

## **Imitator 51**

### Chapter 51: Judging the King

Actually, just looking at the game content alone, having Cai Zhiyuan and Wang Yongxin undergo another judgment game was reasonable.

After all, the games in their cells were relatively less dangerous, and accepting two judgments was still within the safe range.

But why were there more and more opposing votes, all from the heart?

Because Lin Sizhi had exposed a key issue, which was that Ding Wenqiang could also enter a cell himself.

But he didn't.

As long as this point was considered, then no matter who Ding Wenqiang judged, it would be unjust.

In Ding Wenqiang's view, he was the king, so not accepting judgment was reasonable and justified.

But in the audience's view, you were also a criminal, and directly the perpetrator who hit and killed the delivery worker, so why shouldn't you accept judgment?

You should at least enter Cell 3, and even if you don't smash your finger, you should bear the punishment of visa time deduction, right?

Moreover, knowing others' voting results would naturally create a certain herd mentality.

"Everyone thinks it's unjust, so it really does seem somewhat unjust, doesn't it?"

It was precisely because of this thinking that, except for Audience 7 who had always been harsh toward prisoners and almost mindlessly voted in favor, most audiences changed their minds.

Although the five audiences who bet on the king couldn't wait for Ding Wenqiang to quickly kill all the other four people, under the game's lie detection mechanism, to avoid pointlessly throwing away 10,000 minutes of visa time, they could only vote according to their true inner thoughts.

Except for Audience 1, who was aware of certain things.

Lin Sizhi stood up and looked toward the arena again.

In the seventh vote, he deliberately voted in favor, which was a vote against his conscience, so he was deducted 10,000 minutes of visa time.

The reason he voted this way was because Lin Sizhi had deliberately voted wrong once at the beginning to test the lie detection mechanism, causing the fairness score to be deducted an extra 20 points.

Now deliberately voting in favor was to make up for those 20 points.

And in the eighth vote, Lin Sizhi had actually realized that if he continued to wrongly vote in favor, he might be able to prevent certain things from happening.

But after thinking until the last second, he still followed his heart and cast an opposing vote.

As the rules said, this was someone else's judgment, and he was just an audience.

As an audience, he believed he had fulfilled all his responsibilities.

Of course, looking at it after the voting results came out, his one vote in favor or opposition didn't seem to affect the game's final outcome.

...

Ten minutes passed, and the judgment game in Cell 1 ended.

Cai Zhiyuan lay on the ground gasping for breath, seemingly without the strength to move even a finger.

Fortunately, the judgment game in Cell 1 had the lowest difficulty level, with multiple games only increasing the electric shock intensity. As long as Cai Zhiyuan didn't stop, there wouldn't be too much danger.

Of course, as the number of games increased, the electric shock intensity was also rising.

If another game were started, if Cai Zhiyuan stopped for even a second, he might be electrocuted to death by the high-voltage current.

Wang Yongxin felt his vision getting darker and his mind becoming more and more sluggish.

Originally, he was still thinking of ways to survive under the support of his survival instinct, but soon his mind went blank and even began to flash with life memories.

He instinctively straightened his body, grabbing the noose with both hands and pulling down hard, trying to give himself more breathing space, but the rapid loss of strength still made him quickly give up.

It seemed like a long time had passed, yet also like just a short moment, when Wang Yongxin suddenly felt the pressure on his neck loosen, and his whole body involuntarily went limp.

This nearly killed him, because the noose had only lowered, not descended to the ground.

Under the force of gravity, the noose around Wang Yongxin's neck nearly tightened even more. Under the effect of adrenaline, he could only burst out the last bit of his strength to break free from the noose.

Then he lay on the ground, coughing violently.

Ding Wenqiang looked at Cai Zhiyuan and Wang Yongxin with a complicated expression.

They both survived, what a pity.

If one person had accidentally died, then Ding Wenqiang would have had an excuse, and the final 2 games would have perfectly taken away the remaining two people.

But now, he might be forced to make a choice of two out of three.

"Uncle Ding... let me live... don't kill me, please..."

"Next game, I'll find a way to lose all my remaining... visa time... to you..."

"However much you want... it's all fine... I'll go... slowly earn it... I'll work for you..."

Wang Yongxin's voice was already so hoarse that his original tone couldn't be heard. He struggled to make a final attempt at saving himself.

"Lawyer Lin... and... Officer Cao... are both in this game... as audiences. I can... have them be guarantors... witnesses..."

"No matter how much... those audiences... offer... I'm willing to offer... double..."

Ding Wenqiang then looked at Cai Zhiyuan.

At this moment, this programmer skilled in calculations had completely lost all strategies, just sitting dejectedly against the mechanism, seemingly having completely accepted his fate.

Between these two people, which one to choose?

Or... choose neither? Gamble on those 500,000 minutes of visa time?

The game still had plenty of time, but obviously, to think through this problem clearly, time alone wouldn't help.

Just then, a new broadcast sounded.

Ding Wenqiang looked up somewhat bewildered. Did another audience add money?

Or did an audience pay money to tell him not to kill anyone?

However, the content of the broadcast was extremely unfamiliar to Ding Wenqiang, and he couldn't even understand what it meant.

[Through audience voting, the king's fairness score has been deducted to zero, triggering the hidden rule of "King's Judgment."]

[Now, it's the prisoners' turn to judge the king.]

[Special voting buttons have been unlocked on the mechanisms in each prisoner's cell.]

[You can initiate anonymous voting to decide whether the king continues to live or is executed.]

[Dead prisoners will automatically cast execution votes.]

[When execution votes exceed half of all prisoner votes, the king will be immediately executed.]

[Please note! This is the prisoners' only chance to judge the king in this game.]

[10-second countdown begins, please make your choices.]

[10]

[9]

[8]

...

The countdown went quickly. Ding Wenqiang looked bewildered as the three prisoners, tortured to near death and exhausted, each reached for the mechanisms beside them, struggling to press hidden buttons.

He couldn't see what buttons these people pressed, and hadn't even figured out what their actions meant.

He futilely raised the scepter in his hand, trying to stop them, but when he pressed it, there was no response.

In the sudden despair, Ding Wenqiang's mind went blank.

But he quickly grasped a lifeline: half! Executing the king required exceeding half of all prisoner votes!

Not reaching, but exceeding!

The already dead Zhang Peng would default to casting an execution vote, and Gao Zhankui would certainly also cast an execution vote.

But as long as Cai Zhiyuan and Wang Yongxin didn't vote for execution, if the total votes didn't exceed half, then nothing would happen.

Cai Zhiyuan shouldn't vote for it, but what about Wang Yongxin?

Many possibilities flashed through Ding Wenqiang's mind, but before he could rank these possibilities by probability, the cold broadcast voice sounded again.

[Voting ended.]

[The result of the anonymous vote is: the king is to be executed.]

Ding Wenqiang felt a sharp pain in his left wrist. Looking down, the visa bracelet seemed to have extended a needle that pierced his radial artery, and a clear black line was rapidly flowing toward his heart along the blood vessel.

He opened his mouth, wanting to say something, but only a large amount of black blood surged from his throat.

Ding Wenqiang instinctively covered his mouth with his hand, looking at the black blood in his palm with shock.

Then he fell backward stiffly and lost all signs of life.

[The king has been executed, "King's Judgment" cannot continue.]

[Antidote has been injected into all criminals.]

[Audiences who bet on the prisoner faction win and will divide all the chips that audiences who bet on the king faction have wagered and earned in the game.]

[Game over.]