

Imitator 46

Chapter 46: Fairness Voting

Seeing the game content of Cells 5 and 6, Zhang Peng felt his hands and feet growing cold.

These six cells really did become more dangerous the further back they went.

The target in Cell 5 could roughly be seen as a large human figure, with an area that appeared to be about four times the frontal projection of an average person.

In other words, when the nail gun randomly fired within this range, there was nearly a one-in-four chance it would hit a person.

Moreover, the lethality of the nail gun was nothing like the iron maiden in Cell 4.

The iron maiden's spikes avoided vital areas like the head and important organs, and the spikes themselves weren't very thick.

Although Gao Zhankui was covered in blood from the piercings, you could see that he actually hadn't suffered any serious injuries that would threaten his life.

But the nail gun was different. If that thing hit vital spots like the heart, arteries, or eyes, it was absolutely capable of being fatal in one shot.

As for Cell 6, it was purely leaving everything to fate.

Since it was a random selection, there was a possibility of drawing a relatively simple mechanism, or a very dangerous one.

If he had to choose between the two, Cell 6 would of course be better, but the good news was that Zhang Peng still had a safer option.

That was Cell 3, which hadn't been used before.

Thinking of this, he rubbed his hands together nervously and said cautiously, "Uncle Ding, there's no other way. Let me go into Cell 3.

"Uncle Ding, look at me. I don't look like someone who could burn through that much visa time. Don't worry, if anyone really encounters danger, I'll definitely break my finger decisively to save them."

Ding Wenqiang looked Zhang Peng up and down, "Really?"

Zhang Peng nodded eagerly, "Of course, Uncle Ding, of course it's true!

"Besides, there's no other choice. Someone has to enter one of these three cells.

"Although I'm not exactly a good person, I don't deserve to die, right..."

Ding Wenqiang hesitated for a moment, then slowly nodded, "That's true."

However, just as he was about to send Zhang Peng into Cell 3, the system notification sounded.

[Audience #3 tips Ding Wenqiang 8000 minutes of visa time, with message: Cell 4, ten thousand for one round.]

Ding Wenqiang was stunned for a moment, then fell into hesitation.

Zhang Peng's eyes lit up.

Right, it could work this way too!

He wondered which kind-hearted person this Audience 1 was.

He cast a grateful look toward Audience 1, though unfortunately he couldn't see who specifically was inside through the one-way glass.

This game only specified that 10 judgments had to be completed, but it didn't say each prisoner had to be distributed equally, right?

Theoretically speaking, if a prisoner was tough enough to endure 10 judgments alone, that would also count as clearing the game.

Which specific person the judgment fell upon was entirely up to Ding Wenqiang as the king.

Seeing that Ding Wenqiang was still hesitating, Zhang Peng quickly lowered his voice and said, "Uncle Ding, what's there to hesitate about? Ten thousand for one round!"

Ding Wenqiang's expression showed some resistance, "But wouldn't this be somewhat unfair?"

Zhang Peng immediately shook his head, "Fair? Uncle Ding, which game in this gallery is absolutely fair? Huh? Are there any?"

"Someone in our community earned over a hundred thousand visa time in one round of Blood Poker, while I only earned just over 30,000. Is that fair?"

"In the real world, some people are born inheriting billions in family wealth and can't spend it all in a lifetime of eating, drinking, and playing, while others can be killed by falling objects just walking down the street.

"Is that fair?"

"Besides, what's this game called? King's Judgment, and you're the king.

"Why should prisoners talk about fairness with the king?"

"The game rules have already hinted that you have supreme power in this game. This identity is what you earned through your own ability. Since the game rules allow it, why can't you do this?"

Seeing that Ding Wenqiang was still hesitating, Zhang Peng urged, "Uncle Ding, think about it. Why did people like us end up at the bottom?"

"Isn't it because of meaningless moral feelings!"

"Look at those rich people. Would they feel guilty over such trivial matters?"

At this moment, the broadcast sounded again.

[Audience #7 tips Ding Wenqiang 6000 minutes of visa time, with message: Cell 4, ten thousand.]

Ding Wenqiang finally made up his mind, "You're right. I'm the king. Whoever I want to judge, I can judge!"

"For scum like him to be judged again is reasonable and justified."

Thinking of this, he came to Cell 4's entrance again and pressed the game panel.

Gao Zhankui's eyes widened in disbelief, but he still quickly picked up the cloth strips from the ground and wrapped himself up tightly as before.

Ding Wenqiang turned his face away, no longer looking.

His decision was made not only due to Zhang Peng's persuasion and the tips from two audiences, but also for another important reason: there were different levels of closeness among the prisoners.

Cai Zhiyuan and Wang Yongxin, no matter what, were players from Community 17. They would see each other constantly.

After this game ended, they would inevitably have to work together in the community.

If he harmed these two people badly, he would very likely be isolated within the community.

But Gao Zhankui was different. Here, no one cared about him.

Even if Gao Zhankui died in the game, Cai Zhiyuan and Wang Yongxin wouldn't say anything and would actually be grateful. After all, they would also be direct beneficiaries.

...

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

The broadcast sounded again. Lin Sizhi silently pressed "x."

The voting results were coming out faster and faster. This might be because most audiences realized that voting actually didn't require much thought, they could just choose according to instinct because of the lie detection mechanism.

Thinking too much was not only meaningless, but if they voted wrong they might even have visa time deducted, which wasn't worth it.

[Voting results: xxxxxx√xxx]

[Final fairness score: -80]

[Thank you for your evaluation!]

Lin Sizhi looked at the evaluation results. Although he wasn't clear about who these audiences were, comparing multiple voting results, he could still see some clues.

For example, although Audience 1 was the instigator who encouraged Ding Wenqiang, he also considered it unjust.

This showed that Audience 1's behavior was purely based on profit considerations.

He had already bet on the king's side, so having Ding Wenqiang kill prisoners could bring him additional benefits.

Audience 3 was relatively merciful, tending to vote × when seeing criminals suffer relatively heavy punishments.

As for Audience 7, he was quite interesting. He chose V but didn't trigger the game mechanism's lie detection punishment, which meant he genuinely believed Ding Wenqiang was doing the right thing, that people like Gao Zhankui deserved to endure judgment twice.

He was somewhat like those "netizen judges who start with death penalty" types.

...

The iron maiden device opened again, and Gao Zhankui's entire body fell out stiffly.

[60,000 minutes of visa time have been credited to the player.]

This time, he lay on the ground for a long time before finally catching his breath somewhat.

He tried to remove the cloth strips from his head, but his blood-soaked hands quickly dropped down again.

According to the game rules, the judgment games in each cell would become increasingly dangerous as the number of times increased.

The first round credited 30,000 visa time, the second round 60,000.

This meant the number of needle piercings in the second round had also doubled, from 30 to 60.

Looking at the current situation, Gao Zhankui's blood loss had reached a rather dangerous level.

If he underwent another judgment game and the number of needle piercings doubled again, Gao Zhankui would most likely die inside.

[Audience #7 tips Ding Wenqiang 4000 minutes of visa time, with message: You did right.]

[Audience #1 tips Ding Wenqiang 2000 minutes of visa time, with message: Continue.]

[Audience #3 tips Ding Wenqiang 1000 minutes of visa time, with message: Stop.]

The successive messages made Ding Wenqiang's already confused mind even more chaotic.

Fortunately, these messages not only had broadcasts but also displayed corresponding text on the big screen for verification.

The new tips from Audiences 1 and 7 weren't just conveying information, but also paying the balance for fulfilling their previous promises.

The visa time they gave before plus what they gave this time added up to exactly 10,000 minutes.

Moreover, the audiences on the prisoners' side had now basically realized one thing:

The audiences siding with the king clearly had a much stronger desire to tip.

The reason was simple: they could gain more benefits from this behavior.