

Imitator 47

Chapter 47: Tips

According to the game rules, for every prisoner the king executed, each betting audience could receive an additional 30,000 minutes of visa time.

Not to mention that after winning the game, they could also divide up the visa time bet by the prisoner faction audience, averaging around 50,000.

In other words, for frequent tippers like Audience 1, as long as they didn't exceed 80,000, as long as they could win the game, they would still profit.

These factors all encouraged the king faction betting audience to tip more frequently.

But the prisoner faction audience had no "more work, more reward" system. As long as at least 3 prisoners survived when the game ended, they could receive the guaranteed reward.

More surviving prisoners brought no additional rewards.

So even if they chose the prisoner faction, these audiences weren't very willing to waste their visa time on tips.

Someone like Audience 3, willing to spend 1000 minutes of visa time to send one word, was already considered quite compassionate.

But obviously, the effect that single word could have was minimal.

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[Audience #2 tips Ding Wenqiang 6000 minutes of visa time, with message: Cell 4, ten thousand.]

[Audience #8 tips Ding Wenqiang 4000 minutes of visa time, with message: Cell 4, ten thousand.]

The audiences betting on the king faction had all realized this point.

They knew this wasn't a just trial, but for the visa time rewards, they still hoped Gao Zhankui would die quickly.

Ding Wenqiang was also somewhat surprised.

Was Gao Zhankui... this detestable?

Actually, purely from the crimes revealed on the videotape, Gao Zhankui wasn't the worst.

Could it be because people naturally hated these kinds of lackeys who aided tyrants more?

Ding Wenqiang didn't know the audience-related rules, much less why these audiences kept tipping him.

He could only continuously receive very simple and crude information: these audiences were throwing around visa time in big chunks just to see him harshly judge Gao Zhankui.

Coincidentally, among the four prisoners, Ding Wenqiang disliked Gao Zhankui the most.

But seeing Gao Zhankui covered in blood, Ding Wenqiang fell into hesitation again. He wasn't psychologically prepared to kill someone.

Even though these were the game rules, even though he didn't need to do it personally, crossing this line still wasn't easy.

Zhang Peng lowered his voice, "Uncle Ding, what are you still considering?"

"You can't just focus on the present. If you don't do what the audience wants, they might not tip anymore later."

This sentence instantly reminded Ding Wenqiang.

These audiences were indeed tipping enthusiastically, but these tips were clearly all conditional.

The audience generally gave 4000 or 6000 minutes of visa time first, and only after Ding Wenqiang truly satisfied their demands would they give the remaining visa time.

Once Ding Wenqiang ignored these people's demands, they definitely wouldn't give more visa time.

So what Ding Wenqiang would lose wouldn't just be these few thousand, but most of the visa time that might be tipped later, which could amount to tens of thousands.

Ding Wenqiang gritted his teeth and walked toward Gao Zhankui's Cell 4 again.

...

Lin Sizhi looked quietly through the glass at the scene below.

Sure enough, once the slippery slope began, it was hard to stop.

The five audiences could use this special killing mechanism to obtain large amounts of visa time, and just by giving out a portion of this visa time, they could easily manipulate Ding Wenqiang's behavior.

But the prisoner faction audience had almost no equivalent countermeasures.

Although they could also tip Ding Wenqiang, since they couldn't profit from Ding Wenqiang's actions, the tips would most likely be wasted.

Even if one or two people were willing to pay out of their own pockets to advise Ding Wenqiang not to continue tormenting Gao Zhankui, their voices would easily be drowned out by the five king faction audiences.

So the prisoner faction audience didn't tip because they realized this behavior was meaningless.

At this rate, the prisoner faction was definitely going to lose.

After considering for a moment, Lin Sizhi pressed the tip button on his desk.

...

Ding Wenqiang came to Cell 4 again, but just then, he heard a new broadcast.

[Audience #5 tips Ding Wenqiang 8000 minutes of visa time, with message: Zhang Peng is the one who beat you.]

Ding Wenqiang was stunned, not quite understanding what this sentence meant for a moment.

Zhang Peng? Beat?

He instinctively looked toward Zhang Peng, only to see Zhang Peng instantly become nervous, his body trembling involuntarily.

"You seem to know something. What does this mean?" Ding Wenqiang asked.

Zhang Peng swallowed, "Uncle Ding, I don't know what this means. We've never met before."

Ding Wenqiang darkened his face and raised his scepter, "Are you going to talk or not!"

Zhang Peng dropped to his knees with a "thud" and raised both hands, "Uncle Ding, I really don't know what to say!"

Ding Wenqiang frowned deeply. He felt Zhang Peng was lying, but couldn't sort out his thoughts for the moment.

Just then, coughing sounds came from Cell 2.

"Cough! Cough cough!"

Wang Yongxin sat on the ground, rubbing the bruises on his neck, and said in a hoarse voice:

"Uncle Ding, don't you understand yet?"

"The five of us being assigned to this judgment game actually have deeper connections.

"I didn't realize it at first either. After all, you, me, Cai Zhiyuan, and these two others don't know each other.

"But actually, the connection between us five is closer than we imagined. There's an invisible thread connecting all five of us.

"It's that delivery worker.

"He was a rider for Speed Delivery, I'm the CEO, Gao Zhankui is the station manager. As for Cai Zhiyuan, the algorithm program he developed was sold by his company to many platforms, which of course included my Speed Delivery.

"In other words..."

"In this judgment game, the five of us are responsible for that delivery worker's death.

"Given that, isn't it strange for this unemployed blonde punk to be mixed in? On the surface, he has no connection to that delivery worker's death at all.

"But there's a hidden thread buried in yours and his videotapes.

"When you accidentally killed the delivery worker, it wasn't just because of fatigue driving, but also because you had just been beaten, causing limited vision.

"And him?

"The videotape said robbery and fighting. His malice was like a butterfly flapping its wings, becoming an innocent person's undeserved disaster.

"And in the final file, it says 'not yet judged.'

"Obviously, for scum like him who's been in and out of prison, he can't be lucky enough to not get caught every time, right?

"So 'not yet judged' doesn't mean he's never faced any judgment, but specifically refers to how, like me and Cai Zhiyuan, he wasn't judged in this 'delivery worker death' case.

"And judging from your reaction, the time he beat and robbed you should have also gone unsolved, right?"

Wang Yongxin spoke quite smoothly. Thinking about how Zhang Peng had subtly maneuvered him into Cell 2 with just a few words earlier made him angry. Now that he found an opportunity, he naturally wanted to retaliate mercilessly.

All of this was also within the game rules' allowable range.

Ding Wenqiang's hands gradually clenched tighter, veins bulging.

Zhang Peng's face turned pale. He could feel the killing intent in Ding Wenqiang's eyes and became somewhat at a loss.

Ding Wenqiang's voice was somewhat hoarse, "You recognized me from the beginning, didn't you?"

"At that time, you wore a mask and hat, but I didn't.

"Thanks to you, my left eye was swollen for a week before the swelling went down.

"If it weren't for the vision blind spot in my left eye, I never would have hit that delivery worker."

Zhang Peng was so scared he dropped to the ground with a "thud" and hugged Ding Wenqiang's leg, "Uncle Ding! I was wrong, I'm sorry! I was broke then, confused for a moment, it was a spur-of-the-moment thing. I was really wrong!"

"Let me go into Cell 3, let me atone. Uncle Ding, I promise I'll smash all ten fingers! I'll definitely smash them all!"

"If I don't smash them, you can electrocute me with your scepter!"

Ding Wenqiang pointed at Cell 5, "Go in."

Zhang Peng cried with snot and tears, "Uncle Ding, even if I'm judged for robbery, even if I'm judged for fighting, it's just two or three years in prison. I don't deserve to die, Uncle Ding!"

"How could I know this would happen after hitting you!"

"That delivery worker's death really has nothing to do with me!"

Ding Wenqiang kicked him away, "Go in! I don't want to say it twice!"

"Okay, okay, I'll go, I'll go."

Zhang Peng crawled into Cell 5. Ding Wenqiang slammed the prison door shut with a loud "clang."