

Golden 75

Chapter Seventy-Five: The Battle of the Wolf and the Mastiff (Part Two)

"Brother Zhou, what's going on up ahead?"

Zhuang Rui picked up the walkie-talkie and asked, but it was an unnecessary question, as he had already witnessed the scene unfolding before him.

This was a battle between wolves and Tibetan mastiffs. Seven or eight wolves were tearing at a Tibetan mastiff in the open space in front of them. The howls of wolves and the barks of dogs were deafening, and blood and fur were splattered everywhere.

The SUV driven by Zhou Rui stopped a dozen meters away from the Wolfhound battlefield. Liu Chuan drove the Hummer forward and parked it alongside the Desert Prince.

Seeing the two vehicles suddenly appear, the Tibetan mastiff and the steppe wolf, who were fighting, ignored them. Liu Chuan rolled down the car window and raised the Remington rifle in his hand.

"Liu Chuan, stop!"

Zhou Rui also rolled down the window of the SUV and waved to Liu Chuan, signaling him not to fire. At this moment, the grassland wolf and the Tibetan mastiff both looked at Liu Chuan, making low growling sounds in their throats, their eyes full of ferocity.

"Damn it, I'm trying to help you, and you're glaring at me."

Liu Chuan looked at the Tibetan Mastiff in the arena, put away his gun, and cursed sullenly, but his eyes revealed a look of affection for the dog.

Aside from seeing it on TV and in pictures, this was the first time Zhuang Rui had ever seen a Tibetan Mastiff in person. He was quite shocked. The Tibetan Mastiff in front of him didn't look like a dog at all, but more like a lion. Even when facing more than ten hungry wolves, it was still majestic and agile.

It's described as resembling a lion because this Tibetan Mastiff has a broad, arched head. The mane on the back of its head and around its neck stands upright, about 20 centimeters long, and is golden in color. It stands a full meter tall and is about 1.2 meters long, a massive size that makes it look as majestic as a male lion. None of the several wolves surrounding it dared to attack head-on; they simply circled the mastiff, relentlessly harassing it.

As the saying goes, "A dog that stands four feet tall is a Tibetan Mastiff!" Zhuang Rui only understood the meaning of this saying after seeing a Tibetan Mastiff with his own eyes. The so-called wolfhounds that he and Liu Chuan used to raise were no match for this Tibetan Mastiff. The difference was immense. Zhuang Rui now understood why the Song army was willing to pay such a high price for a purebred Tibetan Mastiff. With such a large dog guarding the house, probably no thief would dare to steal anything.

"Brother Zhou, look at this Tibetan Mastiff, isn't it a purebred iron-clad gold dog?"

With a look of surprise on his face, Liu Chuan kept looking at the Tibetan Mastiff in the arena and asked Zhou Rui in the car next to him.

"I don't understand what you mean by 'iron-clad gold,' but this Tibetan Mastiff should be a purebred, and a king of mastiffs at that. Do you see the red collar around its neck? That's the mark of a king of mastiffs. There are probably some herders around here. Once they've finished fighting, we can just follow this mastiff."

Zhou Rui's eyes also lit up as he looked at the Tibetan Mastiff, making no attempt to hide his affection. However, he showed no intention of helping out, instead watching the fight between the wolf and the mastiff with indifference.

"It's a pity. This Tibetan Mastiff is an adult dog and can't be tamed. Otherwise, if this Tibetan Mastiff were brought back to the mainland, it would be worth at least five million. Alas, what a pity."

Liu Chuan shook his head as he looked. Purebred Tibetan Mastiffs are different from ordinary mixed-breed Tibetan Mastiffs or those that are not of pure breed. Purebred Tibetan Mastiffs are very hostile to strangers, but extremely loyal and affectionate to their owners. They only recognize one owner in their lifetime and remain loyal and devoted to them. If their owner dies, the Tibetan Mastiff will not eat or drink until it starves to death.

In the eyes of a Tibetan Mastiff, its status within the large group is only lower than its recognized leader (owner), and it will only obey this person's commands. It has equal status with other family members and can live peacefully with them, only baring its teeth as a warning if intentionally provoked. If a Tibetan Mastiff believes its status is lower than all family members, then it will obey anyone.

But in reality, a Tibetan Mastiff will never think this way.

Such Tibetan Mastiffs are not only coveted by wealthy urbanites, but also a source of pride for herders on the grasslands. However, due to the unique living environment of the grasslands and the herders' weak awareness of bloodline protection over the years, the bloodlines of the original Tibetan Mastiffs have merged with those of local sheepdogs, resulting in a decreasing number of purebred Tibetan Mastiffs and causing their prices to skyrocket.

Liu Chuan knew that in a certain circle of wealthy people, someone had once said that they were willing to pay 10 million RMB to buy a purebred Tibetan Mastiff from the grasslands. They didn't want a breeding dog, and they required it to be a puppy. This caused many people to rush to Tibet to try their luck. The price that Song Jun offered to Liu Chuan was not actually the price of a purebred Tibetan Mastiff. He just hoped to get a Tibetan Mastiff of relatively pure breed, and he would be satisfied with a crossbred Tibetan Mastiff after it was bred with an excellent sheepdog.

Seeing outsiders watching the battle, both the purebred Tibetan mastiff and the steppe wolf became agitated. The wolf pack changed its strategy of surrounding and attacking, and instead charged forward all at once. The battle suddenly became fierce. The Tibetan mastiff's wounds gradually increased, but there were already five steppe wolf corpses on the ground, all of which had been bitten through the throat by the Tibetan mastiff.

The Tibetan Mastiff's primary weapon is its sharp teeth. It completely ignores the attacking wolves and bites them with lightning speed, then bites the wolf's throat with lightning speed, and then, as if throwing a toy, it bites through the wolf's throat and throws it to the ground.

"Brother Zhou, why aren't these wolves running away? They're clearly no match for this Tibetan Mastiff."

Zhuang Rui was somewhat puzzled. Yesterday, when they faced these wolves, they were extremely cunning, always ambushing them from the shadows. After the wolf king died, they scattered and fled. But now five of them were dead, and the remaining three were still fighting with the ferocious Tibetan mastiff. It was clearly a fight to the death.

Zhou Rui smiled and said, "They are natural enemies. When they meet, it will always be like this. One Tibetan Mastiff can subdue nine wolves. But even if this Tibetan Mastiff encounters a pack of dozens of wolves, it will not run away. It will definitely fight to the end."

As the two were talking, the battle between the wolf and the Tibetan mastiff ended. Several prairie wolf carcasses lay scattered on the ground, while the Tibetan mastiff was covered in wounds, its golden fur was disheveled, and blood kept seeping from a wound on its foreleg. It was also unsteady on its feet, but it always held its head high, appearing so arrogant and domineering to everyone.

With a loud bang, Zhou Rui got out of the SUV and slowly walked towards the Tibetan Mastiff.

"Brother Zhou, what are you doing!"

The people in the car became anxious. They had all witnessed the ferocity of this Tibetan mastiff; it had killed seven or eight wolves one by one. If Zhou Rui stepped forward now and the mastiff took it as a provocation, the consequences would be unimaginable.

"roar....."

A powerful and deep roar came from the Tibetan Mastiff's mouth. Its fur stood on end, its eyes gleamed with ferocity as it stared intently at Zhou Rui. Its sharp claws began to dig into the ground, as if it were about to pounce.

Everyone on the bus tensed up, their hearts pounding in their throats.

Zhou Rui did not stop, but slowed down considerably. He also put his hands into a fighting stance. Just as the Tibetan mastiff leaped up, he nimbly turned to the side and grabbed its scalp with lightning speed.

The Tibetan Mastiff's head was firmly stuck by Zhou Rui, preventing it from biting. Just as it was about to struggle free, Zhou Rui had already flipped its entire body to the ground. Zhou Rui also fell down, his whole body pressing down on the side-lying Tibetan Mastiff. The Tibetan Mastiff, whose hind legs were not touching the ground, could not break free no matter how hard it tried.

Throughout the entire ordeal, Zhou Rui's hands gripped the Tibetan Mastiff's head like pincers. After a full seven or eight minutes, the Mastiff began to whimper. Only then did Zhou Rui release his grip and stand up. At this point, the Mastiff became extremely compliant, drooping its head and licking its wounds with its tongue.

"Liu Chuan, bring down the Yunnan Baiyao."

This sudden scene left everyone in the car stunned. They knew Zhou Rui was very skilled, but no one expected that he could subdue a Tibetan mastiff with his bare hands, even though it was an injured mastiff. It is well known that injured wild animals are often more ferocious.

It wasn't until Zhou Rui shouted Liu Chuan's name that everyone snapped out of their daze and got out of the car.

Liu Chuan, holding the bottle of Yunnan Baiyao spray, had only approached the Tibetan mastiff within five or six meters when the previously tamed mastiff immediately turned its head towards Liu Chuan, letting out a low growl. Liu Chuan was so frightened that he retreated repeatedly; he didn't have Zhou Rui's skills.

Zhou Rui took the spray from Liu Chuan, held the Tibetan Mastiff's head with one hand, lifted its forelegs, and sprayed the medicine on it with the other. However, the wound was too deep, and the sprayed medicine was washed away by the flowing blood. It seemed that the bleeding had to be stopped first. However, Zhou Rui frowned, obviously not having a good solution. If this continued, even if the Tibetan Mastiff didn't die, its forelegs would probably be ruined.

Zhuang Rui's heart skipped a beat. It would be such a waste to let such a powerful Tibetan Mastiff go to waste. He had already proven that the spiritual energy he saw had an effect on the human body, but he had never conducted experiments on animals and did not know if it would work. However, he could only try his luck now.

Thinking of this, Zhuang Rui slowly moved closer to the Tibetan Mastiff. However, the Tibetan Mastiff reacted very quickly. Just as Zhuang Rui reached Liu Chuan's side, the Tibetan Mastiff glared at him fiercely. However, his body was held by Zhou Rui and he could not move. He could only threaten Zhuang Rui with a "woof" sound from his throat.

When Zhuang Rui got a little over a meter away from the Tibetan Mastiff, he didn't dare to get any closer. He was afraid that the injured Tibetan Mastiff would suddenly attack and hurt someone. However, at this distance, he could use his spiritual energy in his eyes. After looking around and finding that everyone's attention was focused on the Tibetan Mastiff, Zhuang Rui lowered his head slightly and focused his gaze on the wound of the Tibetan Mastiff.