

Imitator 44

Chapter 44: Hanging from a Lamppost

Compared to Wang Yongxin's glamorous and bright office, the scene that appeared this time was as messy as a pigsty.

Obviously this was Zhang Peng's cheap rental room.

A semi-basement window let in some dim light. Zhang Peng, with his dyed yellow hair, lay on a bed full of garbage, scratched his feet, then lay down again out of boredom.

[As a parasitic worm who is lazy and gluttonous, you only bring destruction to society, no contribution.]

[Theft, robbery, brawls, even after multiple imprisonments, you will never repent.]

[You have hands and feet, but are unwilling to be self-reliant, instead mocking those who struggle for their livelihood.]

[Your malice is like a butterfly flapping its wings, becoming innocent people's unwarranted disasters.]

[This time, can you still luckily escape judgment?]

Zhang Peng's videotape content was shorter. Immediately after, his file appeared on the big screen.

[Zhang Peng, Male, 26 years old.]

[Occupation: Unemployed.]

[Lazy and gluttonous, idle and vagrant, has committed multiple crimes including theft, robbery, and brawls, multiple times luckily escaping legal sanctions.]

[Judgment result: Not yet judged]

Wang Yongxin looked at Zhang Peng with some disdain. In his view, this was a complete scoundrel.

If he had to choose between the two, Wang Yongxin really couldn't think of a reason why Ding Wenqiang would choose him.

Zhang Peng also panicked somewhat and hurriedly explained, "Big Brother Ding, Uncle Ding! There's something wrong with what's written in this file. How does it seem like I've never been caught!"

"Think about it, that's impossible. Given our country's security, the police aren't just sitting around doing nothing!"

"I need to make this clear: I did rob once, but only once! And I was caught quickly and sentenced to three years."

"Everything else was just petty theft, nothing particularly heinous!"

Ding Wenqiang looked at Cell No. 2, then at Cell No. 3.

Obviously, he didn't want Wang Yongxin or Zhang Peng to enter Cell No. 3, because neither of them would possibly do something like breaking their own fingers to help others complete games.

According to the game rules, once you entered a cell, you couldn't come out or change cells.

Locking the two of them up was easy.

But if they went in and did nothing, just deducted their own visa time and endured it, that would be truly troublesome.

Wang Yongxin had earned at least 200,000 minutes of visa time in "Blood Poker," so he could afford random deductions.

As for Zhang Peng, Ding Wenqiang wasn't clear how much visa time he had exactly, but being so young, his initial visa time probably was over a month as well.

If considering from the game's optimal solution perspective, only someone willing to break their own fingers was most suitable to enter Cell 3.

Or at least it should be someone with very little visa time.

The game rules had repeatedly emphasized that as King, Ding Wenqiang should make relatively fair judgments. Just locking someone up and deducting visa time seemed too light a punishment no matter how you looked at it.

Ding Wenqiang looked toward Zhang Peng.

In terms of vileness, Zhang Peng was obviously the more deserving candidate for judgment.

Wang Yongxin wasn't a good boss, but at least he hadn't broken the law. Of course, except for labor laws that were being violated everywhere.

Someone like Zhang Peng, who was lazy, gluttonous, and had all five vices, was more like someone who should be judged in this game.

Zhang Peng swallowed his saliva. Ding Wenqiang's gaze made him panic. Obviously, he had to do something now.

"Uncle Ding! I have something to say, I have something to say!"

"In this game, everyone is a sinner. Do we still need to rank them in order?"

"The game requires sinners to receive appropriate judgment. Like that programmer guy said before, the meaning of the judgment game should match the crime, right?"

"I did steal things and rob, but that has nothing to do with these games. If we have to force a connection, it's more related to Cell No. 3."

"Besides, the mistakes I made were just petty theft. For society as a whole, what does this small destruction amount to?"

"But he's different!"

Zhang Peng pointed at Wang Yongxin, "He indeed didn't break the law, but how many people are running themselves ragged because of him, how many people died from overwork because of him, and how many delivery workers and couriers got into car accidents because of him!"

"Those delivery workers don't hesitate to run red lights to deliver food. In the end, isn't it because he's exploiting them to the bone?"

"Yes, I'm lazy and gluttonous, but in today's society, does being hardworking lead to wealth?"

"Society has become like this. Is it because of my laziness and petty theft, or because of rich people like them who are high above?"

Wang Yongxin was stunned. Obviously, he hadn't expected the other party to suddenly start attacking him.

Moreover, this attack was extremely deadly, almost like a knife cutting right to his vital point.

"What are you babbling about? Even if I wronged my employees and wronged the delivery workers, what does it have to do with you! Does a robber like you have the right to morally judge me here?" Wang Yongxin was somewhat speechless.

Zhang Peng nodded, "Right, this is where you rich people are different from us lowlives."

"You rich people are great precisely because no matter what kind of mistake you make, you never admit it!"

"Because if you don't admit it, there's no mistake. If you admit it, everything is your fault!"

"I at least receive legal punishment. What about you? The law has no binding power over you!"

"The name of this second cell's game is 'Hanging from a Lamppost.'"

"You tell me, which one of us two should be hung from a lamppost more?"

Wang Yongxin was dumbfounded.

Ding Wenqiang sighed silently, came to Cell No. 2, and looked at Wang Yongxin, "Go in."

Wang Yongxin wanted to say something more, but ultimately hesitated and reluctantly stepped into the cell.

Then he laughed self-mockingly, "Capitalists hanging from lampposts. Well, I guess this is dying where I belong."

"Click!"

Accompanied by the sound of locking, the mechanism in the cell automatically activated.

A lamppost-shaped mechanism slightly lowered, with a noose made of thick hemp rope dropping from above, while a not-very-thick square platform appeared below.

[Game begins in 30 seconds. Please place your neck in the noose and maintain hanging position for 10 minutes.]

[Each minute earns 1000 minutes of visa time. After 10 minutes, the mechanism automatically releases.]

After Wang Yongxin stepped onto the platform and put his neck into the noose, the mechanism automatically activated.

The noose tightened upward, the platform beneath his feet retracted, instantly making his body taut and elongated.

Wang Yongxin could only desperately stand on his tiptoes, while gripping the noose with both hands to cushion his chin, trying hard to create safe space for his neck.

This game indeed wouldn't be fatal on the first play, but it would put Wang Yongxin in an extremely uncomfortable state. The slightest relaxation might cause him to be strangled unconscious by gravity and lead to serious consequences.

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When the game was nearing its end, the small speaker in front of Lin Sizhi began broadcasting new announcements.

[Please vote on the fairness of the King's actions.]

Another evaluation segment. After considering for a moment, Lin Sizhi pressed "V".

The countdown ended.

[Voting results: VVVVVVVVVV]

[Final fairness score: 100]

[Thank you for your evaluation!]

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The 10-minute countdown ended, the mechanism activated again, the noose above drooped slightly, and the platform beneath his feet also raised somewhat.

Wang Yongxin finally recovered from the taut, stretched state he was in. He immediately struggled free from the noose and fell to the ground.

"Hiss..."

His calves had already cramped from standing on tiptoes for a long time, still maintaining the previous posture and continuously twitching.

Wang Yongxin gritted his teeth and kept massaging his calves, but it was ineffective in the short term.

He had no other choice. Although his calves had cramped halfway through the game, he could only endure the severe pain and bear it, because once he lost support, he might really be hanged to death.

Touching the red marks on his neck, Wang Yongxin felt like he had survived a disaster.

[10,000 minutes of visa time has been credited to the player.]

Compared to Cai Zhiyuan's game that only gave 150 minutes of visa time, this game seemed much more generous.

Wang Yongxin smiled bitterly with some self-mockery, "What's this called? With enough profit, capitalists will even sell the rope to hang themselves?"

"This game's designer is quite witty."

"But this isn't fun at all."