

Endless 156

Chapter 156: Adelle Dovlan

All around was quiet, as if at some moment, the room where Bologue was situated was peeled away from the earthly world, and in this small world, there was only him and these diaries in front of him, quietly narrating the past.

Familiar handwriting caught his eye, as if warm, clear water soaked through Bologue's body, every nerve relaxed, and even his taut muscles unwound.

At some point, his restless heart also calmed down for the first time in forever.

Everything fell into tranquility.

Bologue always felt that Adelle had a kind of magic power, she was so approachable and friendly, just being near her, one could feel that warmth like sunshine.

Since Adelle's passing, Bologue hadn't had such a feeling for a long time, sometimes he wondered if his stubborn pursuit of evildoers was simply for the sake of inner peace?

Bologue felt powerless, and he knew he had no right to become someone like Adelle. Such a person was too dazzling, always exuding a savior feeling to rescue more people in distress with mere mortal strength.

Sometimes Bologue would jokingly say, was the statue of the Holy Mother saving the world carved in Adelle's likeness?

Adelle didn't like such jokes. She said seriously, anyone could become one, it was not something fixed.

She was an old-timer and had become somewhat stubborn and rigid, yet time had not changed the beauty in her heart. Bologue thought that in Adelle's eyes, he might also be a lost lamb waiting for her to save.

Bologue couldn't achieve the nobility like her; all he could do was punish those who brought suffering, purge all the evildoers.

He was only good at violence, but could never learn Adelle's gentleness.

Sometimes, Bologue really admired Adelle, as if with just a wave of her hand, even the most heinous criminals would sincerely confess before her.

"But we can't be overly merciful, Bologue."

Adelle's voice echoed, and Bologue lay on the sofa holding the diary.

The memories and words intertwined, weaving into a hazy illusion.

Bologue couldn't recall the exact time, but vaguely remembered the scene, just like now lying on the sofa, back then he lay in the same state on the sickbed, his chest wrapped with bandage after bandage.

The city's clamor disappeared, replaced by the violent sounds of shells, roaring, and gunfire around.

The enemy launched a surprise attack on the camp at night, and battles erupted in every corner.

Fires rose, and Bologue could see those figures through the flames from inside the tent, like distorted demons, waving sharp teeth and claws, as if celebrating an apocalypse.

Adelle was right beside him, as she said this, she also loaded bullets into her firearm. In Bologue's eyes, she had always been a frail military doctor, but at this moment, she exuded an aura as sharp as blades and spears.

"I thought you didn't like weapons; they are tools of death," Bologue gasped, each word causing sharp pain in his chest as if a blade was lodged inside.

"First, you need to hold a sharp sword; only then can you speak of kindness and forgiveness with a calm heart,"

Adelle tossed a gun over to Bologue.

"Goodwill without force will only be bullied."

At that time, Bologue felt as if he was getting to know Adelle all over again.

"Earlier, I was chatting with Mo'Er, wondering if, when war really came, you would scream and jump into our arms, seeking protection."

Bologue gritted his teeth, turned over, and grabbed the gun Adelle threw.

Not long ago, a shell had exploded near Bologue, and when he woke up, he lay on this sickbed, in excruciating pain, with blurred vision, as if the world before him was a watercolor painting smudged and blended together, like a madman's dream turned reality.

"Now then?"

Adelle came over, lifted Bologue with her shoulder, both of them staggering.

"I feel like our roles have swapped, and this hug is indeed strong,"

Bologue began to ramble, feeling oddly dependent in Adelle's embrace.

All around were gunshots and fierce flames, yet fortunately, he'd been a soldier for a while; in such deadly situations, he had become numb, no longer screaming in fright.

"Your reaction surprises me, I always thought you believers were hypocrites, do-gooders," Bologue said.

Adelle pulled the trigger, shooting an enemy through the tent, blood soaking through the fabric, as she answered.

"That also depends on the situation. If in the church, I would speak of justice and compassion to them, praising God's love and glory.

But here on the battlefield, everyone's eyes are red with killing, do you think those red-eyed people would listen to prayers and hymns? Don't be ridiculous, Bologue.

Not to mention, if I clasped my hands in prayer, you would fall!"

Adelle struggled to support Bologue, she was a head shorter but held up his battered body with great effort.

Bologue's consciousness blurred, he could only nod vigorously, strongly agreeing with Adelle's words.

If he could survive this night, he thought, it wouldn't be so bad to listen to Adelle talk about her complex doctrines now and then, not to mention volunteering at the church. If allowed, Bologue even thought about preparing the Holy Communion with Adelle.

For the first time in his life, he felt the glory of God.

In the darkness, Bologue felt as though holy light was shining on his face. In this deadly situation, the light warmed Bologue to tears.

The noise gradually faded, and slowly, only the sound of Bologue turning the pages remained in the silence.

With every turn of the page, the scenery in his memories changed, the dates constantly shifting, quietly advancing the years.

Bologue once thought that late at night, Adelle was transcribing prayers, when in fact she was writing in her diary, a habit she maintained until her passing not long ago.

Each diary was so heavy, recording every day, every moment Adelle experienced. Looking at the diaries in the suitcase, Bologue understood why Lawson was reluctant to part with them.

They recorded his mother's entire life, and now he entrusted them to him. The more Bologue read, the more he felt the weight of this gift.

Thus, he perused Adelle's diaries, from her joining the army to the end of her long military career when she started a new life, bidding farewell to the past places.

She had traveled many places, only to return here in the end.

The feeling was strange, like another person fully revealing her life, without reservation or concealment, because from the beginning, she knew her life was upright and bright, and thus she feared no one's gaze.

Bologue felt like he was no longer reading diaries but rather a person's self-confession.

Unknowingly, the sky darkened outside. Bologue nestled on the sofa, finished a diary, closed it, placed it aside, and picked up another.

Adelle rarely spoke of her past to him, but now Bologue saw it all through her diaries.

After the war ended, Adelle withdrew from the army, but she didn't return to her hometown. Instead, she stayed on the scorched ruins with the Rhine Alliance troops, rebuilding the city with many others.

Through the baptism of war, Adelle became mature and steady. She continued her duties as a doctor, helping many who suffered under the flames of war. Soon, a new city rose from the ruins with a new name.

Oubos, Oath City.

After the city's establishment, Adelle continued her benevolent acts. She hardly mentioned her military experience, and few knew that this pious doctor had such a past.

The following diary entries became trivial, mostly about daily life and chaotic interpersonal relationships, and Adelle's complaints increased.

"Some people are better saved with a bullet than with words or actions. Such people only make everyone unhappy by living in this world."

"Why didn't they die during the war?"

"God, is this the test you give me? This is too much!"

Bologue laughed when he saw these. It seemed even the compassionate Adelle had days when her patience ran out.

In later entries, these complaints dwindled. Adelle grew accustomed to it all, or perhaps she matured.

The smile on Bologue's face faded. Adelle went through many ordeals, but she pulled through. She wrote in her diary about attending reunions of veterans, going to see her former comrades.

Some had died, some were living well, some were tormented by memories, and some were nowhere to be found.

"Has anyone seen Bologue?"

"Haven't seen him for a long time."

"Don't you know? His unit was the first to enter..."

"..."

At this, Adelle's expression darkened. She remembered that person named Bologue. In a previous melee, they shared an extraordinary adventure, first escaping their camp in disarray, then surviving in the wild for over half a month before rejoining their troops.

Adelle once thought Bologue would come. She wanted to talk with this wonderful friend about recent events, but now she realized that perhaps this remarkable friend was already dead.

She felt a bit sad but not overly so.

Since that extraordinary adventure, Adelle and Bologue had not seen each other for many years.

Reluctant to admit it, but sometimes time and distance truly erode seemingly unbreakable things, no matter how solid they once seemed, even iron cannot withstand.

And then Adelle continued her life. She still pursued the life she wanted. In her spare time, Adelle volunteered at an orphanage, meeting many people and experiencing many things.

Adelle wasn't as strong as Bologue imagined. In her diary, she lost hope countless times but stood strong again.

The war hadn't defeated her; she felt life couldn't possibly bring her down.

She never married, wholly pursuing her noble ideals. At the orphanage where she worked, she adopted a child, named Lawson.

Then Adelle's children gradually increased.

Bologue's gaze softened... he rarely showed such a gentle side.

The clock hands neared midnight. He had read most of the diaries, witnessing Adelle's entire life; now only the last diary awaited Bologue to peruse.

Reaching out, Bologue picked up that last diary.