

GOD'S IMITATOR

Chapter 2: "Redemption Roulette"

"Beep——"

A sharp buzzing sound echoed in the cramped space, awakening Wei Xinjian from his slumber.

He jolted awake, immediately realizing he was firmly locked in place, with special iron restraint mechanisms around his wrists, ankles, and waist. The iron chair was even welded directly to the ground.

Even his mouth was tightly wrapped with cloth strips, making it impossible to make any sound.

The fog in his mind gradually cleared, and his sore eyes began to adapt.

Looking around.

This place looked like an abandoned underground warehouse with no light coming in, only a dim, old incandescent bulb hanging lonely on the rust-stained steel frame structure.

The air was filled with a damp, moldy smell, mixed with a hint of putrid odor.

On the wall to his right hung an old CRT television displaying only static snow.

In the center of the warehouse was a somewhat decayed, heavy wooden square table with a silver revolver placed on it.

Across from the wooden table was a young man, still in an unconscious state.

Like Wei Xinjian, the young man was firmly locked to an iron chair with cloth strips wrapped around his mouth.

But Wei Xinjian quickly realized there were two obvious differences between him and the young man: his right hand could move freely, and there was a special mechanism on both sides of his head.

It looked like a giant clamp, along with a crude and complex gear system. Two heavy iron blocks were positioned on either side of his head, facing his temples.

"Mmm! Mmm mmm mmm..."

Wei Xinjian immediately began violently shaking his body, struggling to make sounds.

But in this dark underground warehouse, he received no response whatsoever.

Wei Xinjian used his movable right hand to grab the restraint around his left wrist with force, trying to open it.

After futile attempts, he then tried to undo the restraint around his waist, which remained completely immobile.

Just then, an emotionless electronic voice came from the CRT television that had been making static noise and showing only snow.

Along with the voice, images appeared on the television.

However, it wasn't a human figure, but explanatory images about the game rules.

[Hello, Wei Xinjian.]

[You will now face judgment by playing a game called 'Redemption Roulette.']

[The following are the game rules:]

[As you can see, in this enclosed space, there is an innocent person, a revolver, and one live round.]

[The revolver's cylinder has 6 chambers, with five empty chambers distributed in random positions on the cylinder.]

[On both sides of your head is a special mechanism. The total gap between the mechanism's sides and your head is 6cm, averaging 3cm on each side.]

[You have only two choices: either shoot at your own forehead, or shoot at the innocent person across from you.]

[Shooting yourself with a blank round will result in nothing happening.]

[Shooting the innocent person with a blank round will cause the mechanism on both sides of your head to move inward, 1.29cm on each side.]

[When the mechanism moves for the third time, it will cause you harm.]

[If hit by a live round, death will be immediate.]

[After the revolver has been fired 6 times, the game will end and all mechanisms will unlock.]

[You have 5 minutes to complete this game. Any rule violations or overtime will result in instant death penalty, the iron blocks will directly crush your skull.]

[I want to know, after committing an unforgivable sin, have you ever felt even a trace of remorse?]

[Are you willing to place an innocent person's life above your sinful life?]

[The game now begins. Good luck!]

The image on the television disappeared, returning to full-screen static.

At the same time, with a "pop" sound from the square table, an old-style LED electronic timer emerged, with bright red numbers beginning the countdown.

05:00...

04:59...

"Woo! Mmm mmm mmm..."

Wei Xinjian struggled even more violently, his eyes bloodshot from the strain, but the restraints all over his body remained firm with absolutely no possibility of breaking free.

After a brief hesitation, he extended his only movable right hand and grasped the silver revolver on the table.

Then, Wei Xinjian struggled to bring the gun close to his eyes, wanting to observe the revolver's cylinder to determine the bullet's position.

The game rules stated there was only one live round.

If there were visual differences between the blanks and the live round, then he could just determine the position of the single live round, use blanks on himself and the live round on the other person, and survive.

However, the moment he made this movement, the chair suddenly conducted a string of blue electric current with crackling sounds!

"Ahhhhhhh——"

Wei Xinjian screamed in pain from the electric shock, his eyes rolling back uncontrollably, his whole body convulsing continuously, nearly dropping the gun.

[Warning issued once. Any further rule violations will result in instant death penalty.]

Wei Xinjian's eyes were bloodshot, his entire body soaked in sweat, gasping heavily.

This revolver had a special design that made it impossible to determine the live round's position through observation alone.

Wei Xinjian didn't dare continue risking other attempts, as they might bring instant death penalty.

He looked at the innocent person across from him, also locked to an iron chair in an unconscious state, then swallowed and raised the gun barrel with a somewhat fierce expression.

He didn't know this young man across from him, but he had already made his choice.

The revolver cylinder could hold six bullets total, with only one live round, so the probability of death when firing was $1/6$.

If Wei Xinjian shot himself and encountered a blank, it would be a happy ending for everyone, with nothing happening.

But there was also a $1/6$ probability that he would die directly.

At this moment, the iron blocks on both sides of Wei Xinjian weren't close to his skull. According to the rules, there was a total gap of 6cm.

This meant the first two movements wouldn't cause him any harm.

Fear of bullets and the will to survive drove him to make the obvious choice.

Wei Xinjian gritted his teeth and pulled the trigger hard!

"Pop."

It was a blank.

Creak creak creak——

Dull mechanical sounds arose as metal gears ground against each other. The iron blocks on both sides of Wei Xinjian's head moved inward, and the cold iron blocks were now touching his ears.

"Mmm! Mmm mmm hmm!"

Wei Xinjian struck the iron chair in frustration, but this shot could not be undone.

The cold iron blocks near his ears transmitted bone-chilling coldness, bringing another kind of fear to his heart.

The second shot.

Wei Xinjian tremblingly turned the gun barrel to aim at himself.

But soon, he changed his mind again, redirecting the barrel toward Lin Sizhi.

If the probability of getting hit earlier was $1/6$, then the probability of getting hit now had risen to $1/5$.

Wei Xinjian didn't dare gamble.

What if the creator of this game had anticipated this psychology and placed the live round in the second shot?

After breathing heavily, Wei Xinjian still decided to let the other person bear this risk.