



After laying down for five minutes, Azief remembered that he had an important task to do rendering him unable to sleep.

His hunger wasn't a problem anymore as he took some bread from Tan's fridge, but rather it was an even more pressing matter.

It was time for him to class up. Azief smiled excitedly. Classing up! Wasn't this one of the main reasons he ran over here? Surely he was in a safe zone now?

Furthermore, there was also the matter of the items and the skill books he commandeered. Deciding to deal with them first, he began to arrange everything into categories.

Tallying everything, he had 13 vials, 5 rings, hundreds of golden coins, 7 skill books, and a variety of miscellaneous items that ranged from boots to spaulders.

First, he examined the rings. Examining them, a status pane appeared:

Storage Ring

- Able to store up to 99 world orb items. No additional effects.

"A storage ring!" he exclaimed. "I should've used this when I was running away." He regretfully remembered the things he couldn't loot because of his space and weight constraints. Even though it had no other buffs, its usefulness couldn't be underestimated. He was essentially given a portable inventory.

Azief equipped the ring and checked the next one.

Ring Of Minimal Strength

- +2 Strength

“Good,” Azief said, satisfied. The more strength he has the easier it would be to kill things. Furthermore, the rings thus far had no durability restrictions, unlike the weapons. Which at least meant that even if he constantly wore it, it wouldn’t suddenly crack for no reason. That said, Azief still figured that it could still be destroyed by force.

Happy, he also equipped this ring and checked another. This one had a dark luster and an aura of power.

Ring Of Dark Spirit

- A rare item only gained with luck and perseverance. By killing many mutated sapiens, there is one in a million chances this ring will appear. It is part of the ranking program and there are only 100 in existence. Anyone ranked in the World Orb System is eligible to obtain this ring.

- It can be enhanced with the souls of mutated sapiens.

- +10 Spirit

‘Plus 10 spirit?!’ Azief screamed internally and all but fell prostrate to pray to the World Orb as his new god. With this, his spirit consumption problem was solved. Of course, Azief equipped it like the other rings.

Not even one day has passed since he began taming the badger, so he still has 14 days before he had a reliable tank.

Azief was already imagining himself riding it. With a badger that had an offensive power that swept past his foes, he could rest easier. It could even allow him to level up in safety by using it as a meatshield.

Finally, he checked the other 2 rings. One of them was the Ring of Speed which added 1 to agility, and the other was another ring of minimal strength.

He equipped both of them and admired his right hand while summoning his status board.

Status

- Name: Not Yet Given
- Gender: Male
- Level: 17
- Class: None
- Strength: 18 (+6)
- Agility: 22 (+1)
- Vitality: 9
- Stamina: 16 (+2)
- Spirit: 17 (+10)
- Endurance: 10
- Equipment:
 - Mutated Sapiens Protective Glove
 - Storage Ring
 - Ring Of Minimal Strength.
 - Ring Of Minimal Strength.
 - Ring Of Dark Spirit.
 - Ring Of Speed

Next, he checked his potions and stored them in his storage ring with the golden coins. He had 6 blue vials which each restored 10 stamina, 2 red vials which restored 10 vitality, and one green vial that restored 10 spirit.

Before continuing, he decided to select a class and mentally exclaimed, 'Class up!' Causing a text to appear in front of his eyes.

You have fulfilled the requirements to class up. Here are the options. Please choose carefully:

- Paladin
- Knight
- Warrior
- Archer
- Healer
- See more...

Seeing the list of classes, he knew they were all generic ones that could be chosen by anyone. However, because he wasn't trying to be a generic character he had a different plan in mind.

He would treat this as a game, and, in any good MMORPG, there were always unique classes.

Thinking this he asked, "Are there any unique or rare classes? Maybe even a secret class?"

The Unique Classes list has been accessed. Here are the options. Note that the unique classes are special in that only one person, the Chosen, may have each class at a time. Once a class is selected by a Chosen, unless that Chosen is killed, no one else will be able to become that class. Furthermore, the rank up quest will be much more difficult for those who select a unique class. Please choose carefully:

- Earth Controller
- Ice Sovereign

- Weapon Lord
- Beast King
- Shadow Lord
- See more...

Scrolling to the very bottom, he found that there were a total of about 300 unique classes, each with their own specialties. First, Azief checked the Earth Controller.

Earth Controller

- This class grants an increased affinity with nature. The Earth Controller can control the earth and their power is bestowed to them by the earth itself. A possible application of their power is to sense things underground. Manifested abilities will become stronger with each level.
- Requires 30 strength to select. Half of your agility will be converted into strength.

“30 strength! Anyone with such stats could easily just crush the stiffies to death!” Azief marveled as he began to check the other classes.

Becoming an Ice Sovereign required the chosen to live in an icy region. ‘What a weird requirement. Maybe someone from Russia will choose this,’ Azief mused, ‘Or maybe someone from Antarctica? The North Pole?’

Becoming a Weapon Lord required an insane comprehension in using weapons. ‘A martial artist would be suitable for this class,’ he thought to himself.

Becoming a Beast King required a pet. Azief still had to wait for two weeks before he got his first pet. How could he wait for the badger to be tamed before he classed up? Actually, does anyone even have a pet at this point?

In any case, he definitely couldn't pick any of the above classes, but he still wanted a unique one. While normal classes also have their advantages, isn't it the case that unique classes are almost always better? After all, the rarer things are, the more valuable they are. There was also a part of him that wanted a unique class for the cool factor. 'Didn't the protags always have some type of unique class that allowed them to rise to the pinnacle? Like that Webno-'

'Ahem, anyway...' he interrupted his train of thought to look at the Shadow Lord's description.

Shadow Lord

- The sovereign of darkness, the Shadow Lord, works in the darkness and derives their power from it. Shrouded in shadows, they are nimble and fast and in the darkness of night, their power will be unstoppable.
- Requires 20 agility to select. Half of your strength will be converted to agility.

Half of his strength! Azief was shocked. If he cut his strength in half, he would only have 9 points left meaning he would have to sacrifice his hard-earned 9 points of strength to get this class. "Is it worth it?" He asked himself.

Shadow Lord. The very name emanated a domineering feel. But was it worth it? Everyone knew that strength was important and this damned system wanted him to sacrifice it? Furthermore, after he chose it as a class, he would be past the point of no return. He didn't think that he would be able to reverse his choice to pick a class and there wasn't a magical pill that could cure regret.

Not wanting to commit to something he might regret, he skimmed through the requirements of the other classes.

To his disappointment, they all had their own weird requirements. Some sacrificed agility for strength, while some converted vitality to spirit. He even

spotted an aberrant like the Grand Priest Necromancer which converted all of the Chosen's stats to spirit.

Then, while Azief was thinking, Earth Controller disappeared from the list and an announcement was heard.

Earth Controller has been chosen by Raymond.

Then another entry disappeared.

Beast King has been chosen by Boris.

Then another one. And another one. More and more disappeared, causing Azief's anxiety to grow. The window of time where he could choose a unique class was slowly closing. Right now, there were only about 233 classes left.

"Ah fuck it! I chose Shadow Lord!" he exclaimed causing another notification to appear.

Shadow Lord has been chosen By Not Yet Given.

Hearing the ridiculous name, his face flushed red. He was sure that somewhere in the world someone was laughing at him. After all, since he could see the notification of other people choosing a unique class, wouldn't they also see his?

In the USA, Raymond, who just classed up, looked at the notification and chuckled. "What? Is that a noob?"

Not Yet Given! He still hasn't named his character!" He was resting in an abandoned building to class up. Before shit hit the fan, he was in New York, attending ComicCon. When the meteors fell, he used a mace to kill zombies. And by relying on the stairs as a chokepoint, he was able to safely fight off the hoard with his group. NovelNext.com

The group was being led by a man called Leonard who used a bow and arrow.

Seeing Raymond's utility, he poured resources into his growth causing Raymond to rake in EXP and items. In terms of hierarchy, Raymond was second only to Leonard, but since Leonard was injured, Raymond took the spotlight and was the acting leader as well as the strength specialist of the group.

He had put all his stats into strength, sacrificing the others. It was fine even if he had low stamina because he wasn't fighting alone. There were others who not only helped him but respected him.

Raymond looked at the notification and chuckled.

Anyone whose so much as touched a game before knew that one of the first things you should do was to name your character.

Hell, players earned 5 starter stats points for naming themselves.

Still, although he laughed, Raymond knew that he couldn't underestimate this noob.

Why? Because, even without the starter pack, he was able to climb to his current position. How could he be anything but formidable?

In another part of the world, the road was painted with a pure white blanket of snow.

However if one looked closely enough they would find that the snow was also painted. It was painted in red, though its vivacity was fading by the second as the snow kept falling.

Boris and Katarina from Russia have also just classed up. They too gave a short laugh at the name in the announcement.

Boris and Katarina's father, and their father's father, worked for the FSB.

And because of their paranoia, they prepared a nuclear bunker in case things went south with international relations.

Ironically enough, the bunker would never be used to survive a nuclear blast, though it did indeed serve its purpose.

After Doomsday had come, Borris had quickly leveled up from killing a Snow Wolf.

Using his newfound power, he immediately killed his father.

The face his father made as he repeatedly stabbed him would remain a fond memory in Borris' mind for years to come.

If anything, however, Borris more wanted to torture that decrepit old man to prolong his suffering.

But alas, time denied him of such pleasures and he was only able to kill his father and leave his body to rot.

At least, if his father turned into a zombie, he could get the pleasure of killing him again.

If not for his insufficient power he would have also killed the beast in the city and brought his sister to Moscow to control the area.

The remnants of the army had begun calling for survivors to join the New Army of Russia headed by Ranko, one of the higher-level operatives for the KGB who survived the fall.

And although the power was out, The New Army had other methods of transmission that could still function.

Using these methods, they sent out messages recruiting anyone they could.

He then quickly used his subordinates to try to and regain control over Moscow. The city had fallen, but not for long. The New Army made it their goal to try and take it back.

Back to the present, after killing the zombies, both Boris and Katarina had classed up and now heard the announcement from the World Orb. Hearing the name Not Yet Given, Boris snorted, while Katarina chuckled.

In Germany, Karl was just tending to his wounds after killing a few zombies. Before the Fall, he was just a low-level thug in a syndicate.

He was working, as usual, threatening and blackmailing people in debt to his boss.

Now he was holding a barbed stick and had just reached level 12 after finding a safe zone.

When he saw the name “Not Yet Given”, he realized he had the same name. A realization struck him. He never played any games, but even he knew some of the basics.

“I need to name my character or I will make the same mistake as this idiot!” he said to himself.

Although he didn’t know it, Azief’s worst fears were coming true.

Pretty much anyone who had any knowledge whatsoever was desperately holding back their laughter.

At least he finally understood why his status displayed his name as Not Yet Given. He still hadn’t named his character...

Still reeling from the embarrassment, a light shone down and an item appeared in his hands while another notification was sent.

The Shadow Lord Set has been rewarded.

Hood Of Shadow Lord

- Decreases the chance of being detected by monstrous beasts and mutated sapiens.

- +2 Vitality
- Has the ability to be upgraded when the soul requirement is reached.

Hidden Blade Of Shadow Lord

- Attack: 15-25
- Sneak Attack: 10-35
- Durability: 200/200
- Stored around the wrist area concealed by a hidden compartment under the clothes.
- Has the ability to be upgraded when the soul requirement is reached.

Sharp Sword

- Attack: 15-25
- Sneak Attack: 10-30
- Durability: 220/220
- Has the ability to be upgraded when the soul requirement is reached.

Vambraces Of Shadow Lord

- +6 Endurance
- Has the ability to be upgraded when the soul requirement is reached.

Clothes Of Shadow Lord

- Consists of an under tunic and upper tunic.
- +10 Vitality
- Has the ability to be upgraded when the soul requirement is reached.

Trousers Of Shadow Lord

- +6 Agility
- Has the ability to be upgraded when the soul requirement is reached.

Shadow Lord Boots

- +5 Agility
- Has the ability to be upgraded when the soul requirement is reached.

Black Sash

- +2 Vitality
- Has the ability to be upgraded when the soul requirement is reached.

Black Gloves

- +2 Strength
- +4 Strength when worn as a pair
- Has the ability to be upgraded when the soul requirement is reached.

Azief donned the equipment and he realized something? Is the Shadow Lord...an Assassin's Creed knockoff?

Suddenly the voice of the world Orb again resounded in his mind.

The items in the Shadow Lord Set have special properties. They can absorb the souls of beasts, mutated sapiens, and humans, and use them to strengthen their properties. As a Chosen for a unique class, I congratulate you on surviving the first phase. I will now give you a quest to test your eligibility in inheriting the class. This quest is custom made for each of the Chosen. Keep in mind, you must complete the quest to completely unlock your unique class.

Quest: Destroy The Demonic Erthen

- The Demonic Erthen is a low-level beast from the planet of Qarthan. It has acidic saliva, parasites burrow under the skin, and strength that surpasses the Homo Sapiens. Defeat the beast to gain your class rewards.
- Time Limit: One Month
- Victory Condition: Killing the Demonic Erthen
- Failure Condition: Failing to kill the Demonic Erthen in one month
 - In the case of failure, the Shadow Lord class will return to the roster of unique classes able to be chosen, and all the experience collected during your tenure as the Shadow Lord will be given to the next inheritor.
- Reward: Unique skill of the Shadow Lord

Suddenly, images of the Demonic Erthen appeared in his mind. Causing him to curse. “It’s that damn alien...” Reading this made him want to cough up blood. Just when things were looking up, too! Now he has no choice but to fight that alien.

‘Damn you world Orb!’ he cried in his heart.

Editor’s Note: Sorry for the info dumps everyone. There wasn’t much I could do about it. I guess that’s one of the biggest downfalls with the “game system” trope in novels. Due to the nature of the system, inherently some of the more undesirable aspects of games (like the info dumps) kind of bleed into the story. Although it makes describing the personal strength of characters easier, because the data is quantified, it makes it so that info dumps are a necessary evil.

Author note: That is my fault. I kinda did an info dump there. I wrote the earlier chapters a few years ago. Sorry...Hehehe