

## **Imitator 87**

### Chapter 87: Being Paid For by a Female Player

As for the information Qian Li broadcasted, it was even more deadly.

[At the current time point, the proportion of male players among murderers was: '100%.']

So far, among the 40 players, two female players had died, and undoubtedly the killers were two male players.

Because male players often had more dislikes, murder only required 5 dislikes and could take effect immediately.

It wasn't that female players hadn't tried killing, but female players needed 3 reports to kill. There were probably many male players like Zheng Jie in the game who had been reported once.

As the game progressed, more and more male players would inevitably die at the hands of female players.

But that still required time and more meetings after all.

At this moment, from the data query within the game, 100% of murderers were male, which was indeed fact.

Under the enormous pressure of life-and-death crisis, this data would further cause many female players to lose rationality.

Because they would subconsciously think that 100% of male players would become potential murderers. This was the charm of numbers: although these two 100% had no relationship whatsoever, precisely because they were both 100%, they would create associations in the subconscious of irrational people.

[Players must immediately enter the meeting room, or face instant death penalty for being late.]

Zheng Jie took a deep breath and entered the meeting room again.

...

Before entering the meeting room from the corridor, Zheng Jie silently prayed, hoping he would encounter a male player.

According to the current situation, matching with the same gender would indeed be safer. Even if the other party had enough "Dislikes," they probably wouldn't waste them on him.

However, when he pushed open the door, Zheng Jie's heart skipped a beat.

It was a female player, and he had seen her before!

[Community 12, Zhao Duo].

She was the person who had frantically incited during the previous talent show, telling all female players to immediately and indiscriminately report male players for self-protection.

Too unlucky.

From Zhao Duo's previous statements during the talent show, actively reporting male players was extremely normal for her.

Was Zheng Jie's luck very bad, always encountering such high-risk matching partners?

Not entirely. This was also due to the matching mechanism.

By now, a small portion of lucky players had inevitably formed fixed partnerships. To ensure safety, they no longer matched with people they didn't trust, but continued to invite each other for meetings.

This also meant that the players left outside and forced to participate in the matching mechanism all had some problems to varying degrees.

Like Zhao Duo.

After she made those statements on the big screen, most likely no male player would be stupid enough to send or accept her meeting invitations, so she could only choose random matching.

But for Zheng Jie, this was extremely bad news.

But just when Zheng Jie felt desperate, Zhao Duo appeared even more panicked.

She immediately raised both hands, "Don't misunderstand! I don't want to 'report' you!

"Whatever you're thinking, I hope you can stay calm. We can complete this meeting safely!

"Now please also raise both hands and don't put them near the buttons, okay?"

Zheng Jie was surprised, but his current state with Zhao Duo seemed to be like two people afraid of each other.

This was a situation he was happy to see, so he raised his hands like Zhao Duo.

"Good, neither of us will touch the buttons."

Zhao Duo slowly moved to the table and sat down, maintaining her hands in an upright position throughout, placing both hands beside her face so Zheng Jie could clearly see them.

"I'll pay."

Saying this, Zhao Duo pressed the [I'll Pay] button with very slow movements, then returned to the hands-upright position.

Zheng Jie also slowly pressed [You Pay].

Afterwards, holding up his hands, he felt the current scene was somewhat funny yet somewhat sad.

He hadn't expected that his first time being paid for by a female player after entering this game would be under such circumstances.

The two sat facing each other in silence like this.

Zheng Jie remembered a similar awkward silence had occurred in a previous meeting, but their mindsets were completely different these two times.

Time passed second by second.

Finally, the 10-minute countdown ended.

Zhao Duo's hands had been raised the entire time and were constantly trembling. There had been several large shakes during the period, but she still hadn't put them down to rest.

"Can I go now?" she asked quietly.

Zheng Jie finally breathed a sigh of relief and nodded, "Yes, you go first."

Zhao Duo stood up somewhat stiffly and slowly, then turned and left the meeting room.

Seeing the door on the opposite side close, Zheng Jie finally relaxed, taking several deep breaths.

Then he stood up and walked out.

"Good, that was close..."

With each meeting now, Zheng Jie felt like he was taking a trip around the gates of hell, a severe challenge to his heart.

However, when Zheng Jie passed through the corridor and returned to the rest room, he froze in place again.

[Current number of reports: 2]

[Warning! When reported 3 times, you will face instant death penalty.]

...

Zheng Jie felt his legs go weak. He supported himself against the wall and sat down in a nearby seat.

Unlike the anger from the first time, this time he felt more despair and bewilderment.

What happened?

How was this done?

"Could it be... the elbow..."

Zheng Jie thought of a possible reason and felt regretful again.

After Zhao Duo sat down, her hands weren't raised high but merely maintained in an upright position, with her palms roughly on both sides of her face.

Although Zheng Jie could clearly see her hands, he had overlooked that in this posture, Zhao Duo could actually use her elbow to touch buttons in his blind spot.

During the long ten minutes in the meeting room, Zhao Duo only needed to move her elbow slightly to complete the "report" operation.

And Zheng Jie couldn't detect such subtle movements at all.

He slumped in the chair, his mind blank.

"Next time I'm reported, I'll die..."

"According to game rules, there are still 10 seconds before death. Can I rush back to the rest room and exchange all visa time for vouchers? Not leaving a single minute for that damn God's Imitator!"

"But... the room doors seem to be locked after meetings begin.

"Should I exchange half for vouchers now?"

"No, no, why am I thinking about this? I can't give up yet. I need to think carefully about how to survive!"

On the big screen, talent shows and broadcasts continued.

[Community 17's Yang Yuting broadcasts one piece of data to all players.]

[In the first 4 hours, the proportion of Community 9's Zhang Shichao's "Likes" obtained through meetings to the total number of "Likes" and "Dislikes" obtained through meetings was: '85%'.]

[Community 17's Xu Tong broadcasts one piece of data to all players.]

[In the first 4 hours, the proportion of Community 12's Zhou Rong's "Likes" obtained through meetings to the total number of "Likes" and "Dislikes" obtained through meetings was: '71%'.]

"I must find a way to ask Lawyer Lin for help..."

Zheng Jie didn't think he could solve the current problem on his own.

He had now been reported twice, and there were still a despairing two-plus hours of game time remaining.

One more report and he would be completely finished.

He had wanted to ask Lin Sizhi for help before but couldn't find any way to do so.

Now, even if he couldn't think of a way, he had to force himself to think.

Zheng Jie anxiously paced around the room several times, when suddenly inspiration struck and he had an idea.

He hurried to the data query machine and spent 1 "Like" to query and broadcast a piece of data.

[Community 17's Zheng Jie broadcasts one piece of data to all players.]

[As of the current time, the proportion of reported players in Community 17 was: '25%.']

Zheng Jie knew this way of expression might be too simple and crude, not subtle enough, and might expose some information to other communities, but he had no better choice.

Because he didn't have many "Likes" and "Dislikes" and couldn't afford to squander them. If he expressed it in a more subtle way and Lin Sizhi misunderstood, that would be troublesome.

After sending this message, Zheng Jie waited anxiously.

[Community 17's Lin Sizhi broadcasts one piece of data to all players.]

[As of the current time, the proportion of players with fewer than 5 "Dislikes" who showed clear murderous intent in meetings was: '0%.']