

Paintings of Terror Horror Novel Chapter 1 To 5

V1.chapter 1

After thinking about it later, Kexun felt that from the day he left home, there was something strange about it.

First of all, the Teddy of Uncle Li's house in the community did not rush up to hold his leg fiercely as usual after meeting him on a narrow road.

Then there was the middle door on the 13th floor of the building at the back. The window sashes were wide open, and two gray and white curtain cloths hung outside the window. From downstairs, it looked like two wreaths.

When Kexun looked up, he felt in a trance that someone was looking at him in the window, but the angle was not very real.

The whole body of the man was in the shadow, only a gray face vaguely behind the window sash, motionless. With the black window frame and two gray curtains, it looked like a black and white portrait.

The next thing is even more bizarre.

For example, he swept a bike sharing car on the street, and the seat of the bike fell off as soon as he stepped on the street. It was only one centimeter short that he became the first man to be shared on a bicycle day in history.

Another example is that when we meet at the appointed place with Weidong, the goods are not routinely late.

For example, before the two people start to wave, the blue sky and white

clouds are just clear and the sky is clear. In an instant, the clouds cover the top and the rainstorm comes to the head.

"I knew it would be no good to come out with you, the thief." Kexun was looking for shelter from the rain.

"No, I counted last night. Today should be a lucky day. It's suitable to travel, to tease girls and to open a house." Weidong can't bear his head and is busy wrapping his mobile phone in his coat.

"You're pinching your toes." Kexun was not angry.

"What can I do? I'm the grandson of the Wei family. I want to carry forward this unique skill of foot pinching." Wei Dong habitually and Ke Xun poor two sentences, a point across the street, "there, the art museum."

Starry sky art gallery.

This art gallery is very old. The wall is covered with a thick layer of creepers, and the window is almost invisible. The gate is quite new, as if it had just been renovated recently. At the door, there is a billboard reading "the national tour exhibition of artists".

How many people really understand art? Even on weekends, there are only a few visitors in the gallery.

Most of them came in to shelter from the rain, just like Ke Xun Weidong.

A group of people gathered in the hall, either watching the rain or playing with mobile phones, but few people looked at the paintings.

"As soon as you come, you can go in and have a look." Weidong is too busy.

Originally, they didn't think about what to do when they made an

appointment today. It was only because a V-letter called over from Weidong last night: "will tomorrow's waves be rough?"

Kexun: "wave."

And he ran out.

As two single dogs holding a group to keep warm, the usual arrangement on weekends is to meet at the old place first, and then go to where the waves are, meet the younger sister and raise the gay when meeting the gay girl. They just want to be one-sided and never leave each other in bankruptcy.

Ke Xun has never had any art germs, not to mention appreciating his paintings. Even his self portraits are distorted, and the picture is fuzzy. He can shoot the magic effect of six finger harp magic than a scissors hand. He is very handsome, and his face can be photographed as if he had failed in plastic surgery.



Wei Dong is one hundred Picassos better than him in this respect. However, Wei's classmate is also an art student. Although he finally engaged in one of the "top ten professions that most want to extend their hands on hairline" -- art designer, he does the wonderful work of killing art according to the requirements of clients every day, but somehow his original intention has not changed, and his desire to appreciate famous paintings still remains a little bit.

On cloudy days, they beat their children, and when they were idle, they trembled with rain and entered the second gate of the art gallery.

In retrospect, Ke Xunning was too busy to get hemorrhoids all over his body, and he did not want to step into this art gallery.

On the first floor of the starry sky art gallery, the paintings of the so and so painter are on display.

On the second floor, there are some paintings in the museum, including original paintings and imitations.

The two strolled to the second floor and lingered in front of several Western body paintings.

"I'm still a plump girl. I feel comfortable and feel good." Weidong smacked his mouth.

"First you have to have a sister." Kexun put his hand in his pocket and looked around.

Wei Dong reluctantly left the painting in front of him, looked around for a few times, and then pointed to the front: "there is still an exhibition hall there. Do you think it will show all the secret opera pictures of spring palace?"

"Brother Dei, look back on your own life and when you want to be successful." Kexun said. www.onlinefreenovels.com

"You lie in the manger and tell me the truth. I'll sit and cry to show you whether you believe it or not." Wei Dong said.

Two people strolled slowly towards the exhibition hall.

The exhibition hall is not very large, and there are no windows. Only a few dim yellow lights are on. The paintings are hung on the wall. In the dim light, the colors of each painting are very dark and thick, and it is difficult to distinguish them.

"You're right. It's really the secret opera of spring palace," sighed Ke Xun.

"It's just that the lamp was blown out when people were playing secret

opera."

As soon as the voice fell, the lights in the exhibition hall flickered for a few times, and then suddenly went out, and there was a total darkness in front of me.

"..... Do you want to cooperate with me and turn off the light when you say it is off? " Kexun's voice sounded in the dark."Shall we cooperate with each other? Who is going to play the secret opera?" Wei Dong is very in a mood to tease, "you should be gentle to others later."

"Thank you. I don't have straight men." Kexun said that he took out the mobile phone from his pocket, but he pressed it for a long time, but the screen did not light up.

"Dead gay." Weidong's clothes are ringing. It seems that he is also taking out his mobile phone. "Shit, the chain is off at the critical time. The electricity is full before going out. Now the dishes are off."

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Kexun: wait, have you found something wrong

Wei Dong: "you say so I didn't find it. "

However, Kexun did not answer, and the dark exhibition hall suddenly fell into a strange silence.

Special, special quiet, like silence.

"That..." Weidong's voice took a little unnatural, "do you think this exhibition hall will be soundproof?"

A dilapidated and dilapidated Art Gallery has no money to clean up the

creeper covering the exterior wall, so it has the money to make the exhibition hall soundproof?

What sound do you need for the art gallery? Do the secret opera pictures of spring palace make the sound of crackling in the middle of the night?

Wei Dong shivered and heard Ke Xun say, "absolutely not. Before the light goes out, I can still hear someone sneeze outside. Even if there is no one outside now, the open exhibition hall can amplify all the sound effects, and all kinds of noises will come in. But now, there is no sound. "

None of it.

How could that be possible.

Even if it is a quiet night, far away from the city's wild suburbs, there will be the sound of nature in the subtle sound.

But now, there is no sound at all. People are like being shut up in a vacuum closed space. There is no sound or light.

It's a little weird.

Silence and darkness are the source of all fear.

"Go out." Kexun's voice sounded calm, and he didn't mention that there was a problem with their mobile phones at the same time.

"Good." Wei Dong tried to relax his tone and pretended to know nothing.

As long as you don't tell the truth, you can hide who you are.

They walked in the dark for a while, but lost their sense of direction.

"It's not right. The exhibition hall is not so big. We should have hit the wall by this way." Kexun stopped.

"What Stop talking... " Wei Dong was afraid that he might reveal something, so he reached out and tried to pull him.

It was a cold arm at the tentacle.

"Damn it!" Wei Dong shook off his arm with a roar.

Did not wait to continue, suddenly in the dark "pa" to light up a bunch of white light.

"..... Is the light still voice controlled? " Keshan wondered.

"Cole..." Wei Dong's voice trembled at his side, "this light Where do you think it came from? "

Kexun did not speak.

Because he didn't know where the white light came from.

No light source, so out of thin air in the dark, not strong, even pale almost pale.

The white light fell on the wall, and in its light range, there was a picture.

Wei Dong discovered that the cold "arm" he had just pulled was the metal isolation column under the painting, which was used to keep the distance between the viewer and the painting, so as to prevent people from reaching

out to touch the painting.

Between the two isolation columns, there is a note board to mark and introduce the painting.

Subconsciously, the two men looked up at the painting.

Like other paintings seen before the lights out, the picture is dark and fuzzy, with only a few faint outlines.

What's strange is that the picture of this painting seems to be more and more clear under the constant gaze of the two people.

It seems that someone is using PS to adjust the resolution and clarity of the image quality.

It's getting clearer and bigger.

Eh? Zoom in?



With a sudden blink of an eye, Ke Xun suddenly and infinitely magnified the painting with his action of closing and opening his eyes. The scene in the painting seemed to come to his face. An invisible aura was blown across his body, and the hair of his whole body was suddenly raised by electric shock.

In a flash, the air field disappeared in all directions behind him, like a hand that unfolded the drawing axis, with the end of the shaft spreading far away.

Looking at the scene in front of him, Kexun couldn't recover for a long time.

This - where is this?!

What's going on here?!

The scene in this painting is so real right now!

"No Not really... " Wei Dong's voice began to ring around him, "really or not I must still be dreaming It must still be last night. I fell asleep when I was tired of picking my feet. I haven't woken up yet. I must not wake up Crouching Kerl! ——Let's go to hell

When he failed in deceiving himself, Weidong called out in dismay.

Although Ke Xun was a student, he was not so confused that he couldn't tell the reality from the dream. He clearly realized that the place where he and Weidong are now are really not dreams or illusions. Really, it's reality.

Looking up, under the thick black night, there are dark clouds hanging in the dark. The fields are open, and half human tall withered grass is scattered on the wasteland. The air is full of smelly soil and dust. Not far ahead, there is a small village that looks very desolate.

This is just a part of the picture that just showed.

As for the other parts of the painting, Kexun had not had time to see it - or, he was subconscious and deliberate, and did not want to or did not dare to see it.

He only remembered what he had just seen in his afterglow Terrible things that shouldn't exist in this world.

“..... What can I do? " Wei Dong looks at Ke Xun in a helpless way.

Kexun was also leaning to see him.

Two people look at each other, not from Qi qituo mouth a exclamation: "lie trough!"

I can see that their original clothes have changed at some time. At the moment, one of them has a big and rough white linen trousers and coat, and the shoes on their feet have become straw sandals.

"-- what the hell is that?! Where's ADI? " Wei Dong's anger temporarily surpassed his fear. He turned around and looked around to find out who he wanted to talk to.

"Shh." Kexun motioned to Weidong to keep calm. Then he looked down at himself and raised his hand to take off the clothes which appeared inexplicably. However, he found that the inside of the linen clothes was his own body, and he would not hang if he took off.

More and more strange and uncertain feelings came to his mind. Ke Xun's throat was tight and he gave up taking off his clothes. He pulled at Weidong and said, "hurry up and find a way to get out of here."

Wei Dong shook his head and glanced around in panic.

Kexun looked back at his back. Behind him, there was also the withered grass in the wasteland, which extended to a dark and fuzzy place, just like the part of the painting with chaotic hues and low pixels.

Kexun was not sure where he would go back, but his intuition was always accurate - so he didn't think it was a good choice to go back. However, it was useless to stand in the same place and cry with Weidong, so he reached forward and said, "go to the village and have a look."

this is a story about the endless stream of terror, which is about escaping from danger and arousing handsome competition. Well, it's the so-called

a picture of the world, a touch of a handsome comparison.

Welcome to watch, enjoy watching!

Ask for the collection and messages of Xiaoxian's daughters, and he will hold them in their arms and hold them high

V1.chapter 2

The two men moved cautiously in the direction of the small village.

Kexun's eyesight has always been very good, but the village in the distance still looks like a blur, with only a general outline, such as a photo with low pixels or an ancient painting.

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"What do you call it..." Wei Dong walked shivering beside him. By talking to ease his fear, he kept looking at both sides, "is it really a dream? Do you think we crossed? What kind of parallel space did you enter by accident? Can we go back, you say

"Hush, shut up," Kexun said in a low voice. "The more you can't make out the situation, the more calm you will be. The horror film will see you in vain."

"Why do you have to be a horror movie? Don't scare me!" Weidong didn't dare to speak any more, but he also lowered his voice.

In fact, Ke Xun's mind was full of ups and downs.

The situation in front of me came too suddenly and strangely, and I was too

confused to put it on anyone.

Weidong is obviously scared out of control. Two people can't panic. One of them has to keep calm - at least on the surface.

The two men tried to keep their feet as light as possible. In the silent night, everything was very loud. In the dark and fuzzy places around them, it seemed that there were always some suppressed things or sounds.

With the distance from the village closer and closer, the scene is more and more clear. In the thick black night fog, a piece of dilapidated earth wall mud grass building houses, slowly presented in front of us.

Outside the village, there were seven or eight people.

"Someone!" Wei Dong gave a low cry. There was surprise, fear and joy in his voice.

Fear is because we can't be sure whether the group is human or "human."

Kexun narrowed his eyes and looked at it. There were more joyful elements in his voice: "it's human."

He saw a man inside with a cell phone.

The mobile phone party is worthy of being the biggest creature in the world. It looks at the mobile phone when driving, taking the children to watch the mobile phone, crossing the road to see the mobile phone. After being hit by a car, the first thing on the ground is to look at the mobile phone.

Now in such a strange environment, still look at the mobile phone.

But you have to admit that where there is a mobile party, everything will look

very indifferent?

The two men quickened their pace and ran towards the men.

"Man! Does anyone know what's going on here? " Wei Dong can't wait to ask one of the young people who has been looking at them.

In his twenties, he was also dressed in a large yellow and white linen shirt. His hair was the same as that of Kexun Weidong. He was shaved short on both sides and tied a greasy braid on the back of his head.

"Nine, ten." Small braid count, looked back at other people, "still three, still have to wait."

"Man, explain it." Wei Dong asked.

Kexun looked at these people.

There are men and women, old and young, middle-aged men with beer bellies and fat bellies. There are also students who are nervous and green.

All of them, without exception, were wearing odd linen clothes.

Who are these people?

The little braid glanced at Weidong, then at Kexun. There was no expression on his face: "wait, there are three more people to come. Let's talk about it."

Wei Dong looks at Ke Xun, and Ke Xun gives him a wink: wait, watch the change.

Taking advantage of the inexplicable effort of waiting, Ke Xun observed

secretly.

The first observation is the one playing with mobile phones just now.

He is a man in his thirties, wearing a pair of black rimmed glasses, with his head down all the time. The light of the mobile phone screen hits his face, which looks very numb and weird.

Kexun also touched himself and his mobile phone from his trouser pocket.

This is even more bizarre - although the clothes have changed, but the things that I carried with me before are still there. Besides the mobile phone, there are home keys and half a pack of gum.

It's like the clothes on your body have changed in style and texture, nothing else has changed.

What the hell is going on?



After unlocking the fingerprint, Kexun found that the screen of the mobile phone finally turned on, but the upper end showed "no signal".

..... Shit.

It's just the routine of dog blood movies - when you need to call the police or contact someone else, your mobile phone will never have a signal, you will never be able to start a fire when you need to drive away, and you will always find the wrong key when you need to open the door for refuge.

Taking the mobile phone back, Ke Xun looked around, and his eyes could not help falling on one of the tallest people.

This man is really outstanding, not only his size, but also his appearance.

White skin, handsome eyebrows and eyes, cold expression, calm temperament, no matter how many people stand in the crowd, you can first notice him.

Even if he is also dressed in coarse linen, others look like wearing hemp and filial piety, but he wears idle clouds and wild cranes, which is romantic in the Wei and Jin Dynasties.

The man noticed Kexun's eyes, glanced lightly, then moved away without any waves, and looked into the distance of the blurred scenery. Wei Dong couldn't help but look around. He rubbed up to the 16-7-year-old student's sister and asked in a low voice, "sister, do you know what's going on?"

"I don't know I just came They don't tell me What to do I'm afraid of I'm afraid... " Then he sobbed.

Seeing that he was crying, Wei Dong patted the girl on the shoulder: "Oh, don't cry. There are so many people here. It's OK. It's OK. After a while, we can go back by looking for the way together. Don't be afraid, don't be afraid."

"I just came in to see a painting. How could that be..." The student sister wiped her tears and sobbed, "my mother told me to go back early. If it hadn't rained, I couldn't come in to shelter myself from the rain. How could I have met this..."

The word "terrible" at the back seemed to be afraid to say it, so she began to cry again.

"Look at the picture? Did you go to the art gallery to see the paintings Wei

Dong asked.

The student sister nodded: "I just went in to avoid the rain. I had known that I would not come in even though I was drenched in the rain."

"Is it the starry sky art gallery?" Wei Dong asked.

The student sister continued to nod.

"Is it the exhibition hall of the secret opera of spring palace?" Wei Dong asked again.

"Ah?" The student sister looked up at him with tears on her face.

"Well, no, it's the dark hall with no windows, and all the paintings are as if they were pasted with excrement." Weidong competition.

The student sister nodded: "in the dark hall, as soon as I went in, the power was cut off, and then a light was on, and then I'm here somehow..." Then he began to cry again.

Wei Dong turned to see Ke Xun: "we all come here like this."

Ke Xun raised his eyes and looked at the people in front of him. These people were very strange.

If everyone came to this strange place in the same way, they would be as flustered and confused as Weidong and he. Even if they could suppress the confusion, they would ask questions and find a reasonable explanation. Instead of being like this, most people are very quiet and calm, just like

It's as if you've been used to it for a long time, or you know why.

Kexun winked at Wei Dong.

Two people grow up in a pair of open crotch pants, tacit understanding, one eye in the past, each other can know.

Wei Dong closed his mouth and stood quietly beside Ke Xun, keeping a certain distance with these people intentionally or unintentionally.

After waiting for more than 40 minutes, three more people came to the depths of the decaying grass in the suburbs. One of them was still a little familiar. After thinking about it, he remembered that this was the owner of pancakes across from the art gallery.

"I went into the art gallery and looked for the toilet to pee. Why am I here?" The pancake stall owner looked at the crowd in disbelief.

"Here we are." Previously that greasy pigtail ignored the new three people's questioning, turned to look at other people, "can go in."

"Where are you going? Where is this? " The pancake owner grabbed him by the arm.

Little braid looks at him, the face still has no expression, the voice sounds a bit gloomy: "in the picture."

"- painting? What painting? " The pancake owner is at a loss.

"Did you enter an art gallery? Did you enter a showroom? Is there a picture shining in the exhibition hall? Did you come into this place immediately? " The braid asked impatiently.

"Yes Yeah, what's wrong? That painting is very strange... " The pancake owner was vaguely aware of something.

"You are in that picture now!" The little braid shook off him and strode to the village with the others who had already started to leave.

Ke Xun and Wei Dong look at each other.

"True or false..." Weidong was in a daze, "how can people get into the painting I don't believe... "

"I don't believe it!" The last three people called out, "how can it be! Where is this? Who are you all? What do you want to do? "

No one paid attention to it. Those who were in the first place just went to the village.

Wei Dong looked at Ke Xun: "how to fix it? Follow them or... "

These people act strangely, follow their words, I do not know whether it is a blessing or a curse.

Kexun looked around and gritted his teeth: "follow me."

Two of the later three refused to follow, but they stayed in the same place and yelled. However, the pancake owner strode to catch up with him, grabbed one of the first group of people and glared at him and said, "don't go! You have to make it clear! What's going on here? "

This is the young man who stands out from the crowd.

The man stopped and gave him a faint look: "it's in the picture. As for why

people are in the painting, I don't know. But if you want to go out and go back to the world, you'd better follow us. "

The voice is like his people, very cold.

The pancake owner wanted to hold on to him, but he pinched it on his wrist. The pancake owner was forced to let go of his hand. The group didn't care if the next few people followed. It was as if they had been waiting for more than 40 minutes just to get together.

Kexun counted them. There were 13 people in total.

It seems that Ke Dong wants to know the strange way to get rid of these people.

In this way, he took a few steps to catch up with this man and walked with him side by side. He looked at him with a gentle voice and a harmless expression: "my friend, you see, it's the first time that we've met this kind of thing. It's hard to avoid asking more questions. Can you tell us in detail what's going on and how can we get out of here?"

The man also gave him a faint look, his eyes fell back to the front again, and his voice was still full of coldness: "if you want to leave, there is only one way: to survive and find your signature."

Signature?

V1.chapter 3

Kexun thought that the only way to deal with the situation was to follow one of them and act according to circumstances.

Through the observation of the previous group, Ke Xun felt that this cool and

handsome guy seemed to be more reliable than others, so he was the only one.

In fact, they had no other choice. In addition to this small village, the four fields were deserted. Where could they go if they didn't follow everyone into the village?

What's more, people all have the psychology of conformity. In this strange and incomprehensible situation, most people choose to be brave.

A group of people went into this strange little village in different places.

Kexun was not sure what time was in the painting. In the real world, it was still the morning in the daytime. However, the sky was dark and dark. The village was also dark. All the doors and windows of the houses were made of wood. Some of the windows were covered with worn-out window paper, while others were directly nailed by wood.

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And no matter from the window hole or the crack in the door, you can see, without exception, dark.

I don't know if it was an illusion. Ke Xun always felt that something was looking out of those dark doors and windows.

With these people in the small village around seven around, suddenly appeared in front of a dim yellow light, saw that there is such a room lights.

"There it is." Someone in the team said something.

"Go in." Another sighed.

When the crowd passed, the middle-aged uncle who was at the front knocked

on the door.

The wooden door creaked open from inside, revealing the face of a gray, shriveled old man.

"Are you here? Come in. " The old man said to open the door.

When they entered, they saw that the walls and the ground were made of mud and grass mixture. There was only a broken table and several long benches in the room, on which was an oil lamp.

It is appropriate to describe this family as a family with no family and poor people.

When the old man stood in the room, his turbid eyes slowly glanced at the people in the room. When Wei Dong looked at his eyes, he could not help shivering.

The pupil of this old man has no temperature and focus at all. It is as lax as dead person.

Wei Dong quickly lowered his eyelids for fear of seeing him for good or bad. He only listened to the old man's words with his ears: "when we are all together, we will arrange the work for everyone."

Then he took out a roll of cloth tapestry from his arms and stretched it out in front of the crowd: "tie this one, one for each."

Kexun and Weidong were at a loss, but they saw that the first few people seemed to have seen the strange. They stretched out their hands one by one and took one out of the tapestry. They had to draw gourds in the same way.

The tapestry is one arm long, two fingers wide, gray white and coarse hemp texture. In the middle, I don't know whether it is cinnabar or some pigment, with a dark red character written on it.

The word "Yang" is written in Ke Xun's article, and "Gu" in Weidong.

Before he could understand the purpose of the note, the old man went on to say, "the man who got the "Min "note will be responsible for the night watch at the Li family. The man who got the "and" note went to dig a pit five miles away in the northern suburb of the village. The pit was six feet long, four feet wide and two feet high. The man who got the "Ku" note went to the Li's house to cut firewood. The man who got the "central" note guarded the Li's granary. The one who got the "evil" note The one who got the "take" note... "

As the old man spoke, Kexun thought in his heart.

People, and, Gu, Yang, evil, take What is the purpose of these words? Obviously, the purpose of the note is to group the 13 people, but it's hard to relate it to the situation.  www.onlinefreenovels.com

The old man divided into groups and finally said, "the Li family is under the three old locust trees in the north of the village. Everyone, you can start work. Remember: those who stay in the Li family to work should not go out at night. Well, at eight o'clock tomorrow morning, we'll gather here. "

After hearing this, they turned around and went out. Wei Dong couldn't help but go to the old man and asked him, "master, can you explain to us what's going on?"

The old man looked serious: "the Li family is under the three old locust trees in the north of the village. Everyone, you can start work. Remember: those who stay in the Li family to work should not go out at night. Well, at eight

o'clock tomorrow morning, we'll gather here. "

Weidong: "it's No, can you tell us where this is

Old man: "the Li family is under the three old locust trees in the north of the village. Everyone, you can start work. Remember... "

Weidong: "it's Did I accidentally activate your ghost animal function? Can you say something else

Old man: "the Li family is under the three old locust trees in the north of the village. Everyone, you can start work. Remember... "

Wei Dong turned to see Ke Xun: "is it illegal to beat an old man without quality in the painting?"

Without waiting for Kexun to answer, the braid suddenly laughed and came to see him: "don't waste your effort. He is not a human being." "What is not a man?" Wei Dong was shocked, "the repeater is fine?"

"You can think of him as an NPC in the game. He is only responsible for explaining the plot or the rules of the game, as well as some specific questions that he can answer. He will not answer any other unnecessary questions." The braid was slightly crooked.

Kexun and Weidong looked at each other. Ke Xun asked the braid, "is this painting or a game?"

"Painting." Pigtail sneered, "but the rules in the painting have been set strictly and precisely. There is only one result of violating the rules, that is, death."

"Dead?" Wei Dong was shocked. "Are you talking about real death or fake

death? What happens when you die? Can you go back to the real world without painting? "

"What good thing do you think," sneered the braid, "if you die in the picture, you'll never want to leave here and go back to reality. Do you understand?"

"-- true, true or false?" Weidong was shocked.

"Believe it or not, I've made it clear to you. When you die, don't blame anyone else." The little braid impatiently looked at the cloth on Weidong's hand, "how can I get into a group with you, the new comer? What a bad luck! Are you going or not? "

"Go? Where to go? " Wei Dong looks confused. He looks at the braid and Ke Xun.

Little braid rolled his eyes and took a deep breath. He seemed to be trying to control his temper: "I also got a piece of cloth with the word " Gu ", which proves that we are in a group. So now you and I have to go to the so-called " Li family "according to the old man. Do you understand

Wei Dong asked him, "what would happen if we didn't do what the village head said?"

"I just said you didn't hear me?" "If you break the rules, you will die! Die

"Well, can we form a group freely? For example, if I don't want to go to Li's house to cut firewood, I'll go to guard the granary with him?" Wei Dong points to Ke Xun.

"Die!" The pigtail roared with ferocity.

"Shit." Wei Dong looks at Ke Xun and says, "what should I do?"

Kexun felt his chin and thought: "I think we are really in a strange situation which can not be explained by common sense. The reason of the head is probably not clear for a while. It's better to listen to him for a while. Looking at this person who seems to know some knowledge, he would rather believe in it than not in it, and life safety comes first."

"All right." Wei Dong asked him, "what about you? Who are you with? "

When the three men came out of the old man's room, Kexun saw a man standing under the steps, tall and cold, and a handsome face.

His waist was loosely tied with a piece of linen he had drawn, on which was written the word "Yang".

Weidong looked at the man and looked at the braid beside him: "by the way, what would happen if we changed the cloth with others?"

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"Die!" Little braids gnash teeth.

"Be careful, be alert, safety first." Wei Dong asks Wei Xun.

Since he was a child, this product can't do anything. Ke Xun was afraid that he would not know what to do. He really gave his life to this strange place.

"Yes, you should pay attention." Wei Dong gave him a worried pat on the shoulder.

According to the old man's arrangement, most of the people's destination was the "Li family". The others had already walked ahead, so four people went together.

After a short walk, Kexun looked back and found that the old man's house had been extinguished for some time. Like other houses around him, he fell into silence and darkness.

In a village without lights, the road is very difficult to walk. The dirt road in the village is not flat. It is hard and soft. The soles of straw sandals are very thin, so the feeling of stepping on is more sensitive.

Kexun dropped his foot, and suddenly it seemed that he stepped on a hand, and the sharp and rigid figure of the finger was clearly on the bottom of his foot.

Kexun jumped up quickly and hit the tall man. When he landed, he could almost hear his heart pounding against his chest. He had to stretch out his hand and press his chest. It was as if once he took his hand away, his heart would be pulled out of the cavity by his hand with blood and meat.

"-- what's the matter? I was almost scared to death by you Wei Dong startled.

Kexun's heart beat was so bad that he couldn't even make a sound for a while.

Just feel the palm of the hand and lips by this startle make hair cold, hear tall voice faintly pass into the ear: "nothing, continue to walk."

It was as if he had guessed what Ke Xun was doing and jumped up suddenly.

Kexun said, "well," he tried not to look at his feet and looked far away. However, he saw that this small village was shrouded in a thick gray night fog, which made the scene of low visibility even more chaotic.

"Well, by the way, since we are all team-mates in the future, we'd better get

to know each other," Wei Dong seemed to realize something. He took the courage to speak and stretched out his hand to the braid. "I Weidong, this is my brother Kerian."

Little braid refused to shake hands with him, only hummed: "Liu Yufei."

Weidong turned his head and reached out to the tall man: "what about you, man?" The tall man glanced at him coldly and did not shake hands with him: "Mu Yi Ran."

Wei Dong had no choice but to grasp Ke Xun's hand and grasp it: "good to meet you."

Kexun felt the cold sweat in Weidong's hand, squeezed it on his hand, then let go, turned his head and asked the handsome man called Mu Yiran: "in order to avoid being a pig teammate dragging you down, brother, can you tell us the whole story?"

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V1.chapter 4

Mu Yiran's voice was cold and full of texture. It was a kind of stretch, deep, cool and elastic voice. Listening to him, Ke Xun felt that his old man's ears were almost pregnant.

"None of us know what the whole thing is. Everyone is drawn in by the painting. The world you are in now is the world depicted in the painting. The only way to get out of this world is to find a "signature" and make sure that you can live forever. " Mu Yi Ran's tone was flat, and he seemed not to be flustered by the present situation.

"What is a signature? How to find it? " Asked Ke Xun.

"The signature of the painter," Mu Yi Ran replied, "some painters will sign their names or initials on their paintings. If it is Chinese painting, we may

need to look for the seal of the painter. Only by finding the signature or seal of the artist can you leave the world in the painting. "

"It's too abstract. What's the difference between looking for a signature all over the world and looking for a needle in a haystack?" Wei Dong interposed, "in case this signature is signed under which tile on the roof? Do we have to go through all the roof tiles in the world? "

"The place where the signature is located is closely related to the content of the painting. If you read the painting and get clues, you can find the signature." Mu Yi Ran said.

"..... I'm afraid it's not for a year and a half. " Wei Dong has a dull face.

Mu Yi ran a light look at him: "those who can't be found in seven days will die."

"Shit!" Ke Xun and Wei Dongqi were shocked, "really or not?"

"If you don't believe it, try it," Liu Yufei, a little pigtail, smiles. "You can do nothing these seven days, and see if you can die after seven days."

"No - how to die? All of a sudden, I'm out of breath when I lie on the ground, or what? " Wei Dong asked.

Liu Yufei grinned nervously: "there are many ways to die. There are only things you can't think of. You can't die without you."

"How -- how could this happen..." Weidong is still unbelievable.

"What is the reason for this?" Kexun also felt incredible, "who made the

rules? Who has the right to decide our life and death? Who has the uncanny ability to get a living person into a painting? "

Mu Yi Ran looks at him, light way: "do not know."

"I want to go back I refuse to accept this I'm just an ordinary person. I just want to live an ordinary life. Why does this kind of thing fall on me? "

Weidong hugs his head and falls into helplessness and panic.

The further you recognize the reality you are in, the more fear and panic.

"Shut up!" Liu Yufei's mood is not stable, Weidong's panic also draws out his fear of forcibly covering up, "you give me quiet! If you want to die, you should die by yourself, don't bother me

Said very nervously and nervously looking left and right, as if afraid to disturb something in the dark.

Wei Dong quickly shut his mouth! Seeing his white face, he shivered and looked around for a while. However, the night seemed deeper and thicker than before. The thick gray fog had covered the whole village. It seemed that something was squatting there and slowly opened his dark mouth.

Wei Dong did not dare to turn his eyes as hard as he could.

However, Kexun didn't care about him at the moment. He was leaning his head and continuing to talk with Mu Yi Ran, trying to find out more information.

"How do you know what you just said? For example, you can only go out if you find your signature or seal. If you can't find it, you will die in seven days. Who told you that? " Asked Ke Xun.

Mu Yi didn't look at him either. He looked at the thick fog in front of him calmly and calmly: "no one told me that this is my third painting. All the known clues are summarized from the first two paintings."

"The third one?" Weidong was shocked again, "what do you mean?"

"It means that even if you're lucky enough to get out of the picture, you'll get to the next picture again." Liu Yufei in the next tone ridicule to answer the words, listen carefully, this mockery also with a few silk tragic meaning.

"Why?" Wei Dong couldn't help but ask, "didn't you just go back to the real world from the painting? Why do you want to paint? "

"I don't know," Liu Yufei shrugged and raised his finger to the sky. "The boss is forced to enter. If you don't, you will die."

"How to die? Is it possible to control the real world Wei Dong's eyes were filled with despair.

"I don't know. Maybe." Liu Yufei's face was numb. "Anyway, no matter in the real world or in this painting world, we are all mole ants. We are always playing with the power of the upper, upper and upper levels. However, as the saying goes, mole ants still steal their lives. Even if they know that they can't escape from the upper level, most people will try their best to survive, right?"

"But why me?" Wei Dong tugged at his hair fiercely, "I'm just an ordinary person. I used to live a very ordinary life. Why did I choose to experience such a strange thing?" "How to say that," Liu Yufei ridiculed the crooked corners of his mouth, "you deserve bad luck."

Wei Dong doesn't speak any more. If he wants to deceive himself when he

first came in and regards all this as a dream or a temporary bug that only happens occasionally in space and time, he has completely recognized the "reality" in front of him.

He couldn't say a word any more. He could only hold his head in his hands helplessly and pull his hair desperately. His eyes and face were filled with fear, reluctance and despair.

"Dongzi," Kexun grabbed him and pressed hard in his arms. "It's OK. Don't worry. If you raise your spirits, we can go back. Everything has a cause and a result. I don't believe that we can't find the source of this matter. When we were children, Nintendo games were not for nothing. We broke the customs and dried up the old man Isn't it all our specialty? "

"Nonsense, soul duel can have 30 lives, and super Mary can win a little green mushroom Award for one person. Is there a head here? Really? We're just ordinary people with only one life. We don't even have a weapon to defend ourselves. Maybe we'll play over when we're not careful." Wei Dong lowered his head in dismay, and his voice sounded a bit spirited.

"Come on, don't think about it," Ke Xun said calmly and naturally. "Without weapons, we have to have courage. Even if we are mole ants, we will die on the bodies of elephants."

Mu Yi Ran, who was walking beside him, looked at Ke Xun with a slanting face, but happened to be looking at Ke Xun unintentionally.

Two people's eyes met, and Ke Xun gave him a casual smile, with a trace of meaningless and fearless in the corner of his lips.

There are all kinds of people who enter the painting, but who can know when they will live.

Mu Yi Ran moved away his sight and looked forward again.

In the thick gray night fog ahead, three old locust trees were standing by the edge of a dilapidated house.

"Here comes the Li family." Liu Yufei took a breath, his voice was stiff and nervous.

Kexun looked at him sensitively: "what's wrong?"

Liu Yufei didn't prevent him from asking so. His eyes flickered and looked at him. He tilted his mouth and said, "no, go in."

Seeing that he didn't want to say anything, Kexun didn't ask again.

the door of the yard was open, and Liu Yufei pushed the door forward and made a "creak" sound. However, the harsh sound did not spread far in the silent night. As soon as it spread, it was swallowed up in the thick fog.

As soon as they stepped into the courtyard, Kexun and Weidong were almost shocked by the scene, and Liu Yufei couldn't help but scold in a low voice.

The courtyard of the Li family is not small. It has a courtyard system. The walls are surrounded by broken fences. There are rooms on all sides. However, outside the three main rooms in the north, white curtains and long flags are hung. On both sides of the door, there are large strings of paper money and gold coins stacked with yellow and white paper. Two paper pasted boys and girls in colorful clothes are placed with bright and happy eyes At the door.

Just like, it's a spirit hall.

"Lying trough? Horizontal trough -- horizontal trough! " Wei Dong's whole body trembled, and Liu Yufei's face was also pumping. Ke Xun looked at his left and right. He saw that the only one of the four people who could keep calm was Mu Yi Ran, but he could still detect a trace of seriousness and vigilance in his eyes.

"No wonder we are dressed like this." Liu Yufei looked down at his body.

Isn't it mourning clothes. Ke Xun was depressed. He wanted to take it off and throw it on the ground. But considering that there was no skin in his clothes, he had to give up.

"Let's go." Mu Yi gave Ke Xun a light look.

The man who got the "central" cloth guard the Li's granary.

Ke Xun looked around and saw a piece of white paper pasted on the door of the wing room in the west of the yard, with the word "grain" written on it in black.

On the door of the inverted house on the south side of the courtyard, there is also a word "Chai" written in black and white. Wei Dong and Liu Yufei, who took out the cloth with the word Gu, wanted to go to the wood house to cut firewood.

Wei Dong trembled and whispered in a low voice. The door of the wood room was facing the door of the main room and the spirit hall in the north. The two paper covered boys and girls laughed at the door of the wood room.

"Dongzi, be careful." Kexun shook Weidong's shoulder, leaned to his ear, and lowered his voice, "there should be an axe for chopping firewood in the

firewood room. Hold your hand. Be alert. Don't be sleepy. Call me if you can't. If you can't, run outside the yard."

"Know, know Be careful... " Wei Dong trembles his voice and reluctantly follows Liu Yufei to the firewood room.

Ke Xun followed Mu Yi Ran to the granary in the west chamber and pushed the door in. A mixed smell of dust and rotten grain came to him. Ke Xun was not choked by the smell of smoke. He held his nose and stood at the door.

Mu Yi Ran, however, seemed unable to smell it. He went straight in, took out his mobile phone from his pocket, lit the screen, and swept around the room with the light of the screen. He saw dozens of sacks, large and small, piled up in the corner of the room. The window sash was made of solid wood, tightly closed, and could not penetrate into the room. Of course, there was no light at night.

"Come in and close the door." Mu Yi Ran turned his head and looked at Ke Xun. "Let's ventilate first. The smell can't even live in it." Kexun said.

"Come in and close the door." Mu Yi Ran did not move to repeat coldly.

"..... You've been reborn as a repeater Kexun sighed and stepped forward to close the door.

"The bolt is in." Mu Yi Ran continued to cool the way.

"Handsome boy, have you ever heard of the word" self ligation "? It's hard to run if you have something to do Kexun looked at him with his head tilted.

"You think it's safer out there?" It's cold.

Ke Xun was stunned and silently turned back and bolted the door.

Mu Yi Ran turned off the mobile phone screen, and the house fell into a pitch black, with only breathless dust and putrefaction around.

"What's next?" Asked Ke Xun.

"Stay." In the dark, the sound of Mu Yi Ran was more cool and profound.

"Just Stay? " After two steps, Kexun found that the darkness was too deep, which made people feel as if they were in the upper and lower void of the universe. Every step out of the room was like falling into a black hole with no limit. There was no sense of steadiness.

From his pocket he took out his mobile phone and flashed on the screen. He found that he had already sat on the sack in the corner of the room and closed his eyes to raise his spirits.

"Just stay here? Nothing to do?" Kexun went to ask him.

"You can sleep, too." But he did not open his eyes.

"Don't we have to look in this room for signatures or seals?" Kexun squatted down beside him and photographed his face with the mobile phone screen.

From such a close look, this man's skin is really too good. Under the light of the screen, his facial features are more three-dimensional and profound, like the most finely polished sculpture.

"If it's so easy to find, there won't be a dead man in this painting." Mu Yi Ran was slightly frowned by his mobile phone, "I advise you to save the power of your mobile phone and save it for use when necessary. There is no place for

charging in this painting, and you have to stay here for seven days. Of course, if you die tonight, you can use it

Kexun quickly turned off his mobile phone and sat down on the sack beside him: "look at you, what a hatred. If you don't mind, I'll die early to supplement your life or how?"

Mu Yi did not pay attention to him.

Kexun was silent for a long time. In the darkness, he could only hear the light breath of Mu Yi Ran, but he did not hear the movement outside the granary.

In fact, he would like to know the three people who had drawn the "people" banner - according to the old man's arrangement, they would be responsible for the vigil tonight.

Since it is necessary to watch the night, it is necessary to guard in the spirit hall.



In the main room full of mourning flags, I wonder if Dead body?

V1.chapter 5

Darkness and silence always make people feel uneasy.

Ke Xun worried about Weidong, thought for a moment, and asked Mu Yiran, "if I go to the firewood room now, will it be ok?"

Mu Yi Ran's voice rang after a moment: "I'm not sure if there's something I don't know. I only know that the last one who ran around in the night died with only a heavenly cover."

“.....” Kexun leaned back on the sack, but he didn't want to keep silent like he had just done. That feeling was like waiting for death. So, if he didn't die in silence, he talked about death in silence: "remember you said this is the third painting you entered. How did you find your signature or seal on the first two paintings? Can you tell me about it?"

"No interest." However, he did not give face.

“..... You have no spirit to form a team, "Kexun said." if you have one more helper, you will have more hope. You will not be willing to let me drag you down. "

After a while, Mu Yi Ran began to speak again: "there is no rule, it's no use talking about it."

As soon as the words fell, he suddenly felt hot in his ears. The boy beside him had no consciousness of being strangers to each other. He came up to him naturally, lowered his voice in his ear and asked seriously, "where do you think the seal of this painting will be? Do you have an idea? "

Mu Yi Ran frowned. He had never seen anyone so familiar.

Sit up, cold back to him: "if you can keep quiet, maybe soon will have an idea."

"Let me ask you one last question," the boy was obviously cheeky. "If we don't go out in this room all night, is there really any danger?"

Mu Yi was silent for a while. Seeing that the boy was waiting for his answer, he finally opened his mouth: "not necessarily. We should connect the content of the painting with the current situation. Generally speaking, the most dangerous place is the focus of the whole situation. Just like a painting, there are places that focus on performance, and there are secondary places that serve as the background or to set off the key points. If you and I happen to be

in the most important place in the painting, then maybe there will be death tonight. "

After a while, Ke Xun's voice began to ring: "I think, just look down. The point should not be our granary, and the discerning eye will see that The spirit hall. "

Mu Yi Ran said softly: "according to people's habitual thinking, most people will think that the soul hall is the focus of the whole courtyard. But if you look at the picture shown in the whole painting, maybe the spirit hall is not the most important place. A painting that makes people see the meaning of a painting at a glance can only be regarded as a "good painting", but it is not necessarily a masterpiece. "

"So you mean, even if the spirit hall is the key point from the painting, the real intention of this painting is not necessarily in the spirit hall. It may be the three old locust trees beside the yard, or the old man's house, or our granary," Ke Xun thought. "The real point is to guess according to the intention of the painting Yes, isn't it? "

Mu Yi Ran "um".

"By the way, what is this painting about?" Asked Ke Xun.

"Didn't you look before you came in?" Mu Yi Ran asked.

"I was frightened at that time. I can't afford to look at it. Even if I saw it, I forgot it now," said Kexun. "I remember that it was black with some gray things in the middle."

Mu Yi was silent again. Ke Xun felt that this guy probably despised him in his heart. After a while, he heard him say, "the name of this painting is Bai Shi, which was painted by a painter named Li Jinghao. This painter preferred the painting of Humanities and customs. When he was young, he traveled

around and recorded different folk customs in different places with his brush. This painting is one of them. It depicts a picture of a remote mountain village doing white affairs. The whole picture is gloomy and full of tension. It shows that... "

When he was about to ask, he felt a hand quickly put on his mouth. The palm was dry and cool, with a little smell of soap.

Originally, Kexun wanted to hide, but when he reacted, he gave up immediately and let him cover him.

Once again, the house fell into the silence that could be heard by the needle falling. Maybe in the dark, people's five senses would be more sensitive than usual. Kexun faintly heard several unusual sounds, which came from the courtyard outside the house.

Hold your breath and listen to your ears. The sound is more vivid, chirping, clucking, peeling, like The paper is ringing.

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Kexun thought of the paper money and paper Yuan Bao hanging outside the main room.

The noise is so loud, is it because there is a strong wind outside?

No, no, it's moving.

Slowly, unabashed, bit by bit, with the sound of paper, towards the granary.

It felt like someone was shuffling around with a large piece of cardboard.

It's also like someone wearing paper clothes, rubbing their limbs and torso, and coming slowly.

Paper clothes?! Paper -- paper man?!

Ke Xun was surprised and thought of the pair of colored paper boy and girl who were lying outside the spirit hall.

Someone moving them?

The wood room where Weidong is located is facing the Lingtang!Ke Xun took off Mu Yi Ran's hand and wanted to get up. Suddenly, Mu Yi Ran stretched out his hand and grabbed an arm. He wanted to break free. However, he didn't know how he twisted it. He just couldn't move. He leaned forward and pressed him there.

"Looking for death." Mu Yi Ran's voice slightly rings in the ear, with a bit of cold.

"I..." Kexun was about to open his mouth, but a hard knee reached over his throat, which made him almost choke and couldn't spit out a word.

Damn it, I'm still a trainer.

He who knows the current affairs is Junji. Kexun did not earn any more, and he was honest and upright.

The sound of the outside of the house was closer, and the chatter came to the window of my room. Then the sound suddenly stopped, and there was no more movement.

Kexun subconsciously looked up at the window. The sash was made of wood. It was dark inside, and it was dark outside. There was no light outside. Looking at the past, he could not see his fingers.

An eye suddenly appeared in the window sash, like a crack in the dark, from which the eye peeped into the room.

It's not a living eye, or a human eye.

It is painted on paper, white paper and black lines, a very simple eye, apricot shaped outline, dark pupil, and a thin and Curved Eyebrow above the eye.

Ke Xun was glad that his throat was still supported by Mu Yi Ran's knee. Otherwise, he would be scared and would not speak out.

He didn't know how he could see this eye clearly in such a dark room. There was no light source inside or outside, but the eye was so clearly embedded in the gap of the window sash, and he was still looking at him at the moment.

A drop of cold sweat slid down his forehead, and Kexun held his breath.

This eye is looking at him. The paper man outside is looking at him.

Mu Yi ran behind him did not have any action. The two men and the paper man outside the house were so fixed in place, falling into a strange stalemate.

The standoff lasted for a long time or a short time. Just when Kexun felt that his thoughts were going to be numb, the paper man's eyes suddenly disappeared, and the picture in front of him fell into the endless darkness again.

Kexun was about to breathe a sigh of relief, when he saw that the paper man's eyes had disappeared, he suddenly put in a finger. His skin was pale and his fingernails were black. He scratched and scratched the wooden window board. Then he looked at the finger, which was very strange, square and flat.

It was a paper finger!

Lying trough -- Ke Xun was shocked and scolded. When was a piece of paper so rampant?!

After reading, the finger suddenly began to exert force, scraping and scraping the window panel, making a harsh sound. The old wooden board "rattled" and seemed to be about to break apart under this scraping.

It's coming in! After realizing this possibility, Kexun began to struggle - he could not let it in, he had to stop it!

However, Mu Yi Ran clamped his hands more forcefully. Rao Shi Ke Xun had a lot of strength, and he was totally useless under Mu Yi Ran's hands.

Just as he was about to use his whole strength to break free, he suddenly felt that Mu Yi ran down and said in a very low voice: "don't move! You can't stop it. "

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..... You can't just wait to die. Kexun twisted his neck to let Mu Yi Ran look at his disapproving eyes. Before he turned his head, Mu Yiran's second sentence was sent into his ear: "listen, once it comes in, never move. If it is close, hold your breath, unless you want to die."

Ke Xun gave up the struggle, and Mu Yi Ran had two more painting experiences than him. Of course, the value of force was also one of the important factors. At present, he was still holding him and pressing his buttocks on the ground, even if he wanted to move, he could not move.

Kexun deviated his head and simply put his pillow on the knee beside him.

Mu Yiran said: "it's just

In the dark, the sound of scraping wood windows continued to make a sound. The sharp paper edge and the crumpled wood made the friction sound, which made people hear the toothache and goose bumps.

In the middle of the year, he suddenly heard a sound of "rustling" behind him, followed by a thump. The sacks piled on the corner of the wall may have been due to the looseness of the two people's seats just now, and they fell on the ground at this time.

After the sound, there was a sudden silence inside and outside the room. Ke Xun looked up and saw that the finger in the gap between the windows was taken back. The next second, the whole window was smashed heavily, and the sound was startled. It was like a man with a hundred pounds and a big fist hitting the window board.

Boss goes wild! The first thought in Kexun's mind was these words. He looked up to ask Mu Yi Ran what to do. He felt that he relaxed his grip on himself, and his voice came again in a low voice: "remember what I said just now, don't move."

Don't move. Isn't that just waiting for death? Kexun hesitated for a moment, and finally fell back to Mu Yiran's knee again.

Once you believe him, your life is in his hands.

Mu Yi Ran's body was slightly stiff. He had already stretched out his hand, which he wanted to push aside, in the air. After a moment, he slowly took it back. The old wooden window board finally could not resist the impact of that force, and "bang" broke into pieces and flew away.

Kexun remembers Mu Yi Ran's words, but he didn't dare to move. He just

rolled his eyelids and looked up.

At the window, the boy figure tied up by the paper man stands there quietly, with vivid facial features and lifeless smile, looking at the two people in the room.

Thank you very much for your support!

