

## Imitator 40

### Chapter 40: The Timing of the Button

"Damn..."

Wang Yongxin instinctively cursed, but at this moment he had no spare capacity for thinking and could only rely on instinct to shoulder the mechanism again and walk forward.

And Ding Wenqiang was even one step ahead of him.

Obviously, in such situations that didn't require thinking and only needed mindless execution according to rules, Ding Wenqiang had clear advantages.

The most miserable was of course Cai Zhiyuan.

Because the earlier you completed the first stage, the longer rest time you could fight for.

Ding Wenqiang could rest for the remaining 22 seconds, but Cai Zhiyuan had just reached the rest area and had to set off again.

He could only gasp heavily for air, and before his heart rate could calm down even slightly, he had to shoulder the mechanism again.

The only good news was that this mechanism had very wide support feet at the bottom and wouldn't tip forward, backward, left, or right.

Otherwise, once exhausted and fallen, being pinned under the mechanism would mean certain death.

The distance for the second stage was 15 meters, 5 meters shorter than the first stage, but the time limit was also shortened from 60 seconds to 38 seconds.

Combined with physical exhaustion, for those with poorer stamina, the game actually became even more difficult.

Just then, an emotionless electronic voice clearly rang out from the loudspeaker.

[Audience #5 tips Ding Wenqiang 8000 minutes of visa time, with message: Press when countdown is almost over.]

[Special reminder: The tipped player can freely decide whether to complete this requirement.]

The sudden prompt left everyone somewhat confused.

The five people in the field had no spare capacity for thinking. Under heavy pressure, their entire bodies had almost no excess blood for brain function.

However, this broadcast at least revealed two basic pieces of information:

Those who voluntarily registered to participate in the game became "Audience" members in the game.

And the audience apparently didn't need to personally enter the field to do these physical activities. They could tip the five players in the field, giving visa time along with a request.

Of course, the tipped person could choose not to comply.

This was somewhat like tipped streamers on live streaming platforms.

Ding Wenqiang hesitated briefly. This request from Audience #5 wasn't very difficult to fulfill, just a simple matter for him.

After all, upon reaching the rest area he could put down the mechanism on his shoulders to rest. As for when to press the button, it seemed to have no particular impact on the game.

Obtaining 8000 minutes of visa time so easily put Ding Wenqiang in good spirits and gave him more motivation.

He continued walking forward.

However, just as he was about to reach the rest area, the broadcast sounded again.

[Audience #1 tips Ding Wenqiang 8000 minutes of visa time, with message: Press immediately for yourself.]

"Hmm?"

Ding Wenqiang was momentarily at a loss.

These two audience members tipping him had made completely opposite requests. Completing one would inevitably mean violating the other.

Seeing that he was almost at the second stage rest area, Ding Wenqiang was momentarily unable to make up his mind.

Just then, Wang Yongxin suddenly realized something and shouted loudly, "Uncle Ding... don't... don't press yet!

"I under... understand! When you press... press now, that's the time... time for the next stage!"

Because he was carrying heavy weight, Wang Yongxin's voice was intermittent.

And because speaking loudly made him lose breath, causing his core to collapse, the mechanism temporarily fell to the ground.

Immediately after, he took another deep breath, gritted his teeth to shoulder the mechanism again, and continued forward.

Hearing Wang Yongxin's words, Ding Wenqiang instinctively froze.

The other people in the field also instantly understood what was happening.

The time limit for the second stage was 38 seconds, a number with both whole and fractional parts.

Initially, everyone hadn't thought much about it, assuming this was a time arranged by the game, but Audience #5's message made Wang Yongxin realize that this 38 seconds was actually the time Ding Wenqiang had taken to complete the first stage.

That is to say, if Ding Wenqiang pressed the button at 58 seconds, the standard time for the second stage would become 58 seconds.

If he pressed the button at 20 seconds, the standard time for the second stage would become 20 seconds.

The third stage worked on the same principle.

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Through the glass window, Lin Sizhi looked toward the position where Audience #1 was located.

According to the numbering, Lin Sizhi was Audience #5, and that initial message was sent by him.

But obviously, Player #1 reacted very quickly, almost instantly realizing the meaning behind his message and making a counterattack.

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Ding Wenqiang only hesitated for about two or three seconds before decisively hitting the button.

The countdown on his path also froze at 9 seconds.

For this 15-meter path, Ding Wenqiang took 29 seconds. But after deducting thinking time, his average speed was even slightly faster than the previous 38 seconds for 20 meters.

"Damn."

The remaining four people all cursed under their breath.

For Ding Wenqiang, waiting an extra 10 seconds didn't have any obvious disadvantages, but it could give the four people behind him precious breathing opportunities.

Especially Wang Yongxin and Cai Zhiyuan.

[Audience #1 tips Ding Wenqiang 3000 minutes of visa time, with message: Well done.]

Hearing the new broadcast, Ding Wenqiang became even more convinced he was right.

Although pressing the button would obviously increase the difficulty for Wang Yongxin and Cai Zhiyuan, but...

In such life-or-death games, who doesn't look out for themselves first?

You should know, whoever reached the finish line first would become the "King," and the game rules also said that players who became "King" would have enormous advantages.

If he gave others breathing opportunities, what if he got overtaken at the last moment?

Since this game was called "King's Judgment," paying any price to obtain the King's identity was worth it.

[Beep.]

In the last second of the countdown, Wang Yongxin barely crossed the finish line of the second stage and reached the rest area.

Accompanied by a sharp buzzing sound, the only person who hadn't completed the entire path, Cai Zhiyuan, also let out a scream of agony.

The countdown on the path reset to 38 seconds. At the same time, the mechanism on his shoulders extended several spikes and barbs that pierced deeply into his shoulders!

These spikes and barbs weren't very thick and wouldn't cause too serious damage to his body. Even if they left wounds, they would naturally stop bleeding soon.

But this severe pain still made Cai Zhiyuan scream uncontrollably.

The pain stimulated a surge of adrenaline, allowing Cai Zhiyuan's body to find strength again, persisting to cross the finish line.

The spikes and barbs on the mechanism retracted, but blood immediately gushed out, dyeing the shoulders of Cai Zhiyuan's shirt red.

He had no rest time at all, because the countdown lit up again.

This time it was indeed 29 seconds, the time Ding Wenqiang had pressed when completing the second stage.

Everyone seemed numb already, with no excess thinking capacity, only shouldering their mechanisms again and walking toward the final finish line.

Cai Zhiyuan's condition was obviously the most worrying. He was unsurprisingly left at the very back again.

[Audience #3 tips Cai Zhiyuan 2000 minutes of visa time, with message: Keep going.]

The audience could influence the behavior of the five people in the field to some extent, but it was only influence.

Now the only variable in the game was in Ding Wenqiang's hands. With Ding Wenqiang unwilling to extend the time, others could do nothing.

[Beep.]

The countdown ended. This time, only three people—Ding Wenqiang, Zhang Peng, and Gao Zhankui—completed it within the time limit.

As the countdown reset to 29 seconds again, the mechanisms on Wang Yongxin's and Cai Zhiyuan's shoulders simultaneously extended spikes and barbs.

Wang Yongxin groaned. Although he had mentally prepared himself and tensed all his muscles, the piercing pain still made everything go black before his eyes.

But he had no other options. If he put the mechanism on the ground before the spikes extended to let his shoulders escape, he could indeed avoid the damage caused by the extending spikes, but then it would be troublesome to shoulder the mechanism again and would only cause more suffering.

So he could only grit his teeth and endure.

As for Cai Zhiyuan, he was even more miserable. His wounds that hadn't yet healed were torn open again, and the clothes around his shoulders were almost completely soaked with blood.

More than ten seconds after the second round countdown passed, he finally barely reached the finish line.

All spikes retracted, and Cai Zhiyuan stumbled and hit the final button.