

World 746

Chapter 746: Heavenly Communication Device_4

The three talismans inside were activated instantly, converting his spoken words into text through the Word-to-Sound Conversion Talisman. Then, the writing puppet started to inscribe these words on the Message Talisman. Subsequently, the Identical Seal Talisman synchronized these textual contents to Chu Zuoshu's phone. Thereafter, through the reverse process, Chu Zuoshu's phone converted those texts back into speech.

So, Chen Mobai's words echoed from the Green Yang Spiritual Wood phone.

Witnessing this miraculous scene, everyone in Shenmu Hall was shocked.

Just three Rank-1 talismans and a small puppet managed to create an effect comparable to a Rank-3 Mirage Scribing Talisman!

The Mirage Scribing Talisman was the talisman Chu Zuoshu had used to report to the two elders, creating illusory images containing a strand of a Golden Core Cultivator's Divine Sense. It was only given to direct-line disciples.

"Junior Brother Chen, hurry, give me another set of phone talismans."

After Chen Mobai returned, Chu Zuoshu cherished the phone, reluctant to put it down. It was just a pity that after a single call, the three talismans had burned to ashes. He needed to insert three more to make another call.

To Chen Mobai, drawing Rank-1 talismans was as simple as writing words.

He completed it with ease, his smooth strokes and techniques leaving Hong Lingqin from the talisman-making department amazed.

“Who would have thought Junior Brother Chen’s talent in talisman making is so exquisite.”

Talisman Masters could gauge one’s level by watching their techniques. Hong Lingqin felt inferior and finally understood why the sect leader chose this young man as the chief envoy.

“The direct connection distance between the phones cannot exceed one kilometer. However, if the Heavenly Communication Device acts as a relay, the range can be extended to around a hundred kilometers.”

After hearing Chen Mobai’s explanation, Chu Zuoshu finally understood why he wanted to refine the Heavenly Communication Device.

“Full cooperation is needed to get the Heavenly Communication Device ready before the second batch of cultivators go on campaign.”

Chu Zuoshu gave Luo Xue’er the command and she immediately nodded in agreement.

Meanwhile Yuan Feihu and Hong Lingqin, who initially had doubts about Chen Mobai, showed their respect after this event.

The working principle of the Heavenly Communication Device itself is very simple. Even without Chen Mobai’s explanation, the three foundation establishment cultivators could easily finish the task.

With the strength of the entire sect behind them, even moving mountains became easy. Within three days, the first Heavenly Communication Device was created.

After inspecting, Chen Mobai suggested a few modifications.

While the Artifact Refining Department was busily working on refining the second Heavenly Communication Device, Yu Lian had returned to Giant Tree Ridge.

“Pay my respects to Senior Brother Chen.”

Upon returning, Yu Lian first came to Chen Mobai.

“Yes, our sect is about to face Shake Mountain in battle. You and I will be part of the second batch of support cultivators going to the border battlefield, prepare well for it.”

“Yes, elder brother!”

Yu Lian, being a man of few words, nodded after hearing this, inquired about departure time, and then disappeared into the courtyard.

Half a month passed quickly.

“Ming, you have your work cut out for you here. I’m leading Xuan to make contributions outside.”

At the foot of Xiao Nanshan, after Chen Mobai and his two disciples had finished sowing the last field, he patted Zhuo Ming’s hat-covered head and said this.

“Master, I want to go with you next time.”

Zhuo Ming, unexpectedly, volunteered for battle.

“Everyone has their strengths. It would be a waste if you went to the battlefield.”

Chen Mobai shook his head. He knew ever since Zhuo Ming became his disciple and was shielded, she had never been on any battlefield. There were some in the sect who gossiped about her, but he believed that Zhuo Ming, farming in the rear, contributed more than any True Disciple on the battlefield.

“Don’t worry, Sister, I will kill a few more cultivators to make up for your share.”

Luo Yixuan at the side said something that left Chen Mobai speechless.

“Let’s go.”

The “Red Misty Cloud Silk” carried the master and his disciple into the sky. Zhuo Ming watched their departing figures and quietly resolved to practice hard, hoping to follow her master to the battlefield one day.