

Endless 155

Chapter 155: The Final Gift

The sky of Opus still wore that gloomy visage, even as the sunset painted it with a hint of orange glow, like a great fire burning within the clouds.

Bologue didn't hurry home but instead sat on the steps at the bottom of the building, hugging his knees, looking up at the sky.

He remembered doing the same as a child, when boredom would lead him to the pasture near his home, staring blankly at the sky until nightfall.

Bologue cherished those moments, where the gentle breeze could ease his restless heart into a rare calm.

Unfortunately, this was Opus, not the familiar pastures. Here, the mechanical roar was everywhere, and the fog, dyed into large swathes of light.

Bologue's heart couldn't find peace; past memories collided tirelessly in his mind.

He began to understand the story of "Wandering Rat." Kedening said it was based on himself, and now it seemed he wasn't lying, just not telling the whole truth.

In recollecting his previous conversations with Kedening, aside from anger, Bologue's curiosity piqued—what was Kedening really thinking...

He still remembered the words Kedening had spoken.

God doesn't exist, but evil people should be yearning for the moment of punishment. At the end of life, they can finally stop running and calmly accept the arrival of peace.

Bologue began to doubt, Kedening, were you sincere? Or was this another of your many disguises? Bologue also understood that all these actors were masters of disguise; after all, their profession was to become someone else to deceive the audience and blend into the story.

Forget it, Bologue thought, whether Kedening was truthful or lying, nothing would change the ending.

Some things were destined from the start.

If it was the truth, then Bologue would bring him peace; if a lie, then Bologue would bring retribution.

Bologue has always been like this; he wouldn't spare anyone on the list.

"Bologue?"

A hesitant voice sounded from the front, pulling Bologue from his thoughts, looking at the person ahead.

A figure unexpectedly appeared before Bologue's eyes—white hair, a face full of wrinkles, yet from this aged visage, Bologue sensed a hint of familiarity, like someone's shadow etched upon him.

"Lawson?"

No matter what, Bologue never imagined seeing Lawson here today, especially after the day's events.

He dared not look at Lawson, though Lawson knew nothing, an inexplicable sense of guilt surged within Bologue, like claws scratching at his heart.

"Hey, surprised, Bologue?"

Lawson carried a suitcase, seemingly heavy with items inside.

Glancing at Bologue, then at the building behind him, Lawson smiled, "Your place is truly hard to find."

"Shenbei District is like this, not much different from the suburbs."

Bologue stood up, trying to smile, "What brings you here?"

"Bringing you some things. After Mother passed away, we sorted through many of her belongings. Nobody knew what to do with them; we almost threw them away."

Lawson held the suitcase in front of him, recalling Bologue's angry expression.

"I still remember you were furious. If her belongings were discarded like that, it'd be like she died twice... So, I spent a lot of time organizing them and found things she wanted to leave to you."

"To leave to me?"

Bologue felt at a loss.

"Yes, to you," Lawson hesitated but said firmly, "Though Mother left no will, I believe these are for you. If I kept them, she'd probably be very angry."

Lawson spoke words Bologue couldn't understand, affirming as he handed over the suitcase. Without hesitation, Bologue took it, heavier than expected, as if containing another world.

"Do you want to come up and sit?" Bologue asked.

"No, I'm in a hurry. I'm leaving Opus tonight," Lawson replied.

"Leaving... Opus?"

"Yes, I wanted to move away from this city long ago. My children live elsewhere. I stayed for Mother. Now she's gone; nothing ties me here anymore."

Lawson spoke calmly.

"But rest assured, I'll come back every year to visit Mother's place, and we can catch up on recent events then."

"Okay... sure."

Bologue was at a loss for words, never good at facing Lawson. Too many things he didn't know how to explain to him.

"You look a bit rough; are you troubled?"

Lawson studied Bologue closely, sensing that Bologue's mental state was somewhat poor.

"I'm okay, nothing much," Bologue casually replied.

Seeing this, Lawson decided not to press further. Their conversation fell into a brief silence, Lawson's gaze wandered around, hesitating for a while before he spoke again.

"I'm sorry, Bologue."

"Hmm? What's wrong?"

"I have to admit, I used to be prejudiced against you. I thought you were a young man with ill intentions; I've seen too many people like you."

Lawson's eyes fell on the briefcase; the contents inside had changed his perception, leaving him astonished.

"Admitting one's mistakes is hard, but after thinking for a long time, I felt I had to meet you in person and hand these things over to you. This matter is important, at least my mother thought it was important."

Looking into those blue-green eyes, Lawson felt a prolonged pressure, a kind that emanated from the heart. He was considered quite an old fellow, having experienced life's many facets, yet facing Bologue at this moment, he felt like an ignorant child, knowing nothing about the world.

"I don't know what has happened to you, Bologue."

Reflecting on the things he'd seen, Lawson felt a pang of panic; he had even considered calling the police at the time. But what could he say after? That he'd seen a monster? Yet who would believe such words?

Forcing himself to calm down amidst his unease, Lawson read through the materials Adelle had left behind and made choices based on their content.

"Seeing those things, I was truly startled," Lawson chuckled bitterly, "I really don't know how to face you, nor do I understand what you truly are, human? Or monster."

Bologue understood what Lawson was saying and calmly replied.

"Human, at least I think of myself as human."

Lawson did not comment further on it, bypassing the topic, he continued.

"Anyway, regardless of what you are, Mother chose to accept you. She was that kind of person, wanting to use love to warm all those who suffered.

I think if Mother were still alive, she would continue to do so, following her guidance has always been right."

He reached out his hand, hesitating for a moment, but eventually placed it on Bologue's shoulder, giving a gentle pat.

"These items are truly precious to me, but from Mother's perspective, you seem to need them more than I do."

Lawson instructed.

"Take good care of these things; they were left for you by her."

Having said everything, Lawson left. Bologue wanted to see him off, but was politely refused. Bologue understood, he and Lawson never really connected.

He still remembered the scenario when they met for the first time. Back then, Bologue was sleeping on Adelle's sofa, with Lawson swinging a mop, shouting something like "Thief!"

On reflection, it was quite amusing, yet everything couldn't be returned to.

He glanced at the mysterious briefcase, thinking it was left to him by Adelle, calming his restless mood a bit.

Carrying the briefcase, he returned to his home, seated himself back on the sofa, moved the nearby low table over, and placed the briefcase atop it.

Clicking the latch, the briefcase opened with a response.

No sudden pop-up spring dolls, nor any confetti or streamers came out; it wasn't a surprise, just a plain gift.

Bologue simply rummaged through it; inside were several thick books, a half-knitted sweater, an old small box, some yellowed group photos, and a necklace.

A circle intertwined around the Cross, Bologue remembered this necklace, as Adelle mentioned it was her adult ceremony gift, and she'd been wearing it ever since.

While staying at Adelle's place, Bologue often saw Adelle clutching the Cross, whispering prayers.

Picking up the necklace, strangely, it didn't have the coldness of metal, instead felt warm, as if freshly taken off the neck.

Bologue gently rubbed the metal's surface, polished to a gleam like a mirror.

Setting it aside, Bologue turned his attention to the photos; under the erosion of time, the pictures had become blurry and yellowed, yet some facial features faintly visible could still be discerned.

Bologue easily found Adelle among them; she appeared as young and as beautiful as in his memory.

Opening the old small box, inside were some medals, bearing the years of "Anger of the Scorched Earth" issuance.

Many familiar with Adelle knew she was a devout believer, yet few knew that this devout believer had once participated in the frenzied Anger of the Scorched Earth.

Even amidst conflicts, Adelle steadfastly upheld her devotion; she didn't go to battle, but served as a medical officer, saving people with her capabilities.

Finally, Bologue looked at those books, randomly picking one to open, finding a line of dates followed by Adelle's signature.

This was her diary.