

# Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

Chapter 131

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In the Lion Garden, feeling somewhat exhausted, Yvonne withdrew her hand.

She staggered slightly backward, but luckily, the big lion behind her provided support, preventing her from falling to the ground.

Lifting her head, Yvonne saw Richard standing stiffly in the distance, completely frozen.

Her expression flickered slightly, and a hint of guilt flashed across her delicate face. She instinctively clutched at her clothes, a bit unnaturally.

She wanted to say, “Oh, I’ve been caught. Well, never mind. Time to act cute.”

Spreading her arms, she spoke in a soft, delicate voice so sweet it could melt hearts.“Richard, I want a hug.”

Richard forgot how to walk. For the first time in his life, he moved awkwardly, stepping with the same hand and foot like someone undergoing physical therapy.

That short distance was a complete mess for him, but as he got closer, his usually stern face softened beyond recognition.

“Yvonne…” he called her name in a low, almost imperceptibly gentle voice, the last syllable trailing off so softly it was barely audible.

Bending down,

e scooped Yvonne into his arms and buried his face in the fluffy fabric of her coat.

She smelled lovely—an intense floral fragrance mixed with the natural freshness of her clothes. The scent was soothing, bringing an inexplicable sense of peace to his heart.

The air was filled with the continuous roars of lions, mingled with the chirping of birds perched on the plum trees. Normally, Richard preferred silence, but today, he didn’t find the noise intrusive in the least.

He tried to keep his voice steady, but the age–worn timbre still trembled slightly, betraying his emotions.

When he finally spoke again, his voice was hoarse and choked with emotion. “Yvonne… you saved my life.”

He was already a man with one foot in the grave. His children were grown, and he had little left to worry about–except for the tigers and leopards he had personally raised.

If they had died, Richard couldn’t even begin to imagine the guilt he would have carried.

The remainder of his life would have been filled with endless regret and pain.

His body was tense, his aged arms etched with the marks of time.

But despite the deeply moving atmosphere, Yvonne, remained completely unaffected.

She struggled to tilt her head up, her tiny voice weak yet clear, speaking in broken sentences.“Richard… you’re hugging me too tight… I can’t breathe…”

The emotions Richard had been building up instantly vanished. Panicking, he quickly loosened his arms and looked down at the girl in his embrace.

Her face was slightly flushed from being squeezed too tightly. Once she was freed, she took in deep gulps of air.

Richard’s overwhelming love was suffocating–literally–and Yvonne found it a bit hard to handle.

Richard immediately noticed how pale her face had become compared to before and instantly realized why.

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“Yvonne, are you feeling unwell anywhere? Can I help you?” he asked cautiously, as if afraid even his voice might startle her.

His heart was filled with anxiety–he didn’t know what to do for her.

There’s an old saying: You are what you cat. But if one’s abilities were exhausted, what could replenish them? Perhaps… eat another ability user?

Before he could spiral further into bizarre thoughts, Yvonne patted his shoulder with her tiny hand and reassured him in a soft, childlike voice, “Don’t worry, I’m fine.”

Saying that, she turned her head toward where the lions had been lying before.

She was still concerned about whether the big cats had woken up.

Following her gaze, one could see that the lions, which had been motionless on the ground moments ago, were now standing steadily. Aside from appearing a little sluggish, they looked no different from any other healthy lion.

A chorus of lion roars echoed in the air.

The first lion to wake up cautiously approached and lowered its head in front of Yvonne.

Richard’s vision suddenly blurred–he felt an unexpected surge of emotion.

The best decision he had made this year was bringing Yvonne to Tiger Mountain and tricking her into signing that transfer contract.

Overcome with gratitude, he reached out and took Yvonne’s hand, his gaze filled with tenderness.

“Come, Yvonne, let’s go delete the surveillance footage,” Richard said.

Yvonne tilted her head in confusion. She didn’t know what surveillance footage was, but she obediently followed Richard.

As the two walked out of the Lion Garden, the guards at the entrance initially brightened upon seeing them.

Then, their faces twisted in shock as they saw the lions trailing closely behind.

It was as if they had seen a ghost. The poisoned lions had actually come back to life.

Richard’s expression instantly turned cold. The tenderness from moments ago disappeared without a trace, and his words landed like iron–clad commands.

“The so–called ‘doctor’ made an error in judgment. My lions weren’t poisoned; they just had an upset stomach. Now that they’ve thrown up whatever was troubling them, they’ve recovered.”

The guards and staff stood there, nodding numbly.

It wasn’t that they didn’t notice how strange the situation was, but the sheer pressure of the scene didn’t allow them time to process it.

Speaking of which… was it really okay for Richard to be standing there, speaking casually while holding Yvonne’s hand, with several giant lions at his back?

Richard clearly didn’t find anything amiss.

He took the key from the administrator and personally locked the gate to the Lion Garden behind them. As for the lions, they continued to follow him.

Wherever Richard went, they followed.

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The sheer presence of the scene was overwhelming. Even the bodyguards, who were supposed to provide close protection, silently put some distance between themselves and Richard.

Yvonne felt a bit tired, but she knew Richard was old and couldn’t carry her forever.

She glanced back at the men trailing behind them, blinked a few times, and shook her head in disappointment.

Their legs were so long, yet they couldn’t even keep up with her. Useless.

She stopped walking, surveyed her surroundings, then turned her gaze to the lions behind her.

Stretching out her tiny hand, she pointed at the largest male lion. Her soft, childlike voice lacked any real authority, but it still sent chills down the spines of the people behind her.

“You. Carry me.” Yvonne said.

Richard stopped and glanced over, his expression amused. He didn’t say a word, but his indulgence was clear as day.

The people behind him were terrified.

“Is she really treating them like house cats?”

That was a ferocious beast. A giant predator. If it went on a rampage, even all of them together might not be able to stop it.

A bodyguard, his hands trembling, pulled out his gun and aimed it at the lion Yvonne had chosen.

They were all prepared–if that lion showed even the slightest sign of hostility toward Yvonne, they would shoot immediately.

The atmosphere was tense, sweat beading on their foreheads.

At this point, they could only hope the lion would remember Richard had raised it for years and not harm Yvonne.

The massive lion in question also noticed the guns trained on it from afar. It let out a dismissive snort.

Then, under everyone’s stunned gazes, it lowered its head and slowly crouched down.

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