

## Chapter 5573

“You... what did you say?!”

Maria’s understatement made Charlie feel numb.

This is not an exaggerated description at all, but he really feels that he is slightly numb from his scalp to his toes!

Maria said that she was on the edge of Tianchi Lake three hundred years ago and watched the Pu’er mother tree cross the catastrophe.

Doesn’t that mean that she is over three hundred years old now?!

Deep in Charlie’s heart, he couldn’t believe what Maria said for a while.

After all, even if a person really finds a way of longevity, it is often one step at a time.

Begin to ask at the age of 20 or 30, but it is often possible to enter the Tao at the age of 50 or 60 or even older.

As the Taoism gets deeper and deeper, the lifespan is getting longer and longer, But a monk over a hundred years old, at most, like the earl of the Warriors Den, retains the age of sixty Up and down appearance.

If Maria was really over three hundred years old, she would look at least sixty or seventy years old, or even seventy or eighty years old.

How could she always have the appearance of seventeen or eighteen?

Even if she had entered the Tao in her twenties and not yet thirty, it is absolutely impossible for her to return to the state of seventeen or eighteen.

Seeing that Charlie didn’t seem to believe what she said, Maria asked nervously, “Is it because I am joking with you?”

Charlie nodded subconsciously, then shook his head, saying, “I’m just a little shocked...”

Said Then, he asked curiously, “Why do you suddenly call me son and call yourself slave?”

Maria smiled and said, “In the past, girls usually referred to adult unmarried men as sons. People call themselves “slaves”, but no one says that anymore,”

“So before telling the young master these things, the slave can’t use them indiscriminately,”

“But since I have been honest with the young master today, the slave is not good to the young master’s secret, and this address is the most appropriate.”

These words of honesty made Charlie suddenly think of Maria’s undressed appearance just now.

For a moment, his expression was slightly awkward.

And Maria also realized that Charlie might be wrong, and felt shy and unbearable.

So, she hurriedly said to Charlie, “My lord, wait a moment, I will show you something!”

After that, she got up and went downstairs, and brought a beautifully framed scroll from downstairs.

Maria came to the other side of the bed, put the scroll on the ground, and slowly spread it out.

A landscape scroll about 2.5 meters wide and 6 meters long unfolded slowly.

Charlie stared at the painting intently, at the majestic landscape slowly unfolding in front of him.

The majestic and endless mountains, the Tianchi Lake hanging in the valley like a mirror, the scenery in the painting is natural and vivid on the paper, which made Charlie deeply attracted in an instant.

Charlie never thought that the artistic conception of a landscape painting could be so fascinating.

The scenery in this painting is full of charm, and every stroke seems to be perfect and impeccable.

And the painting skill of this painting is even more superb than that painting he last saw in the mountain village at the house of the old woman.

At this time, Maria pointed to the towering and lush tree beside the Tianchi Lake in the painting with her slender jade hand, and said to Charlie, “My lord, this is the mother of Pucha that I call the mother of tea. the way it was before.”

After finishing speaking, she moved her finger to the silhouette of a human being under the tree, and said, “This is me. For a while, I would sit under this tea tree every day to drink tea, watch the mountains, and watch the water.”

Charlie subconsciously asked Maria, “Did you draw this painting?”

Maria nodded, “Master, this painting was made by your servant a few days ago, and it was specially made for you.”

Charlie couldn't help being horrified, he didn't expect Maria can have such superb painting skills.

His father-in-law said some time ago that the Painting and Calligraphy Association organized a painting exhibition.

He couldn't find good work. If he took this painting, all the landscape painters in the country would be blown up!

At this time, Maria suddenly grabbed Charlie's ring-wearing right hand with her other hand and clasped her ten fingers together. Then, she said to him expectantly, "My lord, I dare to take you to see it with your own eyes. Look at what it looked like three hundred years ago!"

After that, the ring, which had not moved at all, suddenly seemed to understand Maria's words, released some spiritual energy, and went straight to the brains of the two.

The next moment, Charlie felt his vision suddenly blurred, and then, as if being held by Maria, he quickly walked through an invisible gate, and then, a gust of cool wind rushed towards his face, and the picture in front of him also instantly came to life.

At this moment, he is standing among the endless mountains in southern Yunnan. The incomparably clear blue sky, the refreshing green mountains, and the tumbling white clouds are close at hand. There are countless kinds of flowers, and the water surface of Tianchi reflects the blue sky, white clouds, and green mountains. The whole picture is so beautiful that it cannot be described in words.

Afterward, Charlie took a closer look. Under the pucha mother tree, a beautiful girl wearing a sky blue double-breasted narrow-sleeved gown and a horse-face skirt was sitting at a small square table drinking tea.

That girl was Maria.

Not far away, many tea farmers are picking tea leaves on those relatively low tea trees. Before they carry a basket full of tea leaves down the mountain, they will come to the Pucha mother tree and bow slightly to the mother tree. Then they respectfully said hello to Maria.

Maria recognized each of them, and whenever someone came up to say hello, she would smile and ask the other party how they got today.

And the tea grower will also step forward, take out a handful of fresh tea leaves from the basket, and hand them to her for tasting.

Maria would gently pinch a pinch of tea leaves with her fingers, put them under her nose to smell them, then pinch another piece, put it in her mouth to chew carefully, and then tell them the grade of the tea leaves, and tell them how this batch of tea leaves should be prepared. How to finish, how to air dry, and how to store better. Every tea farmer would thank her gratefully after receiving her advice and then bid farewell to her.

This scene made Charlie feel for the first time the perfect harmony between the ancients and nature.

And just as he was immersed in it, everything around him suddenly changed from bright day to dark cloud-covered night.

The violent wind and rain kept beating the pucha tree, and it also used its own strength to meet the attack of the violent wind and rain without flinching.

The strong wind became stronger and stronger, until many branches and leaves of the mother tree were broken, and the torso was violently swayed by the strong wind.

Just as the trunk of the mother tree was desperately resisting the strong wind, a thunderbolt rolled down from the sky, landed on the mother tree with a bang, and instantly ignited a fire on the mother tree.

The violent wind and showers continued, and the flames burned more and more vigorously in the wind and rain.

After about a stick of incense, the whole mother tree turned into charcoal, completely losing any signs of life.

And the violent wind and rain seemed to have been agreed upon, and the troops were withdrawn in an instant.

The dark clouds in the sky dissipated, and a full moon appeared above Tianchi Lake, illuminating the coldness of the earth.

Under the moonlight, a girl with a basket on her back, a coir raincoat, and a bamboo hat on her head walked up to the mother tree step by step.

This girl is Maria.

She took off the rain hat, picked up a carbonized tree trunk from the ground, held it, and bowed to the mother tree three times.

After that, she didn't go down the mountain, but put the tree trunk struck by lightning into the back basket, and walked into the mountain without looking back...

When Maria's back disappeared on the top of a mountain, Charlie's consciousness instantly returned to reality from the mountains deep in southern Yunnan.

The moment he opened his eyes, he completely believed Maria's words.

Believe that this girl has lived from three hundred years ago to the present.

And at this moment, he finally realized why he had always felt that Maria was not simple, but he still couldn't figure out what was wrong.

She was seventeen or eighteen years old, and she was proficient in the close-to-shen hexagrams that Lai Qinghua could not learn at a hundred years old;

she was seventeen or eighteen years old and was hunted down by the Warriors Den.