

Golden 76

Chapter Seventy-Six: The Young Mastiff (Part One)

Zhuang Rui released only about a third of the spiritual energy he used to heal himself, fearing the effect would be too obvious and attract attention. When that wisp of spiritual energy from his eye seeped into the Tibetan Mastiff's wound, the bleeding, which had been unstoppable, immediately ceased.

Upon seeing this, Zhou Rui assumed that the bleeding had stopped on its own and didn't think much of it. He quickly treated the wound with Yunnan Baiyao spray and then wrapped the Tibetan Mastiff's injured thigh with gauze.

Zhuang Rui breathed a sigh of relief. This meant that the spiritual energy he saw was not only effective for humans, but also had unexpected benefits for animals. However, the amount of spiritual energy had always been a problem for him. But Zhuang Rui had decided that after his trip to Tibet, he would return to Zhonghai and do his best to search for antiques with spiritual energy in order to increase the total amount of spiritual energy in his eyes.

Just as Zhuang Rui released his spiritual energy into the Tibetan Mastiff's body, the Tibetan Mastiff, which had been struggling and growling slightly under Zhou Rui, suddenly quieted down. Its huge head turned towards Zhuang Rui, and its eyes stared at him suspiciously. If anyone could read what animals were saying from their eyes, then this Tibetan Mastiff's eyes probably contained a mix of emotions, including doubt, surprise, and gratitude.

“Brother Zhou, what do you need these things for? They're not worth much money and they're just too much trouble.”

After Zhou Rui finished bandaging the Tibetan Mastiff, he took a small knife that he had hidden somewhere and began skinning the wolf on the ground. This action puzzled everyone, and the bloody skinning scene made Qin Xuanbing and the other girls uncomfortable. They all hid in the Hummer. Bai Meng'an, who had not experienced yesterday's battle between humans and wolves, was even worse. She ran to the back of the Hummer and vomited for a long time before jumping into the SUV and refusing to get out.

Liu Chuan watched with great interest, as Zhou Rui's dissection of the wolf carcasses was quite a spectacle. He simply made a few cuts along the neck and limbs with his small knife, then tore off a neat wolf pelt with both hands. In no time, Zhou Rui had skinned all eight prairie wolves.

"This stuff is useless to us, but for the herders in the Tibetan area, wolf pelts are a treasure. After drying them in the shade and then tanning them, they can use them to make wolf pelts or coats for winter. They're very warm and can even cure rheumatism. We'll probably be heading to our winter camp soon, so consider these wolf pelts a gift."

While washing his hands with mineral water, Zhou Rui explained to Liu Chuan, who was acting like a curious child.

However, Zhou Rui kept an eye on the Tibetan mastiff lying on the ground out of the corner of his eye. He knew that Tibetan mastiffs were very protective of their food and had a strong sense of territory. He had only temporarily intimidated the dog by using its strength when it was weak, but it had not subdued him. While skinning the wolf, he was on guard, afraid that it would suddenly attack him.

However, what Zhou Rui saw startled him, because he discovered that the Tibetan Mastiff had gotten up at some point and silently ran behind Zhuang Rui. This sent a chill down Zhou Rui's spine, and goosebumps appeared on his skin. He knew that Tibetan Mastiffs were extremely aggressive and might bite off Zhuang Rui's throat at any moment.

"Liu Chuan, give me the gun..."

Zhou Rui whispered to Liu Chuan, afraid of angering the Tibetan Mastiff.

"You still have wolf blood on your hands, it's not clean yet. I'll just hold the gun. Hey, Wood, how did the Tibetan Mastiff get behind you?"

Liu Chuan followed Zhou Rui's gaze and also noticed the Tibetan Mastiff behind Zhuang Rui. However, Liu Chuan was too careless and shouted out as soon as he saw it.

Zhuang Rui was leisurely watching Zhou Rui skin the wolf when Liu Chuan shouted, startling him so much that he turned around and saw the Tibetan mastiff standing up, its huge head snapping at him.

At this moment, Zhuang Rui wasn't holding a gun, nor even a machete. Uh, he seemed to be holding a half-empty bottle of eight-treasure porridge. He closed his eyes and sighed inwardly, "Damn it, I'm still a virgin."

Liu Chuan was also anxious, but he was holding a Remington gun, which could fire a wide area. Zhuang Rui was currently engaged with the Tibetan Mastiff, so he didn't dare to fire.

"Damn, you're trying to scare me, buddy..."

Zhuang Rui, who was lying on the ground thinking he was going to die, suddenly felt a rough tongue licking his face, as painful as a knife scraping his face. Then he heard Liu Chuan's words, opened his eyes and saw that the Tibetan mastiff was lying on top of him, spitting on his face.

"Damn, it stinks, it really stinks..."

This was Zhuang Rui's first impression. The Tibetan Mastiff's breath smelled really bad, almost making him vomit up the eight-treasure porridge he had just eaten. Seeing that the Tibetan Mastiff didn't seem to have any ill intentions towards him, Zhuang Rui boldly pushed it away from him, snatched the mineral water from Zhou Rui's hand, and, not caring that it was cold, poured it directly onto his face.

Liu Chuan walked up to Zhuang Rui with a grin, patted his uninjured shoulder, and teased, "Woodhead, this is your first kiss, right? And you gave it to this big guy. You don't even know if this Tibetan Mastiff is male or female. You've really made a mistake."

Before Zhuang Rui could answer, the Tibetan Mastiff suddenly let out a low growl and pounced on Liu Chuan. Its mouth was wide open, and its sharp teeth were clearly visible. Liu Chuan had no doubt that this guy wanted to kill him.

Fortunately, when Liu Chuan approached Zhuang Rui, he was on guard against the Tibetan Mastiff lying at Zhuang Rui's feet. Just as the Tibetan Mastiff got up, he had already moved far away without even turning his head, and ran to the Hummer in a disheveled state.

Zhou Rui also walked over to Zhuang Rui's side, looked Zhuang Rui up and down, and muttered to himself, "Strange, why does this thing get along so well with you? It doesn't make sense."

Seeing Zhou Rui approach, the Tibetan mastiff didn't pounce, but it seemed a little restless, its eyes fixed on Zhou Rui with ill intent.

The behavior of that Tibetan mastiff could only be seen in its owner, and Zhuang Rui was clearly completely unrelated to this Tibetan mastiff. After thinking for a long time, Zhou Rui still couldn't figure it out, so he shook his head, took the wolf skins, and got into the off-road vehicle.

Zhuang Rui knew in his heart that dogs are said to understand human nature, and this Tibetan Mastiff must also have a spirit, knowing that he had saved it, which was why it showed him kindness. He couldn't explain this to others, so he could only pretend to be confused.

Seeing that everyone had returned to the car, Zhuang Rui turned around to get in as well. He lifted his foot but didn't move. When he looked back, he saw that his trouser leg was being bitten by the Tibetan mastiff, which was also tilting its head and pulling at it.

"Hey big guy, why are you pulling me like that?"

Zhuang Rui was clearly no match for the dog's strength. He struggled twice but failed to break free. He could only turn around and rub the Tibetan Mastiff's fluffy head with his hands, muttering in hopes that it would let go.

Seemingly understanding Zhuang Rui's words, the Tibetan Mastiff released its mouth and took two steps back, but its eyes, which looked remarkably like those of a wolf, remained fixed on Zhuang Rui, making him feel a little uneasy.

"Zhuang Rui, it's telling you to follow it," Zhou Rui said from the SUV.

"You guys are riding in the car, and I'm supposed to run alongside you? I'm not doing that."

Zhuang Rui understood what the Tibetan Mastiff meant, but he already had a shoulder injury and definitely couldn't keep up with the guy's speed. As he was talking, he tried to slip into the car, but found that his trouser leg was being bitten again. This scene made everyone in the car burst into laughter.

"Fine, I'm scared of you, okay? I knew I shouldn't have saved you, you're such an ingrate."

Zhuang Rui helplessly raised his hands, indicating that he would go with it. Only then did the Tibetan Mastiff release its mouth, grab a skinned prairie wolf, and slowly run forward. Perhaps because of its leg injury, it was not fast, and it kept looking back at Zhuang Rui as it ran.

On the vast grassland, a scene unfolded: a tall and mighty Tibetan mastiff trotted ahead, followed by a young man with his arms slung over his shoulder, and then two cars following closely behind. Without a doubt, these were Zhuang Rui and his group.

"Zhuang Rui, stop. Don't go any further."

After walking for about ten minutes, Zhou Rui, who was in the off-road vehicle behind, shouted loudly. He realized that the road the Tibetan mastiff was leading was not to the winter pastures where the herders gathered for the winter, but to the entrance of a mountain valley. Obviously, neither of his vehicles could drive in.

Zhou Rui handed the steering wheel to Bai Meng'an, jumped out of the car, and walked to Zhuang Rui's side. The Tibetan mastiff also stopped, put down the food in its mouth, looked at Zhou Rui and growled a few times, seemingly telling him not to go any further.

Seeing that Zhou Rui had no intention of approaching the ravine, the Tibetan Mastiff picked up its food again and ran into the ravine, its massive body quickly disappearing around the bend.

"Come on, get in the car. This is probably its lair. It's strange, this mastiff king is clearly someone else's pet, why would it put its lair here?"

The two waited in the ravine for a while, but the Tibetan mastiff didn't come out again. Zhou Rui muttered something and called Zhuang Rui to get in the car, preparing to leave.

Just as the car was about to turn around and leave, a figure darted out from the ravine and blocked the Hummer's path. It was the golden Tibetan Mastiff, with something white in its mouth, which was probably not the skinned wolf carcass from before.

"It looks like a puppy, Zhuang Rui, get out of the car quickly."

Lei Lei, who was driving, had sharp eyes and immediately noticed that the furry thing in the Tibetan Mastiff's mouth was a puppy.

Zhuang Rui opened the car door and got out. The golden retriever immediately pounced on him, first rubbing its big head against Zhuang Rui, then putting the puppy in its mouth on the ground, biting Zhuang Rui's trouser leg, and signaling him to pick up the puppy.

After Zhuang Rui picked up the puppy, the golden retriever did not return to the ravine, but ran in another direction, much faster than before, and kept looking back, as if to tell Zhuang Rui to follow.

Zhuang Rui couldn't keep up with that speed, so he could only carry the puppy back to the car. Seeing Zhuang Rui get into the car, Lei Lei immediately stepped on the gas and followed behind the golden retriever and Tibetan mastiff.