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1. A TRANSDIMENSIONAL SCUM VILLAIN'S TALE

After finishing the last post of my massive roleplaying game slash quest and receiving the joyous cries of my constituents (lol), I had gone to eat a massive bucket of Jollibee fried chicken. If things had been different, then I would have gone to sleep comfortably in my nest of pillows and life would have continued on its slow, comfortable pace.

How the fuck was I to know that it would be the last night of my life?!

Not only did the voltage regulator explode, but so did my computer!

Ah, it was lucky I was in my dorm room otherwise my family would have been inconvenienced.

As it is, the last sight I saw was exploding flames, the last thought on my mind was regret I never finished writing and publishing my historical fantasy novel and I felt a single moment of immeasurable pain, before everything went black.

Stuck in a vast chasm, a virtual space, I felt horribly cheated. Where was the bishonen harem? Where was the bishoujo harem? Where were the fine buildings from the Silver Millennium, the lovely food bearing plants and fungi of Toriko that should have been in this afterlife with me?

I was supposed to be in heaven, okay, this doesn't even count as special hell!

Thinking of how worried my parents would be, how I couldn't take care of them, or ever see them until they died... if they arrived here at all... thinking of my lost pets and books and manga and anime hoard, all the things I never wrote, I felt angry enough to come back from the dead. Or at least to grab the nearest deity and demand a fucking reroll!

Compensate me! Compensate me for my years of sickness, my horrible allergies, my lost youth which you wasted on asthma and irritable bowel syndrome! Compensate me for my future!

From seemingly nowhere and everywhere at once, a mechanical voice was heard.

[Data Corruption Detected]

[Warning; Unauthorized Access Detected]

[Data Recovery Initiated]

[Save And Compile]

"...Junior apprentice brother? Junior apprentice brother, can you hear me speaking?" The voice speaking seems to be speaking chinese but I hear it as english. The voice is lovely, smooth and

rich enough to belong to an utaite star, or some J-pop star, but I focus on the more important thing.

The words.

What is this Junior apprentice brother you speak of?! I'm a woman, okay? A woman!

*** pg.23

2. A TRANSDIMENSIONAL SCUM VILLAIN'S TALE

The moment I crack my eyes open, I feel hazy, disoriented, but hey, at least the view is good. Above me the roof of a canopy bed with white fabric and nice smelling sachets, under me a soft mattress, to my side, and this is an important thing, one of the most gorgeous men I have ever seen.

Dressed like a goddamn chinese telenovela lead in expensive silk clothes, putangina, hanep talaga.

That is to say, fucking hot. Seriously. Hot.

Like, gigolo who could charge thousands for one damn hour, hot.

However I have more important things to worry about as I stare down frantically at myself. Where the fuck did my boobs go?

Oh, dear sweet baby Jesus, you turned me into a guy.

A guy.

Ffffffffff-

/This terminal has suddenly whited out. The player character has suffered a sudden short circuit. Please try your log in later./

One moment later I find myself in the black space again.

Earlier, I was inwardly screaming. Now I am externally screaming.

"-Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa"

[This terminal would like to apologize for the mix up. Your new character is Shen Qingqiu from the novel 'Proud Immortal Demon Way'. Your starting points are 100. As the plot progresses, there will be many point giving missions and quests open to you to take. Please do not let your points reach less than zero or you will be subjected to automatic punishment. We hope you enjoy your stay in this game and-]

"What plot?! What goddamn game is this?! What the fuck are you talking about?! WHAT NOVEL?!"

[Admin, we have a problem.]

[What problem?]

[This player has never read the novel.]

[WHAAAAT?!]

If you sense a disturbance in the force, bros, that is just me. And my impending mental breakdown.

*** pg.24

3. A TRANSDIMENSIONAL SCUM VILLAIN'S TALE

Return to me my breasts! Goddamnit, guys, when I asked for a reroll, I didn't want to be a guy!

[Would you prefer to be a 70 year old woman or a pretty boy?]

What kind of goddamn decision is that?! I have no choice but to be a boy, then if the alternative is your grandma!

Wait a minute...

[That's right. We can hear everything you think.]

Is that so?

I quickly fill my mind with porn. A lot of porn. So. Much. Porn.

[I didn't need to see that!]

You made me a guy, bro. You should know that is your own damn fault.

[This terminal would like to change players, please.]

[Denied.]

[At least put a gm here instead!]

[Denied.]

[What about-]

[Denied. The Admins, Moderators, GMs, Supermods are all busy clearing up some upheaval in the other seven sectors of the afterlife.]

Look. Why don't you guys just pick an actual guy for this account and let me set up my own afterlife?

[...Why didn't we do that again?]

[Because there was a mixup and this player was actually supposed to be on the other server.]

I want compensation anyway. This sounds like the incident where I lost my entire account on that avatar design forum, only worse.

[We'll think about it and get back to you tomorrow. Thank you for your submission of this ticket. Your ticket number is 2305. For now, please go through the tutorial process.]

"Tutorial for what?"

There is a sudden sense of disorientation and I am once again male and staring at the unfortunate man by my side with a thousand yard stare.

Bro. If only this had not happened I would be proposing marriage to you by now.

Seemingly saddened by my misery, he pets my shoulder. "It will be okay, Junior Apprentice Brother. I know you were saddened by one of your students losing their cultivation, but-"

Their what. Who the hell are you?!

[Cultivation. This is to say, like in Naruto, their ability to use chakra.]

...You're telling me you gave me freaking ninja magic?!

DO I HAVE MOKUTON?!

[Not exactly but close enough.]

...Is there a genderbend, sexy no jutsu function?

[Not unless you die and reroll another character but-]

So who is the hot guy.

[That is Shen Qingqiu's friend, Yue Qingyuan. They have known each other since childhood.]

Well, fuck. There's literally no way to get past that, is it? This guy will notice I'm not like his friend no matter what I do, right? May as well go full bore.

"Who the hell are you?"

His shocked look melts into a pained expression, and I feel like the universe's biggest asshole.

I carry on. "And what students are you talking about?!"

[Tutorial Mode Engaged]

*** pg.24

4. A TRANSDIMENSIONAL SCUM VILLAIN'S TALE

So. I have students. And apparently from what memories came with this body, the original owner may have broken them. On purpose.

Man, what a dick. A pretty dick but still a dick. I can't believe they put me in this body to clean up his mess.

This is going to be a pain in the ass to fix.

And that is assuming I can manage to figure out a way to repair spiritual bodies or whatever, from the inside out. Much less meridians.

Time to go kidnap those kids and experiment on them. For Science.

My Necron friend would be so proud.

Right. So, since anyone reading this is probably confused as all fuck, and I'll be practicing on first animals, then people using this energy to try to figure out healing and that will quickly get boring as all hell for you to read, here's the sitch.

I'm a recently graduated freelancing web novel author, got my diploma this May 2030, fresh from the University of Santo Tomas. Yes, the permanently flooded University, the oldest one in the Philippines. The one in the massive NCR Hivecity. The only one that people have to access by boats.

On my days off, I spend most of my time on the VRO Forums. That is, the virtual reality online forums where with enough kaching-kaching or enough earned reputation points or prestige medals, you can pay for your own skins to wear while running war games or quests.

I was an rpg/quest GM. My quest had ten goddamn levels, each level had thousands of pages. It was awesome and I had more followers than I could shake a stick at.

My custom forum title was 'Evil Overlord'. My personally designed skin was a gorgeous, busty sorceress in badass armor.

I basically had a vro chat bar where all the players and fellow gms congregated to talk about their days and hash out the next adventure.

Of course in real life, I was a pathetic NEET. A well paid NEET, but, yeah.

At least I was a happy NEET.

I was supposed to go back to my family in the Hot Springs Provinces soon, because I had my certificate and could thus start looking for a job. Probably something in skin design and backstory writing for games, I had thought-

I suppose I should have expected I'd die in front of a computer.

So, now here I am, pathetic NEET, given a pretty face, some kind of ninja magic and a set of preprogrammed moves with what looks like plenty of room to develop more.

Except this comes with drawbacks. As I freaked out about earlier, right now?

I am a man. And I am not happy about it.

And if that wasn't bad enough, this place doesn't even have plumbing.

*** pg.25

5. A TRANSDIMENSIONAL SCUM VILLAIN'S TALE

Today is a shitty day, and let me tell you, it isn't getting any better.

Let's start with the fact this place has no air conditioning. No appliances. No computers. No gadgets. No music of the bouncy type I'm used to. Very few foods that I can even recognize. And no plumbing.

I'm not ashamed to admit that I was brought to tears by the sight of the chamber pot that these people expect me to use.

Okay, it was fine stoneware, well crafted, glazed and even squeaky clean. That is not the point. The point is, it is a chamber pot.

Oh God, the mental trauma.

I'm also guilty because today, I made Yue Qingyuan cry.

I am a horrible person.

Yue Qingyuan is a gentleman. He is kind, considerate, compassionate, gentle, decent... and he has put up with my tendency to burst into tears and enter catatonic stares for the first half of this morning with all the patience of a saint. He had to show me around all the peaks. He had to introduce me to people. People who glared at me like I was the Joker. Or Caligula.

I have learned more about Shen Qingqiu's time here than I would have liked because apparently the bromance is high. I repeat, the bromance is high between this guy and the original owner of this body.

I pity him for that, because it's starting to sound like the owner of this body was the embodiment of Grumpy Cat Forever. EVIL Grumpy Cat Forever.

I mean it. That Shen Qingqiu guy practically tugged Yue around on a leash. Yue covered up for all sorts of shit that I personally would not stand for and from what I am seeing, the impression is, that he did it out of love.

Shen Qingqiu, you lucky bastard son of a bitch. You should have hauled him down to your level and fucked him senseless.

....Bad brain, no touchies.

*** pg.25

6. A TRANSDIMENSIONAL SCUM VILLAIN'S TALE

After fixing the cultivations which Shen Qingqiu had broken just for what was apparently the lolz, I had a group of minors from around ten to sixteen.

The tiny kids in their large improvised cage looked like aggrieved little puppies, crying hard until their noses and little round faces were red. Because they were scared, and because I had kidnapped them to fix what the previous owner of this body broke.

Goddamnit, Shen Qingqiu, now you're making us both look like pedophiles.

The teenagers had to be trussed up like turkeys. Because they were trying to kill me. I applauded their right thinking and resilience. Sadly, my telling them this and clapping only made them want to kill me more.

Strangely enough, they were all male. Not a single little girl bun among the group.

Clearly, since there was little chance of any of them being willing to trust me after Shen Qingqiu had destroyed their cultivations, I had only one thing I could do.

Go full evil villain.

Except that was damn difficult when I was being cried at by half a dozen tiny buns.

Goddamnit, Shen Qingqiu.

"Today, my little friends, you have been volunteered for my medical experimentation!"

More crying from the teeny kids.

"Goddamnit, you're making it hard for me to evil villain here, stop crying!"

More crying.

"Maybe I should just retire."

*** pg.27

7. A Transdimensional Scum Villain's Tale

So. Apparently chinese cultivators and sects have bath houses.

How do I know?

Because Yue Qingyuan grabbed me and dragged me off to one. I had to watch him and other male sect members get naked and scrub and I bled through the nose heavily and constantly for almost the whole goddamn thing.

My eyes have seen what they cannot unsee. My brain is made of goddamn porn. My eidetic memory is full of muscled backs, asses you could bounce coins off of, chiseled abdomens, really cut 8-packs, glorious pecs... You get the idea.

My brain.

My brain, WHY.

Liu Qingge hates my guts and he is smoking hot. WHY.

Yue Qingyuan scrubbed my back. My brain broke like an egg. I was eyebrow twitching all throughout the goddamn bath and either I was quietly up to my cheeks in water, hiding, or I was out of there like a bat out of hell.

After that, the first goddamn thing I did was go out and practice blowing things up.

While nosebleeding. And twitching.

*** pg.28

8. A TRANSDIMENSIONAL SCUM VILLAIN'S TALE

Man, those three teenagers have such Main Character names, y'know?

Li Aoguang, Chen Wanyong, Mo Heiying... In English apparently that translates to arrogant light, endless courage, and black shadow respectively. They even have Main Character levels of pretty looks.

No wonder Shen Qingqiu went ballistic on their asses. Those three were at least old enough to eventually be worthy rivals.

My program of pissing them off to the point of making them much, much stronger is working excellently.

I decided to go with a mix of Sith teachings and Assassination Classroom.

Why?

Because even if I'm not Shen Qingqiu, they irk me, alright? I mean, teenagers. Loud, angry, disrespectful, bratty teenagers. Who don't clean their rooms well. My pet peeve.

At least those three were doing a much better job of soaking in the proper ambiance. It was really easy to be mean to them.

Fortunately, every time I praised them for their sincerity and hard work after dragging them into various shitholes on hunting trips, they only got more inspired in devising new and unpleasant threats and new and interesting ways to try to kill me.

They don't try to implement it though. I'm somewhat disappointed and somewhat relieved at the same time.

"Go get stuffed, Shifu!"

"Fuck yourself too. Heiying!"

"Go explode and die, Shifu!"

"Only after you do, Wanyong!"

See? Perfect!

Of course the little buns are a completely different thing entirely.

Their pudgy little faces, the tendency to get teary at the slightest things, the big beady eyes, the aggrieved looks, like bullied small animals, and the lower trembling lips and lost expressions...It is so hard to be mean to them.

I cannot even.

I keep giving up and picking them out of the newest pothole.

"No, little bun, you charge the rock, then you throw it at birds like this."

/BOOM!!!!/

"I c-can't do it, Shizun!"

"Yes you can. Now you do it, or no dessert tonight."

"Waaah, so mean!"

How did Severus Snape even do it? I have to take my new straw hat off in respect to that magnificent bastard, may he rest in peace. Not only does he billow his cape awesomely in 3d, but he also manages to regularly make his little fuzzballs cry.

"Why the hell are you so nice to the little brats, Shifu?" Ah, one of my future nemesis arrives. Ostensibly to check out the competition. Excellent.

"Because I'm motivating you with hatred, envy and dissatisfaction, Aoguang. I'm petty that way. Soon, you'll loathe them, hate them and want to crush them and then my corruption of you three will be complete."

"You do realize that by telling us this, you're sabotaging yourself, right, shifu?"

"No, I'm not. You're petty teenagers, there's no way I can fail at this!"

"I object to that remark!"

"You resemble it, Heiyang!"

"You're such an asshole, shifu!"

"You only notice that now? I thought I had beaten that into you much earlier. I should try harder. Just remember, fear leads to anger, anger leads to hate, hate leads to suffering!"

"You are so weird."

*** pg.28

9. A TRANSDIMENSIONAL SCUM VILLAIN'S TALE

If there is anything more evil than advanced mathematics, I have not yet found it.

Thus, in the interest of being a more evil dictator, as a punishment for every single time the brats don't agree to read the interesting old tomes in the required reading list for this sect, I have attempted to teach the teenagers algebra.

It goes poorly.

I bet they were hoping to avoid this stuff. Most of them came from appropriately sad Main Character backgrounds, after all, generally not where mathematicians are spawned, and this isn't even the accounting peak. It's the bookworm peak.

Too bad, brats. You make the mistake, you pay the price. And the price is more math than you want to ever shake a stick at.

Their suffering gives me great joy. I feed on their tears. Metaphorically speaking, of course.

Just as I had hoped. The bastards beat me by learning multiplication and division. They even got a gist of fractions, though it makes the little buns cry, when I punish them with those. But now?

Now we dip our feet into high school mathematics and if these bastards don't start shaping up, I will bring in geometry.

That's right. Disobedient bratlings have to suffer. Suffer like I suffered in high school and college. Cry those tears, peons.

Either read the interesting books detailing how to kill evil creatures and make talismans and formations, or learn how to write mathematical equations with parenthesis and calculate how many goddamn carts of fertilizer the gardens of the sect need every day. And allocate each amount to each section.

Your choice.

*** pg.29

10. A TRANSDIMENSIONAL SCUM VILLAIN'S TALE

Because I am now in a world with actual monsters, actual magic and actual spellcraft, even if it is goddamn ninja magic, I have applied myself to the arcane arts with all the fervor of Jiraiya in the red lights district in the middle of a goddamn oiran parade.

That's right. I have been taking every single spare moment to head out with my little buns, my newly collected little buns and my big buns under the pathetically thin excuse of teaching them things, to harness and hone my new body's preprogrammed attacks, as well as trying to crib bootleg versions of every single goddamn attack I have ever seen used in anime.

The shiny lasers, the charging items like rocks to explode have both come suspiciously easily in their variants ranging from the rei gun used by Yusuke Urameshi, to shooting a single continuous ray of light, to bombs, bombs everywhere, out of everything from cards to rocks.

The sword attacks in Inuyasha and stuff using wind attacks are also suspiciously easy to come. This is because they seem to be similar to existing feats and involve either moving things with spiritual power or sending out shockwaves of spiritual power using the sword.

However, that is not enough. Even with the glory of the fuck you beam, I still need more.

I need full control of all the elements. This far, even with trying Roy Mustang's method of sparking gases, I only manage to set the target on fire with great difficulty.

I am displeased. What kind of spacebattler am I, if I cannot even burn down a village? What kind of spacebattler am I, if I cannot nuke things until they glow? What kind of spacebattler am I, if I cannot use orbital artillery?

I am ashamed before my brothers and sisters.

I have been attempting to unlock the mysteries of plant control for one reason.

Mokuton.

The ability to create massive houses, an entire damn village, all the way from the roof shingles to the basement and plumbing. Do you have any idea how perfect and convenient that would be? If Konoha is any indication, I could create perfect septic tanks and plumbing! I could create composting toilets. I could do this all, with plants!

Therefore, I have regularly attempted to recreate it.

It is a work in progress.

At least we get to kill a lot of beasts and collect plenty of medicinal plants on the way. :V

I estimate the people who were supposed to receive my fuzzballs, if they exist at all, should be looking for them around... now.

Ahahahahahahaha.

I regret nothing!

Except Yue Qingyuan will ask me where I have been since I have only shown up to pick up the newest group of little buns and train them with mine. Or eat. Or sleep. Or bathe.

His sad face haunts me in my dreams, goddamnit. So does my regular sights of his nakedness and the naked bodies of other male members of the sect in the sect's bath house.

He now thinks I am ill because of the goddamn constant nosebleeding. He keeps sending me medicines.

On one hand, I can use those when these idiots get hurt. On the other, I feel like a shameless leecher.

I suppose I could try to explain what I am up to, but...

Except the problem is, if I show up with my full group of students, there will be... questions.

This is a problem.

Also, now because I am on my second crop of little buns, I have to get them caught up on reading, writing and math.

So much work to do. So little time.

*** pg.29

11. A TRANSDIMENSIONAL SCUM VILLAIN'S TALE

[Well, you've been busy.]

Ah, the well known system. It seems that you've returned. What brings you here?

[We finally processed your ticket. Your account seems to have been intended to be an important elf in the Silmarillion.]

And?

[And it is far too late to get it back, since the account in question has now derailed that Silmarillion universe's plot. Moreover you- Wait. What have you been doing. What is this. What. What the fuck.

So many error reports! So many red lights! So many ooc tickets! Seriously, you two are as bad as each other!]

It can't be helped since I don't know the plot, you know. I don't know the other guy either.

[It should be too early to even have you interacting with the plot proper, this was supposed to be a tutorial and you still derailed it!]

I'm... Look. You did not give me a summary of a plot or even let me read the original book, you know? What was I supposed to do, let those buns and meatbuns stay crippled?

[YES!]

That's kind of like... puppy-kicking evil, you know. I may perform medical experiments on defenseless children and subject them to the evil of math, but at least I'm not that bad. I have standards. I don't starve kids. I don't let them stay crippled or hurt if I can fix it.

[...I can't believe I'm stuck with you two idiots. Listen, your previous 100 points are officially down to zero because of this, okay? You fuck this up one more time, and it is punishment game. You will not like that at all, mind my words.]

What are you going to penalize me for, not acting according to a plot I don't even know?!

[....]

You really were, weren't you. That's low.

[Alright, I'll bring it up with the higher ups, but you're still on probation!]

*** pg.30

12. A TRANSDIMENSIONAL SCUM VILLAIN'S TALE

Rejoice with me, readers! For at last, after so much goddamn time experimenting with plant control, I finally have the crossbreed between Senju Hashirama's Mokuton and Youko Kurama's demon plants!

Oh thank God. Finally. Finally, I can have a proper toilet, with a proper reservoir, and a working bidet!

Also I can grow furniture, houses and other things made out of plants but, most importantly, PLUMBING AND PROPER COMPOSTING TOILET.

"Shifu's crying while hugging that potted plant again."

"He must have been really moved."

"Liu Qingge sent it. I wonder why?"

"I suppose we should send him a thank you note. Aoguang, you write it, you have the best penmanship of all of us."

Sometime later, a scream of rage echoed throughout the 13 peaks and a great many birds flew away, cawing, 'aho!' all the way.

*** pg.34

13. A TRANSDIMENSIONAL SCUM VILLAIN'S TALE

As rumors spread through the 13 Peaks of the Cang Qiong Mountain Sect that Liu Qingge of the Bai Zhan Peak had sent over a potted plant gift as an overture of peace that had so moved the normally reticent Shen Qingqiu of Qing Jing Peak that he had burst into emotional tears and even... as gossip had it.. had hugged the pot, Liu Qingge's face was a picture of dismay, as if he had bitten into an inexpressibly bitter and sour lemon.

That wasn't an overture of peace, you know.

That was a declaration of disdain and yet you hug the pot?

What the hell?! Flip table!

It did not help that senior apprentice brother Yue Qingyuan had apparently also heard the rumor that whatever feud they had between them was to be resolved and was practically over the moon. Just looking at his slightly dewy eyes and joyful smile made Liu Qingge's guts flip over.

How could he bear to disappoint him? Yet, also, how could he bear to get along with That Guy?!

That feud was completely ancient, you know! They really hate each other! How could such a thing be resolved with a potted plant, it boggles the mind!

Aha! Here comes the man of the hour. Liu Qingge forces down his disgruntlement and reluctantly offers his hand in peace, because anything else would upset their mutual senior brother.

Against all sanity and whatever passes for reason, Shen Qingqiu takes it.

More, he even is the first to speak, with a completely angelic mien, such a good face, such penitent gaze, very good, very bullshit.

"I was deeply touched by your overtures. Please accept my heartfelt gratitude and I repent of all of my sins against you."

I-is this even real?! What kind of horrific nightmare realm is this?! How can he say that with a straight face?!

And everyone believes him. What.

He must be scheming! I will have him followed around to purge this cancer from the sect!

*** pg.36

14. A TRANSDIMENSIONAL SCUM VILLAIN'S TALE

[As your red tickets and errors have been processed, your situation has been taken into account. From now on, this terminal will most certainly assist you by explaining information pertinent to the plot of the novel and will also clearly explain the nature of unavoidable quests and missions. Quests and missions denied have a penalty. Acting OOC still has a penalty. Since you do not know the plot, naturally the penalty will be less than if you had actually known about it and gone ahead with the digression. From now on, thinking of OOC actions will have a red warning label attached to allow you to pause a step before you make a decision.

Your current point balance will be calculated within the day and...

What the hell have you done now?!]

Good morning, system, nice to hear from you.

[I leave you alone for one day and you pull this. I cannot even.]

Hoh, you're starting to talk like a person now~!

[And you basically derailed part of the plot! Again! First you heal those kids and keep them in the Sect, which is a massive point deduction and a point drain after you started training them up. Though it started to pay off later, huh.

Then you manage to get peace overtures between Bai Zhan and Qing Jing! That's definitely a massive derail!

I told you to stay put and not do anything to derail the plot further by acting ooc!]

Shit.

[Okay, okay apparently your original OOC derail wasn't intentional... hm. Aoguang(NPC) initiated the peace process behind your back. Why did you accept it?]

Because I don't know anything about why they hated each other in the first place so why hesitate to smooth it over?

[...You don't bother to think over your decisions much, do you?]

It was kind of convenient, so I played along.

[In ignorance. Looks like I am seriously going to have to work a lot harder to keep you on the beaten path.]

I dare to start hoping that the penalty won't be too high, when the notifications start coming in, a seemingly endless flood of points taken for each action and reaction every moment since my arrival, a ratatatatat like that of a machine gun.

Points taken for OOC, points taken for derails, points given for student's approvals and other (npc) approvals, points given for positive upswings in probabilities now available and unlocked.

In the end it seems I am still in the red, as I clutch my head from the pain of the siren.

Shit. Shit. Shiiiiit.

[You accumulated 200 points. You have lost 250 points. I regret to inform you that you will be penalized.]

S-So what happens when I am penalized.

[You will be punished for your sins.]

What, like hell?

[The original character, Shen Qingqiu was a scum villain. He was the first insidious villain of the novel Proud Immortal Demon Way.]

Wait.

Waitamminute.

[He was chopped up to be a human stick, his arms and legs removed, his tongue cut out and hung to die slowly.]

Ah, I get it. You were never expecting me to survive this, were you?

[It is our regret that we did not explain the lose scenario's parameters of this character when we bound you to their account.]

You utter asshole.

[It is our further regret that despite our culpability in this outcome, and your ignorance of the ramifications or history you are now bound to, you must still be penalized for it. Rest assured there are still loopholes and options that may be taken to prevent the final bad end.]

Mother fu-

Wait. What loopholes?

*** pg.36

15. A TRANSDIMENSIONAL SCUM VILLAIN'S TALE: The Violence Inherent In The System

-aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa-

What is that sound, you may ask? That is the sound of my internal screaming.

Run that by me again.

[Yue Qingyuan- Senior brother to Shen Qingqiu; Tens of thousands of arrows pierce through his body until even his skeleton ceases to exist.]

-aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa-

Yue Qingyuan is a precious, perfect custard bun smothered in honey and possibly rainbow sprinkles, too good for this world. For what reason would he be killed in such a horrible way?!

[It is believed in the novel that he dies by the scheming of Shen Qingqiu.]

-aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa-

Is it too late to ask you to just give me a reroll, bro? No, wait, I should just go kill myself now, I think one of those books have lists of painless poisons. Maybe I can go taunt some rival sect guy into murdering me. Maybe I can go solo monster hunting and never come back.

[You're freaking out. Stop being overdramatic.]

Dude. You just told me the only truly decent person who likes me on this entire goddamn mountain is going to die because of me. After that, I may as well be fish food. I think I have the right to freak out.

[It hasn't happened yet, you know.]

So how do we make it not happen?

[That will be up to you then, won't it?]

Jackass. That wasn't helpful. I need to know the circumstances leading up to his death, but the system won't tell me. FML.

[Shouldn't you be worrying more about your own punishment and the point system, than Yue Qingyuan's possible death?]

True enough, I apparently die having my tongue and limbs chopped off in the Bad End. The system hasn't even gotten along to telling me about who does it, yet. Or why it happens, other than the fact that Shen Qingqiu was a dick.

Plus, there are the penalties, which I apparently get if my points are 0 or less?

So, what are the penalties then? How does this system work?

Tbc pg.38

16. A Transdimensional Scum Villain's Tale: The Violence Inherent In The System

[There are two penalties. The first is to be sent for a predetermined amount of time, back to your original world, where your body is a wreck, barely kept alive by machinery, your mind and soul only able to interact with others in a virtual environment.]

Given that I spent half my life in a virtual environment, that... doesn't really sound too bad.

Does it have log on capability? Will it be permanently logged in?

[You mean to the VROF? Yes. Your implants are still functioning.]

Excellent. I can sell skins and environments to make a living for my upkeep and my family's needs then. It may be expensive, but there should be enough customers on the Web to keep me going.

[That body will not last you more than two years and will likely die even before the first year ends. Even with your current era's technology, there is a limit to the number of times you may be revived, in it, and thus to the number of times you will be deported to it. It is a death sentence.]

...You just mentioned that this was my afterlife server. That just means I'll be bounced back here every time my heart stops.

[That is accurate.] The machine voice sounds disgruntled. I cannot help but grin.

[The second and more commonly implemented penalty is that when you sleep, you will be sent into a punishment zone, where someone will punish you for your sins.]

....You mean someone will beat me to a pulp. For my sins.

[I mean you will be punished in any way that person sees fit, for your sins.]

....That sounds like the gacha from hell.

[Your assessment is correct.]

So, let me get this straight. What happens if the body I am in, dies? Do I get rerolled?

[This system will first shunt you to whatever body is available as it is investigated whether the body is beyond repair.]

....Whatever body? That sounds like another gacha.

[You may view it as one, if you please.]

This system sounds worse and worse every time.

[You may use what points you have earned to attempt to ameliorate your circumstances, including influencing the body you will be shuffled into in case of a critical failure.]

...Didn't you say that the punishment would only happen if I reach 0 and negative points? How am I supposed to use those points if they don't exist anymore?

[There are two kinds of point systems being implemented.

One is for reputation. The other is for properly completing quests or missions.

If either reaches 0 due to failures or deductions, you will be penalized.

Reputation cumulates passively and reactively. Your previous decisions will affect future point yields.

OOO behavior in Tutorial mode also carries with it penalties, which have drained your current points into the negative levels.

Thus, you will enter the punishment zone the moment you go to sleep.]

...Today.

[Yes.]

The moment I fall asleep on this day.

[Yes.]

...And.. what happens after the punishment is completed?

[Since you are in the negative levels, you literally have no choice but to suffer the next time you fall asleep until your negative points are reset to zero.

Each punishment removes a set number of 'negative' points. You need to finish enough punishments to erase a disadvantage of 51 points before you are returned to normal sleep patterns.]

....Shit.

*** pg.40

17. A TRANSDIMENSIONAL SCUM VILLAIN'S TALE

It took a week and two straight days of work and no sleep before Yue Qingyuan got involved.

During those nights, there was no sleep for me. Only work. However, teaching kids and teens could only be done while the kids and teens in question were awake.

That was hardly optimal to me, since I was desperately trying to stay awake and kids and teens both needed 8 hours of sleep to grow to their full height.

Cold baths, stress cooking and stress baking, going through the accounts and books like a man possessed, writing down stories and information I could remember from my past life, creating various tags and talismans of spells based on existing books, drinking ludicrous amounts of tea and using Mokuton to build whatever I could think of were among the things I used my now suddenly expanded time for.

The kids and teens woke up to meals that had been started the night before, pastries that had been finished just that morning.

I ran them through every drill I could think of. Our stockpile of loot from harvesting medicinal and empowering plants, killing off magical or mystical or mythical beasts was expanded each afternoon.

I even started a vertical garden with a multitude of tiny pots on shelves and did my best to set up a goddamn working toilet system, after using Mokuton and Doton to build a dorm house as well as build a solid wood and stone house, both with plumbing.

All these because I was desperate to avoid punishment.

I could already tell the system was laughing at me, when I bit into one of the sweets Yue Qingyuan had brought me on his latest visit and felt grogginess and exhaustion dragging me in, like a tidal wave.

Sleeping potions! Yue Qingyuan, you backstabbing little shit!

"C-curse your sudden and inevitable betrayal!" I managed to say, glaring reproachfully at his worried face as best I could, even as I was dragged by the undertow of sleep and collapsed like a felled tree.

[DATA CORRUPTED!]

[CORRUPT DATA QUARANTINED]

[FILE FRAGMENTS RECOMPILING]

[FILE RECOVERY IN PROGRESS]

[10%]

[40%]

[70%]

[100%]

[SAVE AND COMPILE!]

*** pg.42

18. A Transdimensional Scum Villain's Tale: The Violence Inherent In The System

The sky was red with warning signs. Or maybe it was the red dust clouds.

Fuck.

Sand. Sand. More sand. Lava bubbling in pits. More lava bubbling in pits. Obsidian shards and obsidian crystals tall as men and sharp enough to cut glass or shear through muscle and skin like a hot knife through butter.

I felt my intestines shrink, just looking at it.

Already the pervasive heat of the Forge of Salamanders was making itself known.

Fuck.

I'd made this particular environment for a campaign some years ago. Those lava pits also were connected to sulfur geysers. The geyser water fed rich pools. Half the pools were poison or acid, the other half were good water but inhabited by salamanders, shining red creatures with bites that could numb a man, giving the creatures time to strip their unfortunate victims to the bones while still living. The victims didn't even know they were dying until they fell.

And that didn't count the reptiles, poisonous snakes or insects roaming the land.

Fuck. FUCK. Fuuuuuuck.

To my left, a tall, extremely handsome man with a cool expression, clad in black hanfu robes with white inner lining looked around himself at the environment, a spark of interest in his eyes.

Shit. Is this punishment an escort mission? I mean, the System did say it was like a gacha.

He glances my way, tilts his head, eyes now intent on me. "Shen Qingqiu."

A moment's pause that seems to stretch on for too long.

"Sorry?" I ask, somewhat helpless. "I beg your pardon, but how do I know you?"

He looks shocked. I... guess he was hoping I would remember him. But I have never seen him before in my life.

*** pg.45

19. A Transdimensional Scum Villain's Tale: The B Side

Well, this was interesting. He had never been to this place before. It had three moons, he realized, as he looked up at the sky.

A more familiar image entered his sight. Shen Qingqiu, clad in white, unharmed and intact. The long hair unbound and falling down shoulders and back, looking around him, with his brow furrowed in concern, at the reddish sky, the sands, the strangely colored pools, the flickering red creatures.

Anticipation filled Luo Binghe at the sight of the man clad in white. He had died too early, his gaze fixed upon a distant shore.

He had seen another Shen Qingqiu recently also in a dream, but that one had known him and oddly enough, had not been afraid of him until he had actually hurt them. Then, that one had asked him not to.

As if that would have worked.

Now, here they were in an alien land that stank of sulfur and there was recognition in the man's eyes for this place. Dismay.

Had he been here? Well, he would have to be buried here, then. Time to remind him of everything, he thought, darkly pleased as the man looked his way. "Shen Qingqiu."

A moment's pause, far too long as if the man wasn't used to hearing that name or answering to it. His brow furrowed again, he looked helpless, at a loss. The shoulders slumped, twitched in an eloquent shrug.

There was no recognition in those dark eyes at all, as he spoke. "Sorry?"

What.

"I beg your pardon," Still no recognition at all. No... fear. "but how do I know you?"

White noise. Rage. Hunger. All these emotions provoked by the curious gaze in those clear eyes which were unclouded by fear or pain.

Shen Qingqiu had forgotten him.
This could not stand.

His fingers itched to feel soft skin, to hurt, to rip, to tear, to see the terror in those eyes as he tore pieces off, one after the other. He wanted to pin him down and hear him *scream*.

He wanted his shizun to remember him.

Even as he moved towards Shen Qingqiu, a roar split the sky, and the man went ashen pale, and immediately cursed, searching for a sword or fan at his waist and finding only an empty sheath, as a large reptile made itself visible.

The look on Shen Qingqiu's face was complicated, frustration, disgust and disbelief in equal measure, as he spoke, "Seriously?!"

Then, not even taking note of Luo Binghe, completely focused on the beast, he blasted one of the sharp obsidian shards apart, injuring himself from smaller shards in the process, and then tore off both of his sleeves into long strips of fabric, wrapping them around each shard large enough to be used as a sword. Slim hands dyed the wrappings red with blood and the dismay in that gaze deepened even at the sight as Luo Binghe moved closer to him.

The man merely glanced at his waist to check if he was armed or unarmed. Upon finding him armed, instead of being angry or afraid, Luo Binghe could only see relief in that gaze as the man finished wrapping his improvised sword hilts.

A murmur of energy and the fingers and palms were whole again; and then he was speaking to Luo Binghe.

Surprisingly, it didn't involve cursing.

"The green pools and the very bright blue pools are poison, the shards are sharp enough to cut meat; the place has sandstorms at night and we will have to find a cavern to stay in if we don't want to get flayed to the bones."

Ah, he was definitely familiar with this place, but why was he telling Luo Binghe these things?

"The reptiles, insects and snakes are poisonous until the venom sacks are removed. The red creatures around the sulfur smelling water holes have a numbing bite; you should check yourself every ten minutes to make sure one of them hasn't latched on to you, because they will eat you alive if you don't pry them off in time."

Did he not even realize that he was giving Luo Binghe more ways to kill him?

...No. Apparently, he was looking at Luo Binghe as if he was a fellow victim of circumstance.

This could be useful. So very useful.

Luo Binghe tilted his head, smiled sweetly and said, softly, "Will Shizun be accompanying me?"

The utter confusion and disbelief he was presented with was piquant. Then the man shuddered slightly, "Don't call me that, only my students call me that and most of them are knee high!"

Still no recognition at all.

Wait. Students. Knee high.

Luo Binghe's gaze narrowed but he moved in close to press against Shen Qingqiu's frame.

He would definitely take advantage of the man's amnesia and pump him for information among other things, while he had it.

*** pg.46

20. ATDSVT: The B Side

Luo Binghe had brushed his hands over his teacher's shoulders, one after, over the man's lean frame more than a half dozen times and instead of fear or recognition as a response, all he had gotten was confusion and exasperation, and the words, "When I told you to stick close to me until we could find shelter, I didn't mean this close!"

So far, the man had managed to channel spiritual energy through the two obsidian swords to make cutting beams of light. Very interesting technique which meant he had to destroy those swords and literally disarm him later. He had killed the acid spitting giant beast with it, taken off his outer robes, and used them to wrap up large meat slices he had hacked from the beast, making an improvised sack full of food. He had tossed rocks at the watering holes' red creatures to kill them to acquire water.

And he had shared these equally with Luo Binghe which was both intriguing and incredibly infuriating at the same time.

This was how he treated people who weren't Luo Binghe?

Luo Binghe wanted to strip him naked, break his arms and legs so he couldn't run off or fight back, and get his hands inside him, literally, to see how he ran so hot and cold.

At the same time, he didn't want to kill him. He just wanted to feel inside him, see the look in his eyes. Claim him in all ways and make sure Shizun could never forget him again.

If Shen Qingqiu knew what he was thinking, he knew the man would run for his life. He would only have the advantage of surprise once before the man knew to avoid him or flee on sight, so he had best savor it and make certain his Shizun couldn't flee.

As it was, the man was right. The sandstorm outside their makeshift cave shelter was sharp enough to flay flesh and skin from bones. The screams of creatures outside attested to that.

The ashen pale look on Shen Qingqiu's face at the sounds of dying beasts only whetted Luo Binghe's hunger. He clearly didn't know that the bigger threat was in the cave with him, Luo Binghe thought with an odd, unreasoning affection, as he gazed at that familiar face.

Today, those eyes hadn't glared at him, those lips hadn't parted to curse viciously at him. There had been no hot tea thrown at him, and the man was currently cooking meat for him with surprising facility using bone splinters as skewers. The improvised waterskin made out of one of the beasts' insides had been shared between them equally. His injuries, those few of them which he had allowed to happen to test the man, had been tended to, and wrapped in bandages torn from Shen Qingqiu's outer robe.

Was this how it would have been, had he been anyone else?

He was not going to deny himself any longer.

"Shizun," he said as the meal had ended, beckoning him. "Come here."

Clueless, the man came over to his position with furrowed brows.

He tugged him down, pushed him one-handed to the ground, pinned him like a startled butterfly who was just starting to struggle.

Leaning down, he softly said against the now panicking Shen Qingqiu's neck. "Shizun mustn't reject me again."

Right before he dislocated his shoulders one after the other, savoring Shen Qingqiu's cries of shock and pain as they resounded against his chest, pinned as he was. He let the cries soften to sobbed breaths, gazing at him all throughout.

Ah, there was the fear, and a pleasing dampness of shed tears. Still no recognition, though, so he would try harder. The left arm was torn off next, causing Shen Qingqiu to spasm in his arms, screaming, the struggling to intensify, right before the left leg then joined it.

"Shizun mustn't run away from me," Luo Binghe frowned slightly, those eyes disturbingly almost affectionate, hungrily taking in every part of his hapless victim. "I don't like it when you run."

Next, the other arm and the leg were torn off, despite the screaming and the spasming and thrashing.

Now, he ripped the clothes off, pressing Shen Qingqiu down between him and the pool of blood under them on the ground.

Ah... soft skin. He pressed his face against the elegant neck, felt the struggles weaken due to blood loss, sealed those wounds causing Shen Qingqiu to spasm and scream again and again.

Nuzzling the smooth neck, he traced a single line down the gracefully sculpted abdomen which tensed, fluttering under his fingers as his fingers traced the curves under them, before sliding down to peel off the last shreds of his victim's modesty, smiling at the terror in Shen Qingqiu's eyes.

[THE FOLLOWING SCENE IS TOO GRAPHIC TO BE DISPLAYED ON THIS SYSTEM. DATA EXPUNGED!]

*** pg.47

21. A Transdimensional Scum Villain's Tale

PAIN

pain

PAIN

pain

PAIN

[Punishment Zone Cleared.]

PAIN

I wake, screaming, body convulsing under the worried gaze of my students and Yue Qingyuan. The bedcover is streaked with blood as is the pillow cover, ruined.

I manage to roll over and crawl to the edge of the bed, reflexively summoning up a wooden urn to vomit into. My body still shakes with fine tremors of pain as I vomit out blood and all the contents of my stomach, all in one go.

I'm dizzy, disoriented, my vision is blurry with tears.

That Fucker. I hurt everywhere. Everywhere!

If I were anything or anyone else but a VROFSpacebattler, I'd probably be weeping that I'd never be able to be a bride.

Speaking of Yue Qingyuan.

My voice is raspy, wrecked, as I glare blurrily at him. "You. Fucker."

Yue Qingyuan is clearly upset, eyes wet with tears, he reaches out to lay a shaking hand on my back, trying to hold me close. "Qingqiu, I swear, I *never....I would never...*"

I don't let him finish." You. Utter. Unmitigated. Double-crossing. Backstabbing. Shitweasel!"

A moment's pause as everyone gapes at me in shock.

"S-shifu!"

"S-Shizun!"

"He didn't mean i-"

"Oh, gods, I feel ill." I manage, before bending over the urn to vomit again. At the sight of so much gore, Yue Qingyuan looks like he wants to weep.

"Just go away and let me fucking die, blast you all," I groan.

I don't feel like moving all damn day.

Yue Qingyuan sends in medicines and people from the medical peak. I glare at them balefully.

Since most people obviously don't vomit blood when they wake up screaming from nightmares, the going assumption is that I am cursed.

Yue Qingyuan hovers over me, regretful and frightened. Once the pain fades, I manage to collect myself enough to pet his hand. "I didn't mean it and I'm sorry."

He forgives me immediately.

The bastards are half right. I really am cursed.

Fucking system.

*** pg.48

22. A Transdimensional Scum Villain's Tale: The B Side

[DATA CORRUPTION DETECTED]

Two moons in the sky and an ocean dotted with islands as far as the eyes could see. More islands floated in mid air.

Richly colored, vibrant reefs of purples, crimson, yellows, pinks, vermillion.

Seaweed forests in verdant and golden greens. Beaches of white sand, soft under the feet.

Once again this was not the ruined Cang Qiong Peak Sect that Luo Binghe normally saw in his dreams.

Luo Binghe's eyes lit up with glee as he caught sight of Shen Qingqiu's form appearing close by.

He had already figured out and quite quickly, too, that the man was not coming here on purpose. Shen Qingqiu's helplessness the last time he had seen him made it clear that he wasn't the one who had control over the dream in question.

Which meant someone was sending him here.

Luo Binghe was rather grateful for the distraction. Also...

"Goddamnit, not the one with the man-eating, killer mermaids!"

Shen Qingqiu's obvious distress was very amusing.

His Shizun was rather more open and less vicious with his words and reactions than he had been when he had last seen him alive and physically intact.

It was rather refreshing.

Then his former teacher started looking around the beach. Luo Binghe met his gaze and smiled winsomely.

The way that Shen Qingqiu went ashen pale and wide eyed with fear was very gratifying.

In life, the man had been imperturbable and contemptuous even at the end.

Here, the sight of the fear, that he had never managed to wring from his master's flesh with torture while he was still alive, was now written obviously on his face just at the sight of him.

It was as sweet as honey. He wanted more of it. Last night's pleasures had been delicious and he was very much in the mood to do it again. And again.

The speed with which he turned and ran for it, was not as gratifying. Hadn't he told him not to run from him? Hadn't he told him not to reject him? Didn't he know there was no way he could hide that Luo Binghe could not find him?

Clearly he needed to give his Shizun remedial lessons.

Many lessons.

It was laughably easy to catch up to his master; the man's cultivation was far lower, after all. Watching Shen Qingqiu's startled face up close as he caught his sleeve and used it to reel him in by force was roiling his anticipation. Among other things.

"Why were you running?" Luo Binghe asked, softly.

Shen Qingqiu tried to pull away. It wasn't of much use. Luo Binghe's grip was a vice.

"You tore off my limbs last time! Of course I was running!" Shen Qingqiu snapped, clearly both upset and terrified. His struggles were delicious and futile.

Luo Binghe grinned and picked him up by force to take him further into the island. If the mermaids really were carnivorous, he didn't want them ruining his fun.

*** pg.54

23. ATDSVT: The B Side

Luo Binghe had taken advantage of numerous people. He had learned how to coax and how to manipulate, he had mastered playing the pig to eat the tiger, pitting factions against each other

until he had the power to crush them all, like he had eventually gained the ability to crush the Cang Qiong Mountain Sect and raze it to the ground.

That said, he was a good judge of when someone was telling the truth, particularly when they were terrified.

There were plenty of clues that this could not possibly be the Shen Qingqiu he remembered.

For one, the environment. The first environment of the dream was a desert he had never seen in his life with three moons. This one had a seemingly endless ocean and carnivorous mermaids along with two moons. Also a place he had never seen but which this particular Shen Qingqiu had.

For another, the initial lack of wariness. The third, lack of recognition, even of his own name, possibly amnesia? Third, the lack of aggression.

During the first encounter, he had come up with several possibilities. He knew this was not his Shen Qingqiu and thought perhaps that it was a mere figment of his imagination.

Then the figment or man hadn't seemed to recognize him. That had enraged him enough that he had decided to play the pig to draw him or it out before crushing him.

It... did recognize the strange desert, though.

The fact that, not knowing who he was, the man had helped him anyway had pinched his heart oddly but he had decided to indulge himself anyway because the mere idea that any part of Shen Qingqiu couldn't know him was offensive. And the idea that Shen Qingqiu would be so kind to anyone not him had infuriated him even further.

He wanted the man to remember him. Wanted to carve his memory into the other man's mind to the point he could not be forgotten.

Then, because no matter what he did, the man did not recognize him at all, he had decided to go further.

The main reason he had indulged himself thoroughly the first time was that since it was a figment, he didn't have to hold back. The look of utter confusion, pain and betrayal had been intoxicating and only later had he calmed down enough to think, 'ah, maybe he really didn't expect that because he really didn't know me.'

Now, Shen Qingqiu was back in his grasp again and given he had recognized his face this time, Luo Binghe had been jubilant.

Luo Binghe had every intention of wringing what he wanted out of him. Among these things was, well, first, he intended to enjoy his flesh and claim it for his own pleasure again. The second was that he wanted to figure out if the man was a figment or not. If he was a figment, he could do as he wished with him with no problems. If Shen Qingqiu wasn't a figment... Luo Binghe had to learn why the man was meeting him in his dreams.

Here was a fact. Even at the very end, just before he had mutilated his teacher, Luo Binghe had softened towards him slightly, hoped the man would be his in some way. Shen Qingqiu had mocked him, cursed him and laughed in his face.

If he could have Shen Qingqiu for himself this time, well, Luo Binghe would not lie to himself. He would claim Shen Qingqiu as his property if he had any chance of doing so.

The man had seemingly been sent here, against his will, perhaps as a gift by some kind of dream demon. If so, then Luo Binghe was grateful for the gift and intended to most certainly enjoy every part of it.

The gift himself did not seem to agree with Luo Binghe though, because when he was carried slung over Luo Binghe's shoulder, he had immediately taken to grabbing desperately at every snake and far too brightly colored frog they passed.

Most likely the snakes and frogs were venomous. That was why Luo Binghe had adjusted his grip and carried him close to his chest instead, after tying him up with jungle vines.

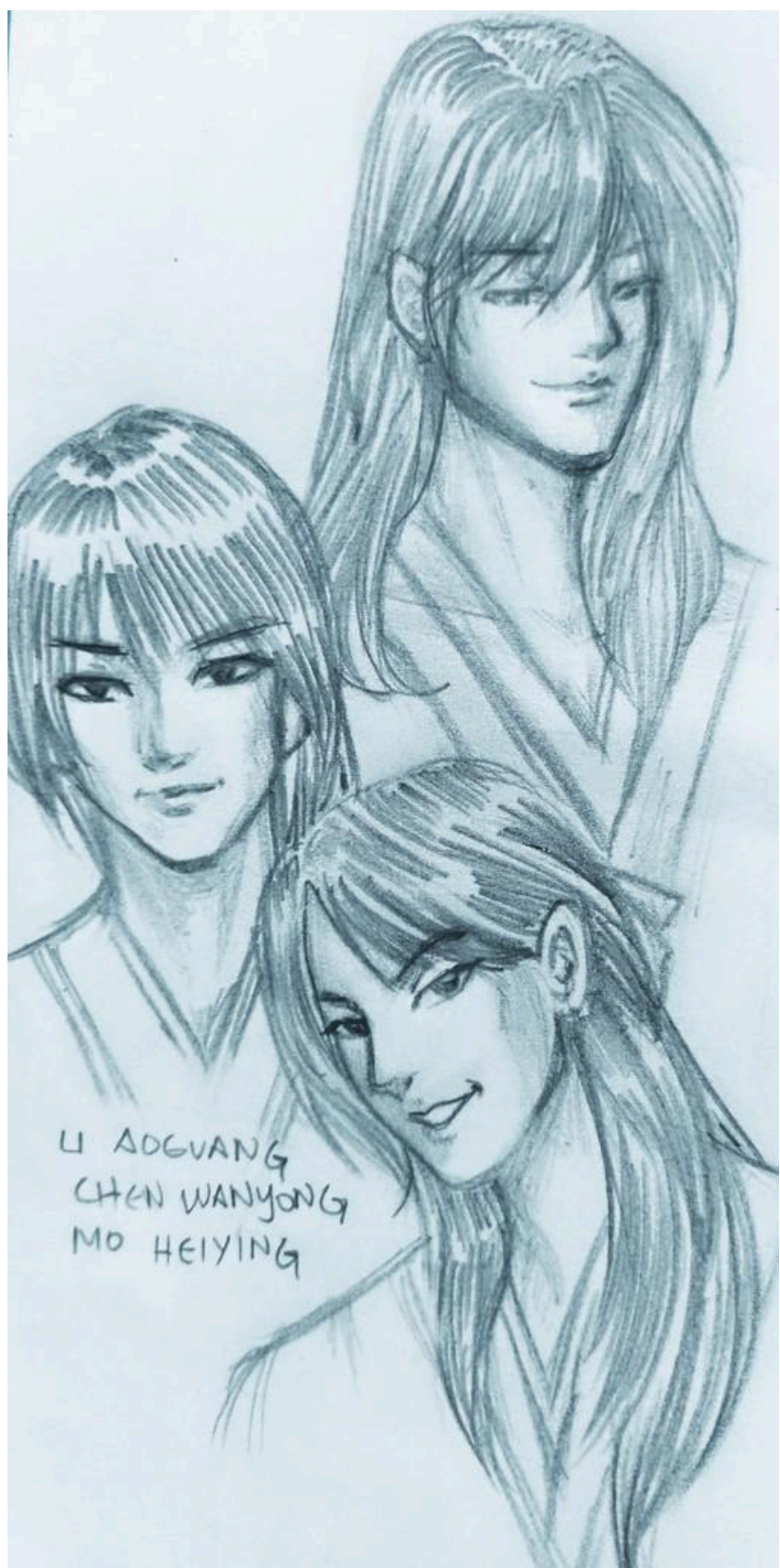
Shen Qingqiu was not getting away from him that easily.

Though here was another factor. Why was he so eager to get himself killed? The Shen Qingqiu that he remembered, had not wept nor screamed that much when he had been tortured. Indeed, that cold and vicious, impassive facade and lack of caring had been his greatest frustration when he had Shen Qingqiu being tortured, when he was still alive.

That Shen Qingqiu had only ever shown weakness when it was Yue Qingyuan.

This one was definitely not impassive at all.

*** pg.56



G's 3 teen students.

24. ATDSVT: The B Side

He should have done this before, Luo Binghe thought to himself as he closed his eyes in bliss, fingers moving to coax the chrysanthemum to accept him; stretching just for the joy of it and pulling out with a slick sound right before he made himself at home deep inside his victim with a low moan. Again.

This was not the first time he had indulged himself this night. The singing of the mermaids coaxing victims to them had only made him move with more force rather than luring him over to them to be devoured.

Soft pale skin and solid muscle under him, as he wrapped himself around the now helpless Shen Qingqiu like a crawling vine, rubbing against him like a particularly affectionate cat.

He kneaded his victim's waist just to see the lovely bruises bloom, licked and nibbled obscenely anywhere he pleased, biting down hard to leave a ring of teeth-marks red on pale skin and force another cry from his former teacher's lips before he licked at the blood that welled up in response to his aggression.

Ah, he should have done this before. Simply taken what he wanted from Shen Qingqiu by force the moment the man could no longer defeat him in battle. He had been far too hasty in some of his decisions. But... he had been so angry...

Once more he thanked whoever it was that had given him this particularly delicious treat. The fact that the treat in question had struggled, had tried to fight back and blast him and then had to be punished for trying to run from him and refuse him, now currently laying in a drying pool of its own blood, well...the pool was smaller than last time, which was a good improvement.

If Shen Qingqiu was more obedient next time there would be no need for it.

"Shizun," he panted against Shen Qingqiu's neck before nibbling for a few moments, stopping with a lick. "Shizun, if you stop fighting me, if you'll be obedient, and stop running from me, I can be gentle with you." His eyes were half lidded with pleasure, as he met his victim's gaze which was brimming with grievances and unshed tears. "So Shizun mustn't run, and mustn't refuse me anything ever again."

If he had known that the victim in question was putting together escape strategies of a different sort, he would have been furious.

As it was, he was caught off guard by the victim being taken from him and the dream ending right after he had his fill of the man's flesh, but not his information. pg.59

25. A Transdimensional Scum Villain's Tale

PAIN

pain

PAIN

[Punishment Zone Cleared! Your Negative point levels have now been cleared. You have accumulated Reputation Points in the interim.]

Oh, Thank Fuck.

Once more, I manage to crawl to the wooden urn and vomit everything up. On the bright side, less gore. On the bad side, PAIN.

Yue Qingyuan is hovering over me again, eyes filled with worry, damp with tears and self reproach over his helplessness. The *darling*.

I manage to gesture to little Fei Qilin to give me the tray with the wet cloth, the basin to wash my face in, the pitcher with mint water to wash my face and wash my mouth out.

Yue Qingyuan puts his hand on my back, rubbing it soothingly. Once I finish washing both my face and my mouth, the kid takes the tray away as we agreed before I crashed last night. I owe him pastries for that.

Now that I'm marginally cleaner, the first thing I do is grab a startled Yue Qingyuan by his robes and tug him in for a hug, burying my face into his chest. Waaarrrrm. Safe. There's a moment's pause, and then he sighs. "My poor junior apprentice brother..." and hugs me back.

My eyes are damp. I hurt all over. I cling like a limpet while he pets my back. He's so nice. So damn *perfect*.

A nebulous thought makes itself known- 'I want to marry this man.'

Fuck that dream-raping bastard with a rusty rake. He thinks he's going to claim me by fucking me and torturing me into submission?! Hell, no.

No. *I'm going to hit on Yue like the hand of God. Like the freaking hammer of goddamn Thor.*

And I'll start courting him just as soon as my body stops aching inside.

Oh, yeah. I also need to start coming up with painless suicide methods. See, everyone knows the fastest way to break out of a nightmare is by dying in it, right? I mean, either you die and stay dead, or near-death and you wake up, terrified out of your pants.

Clearly the answer to my resolution is to figure out how to self detonate my heart. Fastest possible method of death, can be tested by killing rodents. Yes. Definitely going to do that.

For now, HUGGING. ALL THE HUGGING.

*** pg.63

26. A Transdimensional Scum Villain's Tale

When looking for a spouse, you want a mature person. You want someone who will be kind to you, very gentle, considerate, loyal, decent. You want someone who will look after you and be there when you need them. You want someone intelligent, with many skills that will get them through life's turmoils. If healthy, nice bonus. If rich, very nice bonus. If handsome, beautiful or sexy, very nice bonus. If capable of beating the tar out of your enemies in irl PVP (player versus player) *with all the above*, quickly, take them to bed!

Of course, on your end, there is the whole problem of how to lure them into your bed in the first place, you know?

That is the problem I currently face with Yue Qingyuan. Yue Qingyuan hits all the boxes on my personal checklist. Yue Qingyuan liked the past Shen Qingqiu. That means I have an in. Would probably normally mean I could slot it in under 'childhood friend romance', right?

However, I still have some problems in implementation.

After having figured out that whoever is cursing me has seemingly stopped for now, he has his own priorities and his own Peak. He has his own disciples. Surely it will be difficult to coax him to stay over. Very difficult. Plus, he might be upset if I come on too strongly, so I cannot just grab him by the lapels and kiss him silly.

I think maybe I will start by giving him gifts and making food for him.

When in IRL, I always thought I would be more likely to meet up with my destined mate on the VROF. After all, there are many records of such things happening, and the couples seem to be very happy. There are modules for everything including sex, because the internet is made for porn.

Nonetheless, IRL skills are also good, so I invested in mass downloading and constantly practicing skills that would attract mates in VROF until I could replicate them in my body. Like

cooking, baking, arts and crafts. I think I pretty much downloaded 10 musical instrument modules to go with the others.

It's basically just muscle memory and nerve memory, you know? Repetitive practice? It's not really that different if you engrave it into your system.

On the dark web, it was said that the government had taken up making fighting modules and other such things with intent to download them into soldiers' minds. If they're anything like our pvp experts who consistently take their learned fighting styles to the VRMMORPG and then get high skills? It would be a good investment for them.

In any case, this engraved memory is useful for me since I have high levels in cooking. I can cook practically anything; my baking is top notch. My crafting skills are similarly high. I have made and enchanted clothing and weapons and items before.

The question is, can I convert my enchanting skills to being able to make things that can count as artifacts and weaponry here?

More importantly I intend to start hunting down the food sources for growing them in the new garden which I started setting up last time, after I got a proper pair of wooden mansions up with good plumbing and the works in terms of bathrooms.

After I can mokuton them into productivity, I intend to start testing out enchantments by making... an oven. And other analogues to appliances. Because I will need them if I must make delicacies to get Yue Qingyuan's attention.

*** pg.64

27. A Transdimensional Scum Villain's Tale

For every task, one must undergo research. When one is researching, one may as well drag people with them to *share the pain*.

I want to learn talisman crafting. I want to learn artifact crafting. Shen Qingqiu has a comprehensive education but didn't use it to the extent he should have. Basic is not good enough for me, but it is an excuse to drag my entire group of little buns and three big meatbuns *to learn it all* with me. As in, everything. *From the start*.

That's right, you little buns. If I have to suffer this for possibly years straight before I get as proficient as I want to be, so do you. If I have to reread and re-research my way through every goddamn piece of valuable intel in this fucking library and the other peaks' fucking libraries, you little buns will be coming with me.

All of you.

Everyone's learning rune-crafting in whatever style this world's got. You'll learn basic first aid and medical and cultivation herbs and plants. You'll learn to recognize spice plants. You'll learn to recognize edible plants and animals. I WILL MAKE YOU DISSECT A SNAKE, COOK IT AND EAT IT.

I'm going to drag you to every calligraphy class until you cry like little girls. I'm going to make you study math as punishments for any dereliction until you can calculate in your fucking sleep. I WILL MAKE YOU WRITE RESEARCH PAPERS ON EVERY SINGLE BOOK IN OUR PEAK'S LIBRARIES.

And then? And then I will drag you down to go on hunting trips until you can implement the information and kill the demons and mystical beasts depicted in those books in your fucking dreams. That is how we will roll from now on.

Why? Because it's inevitable that one day, you'll find yourself lost in the middle of nowhere, stuck in wilderness or in some thieves' den AND YOU WILL HAVE TO FEND FOR YOURSELF. This is a fact.

So, as your admittedly evil teacher, it is MY job to make sure you are fit to survive this country no matter what howling wilderness or reprehensible hive of scum and villainy you walk into.

What's that, Heiying? You don't like it? Additional music lessons, just for you. I'll drill you little buns and meatbuns until you can play the goddamn qin and flute in your fucking sleep!

Anyone else have objections?

No?

Good. Good little buns.

*** pg.65

28. A TRANSDIMENSIONAL SCUM VILLAIN'S TALE

It is said that the most formative years for people are in adolescence but the actual time when they learn faster is in childhood.

Before me I see thirteen baby buns, and three big meatbuns. Three spicy, quarrelsome meatbuns.

And all of them have their heads bent over their papers, their brushes moving across the paper rapidly, dipping into the ink pots. There is a hiatus for the buns to grind and wet their own ink, and then it is back to writing.

Today, we are all doing talismans.

I have been researching into the making of talismans. Some talismans need ink. Some need blood. Some need a mix of both. Talismans can do many things starting from binding lightning or other elements to paper, to binding illusions to paper, controlling undead up to the creation of teleport formations and possibly interspatial artifacts

As you may have guessed, the last pair is of particular interest. Do you have any idea of how useful a portable hole or bag of holding would be?! Let me give you a hint.

HOARDING TIME.

That is why I have gone all out, and turned my group of sixteen buns into a talisman assembly line.

They and I will be navigating the murky waters of talisman creation together!

After this, I shall take all my dear little buns and their sheafs of talismans and we will be testing them out on the unsuspecting demonic and mythical beast wildlife.

Ah, the joys of practical exams.

If I don't get to laugh as one of the buns' talismans fail and they run away from the beasts, I will reward them with delicious food and pastries.

Hm.. maybe we can even hunt for our meals as I hear eating mystical beast meat raises cultivation even further, ohohohoho!

*** pg.70

29. A Transdimensional Scum Villain's Tale: A Tale of Thirteen Buns

Wang An is so peaceful he's practically lethargic until you frighten him. Such a nice boy. Picking up on talismans and calligraphy nicely. I see a good future for him, mark my words.

Shang Bo makes waves of trouble. I swear, I have put him in more remedial classes for math and calligraphy than anyone else other than the three meatbuns.

Liu Cheung's parents were superstitious. They named him for good luck. Well, he's lucky, alright. Lucky that he picked up talismans quickly because he cries a lot whenever the beasts chase him. Not that I'd let them maul any of my buns, of course, but hilarious yakkety sax is still hilarious.

I wish Yang Dewei really was highly virtuous, because the little bun keeps trying to steal my cookies from the communal cookie jar. Without earning them. Back to math classes for you, bratling bun.

Huang Enlai was named very hopefully. However whoever thought to name some kid 'favor coming' should have figured out what kind of favor they wanted him to have. At this point, he's the primary target of cheek pinching.

Zhao Fu's parents wanted him to be wealthy. If he keeps selling off all his working talismans, he'll be wealthy alright, but he'll also be in a world of trouble during the next beast hunting trip. I gave these bratling buns a fifty talisman quota for a reason, you know?

Wu Gui's name means honored and noble but according to the books, his entire name is a homonym for turtle. He turtles up, alright. This is our equivalent of Rogal Dorn. He will fort up everything. Forever.

I approve of this wholeheartedly.

Zhou Hui was named for splendor and his parents threw up quite a fuss when they came to take him back. At least until he demonstrated his nice new electric talismans. I don't think his parents will ever forgive me for teaching him to make those.

Fei Qilin is our resident adorable baby buddha. Only with hair. He is a good natured, cheerful little creature made of hugs and an intense demand for sweets. As of now, he is in charge of the wash up basins in case of another nightmare curse. I trade him cookies or pastries for his taking on extra chores.

Sun Jin loves gold. I mean, loves it. This kid is going to be a brilliant business bun if he ever gets past the hurdle of being so enthralled with bling that he refuses to give up his coins.

Ma Kong is named glorious and I sense the wishful thinking of parents who want him to end up as a sect leader or grandmaster or something. Again, his parents aren't happy about the previous incidents. Although they seem to be more kindly disposed now that they've seen the kid blow up a demon beast by pelting it with charged rocks.

Zhu Liang was named bright but bids fair to follow in the footsteps of Zhuge Liang. Right down to the fan thing. He loves strategy books, loves strategy games, pesters everyone willing to play weiqi.

Guo Minghua was named brilliant elite and bids fair to prove his name right, but it would help if he wasn't turning himself into a little know it all. He makes his pudgy brother cry.

*** pg.70

30. A Transdimensional Scum Villain's Tale: Lesson Planning

There are twenty four hours in a day. Eight of those are used for sleep, three for eating. One for bathing.

So, a total of twelve hours for necessities for good health.

That leaves twelve hours for studies. Now, time for lesson planning.

There is the book reading from our library. The book reading from the medical peak. The book reading for talisman and artifact making. The calligraphy class. The talisman and artifact making class. The formation making class. The actual practical exercise class where I drag them on demonic or mythical or mystical beast hunts and have them look for herbs and fungi and other useful things. The mathematics class. The music class.

That is nine classes. Or at least nine things to do each day. Since music is the least important it can take place during their free time. As for the rest- making things and lots of reading should be 3 hours each combo session. 3 hours of practicals for, demon extermination, beast extermination, and useful resource acquirement.

And because I am a horrible person, I shall take them out on longer and longer jaunts so they see how the non-cultivating half lives.

If anyone is stupid enough to try to kidnap them, I foresee fire and blood in the streets.

*** pg.70

31. A Transdimensional Scum Villain's Tale

Fire, painting the heavens grey and red. Blood, pooling in the streets.

Me, laughing maniacally as my little buns learn the way of the murderhobo.

Glorious.

Apparently my little buns and I look like cannon fodder for kidnapping. Apparently slave traders were in this city.

Apparently my little buns are as bloodthirsty as I had hoped.

The idiots had threatened us and dragged us into a dingy, ramshackle warehouse full of their previous victims. I had seen the empty look in those people's eyes. Women and children sold like cattle, destined for forced prostitution.

My little buns didn't like that one bit. They rebelled. I just supervised as they went rampant.

My three big meatbuns didn't even get the chance to engage in heroics.

Little Zhao used the railgun trick with copper coins to tear holes in people as well as smashing them into walls.

Little Ma blew them to gobbets with rocks.

Little Sun has untied the captured children and women and is now looting corpses.

My eyes are damp with happiness. I'm so proud!

"Remember, kids, we need witnesses to make sure we can legally keep the loot and collect bounties when these criminals' heads are turned in!"

I'm so proud of them.

*** pg.71

32. A TRANSDIMENSIONAL SCUM VILLAIN'S TALE

I received this group of thirteen adorable baby buns when they were ages ranged seven (the second batch) to ten (the first batch). To be perfectly frank, they would be in grade school, somewhere around grade three to five.

To that end I have put them and their bigger meatbun comrades through a... not exactly similar education because these little buns need more kung fu and less bible.

Of the subjects I have taught them, it can be boiled down to the following subjects.

- 1.'Calligraphy, Artifacts and Talismans: Fucking the Laws of Physics'
- 2.'Qing Jing Peak Kung Fu: Fucking the Laws of Physics More'
- 3.'Anime Attacks: The Shameless Bootlegging'
- 4.'Improvised Weaponry: Yes, You Can Kill People And Animals With Anything On Hand Including Roof Tiles'
- 5.'Mythical and Magical and Demonic Beasts, Items and Herbs: Killing and Taking the Lootables'
- 6.'History: Bullshit You Need To Pretend To Believe'
- 7.'Medicine and The Human Body: Learn This If You Want To Live'
- 8.'Justifiable Violence: How To Kill People For Loots And Still Look Good'
- 9.'Survival Skills: Eat Or Be Eaten'
10. 'MATH: EVIL and SUFFERING'
11. music.

Yeah. My poor wage slave parents would never approve.

But well, I am stuck on a deathworld so, necessity drives us all to do regrettable things.

Who am I kidding?

My evil flourishes!

Of course, since I sleep a lot less than my little buns and big buns, that means I can do a lot more.

Like trying to make artifacts that I can use to cook, like making enchanted weapons, like baking and cooking for the kids and sewing their clothing.

All our clothes are now fine quality with experimental reinforcement. All of our food is now made with mystical and mythical beast meat and medicinal herbs. All of the buns now have weapons.

That's right. My house-hasubando skills are top notch, I will have you know.

It's one of the few ways this whole clusterfuck has benefited me. I am able to convert my in game skills for crafts, arts and fighting styles to my current usable skills in this world with so many hours of extra time to diligently train in.

As a result, I am certainly constantly hitting the books and hiding in the forest to either drain and process energy for future use or test out and refine attacks and fighting styles taken from Game modules collected when I was in VROF.

Why, you may ask?

Because I cannot sleep.

If I have to suffer, so will all my buns!

*** pg.72

33. A TRANSDIMENSIONAL SCUM VILLAIN'S TALE

Blood is very hard to get out of clothing, you know. Particularly white clothing. Worse if it's white silk.

This is why I have taken to teaching the buns about blood spray patterns and what causes them. And more importantly, how to avoid getting them on white fabric because if these idiots make me have to wash their clothes one more goddamn time, I'm going on a killing spree and then they will have to wash all the clothes. Forever.

Is it a sane course of study? No. But it will be massively useful for forensics, and also it is a good way to point out what parts of the body can be hit for rapid kills.

Plus, another useful thing. I have taken to teaching them how to make living things and parts of living things combust or explode.

Actually, it was mostly because I wanted to figure out how to set my heart to detonate like a goddamn bomb so I would not have to deal with that..that.. pervert.. again. But, hey, it's useful to kill things, so let's teach the kids how to do it to other living things, riiiiight?

I'm such a generous teacher.

Of course, the wide eyed horror on the kids' faces when I show them how to explode living things by practicing on rats and other ugly rodents is rather off-putting.

Look. At least I'm not practicing on pet rabbits or cute things, and you can use these on ugly demon beasts, what more do you kids want?!

*** pg.73

34. A Transdimensional Scum Villain's Tale: A Little Bun Interlude

Huang Enlai isn't sure whether to laugh or cry.

On one hand, it was nice to be taken care of by someone who, if weird, had your best interests at heart.

To be frank, many of Shifu's students didn't have parents anymore or had bad relationships with them.

Or in the case of only two of his fellow students, were in some kind of argument.

That meant they, particularly the orphans, were alone in the world.

While it was likely that those students with parents will eventually reconcile, the majority had no one to rely on. As such, Shifu's excellent cooking, baking and even the clothing Shifu makes for them is all deeply appreciated by these little drifting boats with no dock.

Even though Shifu is excellent at clothing and the fabric is very soft and kind to the skin, the problem is that the outer robes are so embroidered and ornately embellished that they would make brides jealous and envious of the wearers.

These are good enough for a noblewoman's trousseaus.

That is the whole problem. The clothes are so well made, so decorated and so brightly colored that some of the students from other peaks have taken to calling Qing Jing, Bridal Training Peak!

Bridal Training Peak, your mothers!

On one hand, that their Shifu handsews their clothing and even decorates them with embroidery and beadwork is proof of his affection for them. After the bad way their relationship as teacher and students started, this is a promising sign.

On the other hand, why does their shifu always dress them so girly?!

Xian Shu Peak disciples started following them around, you know?! Asking where they got their outer robes from! Asking if they could have them!

Xian Shu Peak only has girl disciples!

That is not what you want to hear pretty ladies say! Neither do you want to hear them say that with envy, that you are even prettier than them!

But that is the comments they are getting! Two male students confessed to him already, ah, but he likes girls!

*** pg.73

35. A Transdimensional Scum Villain's Tale: The Internal Deaths of Liu Qingge

The day was bright and sunny and Shen Qingqiu was standing at the gate waiting for Yue Qingyuan.

Yue Qingyuan looked startled at his arrival, but Shen Qingqiu simply shoved a well-made, covered, black lacquer box at him, saying bluntly, "For you."

While Yue Qingyuan was still trying to figure out what Shen Qingqiu was here for, his mouth opening and closing without a word coming out, Shen Qingqiu had already left.

Curious, disciples and fellow peak lords clustered around, wondering what was in the box.

The box opened with a waft of steam, and an incredibly appetite-awakening medley of scents hit the air.

The box was full of a 6 course meal, from vegetable and mystical beast meat side dishes, rice, soup, salads and even dessert. Everything about the meal coaxed the senses; the smell, the appearance, the vegetables verdant and clearly would be crisp, the glistening fat and marbled meat heavily, seductively had the perfect texture and rich scent... and ... everything appealed. Everything promised a perfect meal.

There was a moment's silence as the delicious smells permeated the air, and then an anonymous stomach rumbled in envy.

Liu Qingge died inside. It was his stomach making the rumble though he refused to let it show.

"What did you do to make him give you that?" hissed one of Liu Qingge's fellow Peak Lords, nudging Yue Qingyuan's side gently, causing Yue Qingyuan's mouth to open and close again.

"I-I don't know..." he said, flabbergasted.

...Apparently the meal was every bit as good as it looked and smelled, because the next time Shen Qingqiu showed up, there was a larger crowd.

Then there was the incident wherein Shen Qingqiu's students were seen practically strutting around in fine robes.

The accounting department would have had a cow except the money normally sent to Qing Jing Peak hadn't risen. If anything, the amount was still the same.

This was naturally a matter of concern to Liu Qingge. He sent in a few students to lurk around, bring back news about how the Qing Jing Peak had managed to afford the fabric.

The students came back, grumbling about the fact that Qing Jing Peak now also had two wood and stone mansions in addition to their bamboo house and a bath house and large number of toilets of their own.

Envy raised its ugly head through the ranks. The next report came from some rather bemused students of Bai Zhan Peak who had been given a box of delicious cakes to go with the message.

Apparently, Liu Qingge's unremarkable potted plant gift had allowed Shen Qingqiu to unlock a house building technique that grew entire houses, right down to the plumbing and furniture, and he had immediately taken to selling his services in construction, for funds.

As of now, Qing Jing Peak's finances were flourishing because of that and Shen Qingqiu had thoughtfully sent cakes he baked with the thank you note.

As he looked at the decimated cake box and his crumb sprinkled students and disciples, Liu Qingge died inside again.

He ate the cake anyway. It was utterly delicious.

Damn that Shen Qingqiu!

The worst blow to Liu Qingge's sanity so far was when three of his students took it upon themselves to confess to two of the Qing Jing students.

The Qing Jing students were appalled. The Xian Shu Peak students had apparently started writing erotic literature about their 'forbidden love'.

Liu Qingge died inside.

Stupid sexy Qing Jing Peak!

*** pg.74