

GOD'S IMITATOR

Chapter 3: The Only Live Round

"Pop."

Wei Xinjian pulled the trigger hard again, and it was still a blank!

Creak creak creak——

The heavy iron blocks moved again, completely squeezing against Wei Xinjian's ears and pressing against his cheeks.

"Mmm! Ugh ugh!"

Wei Xinjian became even more frustrated, his body trembling violently, but now his head could no longer move, forced to stare straight at Lin Sizhi across from him.

The third shot.

The probability of getting hit with this shot was $1/4$.

If the designer of this game was truly clever, then the bullet should be placed in the 3rd or 4th position in the cylinder, so that he would shoot himself while being squeezed by the iron blocks and gradually losing his sanity.

Wei Xinjian seemed to already see the cold smile of this game's designer.

The iron blocks would only move 1.29cm, he wouldn't die yet...

He needed to make a rational and calm judgment...

Wei Xinjian gritted his teeth viciously and once again aimed at the innocent person and pulled the trigger.

"Pop!"

Still a blank.

Creak creak creak——

The heavy iron blocks moved again. This time, Wei Xinjian felt everything go dark before his eyes, the pressure in his brain rising sharply, as if his head was a broken watermelon about to burst!

Intense pain came from his skull. Wei Xinjian couldn't even determine which bone had cracked, and his consciousness began to blur.

"Woo... mmm ugh..."

Wei Xinjian's eyes were completely bloodshot, everything in his vision was blood red.

He futilely struck the iron blocks with his hand, but they remained completely immobile.

Finally, Wei Xinjian slowly turned the revolver's barrel to aim at himself.

The probability of death with the fourth shot was $\frac{1}{3}$.

Higher than any previous shot, but Wei Xinjian had no other choice.

He would rather shoot himself dead now than endure this torture any longer.

However, just at this moment, the television that had only been showing static and making crackling sounds displayed images and sound again.

[Every unforgivable sinner should be punished, but every person who sincerely repents should also have a final chance.]

[If you sincerely repent now, then I can tell you: the fifth bullet in the revolver's cylinder is a blank.]

[Make your choice. You don't have much time left.]

Wei Xinjian, who had been aiming the gun at himself, stopped his movement.

In his bloodshot eyes, he seemed to see the last glimmer of hope.

The fifth bullet was a blank!

What Wei Xinjian was about to fire now was the fourth bullet.

There were only two possibilities left: the live round was either in the fourth position or the sixth position.

The death rate for this shot had soared to $1/2$.

Shoot himself? Gamble one last time?

No, no good, a $1/2$ probability was really too high...

Wei Xinjian didn't understand probability, but he knew that as long as he persisted a little longer, just a little longer, he could survive...

Wei Xinjian now felt his head splitting with pain, but under the influence of adrenaline, he had temporarily adapted to this suffering.

If the next shot was still a blank, the iron blocks would continue forward another 1.29cm, which was dangerous, but Wei Xinjian thought he wouldn't necessarily die.

Because he only needed to endure one final squeeze.

If the fourth shot was still a blank, then the remaining two bullets could both be determined.

The fifth shot was a blank, shoot himself directly; the sixth shot was the only live round, shoot the person across from him dead directly, and it would all end immediately...

The mechanism would release, escape from here, this was the only way to survive.

The numbers on the LED electronic timer were still jumping, with only the last minute remaining.

Wei Xinjian let out a painful muffled groan as he once again aimed at Lin Sizhi and pulled the trigger.

The fourth shot!

"Pop."

Blank!

Creak creak creak——

"Ahhhhhhh——"

Even with the cloth strip tied around his mouth, Wei Xinjian still let out an extremely painful roar!

The heavy iron blocks squeezed inward again, intense pain spreading through his mind. Wei Xinjian could almost no longer feel the existence of his head.

He used all his strength to aim the gun at himself and fired the fifth shot.

"Pop."

The fifth shot was a known blank, nothing happened.

Fresh blood began flowing from Wei Xinjian's eyes, mouth, ears, and nose. Apart from severe pain, he could feel nothing else in his mind.

But finally, he still squeezed out one word from between his teeth:

"Die..."

Wei Xinjian tremblingly raised the gun for the last time.

The final live round, as long as he killed the innocent person across from him, the game would end and the mechanism would stop.

"Pop."

The last shot was fired.

Wei Xinjian's eyes were already covered with blood, his vision completely blurred, his ears were firmly clamped by the iron blocks, and he could no longer hear any sounds.

But he could still sense something strange from the right hand holding the gun.

No vibration, no recoil, nothing happened.

Still a blank!

"Ugh——Woo——Ah——"

"You——lied——"

There was no live round in the gun at all.

Wei Xinjian's throat erupted with a final roar, but soon, his voice stopped abruptly.

Creak creak creak——

The heavy iron blocks advanced another 1.29cm, causing irreversible permanent damage to his skull and brain.

Death was now only a matter of time.

As if all his strength had been instantly drained, Wei Xinjian's right hand dropped down, and the silver revolver fell to the ground.

"Click."

Accompanied by a series of mechanical sounds, all the restraints locking the two people to the iron chairs opened.

As the mechanisms opened, Wei Xinjian collapsed to the ground, already dying.

But just then, Wei Xinjian vaguely saw that the innocent person across from him had actually awakened and was standing up from his chair.

"Save——save me——"

Driven by his final survival instinct, Wei Xinjian struggled to reach out his hand.

"Save me——"

Wei Xinjian saw the innocent person raise his hand to untie the cloth strip knotted behind his head.

But there was no expression on his face.

"Save——"

Wei Xinjian hadn't forgotten his final struggle.

However, Lin Sizhi reached down to pick up the revolver that had fallen nearby and popped out the cylinder with a "pop."

Then, he took a live round from his own pocket and loaded it in.

"You——you——"

Wei Xinjian's eyes were already completely blinded by blood, but through the blurred scene before him, he vaguely realized something, something very important.

When the last shot was fired, Wei Xinjian discovered there was no live round in the revolver at all.

So he thought the rules had deceived him.

But now Wei Xinjian realized the rules hadn't lied:

The rules stated:

[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.]

However, the rules never said this live round was in the gun's cylinder.

"Click."

Lin Sizhi cocked the hammer, the dark barrel aimed at the dying Wei Xinjian.

"Bang!"