

Golden 101

Chapter 101 The Theory of Bloodline

Before long, the dishes Song Jun ordered were served in a continuous stream, including the Australian lobster that Liu Chuan had specially ordered. However, Liu Chuan didn't seem to have much of an appetite today, his eyes constantly glancing at the two small mastiffs playing around the table.

Song Jun saw through Liu Chuan's thoughts at a glance and said, "What's wrong? You can't bear to part with it? Don't worry, kid, I love dogs too, I won't let this little guy suffer."

Liu Chuan scratched his head sheepishly and said, "Brother Song, I've already given this puppy its vaccinations and obtained the dog license. It's still in the car. Hey, to be honest, I'm a little reluctant to part with it."

Liu Chuan had been in the pet business for four or five years and knew the ropes well. On the day he returned to Pengcheng, he took photos of the Tibetan Mastiffs and asked an acquaintance to get several city dog ownership licenses. In principle, private individuals are not allowed to keep large or aggressive dogs, but Liu Chuan registered these dogs under the name of a unit and applied for them as guard dogs. Luckily, he knew the ropes. If it were Song Jun, he might not have been able to get them processed so quickly.

"Alright, kid, stop being so dramatic. I had the money transferred to your account yesterday. Go check it yourself later. And stop with the nonsense. Tell me how this little guy recognizes its owner. I don't want it to run away again because I can't tame it."

Seeing that Zhou Rui was present, Song Jun didn't go into details about the money. Instead, he asked about feeding the puppy. It cost millions to buy, and driving a Hummer with it would definitely be a prestigious thing in the neighborhood.

Upon hearing this, Liu Chuan said, "Brother Song, after you take it back, let this little guy go hungry for a day, but don't let it go longer than a day. Then prepare some corn porridge and dog calcium tablets for it. Uh, I've already prepared all these things for you; they're in the Hummer. It'll be enough for a month. Take it out to play a lot in the next few days. Once it gets used to your scent, it will consider you its owner. As for how to train it, I'll help you with that when it's a little older."

"Oh, right, Brother Song, remember this: for the next two months, absolutely do not feed it meat. This little thing can't digest it yet, and it'll easily get diarrhea."

Song Jun nodded repeatedly as he listened. He knew that taking care of a young Tibetan Mastiff was no easier than taking care of an infant of the same age. However, when Song Jun turned around and saw the little white lion lying at Zhuang Rui's feet, he was dumbfounded.

"Hey Da Chuan, isn't Zhuang Rui's Tibetan Mastiff about the same size as these two? How come it can eat meat?"

Before Liu Chuan could answer, Zhuang Rui tossed the shredded beef in his hand to the little white lion and said with a chuckle, "Brother Song, otherwise how could my white lion be worth forty million? Don't take it too seriously. When my white lion grows up and has offspring, I'll leave one for you."

In fact, Zhuang Rui had also groomed Liu Chuan's two Tibetan Mastiff puppies with his spiritual energy. Although they were not as good as the little white lion, they were fine to eat if they were shredded meat and mixed with cornmeal. Liu Chuan just didn't know that. Moreover, when they were in Tibet, the two little guys had diarrhea for a whole day, which scared Liu Chuan quite a bit.

"Forget it, mine is pretty good too. Who knows who will be stronger when they grow up? By the way, Dachuan, if I'm not in Pengcheng in the future, or if it's inconvenient to take it out, I'll leave it to you to feed."

Song Jun looked at the golden Tibetan Mastiff puppy with eyes full of doting affection. His golden lion-headed mastiff was quite good-looking; its fur, which originally had some black streaks, had now turned completely golden, and it resembled its father quite a bit.

"Hey, Brother Song, it's just a matter of a word. Besides, we're about to open a Tibetan Mastiff kennel, and we're worried about not having enough Tibetan Mastiffs," Liu Chuan said casually.

"A mastiff kennel? You two brothers are going to do this? This isn't something just anyone can handle. Have you thought it through?"

Song Jun was taken aback upon hearing this. There were many Tibetan Mastiff kennels in China, but they were all backed by substantial financial resources. Even those of a moderate size required investments of tens of millions of yuan. The fact that these two young men wanted to enter this business was quite unexpected.

"It's not just the two of us, it's the three of us, plus Brother Zhou. But I'm just going to put in the money, just the three million or so I got from selling your manuscript. I don't care about anything else. But Brother Song, once this mastiff kennel is built, you'll have to bring some friends over for a visit."

Zhuang Rui carefully removed the bones from a piece of fish and tossed it to Little White Lion. Then, turning to Song Jun, he said, while distancing himself from the conversation, he did ask Song Jun, the big boss, to help introduce him to clients.

Song Jun was slightly taken aback. He hadn't expected Zhuang Rui to invest all three million yuan into this still-unknown mastiff kennel. It seemed these people were quite determined.

"Sure, no problem. As long as you two can build the kennel, get puppies of the same breed as these little guys, and provide pedigree certificates, I'll take care of the clients."

Song Jun wasn't bragging. His friends were all wealthy and powerful people. If he brought his Tibetan Mastiff to a hunting event and showed it off, his friends would probably ask about the origin of the golden Tibetan Mastiff without him even having to say anything.

As for the pedigree certificate that Song Jun mentioned, also known as the birth certificate, it can be said to be the household registration book of cats and dogs. It is a record of the health status, training performance, etc. of the dog and its ancestors for three generations. The owner can use the pedigree certificate to determine the dog's bloodline based on the merits and demerits of its ancestors, and make improvements in breeding.

A pedigree certificate typically includes the following: the dog's name, breed, sex, date of birth, coat color and other characteristics, breeder and kennel, detailed information on the dog's four generations of direct blood relatives, registration number, tattoo number, hip number and microchip implantation record, competition record and transfer record, and training level record. A dog's pedigree certificate is like a person's ID card; it is an important basis for determining a dog's lineage and identity. In the development of the canine industry, pedigree certificates have considerable significance.

However, there are currently no well-established institutions in China for this purpose, and very few have actually established pedigree certificate archives. Furthermore, there is no authoritative institution in China for the pedigree identification of Tibetan mastiffs.

In fact, every Tibetan mastiff kennel in China exists in the form of a club. Each kennel can issue its own pedigree certificate for Tibetan mastiffs. However, there is another way: to hold Tibetan mastiff fights at Tibetan mastiff conventions held in China. The winning Tibetan mastiff will not only become famous, but its kennel will also gain a reputation in the industry, and its pedigree will be recognized by industry professionals.

Liu Chuan and Zhuang Rui had already decided that Zhou Rui's trip to Tibet was not only to bring Renqing Cuomu back, but also to bring the Golden Retriever King to bolster their kennel's reputation. Liu Chuan had even found out that an international Tibetan Mastiff convention would be held in Shanxi this June, and they were counting on the Golden Retriever King to help the kennel gain fame.

Therefore, Zhuang Rui and Liu Chuan were not worried about their Tibetan mastiffs having impure bloodlines or their kennel not becoming well-known in the future.

Now that Song Jun had said that, the two of them felt much more at ease. The problem of the supply of mastiffs for the kennel could be solved by Renqing Cuomu, but Liu Chuan would have to find customers. However, with Song Jun as their capable assistant, they were not worried about a lack of customers. For a moment, the group was in high spirits, raising their glasses to toast each other and talking about their battles with the wolves on the grasslands in Tibet. Song Jun listened with great pleasure.

Seeing that Song Jun was in high spirits, Liu Chuan mustered up his courage and told him that the carpet in the car was ruined, but he put all the blame on the Tibetan mastiffs. Anyway, the little guys wouldn't refute it, so this reason was naturally impossible to prove.

Song Jun didn't care much about this. For him, luxury goods were different from antiques. Those things were meant to be consumed. If you bought them and didn't use them, then the money was wasted. If they were ruined, they were ruined. This was also the difference between him and Zhuang Rui and Liu Chuan. If this had happened to the two brothers, they would probably have been heartbroken for a few days. This kind of magnanimity was determined by a person's status and wealth.

"Wood, what do you think about us buying a Hummer? It would make things much easier for Brother Zhou when he travels to Tibet."

After dinner, Liu Chuan first drove Song Jun back to the villa, then took his old car and prepared to take Zhuang Rui and Zhou Rui back to rest.

"Buy a Hummer? We don't have enough money. Is the dog kennel closing down?"

Zhuang Rui didn't object to buying a car. The car was already quite crowded with three people and two puppies. It would be inconvenient to drive long distances in Liu Chuan's beat-up car. But buying a Hummer was a bit of an exaggeration. That car was beyond their means.

"Wood, don't worry. I've done the calculations. The rent for those twenty acres of land is calculated based on the price of agricultural land. It's about 12,000 yuan a year. If you pay for 20 years at once, it'll be 240,000 yuan."

As for the construction of the mastiffs, it won't cost much. We'll build a three-story building for staff accommodation, some kennels, put up a fence, level the land, and set up some training facilities. I found a construction team, and they quoted 2 million.

"Oh, by the way, I showed your sandalwood root carving to Old Man Lü yesterday. He was willing to pay 700,000 for it, and I agreed. That brings us a total of 7.8 million in cash. After deducting the initial 2 million, we'll still have about 5 million left. That's more than enough to buy a car."

Liu Chuan seemed to have been planning this for a long time. He spoke eloquently and logically. In the future, Zhuang Rui would naturally be in charge of the finances of the mastiff kennel. Liu Chuan knew that the money could not be touched without his consent.

"Five million was all spent on cars. Does that mean the Tibetan mastiffs won't need food or water anymore? Don't we need to pay the salaries of all the people we hired? You should know that this mastiff kennel won't be profitable until the first batch of puppies are born."

Zhuang Rui shook his head again, saying that putting all the funds into one car was absolutely not an option.