

The Yun Family's Ninth Child is an Imp! Chapter 181

Yun Chujiu was stunned and handed her left hand to Di Beiming.

Di Beiming took out a silver needle from his storage ring and pricked Yun Chujiu's index finger. Immediately, bright red blood flowed out.

Di Beiming felt a slight pain in his heart, but he still took out a porcelain bottle and let Yun Chujiu drip the blood into it.

An Feng was watching from the side. His venerable face was filled with heartache, as if it was not Miss Jiu's finger that was hurting, but his heart.

Yun Chujiu raised her head and saw the pained and guilty look in Di Beiming's eyes. Her little heart pounded non-stop.

Although the two of them did not speak, their faces were flushed red as if there were pink bubbles floating in them.

At that moment, An Feng coughed dryly. "Venerable Sir, Miss Jiu, someone is coming here."

Di Beiming glared at An Feng. The miserable An Feng wanted to cry, but he had no tears. Venerable Sir, he did not want to disturb your good fortune, but someone really was coming!

An Feng felt that their majesty's gaze was as if he wanted to cut him into a thousand pieces. Oh God, he felt that his future was even more bleak!

Since he was assigned to her, His Majesty had vented his anger on him countless times. He had been slapped countless times. He was also very aggrieved, was he not?!

An Feng lit a candle in his heart for the person on their way over. 'You're so unlucky! And it's the type of bad luck that was tragic too! Damn it! If it wasn't for you, would he be able to vent his anger on his own?'

"Junior Sister Little Jiu! Junior Sister Little Jiu!" Before Feng Ming arrived, his voice had already sounded from afar enthusiastically.

Yun Chujiu felt a chill by her side. She saw Di Beiming blurt out a few words from between his teeth. "Junior Sister Little Jiu? Grand Disciple? Hmm?"

Yun Chujiu gritted her teeth. "It's just a form of address! Quickly hide."

Di Beiming looked deeply at Yun Chujiu, then flung his sleeves and walked into the house angrily.

Yun Chujiu felt a little guilty for some reason. What the hell! She did not do anything to let the gigolo down, so how could she have felt guilty?

'Senior Brother Feng Ming, you came at a bad time. You're just ramming yourself into a knife!'

An Feng and An Yin had naturally gone into hiding. An Feng also removed the enchantment.

"Senior Brother Feng Ming, what's the matter?" Yun Chujiu welcomed him to the door of the courtyard. She thought to herself that it was better to send him away as soon as possible. Otherwise, the gigolo might go crazy again!

Feng Ming did not know that there were so many twists and turns. He smiled elegantly and said, "Junior Sister Little Jiu, do you not welcome me or something? Why can't I come find you?"

After saying that, Feng Ming swaggered into the courtyard.

Yun Chujiu's heart sank. 'Senior Brother Feng Ming, you're courting death!! It's fine if you're courting death, but why do you have to drag me along?!

This guy quickly added, "Senior Brother Feng Ming, do you want to remind me again about the rolling pin? I've already done as you told me. Tell the sect leader to rest assured!"

"Junior sister Little Jiu, did you not sleep well last night? Hasn't the matter of the rolling pin already passed? What's there to be worried about? Oh? You've only just finished your breakfast? Why are there two sets of bowls and chopsticks?" Feng Ming sat on the stone bench and asked in puzzlement.

"Mm, the other one is Little Black's. It's meaningless for me to eat alone so I let it eat with me." Yun Chujiu was quick-witted. The thousand-year-old scapegoat Little Black was once again the scapegoat.

Feng Ming smiled. "Junior Sister Little Jiu, you're lying to me!"

Yun Chujiu pouted. "Why would I lie to you?"

"Little Black is quite smart, but no matter how smart it is, it won't use chopsticks, right?" Feng Ming pointed at the chopsticks at the side.