

Imitator 81

Chapter 81: Panic

"What the hell??"

The massive amount of text information instantly panicked Zheng Jie. He quickly strode to the big screen and read through all these new rules from beginning to end.

Afterward, he felt his hands and feet turn cold, and his breathing nearly stopped.

Accusations and murder!

This meant that players holding large amounts of "Likes" or "Dislikes" could completely launch attacks against him in the meeting room.

And once an attack succeeded, such as being accused three times, or unluckily encountering a player with more than 5 "Dislikes," he would die directly in the game.

Zheng Jie felt somewhat incredulous. Death in this game came so suddenly and so carelessly!

You know, in judgment games like "King's Judgement," sinners dying from mechanisms at least had some psychological preparation. They would at least experience two or three rounds of physical torture before dying.

But in this game, there wasn't even much room to struggle.

As long as you killed someone, you could steal 1/10 of the victim's remaining visa time.

Currently among players, the least visa time was less than a month, while the most had three to five months.

Converting this, if you really encountered a fat sheep with 200,000 to 300,000 visa time, killing one would yield 20,000 to 30,000 visa time.

Not only that, the game didn't limit the number of kills, meaning as long as other players had enough likes and dislikes, they could completely go on killing sprees.

What about players like Zheng Jie who didn't have many likes or dislikes?

They could probably only be slaughtered at will, leaving everything to fate.

Zheng Jie had thought likes and dislikes would play some role in the game, but he hadn't expected them to play such a role.

If he could have seen the game rules in advance, he might have adopted a completely different strategy in the first 4 hours. But now, regret was obviously too late.

"How many 'Likes' and 'Dislikes' does everyone actually have now?"

Zheng Jie really wanted to figure this out, but this data wasn't displayed to players at all.

"Lawyer Lin might be able to think of countermeasures, but the problem is, how do I see Lawyer Lin?"

"This game has updated with killing rules, yet it doesn't even allow players from the same community to send voice messages. Isn't this too excessive??"

"The God's Imitator who designed this game is simply crazy!"

Zheng Jie was anxious and burning with worry, and the isolated and helpless state further intensified his anxiety.

If the four players from Community 17 could call each other, discuss strategies, and execute team tactics, Zheng Jie's sense of security would significantly improve.

But unfortunately, the game hadn't opened such a mechanism.

Zheng Jie paced anxiously around the room.

Suddenly, he thought of something and quickly came to the data query machine.

"The prerequisite for killing is consuming 'Likes' or 'Dislikes'! So I can query a certain player's 'like-dislike ratio' from the first 4 hours, then query the current 'like-dislike ratio.' If 'Dislikes' show significant consumption, wouldn't that prove he's a killer?"

"Then I can broadcast this data, and naturally other players will try to kill him!"

Zheng Jie was excited. He felt he had found a ray of hope in desperation.

However, seeing the rule prompt, he was doused with cold water.

[Note: Data related to individual players' changes in "Likes" and "Dislikes" cannot be queried.]

Zheng Jie instantly deflated.

This rule had existed from the very beginning.

The God's Imitator had sealed this loophole in the initial design, absolutely not allowing players to expose killers through such simple methods.

Zheng Jie could of course query the 'Like' and 'Dislike' ratio changes of groups of players, but in that case, there would be too many variables, making it impossible to pinpoint specific players and potentially causing even greater chaos.

This game was like a cold slaughterhouse, leaving players no way to survive.

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Before they knew it, the 10-minute rest time had ended.

[Please enter the meeting room immediately. Overtime will result in instant death penalty.]

When seeing this sentence during the first 4 hours, Zheng Jie hadn't felt much, just thinking it was somewhat absurd.

But seeing it now, he felt the despair of having tigers in front and wolves behind.

He could only steel himself to push open the door in his room, walk through the corridor to the meeting room.

Seeing a woman in her forties trembling as she pushed the door to enter the meeting room, Zheng Jie instinctively breathed a sigh of relief.

Good, good. This aunt looked kind and gentle, so there shouldn't be any danger.

Moreover, Zheng Jie realized this aunt looked somewhat familiar. She seemed to be the one who performed bel canto during the talent show PK with that handsome guy earlier.

[Community 12, Zhou Guifen].

However, before he could speak, he saw this Aunt Zhou curl up entirely in the corner of the room, waving her hands repeatedly, "Young man, don't, don't kill me..."

Zheng Jie was somewhat helpless, "Aunt, do I really look that much like a murderer?"

"Don't be nervous, sit down first.

"I saw you on the talent show, you sang beautifully."

Zhou Guifen was still very nervous, trembling all over, "Then I'll sing for you now, okay? Don't kill me..."

Zheng Jie didn't know what to say. Obviously, this aunt had been scared out of her wits when she first saw the rules and had lost her rationality to some degree.

"Aunt, you're really overthinking this. I have neither likes nor dislikes. How could I kill you?"

"Sit down first. People who don't know might think I'm going to do something to you."

Only then did Zhou Guifen sit down in her seat with some skepticism.

But immediately after, she nervously jumped up again, pointing at Zheng Jie, "Put your hands up! Don't sneak them underneath!"

Zheng Jie had no choice but to make a surrender gesture, "Is this okay?"

"Then I'll pay the room fee first? Watch carefully, I'm pressing it."

Zheng Jie pressed the [I'll Pay] button, then put both hands where the aunt could see them.

Only then did Zhou Guifen calm down slightly. After pressing the [You Pay] button, she breathed a long sigh of relief.

"Sorry, young man. I was too scared. You really don't look like a bad person, but... who can say for sure? You're still a man after all."

Zheng Jie frowned, "Aunt, I don't like hearing that. What do you mean I'm still a man after all? You're talking as if all men are murderers."

Zhou Guifen quickly waved her hands, "No, no, no, young man, you misunderstood. That's not what I meant."

"I mean, isn't this how the game mechanism works?"

"In the first 4 hours, which people got more 'Dislikes'? Isn't that obvious?"

"People with more 'Dislikes' are more likely to kill, isn't that right?"

Zheng Jie was stunned. This aunt actually made some sense.

He hadn't realized this before because he was also a male player, and to some degree had ignored a fact, which was:

After the first 4 hours of gaming, the 'Likes' and 'Dislikes' currently held by players would inevitably show quite obvious gender characteristics.

Because male players would be more inclined to use "liking" to show their sincerity, win the other party's trust, with the ultimate goal of establishing stable matching relationships. They were the relatively active party.

While female players would tend to use "disliking" to threaten the other party into making concessions, preferring to keep their "Likes" rather than give them away easily.

In other words, female players naturally found it easier to obtain "Likes," while male players naturally found it easier to obtain "Dislikes."

Male players banding together to mutually dislike female players was an overly idealized strategy that was almost impossible to implement when everyone's communication was completely cut off.

And the specific killing methods would differ between "Likes" and "Dislikes":

"Likes" required 2 per accusation, but you needed to be accused three times to die.

While "Dislikes" required 5 at once. As long as murder was initiated, it was certain death in 10 seconds with no buffer time at all.

So for this aunt, after seeing a male player, even without knowing whether the other party actually had 5 dislikes, she would still feel terrified and afraid.

Of course, when Zheng Jie faced female players, he also had to bear the risk of being "accused." But accusations required three times to die, so there wouldn't be such great psychological pressure.

"Alright, Aunt. Since we're both good people, we don't need to be afraid. Let's just chat casually and go through the motions."

Zheng Jie thought for a moment, "Aunt, want to exchange a like? In the final meeting, if you're willing, we can also like each other and together get 30,000 minutes of visa time."

The aunt still shook her head vigorously, "No! Don't put your hand there!

"It's good like this now. Let's maintain this state. Nobody should touch any buttons. Let's just wait like this for the meeting to end."

Zheng Jie was somewhat speechless but still nodded, "Alright."

He felt the aunt's behavior was a bit stupid. After all, if he really wanted to kill, it would just be a matter of casually pressing a button. The aunt couldn't impose any behavioral constraints on him.

This "keeping both people's hands where they can be seen" was purely psychological comfort.

But Zheng Jie didn't dare stimulate the other party. What if this aunt mistakenly thought he was going to do something and then pressed "accuse" in emotional distress?

Zheng Jie knew this aunt definitely had at least 2 "Likes."

So the two of them kept their hands where the other could see, stared at each other with wide eyes, and endured 10 minutes like this before leaving separately.

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Returning safely from the first meeting after the killing rules were activated made Zheng Jie feel slightly more at ease.

However, as soon as he returned to the rest area, he heard new system notification sounds from the big screen.

[From now on, all talent shows will add the following rule:]

[Upon cumulatively receiving 20 'Boring' votes, the talent show performance will immediately end, and the performer will also suffer instant death penalty.]

Zheng Jie was shocked. He widened his eyes, somewhat unable to believe this rule was real.

Just clicking "Boring" could also kill people?

How utterly inhumane must the God's Imitator who designed this game be!

In the last 4 hours of this game, killing rules were almost everywhere!

Really not leaving players any way to survive?

Now he could only pray that everyone would always pay attention to the new rules added on the big screen and never habitually click "Boring" on people according to the habits from the first 4 hours, otherwise it would be troublesome.