

The Scum Villain's Self-Saving System

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ZIJU XITONG

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Seven Seas Entertainment

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REN ZHA FANPAI ZIJIU XITONG VOL. 1

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Chapter 1:

Scum

PROUD IMMORTAL DEMON WAY was a male power fantasy of a stallion novel.

To be more specific, *Proud Immortal Demon Way* was a monster-fighting, escapist cultivation novel with an incomparably ridiculous length, a golden finger that broke every rule, and a harem size nearing three-digits, seeing as every single female character fell for the protagonist. The year's hottest stallion novel—there was no other!

The male lead of this novel, Luo Binghe, was neither the kind who started heroic and invincible, like a proud dragon of the heavens, nor the kind who was a loser, a good-for-nothing without merit—yet he managed to trend with tens of thousands of readers on Zhongdian Literature, inspiring countless other male fantasy novels to follow in his footsteps.

He was the kind of lead who was pitch-black, dark, and vicious, though before his heart blackened, he was the kind who suffered misery after misery.

Next, let a veteran reader of this novel, Shen Yuan, omit the countless fanservice-y details and concisely summarize the million-word epic for everyone...

Immediately after birth, Luo Binghe was abandoned by his parents, swaddled in white cloth, and put in a wooden basin that was lowered into the Luo River. This occurred on the coldest days of the year, and it was only thanks to fishermen pulling him out of the water that he didn't freeze to death as a baby. Because he'd been drifting along the Luo in the season when it was choked with thin ice, he was given the name Luo Binghe.

Luo Binghe spent his early years wandering the streets, hungry and cold—a dreary childhood. A washerwoman who worked for a wealthy family took pity on him, and since she had no children of her own, she adopted and raised him as her own. Mother and son were poor, and they suffered much humiliation at the hands of their rich patrons.

Growing up in such an unhealthy environment became the foundation of Luo Binghe's future twisted personality post-darkening—his inclinations to fight over every scrap, seek revenge for the smallest grievance, and hide murderous intent behind a smile.

Once, he withstood the beatings of the family's young masters for a bowl of lukewarm meat congee. In the end, he was still too late,

and he failed to give his adopted mother even a single taste before she died.

By complete coincidence, he was selected for training by one of the cultivation world's four great sects, Cang Qiong Mountain. There, he apprenticed under the "Xiu Ya Sword," Shen Qingqiu.

Luo Binghe thought he could finally start down the righteous path. He couldn't have expected that Shen Qingqiu was fair without but foul within, trash of the lowest caliber. Shen Qingqiu was jealous of Luo Binghe's unparalleled and exceptional talent, and he secretly feared his disciple, whose cultivation improved by leaps and bounds every day. He always found new ways to taunt and demean Luo Binghe, even enlisting the boy's peers to belittle him. Throughout these years of studying, Luo Binghe endured every humiliation.

It was another heart-wrenching arc in his story, filled with blood and tears.

After much difficulty, Luo Binghe managed to turn seventeen, at which point he finally participated in the event the cultivation world held once every four years: the Immortal Alliance Conference.

However, at the conference, Luo Binghe fell victim to Shen Qingqiu's scheming, and he tumbled into a crack in the boundary between the Human and Demon Realms—the Endless Abyss.

That's right, only then did the story truly begin!

Not only did Luo Binghe survive, but within the Endless Abyss, he found his personal sword, the peerless mystical blade “Xin Mo.”

He also learned the truth of his origins.

As it turned out, Luo Binghe had been born to the Demon Realm's Saintly Ruler and a woman of the Human Realm; within his veins

flowed the blood of the ancient, heaven-fallen demons as well as that of the human race. His birth father, Tianlang-Jun, had been sealed beneath a great mountain, trapped for all eternity. His birth mother had been a disciple from a righteous cultivation sect, but shortly following Tianlang-Jun's sealing, she had been expelled on suspicion of having secret ties to demons. She had died from a postpartum hemorrhage after giving birth to Luo Binghe, but prior to her death, she had set her son adrift from the lonely ship she'd birthed him on. It was the only way she had been able to give Luo Binghe a chance to survive.

Luo Binghe used Xin Mo to release his body's seal on his demonic blood. Then, within the dark abyss, he single-mindedly cultivated and enlightened himself to otherworldly techniques before heading back to Cang Qiong Mountain Sect. From there on out, Luo Binghe steadily headed down his dark path, never looking back.

Every single one of his old enemies suffered great torment and died a horrible death by his hand. With his steadily improving ability to lie and scheme, Luo Binghe won the trust of many people, feigning compliance while secretly plotting against them. He seized power and rose in position, beginning a reign of terror.

As the story unfolded, Luo Binghe's heart blackened further and further. He returned to the Demon Realm and inherited the position of Saintly Ruler. Yet unsatisfied, he began to eradicate each one of the Human Realm's great righteous sects, bathing them in blood, annihilating all who opposed him.

In the end, Luo Binghe became a legend spoken of for generations of immortals and demons, hailed for his unification of the three realms, the uncountable size of his harem, and his boundless number of descendants!

“Dumbfuck author, dumbfuck novel!” With his dying breath, Shen Yuan spat this final curse.

Who could have imagined that an upstanding young man like him—who had properly purchased the website’s VIP currency and read the novel’s official version—would find himself persevering before his untimely death to finish a novel so stallion, so money-grubbing and overly padded, that it left him speechless with rage?

How could he not curse?

Proud Immortal Demon Way, by Airplane Shooting Towards the Sky. Just looking at that euphemistic handle smacked you in the face with a dirty feeling. Grade-school level writing with landmines everywhere, breaking all suspension of disbelief. And Shen Yuan couldn’t bear to call that incoherent mess of a world the author had built a cultivation setting.

What kind of cultivation world had people using horses and carriages all day? What kind of cultivation world had people who, after achieving inedia, still needed to eat and sleep? What kind of cultivation world had an author who occasionally mixed up even the stages of Foundation Establishment and Nascent Soul?

When faced with the protagonist, every single character acted like his total edgelord aura had devoured their intelligence—

especially Luo Binghe's master, Shen Qingqiu, that idiot among idiots, scum among scum! His only purpose was to dig his own grave, and he hadn't even managed to finish before he was killed by the protagonist instead.

So why had Shen Yuan started this book, even going so far as to read it to the very end? Don't misunderstand, Shen Yuan didn't enjoy degrading himself. The reason he had persisted was also what had caused him the most frustration.

This novel had an incredible amount of foreshadowing, plotlines everywhere, mystery after mystery, layer upon layer of red herrings. And at the very end—not a single one paid off! It was enough to make him want to puke a fountain of blood.

Why were priceless herbs, spirit elixirs, and peerless beauties everywhere, like they didn't cost a cent? Why were the villains'

speeches and poses as they dug their graves and got offed all exactly the same? The dozens of maidens barely glimpsed, all of whom agreed to enter the harem, what happened to them...?

All right, skipping that last one for the moment—who had been the culprit behind the scores of atrocities? Exactly what was the purpose of the unending list of characters so hyped up for being awesome and

without equal? Why did none of them make an appearance, even at the very end?!

Towards the Sky-bro, Airplane-bro, “Great Master”: Can we have a discussion? Fill! In! Plot holes! Okay?!

Shen Yuan felt like he could have come back to life with the power of sheer rage.

In the endless darkness, a mechanical voice sounded by his ear:

【 Activation code: “Dumbfuck author, dumbfuck novel.” System automatically triggered. 】

The tone reminded him of Google Translate.

“Who is this?” Shen Yuan looked around. It seemed like he was floating in a virtual space, one so dark that he couldn’t see his hand before him.

The voice came from all directions.

【 Welcome to the System. This System operates in line with the design concept “YOU CAN YOU UP, NO CAN NO BB” [1](#); we hope to provide you with the best possible

experience. It is our sincere wish that during your time, you can fulfill your desires and, in accordance with your wish, transform a stupid work into a magnificent, high-quality, first-rate classic. We hope you enjoy.]

In the midst of his ensuing vertigo, a man's voice asked lightly beside him, "...Shidi? Shidi, can you hear me?"

Shen Yuan shuddered and settled his mind, forcibly peeling open his eyes. The scene that appeared before him was a massive, whirling flurry. It took a while for everything to finally coalesce and slowly become clear.

He lay on a bed.

Looking up: a white, gauzy canopy hung overhead, with finely crafted perfume pouches dangling from the four corners.

Looking down: he wore a white robe of an ancient style. Next to the pillow lay a paper fan.

Looking to his left: a handsome, elegant young man dressed in xuanluan formal robes sat by his bedside, looking at him with concern.

Shen Yuan closed his eyes, then sharply reached for that folding fan and opened it with a snap. He lightly waved it, fanning away the cold sweat pouring down his face.

The man's eyes lit up with joy. "Shidi finally woke up," he said warmly. "Do you have any discomfort?"

"Nothing too bad," Shen Yuan said with some reservation.

The information overload was a bit much. He dazedly tried to sit up. As he did, the man quickly reached out to support his back, letting him lean against the headboard.

Having read many of Zhongdian's transmigration novels, Shen Yuan had long ago resolved that, if he one day woke up to find himself lying in a strange place, the first words out of his mouth before he understood what was happening definitely wouldn't be a carefree giggle and, "Are you filming a movie? The props look so real

—your crew's really giving it their all!" I.e., the words of a person slow-wittedly trying to find their footing.

Rather, Shen Yuan concentrated on acting like he'd just woken up, expression absentminded. "I... Where is this?"

The man startled. "Did you sleep yourself into a trance? This is your Qing Jing Peak."