

# BLACK PUDDING

## CHAPTER 22

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Well, my attempt at deceiving my den mother went about as smoothly as a penguin on roller skates. Surprisingly, she didn't press me for more details. I mean, come on, she had to know I was feeding her a load of bullshit, but what else could she possibly believe? The truth? That I'm a reincarnated goth chick from a magicless dimension, trapped inside a murderous Black Pudding body, with a dungeon core that makes me basically immortal? Oh, and don't forget the whole fabled leveler thing. Yeah, like she'd buy that circus of insanity! Besides, a girl's gotta have her secrets, am I right?

As I casually waltzed into my next class, Philosophical History of Magic with Professor Stormrune, it was no surprise to find the class already in full swing. Fashionably late was my specialty, after all. Back in my previous life, my college professors would either lock their damn doors on me or lecture me about the importance of punctuality. But hey, this wasn't your ordinary situation. Besides, I had been doing so well with my timing until now.

The moment Professor Stormrune's eyes landed on me, his jaw practically hit the floor, and the rest of the class followed suit, plunging into an eerie silence. It was a priceless moment, I must admit. This class happened to be the smallest one I had, with around fifteen students in total. However, as a self-proclaimed murderous psychopath, the last thing I wanted was any sort of attention. So, you can imagine my irritation at the situation. *Ugh, why do these things always happen to me?*

"Ah, Miss Pudding, it appears the tales of your demise were greatly exaggerated," the professor stated as he regained his composure. "Furthermore, it seems that you have not only graced us with your late arrival, but you have also, quite conspicuously, forgotten to don your academic robe. Quite an entrance you have made, indeed."

*My robe? Oh yeah, that's right!* I was rocking my black robe when that freakin' mole rat unleashed its fiery wrath on me. And naturally, the robe didn't make it through the respawn with me. So here I am, strutting into class wearing a cute little white summer dress made from my own silk. My shoes? Well, they're more like delicate ballerina slippers. It's time I learn a skill to toughen up my silk, though. I mean, seriously, I could use some killer platform boots—better yet, some real teeth instead of these flimsy silk caps I've got in my mouth. *Gotta up my silk game, for real.*

Glancing around the classroom, I couldn't help but notice that not all the robes worn by the students were black. Some of them displayed intricate designs and patterns, but they never went beyond three colors. It seemed like the standard was white and black, with the addition of one extra color, although I couldn't determine if it was based on merit or personal choice. Frankly, I didn't care much about it.

With a nonchalant shrug, I allowed my silk to flow out, effortlessly shaping itself into a white robe that hung open. The robe trailed behind me, its folds billowing like an ethereal cloud as I confidently strutted toward an unoccupied seat. Should I have flaunted my silk skill? Well, maybe not the smartest move. But considering everyone in class had their own magical tricks up their sleeves, my silk creation didn't exactly send shockwaves through the room. Sure, I caught a few hushed whispers and raised eyebrows, but who cares? I had more important things to focus on.

"Alright everyone, let's refocus on our topic," Professor Stormrune announced. "As I mentioned earlier, we will be delving into the legends and myths surrounding the Ascended. Throughout history, they have been known by different names, including Champions, Enlightened Ones, Transcendents, Adepts, and even Heroes. However, the most commonly used term for them is Levelers."

I narrowed my eyes as I caught the dark elf professor shooting a quick, almost knowing glance in my direction while he blabbered on. Well, at least he had my attention, despite his creepy vibe. I couldn't help but wonder if he was onto my little secret. Or was he just checking out my killer looks? Either way, I kept my focus locked on him, giving him my undivided attention, while also contemplating whether I'd have to add "murdering a professor" to my already impressive resume. You know, just another day in the life.

"Every god has their own champion, handpicked to carry out their divine will in the realm, and more often than not, these chosen ones are Levelers. Now, whether they were already Levelers before being chosen by a god or whether they become Levelers after being chosen is a subject of debate. Nevertheless, what is universally agreed upon is their exceptional aptitude for learning magic at an astonishing pace, surpassing even the most accomplished mages who spend decades honing their skills. However, it's crucial to understand that not all Levelers are selected as champions by the gods. There are instances when Levelers begin to emerge in greater numbers just before a convergence," the professor explained.

Seeing my confused expression at the mention of convergence, the professor felt the need to provide further explanation. "Convergence, also known as the Conjunction of Realities, refers to a phenomenon where the will of magic extends its reach beyond our realm and draws in a planet teeming with life into the orbit of Völuspá, joining it alongside our moons," he clarified. "At present, we stand on the brink of the next Conjunction of Realities, and all indications suggest that it will involve the realm from which the demons are being summoned.

"According to the prevailing hypothesis, the weakening of interdimensional barriers is what leads to the assimilation of an entire planet into Völuspá's lunar entourage, and is attributed to the actions of mages who engage in summoning rituals. It is postulated that through their summoning endeavors, these mages inadvertently erode the barriers that demarcate realms, thereby paving the way for the overpowering influence of magic. As a consequence, the planet in question is drawn into our cosmic milieu, subsequently assuming its place as one of Völuspá's moons.

"However, it is worth acknowledging that alternative hypotheses put forth the notion that the primal essence of magic possesses an innate inclination to forge connections between realms, as if driven by a quest for the essence of life. Nonetheless, while the precise nature and underlying

intentions of these phenomena remain speculative, they do not comprise the central focus of our ongoing academic discourse. Today, we have gathered with the purpose of delving into the captivating subject of Levelers, specifically the workings of their remarkable magical abilities, commonly referred to as skills. Furthermore, we shall explore the intricacies of their attunement and the diverse array of classes associated with their unique capabilities."

Knowing the primordial essence of magic herself, I could totally see Circe being a real cunt and snatching whole damn planets just for shits and giggles. As fascinating as that topic was, Stormrune had my full attention when he started talking about classes. You see, I'm currently classless, and let me tell you, it sucks balls. Without a proper class, most of my skills went down the toilet. So, if this lecture can give me some ideas on how to fix this annoying problem, then this class just became my fuckin' favorite.

One would expect that with Stormrune's supposed expertise and the way he lectured with such enthusiasm, he would know everything there is to know about Levelers. Well, guess what? He didn't know jack shit. And let me tell you, I had been pretty damn excited to learn about different classes, but everything he spewed out of his mouth was pure bullshit and theories. So, I found myself daydreaming in class, tinkering with my system sheet and wishing I could learn something useful on my own instead.

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|---|--|--|
| <b>Name:</b> Daughter of Nightmares<br><b>Race:</b> Black Pudding<br><br><b>Class:</b> None<br><br><b>Level:</b> Restricted<br><br><u>Titles</u><br><b>Hopeless Crusader</b><br><b>Scion of the Crone</b><br><b>Unholy Mother</b> |  |  |
| <u>Racial Skills</u><br><b>[Corrosive]</b><br><b>[Stellar Void]</b><br><br><u>Spells</u><br><br><u>Abilities</u><br><b>[Veil Polyglot]</b><br><b>[Venomous]</b>   | <u>Vulnerabilities</u><br><b>[Fire]</b><br><b>[Holy]</b><br><br><u>Immunities</u><br><b>[Acid]</b><br><b>[Charm]</b><br><b>[Darkness]</b><br><b>[Disease]</b><br><b>[Poison]</b><br><b>[Sleep]</b> | <u>Unique</u><br><b>[Oracle]</b><br><b>[Restricted]</b><br><b>[Restricted]</b> |

The lectures with each professor seemed to drag on endlessly, hence why each class was allotted an entire day. After a few hours of enduring Stormrune's lecture, my attention was drawn to the word "none" displayed prominently on my sheet. I couldn't help but fixate on it, silently urging it

to change. Despite my futile attempts at clicking on it, nothing happened. It dawned on me that I had never bothered to click on the word "class" before. I mean, seriously, why the hell hadn't I tried clicking on the fucking "class" part before? It was either my dumbass finally surrendering to it or the sheer horror of my own stupidity, but fuck me sideways, something actually happened. I couldn't decide if it was a moment of ecstatic joy or a big fat "oh shit" realization, but at least I finally had something new to deal with.

"For fuck's sake!" I cursed under my breath.

"Is there a problem, Miss Pudding?" Professor Stormrune halted his lecture, his gaze fixed on me.

It was at that moment I realized my curse might not have been as under my breath as I had intended. *Oops!* "Apologies, I just had a moment of realization regarding what you meant earlier... It won't happen again," I lied through a smile, pretending to understand when in reality, I had no clue what he was talking about. Professor Stormrune simply nodded and carried on with his lecture. *Alright, time to check out what popped up on my system sheet, Blake. Let's see what I've got!*

Available Classes  
[Crystal Artificer]  
[Necromancer]  
[Nightmare's Gladiator]  
[Unbound Monster]  
[Cruel Fiend]  
[Shard of Abomination]  
[Fragmented Horror]  
[Aberrant Shardbearer]  
[Tainted Remnant]  
[Unleashed Monstrosity]  
[Eldritch Horror]  
[Voidborn Terror]  
[Cosmic Abomination]  
[Eldritch Mage]  
[Cursed Conjurer]  
[Dreadful Spellweaver]  
[Haunted Enchantress]  
[Nightmare Sorceress]  
[Guardian of Darkness]  
[Harbinger of Dreams]  
[Dread Warden]  
[Vanguard of Darkness]  
[Nightmare Druid]  
[Shadowbound Shapeshifter]  
[Wicked Nature Guardian]  
[Twilight Grovekeeper]  
[Shadow Assassin]  
[Keeper of Nightmares]

[Bard]

"Well... shit!" I blurted out, much to the annoyance of Professor Stormrune. He paused his lecture once again, shooting me a deadly glare that could make even the most fearsome sorcerer quiver. But hey, if this list was any indication, I had some badass class options to my name. The most powerful wizards should be the ones trembling in my presence.