

ROU BAO BU CHI ROU

The
HUSKY & His
WHITE CAT
SHIZUN

ERHA HE TA DE BAI MAO SHIZUN

11

Table of Contents

[Color Gallery](#)

[Title Page](#)

[Copyrights and Credits](#)

[Table of Contents Page](#)

Xue Mengmeng's Blind Date Adventures

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

[Chapter 7](#)

[Chapter 8](#)

[Chapter 9](#)

[Chapter 10](#)

[Chapter 11](#)

[Chapter 12](#)

[Chapter 13](#)

[Chapter 14](#)

[Chapter 15](#)

[Chapter 16](#)

[Chapter 17](#)

[Chapter 18](#)

[Chapter 19](#)

[Chapter 20](#)

[Chapter 21](#)

[Who Took Xue Mengmeng's Candies?: Server Edition](#)

Happy Birthday, Wanning

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

[Chapter 7](#)

[Chapter 8](#)

[Fin](#)

[Afterword](#)

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

[Appendix: Glossary](#)

[About the Author](#)

[Back Matter](#)

[Footnotes](#)

[Back Cover](#)

[Newsletter](#)

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WRITTEN BY
Rou Bao Bu Chi Rou

ILLUSTRATED BY
St

TRANSLATED BY
Jun, Rui, & Yu



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ADAPTATION: Neon Yang

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

◆ Xue Mengmeng's Blind Date Adventures

Chapter 1

Chapter 2

Chapter 3

Chapter 4

Chapter 5

Chapter 6

Chapter 7

Chapter 8

Chapter 9

Chapter 10

Chapter 11

Chapter 12

Chapter 13

Chapter 14

Chapter 15

Chapter 16

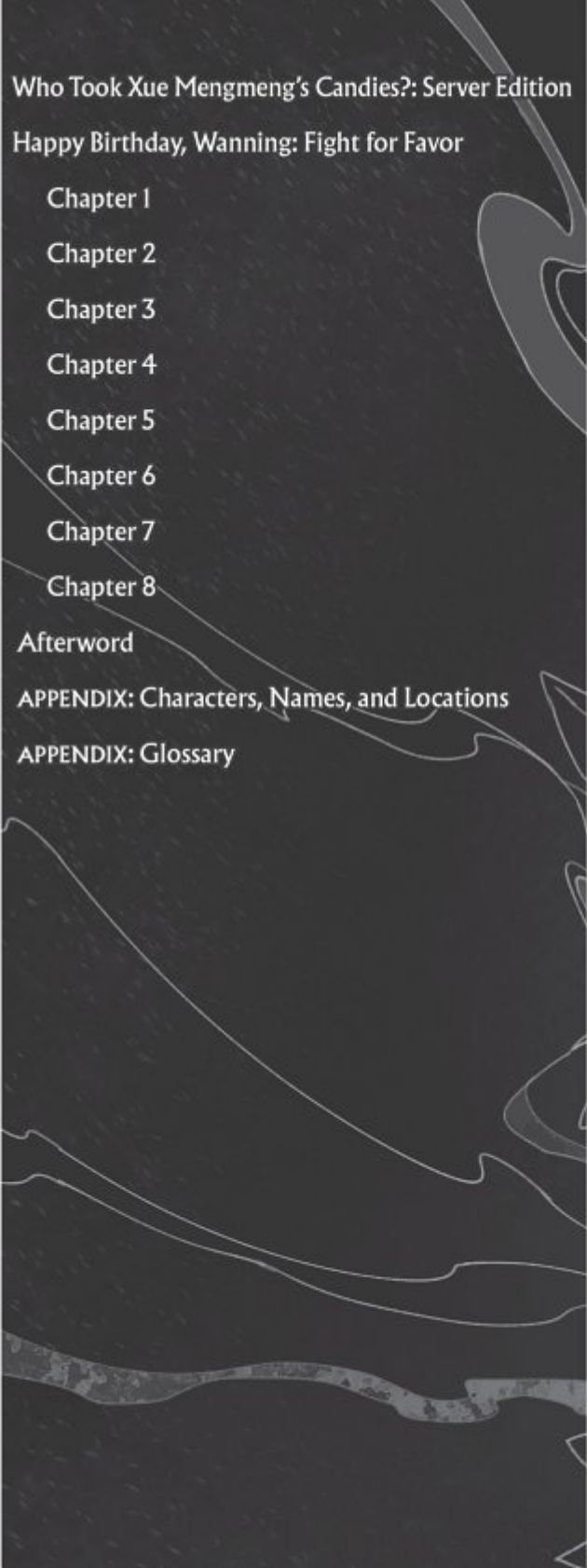
Chapter 17

Chapter 18

Chapter 19

Chapter 20

Chapter 21

- 
- ◆ Who Took Xue Mengmeng's Candies?: Server Edition
 - ◆ Happy Birthday, Wanning: Fight for Favor
 - Chapter 1
 - Chapter 2
 - Chapter 3
 - Chapter 4
 - Chapter 5
 - Chapter 6
 - Chapter 7
 - Chapter 8
 - ◆ Afterword
 - ◆ APPENDIX: Characters, Names, and Locations
 - ◆ APPENDIX: Glossary

Xue Mengmeng's Blind Date Adventures

Chapter 1

IN RECENT DAYS, a new spiritual device had taken the cultivation world by storm: the Matching Scroll. Developed by Master Ma of Taobao Estate, only two lines of text appeared on the cover of the device's user guide, in strong, bold calligraphy script:

With scroll in hand, no need to dread,

This magic item will get you wed!

Xue Meng first learned of the Matching Scroll while training at Sisheng Peak's Dancing Sword Platform. He wiped Longcheng down with a square of white silk and turned in irritation toward the Taobao Estate disciple earnestly trying to recommend it to him. "What the hell are you talking about? Why's Ma Yun think I need this kind of junk?"

"Um... Ma-zhuangzhu said Xue-zhangmen works too hard and doesn't have time to get to know any nice young ladies. Over the past two years, he's learned a lot from your shizun Chu-zongshi and made huge strides in refining magical devices. He wants to thank Sisheng Peak, so...the Matching Scroll was designed specifically with Xue-zhangmen in mind."

Xue Meng was immediately incensed. Longcheng flashed, and the white handkerchief fluttered to the ground, sliced cleanly in half. "For me? Absurd. Do I *look* like I can't get girls?"

The Taobao Estate disciple looked the prime specimen Sect Leader Xue over from head to toe, swallowed hard, and nervously tried again. “Well, if you’d p-prefer to get guys, we can help with that too.”

Xue Meng stared at him in silence, his face turning almost green with fury. In the brisk wind atop the Dancing Sword Platform, he stabbed Longcheng back into its sheath and snapped, “Attendants!”

“Yes, Sect Leader!”

“Get him out of here!” Xue Meng said with a scowl.

“At once, Sect Leader!”

A wise choice on Xue Meng’s part. Ma Yun was a business tycoon; he certainly wasn’t that invested in matchmaking. It was true that he’d developed the Matching Scroll, and also true that it could identify suitable partners for cultivators. But to say Master Ma had done it for Sect Leader Xue’s sake—well, that would be a big fat lie.

There could be only one reason he was trying to pull Xue Meng into this, and that was simple: He wanted to attract female cultivators.

After the last great battle, the cultivation realm had been turned on its head. Sisheng Peak became one of the greatest sects in the world overnight, and of course many entries in the *God-Knows-What Rankings* had to be reshuffled. Xue Meng himself ended up topping several charts, and he had swiftly become the newest heartthrob among girls his own age.

As a businessman who kept his finger squarely on the pulse of things, Master Ma naturally monitored those best-selling *God-Knows-What Rankings*. One dark and stormy night, as he cheerfully ate watermelon and

picked happily at his feet, he flipped through the newest rankings and clucked his tongue.

“No. 1 Hero, Chu Wanning. Status: In seclusion.

“No. 2 Hero, Mo Weiyu. Status: Same as above.”

After spitting out a long stream of melon seeds, Master Ma mumbled to his trusted subordinate: “Ah, if only they were single. If we could get them to sign on, girls would go crazy fighting to buy a Matching Scroll. Terrible shame.”

He held up the little sketch of Chu Wanning to drive home his point. “See? You know, I never noticed before, but he’s really quite a looker. Chu-zongshi is so handsome, the perfect picture of an ethereal immortal.”

“Sect Leader,” his subordinate replied docilely. “I’ve never had any particular eye for beauty. It’s best to keep me out of these discussions.”

Master Ma nodded. “You’re right. You do have bad taste. I’ll keep my own counsel.” But a mere few minutes later, his head popped back up. “What do you think about Mei Hanxue?”

The subordinate maintained his deferential air. “He’s surrounded by admirers even without a matchmaking device. He won’t be interested.”

“Ohh, you’re right about that one.”

Another few minutes passed.

“What about Jiang Xi?”

“The man is ruthless. Sect Leader, you’re too kind and trusting. It’s best not to do business with people like Jiang-zunzhu unless you want to go flat broke. And, I’m sorry to say, sir, given his temper, if he found out you wanted to use him as bait for girls to buy the Matching Scroll, he’d probably turn you into a human pig and send you to spend your golden years with the other swine in Guyueye’s pigpen.”

Master Ma patted the man’s head with a smile. “Little guy, I love it when you give it to me straight.”

After more back-and-forth of the same kind, Master Ma made up his mind. “Why don’t we try Xue Meng? He might not rank highly in wealth or height, but his face is top-of-the-line. He’s a newly minted sect leader, plus, he’s about the right age for such things... Well, why not? Send someone to talk him into it, will you?”

And thus was born the nonsensical spiel the Taobao Estate disciple had whipped out before the handsome young sect leader.

Xue Meng was furious. He’d gotten much better at reining in his temper ever since he’d taken up his position as sect leader, so the sight of him in such a temper was rare indeed.

“Sect Leader, what’s wrong?” asked the Xuanji Elder carefully. “Is something bothering you?”

Xue Meng gritted his teeth. “I don’t get it,” he squeezed out. “Plenty of people are single. Why’s that Ma bastard so hung up on me?”

The Xuanji Elder was sharp as a tack. He quickly realized Xue Meng had been jabbed in a sore spot. “You’re the sect leader now,” he said. “It’s only natural for people to pay more attention to you.”

“Why doesn’t he go pay Jiang Xi that attention?”

“Jiang-zhangmen looks young, but he’s gotten on in years after all. When he was young, he had plenty of admirers too.”

This only upset Xue Meng further. A pang went through his heart as he thought of his mother, and how callous Jiang Yechen had been in his youth. How much had his mom suffered at the hands of that man? But his relationship with Jiang Xi was a deadly secret, so he merely cursed and changed the subject. “Then why doesn’t that Ma bastard go talk to Mei Hanxue?”

The Xuanji Elder favored him with a wry smile. “Sect Leader, if Meixianzhang were on the marriage market, both the upper and lower cultivation realms would devolve into chaos yet again.”

Xue Meng fell silent. “Th-th-th-th-then—”

But no matter how long he stuttered, he couldn’t come up with a third eligible bachelor. Back when Xue Zhengyong had urged his son to find a partner, he had still been able to hide behind Chu Wanning and Mo Ran—but if he were to bring them up now, he’d look only more pitifully alone. Frustration stuck in Xue Meng’s chest like a rock, becoming more firmly lodged the more he tried to get rid of it. The rims of his eyes went red in indignation.

“But it doesn’t make any sense!” he snapped, giving up. “If or when I get married is none of their business! Maybe they should get a life! Goodbye!”

With a haughty sweep of his sleeves—a move learned from his shizun—he stalked away.

Xue Meng earnestly wished for Master Ma's newest project to end in failure, but reality, as it so often did, refused to obey his wishes. Even without Xue Meng's help, the Matching Scroll swept through the cultivation world like wildfire just a few months later.

"What's wrong with the world these days?" Xue Meng asked in furious disbelief. "Does everyone have so much free time on their hands?"

The Xuanji Elder was much more even-handed in his assessment. "Now, that's not fair. New Year's was two months ago, Sect Leader. Over the holidays all the elders in the family urge the young ones to hurry up and get married. Ma-zhuangzhu's Matching Scroll might've just solved the most pressing issue for a great deal of the jianghu's youth. It makes perfect sense they'd sell out."

Xue Meng said nothing.

"And I heard the scroll is a clever little device. Even if you're not trying to find a partner, it's fun to play with a new gadget."

"How so?"

"I'm not sure," said Xuanji gently. "But the Tanlang Elder picked one up to see what all the fuss was about. He says it's boring, but nine out of ten times when I go to his place, he's fiddling with it."

That shocked Xue Meng. "Isn't the Tanlang Elder uninterested in remarrying?"

“Mn. Of course he’s uninterested.” Xuanji smiled. “He’s just childish that way; he likes shiny new things. The scroll is entertaining him.”

Xue Meng stared. Tanlang, *childish*?

He didn’t know what to say. Xuanji and Tanlang had joined Sisheng Peak at the same time. Tanlang had always been caustic and standoffish; he and Chu Wanning mixed about as well as fire and water. Xuanji was the only one who could not only start a conversation with Chu Wanning but also soothe Tanlang’s ruffled feathers. And perhaps the only one who could so easily call the acid-tongued Tanlang “childish” as well.

Xuanji Elder chuckled. “Sect Leader, if you’re curious, why don’t you get one and see?”

Xue Meng cleared his throat. “Never,” he said haughtily. “I stand as the leader of the whole sect. Of course I have no interest in shoddy little trinkets.”

The very next night, the lights in Loyalty Hall blazed bright behind its tightly sealed sandalwood doors. Sect Leader Xue had announced that he would cultivate in seclusion that night. He ordered all the high-ranking disciples who served him to stand guard outside the doors with instructions that he was not to be disturbed even if the world was ending—with an exception made for the Yuheng Elder, if he should happen to come down from Nanping Mountain.

All the disciples admired Sect Leader Xue for his tireless drive. Moved, each of them loyally swore not to let their guard down for a moment.

What none of them knew was that Sect Leader Xue was presently sitting on the rebuilt dais of Loyalty Hall, studying a jade scroll. Upon its surface were embossed the words *Matching Scroll*.

Yes, precisely so—Master Ma’s best-selling device. It’d just arrived earlier that day.

Mindful of his image, Xue Meng had made sure to order it under the Xuanji Elder’s name. The young Sect Leader Xue studied the Matching Scroll carefully. He could tell it was made of a special jade and suffused with spiritual energy; golden text in a flowing hand appeared on its surface at will. Visually at least, it was a beautiful item.

Xue Meng did as the user guide said and recited the unsealing incantation.

“The lamp, still lit, joined by dawn’s frosty hue, a lone sleeper rises from a bed meant for two. How long is the night for one who yet yearns, far longer still than the world’s twists and turns.”¹

After this sappy little couplet was read aloud, new lines of text unfurled mischievously atop the jade scroll.

Well well well. Spring has come and even the swallows have paired off, but Xianzhang, still no luck for you?

Xue Meng stared.

Place your trust in Taobao Estate and allow yourself a chance at love! Avoid the awkwardness of matchmakers and break barriers between the

upper and lower cultivation realms. With the Matching Scroll, you'll never again be jealous of other people's romance. Find your own love story!

Xue Meng stared harder.

Please pick a username.

Huh? A name? Clueless yet determined to do this right, Xue Meng picked it up and enunciated carefully. "My name is Xue," he said. "Xue Meng."

The scroll remained inert.

"Or Xue Ziming," he added.

This time, new gold text appeared—

A Gentle Reminder from Master Ma: When using the scroll, please use a nickname such as "Jack-of-All-Trades Ma," or "Beff Jezos." This device was developed by Taobao Estate of West Lake; all usernames starting with the characters "Guyueye" will be rejected. Thank you.

Xue Meng frowned. "Did Jiang Xi set that Ma bastard off again?"

His personal opinions about Jiang Xi aside, Guyueye's enemies had nothing to do with him. Looking around, Xue Meng glimpsed his mom's orange cat Veggiebun puddled on the carpet, licking his paw. "Call me Veggiebun," he said to the scroll. He patted the cat on the head. "Sorry, let me borrow your name for a bit."

The cat ducked out from under his hand and continued grooming itself.

Xue Meng sensed derision in that feline gaze—Veggiebun seemed to be telling him something. After some thought, realization dawned. All of Sisheng Peak knew his mom’s cat’s name was Veggiebun; if he went by such a name, wouldn’t his identity be totally obvious? It wouldn’t work at all.

Sighing, Xue Meng stroked the cat again. “You’re so thoughtful.”

“Mrow...”

Sect Leader Xue pondered the problem. He stared at his mother’s potted polliaw flowers, then at the paintings of Jiangnan his father had hung on the wall, and ended up choosing a name devoid of a single ounce of creativity—

“Call me Wang Xiao-Xue.”

Sisheng Peak’s terrible naming skills were, it appeared, hereditary. Xue Zhengyong had given Shi Mei the name Xue Ya—*Little Girl*—and coined the Aaaaah and Waaah Cliffs; Mo Ran had named his holy weapon Jianguì—*What the Hell*—and now Xue Meng had picked the username Wang Xiao-Xue—*Wang*, his mother’s surname, and Xiao-Xue, as in *Xue Junior*. None of them was in any position to talk.

Presented with this terrible choice of username, the jade scroll proceeded to make a happy little mistake. The gold text that appeared after Xue Meng finished speaking was: *Got it, Wang Xiaoxue-xianjun.*

Xue Meng’s mouth fell open in astonishment. “I said Wang Xiao-Xue, as in Xue Junior, not Wang Little Snowflake, okay?!”

New gold text appeared. *The spell to change usernames is still in development. Apologies, Wang Xiaoxue-xianjun. Edits are currently not*