

# BLACK PUDDING

## CHAPTER 23

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I felt like such a fucking idiot as I scrolled through the list of available classes. It was goddessdamn ridiculous, you know? All this time, I hadn't been assigned a class just because I was clicking on the wrong damn part of my system sheet. Like seriously, who the hell does that? Okay, I may not be the biggest gamer around, so cut me some slack here, would ya? And to top it all off, that damn goddess couldn't be bothered to mention that little detail right from the start? Like, thanks a lot, lady!

Anyway, Professor Stormrune finally wrapped up his never-ending lecture, and I thought it was about damn time I took a break and headed to the academy's dining hall. Gotta feed my rumbling darkness while I continue to ponder over my new list of options. Yeah, I had a stash of fresh kills tucked away in Stellar Void, but after respawning as a puny pudding (twice, mind you), I've learned the hard way to always have a backup of emergency meals. Can't risk being caught hungry when you're the size of a freaking tarantula.

As I strutted my sexy ass into the damn magical academy's dining hall, memories of Hogwarts flooded my mind. But let me tell you, this place was something special. It had that enchanting vibe but with its own unique touch. The ceiling was enchantingly decorated with twinkling stars, swirling clouds, and even rolling thunderstorms. It felt like a magical weather show up there.

But what really caught my attention was the setup of the dining hall. Instead of the usual cafeteria style, it had rows of seats and tables arranged in a circular fashion, creating a cozy amphitheater-like atmosphere. It was as if I was about to witness some epic battle mage jousting while enjoying a meal. However, there was one tiny issue. Where the fuck was the food?

"Hey, watch it, freak!" came a bitchy remark as an elf girl forcefully collided with me, intentionally slamming her shoulder into mine.

Glancing around, it became apparent that the majority of the people in the vicinity were elves, with a sprinkle of humans and gnomes here and there. I half expected to spot a few dwarfs mingling in the crowd, but no such luck. I had to keep in mind that this wasn't the main campus, so the diversity was a tad lacking in this neck of the woods.

"Freaks sit on the opposite side," chimed in one of the condescending elf bitch's friends.

I shot the little group of elves a wide smile, displaying my teeth for all to see. And let me tell you, it wasn't the pearly whites that caught their attention, but rather the black gums lurking underneath. Yeah, I might have had the appearance of a snow elf, but one glimpse at my gums and tongue and it was clear that something was off. I hadn't quite figured out how to conceal the Black Pudding residing within that cavity. I had tried filling it up with silk, but that didn't quite cut it either. So, it gave me a somewhat demonic look whenever anyone took a good look. The expressions on that

group's faces ranged from pure disgust to outright horror. And hey, at least it kept the assholes at bay.

Ignoring the murmurs and the occasional “freak” thrown my way, I brushed off the insults for now. Instead, I headed off in the direction the elves had pointed, making my way to the opposite end of the dining amphitheater. And wouldn't you know it, there it was, a cluster of misfits gathering together? Nymphs, lizardfolk, beastmen, even vampires, and those were just the ones I could somewhat identify. But there were plenty more I couldn't even begin to name. It was an odd assortment of magical oddities, and it felt like home.

As I scanned the tables, my eyes landed on my roommate indulging in a peculiar meal. Thalassa gave me a friendly wave as I approached. The nymph appeared to be eating a concoction of dirt infused with wiggling and squirming bugs. Strange as it may sound, it actually looked pretty appetizing to me. Without hesitation, I took an empty seat beside her, which happened to be in close proximity to a gathering of vampires. They were feasting on what you'd expect them to— blood, of course. What struck me as even more peculiar was that each magical race seemed to have their own unique cuisine that correlated with their respective race. It was an odd sight, especially considering I still hadn't located where the hell they were serving the food from.

As I leaned over to ask Thalassa where the hell I could score some grub, a foul stench of decay bitch-slapped me right in the face. Talk about a mouthwatering surprise! But when I checked out the spread on the table, my eyeballs damn near popped out of their sockets (not that it's a big deal for me, I could easily pop them out if I wanted to). It was like a freaking BBQ buffet that materialized straight from the depths of culinary hell. I couldn't even put a name to most of the meats on display, but holy shit, the aroma alone was enough to make my taste buds shimmy with delight. It was a sick and twisted feast for the senses, and I couldn't help but revel in the wicked glee it brought me.

I couldn't help but notice that the people sitting at the nearby tables were all staring at me with a mix of horror and disgust. Well, not everyone, though. The nymphs and vampires seemed completely unfazed, carrying on with their meals as if I was just another normal creature. As for me, I couldn't care less about their judgmental stares. Sure, it wasn't doing much to maintain my cover as a snow elf, but who the hell cared? I hadn't exactly been putting much effort into that charade anyway. So, without a care in the world, I dug into my meal with gusto, munching and slurping away as my acidic body did its thing. It was pure bliss, let me tell you. And to think, I could've been enjoying this feast even sooner. What a damn shame.

As I indulged in my feast, I casually scrolled back through my list of options, contemplating my choices.

<p style="text-align: center;"><u>Available Classes</u> [Crystal Artificer] [Necromancer] [Nightmare's Gladiator] [Unbound Monster] [Cruel Fiend]</p>
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[**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**]

There were so many enticing options on my list: Harbinger of Dreams, Shadow Assassin, Keeper of Nightmares, Cursed Conjurer, Unbound Monster... even Shard of Abomination had a certain ring to it. But I needed to figure out the best choice for me, something that truly aligned with who I wanted to become. I won't lie. The idea of being a sorceress had a strong appeal to me. However, I had to remind myself that I wasn't just Blake anymore. No, I was the Daughter of Nightmares, and I had a feeling I needed to live up to that name. Even if that wasn't what I wanted. So, I narrowed down my options to the five that resonated with me the most.

However, there it was, the one class that annoyed the hell out of me... Bard? Seriously? When the fuck have I ever sung? I mean, sure, there was that one time I caught myself humming The Safety Dance in my head while I was on a little murdering rampage. But come on, that doesn't count! I'm not some singing, dancing bard, dammit! *Ugh, whatever.* I'll just pretend like I didn't see that option and focus on the five classes that actually make sense for me.

### [**Eldritch Mage**]

The Eldritch Mage is a master of forbidden knowledge and arcane secrets, delving into the eldritch realms to harness unimaginable powers. This enigmatic class walks the fine line between mastery and madness, wielding dark and otherworldly magic with uncanny proficiency.

I'll be honest, I knew there were probably better choices, but there was something about this one that really appealed to me.

### **[Nightmare Sorceress]**

The Nightmare Sorceress is a formidable wielder of dark and twisted magic, harnessing the power of nightmares and delving into the depths of the subconscious. With an innate connection to the shadows and the ability to tap into the primal fears of their foes, Nightmare Sorceresses command a sinister and enigmatic presence.

Hell yeah! Out of all the options, the name Nightmare Sorceress just spoke to my twisted soul. Plus, it brought back memories of unleashing my Fear skill and delighting in the terror it instilled in my enemies. I could only imagine the wicked possibilities this class had in store for me. Fingers crossed, it would amplify my knack for spreading Fear like a pro.

### **[Haunted Enchantress]**

As a Haunted Enchantress, you possess an innate connection to the spirit world. You have the ability to commune with the deceased and harness their spectral energies to cast powerful spells and enchantments. Your presence alone is a haunting reminder of the unseen forces that dwell in the shadows.

While Haunted Enchantress didn't resonate with me as strongly as Nightmare Sorceress, there was still something undeniably captivating about it. The idea of harnessing spectral energies and becoming a master of enchantments had a powerful allure. It was like being a necromancer, but instead of controlling the undead, I'd be working with restless spirits. It conjured images of The Army of the Dead from Return of the King, and I couldn't help but feel a surge of excitement at the potential possibilities that awaited me.

### **[Cosmic Abomination]**

A Cosmic Abomination is a being of incomprehensible cosmic power, transcending mortal limitations and wielding the forces of the universe itself. This enigmatic class harnesses the primal energy of stars, galaxies, and the very fabric of space-time, making them a terrifying force to be reckoned with.

Out of all my options, this was definitely one of the top contenders for raw power. The description may have been frustratingly brief, but from what I could gather, the Cosmic Abomination tapped into the primal energy of space itself. Now, that sounded absolutely badass. I mean, who wouldn't want to harness the cosmic forces of the universe? But part of me couldn't help but wonder if this class was more of a race change than an entirely new class. Regardless, the allure of wielding such immense power was hard to resist. It was a tough decision to make between the cosmic and the nightmarish, but there was still one more class option left for me to consider.

### **[Eldritch Horror]**

Embrace the eldritch mysteries, harness the powers that lie beyond mortal understanding, and become an unstoppable force as an Eldritch Horror. Unleash chaos and unleash the unfathomable powers that exist beyond the boundaries of reality.

This babe right here sounded like the real deal, the ultimate power trip. But hey, who the hell knows? Can't say for sure if it's truly the most kickass of them all. But let me tell you, unleashing the raw might of nightmares, space, or chaos? That shit gets me all kinds of excited, you know? I'm torn between these three epic options. It's like choosing between a seductive temptress, a cosmic goddess, and a wild force of freaking nature. Tough call, girl. Sadly, I can only pick one of these badass babes. Time to weigh my options and decide which path I wanna strut down.

Damn, talk about a dilemma. It felt like I was standing at a crossroads, with the fate of my entire existence hanging in the balance. Did I want to become a god-slaying powerhouse, wreaking havoc and taking names? Or should I embrace my little inner nightmare, living a low-key life of mayhem and mischief, free to kill and do whatever the hell I pleased without the divine bigwigs breathing down my neck? It was a tough call, no doubt about it.

So, there I was, faced with one of those damn life-altering choices that make you question your very existence. What's a girl to do in a situation like that? Well, I did what any sane person would do—I narrowed it down to three options: Nightmare Sorceress, Cosmic Abomination, and Eldritch Horror. With a soft sigh, I whispered to myself, "Eeny meeny miny moe, catch a tiger by the toe."

Class Change  
[**Nightmare Sorceress**]

**Accept?**  
Yes / No

With a mouthful of decaying meat, I let out a heavy sigh and finally made up my damn mind. After dealing with that self-important goddess and her divine bullshit, I wanted nothing to do with her and her schemes. And as for being my new mother's champion, screw that noise. I was glad to have lost out on that gig to Jason. All I craved now was a taste of the simple life, you know? Maybe I'd even convince Aurelia to marry me once I found my way back to her. Isn't that what life's all about? With a devilish smile, I mentally clicked that glorious "yes" button. It was time to embrace the nightmare and create my own damn path in this messed-up reality. Let the games begin.

Notification  
**Error Detected**

System Override Detected  
[**Nightmare Princess**]

Class Accepted

System Override Detected

**[Eldritch Pudding]**

Race Accepted

“What the fuck!” I blurted out, spitting rotting meat all over the group of unsuspecting eaters below me. Talk about a horrifying surprise. *Oops!* Their horrified faces were priceless, though.