

Rise 236

Chapter 236: You're Just a Horse

The snow was thick and white, and there was an old, hungry wolf.

Wolves are perhaps the most patient creatures in the world, especially when they are hunting. Once they have marked you as their prey, they will keep their gaze fixed on you, no matter how long it takes, unwavering until death.

This old wolf clearly inherited the patience of its ancestors. While chewing on dried meat, it kept its focus on Zhu Ping'an and the Shamate black horse beneath him. It was conserving its energy, calculating the best time and route to strike, planning how to turn its prey into a meal.

However, a wolf is still a wolf, and how could it possibly compete with a human, the ruler of all creatures?

Despite the old wolf's unwavering focus on Zhu Ping'an and his Shamate black horse, Zhu Ping'an quietly twisted open the cover of his firestarter at that moment.

In ancient times, fire starters were like modern lighters, much more useful than flint. Its principle was to preserve the spark in a low-oxygen environment, and when the cover was opened, a small light could be seen inside. As long as there was enough oxygen, the spark would reignite. Using a fire starter was simple: open the cover, blow on it with force, and fire would start. Of course, blowing required technique, which Zhu Ping'an had mastered long ago.

With the fire starter in hand, Zhu Ping'an also used a dagger to cut a strip of cloth. Everything was ready—he just needed to blow and start the fire to drive the old wolf away.

The battle between man and wolf was about to reach its climax.

Zhu Ping'an slightly curled his lips.

However, at that moment, something unexpected happened.

For some reason, the Shamat black horse beneath him suddenly acted up. After a loud neigh, it slammed its front hooves down onto the snow-covered mountain road, creating a sound like metal clashing.

At that moment, a breeze blew by, lifting the black hair that covered one of the horse's eyes, revealing its full gaze. The eye was calm, proud, and sharp, as if a seal had been broken.

Then, a snowflake fell, instantly melting as it touched the Shamat black horse's muscles, which rippled like flowing water. It seemed to suddenly gain boundless courage, as if the wind was beneath its ribs, and wings had sprouted from its sides. Its entire body seemed to possess explosive destructive power.

At that moment, the Shamat black horse snorted, expelling two jets of hot air from its nostrils. It was like a proud dragon breathing out two blasts of fiery breath that could melt the world. In an instant, it seemed as if the horse had broken its seal, with all its hidden attributes unleashed. It charged forward like a tiger leaping down a mountain, with a contemptuous gaze and powerful hooves, heading straight for the wild wolf.

And so, the previous second, Zhu Ping'an had just smiled faintly.

In the next second, the Shamat black horse, as if possessed by a tyrannosaurus, shook its head and flung off two clumps of snot. It neighed loudly, showing its teeth, and with a forceful stomp of its hooves like a tiger, it charged at the wild wolf with a crushing momentum.

There was no preparation, no warning—suddenly, the charge began. Zhu Ping'an, who had just smiled, was caught off guard. The firestarter he had opened was knocked out of his hand and fell silently to the snow.

Then, the next thing he knew, he was being carried by the Shamat black horse, charging towards the wild wolf, with the residual warmth of the firestarter still in his hand.

"Damn it! You're just a horse!"

On the horse's back, Zhu Ping'an bounced up and down, his face black with frustration. He really wanted to slap the stupid Shamat black horse beneath him into a pulp.

Damn it, if it weren't for Zhu Ping'an reacting just a bit faster, the dagger in his hand would have been thrown away.

Now, it's all useless to say anything. Originally, the distance from the wild wolf wasn't far, let alone the idiot Shamat black horse charging with full power. It only took a few seconds for the Shamat black horse to roar like a mountain collapsing, rushing right up to the wild wolf.

At this moment, the Shamat black horse had taken these two words to the extreme, it could only be described as incredibly domineering, cool, flashy, and utterly magnificent. Look at those determined and cold horse eyes, look at those strong and powerful hooves, look at those flowing muscles all over its body, look at that mouth full of shining big teeth.

This is a miracle of the animal world.

This is a historic moment in the examination of life, worthy of being recorded in large, bold, colorful strokes.

But it was all for nothing. After years of killing in the deep mountains and forests, the old wolf, who was only pushed off the throne due to age, squinted his amber-colored eyes when the Shamat black horse charged. With a simple crouch, it dodged the Shamat black horse's charge. Then, with a quick move, it took a bite at the horse's flowing muscles.

With a "splat," the warm, fishy, sweet taste of horse blood flooded the wild wolf's throat, staining its sharp teeth red, and triggering its bloodthirsty nature.

Meanwhile, our brave and fearless Shamat black horse, after being bitten by the wild wolf, let out a scream a hundred times louder than its earlier charge. The entire face of the Shamat black horse contorted with pain.

Did you think it gave up? No, the Shamat black horse didn't give up. In pain, it stomped its strong hooves hard on the ground. After a violent jolt, it charged again at a speed several times faster than before.

"I bought a watch last year!"

Zhu Ping'an only had time to let out this emotionally charged yell before he was tossed off the horse's back by the brainless, foolish, Shamat black horse. With a thud, he landed in the snow, falling face-first in a dog-eat-dog manner. Watching the Shamat black horse race away, he couldn't help but curse, "Damn it, your ultimate move, 'Don't die, I'll die for you!' You just wanted to throw me under the bus, didn't you?! Are you even a horse? Have you become a demon?!"

Looking at the Shamat black horse's galloping figure, with its light hooves, Zhu Ping'an really regretted not mixing some rat poison in its food last night.

Looking at the idiotic horse's back, Zhu Ping'an was almost driven to poke his own eyes out! He turned his head and accidentally made eye contact with it.

Zhu Ping'an turned his head and saw the wild wolf was almost upon him. He could clearly count its eyelashes, see its amber wolf eyes, and the blood-stained corners of its lips, which resembled a beautiful woman's lipstick. The teeth exposed in the white snow reflected a chilling light.

I think, the wild wolf must have been smiling, with the prey falling from the sky; I think the wild wolf must have been happy, with the prey delivered right to its mouth.

However, Zhu Ping'an wasn't without backup. He still had a longer dagger, which fortunately fell with him when he was tossed off the horse. And it was tightly gripped in his hand.

This was the one piece of luck in his misfortune. Stay calm, there's always a way out.

But the wild wolf, stimulated by the warm horse blood, didn't give Zhu Ping'an any time to react. After locking eyes with him for a moment, it bared its teeth and lunged at Zhu Ping'an.

A strong stench of blood rushed at him.

At this critical moment, the unusually calm Zhu Ping'an, on the verge of death, raised one hand to protect his chest, while his other hand swiftly and forcefully thrust the dagger upward.