

## Imitator 39

### Chapter 39: Farmer's Walk

As the game introduction ended, all five people let out pained groans almost simultaneously.

"Hiss..."

Wang Yongxin looked at the stinging location on his wrist. On the inner side of the black visa bracelet, a needle seemed to have emerged, quickly piercing through the skin and injecting some substance into his body.

A strange tingling sensation spread from the needle puncture on his wrist.

"Slow-acting poison... death from poison after 2 hours..."

Wang Yongxin's expression became somewhat unpleasant.

2 hours was considered relatively long game time.

The previous "Blood Poker" game time was an hour and a half, and even so, many players still had nothing to do during the process and wasted some time.

But this situation was completely different.

Facing a life-or-death crisis, one would only feel that 2 hours was too brief.

"Where are Lawyer Lin and Officer Cao?"

"They should have also entered this game, but they're not in the corridor."

Wang Yongxin looked around. The long corridor ahead was actually divided equally into different paths.

Wang Yongxin, Ding Wenqiang, and Cai Zhiyuan were each on a different path, and there were two complete strangers on the other two more distant paths that he had never seen before.

The paths were separated by glass curtain walls several meters high that couldn't be broken or climbed over.

There was only one thing they could do at this moment.

Directly ahead was a special mechanism, about 1.6 meters high and 1.2 meters wide, with some kind of special frame structure.

According to the game rules: these people had to carry the mechanisms in front of them and pass through the corridor within the time limit.

The design of this mechanism wasn't complex. Overall, it was somewhat like a carrying pole with weights, or like equipment specifically designed for shoulder-carried farmer's walks.

There were specific positions for shoulder carrying and hand gripping, easily identifiable.

Additionally, the mechanism had numerous irregular iron blocks for counterweight.

According to the game rule introduction, each person's mechanism weighed equal to their own body weight, meaning the heavier the person, the heavier the mechanism they needed to carry.

"Hey!"

Someone exclaimed, and when Wang Yongxin looked up, he discovered that Ding Wenqiang had already shouldered his mechanism and was walking forward.

Wang Yongxin looked up at his own path, where special timer signs were placed at intervals.

The signs showed a 60-second countdown, with 5 seconds already passed.

"Damn!"

Wang Yongxin realized he had suffered from overthinking. He had initially spent time contemplating the game rules and observing the game field, unknowingly wasting time.

He hurriedly came to his mechanism and squeezed himself into it.

Then, Wang Yongxin gripped the vertical handles on both sides with his hands and pushed upward with his shoulders with all his might.

"Come on, up..."

Just this motion made Wang Yongxin feel blood rushing to his head, his heart pounding violently, and sweat rolling down.

Although the mechanism's design was relatively humane, with special leather padding at the shoulder-carrying position so he wouldn't be painfully jabbed by the steel mechanism and completely unable to move, it was still genuinely equal to his own body weight.

Wang Yongxin struggled to move his steps forward.

As someone who wasn't short of money, Wang Yongxin had certainly been to gyms and had even done training similar to farmer's walks, but unfortunately, as he aged, he had less and less time, became lazier and lazier, and had long abandoned his exercise habits.

The only good news was that to maintain his business elite persona and leave a better impression on investors, he had been controlling his diet, so he kept his figure in decent shape.

If he had gained another twenty pounds, he would probably be facing certain death right now.

"Huff... huff... huff..."

After just a few steps, Wang Yongxin felt his breathing becoming more and more rapid. Even gasping for large breaths couldn't give him enough air, and his heart was beating as if it would explode.

Farmer's walk was an exercise that required high full-body strength, needing not only powerful lower limb strength but also a strong core and good balance.

So after walking a few meters, Wang Yongxin was so tired he could barely breathe. His body sagged slightly and the mechanism fell back to the ground.

When Wang Yongxin looked up again, he discovered that Ding Wenqiang had already left everyone far behind in the dust.

"...This game is really fucking unfair."

Wang Yongxin only had time to complain once, but after glancing at the countdown, he could only grit his teeth and shoulder the mechanism again to walk forward.

Of course, he soon realized that his complaint was somewhat sour grapes, because the Gallery had never specified that it must be a particular type of game.

In "Blood Poker," a game that encouraged speculation and rule study, Wang Yongxin had every advantage, so now encountering a game emphasizing physical fitness where Ding Wenqiang had every advantage wasn't unreasonable either.

As an experienced manual laborer, Ding Wenqiang not only had physical fitness far superior to ordinary people but also had exaggerated endurance.

This challenge was almost tailor-made for him.

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Through the surveillance screens, Lin Sizhi could clearly see each person's situation.

The current ranking was: Ding Wenqiang, Zhang Peng, Gao Zhankui, Wang Yongxin, Cai Zhiyuan.

Zhang Peng was that unemployed blonde young man. Although relatively thin and weak, his physical fitness should be stronger than ordinary office workers.

Moreover, since each person's mechanism was calculated based on their own body weight, people with low body fat still had certain advantages even if they were thin.

Gao Zhankui was a middle-aged man with flesh all over his face. Although he looked very strong, he was held back by his body weight and fell several positions behind Zhang Peng.

Of course, he seemed to have also engaged in some physical labor, and his physical fitness was much stronger than Wang Yongxin and Cai Zhiyuan.

Cai Zhiyuan was the most miserable among them. Although he had shouldered his mechanism and started walking forward immediately, as a programmer he didn't exercise much to begin with, was in a sub-healthy state, and neglected body management.

With multiple unfavorable factors combined, he had already fallen to last place.

The entire corridor was divided into three stages, with the first stage being 20 meters and a 60-second countdown.

According to the game rules, if they couldn't complete it within 60 seconds, spikes would extend from the mechanism, using severe pain to force players to continue forward.

If they still couldn't complete it after another 60 seconds, they would directly receive immediate death penalty.

Fortunately, from the current situation, even Cai Zhiyuan, who was in last place, should be able to complete it.

Just then, Lin Sizhi heard another system broadcast that only the audience could hear.

Because the broadcast for all players in the field and the broadcast for audience only were played through different speakers, with obvious differences in tone and volume, they could be naturally distinguished.

[Audience #9 bets on "Prisoners."]

Before the identities of King and Prisoners were finally determined, someone else had bet in advance.

Only this time, the bet was on the Prisoners' side.

Lin Sizhi thought for a moment, "Audience #9... could it be Officer Cao?"

"The only reason I can think of for betting on Prisoners now is that among the five people below, there's more than one acquaintance, so as an audience member, his stance naturally sides with his acquaintances, hoping they all survive.

"And from Community 17, only Officer Cao and I successfully entered this game as audience members."

Lin Sizhi silently noted this in his mind.

...

Ding Wenqiang was first to reach the end of the first stage.

Crossing the finish line was a rest area about one meter long. Ding Wenqiang immediately put his mechanism on the ground and gasped heavily.

But after reaching the rest area, the one-minute countdown didn't immediately stop.

Ding Wenqiang looked around somewhat puzzled and discovered a special button on the wall of the rest area, with several prominent large characters beside it: [Press to stop countdown.]

Ding Wenqiang immediately pressed the button, and the countdown on his path froze at 22 seconds.

Soon after, the other four people also reached the rest area.

Cai Zhiyuan almost arrived at the very last second of the countdown. His final few steps looked like his entire being was completely exhausted. As soon as he put his mechanism down, he wanted nothing more than to collapse on the spot.

Only through willpower's support did he manage to hit the button on the wall.

Although Ding Wenqiang's physical fitness was much stronger than Cai Zhiyuan's, this stretch was after all very short, only 20 meters, so it was difficult to create too large a gap.

Cai Zhiyuan leaned against the wall and began dry heaving.

However, the game rules obviously didn't leave him any breathing room. The second after he hit the button, all the signs on everyone's paths changed.

From the remaining time each person had after completion, it became a new, unified countdown.

38 seconds.