

The Yun Family's Ninth Child is an Imp! Chapter 390

Di Beiming had been digging non-stop for an entire night!

An Feng looked at His Venerable Self, who was covered in mud, and sighed in his heart. His Venerable Self had a serious obsession with cleanliness. He would not even spill a drop of blood on his body when he killed someone, but he was almost a clay figurine at that moment!

'Sigh, Miss Jiu, where are you exactly? Didn't they say that calamities live for a thousand years? How could you die just like that?'

Elder Xiao and the others also had grief on their faces. They wanted to persuade Di Beiming, but they did not know where to start. Speaking of which, Little Jiu's death was also somewhat related to them. If it was not to save them, she might not have been targeted by the heavens!

An Feng's eyes suddenly lit up. "Your Excellency, the voice transmission talisman! Why don't you try sending a voice transmission talisman to Miss Jiu?"

Di Beiming's dull eyes lit up. He took out the voice transmission talisman and said with a trembling voice, "Hey, Little Jiu. Where are you? Answer me quickly!"

Time passed bit by bit. The sound transmission talisman was dead silent and did not respond at all.

The hope in Di Beiming's eyes was destroyed bit by bit. He suddenly roared, "No! She won't die! She definitely won't die!"

Di Beiming continued to dig the soil with his hands crazily as he spoke.

Elder Qu and the rest looked at Di Beiming who had fallen into a state of madness. They could not help but sigh. This Young Master Di was extremely affectionate toward Little Jiu. Initially, they thought that he had taken a fancy to Little Nine's heavenly Lightning Root Spirit. They were really wrong.

Elder Qu's eyes suddenly lit up, and he suddenly slapped his thigh. "Young Master Di, Little Jiu will definitely be fine! We were also scared silly! Other than some burnt clothes, we did not find anything else. According to common sense, the clothes had not been completely burnt, and those spirit tools should have left a trace behind! Also, that rolling pin is an immortal tool. Even if it was struck by lightning, it would not turn into ashes. At the very least, there should be some remains!"

Di Beiming was stunned. His thoughts were occupied by the panic and despair of losing the black thing. After hearing elder Qu's words, he could not help but calm down. 'Yes, the black thing not only had the immortal rolling pin, but also the heaven and earth furnace, and the ancient divine item, the great void mirror. How could there not be any traces left behind? The black thing is definitely not dead! But where did she go?'

Di Beiming was like a withered tree that was slowly coming back to life. 'Black Thing is not dead. Black Thing is definitely not dead!

Di Beiming's eyes shone with a terrifying light. "Elder Qu is right. Black... Little Jiu is definitely not dead. I'll wait for her here. She'll definitely come back!"

Everyone waited for another three days and three nights by the pit, but there was still no signs of Yun Chujiu.

Di Beiming let Elder Qu and the others return to Spirit Radiance Sect to await for news. Every day, he would sit by the pit and talk to himself.

"Little Jiu, I won't call you Black Thing anymore. Come back quickly!"

"From now on, my things will be yours. I don't care what you want anymore!"

“Don’t you like drawing me? As long as you come back, you can draw as many as you want!”

“As long as you come back, I’ll sing you a lullaby every day from now on. If you get tired of that song, I’ll learn a few new ones!”

...

An Feng, who was at his side, wanted to cry and laugh at the same time. ‘Miss Jiu, our Revered Lord has been completely subdued by you. Hurry up and show yourself. If this continues, our Revered Lord will definitely go crazy!’

Day after day passed. In the blink of an eye, nearly a month had passed. There were even Fire Edelweiss growing in the deep pit, but still no signs of Yun Chujiu.

Even though the voice transmission talisman that urged Di Beiming to return to the Tianyuan continent was trembling crazily, he still stubbornly talked to himself by the side of the pit every day. He told Yun Chujiu his thoughts, his guilt, and his love.