

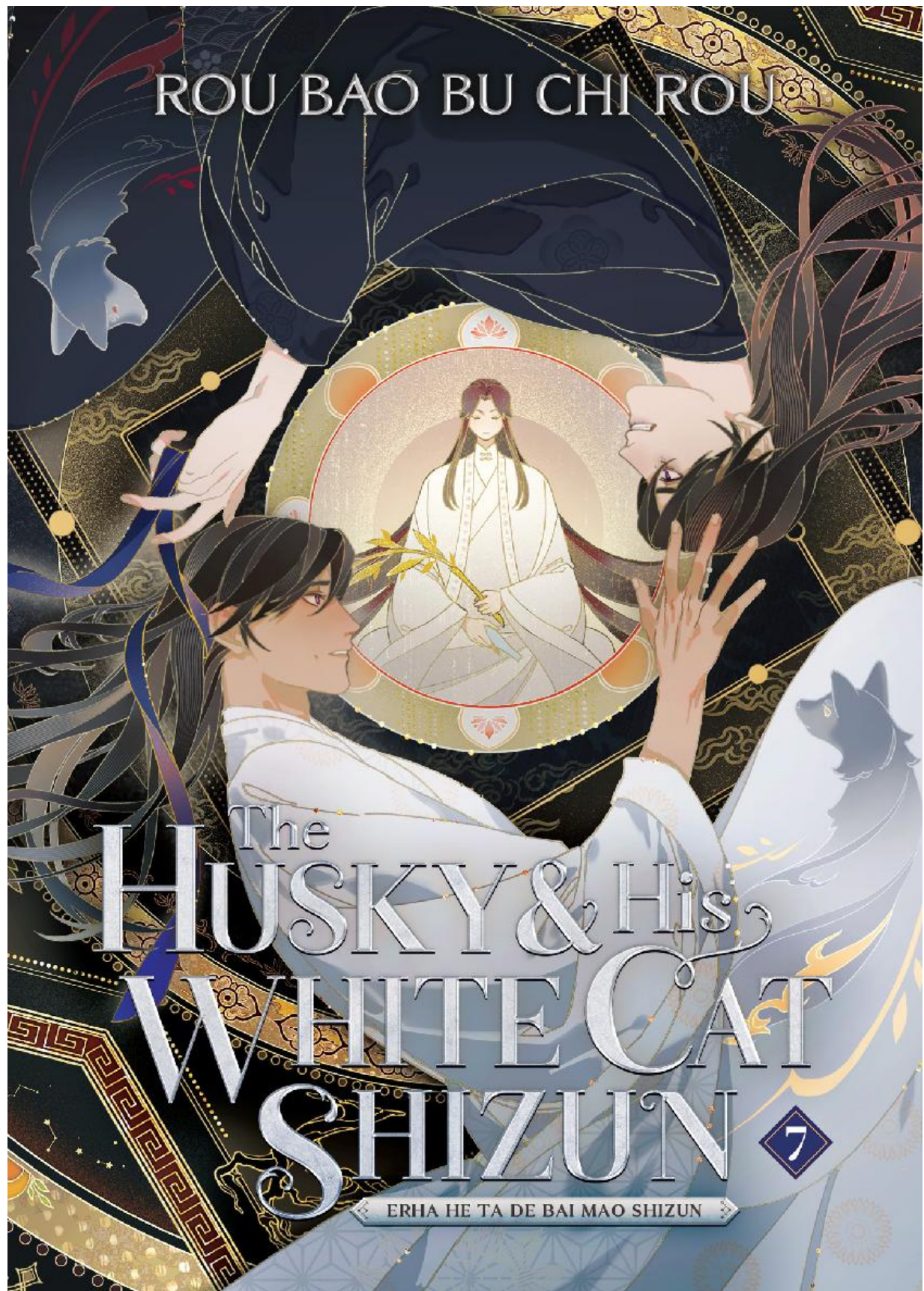
ROU BAO BU CHI ROU

The
HUSKY & His
WHITE CAT
SHIZUN

ERHA HE TA DE BAI MAO SHIZUN

7

ROU BAO BU CHI ROU



The
HUSKY & His
WHITE CAT
SHIZUN

ERHA HE TA DE BAI MAO SHIZUN

7

Table of Contents

[Color Gallery](#)

[Title Page](#)

[Copyrights and Credits](#)

[Table of Contents Page](#)

[Chapter 210: Shizun's Only Allowed to Give Me a Handkerchief](#)

[Chapter 211: Shizun, Let's Climb Mount Jiao](#)

[Chapter 212: Sect Founder](#)

[Chapter 213: Death Match](#)

[Chapter 214: Spiritual Core Shatters](#)

[Chapter 215: Burning the Corpse](#)

[Chapter 216: Fallen into Servitude](#)

[Chapter 217: The Nightmare Begins](#)

[Chapter 218: But You've Returned](#)

[Chapter 219: Don't Leave Me](#)

[Chapter 220: Side by Side](#)

[Chapter 221: Hand in Hand](#)

[Chapter 222: Panicked Tumult](#)

[Chapter 223: Carefree Wandering, Reprise](#)

[Chapter 224: A Gentleman's Word](#)

[Chapter 225: Mock My Madness](#)

[Chapter 226: Never to Forget](#)

[Chapter 227: Bygone Wish](#)

[Chapter 228: All for Naught](#)

[Chapter 229: Stained Forever](#)

[Chapter 230: Young Man](#)

[Chapter 231: Dueling the Sage](#)

[Chapter 232: Both Eyes Blinded](#)

[Chapter 233: This Venerable One Can Change the Title If He Wants! Take That!](#)

[**Chapter 234: The Emperor Returns**](#)

[**Chapter 235: Nowhere to Go**](#)

[**Chapter 236: A Monk's Passing**](#)

[**Chapter 237: Sacred Tree**](#)

[**Chapter 238: Soulless**](#)

[**Chapter 239: Resolve**](#)

[**Chapter 240: Selfless**](#)

[**Chapter 241: Truth**](#)

[**Chapter 242: Consort Chu**](#)

[**Chapter 243: Third**](#)

[**The Story Continues**](#)

[**Appendix: Characters, Names, and Locations**](#)

[**Appendix: Glossary**](#)

[**About the Author**](#)

[**Back Matter**](#)

[**Footnotes**](#)

[**Back Cover**](#)

[**Newsletter**](#)

The
HUSKY & His
WHITE CAT
SHIZUN

7

ERHA HE TA DE BAI MAO SHIZUN





The HUSKY & His WHITE CAT SHIZUN

ERHA HE TA DE BAI MAO SHIZUN

7

WRITTEN BY
Rou Bao Bu Chi Rou

ILLUSTRATED BY
St

TRANSLATED BY
Jun, Rui, & Yu



Seven Seas Entertainment

THE HUSKY & HIS WHITE CAT SHIZUN:
ERHA HE TA DE BAI MAO SHIZUN VOL. 7

Published originally under the title of 《二哈和他的白貓師尊》
(Erha He Ta De Bai Mao Shizun)
Author © 肉包不吃肉 (Rou Bao Bu Chi Rou)
English edition rights under license granted by 北京晉江原創網絡科技有限公司
(Beijing Jinjiang Original Network Technology Co., Ltd.)
English edition copyright © 2024 Seven Seas Entertainment, Inc.
Arranged through JS Agency Co., Ltd
All rights reserved.

Cover and Interior Illustrations by St

No portion of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form without written permission from the copyright holders. This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are the products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental. Any information or opinions expressed by the creators of this book belong to those individual creators and do not necessarily reflect the views of Seven Seas Entertainment or its employees.

Seven Seas press and purchase enquiries can be sent
to Marketing Manager Lauren Hill at press@gomanga.com.
Information regarding the distribution and purchase of digital editions is available
from Digital Manager CK Russell at digital@gomanga.com.

Seven Seas and the Seven Seas logo are trademarks of
Seven Seas Entertainment. All rights reserved.

Follow Seven Seas Entertainment online at
sevenseasentertainment.com.

TRANSLATION: Jun, Rui, Yu
ADAPTATION: Neon Yang
COVER DESIGN: M. A. Lewife
INTERIOR DESIGN: Clay Gardner
INTERIOR LAYOUT: Karis Page
COPY EDITOR: Jehanne Bell
PROOFREADER: Ami Leh, Hnã
EDITOR: Kelly Quinn Chiu
PREPRESS TECHNICIAN: Melanie Ujimori, Jules Valera
MANAGING EDITOR: Alyssa Scavetta
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: Julie Davis
PUBLISHER: Lianne Sentar
VICE PRESIDENT: Adam Arnold
PRESIDENT: Jason DeAngelis

ISBN: 978-1-68579-775-1
Printed in Canada
First Printing: December 2024
10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1



TABLE OF CONTENTS

210 Shizun's Only Allowed to Give Me a Handkerchief

211 Shizun, Let's Climb Mount Jiao

MOUNT JIAO ARC

212 Sect Founder

213 Death Match

214 Spiritual Core Shatters

215 Burning the Corpse

216 Fallen into Servitude

217 The Nightmare Begins

218 But You've Returned

219 Don't Leave Me

220 Side by Side

221 Hand in Hand

222 Panicked Tumult

223 Carefree Wandering, Reprise

224 A Gentleman's Word

225 Mock My Madness

226 Never to Forget

227 Bygone Wish

228 All for Naught

229 Stained Forever

230 Young Man

231 Dueling the Sage

232 Both Eyes Blinded

233 This Venerable One Can Change the Title
If He Wants! Take That!

234 The Emperor Returns

235 Nowhere to Go

DRAGONBLOOD MOUNTAIN ARC

236 A Monk's Passing

237 Sacred Tree

238 Soulless

239 Resolve

240 Selfless

241 Truth

242 Consort Chu

243 Third

◆ APPENDIX: Characters, Names, and Locations

◆ APPENDIX: Glossary

Chapter 210: Shizun's Only Allowed to Give *Me* a Handkerchief

HALFWAY THROUGH THE NIGHT, Chu Wanning woke from fitful slumber to find Mo Ran dressed and out of bed. He sat at the table before a single lit candle, head bowed in concentration over something in his hands. Bathed by the candlelight and the afterglow of their entanglement, all of Mo Ran's helplessness and disquiet seemed to have faded to nothing. Chu Wanning watched him for a while, gaze languid, before asking, "What are you working on?"

"Shizun, are you awake? Is the light too bright..."

"No. What are you working on?" Chu Wanning asked once more.

Mo Ran pressed his lips together and smiled bashfully.

Chu Wanning rose and draped a robe over his shoulders. He padded barefoot over to Mo Ran, leaning against the table to take a look. Spread upon the wooden surface were Chu Wanning's haitang handkerchief and three plain white ones, which Mo Ran was presently embroidering using the haitang as reference.

"You're embroidering handkerchiefs?"

"Shizun...I want the handkerchiefs you make to be just for me."

Mo Ran set down the needle and thread to wrap an arm around Chu Wanning's waist. Leaning in, he kissed Chu Wanning's bare chest where a scar lay above his heart. Chu Wanning had never mentioned how he'd gotten

it, and Mo Ran had never asked. But he often kissed it unconsciously when they were pressed skin to skin.

“I’ll make the handkerchiefs for the others,” said Mo Ran. “They won’t know who did it, anyway...” He picked up a finished handkerchief. “See, Shizun, I copied yours—doesn’t it look identical?” Mo Ran asked, grinning.

Chu Wanning sighed. “I hardly need to look to know it will be.”

Did Mo Ran have to be quite so possessive? Chu Wanning ran his fingers through Mo Ran’s hair. Mo Ran tilted his head back in response, smiling up at him. The light of the candle was dim, and Mo Ran’s eyes were slightly bloodshot from strain. But the soft brilliance of his smile was undiminished.

“Is there still something on your mind?” Chu Wanning asked.

Mo Ran blinked, then said softly, “Not anymore.”

“Mn, that’s good.”

“Let’s just...take things as they come.” Mo Ran seemed to be saying it to himself as well as Chu Wanning.

Take things as they come.

Days like these were far too few. Mo Ran was no god; he was a tiny, insignificant scrap of duckweed floating through the vast mortal world. Every person had selfish desires of their own. If one were to give a cup of water to a parched man and allow him a single sip, only to instruct him to pour the rest out and die of thirst, it would be an impossible task. Who in the world could bear to do it? *Why not take one more sip of sweet dew*, Mo Ran

thought to himself. If he were sent back to purgatory after today, at least he'd have this comfort—a reservoir of crystalline memories to soothe a lifetime of drought.

The next morning, all the travelers assembled outside Taobao Estate to set out for Mount Jiao. Master Ma had directed his people to ready a hardy steed for each cultivator, and hanging from the pommel of every black and gold saddle was a qiankun pouch embroidered with the motif of a black cat. From atop his horse, Xue Meng took one glance at this pouch and wrinkled his nose, nauseated.

He didn't expect to hear a soft chuckle from nearby. "Ma-zhuang-zhu's taste is really something. The cat-head logo on the qiankun pouches is one thing, but the red 'Ma' stitched onto the back? How quaint."

Xue Meng turned his head to see Mei Hanxue astride a tall white horse, toying with the qiankun pouch in his hand. He glanced up at Xue Meng, a touch of mirth in those eyes like pale jade. The teardrop ornament at his brow shimmered with a gentle light, painting a mesmerizing picture.

Xue Meng rolled his eyes. "Sleazeball."

The sleazeball flashed a small smile, his eyes crinkling without a hint of anger. "Xue-gongzi's looking rather peaked today. Missed your beauty sleep last night?" Undeterred by Xue Meng's silence, Mei Hanxue continued, "You have dark circles under your eyes and an inauspicious shadow between your brows. I've got some calming herbal ointment here that will help you sleep..."

"Mei Hanxue, have you nothing better to do?" Xue Meng had reached the limit of his endurance. He fumed, "What are you doing over here with

Sisheng Peak? Did Taxue Palace kick you out?”

“My shizun sent me,” Mei Hanxue replied, smile never faltering. “I’ve brought the concealed weapons your dad asked for yesterday.”

“Then you’d better drop them and get lost.”

“Mm-hmm,” Mei Hanxue agreed cheerfully. “Getting lost in just a minute.”

Xue Meng could only stare. Something *had* to be wrong with this man. Each time Xue Meng saw him, he was either coy as a girl or cold as a rock. He’d been aloof when Xue Meng had run into him at Rufeng Sect, putting Xue Meng down with terse jibes, yet now he was playing the gentleman and turning the other cheek. Xue Meng could hardly stand to look at him. Tugging on the reins, he turned back once more to glare at the exceedingly handsome man mounted beside him.

“Seriously, Mei Hanxue, do you have a problem with me?”

“Nope.”

“Then do you think we’re *close* or something?”

Mei Hanxue laughed without answering, his limpid eyes flecked with light. Under the hood of his cloak, the ends of his long, golden hair fluttered in the breeze, glowing warm beneath the sun.

At any rate, Xue Meng didn’t plan on waiting for his reply. He scowled. “Once you deliver the weapons, get out of here. I can’t keep you from hounding the other sects, but don’t even *think* of sucking up to me so you can corrupt the little shimei from Sisheng Peak.”

“*Pfft.*” Mei Hanxue sputtered a laugh, then quickly concealed it with a cough into his fist. Intrigued, he scrutinized Xue Meng for a moment more before replying, “Got it.”

The silver bell on his pale wrist tinkled softly in the wind as he turned his horse away. With a last smile, he cast Xue Meng a sidelong glance. “I’m off.”

Xue Meng glared. “What are you waiting for? Do I need to send you off with firecrackers?”

Mei Hanxue urged his horse forward, but after a couple of steps, he turned his head once more. “Oh yes, one more thing.”

Xue Meng didn’t want to hear it, but his curiosity got the better of him. “What?” he grumbled.

Mei Hanxue smirked. He brought one long, fair finger to the corner of his lips, looking every bit the rogue as he laughed, “You’re so saucy today.”

Xue Meng’s face went an alarming shade of green. “Y-you... *You!*” Overcome with disgust, he sputtered without managing a single word more.

At this point, the sect leaders were shouting orders to assemble in preparation for their departure. Mei Hanxue grinned and waved to Xue Meng as he dug his heels into his mount and rode off. By the time Mo Ran brought his horse up next to Xue Meng, their visitor had vanished into the crowd. All he saw was Xue Meng in a state of such fury he was clutching his chest and gagging.

“Did you eat something bad?” Mo Ran asked in alarm.

“Ugh—don’t talk to me right now. I got served a steaming pile of shit first thing in the fucking morning...”

“Fasting does make you hungry, but surely not so hungry you’d eat a pile of shit...”

“Fuck *off*!” Xue Meng shoved Mo Ran in the chest, sending both him and the horse stumbling back. He looked angry enough to ascend as he roared red-faced into the distance: “Ugh! Bullshit! *You’re* the fucking saucy one!”

After this final kerfuffle, the crowd of thousands mounted their horses and departed Gu Mountain to begin their journey toward Mount Jiao. Such a sight was rare: most cultivators traveled by sword, which allowed even large groups to traverse long distances in no time at all. It was unusual for so many cultivators to set out together on horseback.

A good portion of their party had never undertaken such a long ride before, and complaints began to rise from the group after the first day. Luckily, Master Ma’s qiankun pouches contained all sorts of useful items: from energizing pills to refreshingly perfumed hand fans, to several catalogs printed on silk featuring descriptions and prices of myriad novelties sold by Taobao Estate.

During one break along the way, Xue Meng watched Master Ma prattling away under the shade of a tree. The second-richest man in the world spared neither effort nor enthusiasm in his tireless hawking. “Distinguished sirs and madams, if you see anything you like, just put a checkmark next to the item! Once I return home, I’ll personally deliver them to your manors—seven-day guaranteed refund, fifteen-day warranty! No need to send payment until your orders have arrived in full...”

Several people listening were so bored of the long ride they really did begin to flip through the catalogs. This was just what Master Ma intended—these little booklets were the only option for reading material in those spacious qiankun pouches. And if one looked at the catalogs long enough, a few items would inevitably start to seem appealing. Even Xue Meng ended up drawing a circle around “Nanping Mountain Spiritual Swallow’s Nest—suitable for all ages, with a delicate and subtle flavor, this premium-quality product will fortify your spiritual energy!” It seemed Jack Ma was indeed going to make a fortune, quite as Mo Ran had predicted.

After seven days of riding, Master Ma’s coffers were overflowing, while the travelers were beginning to flag. They finally reached the edge of the Panlong Range that evening.

“Dragons have their pride, prithee mark this well.”

Xue Zhengyong read aloud the words carved into the massive boulder at the path’s entrance. He turned to Nangong Si. “Young Nangong-gongzi, what does this mean?”

“It means we must proceed on foot from this point on,” Nangong Si replied. “Also, no one may use any obscene language until we open the barrier on Mount Jiao. Otherwise, the dragon will retaliate.”

The sect leaders wasted no time relaying Nangong Si’s grave warning to their subordinates. Each sect had their own method of transmitting messages: the leader of Taxue Palace blew into a jade flute that she drew from her sash, while Master Xuanjing rang a silver bell. Jiang Xi didn’t move a muscle; instead it was Hua Binan who waved a hand and summoned a dark cloud from his sleeve. Only upon closer examination did they see that this cloud was not smoke, but thousands of tiny insects that buzzed over to the ear of every Guyueye disciple.

The sight repulsed Xue Meng. “Hanlin the Sage is such a weirdo,” he remarked. “Do you think he’s covered in bugs?” A thought occurred to him, and he turned to Shi Mei. “Wait, didn’t you study on Rainbell Isle? Hua Binan didn’t rub off on you or anything, did he? You’d better not whip out a swarm of bugs too—I swear I couldn’t take it.”

Shi Mei turned and smiled after a beat. “The young master needn’t worry.”

Sisheng Peak also needed to pass on Nangong Si’s message. The other sects had their impressive specialized techniques, but Xue Zhengyong simply cast a voice-amplifying spell on himself and shouted, “Once we enter the mountains, don’t cuss or swear! If you can’t control yourself, place a silencing curse on yourself before we go in! Everybody got that?”

His booming voice rang between the peaks, resounding deep into the forests and high into the clouds. The insistent echo of his words—*Everybody got that? ...body got that? ...got that?*—left the crowd of cultivators dumbfounded.

Chapter 211: Shizun, Let's Climb Mount Jiao

THE FIRST DAY AFTER entering the mountain range passed without incident, but on the second night, while everyone was meditating or resting, a mishap occurred.

One of the cultivators went into the forest in the middle of the night to relieve himself. As he was emptying his bladder, he felt an itch on his leg and looked down to see an enormous mosquito perched on his thigh, swollen with blood. He crushed the mosquito with a quick slap, then added out of habit, “Fuck off, goddamn bloodsucker.”

Ominous rustling rose from the forest around him. Panicking, the cultivator abruptly remembered Nangong Si's warning. Without even bending to pull up his pants, he broke into a sprint, screaming at the top of his lungs, “Help! Shizun! Help me!”

This cultivator was a disciple of Jiangdong Hall and one of Huang Xiaoyue's attendants. His desperate shout was like a boulder crashing into a still pool, sending up massive waves. The travelers roused from their slumber to see the terrified Jiangdong Hall cultivator hurtling toward them from out of the trees. He was simultaneously sprinting and sobbing, ass out, dick swinging. At his heels hissed a horde of at least a hundred black snakes, several already wrapped around his ankles.

“My disciple?” Huang Xiaoyue gasped.