city; it was not the safest as the rebels were already closing in. Not only that, the city's army had turned against each other. It was only a matter of time before the city would crumble, so some of its people were trying to escape as fast as they could while others took advantage of the situation.

As Sophia walked through the crowd, she would get knocked down by the panicked crowd from time to time; the wound on her arm had been rubbed roughly so many times that it turned numb. Her car eventually ran out of gas, but she couldn't find a place to refuel it and was running out of money. Still, Sophia didn't know where to find Quinton.

Walking through the devastated city that was crumbling into pieces, most of the residents had left their homes as the army laid down defenses everywhere; they knew that their firepower was no match against the rebels. The capital had already fallen into the enemy's hands, and it was only a matter of time before this city would end up in a terrible state too.

The rebels weren't launching any attacks on the city at the moment because they were waiting for the evacuation process of other countries to be completed. Once all the other foreigners were successfully evacuated, the battle would begin.

As Sophia walked through the crowd, her face and lips had turned pale; every step she took felt like she was walking on cotton.

Despite being thirsty and hungry, she couldn't find any food. The stores in the city had been looted as dead bodies were everywhere for various reasons in the city. No one was bothered by it as bloodshed and hunger could be seen everywhere with no hope in sight.

She was helpless and terrified as she walked aimlessly through the city.

Suddenly, someone came over and snatched her bag since she seemed like an easy target.

Sophia tried her best to protect her bag and used the self-defense skills she had learned from Quinton to fend him off. Sadly, her body was so weak that day; Sophia was no match for the thug, but she still used every last bit of her strength to hold onto her bag.

The thug grabbed her arm and forcefully tore off her sleeves, but he was horrified when he caught sight of her arm. As the thug turned around and fled instantly, it was as though he had just seen a devilish beast.

The fight to protect her bag had used up all of her strength. As soon as the thug left, Sophia collapsed to the ground weakly; she couldn't even muster the energy to lift up a finger.

She looked up to the sky as the sunlight stung her eyes before looking down at the wound on her arm that was exposed from the torn sleeve. When her home was bombed three days ago, Sophia had a long cut on her arm when she crawled out of the rubble. She simply treated it with a simple spray and did not expect it to have festered so badly...

The festeration was so abnormal that her whole arm felt numb, and it was spreading rapidly throughout her body. Just then, she remembered that the thug had yelled something when he saw her wound. "Virs-18!" he screamed.

Vir-18 was the latest virus rampaging throughout the African continent. Patients with this virus had symptoms of festering and pus, and they eventually died in extreme pain after a few days of being infected. There was no cure for it.

During such chaotic times, no organization had the ability to develop a viable medical solution. Vir-18 had brought upon despair and war; conflict had allowed the virus to run rampant on the African continent, forcing people into desperation which led to a full-blown war throughout the country. Simply speaking, it had turned into a deadly cycle. Now, all foreign forces had to move out of the country because no one would be bothered to rescue them.

Lying down on the side of the road beside the numerous dead bodies placed there, Sophia's eyes were half-opened as she had no idea if she was dead or alive.

She closed her eyes and saw the silhouette of that man again.

He was faceless as he stood in front of her, but she could tell that he was looking at her with sorrow as tears had fallen first without a single word being uttered.

Chica...

"The Cethosian Foreign Embassy is about to evacuate its last batch of residents. Cethosians who have yet to be evacuated, please bring your passport to the Cethosian Foreign Embassy at No. 28 East Street before 1.00PM today."

As a car drove past the chaotic street, it was broadcasting an announcement in a language that Sophia was familiar with.

That's right!

All of a sudden, Sophia remembered that Quinton and her were from Cethos. As a fellow Cethosian, she was eligible to go to the Cethosian Foreign Embassy for help. She had also heard along the way that there was a military naval ship parked at the port to pick up the Cethosians!

A glimmer of hope sparked inside of Sophia. She stood up with all her might and leaned slowly against the wall before walking toward East Street. She was so weak that she even lost the strength to carry her bag, so she threw it aside...

What was supposed to be an hour's journey took Sophia two and a half hours, and she blacked out while her limbs lost all strength. As she leaned against the wall and looked up, she finally saw a familiar red flag waving in the distance.

The Cethosian Foreign Embassy was just across the street.

However, Sophia no longer had the strength to walk over as she slowly collapsed on the street opposite the Cethosian Foreign Embassy.