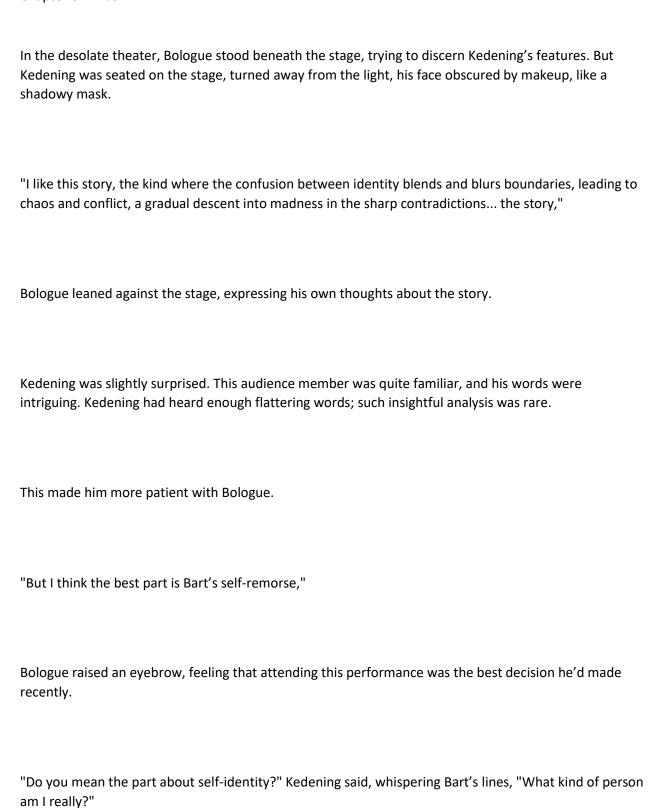
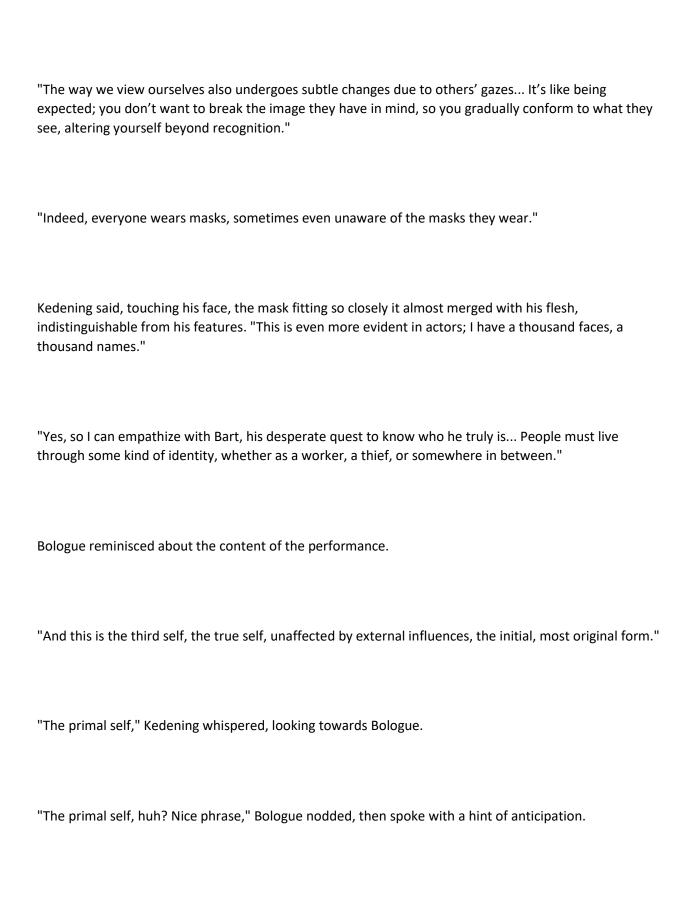
Endless 64

Chantar	61.	Mack
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"No, no, I'm referring to the earlier part," Bologue corrected him, "We each have three faces."
"One face that exists in the eyes of others, another is the face we think we have, and then there is who we truly are."
Bologue grasped the edge of the stage, gently hopping up to sit beside Kedening.
"I absolutely agree with this statement; it's very well written."
Bologue continued, elaborating on his understanding of these words.
"When you interact with people, your image in others' eyes gradually takes shape, and labels are attached to you, like gentle, fierce, kind, or evil."
Kedening did not interrupt Bologue's words. He could sense this was a somewhat self-centered and narcissistic audience member, but his words indeed caught Kedening's attention.
"But this isn't our true selves; it's the version of us seen by others, the face that exists in their gaze."
Bologue spread his hands, indicating helplessness.



"This will be a tragedy, won't it? Different identities constrain Bart, the blurred boundaries grow faint, leading him deeper and deeper until his ultimate destruction."
"No, in my vision, it would have a positive ending," Kedening shook his head, imagining the scene at the conclusion, "Life is already tough enough; there should be a nice ending for the audience."
"La Lazarus, sir." He attempted to pronounce Bologue's name but was interrupted by Bologue.
"Bologue, just call me Bologue."
"So, Bologue, did it resonate with you? Thinking about so much."
"Almost, yes," Bologue said, "I too went through a phase nearly crushed by different identities."
He continued.
"Everyone harbors untold secrets.
In the eyes of your close ones, you're a kind-hearted, life-loving person, but secretly, you're a villain, with your fists stained by blood every day, the normal life and the mad life begin to overlap This ruins everything."

Until Adelle passed away, she never knew the nature of Bologue's work.
Actually, Bologue felt Adelle had already guessed, she just didn't mention it, as his very existence was enough to astonish her.
The life of an ordinary person, the duties of a Debtor.
"But there are always those who embrace such complex selves, like my wife." Mentioning his wife brought a faint smile to Kedening's face.
"Acceptance, huh not bad."
Bologue's heart trembled slightly.
He still remembered his emotions when he saw Adelle upon his release.
He hadn't seen her in a long time, yet he recognized Adelle at once, and Adelle did not fear his experiences but kindly greeted him, walking over.

She chatted with Bologue, noting he hadn't changed much these years except for his paler skin, advising him to get more sun, and other nagging things.
Finally, she gave Bologue a big hug, asking if he needed a place to stay, offering her home but only the sofa.
Bologue hesitated for a few seconds, his lips forming a soft smile similar to Kedening's, but soon that softness vanished, replaced by coldness and ruthlessness.