

## Endless 157

Chapter 157: Blessed and Loved

Compared to the other diaries, this one seems almost new. It's evident that Adelle cherished these memories. After so many years, these diaries have been preserved very well.

Turning to the first page, the date was just a year ago. This was the last diary of Adelle's life, accompanying her to the end.

Entering old age, Adelle clearly lacked the energy to keep a regular diary, recording only every few days. Life became monotonous and tranquil.

"I suddenly realize that this monotonous life has been repeating for quite some time, without any ups and downs, like a calm sea, silent until death."

Adelle wrote this in her diary, her life lost its emotions, gradually becoming more like lingering on the verge of death.

"I feel as though I'm just waiting to die... Come to think of it, I'm at such an age where I've experienced what I should, done what I should, now I should be lying in bed, quietly awaiting death."

While writing these pages, Adelle often mentioned death, but Bologue did not sense fear in the writing, rather a sense of relief.

Adelle seemed like a warrior, having fought the good fight, it was time for death to examine and appraise her life.

"I often think, how did I become like this?"

The wonder of life is here, you immerse in it unawares, and when you look back, you are startled to find you've turned into someone else."

Even in old age, Adelle's handwriting remained neat, her thoughts clear and not muddled.

"I think it probably originated from my parents. Now I've forgotten their appearances, but strangely, I still remember the last scene.

I remember the doctor pulling up the bed curtain, the hazy white gauze separating us. I could only see their hunched figures tormented by illness, crying and apologizing to me.

I didn't understand why they were crying or why they were apologizing at that time, but soon, they both passed away.

I think I understood.

I hated suffering and loathed it, but I was powerless to stop it. However, I thought I could help others, help them walk out of suffering.

Just as those nuns helped me, they often said I was a child raised on the Eucharist, blessed by God, and I too should spread blessings to those who suffer."

She never doubted herself, Adelle was never lost from the beginning. Now, at the end of her life, she is merely reflecting on her legendary life.

"I did what I wanted to do, became the person I wanted to be, I had many children, who would also pass on my blessings.

I think I am happy."

After this page, Adelle didn't write in her diary for a long time, seeming truly prepared to welcome death, and these words were just her final confession in life.

With such words, as the conclusion to her lengthy autobiography, Bologue thought it wasn't bad.

He continued flipping through pages. Judging by the date, a month later, Adelle picked up the pen again and wrote a new page.

"God, you wouldn't believe who I met."

Adelle's writing, unusually uncontrolled, appeared as if it had a soul, screaming on the paper.

"I saw him, Bologue Lazarus, just as he was the last time I saw him.

God, what was I thinking? What is all this? I... I even brought him home."

In an instant, Adelle seemed young again, standing face to face with Bologue, her hands on her head, crouching in a corner, loudly distressed.

Bologue's expression was somewhat complex, unable to resist a smile, eventually bursting into laughter.

Meeting Adelle after his release from prison, Bologue's emotions were extremely anxious, fearing the impact he brought would frighten this old lady, yet she accepted it so calmly.

Bologue had thought it was her faith that allowed her to calmly accept everyone. At the time, he deeply revered this about Adelle. In reality, she was just too old, her nerves so dulled that she couldn't even form an expression.

In the following days, Adelle's diary entries became more frequent, and death and peace were not mentioned again, instead filled with all sorts of chaotic matters.

Like a catfish, he swam into a school of sardines, stirring waves in Adelle's life, breaking the peace full of deathly stillness.

"Dear Bologue Lazarus."

Suddenly, this page begins with Bologue's name, as if it were no longer a diary, but a letter to Bologue.

"As you see, this is the life of Adelle Dovlan."

A certain strange feeling welled up inside, Bologue couldn't describe it. He wanted to look away, but the words seemed to have magic power, firmly binding his gaze, leaving him no escape.

"Here, I present to you my all.

The kind, indifferent, benevolent, numb, innocent, free, sorrowful, and loving, all of it, everything."

As if gentle hands cradled his head, he felt powerless to struggle, only tremblingly continuing his gaze along the trajectory of the words.

"Bologue, sometimes I wonder if what the nun said is true? They say I grew up eating the Holy Communion, that I am a child blessed by God, but when I think back on everything I've been through, I don't feel blessed; sometimes it feels more like a curse.

I've seen so much suffering; I try my hardest to pull people out of the mire, yet I just see more people falling into it.

It seems like everything I do is in vain, no matter how hard I try, I still cannot eradicate suffering from this world. Every late night, I often cannot sleep because of this pain, but the efforts I make are real, and many people have indeed been saved by me.

Stuck in between hesitation, neither here nor there.

Gradually, I stopped thinking about things so far away; I focused all my energy on the present, to help those I can reach. They are my extension, even if I am powerless, or dead; someone will continue all of this."

Adelle sat beside Bologue, speaking to him softly, as if reciting an ancient tale.

"Bologue, I did what I wanted to do, became who I wanted to be; I lived a happy life.

After this, I think I am ready to welcome death, to lie peacefully on the bed, close my eyes contentedly, and no longer anticipate the arrival of the next morning's sunlight.

But every day, every night, I always wake up. Sometimes I complain, why does God not wish to let me die? I am already so old, my mind is dull, my bones are fragile and sometimes I cannot even care for myself.

Why should I continue this earthly penance instead of entering the Celestial Kingdom?

I often have such doubts, until that day, when I learned that you were still alive, when I saw you on the streets of Opus...

Adelle's voice was both surprised and joyful, yet still so gentle.

"I couldn't believe my eyes, as if time froze and reversed, everything was just like when we parted.

I saw you standing on the street in confusion, filled with exhaustion and darkness, as if an evil will had imposed all its sufferings upon you, wishing to twist your mind, turning you into a bloodthirsty monster.

But having gone through all this, you still didn't compromise, wandering on the edge of humanity. Yet I know that you are struggling to hold on; the Abyss is right behind you, one step back and you'd be lost forever.

At that moment, I suddenly understood, Bologue.

I understood why God wanted me to live so wretchedly until now, and I realized that all my life's hardships and struggles were for this moment.

For you.

To save you, this lost lamb, from suffering."

Bologue silently stared at the words in the diary, his heart empty, as if all his thoughts had been cleared away, leaving only dullness and numbness.

"I feel like a teacher; I taught you everything I know, and when I have nothing left to teach you, that will be the moment we part.

That's fine; it is a teacher's fate to be no longer needed by their student.

I don't know what happened to you in the past; after all, it's in the past. You only need to focus on the present, but I can also sense that you certainly have lived longer than me; perhaps you are even immortal.

Ah... I really want to ask you what you've been through all these years, but thinking about it, I know it's probably all sad things.

Immortal...

That sounds rather bleak; when my life ends, I can finally enjoy that complete peace, but such peace doesn't exist for you. Fortunately, you can always walk in this world, doing what you want until everything is as you wish.

So... do what you want to do, become who you want to be.

Happy Vow Festival, Bologue Lazarus."

Seeing this last line of text, Bologue understood why Lawson said this was a gift; it was Adelle's Vow Festival gift prepared for him, she just couldn't hand it to him personally anymore.

Bologue frantically turned the pages, continuously praying in his heart, hoping this was not the story's ending, even if everything had ended long ago.

Turning to the next page, there was the date written by Adelle, the day after Vow Festival, with one more line under the date.

"You are blessed, and you are loved."

This is the gift Adelle prepared for Bologue, a diary waiting for him to continue writing.

Bologue set the diary aside and looked at the unfinished sweater, took off his shirt, and put the sweater on.

Because it wasn't finished, it only covered beneath Bologue's chest, leaving his navel completely exposed; with its colorful pattern, it looked like a ridiculous crop top.

But Bologue couldn't smile.

Drained of strength, Bologue felt like his bones had been extracted, the warmth from the sweater felt like a blaze, scorching his body, reminiscent of the executions by fire from a century ago.

Suddenly, Bologue felt very sad; he thought he had been sad enough at Adelle's funeral, but now it felt like an arrow, piercing through time and space, piercing his heart, nailing him to the wall.

The tide of grief overwhelmed Bologue.