

The Yun Family's Ninth Child is an Imp! Chapter 511

While Yun Chujiu and Xue Wuji were halfway through their meal, Di Beiming walked over expressionlessly. He took out a chair and sat down. Then, he took out several bowls and a pair of chopsticks then began to eat slowly.

Xue Wuji was so angry that he was twitching. Damn it, this is what I got by staying up all night. You, facial paralysis, actually came to eat for free! However, if he were to cause trouble for Di Beiming, Little Sister Jiu would definitely be unhappy. Forget it, this facial paralysis, eat as you like! It'll be like feeding a pig!

Xue Wuji quickly discovered that Di Beiming and Yun Chujiu had not communicated the entire time. Oh, it looked like the two of them had not reconciled yet! This was a great opportunity for this him!

Xue Wuji kept trying to curry favor. "Little Sister Jiu, is this little steamed bun still to your liking?"

Yun Chujiu nodded. "It's quite delicious."

"Little Sister Jiu, Big Brother bought a lot of drawers. I'll transfer them to you in a while, in case you can't eat them when you return to the Linghua faction. Big Brother also bought some spirit fruits for you. After you finish eating, you can relieve the greasiness..."

Kacha!

The chopsticks in Di Beiming's hand snapped! Di Beiming calmly took out another pair of chopsticks and continued eating.

For some reason, Xue Wuji felt a little chill and finally restrained himself a little.

After the three of them had their breakfast, Master Xuanyuan led everyone from the Linghua sect to the competition grounds.

A high platform had already been erected in front of the Wuwei Tower for the competition. There were also two rows of seats on the high platform, which were reserved for the four sect masters and the judges.

Unlike the first Wuwei tower trial, this time, many people came to watch the competition.

An hour later, the competition officially began!

The competition was judged one's skill on talisman-making, artifact refining, array formation, and pill refining. A total of twenty people would participate overall and five disciples would be sent to participate in each competition. The corresponding points would then be calculated according to the final ranking. Once all events were completed, the points of the disciples of each sect would be added together to determine the final ranking.

Master Xuanyuan's attitude was relaxed. Since the first round of the Wuwei Tower Trial, the Ling Hua sect had obtained first place. Even if they obtained the last place in this trial, it was still an acceptable result.

On Yun Chujiu's left sat the expressionless Di Beiming, and on her right sat Xue Wuji, who was constantly trying to curry favor with her!

"Little Sister Jiu, I bought a lot of snacks for you. You can eat while you watch. You won't be participating in the competition anyway. You can just enjoy the show."

Yun Chujiu said with a smile, "Thank you, Brother Wuji. You're right. I won't be participating this time so I'll just cheer for them!"

Di Beiming saw Yun Chujiu and Xue Wuji chatting non-stop. He was so angry that he grit his teeth. Thinking of Yun Chujiu's words, he held it in.

The competition soon began. The first round was the talisman-making competition. The content of the competition was a level two flame Talisman.

It was the first time Yun Chujiu saw someone making a talisman. She stared curiously. The contestants held special talisman pens and dipped them in demon beast blood. Then, they slowly began to draw on the special talisman paper.

"Brother Wuji, why are they drawing so slowly?" Yun Chujiu asked in confusion.

"Little Sister Jiu, you may not know this, but when making a talisman, it is important to ensure that the output of spiritual power is evenly distributed. If the output of spiritual power is not stable, then the talisman paper will burn on its own..."

As if to verify Xue Wuji's words, one of the Green Sky Palace disciples on the stage might have been nervous, and the uneven distribution of spiritual power had caused the talisman paper in his hand to burn!

Without a doubt, this talisman was a failure. That disciple was naturally ended up in last place of the Talisman Competition!

Yun Chujiu's eyes stared at the actions of those disciples and cursed silently in her heart. Wasn't it just gibberish on the talisman?! Was there a need to be so slow?!