

## The Quest 267

### Chapter 267: The Cliff

Elder Yu finished speaking, slammed the table, and angrily exclaimed, "This is outrageous!"

Over the past two hundred years, so many demon hunters had disappeared in Dahei Mountain.

Some were indeed killed by the demon beasts, but many more were killed by those wicked people in the deep mountains, their bodies dragged into the depths, the number unknown.

The key point is that for so many years, no one noticed anything amiss.

Elder Yu thought it over. Perhaps it was precisely because Dahei Mountain was so dangerous, with missing cultivators being a common occurrence, that these criminals used this as a cover, killing people without anyone noticing.

A chill ran deeper in Elder Yu's heart.

These people were truly sinister, scheming for a long time, with deep and cunning minds!

Elder Yu took a deep breath and said to Mo Hua:

"I will notify everyone. Regardless of whether this is true or false, everyone should be on guard. Although your agility is good, you must also be careful."

Mo Hua nodded and said, "Rest assured, Elder Yu, I will be careful."

Elder Yu nodded in satisfaction.

If it weren't for Mo Hua's meticulous mind discovering the hidden problem, it might have taken another ten or even a hundred years to realize the danger lurking in Dahei Mountain.

An evil tiger sleeps by the bed!

Elder Yu sighed deeply, his brows furrowed tightly.

Then Elder Yu passed on the news about the deep mountains, and the demon hunters were all shocked.

Over the years, among the missing demon hunters were their fathers, elders, brothers, or friends.

Demon hunting was already perilous, with life and death uncertain, and if one disappeared, there was nothing they could do.

They could only bury the sorrow deep in their hearts and continue to live with effort.

But now knowing that there was such a secret in the deep mountains, these demon hunters might not have gone missing but were harmed, with no remains left.

Everyone was both shocked and angry.

In the following days, whenever the demon hunters entered the mountains, they were extremely vigilant, hoping to find some clues about the criminals or pay attention to the locations marked on the map.

However, still no clues were found.

These wicked people had been hiding for two or three hundred years, making it really difficult to find them in a short time.

The demon hunters were filled with righteous indignation but were helpless.

In the inner mountain of Dahei Mountain.

Mo Hua sat cross-legged on a large stone.

In front of him was the deep mountain, shrouded in miasma, covering the mountains.

Releasing his spiritual awareness, he could only perceive vague, chaotic remnants of spiritual power.

Like threads of various spiritual energies, woven together into tangled clusters, layer upon layer, covering everything in the inner mountain.

"Black Mountain's fog can conceal the abyss..."

Mo Hua muttered to himself, then opened the map and began to cross-reference it at the junction of the inner and deep mountains.

The fog in the deep mountains was heavy. Entering it without knowing the direction was perilous and would lead to certain death.

The criminals could enter the deep mountains; there must be a special path.

If Mo Hua's guess was correct, Guang Toutuo's map was actually a guide to the deep mountains.

Criminals, after committing heinous crimes and being pursued by the Dao Court, could find a way into the deep mountains using this guide.

Otherwise, with such dense fog in the deep mountains, even the local demon hunters could not find their way, let alone these outsiders.

Since it was a guide, it must lead from the inner mountain to the deep mountain.

In other words, part of the map's route was in the inner mountain and part in the deep mountain.

This was why Mo Hua found it both familiar and unfamiliar.

Familiar with the inner mountain, unfamiliar with the deep mountain.

As long as he found the locations on the map, he could pass through the fog, enter the deep mountains, and find where these wicked people were hiding.

But finding the exact location with this incomplete map was not easy.

The map was hastily drawn, incomplete, and did not show the full terrain.

Who knows who copied this map or from where it came before it ended up in Guang Toutuo's hands?

Guang Toutuo killed for the map, thinking of it as his last resort.

As a criminal, killing others and being killed was inevitable.

Having this map meant that if things went wrong, he could enter the deep mountains to find a place to stay.

But the map was incomplete, and he couldn't find the entrance to the deep mountains.

Moreover, his escape techniques couldn't elude Mo Hua, so he was captured and imprisoned in Dao Prison before he could enter the deep mountains.

Previously, he didn't want to tell the truth, possibly still harboring a glimmer of hope.

His stash of loot in the valley was confiscated, his savings over the years gone, so if he managed to escape, the deep mountains would be his only choice.

The only choice for those on the run.

Fortunately, with a direction, Mo Hua could start searching.

After days of fruitless searching, Mo Hua finally found a place that matched the map by about sixty to seventy percent.

This place was at the junction of the inner and deep mountains.

The mountain ranges on both sides faintly faced each other, undulating and supporting each other.

Although located in the inner mountain, the fog was thicker, carrying the aura of the deep mountain.

Mo Hua's spirit lifted, comparing the map as he walked.

After walking for a while, he could go no further.

In front of him was a cliff.

The cliff stretched endlessly.

Below the cliff was a bottomless abyss, shrouded in fog, making one shudder at the sight.

Mo Hua felt a bit disappointed.

After searching for so many days, this was the place most similar to the map, yet it turned out to be a dead end.

But giving up was not an option for Mo Hua.

He looked around and pondered:

"Black Mountain's fog can conceal the abyss... this abyss could mean the wickedness of the criminals or the bottomless abyss..."

So, could it be that they were hiding in the abyss below the cliff?

Mo Hua's eyes brightened slightly.

It didn't seem impossible.

"What should I do? Jump down directly?"

Mo Hua lay on the edge of the cliff, looking down, his hair standing on end.

The cliff was too deep. Falling down might mean certain death.

"Maybe the cliff below isn't that deep, just covered by the fog?"

Mo Hua speculated again.

He found a large rock nearby, exerted great effort to move it to the edge, and then pushed it off the cliff.

The falling rock disappeared into the cloud and fog below, and a "clunk" sound followed as it seemed to hit the mountainside, then rolled down the cliff, eventually making no sound at all.

"It is indeed unfathomable..."

Mo Hua expanded his spiritual awareness to scan the surroundings.

In the faint white field of his spiritual awareness, all kinds of auras were present.

There were spiritual energies almost indistinguishable in color, murky yellow miasma, pale white mist, and the faint shadows of other mountain stones and trees.

But still no path.

Mo Hua sighed. Maybe this wasn't the place.

After searching for several more days with no success, Mo Hua had to temporarily set this matter aside.

Whenever the demon hunters entered the mountains, they would keep an eye out, and with many people, they might find some clues.

Mo Hua still had an important task to do.

He had already drawn nine and a half patterns of the Reverse Spirit Array and could seek out Mr. Zhuang to learn the Concealment Array.

Once he mastered the Concealment Array, he could perform concealment techniques even if his spiritual roots had some flaws.