

Daily Life 1061

Chapter 1061: The Truth About Fate Dao

As the saying went, capture the leader and the bandits will fall. Once Wang Ling took down Bai Youquan, the morale of the prison officers instantly skyrocketed!

They never expected the legendary Director Zhuo to actually have such hidden depths. If Odd Zhuo hadn't put a stop to this prison invasion, the enemy might have already bored several holes in their barrier! Not only that, the prison would suffer mass numbers of casualties! And if word of this got out, it would definitely drastically affect the cultivation residents of Songhai city.

What kind of place was the prison?

It was the most heavily guarded place within Songhai city. If such a place was taken down by criminals, it would no doubt be a severe blow to everyone's sense of security.

In the Scientific Cultivation era, peace had always been the main tenet of the world; people scorned, resisted, and condemned this sort of criminal behavior.

Someone once said, "If you believe your country is bad, you can try to build it up. If you think the government is bad, you can strive hard to be an official. If you believe the citizens are lacking in culture, you should start being a highly-cultured citizen from today on to influence the people around you with actual actions. If you find your fellow men ignorant and unenlightened, then try to change others by studying hard. One shouldn't choose to grumble, curse, and escape, or even resort to chaos and violence.

"On the land which you stand upon, what you are is what it is. If you are out in the light, it will not be in the dark. If you strive for excellence, you will not heed the unfounded rumors and malicious gossip of those who wallow in self-misery. Don't listen to the cynics. If you can do something, do something. If you can say something, say something. If you have heat, then give out light. Even if you are a firefly, you can shine in the darkness.

"If there is no torch in the end, then you are the only light."

But unfortunately, there was a minority who didn't understand this rationale.

They raised bricks, claimed they were powerless commoners, and turned what was originally a peaceful protest into a farce of vandalism.

Violent behavior should be stopped anytime, anywhere.

Furthermore, these people of unknown origins were attempting to launch a futile attack on the prison...

Bai Youquan's soul had been locked in place by the King's Eye. Gritting his teeth, he attempted a last-ditch struggle.

He was the mastermind of this prison break; naturally, he would do whatever he could to escape.

The next moment, Bai Youquan writhed on the ground, crying out in pain. With his King's Eye, Wang Ling could clearly see that Bai Youquan was trying to split his soul apart.

Fate Dao was a special type of Great Dao. People with Fate Dao could borrow fate from the River of Fate to overturn the heavens and change their fate so as to fulfill their goal of attaining immortality and invulnerability.

This was a Great Dao which could control parallel dimensions.

This also meant that if Bai Youquan gave up his soul, the soul of another Bai Youquan from a parallel dimension would take over the current Bai Youquan's body.

This was the truth about Fate Dao.

Initially, Wang Ling hadn't quite understood how Fate Dao worked,

But everything was different now.

Actually, Bai Youquan's idea was doable. His soul had been locked down by the King's Eye, and he just needed to split it apart and swap it out to escape the King's Eye Soul Lock.

"Trying to use Fate Dao to obtain a new soul from a parallel dimension?" Wang Ling stared at Bai Youquan intently. Bai Youquan's soul quaked at his words, and he felt as though the thoughts had been plucked out of his head.

"You..."

Since his objective had been exposed, Bai Youquan's expression turned reckless in his hopeless situation. "So what if you've figured it out? You can't stop me!" He howled the words at Wang Ling before digging open a space tunnel with his bare hands and slipping through it like a fleeing loach. As Bai Youquan fled, he endured the two-fold pain of the splintering and transfer of his soul.

If it was just a physical injury, he could freely transport a new body from a parallel dimension for his own. Masters of Fate Dao could move around ten thousand parallel dimensions at least. Using these dimensions as their own was akin to having ten thousand lives.

When necessary, Fate Dao could be fully released so that a single person could even draw on the powers of the people in ten thousand dimensions to enhance themselves.

However, this was an all-out move, and the ultimate profundity of Fate Dao — Return As One.

Once this was carried out, ten thousand lives would gather in one body. Dying in this form would be permanent.

Bai Youquan didn't have the guts.

Furthermore, his Fate Dao was a power that had been bestowed upon him — he could only control one hundred dimensions.

If he used Return As One and ended up dying, his existence in all the parallel dimensions would be instantly wiped out.

There would no longer be a person known as Bai Youquan in the entire universe.

“Hurry up. Hurry up...”

Enduring the pain of the soul transfer, Bai Youquan allowed his body to float freely in the space tunnel as the spatial storm sliced at it.

Compared to the pain that was acting on his soul, the torment of his physical body was nothing.

But Bai Youquan very quickly noticed that something had gone wrong during the soul transfer.

A force seemed to be stopping him from drawing power from a parallel dimension.

The next moment, Bai Youquan realized that a crack had unexpectedly appeared in the space tunnel below him, and a golden-red eye was observing him from the middle of it. Instantly, Bai Youquan was sucked into the crack...

By the time Bai Youquan came back to his senses, he was kneeling once more in front of Wang Ling.

Bai Youquan thought that he had already fled thousands of li through the spatial rift, but the King's Eye had recalled his soul in the blink of an eye! Bai Youquan was pulled back in front of Wang Ling! The distance had become a matter of inches! No matter how Bai Youquan fled, he had no way of escaping Wang Ling's pursuit!

“It's you... You stopped me?” Bai Youquan's soul wasn't replaced with one from another parallel dimension as he had hoped. He stared at Wang Ling incredulously. “You... you aren't Odd Zhuo!”

Bai Youquan had noticed that something was amiss, but so what? Even if he spoke out, no one would believe the words of a criminal.

Wang Ling raised his sword fingers and pointed them at Bai Youquan.

His voice resounded in Bai Youquan's head. “I've devoured your Fate Dao. Now, you only have one life...”

“You... you’ve mastered Fate Dao?” Bai Youquan found it unbelievable. He seemed to have already guessed the identity of the person hiding in Odd Zhuo’s body, but ultimately didn’t dare voice it aloud.

“Like it’s hard?”

Wang Ling crouched down and stared at Bai Youquan. He then reached out one hand to pinch Bai Youquan’s lower jaw. “Speak. Tell me your objective.”

Chapter 1062: Wang Ling’s Worries

Bai Youquan tried to struggle, but discovered that he was powerless to free himself from Wang Ling’s clutches. Actually, if this was an ordinary situation, Wang Ling could choose to forcefully search the other party’s memories if they refused to answer the question. Unfortunately, he couldn’t use this tactic with Bai Youquan.

Although Wang Ling had already taken Bai Youquan’s Fate Dao, it still belonged to the latter. Once Fate Dao was used, Bai Youquan’s mind space would turn into chaos as the memories of the Bai Youquans from all the other parallel worlds would be jumbled up like paste, and difficult to tell apart.

Wang Ling was in no hurry to interrogate Bai Youquan; he still had Odd Zhuo, after all – it was only right that this sort of menial task was left to his disciple.

After casting the Great Prohibition Spell on Bai Youquan, Wang Ling returned to his original body. Bai Youquan could currently be described as a locust without its shell, and utterly useless. The more terrifying thing, moreover, was that, as the head of the black soldier army, he would be put in the special cell to play nice with the mahjong trio.

This would also be the first time that the mahjong room would have four people; they would no longer need to find people from the other prison cells to make up the number.

Interrogating Bai Youquan would take some time, and couldn’t be done hastily. But with Bai Youquan’s prison invasion, Wang Ling had at least determined what the black soldier army organization’s objective was – it was very clear that they were after his little sister, Wang Nuan.

Zheng Tianqiang and Wu Yuanji might have been targeted because she had granted them special powers.

Based on the Wang family's genes... Wang Ling believed Wang Nuan probably had a special type of Great Dao ability, on par with Heavenly Dao, Divine Dao and Fate Dao. In addition, this ability was similar to Fate Dao, and was an endowment in nature: It could activate a person's shadow and give a person a quick power-up in a short period of time. At the same time, they gained the ability to manipulate shadows.

But Wu Yuanji and Zheng Tianqiang clearly could only manipulate shadows at the most basic level.

If this was the power of a Great Dao, it certainly wouldn't just be as simple as this bestowed ability...

Which was why Wang Ling was thoroughly alarmed.

His little sister wasn't born yet... She hadn't even been inside Mother Wang's belly for half a month, but she already knew how to make trouble... After she was born, she would definitely be Red Flame Mad Devil Mo Xiaobei 1!

It was September 22nd, the thirty-ninth day of the summer break.

Songhai First Prison was attacked by an unknown force. Director Odd Zhuo, who had been carrying out an investigation, took the lead and successfully held them back along with Warden Liang, saved all the prison combat officers, and even apprehended a sub-leader of the unknown force along with one hundred members of this gang – the news exploded online.

Odd Zhuo became more famous than ever.

The scene last night of Wang Ling casting a Heavenly Dao spell while in Odd Zhuo's body was also perfectly recorded by the prison cameras. Although no one could understand what the spell was, they were already deeply shaken by the abstruse and complicated array runes of the Tian Gang Infinite Health Array.

Some of Odd Zhuo's peers in particular were secretly anti-fans who went around saying that Odd Zhuo's reputation was an empty one and that he didn't have any real talent. A lot of people were

very unhappy with how Odd Zhuo would run to take credit basically any time there was a battle that didn't have reliable video evidence – how could such a person be a leader?

But the combat strength that Odd Zhuo displayed last night instantly left this bunch of anti-fans speechless...

His battle stance was graceful, to say nothing of the fact that they couldn't even find the array runes in the dictionary!

Thus, the moment the surveillance video was released, Odd Zhuo was instantly elevated to new heights by his peers, and he even had the honor of being bestowed a new nickname — a man who secretly takes extra lessons.

Wang Ling was highly interested in the interrogation. Once there was progress, Odd Zhuo would instantly report it to Wang Ling.

As for Wang Ling...

There were two things which worried him.

Based on the fluctuations coming from Wu Yuanji's and Zheng Tianqiang's bodies, Wang Ling determined that, while Wang Nuan had granted them their abilities, it hadn't been deliberate, and could be called an unintentional mistake.

It would be ten months before Wang Nuan popped out, and there was likely to be plenty of fetal movement during this period of time.

Wang Ling was already adept at drawing Dao talisman seals, so he wondered if he should draw one for Ah Nuan, and at least prevent her from accidentally leaking energy when she rolled around in the belly.

Thus, as the news was talking about Odd Zhuo that morning, Wang Ling raised Wang Nuan's matter with Father Wang. Drawing a talisman seal or whatnot meant extra spending: the talisman paper and special materials required cost about a thousand yuan.

This wasn't a large sum of money. In fact, as long as Wang Ling used his "Ling Zhenren" identity to ask around in the group, no one would refuse him the cash.

But Wang Ling wasn't in the habit of asking outsiders for money. Family matters were an internal affair, and should be handled internally.

This was also one of the family rules that Father and Mother Wang had drawn up for Wang Ling.

After hearing the whole story, Father Wang pushed up his glasses and then put down his coffee. "That's a good idea. But you'll have to earn the money yourself. As a reminder, you have to earn money with the abilities of a regular cultivation high school student, which means that your strength should be at the late Foundation Establishment stage at the very most. If you exceed this realm, two hundred yuan will be deducted from your allowance next month."

"..."

Wang Ling had thought Father Wang would readily agree – he never thought that this biological father of his would actually tell him to earn the money himself...

As expected of his biological father...

"It's not a large sum, and I could give it to you. But, Ling Ling, think about it – this is a big brother's feelings for a little sister. If the talisman you draw for your little sister is created from materials gathered with your own hard work, I believe that Ah Nuan will be very touched after she's born!"

After giving his earnest advice, Father Wang patted Wang Ling on the shoulder. "Go and think of something first. If there's really nothing you can do, your dad will give you the money."

This was a flawless statement; in the end, Wang Ling couldn't find an excuse to ask for the money.

Father Wang watched Wang Ling go up the stairs and felt a sense of satisfaction.

The moment Mother Wang fell pregnant with Wang Nuan, Father Wang had already decided to groom Wang Ling into a sis-con, to ensure that the brother and sister had a harmonious relationship.

Actually, there wasn't much further to go at this point in time...

And so came Wang Ling's second worry: a part-time job.

He, a sixteen-year-old high school student, taking up a part-time job...

Would anyone hire him?

Wang Ling was highly doubtful...

He decided to first figure out what he could do.

Based on the Wang family's rules for a part-time job, the main thing was that he wasn't allowed to use his innate Heavenly Dao ability to make money. In other words, this decree directly forbade Wang Ling from using Heavenly Dao spells to make money, which would have been easy for him.

Then, putting these sort of fantastical jobs aside, what else could he do?

Work as a temp at a convenience store?

Hand out leaflets on the street?

Or work at KFC?

...

A little survey: What sort of work do you Wang Ling could do?

Chapter 1063: Wang Ling's Work Day

In short, the problem was what sort of part-time job Wang Ling could get.

To not be able to use Heavenly Dao... It was going to be a bit difficult to earn this money. Otherwise, he could use his Heavenly Hearing to connect to other parallel dimensions and earn tens of thousands of yuan in minutes simply by selling some music rip-offs. But copying music actually wasn't a great plan, since the readers would suspect the author of padding the chapter.

Although Wang Ling couldn't use Heavenly Dao, he could still rely on his physique, and had thought about hawking himself out as someone else's punching bag; after all, no matter how he was beaten up, he couldn't get hurt. The problem, however, was that if the backlash killed the other person, then it would be for nothing! He still vividly remembered when the Shadow Stream assassins had attacked No. 60 High, and how the assassin captain was killed by a backlash.

The grass on the man's grave was probably dozens of meters high already...

After some serious thinking, Wang Ling started to seek out the opinions of Super Chen and the others in their private group chat.

"A part-time job?" Super Chen replied in the group right away. "Then, Wang Ling, forget about becoming a waiter."

"???" Wang Ling.

"You can't even smile; there's no way you can do that sort of work. Also, you'll probably get complaints. I heard that your pay will be docked if you get a complaint in that sort of place. If you and your stiff face work there, you might have to compensate the boss several hundred yuan every day."

"..."

"You be quiet. Given what Wang Ling's like, I know a job that'll be a pretty good fit for him." At that moment, Dopey Guo suddenly came up with an idea.

"What is it?" Little Peanut was curious.

“You can be an extra at the cultivation film studio. It’s hard but solid work, and they need student actors. I introduced plenty of the guys from the other classes to it, but none of them lasted long.”

“Why not?”

“Because they tend to NG... As an extra, all you have to do is pretend to be dead most of the time, which I think will fit Wang Ling very well.”

As soon as Dopey Guo said that, Wang Ling replied right away: “I’ll be counting on you!”

...

Wang Ling had never thought about becoming an idol or whatnot, but he felt that he was well-suited to be an extra. This wasn’t an easy path to walk on, however – a two-bit actor who was a new face to a production crew wouldn’t get any work for a long time or even be able to eat. They could only wait by the road outside the film studio and wait for production teams that were lacking people to come and recruit them. If you were lucky, you could scrape together one to two hundred yuan after following a crew around for a day. If an extra was lucky enough to be chosen by the director to say a couple of lines, it was possible to rake in several thousand in one day.

But that was a rare case, after all.

In the afternoon, Wang Ling arranged to meet Dopey Guo at Songhai Film and Television Studio. Film studios were actually common nowadays, but Songhai city’s film studio triumphed in terms of scale. Songhai was an international hub of cultural exchange, and its film studio was naturally favored by many domestic and international production teams as well as numerous famous directors.

Given its large scale, there were plenty of opportunities.

When cultivators shot films, there already wasn’t any need in many cases to rely purely on special effects; when two cultivator actors fought in a scene, they created a lot of the explosions themselves... The point was that it looked a lot more realistic than cheap special effects! And saved on special effects production costs! Thus, a lot of films on the market now were an embellished mix of real cultivator fights and special effects.

There was no need to invest so much into special effects anymore – only a little brush-up and fine-tuning was needed to make the explosions and fights more striking.

Wearing his school uniform, Wang Ling waited for a while next to a stele with the words “Songhai Film and Television Studio” on it, and soon saw Master Dopey Guo waving at him from afar. As for why he had to wear his uniform, Wang Ling still wasn’t clear on this point. Since he was about to make some money, however, it wasn’t a big deal. Furthermore, Dopey Guo himself was also wearing the school uniform.

“Let’s go. I’ll bring you in.” Dopey Guo took out the actor ID tag which he had prepared in advance and stuck it on his chest; Wang Ling was a little blank when he glanced at this thing.

“It’ll be fine. There’ll be an audition later after you enter. Just muddle your way through it – I have an uncle who works in the audition department. Once you get the actor ID tag, it’ll be very easy to get into the studio. With the tag, you can bring one person in, sort of like a recommendation.” As Dopey Guo introduced the studio to Wang Ling, he explained the rules at the same time.

Just as Wang Ling was about to ask why they had to come in their school uniforms, it was Dopey Guo who brought it up first. “It just so happens that my uncle is planning to shoot an online movie with a school theme, and he needs two more people. He wanted me to bring someone over, and I was just about to ask someone else. In the end, you just happened to be looking for a part-time job! Hahaha!”

“School theme?” asked Wang Ling.

“That’s right, this film is pretty awesome – it isn’t just a school movie, but is also based on our own school! It’s a story about Senior Zhuo! Hang on, I’ll DM you the script.”

“...”

Because of a confidentiality agreement, the script couldn’t be made public for now, so Dopey Guo couldn’t send it in their small group. But since Wang Ling was now part of the studio, Dopey Guo thought that letting him take a look was fine. Thus, he created an exclusive group for him and Wang Ling, and sent him the script inside this two-man group called: Oscar Film Emperor.

Leading Wang Ling over to get an actor ID tag, Dopey Guo explained the script to him.

Wang Ling opened the file which Dopey Guo had sent, and the massive film title at the very top jumped out at him.

Then, Wang Ling took a deep breath...

Because the film title was: Birth of the Demon Child Odd Zhuo 1.

“...”

Wang Ling heard from Dopey Guo that the production team hadn't contacted Odd Zhuo about this matter, but instead directly asked Headmaster Chen for the filming rights. Considering that No. 60 High was going to be upgraded to a key city high school very soon, Headmaster Chen felt that they could seize this opportunity to promote the school, and thus agreed. The most important thing was that it was a famous director who would be directing this film, called Feng Yiwei.

Of course, what amazed Wang Ling wasn't the film title or its director.

But the film's content.

When Wang Ling skimmed through the file and read the film outline, he was utterly stupefied... .

The film outline was such: When the Gate Between Worlds descended six years ago, a Chaos Pearl came into being. With all the experts of the cultivation world joining forces, the Chaos Pearl was refined into a Demon Pearl and an Immortal Pill. The number one sect in the cultivation world, Sixty Gates, set up a large array to destroy the Demon Pearl three years later. The head of Sixty Gates ordered his main disciple, Hero Guo, to place the Immortal Pill inside Odd Zhuo's body. In the end, due to a freak series of errors, the Immortal Pill was secretly replaced, and Odd Zhuo, who should have been born from the Immortal Pill, was born a demon. But Odd Zhuo didn't let his fate control him. He held fast to Sixty Gates' philosophy of punishing and eliminating evil. Because of the Demon Pearl, however, he was misunderstood as a demon who committed all sorts of atrocities, and was made a scapegoat time and time again... Faced with this situation, what would Odd Zhuo do...

Chapter 1064: Wang Ling's Acting Skills

Wang Ling suspected that this script might have been written by Super Chen or a relative of the latter – even the scapegoat setting had been perfectly included inside the script, making it too real.

One had to go through an audition in order to get an actor ID tag, and the examiner would choose a theme. When Hero Guo brought Wang Ling in, the theme had already been decided on. There were six people in each group, and Wang Ling was in the second group. It was quite simple: everyone was required to act like they were suffering from facial paralysis. When the examiner cracked a joke, only those who didn't laugh would pass.

Wang Ling felt that this assessment was simply tailor-made for him, and it basically wouldn't be a problem at all.

After the first group of six went up, the examiner announced the theme for their group.

They had to act as if they were being blown about in a hurricane.

The first person pretended to be a tree; he raised his arms and let out “hu hu hu” sounds before falling to the ground.

One after another, the second, third, fourth and fifth individuals imitated him, which disappointed the examiner in charge of the audition. It was fine if it was just the first person, but it was meaningless for those that came after to copy him. Acting was an art which emphasized creativity.

Just as the examiner sighed, the other assessors turned their gazes to the last person. He was a fatty who looked to be over two hundred and sixty jin in weight, and who stood there unmoving, like a mountain.

The examiner: “Sir, what are you acting as?”

That fatty replied, “Shanghai Fortress 1.”

The examiner: “...Pass!”

Wang Ling and Hero Guo: “...”

Finally, it was Wang Ling's turn as part of the second test group, and he entered the exam room with the other five examiners.

Looking at the others, he thought that they were probably a few years younger than he was, and they all looked very young – it wasn't easy to make a living nowadays.

Over sixty percent of young people now chose to become live streamers, and basically stopped at nothing to become popular. To be an actor was somewhat tough, but at least it was an industry in which you could rely on your skills to make a living. Acting skills could continue to be polished over time, and one day, you might be chosen by some director and be given the chance to turn your life around. Hard work was hard work, but it was much better than relying on tricks to grab attention.

"Next, I'm going to tell you a joke, but I want you to hold back your laughter. This is the only assessment requirement for your group. As long as you don't laugh, you pass," said the chief examiner.

"Then, sir, will you laugh?" a bold youngster asked at that moment.

"Laugh? Of course not, we're professionals. No matter how funny it is, we won't laugh unless we can't help it." The chief examiner's gaze swept over them before he read out the joke from a book. "Once upon a time, there was a temple, and in that temple lived a foolish monk 1... hahahaha..."

"..."

The examiner's chair rocked back with his laughter and he directly fell off. When they saw this scene, the other assessors couldn't help but frown.

"Isn't Old Chen going a little overboard in his acting..."

"Mm, just a bit. But he can certainly act; no wonder he's the chief examiner. Look, Old Chen's twitching is so realistic. His entire body is shaking – there's probably no one here who can shake all over like Old Chen, is there?"

“I’ve looked at the joke, and it isn’t funny at all. To be able to laugh like this in front of everyone, Old Chen is indeed a consummate actor!”

“Look... he seems to be frothing at the mouth...”

“He can even spew out froth – how brilliant! And did you see, he can even roll his eyes back! How detailed!”

“It certainly is detailed, and he even remembered to roll his eyes back. But there’s still one thing I don’t understand.”

“What?”

“It’s not hard to roll your eyes back, but as for his bloodshot eyes... how did he do that?”

“Damn... Old Chen isn’t acting! He’s really laughing! And he’s going to laugh himself into passing out!”

When the examiners said that, some of the examinees in the second group finally couldn’t take it anymore and burst out laughing. The chief examiner’s requirement for them was to not laugh when he read out the joke, but in the end, he passed out laughing himself... Was there any joke funnier than this?

Thus, of the six people in the second group, only Wang Ling remained expressionless.

The examinees in the second group really couldn’t be blamed – even those waiting in line outside the exam room laughed until their sides split because of this episode. Some of them laughed themselves breathless as they crouched down and clutched their stomachs.

Throughout it all, only Wang Ling’s expression wasn’t the least bit ruffled.

It could be said that he was the bona fide legendary poker face. Hero Guo was moved by Wang Ling’s composure; as expected, it had been the right decision to recommend Wang Ling to work here!

...

After ten minutes or so, the examiners gave the actor ID tag to Wang Ling, and he was the only one in the second group of examinees to get it.

When they gave him the ID tag, one of the assessors said to Wang Ling with an admiring expression, “Student, you were too awesome. We as examiners laughed until we almost passed out, while you were actually completely unmoved.”

“He’s like that at school, too.” Hero Guo put his arm over Wang Ling’s shoulders and couldn’t help feeling proud.

“So this guy is your classmate!” The assessor was cheerful. He didn’t know Wang Ling, but he knew Hero Guo. Quite a few of the directors here were his uncles, so Hero Guo usually wasn’t short of pocket money. If he didn’t have any, he just needed to come here and do some acting – sometimes, lying on the ground for a day could net him hundreds of HNY.

Hero Guo could be considered pretty lucky this time. It just so happened that an online film about No. 60 High had just started filming at the studio, and Hero Guo had been introduced to the crew as an extra. This role only had three lines, but three lines for an extra was already amazing – and the most important thing was that his face would be on camera! Hero Guo fantasized about kickstarting a career with this opportunity – how could he not be happy!

When that time came, he would be the second Lu Xufan! The second Wu Yuanxi 1!

“Let’s go, Wang Ling, I’ll take you to the film set.” Brimming with excitement, Dopey Guo finally led Wang Ling to the film set for Birth of the Demon Child Odd Zhuo.

This was Wang Ling’s first time on a film set, and the director was very charismatic as he directed the filming.

“Actors!”

“Lights!”

“ACTION!”

...

Hero Guo took Wang Ling around the place. It was actually the worst time for unrelated personnel to move about. A lot of newbie actors would accidentally walk into the camera frame, and a clip that hadn't been easy to shoot would become useless.

But as an old hand, Dopey Guo knew the set like the back of his hand. He brought Wang Ling to the executive director, who looked Wang Ling up and down. "Is this the classmate you were talking about?"

"Yes, uncle!" Dopey Guo nodded.

"Not bad, his looks pass." The executive director nodded his head.

"Then which scene will my classmate be acting in?"

"Let him try the next scene. There's a fight scene where he just needs to play dead," said the executive director.

Chapter 1065: Play Dead

Wang Ling actually felt that he was well-suited to work in show business. After all, it wasn't uncommon for teen idols in show business to sometimes be criticized for their poor acting since they weren't trained actors.

Happy reaction: poker face + wide eyes.

Angry reaction: poker face + wide eyes.

Frightened reaction: poker face + wide eyes.

Sad reaction: poker face + wide eyes...

This all-purpose formula was some idols' perfect answer to show business, so Wang Ling thought he could do it too...

But for now, Wang Ling wouldn't know what it was like to be the lead actor. He was already very content acting as an extra, thanks to Dopey Guo's help.

Before shooting the second scene, the executive director approached Wang Ling. "Student Wang, let's talk about the second scene. It's a fight scene; where will you be lying?"

Wang Ling: "???"

"It's like this: the pay is different for different areas."

The executive director spread out a map of the site and said to Wang Ling patiently, "This green zone is basically safe. According to calculations, the actors' movements and spells cast during the fight won't affect the green zone. If you lie in the green zone, it's 80 to 100 yuan a day.

"The yellow zone is moderately dangerous and the daily reward is 100 to 500 yuan. A large amount of energy shock waves might pass through the air here during the fight scene. Calculating it precisely, it usually isn't dangerous. But the point is that once you lie down, you can't move as you like. No matter how loud the noise or explosions around you, you can't be scared into moving even an inch, since that will create complications. We often have actors who choose to lie down in the yellow zone for money. In the end, they overestimated their mental endurance. Some got up halfway through, and their legs and feet got blown off. As long as you don't move in this zone, you'll be fine."

"..."

"The reward for the red zone is 800 to 1,000 a day. How much an actor gets depends on their performance. The red zone is where the attacks are the most concentrated. The actors who lie inside this zone must be extremely strong of mind and professional. Since this zone will be covered in spells, you might be slightly burned while lying down, but the injury is manageable. We have an especially effective freeze cream. If you apply it to the burn immediately after the shoot, it won't leave any scars. However, you'll need to endure the pain."

The executive director continued, “In addition, we give actors who play dead in the red zone green golden light shields. The moment the spells come raining down, the green golden light shield will be automatically activated, and isn’t life-threatening. If you flail about, however, you may be reduced to ash in an instant...”

Wang Ling was puzzled. “Green?”

“To make things easier in post-editing. Once it reaches this fight scene, the green golden light shields can be edited out in one go,” Dopey Guo explained.

Wang Ling: “...”

The executive director nodded. “In short, the thing you need to pay the most attention to in the three zones is: Do not move!! As long as you don’t move, your life won’t be in danger! Student Wang, which one will you choose?”

Wang Ling’s face was expressionless. “Red.”

He already had a Sage Body – Great Dao spells couldn’t hurt him, let alone a few petty explosions.

The executive director was so moved that he even yelled excitedly, “Chief Director! Someone is finally willing to enter the red zone!!”

Wang Ling: “...”

After hearing this decision, Dopey Guo felt a burst of nervousness. “Wang Ling, this is too much... Why don’t you choose again? The red zone is really dangerous!”

“It’s fine.” Wang Ling’s face was as unruffled as an ancient well.

Dopey Guo had heard that Wang Ling was short of money, apparently because he wanted to buy a gift for his little sister.

Even Dopey Guo hadn’t expected Wang Ling to actually go this far for his little sister...

...

Roughly twenty minutes later, Wang Ling lay down in his designated spot in the red zone with twenty or so green golden light shields stuck to his back. In other words, he would have to endure almost twenty attacks. A regular actor's expression wouldn't be able to help trembling when a shock wave hit them in the face, to say nothing of a high school student.

Hence, a lot of people were skeptical of Wang Ling's ability to do it.

"He's so young – newborn calves aren't afraid of tigers 1."

"A fine young man insisting on looking for death, hey..."

Some seasoned extras on set talked about it behind the scenes. They felt that Wang Ling was courting death. They were all veterans who had already been acting for more than ten years, but still found it very hard not to change expressions when confronted with shock waves one after another. Furthermore, Wang Ling was playing someone who had died with his eyes wide open... In other words, Wang Ling's eyes had to remain open the whole time... Could he really do it?

"Extras, take your places!"

"Actor, take your place!"

At the executive director's instructions, all the extras lay down in their predetermined spots.

The actor then stepped onto the stage.

This was a baby-faced actor called Tong Ling. Actually, he was already very old, but thanks to special skincare techniques and special cultivation principles, he retained the body of a child, and looked like he was only eleven or twelve years old.

In this part of the plot, twelve-year-old Odd Zhuo was snubbed and despised by others after absorbing the Devil Bead. In the end, he couldn't control his anger and his demonic qi erupted. There would be a lot of explosions in the middle of the scene, and Wang Ling played a villager who got caught up in the explosions and died. In fact, it wasn't Odd Zhuo who killed the villager, but those on the demon path who framed Odd Zhuo and wanted the people to scorn him.

“Brother Tong, we’ll be counting on you in this scene.” The executive director followed behind Tong Ling.

Tong Ling put down his cigar. With an assistant’s help, he changed into his costume and turned his gaze to the zones on set. Because of the big explosions and the fact that no extras had been willing to play dead in the red zone all this time, this scene had been delayed for a long time. Of course, the production crew had thought about using a dummy, but the overall effect was too fake and might be picked up with one glance after post-production.

At that moment, there was actually a high school student lying in the red zone, suddenly piquing Tong Ling’s interest. “Did that child volunteer or did you force him?”

“Of course he volunteered...” The executive director wiped his sweat.

Tong Ling chuckled. “Doesn’t he know that there’ll be twenty large explosions in that zone? Will he really be able to stay still? Has he bought any insurance yet? If he gets hurt, it’s none of my business.”

“We’ve already signed an agreement with him, and we promised him that as long as he doesn’t move, his life won’t be in danger...”

Tong Ling: “Ha ha, let’s hope that’s the case.”

Newborn calves weren’t afraid of tigers – want to make quick cash on a film set? It wasn’t that easy to be an actor. Even an extra had to have some skills...

Thinking this, Tong Ling smiled slightly and suddenly felt like teasing Wang Ling...

Footnotes:

Ch 1065 Footnote 1

A Chinese idiom to describe young people as fearless.

Chapter 1066: Purple Flame Beam Cannon

No job was easy, but not everyone could be actors. Some might persist at it for decades purely because they loved acting, but still wound up as just obscure extras in the end. The career formula that had never changed was hard work + luck.

Thus, when Tong Ling looked at Wang Ling lying on the ground, he had a strange urge to teach this junior a lesson and make him understand how cruel reality was.

Of course, the main thing was that Tong Ling found himself envying Wang Ling's face, which made him indescribably annoyed. If he knew Wang Ling's face was already the modified "low-key" version, Tong Ling would probably cough up blood on the spot.

Tong Ling was playing the role of a demonic Odd Zhuo. Furthermore, their features were pretty similar, and only some delicate brush-ups with makeup was needed to make his face practically identical to Odd Zhuo's. As for the other actor also playing Odd Zhuo, the production crew had found a doppelganger actor from somewhere.

Although Wang Ling was lying on the ground, his King's Eye was still active. Even out of his line of sight, his surroundings appeared clearly in his mind like a hologram. The stage name of the doppelganger actor playing Odd Zhuo was Zhuo Fan. He really looked a lot like Odd Zhuo – and he had been born with those looks, not because he had deliberately gotten plastic surgery done to look like Odd Zhuo.

In No. 60 High's exhibition room, there was a wall for famous alumni, on which hung Odd Zhuo's picture. It had been taken before he graduated, and he still looked very young.

And the actor whom the production crew had found looked precisely like that young Odd Zhuo.

Fortunately, their auras were completely different, so it actually wouldn't be difficult for Wang Ling to tell them apart if he wanted to.

Filming of this scene had been delayed for a long time because they couldn't find an extra willing to brave death. The doppelganger actor Zhuo Fan had already finished shooting the scenes of Odd

Zhuo before his demonic transformation; now, the crew finally had a chance to film the scenes that came after.

“Brother Tong, please suck on this black pill during the fight.” Before the shoot, a little brother from the props team presented him with a pill. This pill was called Film and Television Special Effects Pill, which was specially produced for film shoots.

It tasted horrible, however, and left many actors traumatized, but it was vital for the excellent special effects that it produced during filming.

As long as one had this pill inside their mouth, a person would begin to release thick roiling qi, and even their pupils would change color, making them as terrifying as a fiend.

“So troublesome – can’t you add in the special effects?”

“We’ll have to trouble Brother Tong. With this black pill, the special effects will look more realistic. If you don’t want it, I won’t be able to explain it to the director...” The props little brother was also helpless.

Given that filming was about to start, Tong Ling had no time to argue with the props team. Frowning, he took the pill in the end and popped it into his mouth.

In the blink of an eye, the black special effects pill transformed Tong Ling’s body dramatically — black qi started to curl all around him. Even his hair and nails grew longer and his muscles expanded, turning him into an unexpectedly burly man.

This wasn’t Tong Ling’s first time taking the special effects pill, but the changes it wrought still startled him.

“Don’t worry, Brother Tong, this pill will lose its effect after three days! You’ll return to normal after that!” The props little brother smiled.

“Bastard! Three days...”

When Tong Ling roared, black smoke poured out of his mouth and charged heavily at the props little brother like a dragon.

Seeing this, Tong Ling wanted to cry but had no tears to shed. His image! It was really ruined this time!

His life was really so hard!

“ACTION!”

Following the chief director’s instruction, Tong Ling started acting out his demonic state.

It was a scene with no lines; it was basically just roaring and blowing up the surroundings.

This was the embodiment of the work Tong Ling did.

The truth was that Tong Ling was a genuine action star, and almost all his roles involved fighting. In addition, he had a high realm at the Nascent Soul stage, and he could cast a lot more spells at this level. During his extensive travels all these years, he had learned a varied assortment of spells in line with the requirements of each production crew. His knowledge was profound, thus making him a favorite in show business.

Following the script, Tong Ling closed his eyes and hovered in the sky. He struck some chuuni poses, then a spell started to form in his hand.

Wang Ling lay unmoving on the ground.

But very quickly, his body sensed something peculiar – for some reason, his eyelid, which hadn’t twitched in a long time, began to twitch at that moment.

An eyelid warning?

Was something dangerous about to happen?

Wang Ling had detected something strange, but didn’t show it. He was currently acting as a man who had died with his eyes wide open. He gazed at Tong Ling wrapped in surging demonic qi in the air, and there wasn’t the slightest change in his expression.

“Not bad. Where did you find this extra? He’s very promising...” Looking at this scene, the chief director couldn’t help praising this performance.

“My nephew’s classmate.” The executive director laughed aloud.

“So it’s someone that kid Hero Guo found? He finally found someone reliable. The last few people he introduced were always moving and weren’t any good. In the end, they’re youngsters who haven’t seen much of life and are too restless!”

“Chief Director is right...”

“This kid is not bad.” The chief director once again praised Wang Ling. “And he’s also pretty good-looking... Why do I feel like the more I look at him, the more I like him?”

Everyone: “...”

“Is he usually as dead as this at school?” At that moment, the chief director turned to look at Hero Guo.

“That’s right, Director, he sits next to me. When my uncle told me he was looking for an actor to play a dead man, to be honest, the first person I thought of was him! No one is more suited to play a dead man than him!” For some reason, Dopey Guo said this very proudly

Wang Ling: “...”

Dozens of seconds later, Tong Ling finally launched his first attack, which was a lethal spell called Purple Flame Beam Cannon.

The name sounded very awesome, and when it was released, its momentum was astonishing.

The beam shot down as if from a railgun. When it hit the earth, it created a massive light wave explosion which kicked up dust and rubble in its wake, and thick smoke filled the air.

Before filming began, Tong Ling had wanted to tease Wang Ling. He deliberately controlled the angle of the beam cannon so that some of the rubble from the explosion would fall on Wang Ling.

Tong Ling was unexpectedly cheerful at seeing how he was dirtying this young man.

But he very quickly realized that there seemed to be something wrong.

Who knew what had gone wrong –

His Purple Flame Beam Cannon actually wasn't stopping!

Chapter 1067: Poor Heavenly Dao

For some reason, the moment Tong Ling wanted to play a trick on Wang Ling, his body felt like it was in the firm grip of an external force; an evil power manipulated his body, squeezing out his spirit energy unceasingly and shooting laser beams in all directions!

If this went on, Tong Ling felt that he would be drained dry very soon!

The Purple Flame Beam Cannon swept over the ground and kicked up dirt. The more the chief director watched this scene on the screen, the more he felt something wasn't right.

“Cut!”

The director called for a stop.

It was useless.

It seemed as if Mr Tong Ling had gotten carried away by his ego in the sky.

“Can anyone tell me what's going on?”

“Mr Tong Ling seems to have lost control!”

Lost control?

Why would he lose control?

Such a haphazard attack which completely didn’t follow the script already posed a threat to some of the extras in the green safe zone.

“Don’t shoot us! Mr Tong Ling! Hurry up and wake up!”

“Ah! My flaming biceps 1!”

Someone was hit by the Purple Flame Beam Cannon! He screamed in agony!

For a moment, the scene descended into chaos.

No one had expected something like this to happen.

“Wang Ling!” Hero Guo thought of Wang Ling. He brought out his spirit sword and planned to dash over to save him.

The executive director dragged him back by the arm. “Nephew! It’s dangerous!”

“Uncle! Think of a way to save him!” Hero Guo was distraught. He was the one who had introduced Wang Ling to this job! And Wang Ling was his most adorable deskmate! If Wang Ling died like this, where would Hero Guo find another person with such neat handwriting whom he could copy homework from?!

In the smoke, Wang Ling opened his eyes slowly.

It seemed that his eyelid had been warning him about Tong Ling losing control.

Listening to the chaos around him, Wang Ling already confirmed that Tong Ling had lost control. Moreover, he detected a very familiar aura on Tong Ling... It was like the one that had been on Wu Yuanji and Father Zheng before.

He speculated that this Mr Tong had also eaten frozen dumplings.

The box of frozen dumplings which Mother Wang had returned at the time contained twelve bags...

In other words, the frozen dumplings bestowed with the power of Shadow might have been bought from the discounted returns section by twelve hapless people and taken home, and they had obtained this power after eating the dumplings.

Staring at Tong Ling, who was out of control, Wang Ling still lay unmoving on the ground. He could clearly sense the Purple Flame Beam Cannon's trajectory and predict what would happen in the next three hundred seconds, and he was confident that Tong Ling wouldn't hit him. At this stage, the best was for him to sit tight, since the director had said that his pay would go down if he moved.

It hadn't been easy for Wang Ling to find such a relaxing job, and he didn't want to waste it just like that.

Also, he had a feeling that Tong Ling was going to run out of spirit energy very soon; once his energy reserves were all used up, the attacks would stop.

And so, roughly three minutes later, the site was peaceful once more.

Getting up from the ground and shaking off the dirt on him, Wang Ling saw Hero Guo throw himself at him with a face full of snot and tears. "F**k! It's great, Wang Ling! You didn't die! If you had died, who will give me their homework to copy?!"

Wang Ling's lips twitched in disdain. "... This was the only thing this guy was good at.

...

Wang Ling walked out safe and sound, greatly astonishing everyone present.

He had been in the red zone, which was the most dangerous and where the attacks were the most concentrated. In the end, during that moment of turmoil, he had still managed to lie as dead as a doornail on the ground... Some of the senior actors were shamed by this dedication and dropped their heads – this was something they could never learn to do!

“Student Wang, you’re truly amazing.” Every director on site was dumbfounded. They looked at Wang Ling, who was covered in grime, and for a moment, had no words to describe what they were feeling.

Wang Ling stared silently at the director with a hopeful expression.

The director couldn’t resist such a “dedicated” gaze. “Student Wang, I understand... Don’t worry, I’ll definitely look for you the next time I film a movie! Your dedication is something we can all learn from! But Student Wang, when you have to run, you should run, understand? What if you get hurt?”

Wang Ling sighed softly at the director’s words.

Of course it had nothing to do with dedication...

The reason why he had remained lying there during the turmoil was naturally for his pay!

While Wang Ling seldom spoke, Hero Guo had still come to know him somewhat after being his deskmate for over half a year.

Hero Guo understood Wang Ling’s meaning.

“Uncle... that’s not what my classmate means...”

“Then??”

“He wants you to pay him...”

“...”

...

And so, Wang Ling went home that day in high spirits, with 1200 HNY.

One thousand was for Wang Ling's performance, and the director had given him an extra two hundred as compensation for mental trauma... As for the movie Birth of the Demon Child Odd Zhuo, it was impossible to continue shooting it in the short-term since there were problems with the site; when Tong Ling lost control, he had wrecked the studio's surroundings. This incident very quickly entered Weibo's list of hot searches, and there were varied opinions on the reason for Tong Ling's loss of control.

The truth was that after Tong Ling had released all of his spirit energy, Wang Ling had used his Great Seal Spell to seal off the power of Shadow on Tong Ling. Like Wu Yuanji and Zheng Tianqiang, Tong Ling had obtained this power unawares, and naturally didn't know how to properly use Shadow Dao. Without seeing the might of Shadow Dao for himself, Wang Ling also wouldn't be able to learn and mimic it as he had done with Fate Dao.

And because of today's incident, his unborn little sister had thoroughly captured Wang Ling's attention.

Making a seal was one part of it, and Wang Ling now had enough money to do so.

Of course, the other important thing was to find the remaining nine people who had accidentally eaten the frozen dumplings.

This was absolutely vital.

As a big brother, it was very normal to sort out a mess caused by his little sister...

But given Huaxiu's large population, looking for these nine people would indeed be very difficult.

Wang Ling had no other choice; he could only ask the Heavenly Dao for help again.

Heavenly Dao Equivalent Exchange Array...

After Wang Ling drew the familiar array in his room, Loopy Toad circled around it excitedly.

It hadn't seen the Heavenly Dao for quite a while, and sorely missed them.

But when Wang Ling summoned the Heavenly Dao little golden man, he and Loopy Toad were astonished by what they saw.

The Heavenly Dao little golden man who had been summoned lay prone on the ground as his stomach gurgled, as if he was about to starve to death...

Had Wang Ling squeezed so much out of the Heavenly Dao that they didn't even have enough to eat?

Wang Ling's mind was full of doubts.

Was he so ruthless...

Chapter 1068: Snack Heavenly Dao

Ever since Wang Ling started looking for the Heavenly Dao to trade his crispy noodle snacks, the Heavenly Dao little golden men began to suffer bitter days... The main thing was that they were incapable of refusing Wang Ling's crispy noodle snacks, even if they had already expired; there was something magical about them which the Heavenly Dao little golden men were unable to resist.

The reason why this pitiful little golden man was lying in front of Wang Ling with his stomach rumbling with hunger was that his mates had snatched the crispy noodle snacks he had gotten from Wang Ling in exchange. Wang Ling's law of unequal exchange all these years had forced the little golden man to develop a habit of eating expired crispy noodle snacks.

His body would start to feel uncomfortable if he went without crispy noodle snacks for one day...

Wang Ling hadn't looked for him in the last few days to trade crispy noodle snacks, and the little golden man preferred to go hungry since he didn't feel like eating anything else.

Loopy Toad never expected a Heavenly Dao little golden man to actually become so addicted to crispy noodle snacks – this was a clear demonstration of the magic of Little Master Ling's crispy noodle snacks.

It couldn't be helped. Apart from the six main Heavenly Dao, the rest of the little golden men worked under them. Moreover, it was the 996 overtime system: go to work, 996 hours; get off work, ICU. The little golden men used a variety of ways to recharge.

Some absorbed the dark energy of evildoers, which was why so many coma patients around the world had yet to awaken. A lot of them seemed like good people, but the Heavenly Dao little golden men sensed that they had all made mistakes in their youth.

Some little golden men devoured time to replenish themselves, which was why people always felt like time had flown by. Sometimes, they would play on their phones when they were free, and only planned to do so for a bit... in the end, several hours disappeared, just like that! In fact, the Heavenly Dao little golden men had something to do with this.

For those who didn't cherish their lives, who didn't do their numbers, or who didn't work hard or study hard, the Heavenly Dao little golden men would quietly show up and steal their time...

Of course, there were some little golden men who preferred to devour the souls of evildoers. These were people who had engaged in murder, and naturally couldn't enter the natural cycle of reincarnation after they died. Since they couldn't be reborn, they could only become food for the Heavenly Dao.

The principle of equivalent exchange was an unchanging law of Heavenly Dao (clients on the white list excluded). Since they had done evil in their youth, they would suffer Heaven's retribution sooner or later: "If you don't want people to know what you did, don't do it."

...

There were still a lot of other examples, but the Heavenly Dao little golden men usually boosted their energy by devouring strength, time, space, souls, spirits, or even life and death. They absorbed these powers constantly to get stronger, and finally, at the end of every year, they would run for

office as the six Heavenly Dao leaders who symbolized the peak of the power of Heavenly Dao, and who made up the current Heavenly Dao Governing Committee.

Strength Heavenly Dao, Time Heavenly Dao, Space Heavenly Dao, Soul Heavenly Dao, Life And Death Heavenly Dao, and Spirit Heavenly Dao were the current six leaders on the Heavenly Dao Governing Committee, and had been promoted to their positions. Of course, these six leaders might occupy high positions now, but given how Heavenly Dao laws were ever changing, it wasn't as if they couldn't drop out of the six Great Heavenly Dao.

There were times over the years when other Heavenly Dao had ascended to be one of the six main leaders, such as Nihilism Heavenly Dao, Reality Heavenly Dao, Greed Heavenly Dao and so on.

But the Heavenly Dao Governing Committee had always operated on the principle of survival of the fittest. The current six members of the Heavenly Dao Governing Committee were the most stable ones. They had secured their top positions for many years, and there hadn't been any changes in the last sixteen years...

But the six Great Heavenly Dao were currently in a panic, because one day sixteen years ago... Wang Ling was born...

They were very worried that a Heavenly Dao called Snack Heavenly Dao would occupy their leadership position in the future... A Heavenly Dao that relied on eating crispy noodle snacks to take the top spot was utterly unprecedented in the history of Heavenly Dao. Nevertheless, it did seem a little difficult to become one of the six main leaders using this method.

But there was one thing which made the Heavenly Dao Governing Committee very uneasy.

And that was when Wang Ling had used the Great Duplication Spell when he was very young, and flung a crispy noodle snack into outer space. There was now a crispy noodle galaxy in space. The six Great Heavenly Dao had already joined hands to seal off this galaxy. If Wang Ling found out about this in the future and removed the seal, they were afraid that they wouldn't be able to retain their positions.

Although the possibility of Snack Heavenly Dao being promoted was very slight at the moment, the six Great Heavenly Dao didn't dare relax their guard at all, since their adversary was Wang Ling... Hence, regarding some of Wang Ling's seemingly unreasonable exchange requests, they would agree to all of it in order to satisfy the young man.

Honestly speaking, Wang Ling was somewhat moved when he saw the little golden man who had collapsed in front of him, the latter's stomach rumbling with hunger.

This little golden man in front of Wang Ling was the person dispatched by the Heavenly Dao since the beginning to be in charge of the equivalent exchange with Wang Ling. Wang Ling never thought that even the little golden man would be indirectly tempted into falling in love with crispy noodle snacks.

Not bad, not bad.

This time, Wang Ling wasn't stingy.

He magnanimously took out a collector's edition crispy noodle snack packet from his reserves. Opening it with great care, he fished out the special pepper seasoning sachet and sprinkled its contents inside the packet.

A familiar scent soon filled the air, and the body of the little golden man on the ground couldn't help twitching. He actually salivated and came back to life on the spot!

“Woof!”

His butt in the air, the little golden man pounced.

What was even scarier was that Wang Ling actually opened his mouth to speak, and his tone was incredibly gentle. “Don't rush, eat slowly. No one will take this from you.”

As the little golden man ate the collector's edition crispy noodle snack, he woofed and cried like an obedient puppy, and let Wang Ling pet him as he ate.

Loopy Toad: “???”

...

A few minutes later, the little golden man, who had finished eating the crispy noodle snack, finally calmed down. When he realized that he had lost control, he climbed out of Wang Ling's embrace with a red face. Sorting out his emotions, he took a deep breath. "So, why did you summon me..."

Loopy Toad wasn't sure if it had seen wrong, but it abruptly felt that this little golden man's face was a little red... the Heavenly Dao golden men didn't have expressions because they didn't have facial features; their entire bodies glowed faintly with the golden light of Heavenly Dao, which made them look like a natural human-shaped work of art made of 999 pure gold.

But unexpectedly, Loopy Toad saw a blush on the little golden man's face...

There might be something wrong with this little golden man's line of thinking!

Little Master Ling is indeed very charming, but you're Heavenly Dao!

"I want to track down the whereabouts of several individuals." Wang Ling stared at the Heavenly Dao with a gentle expression, which baffled Loopy Toad.

Could someone who loved eating crispy noodle snacks gain Little Master Ling's affections, even if they were Heavenly Dao?

No way!

Loopy Toad would also eat it!

It would eat it tomorrow!

It was Wang Ling's number one combat pet.

Seeing Wang Ling and the Heavenly Dao exchange looks in that moment, Loopy Toad unexpectedly felt like it had fallen out of favor!

It absolutely wouldn't let that happen!

Chapter 1069: Heavenly Dao Tracking List

After accepting the price of the equivalent exchange and upon learning of Wang Ling's demand, the little golden man promptly submitted an application to the Heavenly Dao Governing Committee to ask Space Heavenly Dao and Time Heavenly Dao of the six main Heavenly Dao to search the world for the remaining nine people who had eaten frozen dumplings.

At a certain time and a certain place – this sort of search operation could only be carried out through Space Heavenly Dao and Time Heavenly Dao joining forces.

And Wang Ling was the only one who had this sort of status to order the main Heavenly Dao around. Otherwise, even Gu Shunzhi, the keeper of order who maintained peace in the universe, had to follow procedure and go through the review and approval process.

A few minutes later, the search was over.

The little golden man held out his hand and a golden scroll appeared. The names, contact details, and addresses of the nine people were clearly written on the golden scroll. Furthermore, it was written in very fine Heavenly Dao script, which ordinary people couldn't read.

But Wang Ling had an innate learning mechanism, and hadn't needed to learn the Heavenly Dao script – the language had developed naturally in his brain, like a mother tongue. From the moment he was born, his vocabulary continued to increase. By the time Wang Ling was ten years old, he had mastered the language of Heavenly Dao.

Looking at the nine names, Wang Ling sighed with relief. All of them were in Songhai city; the packets of frozen dumplings that had been contaminated with the aura of Great Dao by Shadow Dao hadn't spread.

The next step was to put a seal on these nine people one by one.

Wang Ling looked at the first name: Li Daiwei.

According to the data, this was an ordinary middle-aged man. His initial realm wasn't high, as he was merely at the Foundation Establishment stage, but he had a slightly creepy job.

He was an undertaker, who mainly helped put makeup on the dead.

And this was the only person on the list who lived in the outskirts.

Moreover, this person seemed to live quite close to the Wang family's small villa. Wang Ling decided to start with this man.

Of course, to avoid any mishaps, Wang Ling also sent the rest of the names to Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal and requested that he send teams to tail them.

Wang Ling thought that logically speaking, things would be fine as long as he put a seal on these people.

But what happened next took Wang Ling by surprise...

The power which his unborn sister wielded was far stronger than Wang Ling imagined.

...

About eight hundred li east of the Wang family's small villa was a cemetery called Songhe Park. Those buried here were basically the wealthy. Graves were very expensive nowadays, and could cost as much as a house. A top-notch grave could cost hundreds of thousands of yuan per square foot; people weren't equal even in death.

A lot of people turned pale when chatting about embalming as a job. Many undertakers probably had this experience when they went on blind dates: the conversation would start off well at first, but when it came to work, the other party would in the end do whatever they could to run away.

Handling the dead was seen by many as a taboo. Some of it had to do with small-town folk customs, while a large part of it was actually superstition. Any profession should be respected. Since undertakers existed, that clearly meant that there was a need for them. Since society needed them, why turn pale when talking about embalming?

Wang Ling cast a teleportation spell and appeared at the gate of the cemetery with Dog Two.

Dog Two had nothing to do at home, so had asked to come out with Wang Ling for a breath of fresh air...

From the main entrance, Wang Ling could see the whole cemetery. The site was covered in green and the refreshing scent of flowers filled the air. All kinds of flowers and trees were planted in neat and tidy order: Chinese junipers, dragon junipers, orange jasmines, chrysanthemums, red spider lilies...

These flowers and trees were very meaningful, and symbolized mourning and dignity. They could deter the souls of those who had died unexpected deaths and dwelled in the cemetery.

Standing at the gate, Wang Ling could see a huge six-legged censer that was giving off incense in the distance, on a stone step at the end of a path. Small flames flickered under the censer, and the smoke in the air was as white as snow, so pure that it seemed to glow with radiance.

This was the cemetery's incense burner.

To promote environmental protection, after those who came to pay respects to their loved ones were done, they could place the joss paper they had prepared in the opening at the bottom of the general incense burner. Then, the incense burner would decompose the paper through a special process and turn it into environmentally friendly smoke that would be quickly absorbed by the surrounding trees.

The smoke took the visual form of a dragon flying into the sky. Thus, people could see this swirling smoke from a distance, which looked like a path connected to the heavens that carried with it the longing for the dead.

Wang Ling cast an invisibility spell and took Dopey Toad with him. Dopey Toad looked around curiously as they walked.

Thanks to their strong power of sight, one man and one dog could see plenty of spirits floating around in the cemetery as the two of them walked down the main path. These spirits had been buried recently, and were waiting to ascend to Heavenly Dao.

The Heavenly Dao Governing Committee had a procedure that had to be followed, so the spirits could only wait.

Although Wang Ling had cast the Great Invisibility Spell and wasn't visible to ordinary people, the spirits could see him. The dead and ordinary people saw things differently. Although the spirits couldn't see Wang Ling's and Dopey Toad's faces clearly, the two's presence could still be felt and their silhouettes were distinct.

"Mom, mom, it looks like someone's here."

"From the shapes, it should be a person and a dog... Don't go over, it's dangerous. They don't seem to have any tombstones, they're probably wandering ghosts."

Wang Ling and Loopy Toad: "..."

So these spirits thought they were spirits too...

"But, mom, they don't look like bad guys. Can I go play with the dog?"

"No, daughter, we're going to go up to heaven very soon, and we mustn't complicate things here. Our cemetery hasn't been very peaceful lately... A very powerful malicious spirit came. I'm afraid these two wandering ghosts might catch its attention..." The woman cowered as she spoke. Pulling her daughter by the hand, she went to hide at her tombstone.

Tombstones had barrier seals and acted as safe zones. As long as spirits hid in the vicinity, a regular malicious ghost wouldn't be able to get close at all.

Wang Ling was initially going to ignore the mother and daughter and walk right past, but when he heard that the cemetery wasn't peaceful, he was suddenly curious.

Dopey Toad understood its master's thoughts, and it directly led the way through the cemetery until they ended up at the tombstones of the mother and daughter.

"Mom... can they see us?" The little girl was a little nervous.

“Of course we can! And we can hear you, too!” Dopey Toad looked at the girl and said, “Little girl, what’s been happening in this cemetery recently? If you know something, please tell me. Otherwise, when you go up to heaven, I’ll have the Heavenly Dao Governing Committee give you homework! Don’t think that just because you’ve turned into a spirit, you don’t have to do homework anymore!”

When the little girl heard this, she burst into tears.

Wang Ling: “...”

Chapter 1070: The Legend of Ah Wei

What Loopy Toad said wasn’t an empty threat, but the truth.

As has already been explained countless times, Heavenly Dao stressed the principle of equivalence. For those who didn’t finish their homework properly, didn’t do it all, or even copied homework during their mortal lives, they would automatically enter a remedial classroom after they died to finish the homework they hadn’t completed. Unless they finished all the homework they missed in their nine years of compulsory education, they couldn’t enter the natural cycle of reincarnation.

Although the little girl was young, she looked like she should already be in her fourth year of primary school. Primary schools nowadays also assigned a lot of homework; whether this girl had finished hers or not, Loopy Toad didn’t know. In any case, if she hadn’t, she would most likely still have to do it after she went to heaven.

Even as a spirit, it was still better to be an educated one. Only then could one be reincarnated as a human. If your breadth of knowledge was lacking, there were other reincarnation paths that awaited you, like the animal path, the hungry ghost path and so on...

Of course, the Heavenly Dao’s principle of equivalent exchange varied from person to person. Some might have finished their schoolwork but indulged too much in debauchery, which meant that they would also have to become completely abstinent as retribution – this was crueler than make-up homework. That was because they would be thrown into a confined room for a few years without WIFI or smart phones! They could only face the wall and ponder their misdeeds!

Seeing that it had scared the little girl into crying, Loopy Toad became a little embarrassed.

“Little girl, this big brother lied to you.”

“You’re lying again... You’re clearly a dog!”

“...”

Crouching down to comfort her daughter, the woman got to her feet after the little girl’s sobs gradually subsided, and she bowed to Wang Ling and Loopy Toad. “Exalted immortals, what do you want to ask me...”

“The malicious spirit you mentioned earlier – what’s that about?” Loopy Toad got straight to the point and asked.

“It’s like this: around four days ago, a black spirit suddenly appeared inside the cemetery. It lingered around and caught quite a number of spirits that left the protection of the tombstones.”

“What happened to them?”

“They were all devoured by the black spirit...”

Hearing that, both Wang Ling and Loopy Toad were silent for a moment.

From the looks of it, this black spirit was very much in line with Shadow Dao. Maybe it was the shadow of that undertaker, which had escaped? Bestowed with the power of Shadow Dao, it was as if the shadows of these people had souls of their own and were entrusted with the will of their hosts, accomplishing their subconscious desires on their behalf.

An undertaker’s job was to apply make-up for the dead, and some of them might have indecent and wicked thoughts about the souls of the dead. In the cultivation world, cemetery workers had to undergo a strict process before they could take up the job, since some evil spells worked by absorbing spirits to enhance a person.

And cemetery workers were at the right place and time to perform such evil magic.

Something like this had happened hundreds of years ago.

A person used a curse spell to incessantly send “awsl 1” bullet messages scrolling across the screens of major videos, and those who saw it often replied jokingly: “Mass burial for Ah Wei”...

In fact, a lot of Ah Weis with that “Wei” character in their names died when they saw this curse bullet message... Their spirits were absorbed by the curse caster. When the police found the curse caster in the end, they discovered that he was a worker at a cemetery.

There would inevitably be workers who would become unbalanced and turn into devils from working in this sort of environment long term; as soon as their minds were unguarded, evil intent would seize the opening and enter.

Coupled with the natural “halo of discrimination” that cemetery workers wore, this devilish intent would grow stronger.

“Many thanks.” Wang Ling thanked the mother and daughter, then snapped his fingers at the sky.

In the blink of an eye, the guiding golden light of Heavenly Dao shone on them.

“Daughter, Heavenly Dao has come to guide us...”

“Mom, can we be reincarnated?!”

Startled by the golden light, they immediately clung to each other and cried with joy.

They had no idea when Heavenly Dao would take them away, and had been feeling apprehensive in the last few days after seeing that black spirit. They never thought that this brother with the indistinct features would actually help them.

With just a snap of his fingers, he could actually prompt Heavenly Dao to come and help them... Was this brother Heavenly Dao itself that had descended?

Feeling extremely gratified, the woman hurriedly knelt before Wang Ling and had her daughter do the same. Feeling a little embarrassed, Wang Ling had them stand, and then watched as they were finally guided by the Heavenly Dao golden light and sent for reincarnation.

Wang Ling rubbed his hands together and predicted that this pair of mother and daughter would be sisters in their next lives and live in a well-off family where they wanted for nothing.

Of course, Wang Ling had gotten Heavenly Dao to collect this mother and daughter pair before their time for no other reason than their kindness and unfortunate lot. They had drowned saving a boy who had fallen into the water. After their deaths, the boy's family didn't acknowledge what they had done; maybe they were worried that the family of the two would demand compensation, or maybe there was some other reason. The spirits of the mother and daughter thus couldn't rest in peace after their deaths.

Just now, they were still drenched from head to toe.

This was why Wang Ling decided to lend them a hand.

And now, the priority was to uncover that black spirit.

"Sirs, may I help you?"

At that moment, a cold voice rang out behind Wang Ling.

Turning his head, Wang Ling saw a hunched old man with thinning hair and snow-white makeup smiling at him; his smile was ghastly and creepy.

Most importantly, this person didn't have a shadow!

"It's him." Narrowing its eyes, Loopy Toad could clearly sense the malevolence coming off this old man. Coupled with the fact that he didn't have a shadow, this person should be the undertaker they were looking for.

"What a pity..."

A regretful expression on his face, the undertaker watched as the mother and daughter ascended to heaven via the Heavenly Dao golden light. “They were going to be my dinner today; I didn’t expect Heavenly Dao to extradite them... The spirits who aren’t honored taste the best. I could have brainwashed them and they might have turned into evil spirits; it would’ve been great if they became my subordinates.”

Wang Ling frowned. This person had completely fallen onto the depraved path!

Just as he thought, Ah Nuan’s power of Shadow aroused a person’s subconscious wickedness. This evil intent was usually hidden and wouldn’t break out, but once it was evoked, the accumulation of this evil power would erupt in a flash, like a blood vessel that had been clogged for a long time suddenly unblocked!

Thus, this undertaker was in fact also a victim... and the blame should be placed on Ah Nuan’s head...

Wang Ling was thinking of a countermeasure.

The evil intent had already taken root deep in the undertaker’s bones; even his shadow could be detached, which was completely different from Father Zheng and Wu Yuanji.

The power of the Great Seal Spell was no longer enough.

How about the Great Purification Spell?

Wang Ling swiftly poked the undertaker’s forehead with his finger.

But something completely unexpected happened — the evil on this undertaker wasn’t purified in the least. Conversely, his aura got a huge boost!

What was going on?