

# Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

Chapter 129

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Richard and the others stood outside the Lion Garden.

Yvonne closed the door with difficulty, turned, and ran back.

"Mr. Adler, how about I take Miss Adler out? She might be angry with the veterinarian."

"Yeah, those lions have been poisoned. What if Miss Adler touches them?"

The bodyguards around were worried. Even though they knew Richard was in a bad mood, they still carefully persuaded him.

Richard did not speak. He stared at the half-closed iron door, then lowered his head thoughtfully and looked down at his right leg.

He thought, Just now, Yvonne was hugging this leg, right?'

Running back to the lions, Yvonne tiptoed carefully through the gaps between their limbs.

She crouched down in front of the largest male lion.

She could feel the lion's life force was the weakest, so she decided to save it first.

Yvonne put her little hand on the lion's stomach.

After rubbing it, it felt pretty good, but it was a little cold.

She focused and sent a steady stream of energy into the lion's body.

Gradually, the cold skin that her hands touched began to warm up.

She couldn't tell whether the warmth was from her little hands or the lion.

The warm part was gradually expanding.

After two minutes, the huge belly under her hands moved, as if a balloon suddenly leaked, and the next second, it swelled back to its original size.

The unconscious lion twitched uncontrollably, its stomach spasmed violently, and it opened its mouth. Something broke through the shackles of the esophagus and came out.

A large pool of turbid yellow liquid was on the ground, emitting an unpleasant stench.

The poison eaten was forced out from all parts of the body, and all gathered into this pool of vomit.

Yvonne's little face froze, covering her nose and running to the other side.

The big lion got up from the ground staggering. At first, its four legs were unsteady, and it fell several times.

After standing up straight, it glanced at the other lions around it, and its huge eyes revealed grief.

Finally, it walked up to Yvonne, lowered its head, and stuck out its tongue to lick her hand.

The gesture meant gratitude and pleading, but Yvonne misunderstood it.

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There were barbs on the lion's tongue, and although it didn't stick out, the rough texture still made Yvonne's soft little hands red.

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She withdrew her hand in shock, looked at it for two seconds, clenched her fists mopping, and korrked ske on the ing loses head. "You bad boy!"

"Roar..." The roar was weak and filled with grievance.

The adult male lion had a large body, and Richard had fed it well. It was up to ten feet long and weighed VW powde

Yvonne crouched on the ground and was not as big as its head. She looked like a delicious cake, and the lion might swallo her when it opened its mouth.

She didn't understand anything and dared to knock it on the head with her small fit.

The lion bit her furry coat and gently pulled her aside, wanting to ask Yvonne to save the other horn.

Yvonne understood its intention. It was not that she didn't want to save them, but that the felt it was too firing and a wase of time.

"If only I could save them with the fragrance of flowers, she muttered sadly.

She stood up and looked around but saw no flowers at all.

The lion paused and loosened its mouth, changing from holding her clothes to her back.

It took her under a tree like a feline to its own young,

It gave a low growl and stood behind Yvonne, pushing her forward with its nose against her.

Knowing Yvonne was soft, it deliberately controlled its strength.

Hearing Yvonne say the fragrance of flowers, the lion thought of this tree.

Of all the trees, this one would bloom.

Yvonne looked up at the branches, and the tree in front of her was lush with bright green and small leaves.

"Will this tree bloom?" she asked.

The lion roared in response.

After receiving a positive answer, Yvonne was happy.

She placed her little hands on the curved tree trunk as if stroking the aged hand of an old man.

The bright green leaves fell off the branches without warning, being wrapped in the wind and falling melodiously.

Constantly, more leaves broke off the branches.

They swirled as if it were heavy green rain.

The lion suddenly roared for some reason, and there was a human shock in its eyes.

The cycle of the four seasons accelerated on this tree, and when all its leaves fell off, the ground became a green ocean.

At the same time, small flower buds were growing at a rate visible to the naked eye.

The closed crimson buds gradually expanded and became lighter in color.

When they reached a certain critical point, these buds exploded.

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Its color turned a delicate pink, inlaid in the branches.

A refreshing fragrance emanated from the flower buds.

Every blooming flower was like a fairy in pink clothes, looking elegant and delicate.

Countless flower buds bloomed, the sun fell, and they were filled with sacred golden light. What a beautiful sight!

The fragrance spread out from there, spreading around at a fast speed.

The people outside the Lion Garden also smelled the fragrance.

A bodyguard sniffed a few times and was surprised. "This is... rose!"

"Where is the rose fragrance from?"

"Now is not even time for roses to bloom!"

"It smells so nice.

The professionally trained bodyguards were no longer calm, breathing heavily like people who were about to suffocate when they encountered fresh air.

Richard nodded and lowered his eyebrows, his face full of thought.

He took a step forward and explained to the people following behind him. "Wait outside. You are not allowed to come in without my order."

The others looked at each other.

Richard pushed open the half-closed iron door and walked in.

Just as he had thought, the fragrance of rose became even stronger after he entered.

He was clear-minded. He didn't know if it was affected by the fragrance of the flower or what, but what had happened flashed in his mind.

Thinking of the old flower grower, a subtle light flashed in his eyes.

At first glance, Richard didn't know what to look at first.

The constantly blooming roses, his well-behaved granddaughter under the tree, and the male lion who came back to life next to him.

Even though he knew the scene was likely beyond his comprehension, Richard was still shocked.

The lingering fragrance spread, and he seemed to see wisps of yellow gas flowing slowly in the wind.

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