

## The Yun Family's Ninth Child is an Imp! Chapter 678

Yun Chujiu looked at manager Luo with displeasure. "Manager Luo, how can you pour such hot tea for the Palace Mistress? Look at how hot it is!"

Manager Luo knew that Yun Chujiu was giving the Palace Mistress a way out, so he could only say, "Mistress, this servant recognizes his failings and will be sure to correct it, this servant will pour it for you again."

The Palace Mistress took out a handkerchief to wipe the corner of her mouth and waved her hand, "It's none of your business! Little Trash, you, you are simply..."

The Palace Mistress was so angry that she did not know what to say. However, on second thought, not that this Little Trash had become bald Beiming might get tired of her. The uglier she was, the better!

"Palace Mistress, do you also think that my new hairstyle is very shiny? This is the symbol of wisdom. As the saying goes, a smart head doesn't have hair!" Yun Chujiu said mischievously.

Palace Mistress...

Manager Luo...

The Eight maids...

An Feng and the others who were speechless in the corner...

The Palace Mistress had huge doubts about her son's vision. Son, in your path to adulthood, have you gone astray somewhere? Why do you like such thick-skinned trash? Your taste is too unique!

“Madam Palace Mistress, do you think what I said makes sense? Come, don’t just stand there, I’ll pour you a cup of tea! Drinking tea is so monotonous! Manager Luo, bring out two plates of desserts.” Yun Chujiu sat across from the palace head’s wife where she shamelessly took out a teacup, poured herself a cup of tea, and sipped on it.

Manager Luo had not recovered from Yun Chujiu’s words just now, and had taken out two plates of pastries from her storage ring and placed them on the stone table.

As soon as manager Luo put down the pastries, Yun Chujiu happily reached out her hands and picked up a piece of pastry. As she ate, she said, “Mrs. Palace Master, your pastries taste really good. Don’t stand on ceremony. Eat some too.”

An Feng, who was in the corner, felt that green smoke was coming out of Mrs. Palace Master’s head. He lit a candle for her in his heart. Even though they were so worrisome, they were still tortured by Miss Jiu to the point of speechlessness. You are just asking for trouble!

The Palace Mistress took a deep breath. “Little Trash, where’s Bei Ming?”

Yun Chujiu did not say a word. This old witch and the Pretty Boy were indeed from the same family. One called her Little Trash, and the other called her Black Thing. Both of them were not good people!

“Little Trash, let me ask you. Where’s Bei Ming?” The Palace Mistress slammed the table.

“You mean brother Beiming? Brother Beiming is in the house. Hmm, he wanted to give you a surprise, so he has been hiding in the house. You should call out to him, I’m sure he’ll come out.” Yun Chujiu took a mouthful of snacks and a mouthful of tea. It was so nourishing.

The Palace Mistress was stunned. Give her a surprise? What surprise?

Beiming had always had a poker face since he was young. He had never said anything about giving her a surprise. Could it be that he was trying to please her because of this Little Trash?!

Although the Palace Mistress did not show it on the surface, she was looking forward to it. She called out to the house, "Beiming, come out for a moment!"

Di Beiming had just finished showering when he heard the Palace Mistress calling out to him. After tidying up briefly, he pushed open the door and walked out.

The Palace Mistress immediately saw Di Beiming's shiny bald head. She thought that she had seen something wrong and took a closer look before jumping up from her chair in shock, "Beiming! Where... Where's your hair? Why did you become bald?"