

ROU BAO BU CHI ROU



The
HUSKY & His
WHITE CAT
SHIZUN

1

ERHA HE TA DE BAI MAO SHIZUN

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SHIZUN

ERHA HE TA DE BAI MAO SHIZUN

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← ERHA HE TA DE BAL MAO SHIZUN →

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ERHA HE TA DE BAI MAO SHIZUN VOL. 1

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希望二哈和他的白猫伙伴
能给你一段美妙的时光
肉包不吃肉

I hope The Husky & His White Cat Shizun
brings you a wonderful time.

—ROU BAO BU CHI ROU
("MEATBUN DOESN'T EAT MEAT")

Chapter 1: This Venerable One Dies

BEFORE MO RAN became an emperor, people were always calling him a dog. The villagers called him a *damn mutt*, his cousin called him a *stupid cur*, and the woman who took him in outdid them all, calling him a *bitch'swhelp* .

Mind you, there were other dog-related metaphors that weren't so bad. For example, his one-night stands always grumbled with feigned petulance that his energy in bed was like that of an alpha dog. Though his words were sweet enough to tempt the soul, the weapon between his legs had lethality enough to make them feel like they were about to lose their lives. But after the act, they would turn around and boast about that same thing, to the point that the entire pleasure district knew this Mo Weiyu fellow was both a handsome face and a good lay. All who had tried him out found themselves quite fulfilled, and those who hadn't yet were sorely tempted.

It must be said that all those names were incredibly spot-on. Mo Ran was indeed very much like a dumb tail-wagging dog.

Only once he became emperor of the cultivation world did these epithets disappear in a flash.

One day, a small sect from a faraway land offered Mo Ran the gift of a puppy.

The puppy had a greyish-white coat and a flame-shaped mark upon its forehead, somewhat like that of a wolf. But it was only as large as a melon, and it looked like it had the sentience of one, all chubby and round as it was. It nonetheless seemed to think itself a rather mighty creature and ran all around the great hall with abandon. Several times, it tried to catch a glimpse of the calm and unruffled presence on the throne, making attempts to scale the high steps—but its legs were too short, and after multiple defeats, it finally abandoned its efforts.

Mo Ran stared at that energetic yet seemingly brainless ball of fur for a long while before suddenly letting out a laugh, calling it a damn mutt as he did so.

The puppy soon grew to become a big dog, the big dog became an old dog, and eventually, the old dog became a dead dog.

Mo Ran closed his eyes, then opened them. His life, filled as it had been with the ebb and flow of prestige and shame, ups and downs, felt like it had gone by in a blink. Before he knew it, thirty-two years had passed.

He'd grown bored of his dalliances, and everything had lost its flavor and appeal. In recent years, the familiar faces around him had

faded away, one by one, and even that flame-marked dog had passed on to the heavens. He felt that soon it would be time for him as well.

Time for it all to come to an end.

He plucked a plump, smooth-skinned grape from his bowl of fruit and began to peel off its purple skin with unhurried movements. His actions were easy and practiced, like that of a tribal chief in his camp, peeling off the robes of his exotic concubine, languid and lazy. The lustrous flesh of the grape quivered lightly in his fingertips, the juice seeping out an exquisite purple, vibrant like sunset-limned clouds carried in the beaks of wildfowl across the sky, like haitang blossoms entering slumber in late spring.

Or of a bloodstain.

He scrutinized his fingers as he chewed and swallowed the heavy sweetness of the grape before lifting his gaze with detached indolence.

It's about time now, he thought to himself.

About time for him to go to hell.

Mo Ran, courtesy name Weiyu. The first emperor of the cultivation world.

It had not been an easy path to reach where he now stood. It had taken not only outstanding spiritual power but a thick-skinned shamelessness and disregard for what others thought.

Before he'd come along, the ten great sects of the cultivation world had been locked in a stalemate, fighting nonstop over their divided territory. With the sects clashing against one another like so, none had been able to emerge as a frontrunner to rule the world and call the shots. Besides, the sect leaders were all learned people; even if they had wanted to grant themselves titles, they were too wary of chroniclers' pens, too self-conscious of how they would be portrayed in the annals of history.

Mo Ran was different. He was a scoundrel.

What others never dared to do, he'd gone and done it all. Drinking the finest, fieriest wines of the mortal realm, marrying the most beautiful woman in the world, first establishing himself as "Taxian-jun," leader of the cultivation world, then declaring himself emperor.

All bowed before him. Any who refused to kneel were slaughtered one and all. In his years of tyranny, the cultivation world was drowned in blood, and desolation and starvation spread throughout the land. Countless vigilantes died martyrs' deaths, and Rufeng Sect of the ten great sects was completely annihilated.

Later still, even Mo Ran's esteemed teacher was unable to escape his demonic claws. In a final battle with Mo Ran, his once-beloved disciple defeated him, then imprisoned him in his palace. No one knew what had become of the man thereafter.

A land of clear rivers and calm seas, once great, now lay smothered under the miasmic haze of pandemonium.

That dog of an emperor Mo Ran was not well-read, and what's more, he cared little for taboos or inhibitions. As such, during the time in which he was in power, there was no shortage of absurdity. For example, the titles of his reigning years.

The first three years of his reign he named "Wang Ba: Tortoise."¹ He had thought of it while feeding fish by the pond.

The second set of three years he titled "Gua: Croak," the reason being that he'd heard frogs croaking in the garden during the summer months and believed them to be inspiration sent from the heavens—something not to be taken for granted.

The country's scholars believed that no reigning titles could ever be more tragic than "Tortoise" and "Croak," but alas, they underestimated Mo Weiyu.

In the third set of three years, a restlessness stirred throughout the realm; whether they were Buddhists, Daoists, or spiritual