Baku POV

As they stepped into the new room there was a large dark screen in front of the room. Around them were metal walls. The room was an empty box. It was lit up by a small light bulb hanging from the ceiling. It emitted a dim yellow light.

“What do we do now?” Kaji turns towards Baku.

“We wait, I assume this will be a death game.” Baku squinted at the screen, “it will be rough, that is for sure. If the game master guy is bored he will definitely do something deranged. Since he had no time to set it up, it will be something much simpler.”

He was bored, during the poker game he showed no hesitation to kill. He enjoys fear a lot. From what I understand the other teams aren't at the level to see through us sandbagging. That cloaked guy from earlier would have won the black jack game with ease if not for us. I am willing to bet that he also sandbagged but to a lesser extent, Baku waited silently.

Attention everyone, sorry for the delay. Time for the next event.

Alexander's voice rang out loudly from above as the screen switched on, it emitted a white light. Marco held a hand over his mouth stifling a yawn. Baku and Kaji just blinked. They had gotten used to his obnoxiously loud voice.

“What else would we pay attention to?” Marco muttered under his breath, shaking his head slightly. He was irritated by the voice above.

Sorry for the delay, anyways time for the next event.

Baku's eyes narrow as he stares at the blank screen. A flash of white appears as it flickers on.

You guys have the chance to vote out a team.

On the screen 8 sections appear. Each of them represents one team. Under each team name was a number. Under Baku's team, otherwise known as team 9, was the number 1200.

It shows our amount of life points, Kaji looked at the other teams.

There were high numbers, some getting close to the 2000s. The highest being team 4 with 2100. The lowest were around 1000s with an outlier having only 750. Some of the lowest being Team 10, 9, and 3.

Baku was correct, someone else sandbagged. Team 3 must be the trench coat guy. He had 600 points before this game, Kaji had also suspected that the trench coat guy would sandbag.

You can speak to other groups if you'd like, but you must vote.

“Twenty bucks team 10 is having an existential crisis or a mental breakdown at this notion,” Baku chuckles.

A number appears next to each team, the only difference being that each of them were at 0. Team 4's number went up to 2 almost immediately.

“Im going to join the call,” Marco presses his finger on a button in the corner of the screen. It had the word *talk* written on it. Before Marco could click on a voice echoed from above.

“Hello, Mia speaking,” a voice rings from above.

Mia continues to say, “How about we come to a decision, we vote out the team with the highest points.”

Baku was correct, they will be targeting the higher teams. If someone suggests to vote the lowest even then we are fine. We have 1200 which is around the middle, Kaji relaxes a bit.

“I don’t disagree but shouldn’t we vote out the second highest team. They must have gotten a lower score on purpose,” A masculine voice crackles from the invisible speaker above.

As he spoke, team 5’s votes spiked up from 0 to 3. There were still 3 people left who had to vote. Baku was considering voting out the 2nd highest.

“Can we skip the vote?” Baku asks.

Hypothetically, yes, you could. But why wouldn’t you.

Seems like that would be the plan of action for team 10. I don’t think Kaji has spoken to the trench coat guy from team 3. I’ll have him change his voice a bit. If they vote him out all is normal. If they don’t it will benefit us.

“Hey Kaji, can you do me a solid? Change your voice a little bit. Tell them to vote for team 3. Reason that they were getting a low score on purpose,” Baku requests from Kaji.

Kaji clears his throat, “Is this fine?”

His voice was a much higher pitch. Baku and Marco gave him a thumbs up and he pressed the button to talk.

“Hey you all, I just wanted to give you all my two cents on this situation. Maybe we should vote out team 3. I think they got a low score to save themselves from getting voted, just saying.”

There was a moment of silence until an unrecognized loud voice boomed from above.

“Sorry but that doesn't make any sense. Even if they did, it isn't worth it. Just shoot below the highest score. The thing is that now that is where the most dangerous contestant lies. The smarter, the more dangerous.”

The votes teeter as team 5’s amount of votes rocket up to 5 and team 4 lowers to just 1.

“As much as smarts matter, it also takes a decent amount of intelligence to get that high of a score. Also since they have the highest score there is also a level of power to them,” Mia retorts.

This is getting interesting. It is either team 5 or team 4 who is getting voted out. Now which one is the question, Baku thinks to himself as he watches the votes between team 4 and 5 shift. There was something else. Someone voted for team 3. They had listened to Kaji.

Marco pulls out a king sized candy bar, “I am willing to bet a Twix that team 5 gets voted out.”

Kaji smirks, taking out 2 king sized candy bars, “I’ll up the bet, how about one snickers bar and one hershey bar on team 4.”

Baku pulls out 4 kariume packets from his suit, “4 of these and I am betting on them being equal. They will both die.”

Marco and Kaji match Baku, both of them taking out 4 candy bars to match Baku’s high bet. They look up towards the sleek screen with anticipation.

“People, let's vote out team 4. Get rid of the one hogging all the points,” Mia was practically shouting at this point. Marco revolted in pain covering his ears.

Have mercy on our ears. You have a microphone, Kaji sighed to himself.

The votes equaled out with team 4 and 5 both having 3 votes. Oddly enough team 3 still had one vote.

“Looks like I'm going to be feast~ting today,” Baku chuckled, eyeing both Kaji and Marco’s bets.

You have 1 minute left to choose. Once it is up votes will be final.

“I still have a chance,” Marco mutters under his breath.

“People, y- you are being deceived. Vote for team 5. T- they are trying to trick you! Don’t let them get away with it,” the loud from earlier crackled again from the speaker.

Team 5’s vote went up to 5. Team 4’s decreased to 1, oddly enough one person kept their vote on team 4. At the sigh Marco pumped his fist in the air as Baku and Kaji wilted with sadness.

I do think that loud voice is from team 4, he is losing composure. I am not 100% sure about that. It also might be an ally of them. Or they just hate the team, Kaji thought.

“He is likely from team 4 himself. Would you really trust that voice?” Mia continued forward.

Thirty seconds left.

Team 5 was saved with it going back down to 2 and team 4 going up to 4. Kaji silently cheered.

They were swayed real easily, Baku face palmed.

Fifteen seconds left.

There was no more shifting in points. Baku and Marco sighed in resignation. They both handed their goods to Kaji. He happily cashed in his rewards. As he was about to rip open a kariume the votes switched. Team 5 and 4 were equal.

“Hahaha~, hand me over your prize,” Baku snatched the stack of goods from Kaji.

The votes are in and team 4 and 5 are in a tie.

Baku stuck out his tongue and grinned at Kaji and Marco. They frowned at their losses.

Since it is a tie nobody will die. Hey, that rhymes too. I realized there are still a lot more levels I had initially thought there were. I can watch this game in peace for much longer.

“HUH!?” all three of them looked at each other in shock.

“Wait, wait, wait, as part of your bet you said they would both die and they didn’t. That means you didn’t actually win. None of us did so we should get our rewards back,” Marco was appalled by this injustice.

“Alright fine, I get to keep on bar from each one of you guys though,” Baku compromises with his angry team members.

Baku hands back 2 bars to Kaji and Marco. They looked at each other in silence, they bursted out laughing.

You guys will be on your way back now.

The world shifted smoothly as they were taken to their room. Baku sat down in a chair immediately. Kaji walked towards the table and opened the drawer. The notebook was still there. Kaji sighed with relief, holding the book to his chest. Kaji opened it up and started reading.

This flugel guy has very bad handwriting. He went to what he called a ‘parallel’ world. The lord of this place was Darius II, interesting. This would imply that there were rulers of this place before Alexander. Why did he describe this place as a peaceful meeting point? It isn’t even remotely like that, Kaji found himself investing in this diary.