

## Imitator 50

### Chapter 50: Negative

Cai Zhiyuan struggled to push the crossbar, gritting his teeth with a ferocious expression.

Wang Yongxin's situation was even worse. When conducting the "Hanging from a Lamppost" judgment game for the second time, the game duration would increase by 5 minutes.

Although this time seemed short, it was added directly to the end. Extending it by 5 minutes when already exhausted would cause the danger level to skyrocket.

If Wang Yongxin's body suddenly lost strength and completely lost support, his entire body weight would press down on his neck. It would only take a very short time for him to suffocate and lose consciousness, beyond any salvation.

The only good news was that they had both rested for long enough, so they could still hold on.

Ding Wenqiang's expression was somewhat complicated. He found it hard to imagine how he would face these two when they returned to the community.

There was no other way, the game rules were such. He had only done what most players would do.

The other people in the community... should be able to understand, right?

Just then, the broadcast sounded again.

[Audience #1 tips Ding Wenqiang 5,000 minutes of visa time, with message: Kill them all, one hundred thousand.]

...

These simple five words exploded in Ding Wenqiang's mind like thunder.

Kill them all, one hundred thousand!

One hundred thousand minutes of visa time was approximately 70 days, a huge sum that Ding Wenqiang had never seen since entering the New World.

But if he were to kill Cai Zhiyuan and Wang Yongxin, how would he face the others when he returned to the community?

In this "King's Judgment" game, someone from Community 17 was watching as an audience throughout.

Even if there were no audiences, the players of Community 17 would inevitably check the game's related information, and at that time all of Ding Wenqiang's actions would still be laid bare.

It was impossible to hide it.

Then... what if he didn't hide it?

What if he said that it was the game mechanism that killed them, that it was the game designer who killed them, and that he had no choice?

After Cai Zhiyuan and Wang Yongxin completed this judgment game, there would still be 2 games short of the 10 judgment games required.

All three of them had now undergone 2 judgment games each, and the third would carry extremely high death risk.

That is to say, two people would very likely die.

Picking an unlucky one from between Cai Zhiyuan and Wang Yongxin to die in a judgment game would also be difficult to explain to others when returning to the community.

Moreover, given their current injuries, it was unclear whether they could even survive after returning to the community.

In that case, why not go all the way?

Ding Wenqiang already had Zhang Peng's blood on his hands, and now he somewhat had a "might as well break the jar" mentality.

But he quickly shook his head.

No, that wouldn't work. There was still a difference between one death and two deaths. If one of either Cai Zhiyuan or Wang Yongxin died, he could barely argue that it was a problem with the game mechanism, but if both died, there would be no way to explain it no matter what.

For one hundred thousand minutes of visa time, causing his social death in Community 17 and being forever isolated by other players wasn't worth it.

Perhaps he would participate in similar group-type games later, and a lone wolf player's survival probability would be infinitely compressed.

However, just as Ding Wenqiang finally finished his internal struggle and decided to reject Audience 1's proposal, more broadcast sounds rang out.

[Audience #1 tips Ding Wenqiang 5,000 minutes of visa time, with message: Kill them all, one hundred thousand.]

[Audience #7 tips Ding Wenqiang 5,000 minutes of visa time, with message: Kill them all, one hundred thousand.]

[Audience #2 tips Ding Wenqiang 5,000 minutes of visa time, with message: Kill them all, one hundred thousand.]

[Audience #8 tips Ding Wenqiang 5,000 minutes of visa time, with message: Kill them all, one hundred thousand.]

[Audience #3 tips Ding Wenqiang 2,000 minutes of visa time, with message: Stay calm!]

[Audience #9 tips Ding Wenqiang 4,000 minutes of visa time, with message: They're lying!]

Various tips and messages began flooding the screen continuously, and Ding Wenqiang's mind fell into chaos once again.

If five audiences all made the same promise, that would be five hundred thousand minutes of visa time.

That was nearly 1 year!

From the current situation, it seemed that games in the Gallery were only mandatory for judgment games targeting criminals, while others were voluntary registration.

So during this year, Ding Wenqiang could completely live carefree without participating in any dangerous Gallery games, enjoying life peacefully in the community.

Whatever he wanted to buy, he could buy it.

Living it up in the safe zone, wine and song, watching others struggling in death games, this sense of security would be indescribable.

This might be a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity. Once missed, he would never encounter it again.

If he could really get a full year's worth of visa time, what would it matter even if he were isolated by the entire community?

Given the frequency at which the Gallery continuously opened judgment games, could these people from Community 17 really survive a year?

If these people died one after another during the year, who would still know what he had done at this moment?

Ding Wenqiang was indeed moved.

But thinking it over again, he felt something was wrong.

Because the 100,000 minutes of visa time promised by these audiences were still just empty promises.

According to the game mechanism, these audiences could freely tip Ding Wenqiang with attached messages, but such promises weren't actually bound by the rules.

That is to say, they could completely go back on their word.

They could promise one hundred thousand minutes of visa time but not deliver in the end, and Ding Wenqiang would have no recourse.

Although so far, these audiences had been very trustworthy, with the previously promised ten thousand minutes of visa time quickly paid in full, who could guarantee they wouldn't change their minds this time?

That was, after all, one hundred thousand minutes of visa time.

Ding Wenqiang vaguely guessed that there might be some special game mechanisms on the audience side that allowed them to earn a lot of visa time, and a large portion of this profit was premised on the collective death of prisoners.

That's why the audiences were so willing to spend heavily.

Like a flock of vultures circling in the sky, waiting to descend and enjoy fresh corpses after a brutal war ended.

But the problem was, Ding Wenqiang didn't know how much profit these audiences could actually gain from this, so naturally he couldn't determine how credible this empty promise from the audience was.

If the audience could earn two hundred thousand, then offering one hundred thousand as a bounty would be reasonable.

If the audience could only earn fifty thousand, then offering one hundred thousand would be pure deception.

Although Audience 9 had also sent the message "They're lying," was this message necessarily true?

These audiences were just numbered from 1 to 10. Ding Wenqiang couldn't distinguish who they actually were, so naturally he couldn't determine whose words were more credible.

Moreover, what did it matter whether he listened to the audience or not? He was the king, and ultimately this all had to be decided by him.

When he was an employee, he could only listen to his boss. Now that he was king, did he still have to listen to the audience? Was he destined to be someone else's puppet his entire life?

Should he take the gamble?

As long as two or three of these audiences kept their promises, this proposal would be very tempting.

...

Seeing Ding Wenqiang fall into deep thought, with conflicted expressions occasionally flashing across his face, Wang Yongxin's heart quickly sank.

If possible, he would now desperately want to shout and transfer all the visa time he had earned from the previous game to Ding Wenqiang to buy his own life.

But unfortunately, he could neither transfer visa time nor shout.

Because as his strength drained away, he felt his body becoming heavier and heavier, and the noose around his neck was gradually tightening.

He couldn't make any sound and could only pray desperately.

...

New broadcasts continued to sound in Lin Sizhi's room.

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

[Voting results: xxxv xvxxx]

[Audience 5 is deducted 10,000 minutes of visa time.]

[Final fairness score: -60]

[Thank you for your evaluation!]

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

[Voting results: vxxxxvxxx]

[Audience 1 is deducted 10,000 minutes of visa time.]

[Final fairness score: -60]

[Thank you for your evaluation!]

From the voting patterns, more and more audiences were inclined to cast opposing votes.

This also made the fairness scores increasingly lower.