

Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

Chapter 132

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A massive figure lay sprawled on the ground, kicking up dust as it settled.

Huffing and puffing, Yvonne clambered onto its back. Her once-clean white clothes were now smudged with dirt.

Standing behind her, Richard bent down and affectionately gave her a hand.

Once Yvonne was seated securely, the giant lion slowly rose to its feet.

Now, Richard was satisfied. He gripped the lion’s mane to steady himself, ensuring he wouldn’t fall.

The scene was magnificent. Richard stood off to the side, beaming with pride, as if he were the one sitting on the lion’s back.

After a moment’s thought, he pulled out his phone, took a few steps back, and called out with a grin.

Yvonne, give me a ‘V’ for victory!” Richard said.

Yvonne knew he was taking a picture. She straightened her back, raised a small hand in a ‘V’ sign, and flashed a wide, goofy grin.

The lion cooperated as well, opening its mouth wide, displaying what it believed to be its most majestic expression.

A fierce beast and an adorable child—what a perfect combination.

Richard was pleased. After snapping the photo, he immediately sent it to Kelvin.

Then, he carefully crafted a post.

Not being adept at typing, he took his time, carefully tapping each character until he finally got the caption just right: “Our Yvonne, riding a lion through the forest!”

Now, this was the proper way to raise a child. Yvonne needed to grow up like this—fearless and untouchable.

He wanted the old geezers to see what kind of daughter he was raising—one who radiated dominance.

The moment he posted it, Kelvin replied.

Richard was a bit surprised—this was the first time Kelvin had responded instantly.

Curious, he tapped on the 60-second voice message, his face full of anticipation.

But the moment he heard the first few words, his expression fell.

Without a word, he closed the app.

Slipping his phone back into his pocket, he took Yvonne to the surveillance room.

Only after erasing the last half-hour of footage did he finally feel at ease.

Now, no one could discover Yvonne’s secret.

As for the people present today, even if they suspected something, Richard was confident they wouldn’t dare say a word.

After that, he checked on the other poisoned animals in the zoo. Though none were as lively as the lion, they were no longer in critical condition.

Whatever residual toxins remained would have to be slowly purged with the help of the veterinarians.

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Once everything was taken care of, Richard led the lions to the zoo’s entrance.

He bent down to help Yvonne off, smiling as he said, “Yvonne, come here. I have something to tell these big cats.”

Obediently, Yvonne climbed down from the lion’s back.

She stood beside Richard, patting the dust off her clothes, sending tiny clouds flying everywhere.

Richard ruffled her fluffy hair, his gaze filled with affection.

But the words that followed were anything but gentle.

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Richard said, “Go. Take your revenge. The ones who poisoned you are on this mountain. Just follow the scent of the toxin in your bodies—whoever smells like it, that’s your culprit.”

These were fully grown, well-fed predators, and they had just endured the agony of poisoning. Their hatred for the culprits ran deep. They wouldn’t just want revenge—they would crave it.

Richard knew exactly what releasing them meant. As long as he sealed off the exits of the mountain, those who had poisoned the animals would be as good as dead.

But so what? This was his mountain.

Anyone daring to touch his domain should have been prepared for a gruesome end.”

A warning to others. Let’s see who else dares to stir trouble here in the future.

The lions understood his words. They took a few steps forward but hesitated at the edge, glancing back at him.

“Go,” Richard waved them off. “Avenge yourselves. When you’re old and can’t hunt anymore, come back. Yvonne will take care of you.”

The strongest male lion let out a deafening roar. Then, in a flash, several golden figures darted out through the zoo gates, vanishing into the forest within seconds.

Richard watched them go, standing still for a long time.

This might be the last time he ever saw them.

Once the lions were gone, he quickly regained his composure.

Pulling out his phone, he eagerly checked to see who had liked his post.

His chat inbox was flooded with red notification dots.

Richard didn’t even need to open them to know—it was all criticism.

He decided to focus on the post instead. Scrolling through the comments one by one, he read:

Jeremy: [Richard, no! Spare Yvonne, take me instead!]

Richard sighed. This kid was still as dramatic as ever. Ignored.

Friend A: [Adorable little girl. I love her!]

Richard nodded in satisfaction. Now that was a man with good taste.

Friend B: [That lion is obviously fake.]

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