

## The Yun Family's Ninth Child is an Imp! Chapter 611

'You gigolo, you actually stood me up! I'm not done with you!'

The voice transmission talisman inside her storage ring started to vibrate. After Yun Chujiu sent her divine sense in, she heard Di Beiming's slightly helpless voice, "Little Jiu, my mother is sick. I'll visit you another day."

Yun Chujiu was stunned and asked anxiously, "Prince Charming, is your mother alright?"

"She is fine. She has been sick for a long time."

Yun Chujiu put away the voice transmission talisman gloomily. She was so depressed that she had nowhere to vent it. 'Should I blame the gigolo? His mother is sick. I can't just make him come over, right? Who can you blame?! Damn it, you can only blame yourself for being too attentive!'

"An Feng, your master won't be coming today. Sit down and let's eat the cake together!" Yun Chujiu said sullenly.

The little black bird's eyes shone. Damn, it's great that gigolo isn't coming!! I can eat more of this big cake. Doesn't it just smell good?!

An Feng walked out from the corner and asked in surprise, "Miss Jiu, why is our Lord not coming?"

"He said that his mother's illness is acting up. Forget it. If he can't come, then so be it. Let's eat this cake so that it doesn't go to waste," Yun Chujiu forced a smile and said.

An Feng nodded and said, "The wife of the Palace Master does have a hidden illness that can flare up from time to time. Miss Jiu, please don't blame our Lord."

Yun Chujiu squeezed out a smile and said, "Am I such an unreasonable person? I was just a little disappointed after being busy for so long! How about trying my cake?"

An Feng took a bite of the cake. It was soft and smooth, and it was a taste that he had never tasted before. An Feng coughed dryly when he saw Yun Chujiu clumsily wolfing down the mountain of food. "Miss Jiu, aren't you going to leave a piece for our Lord?"

Yun Chujiu said gloomily, "Just wait for him to come back and I can bake another for him. You guys can have this. I'm annoyed just looking at it, so it's better not to see it."

The little black bird secretly glared at An Feng. 'You black-hearted man. It's enough for you to eat it yourself, but you even want to leave some for the gigolo. In your dreams! This is all mine!'

An Feng was almost choked by the little black bird's glare. He did not dare to say anything more. After finishing the piece of cake in his hand, he obediently returned to his original spot to load the mushrooms.

Yun Chujiu looked at Little Black and the others snatching the cake with a depressed expression. Her sixth sense had always been very sharp. She always felt that Di Beiming did not come because of some old problem of his mother's. Perhaps it was just her imagination. She hoped that it was so.

The next day, Di Beiming still did not visit. That night, Xue Wuji came in high spirits.

"Little Sister Jiu! Long time no see. Did you miss me?"

Yun Chujiu smiled. "Brother Wuji, you didn't send me Spirit Stones again, did you?"

“Little Sister Jiu, didn’t I tell you long ago? What’s mine is yours. How many Spirit Stones do you want? I’ll give it to you right away!” Xue Wuji said heroically as he patted his chest.

Normally, Yun Chujiu would take the opportunity to extort Xue Wuji, but she was not in the mood. She smiled and said, “Then thank you, Brother Wuji! Sit down and have some tea!”

A faint light flashed in Xue Wuji’s eyes. After he sat down, he looked like he wanted to say something but stopped. He kept peering at Yun Chujiu.

Yun Chujiu smiled. “Brother Wuji, if you have something to say, just say it. Don’t try to hide it.”

Xue Wuji sighed. “Little Sister Jiu, it’s not that I’m trying to hide it. If I tell you about this, I’m afraid you’ll be sad.”