

Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

Chapter 127

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In the woods, three men were whispering

They were looking in the same directions that Rachard was

*According to the information we have now, the old man is Rachard, the original owner of the mountain. However, he gave it to the child who followed him three days ago

“The identity of the child is still uncertain. She may be Tinity’s daughter. She is difficult to deal with. We could try not to mess with her.”

“Give me a telescope.”

“Oh, okay.

A man turned around, opened the black backpack behind him, took out a black telescope from inside, and handed it to the person next to him

The backpack’s zipper was open, and he didn’t notice it

The three of them were all attracted by the group of people on the mountain road in the distance.

No one noticed a snake with a bow around its neck slowly crawling over

The color of its body is integrated with the dead leaves on the ground. If one was shon–igined, he could probably only see a pink bow–shaped thing slowly wriggling

Chris looked at the three sneaky people in the front, wanting to climb into the backpack and tilt up to see what they were doing.

However, it suddenly lost its support point, and its upper body fell into a dark space.

It was crowded there. Many hard things were around, and the temperature was colder than it was5.

Before it could finish exploring its surroundings, a heavy object slammed into its head.

The backpack was picked up by someone.

One man said, “Put away the telescope. Let’s leave now.”

The man zipped up his backpack and carried it on his back as he walked through the woods with the other two.

“Ask Jake if he’s done poisoning, and tell him to leave quickly. Richard will probably seal the mountain pass. He won’t be able to leave if he doesn’t do it quickly.”

“Damn it. They didn’t come sooner or later, but just today!”

One of the men suddenly stopped walking and turned to look at his backpack

He wondered why it seemed much heavier.

“What’s wrong?” Someone beside him asked.

“I feel like someone is pulling my bag.”

“There are so many branches here. Maybe they are pulling it.

1/3

69%

58

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Thinking about it, the man felt it was right and walked on.

In the bag, Chris, the snake, who was struggling desperately and couldn’t get out, curled up in the small space,

Chris was self–aware, knowing it looked ugly, and that even if it went missing, Yvonne wouldn’t come for it.

Chris regretted it a lot. It shouldn’t have run around. ‘It’s over now. The good days I’ve won are gone!

As expected, no one had noticed it was missing after the bodyguards got in the car.

After arriving, they forgot about the snake in the trunk and got off to protect Richard and Yvonne.

The keeper waited at the door for a long time, and when he saw a car approaching from a distance, he quickly stood up to greet him.

Before the car stopped, he walked over with a smile and bent over to open the door for Richard.

“Did something happen here?” Richard’s anxious voice sounded before he got out of the car.

He would ask this question every time he came. But this time, his tone was particularly anxious.

The keeper answered, “No. All the animals were quiet after feeding time at noon, except for the two roars from the lions.”

The lions’ roar was loud. Sometimes, their roar could travel about two miles when they got their meals a little later, so the keepers put them in the most remote corner.

“Didn’t you check the surveillance?” Richard walked inside, his voice suppressing anger.

The keeper answered, “Yeah, sure, and after a few roars, they lay down and slept.”

Upon hearing that, Richard paused, turned his head, and looked at him sharply. “You better hope they’re napping after eating, not poisoned.”

After that, Richard continued to walk forward, leaving the keeper standing in a daze. After he regained his senses, his rosy face paled, and his legs went limb as he followed.

Yvonne’s short legs couldn’t walk fast, so the bodyguard held her.

In addition to roaring, lions would also make grunts.

But when they had all stood at the gate of the Lion Garden, they found it too quiet inside.

There was nothing but the sound of the wind blowing.

But the keeper heard his heartbeat, which was deafening.

Richard ordered, “Key. Open the iron door.”

“Please don’t, Mr. Adler!” Everyone around dissuaded him.

“It’s too dangerous. What if the lions run out and hurt you?”

“Yes, that’s right!”

Richard turned back, his eyes turned gloomy and cold on the face of the person trying to stop him. “I said open the iron door.”

His face was terrifying, and where those eyes swept across, others shook with fear.

2/3

16:50 Thu, 3 Apr NN

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68%

The keeper untied a bunch of keys from his waist with trembling hands. When he inserted it into the lock, he tried several times because of nervousness before he got it right.

After the door opened, Richard walked in.

The Lion Garden was terrifyingly quiet. Perhaps the sound of the iron door opening was loud, and a few chickens clucked all over the yard.

They were food for the lions at noon, but the lions didn’t finish them.

A large disc was in the corner of the yard. It was a water dispenser with a shallow plate desigri.

Lions would drink water directly from their mouths close to the water, and this design guaranteed they could drink water easily,

Richard took two steps that way, and as he got closer, he bent over, wiped the water on the edge of the dish with his finger, and put it on his nose to smell.

Smelling the pungent smell, his heart sank completely.

Ignoring the resistance of the people around him, he walked firmly to a certain place.

Lions were social animals that liked to sleep and move together.

There were four big lions and one little cub in the Lion Garden.

The cub was only three months old. Recently, the cub had been practicing hunting alone, chasing the chickens to the point where the feathers flew everywhere.

It was the youngest and the most lively.

When the cub got a moment, it liked to chew on the ears of other lions. If it hurt the big lions, they would roar at it.

Right then, they were all lying in one place, motionless.

As if hearing the sound, the little lion lying on the wooden pier raised its head and whimpered in Richard’s direction.

It knew this human was good to them, so it called for help. Its voice was too weak, sounding distressing.

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