

Chapter 2861 Is The Form Of Tea Leaves Similar To Cylindrifolia Leaves?

At the peak of Basha's Sacred Mount, Matthew remained unaware of the chaos that had unfolded in the crown prince's absence.

As they approached the mountain's peak, the scene that unfolded was not one of grandeur and imposing structures. Instead, the landscape was adorned with small thatched-roof houses, gently dotting the terrain from the base of the mountain to its middle. Further up, the sight was obscured by clouds and mist, giving an initial impression of unremarkableness.

As he continued forward, he encountered more people. Some would stop and cast curious glances at him, either because strangers rarely visited the mountain or perhaps due to Ivy, who was fast asleep on his shoulder.

Others would walk past, lost in thought. Occasionally, they would pause, make a few gestures with their hands and feet, and then continue on their way with satisfaction. Some sat on the ground with closed eyes, undisturbed even when a group of people passed by, resembling immovable rocks. Certain individuals held farming tools and worked diligently. Occasionally, they would pause their work to gaze at the sky or into the distance.

Overall, everything appeared calm and ordinary. Each person was engrossed in their own affairs, and there was no exchange of greetings, resulting in a lack of liveliness.

What made him uneasy was that many of the people he encountered, although they seemed like ordinary individuals, always sent a shiver down his spine with their intense gazes when their eyes met. The peak gave him an overall feeling of a calm sea area, tranquil on the surface but turbulent beneath.

Upon reaching a slightly larger thatched hut, Feather stopped.

"Mr. Matthew Larson, I will need to take Miss Ivy to meet the sect master first. Please rest here for a while."

Matthew understood his request and gently woke up the sleeping Ivy.

"Hmm... Have we arrived?"

Ivy rubbed her sleepy eyes while looking around. Her chubby cheeks puffed up in dissatisfaction at being abruptly awakened.

"Miss Ivy, we have arrived. Shall we go see the sect master first?"

Ivy did not respond to his question but simply grinned against Matthew's neck.

"Matthew, I'm going to see the old man first. I'll be back soon."

Once she landed, her demeanor suddenly changed, and she walked toward the top of the peak with a stern expression.

Watching Ivy's figure disappear into the clouds, Matthew couldn't help but smile wryly. Her ability to change her mood was astonishing.

"Dear guest, it's cold outside. Come in and have a cup of tea to warm up."

Hearing the voice behind him, he turned around and entered the hut. The interior was modestly furnished, with only a simple bed and a set of bamboo furniture.

The person who spoke was an old man seated on a bamboo chair. Upon seeing Matthew, he did not rise but gestured for him to sit down.

"I'm just a man of the mountains, and I don't have much to offer. Please have some tea."

Matthew looked down and couldn't help but twitch at the corner of his eye. He had assumed the man was being modest, but he was speaking the truth. The bamboo tube emitted steam but contained only a few green bamboo leaves.

After inviting him to sit, the old man fell silent and sipped his tea from the bamboo tube. Observing his behavior and actions, Matthew Larson speculated that it might be the custom of the Sacred Mount masters. They preferred not to engage in competition or conflict but rather go with the flow.

With this thought in mind, he also picked up his teacup. However, when the bamboo leaf tea touched his lips, he couldn't help but display a look of surprise. The delicate fragrance filled his nostrils, and wisps of vapor transformed into delicate threads, meandering through his limbs.

For a moment, the myriad thoughts in his mind dissipated rapidly, as if they had been washed away. He gradually entered a state of emptiness, free from distractions.