

## I ONLY WANTED A CLASS IN THE APOCALYPSE

### Chapter 2 - The Orb

"Sit... Sit... Today is a special day," the old man enthusiastically said while leading me to the main hall of this big mansion.

Decorated with many golden and rare ores, statues of men standing tall and expressing their arrogance and domineering never ceased to amaze me every time I came in here.

Everything in that mansion was expensive! And yet here he was, sitting with his ragged clothes and an appearance of a beggar in front of me.

"What makes it so?" I sat while trying to follow his lines.

"You'll know pretty soon," he said in such a warm tone before adding, "tell me, did you remember every tale I told you before?"

C'mon, be serious! Everytime we met he started with such annoying question that made me feel like I was in a school and he was my teacher.

"You know even if I wanted to forget, the memory orbs you gave me never stopped buzzing with your stories even in my sleep."

I took out a group of five small black beads that started to float once taken out from my pocket. These annoying little things never stopped speaking in that old man's voice, retelling everything he said to me like I was a deaf man!

"You'll thank me later for that," the old man mysteriously said with a wide smile over his face and a nodding motion there. He felt happy and content with torturing me like this. However I couldn't refuse his proclaimed gift. After all it was one of the quests he gave me, one that could help me survive here with its five coins daily reward.

"Today I'm feeling happy. So I'll start with answering the most asked question of yours."

"From where did you bring all these... amazing tales?"

I was about to say bullsh\*t but I controlled my tongue at the last moment. Last time I said so to him he became so furious and even canceled our meeting.

Even if he had to blabber with his crazy stuff again, I had to sit and listen. Life wasn't that cheap or easy for me, for anyone like me.

"I'll tell you, but stop with that attitude of yours," the old man pulled a long face before changing that with a serious one, "he was my mentor, a great person who rescued my life back when we got massacred like insects by the hands of our greatest enemies. And he has an interesting story to tell, wanna listen?"

"As if I have a choice here," I shrugged while my tone expressed how dull and bored I was.

But the old man seemed not to care about how I felt as he continued:

"I know you are smart despite not having a class of your own. You love to read and research. I also know your life dream is to have a class and have a chance in this shitty life. So tell me, young human boy, who is our common and greatest enemy?"

'Young human boy?' This remark was the first I heard from him. For a second there I mistook him to be someone not human. But when I recalled how crazy he was, I ditched these thoughts aside and calmly answered:

"The demons perhaps? They are the most brutal species who love to feast on our bodies."

"Wrong answer, try again."

What the f\*ck?! I never expected my analysis to be wrong! I was about to resist and argue but he raised one finger in a warning for me to not do so.

"Then they must be those monsters, werewolves, vampires, oh wait... Perhaps they are those arrogant and dirty dragons who are drunk in their might and wealth!"

"No," yet he gave me such an answer before adding, "they are the angels."

"W... What? No way!" I even stood up from my seat before adding in a loud tone, "they are the ones who guided all of us towards the light! The only ones

who really extended their hands to us and helped us when the apocalypse befell upon our heads. They are the guides for god sake!"

"Speaking like someone who lived there and witnessed everything with your own eyes," however the old man's words came to startle me. "Or perhaps you are someone with extensive might and authority to reach beyond the locking doors and get your hands on things that aren't known to the public."

He had a point! But he also didn't provide any evidence on his outrageous claims. "Everyone knows about what they did back in the dark days to help all of us."

"And yet here you are," the old man motioned his head at me, "a classless human boy, intelligent and diligent in what you do, very resourceful and even a strong fighter. Tell me, did you ever question your origins?"

"My origins?" I sat helplessly on the seat while feeling dejected by what he just said.

"You are too smart to figure this out on your own," his attitude was strange today. It was all serious without his usual funny expressions on his face that I used to see, "if you have all of these amazing qualities, if many of the

classless humans have such outstanding talents, how come their ancestors failed the days of the apocalypse this bad?"

"..."

Damn! His words found their way deeply inside my mind without any hindrance. I always kept asking myself what my grandfathers did for me to end in such a losing way.

I was a loser, but my spirit, my mind, my talents told me that I wasn't. When I thought about what the old man just said, things became clearer, and strangely weirder in my eyes.

Inheritance was everything! It was a known fact to anyone. Like classes as a mere example of it, whoever had a class in his family would have a chance to inherit it.

If a man and woman with two different classes met, a chance for a new class to be born was there. But if there was a classless one there, then their offspring would be at the risk of having no classes.

And that helped a lot in distancing the community of classes from those without ones. That was one of the reasons why I kept living in such a life without any hope for me or even for my future kids and grandkids.

"It's just a logical sense," the old man slowly said, "if you have such high qualities, then how come your parents didn't? How come your grandparents didn't? I dare to say that many of those classless humans today have great talents. They don't deserve to be treated in such a way. But the question is... How did they all end up like this? How did you end up like this?"

At this point I started to link the dots. I stopped thinking about the reasons I couldn't possibly know and said with a dejected tone, "So this is your argument that our enemies are the same ones who were helping us back then?"

"I'm not saying that without good reasons," the old man agreed, "if so then I dare you to give me a single explanation for you to end up in such a sorrow state."

I couldn't give such a thing. Deep down my soul, I believe I was special. I didn't deserve any of this, that was the sole belief I had, the only thing that kept me living this shitty life.

"But I'm not telling you this to just point at our enemies, but to explain the existence of a terrifying one amongst them," the old man suddenly took out a strange orb.

It was as big as a tennis ball. All red and looked like it had a life of its own inside. I could see swirls of red waves moving around inside that orb in his hand.

"That enemy possessed a terrifying power that enabled everything to reach to such a rockbottom state," the old man threw the orb high in the air as if he was toying with it.

I could tell from just its appearance that it wasn't a common orb. It was one of his precious antiques and treasures that he treated them like they were dirt!

Without realizing it, my eyes kept following that orb up and down while he continued to say:

"That bastard had the ability to rewind time each one hundred years for a hundred times," the old man held the ball in his hand all of sudden before adding, "but he isn't the only one to have such power. Humans were blessed with someone like him."

"Rewind time?!!" I was shocked before adding in a loud tone, "but there is no such ability or skill at all in any class known in our world."

"Do you really think such a rare and unique ability will be exposed to the public?" the old man slowly said while his eyes told me he wasn't bluffing at all. He believed all the sh\*t he was saying, like it was the truth.

"Why are you telling me all this?" I asked in a low tone while looking straight into his eyes.

"Told you kid, today is a special day," the old man didn't give me a definite answer before raising this orb to my face as he added, "like it?"

"You are stingy enough to not give me anything you have," I didn't fall for his trick again.

"Hahaha, correct," he laughed like a sly and stingy merchant before taking back his hand, "That mighty human was my mentor. He saved my life and told me a great deal of secrets about what he lived and saw, about what truly happened in his past lives."

"Such a wise man," I wasn't feeling well at the moment as he just toyed with me using that orb, "but why being so generous with you?"

"He wanted me to find an heir for him, someone who will be able to do what he didn't."

"Which is?" I was now just following his words and wasn't really interested in knowing anything. If I wanted anything right now then it would be for me to leave this place and have some time with myself.

"That man discovered something, a flaw in the ability of his and that bastard from the proclaimed angels," the old man said before touching the orb like he was treating something precious.

I never saw him care about anything he owned before. This was new to me.

"For this ability to work, there must be someone with such skill in another race. It's like any law of nature, two opposing forces must coexist for any force to exist."

I nodded without any enthusiasm while he kept his talk.

"So that man realized he was the sole reason that the bastard was able to do all these crimes against humans. For other races, they would all forget what they lived through and relive the apocalypse moments from the start before one hundred years pass and then... that bastard will rewind the time."

"But we have that human, right?" I plainly asked, "why didn't that mighty man try to do something against that evildoer?"

"He failed," the old man said, like it was him who failed, not some imaginary figure his craziness just created in his own mind. "He tried his best, one time after another. But for consecutive ninety-nine times he failed. And that was expected."

"Don't you see it's a stereotypical old and boring story?" I couldn't help but express my doubts, "C'mon! I bet you are going to say that the enemy was well prepared and had his sh\*t straight, not like your proclaimed hero."

The look I got from the old man told me I pissed him off. Sh\*t! I wanted his coins so badly and couldn't risk losing it. "I'm just trying to... see things from all angles here," I hurriedly said while faking my regret and honesty.

"If you say so," he slowly said but I felt he wasn't that forgiving to my earlier words, "as you just said, that damn proclaimed angel had all the support from his clan plus he had many plans prepared. So our hero..."

The old man used the word 'our' and stressed on it to make sure I wasn't objecting again. How could I object when you held the bowl of my rice in your hands, old man?

"Decided to take one risk, a bet if you asked and I can't express how much I respect him for his courage to take such a feat."

"Sure, he is all brave and mighty after all," I again said something I shouldn't. However this time the old man didn't get angry at me or even gave me his usual burning gazes.

Instead he smirked, like something interesting was about to happen.

"Phew!"

Like it was a small rubber ball, the old man flickered his fingers and threw the orb towards me. It happened all of sudden and out of the blue. The moment it hit me, the orb smashed like it was made out of fragile glass!

"What the hell..." As it smashed the red waves swirling restlessly inside were broken free. Without any invitation they started to surround my body, taking over without any resistance.

I stood up and tried to push away these thick wisps of red energy like putting down fire. However the more I tried, the faster it spread.

"What did you do to me?" I shouted in panic at the old man, "I didn't mean anything I said. Please, spare me!" I tried to plead but the old man only calmly stood up as he gave me that kind of a look.

Like everything was beyond salvation!

"With this I have done my part fully and delivered the final gift to the one who deserves it," the old man started to speak in his riddles again.

"Stop being crazy! It's not the time for you to lose your goddamn mind!" I screamed in panic while starting to feel a strange gush of heat invading my body. It was like this energy was made out of fire, and I was like a dry old piece of dead wood.

"Remember this..." despite all my screams and pleas for his help, he calmly walked to stand in front of me as he added, "this a token for gratitude, a debt you'll have to repay to my people, human boy."

"Stop saying nonsense and stop this madness at once!" I shouted in rage but the old man didn't seem to even listen to me.

"I trust you as my mentor trusted me back in the days... Don't forget, you need to help and save my angel clan, the real angels who are facing a great calamity when the apocalypse happens. Find us, help us... Just follow the golden quests whenever they appear and you'll have your chance to repay me this lifetime debt. As for those proclaiming to be the angels... They are just dark fallen angels, the darkest species any universe ever gave birth to. Be sure..."

"Screw you!" I said before my vision was clouded with the red energy that totally overtook my body. I could see his lips moving but no sound ever

reached me.. I saw him throwing another thing at me during his unheard words and with this my senses were all switched off and lost my consciousness.