



MY REALITY APP

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CHAPTER 12: INFILTRATION



****Chapter 12: Infiltration****

Sofia stood in front of her mirror, her reflection staring back at her with a mix of determination and fear. She smoothed the lapels of her blazer, adjusting the professional outfit she had chosen for the day. She looked every bit the businesswoman she needed to be—polished, confident, and composed.

Today was the day. A mission that could change everything.

She knew how dangerous this was. Everything hinged on her ability to blend in seamlessly at the Reality Labs central headquarters. Luca had emphasized that the area where the critical documentation was stored operated without any augmented reality filters. In that environment, every detail mattered. She had to be the kind of visitor Reality Labs was used to receiving.

The day before, Sofia had contacted Reality Labs to announce her visit. She explained that she was gathering material for a book she was writing—a glowing account of how Reality Labs had laid the foundation for a society of “constant happiness.”

The pretense worked. Her reputation as a respected tech historian preceded her, bolstered by the lingering weight of an old recommendation from a powerful figure within Reality Labs. That endorsement, long forgotten by Sofia but clearly not by the system, ensured her access.



Getting through the front door wasn't the problem. The real challenge was something else entirely.

Luca had warned her about William Davis.

The inspector, relentless as ever, had returned to his surveillance with renewed energy after Luca's diversion. But something had changed in William's behavior. He seemed more alert, his eyes constantly scanning his surroundings, as though he knew he was being watched.

The diversion had worked, but it had also sharpened William's instincts. He now understood that the hacking went deeper than he'd initially thought. He was getting too close, and both Luca and Sofia knew there was no turning back now. The risk of being followed closely by William was a chance they had to take.

Sofia glanced at her watch—a simple analog design, elegant yet understated. The camera Luca had integrated was concealed perfectly at the center where the clock hands joined. He had assured her it would pass undetected by the security scanners. She prayed he was right.

The other essential piece of equipment was the tiny earpiece she now held between her fingers. It was made of silicon, meticulously color-matched to her skin tone, and virtually invisible. Luca had designed it to be undetectable by even the most advanced scanners.



Sofia inserted it carefully into her ear and tested the connection. "Luca, can you hear me?"

His voice crackled softly in her ear, calm and steady. "Loud and clear. Are you ready?"

She took a deep breath, willing her nerves to settle. "As ready as I'll ever be. Let's do this."

With a final glance in the mirror, Sofia activated her contact lenses, re-entering the augmented reality world. Her vision adjusted instantly, the dull tones of her apartment replaced by the vibrant, curated environment of My Reality.

The mission had begun.

Her pulse quickened as she left her apartment, every step bringing her closer to the point of no return. This wasn't just about her anymore—it was about all of them. The underground. The children playing freely. The parents raising their families without fear. It was about breaking the system that had stolen so much.

As Sofia walked out into the world, she didn't look back.



William was furious. He had been played—manipulated into abandoning Sofia's surveillance. The realization gnawed at him, a persistent ache that refused to subside.

He had spent days combing through the video footage provided by Thomas Cole, searching for any inconsistencies. Initially, it seemed flawless. He used every tool at his disposal, running the footage through multiple analysis software programs. Nothing.

But William was not one to give up. He watched the footage again and again, meticulously dissecting every second. It wasn't until exhaustion threatened to overtake him that he noticed it—a tiny detail, almost imperceptible.

It happened during the footage of Sofia reading on the park bench. The sequence seemed normal at first, but then William spotted something: Sofia, at one point, appeared to turn back to a page she had already read. It wasn't obvious—the transition was nearly seamless. Whoever had created the loop had been a master, their work polished to near perfection.

William magnified the footage, ran it through enhanced imaging software, and scrutinized every pixel. Finally, the high-resolution analysis confirmed his suspicions: the system had been hacked to create a loop.



The implications were enormous. Someone had successfully bypassed the system, manipulating it with a level of skill William had never seen before. But was this enough to present to Reality Labs as definitive proof?

He doubted it. He needed more—irrefutable evidence of a connection between Sofia and the hacker. He needed to catch her in the act. If Sofia was working with someone, she would slip up eventually. And when she did, William would be there.

That morning, William noticed the change he had been waiting for.

Sofia had dressed in business attire, a sharp departure from her usual wardrobe. The only other time William had seen her dressed like that was in declassified footage from years ago—when she had visited Reality Labs headquarters.

His pulse quickened. This was it. Sofia was heading to Reality Labs, and he was determined to follow her every move.

William trailed her into the subway, maintaining a careful distance. She entered a subway car, and he slipped into another two cars away. From his vantage point, he could see her faint reflection in the window, her movements deliberate yet too casual.



William smirked grimly. He recognized the signs—the stiffness of someone trying too hard to appear relaxed. Sofia was tense, and she was hiding something.

When Sofia exited at a busy hub station, William followed, weaving through the dense crowd. The station was a labyrinth of corridors and connections, its chaotic nature forcing him to close the distance more than he preferred. He didn't want to risk losing her.

But Sofia wasn't alone in her mission. Hundreds of eyes were aiding Luca in keeping track of William.

As William reached a crossroads in the station, a sudden commotion erupted. A group of people stood frozen in the middle of the corridor, their arms flailing wildly as they cried out in panic.

"We can't see!" one of them screamed. "What's happening?"

Another, more frantic, grabbed William by the arm, their voice trembling with terror. "Please, help me! I've gone blind!"

William's instincts flared. It was a trap.



He shoved through the group as quickly as he could, his frustration mounting. The chaotic scene had cost him precious seconds—just enough for Sofia to vanish completely.

For a moment, William stood in the middle of the corridor, his jaw clenched, scanning the sea of faces moving around him. He had lost her trail.

But he didn't lose hope. If his hunch was correct, he knew exactly where she was headed.

Reality Labs.

William tightened his grip on his determination and set off, navigating the bustling station with renewed focus. He would find her. And this time, there would be no escape.

Sofia stepped off the subway at the station nearest to Reality Labs headquarters, her heart pounding in her chest. She adjusted her posture, trying to project confidence despite the crushing weight of fear that threatened to take over.

Luca's voice came softly through the earpiece, his tone calm but laced with urgency. "Sofia, William's already here. He's waiting for you."



Her stomach clenched, but Luca quickly added, "Remember, he's still conducting this surveillance unofficially. If he had solid evidence, he would have escalated the investigation by now. And I've checked—he doesn't have clearance to access the area where you're heading. You should be safe."

Should be. Sofia latched onto the words, but they did little to calm her nerves. She'd accepted the risks when she agreed to this mission, but that didn't mean they didn't terrify her.

Reality Labs headquarters loomed in front of her, an imposing campus sprawling across a vast, meticulously landscaped estate. It resembled a high-tech fortress wrapped in deceptive elegance. The manicured gardens and sleek, futuristic buildings stood in stark contrast to the suffocating control the corporation wielded over society.

Sofia passed through the main gate with ease, her credentials accepted without question. She had played her role perfectly so far. The ten-minute walk to the central building felt much longer, each step amplifying the knot in her stomach.

Three minutes into her walk, Luca's voice cut through the silence. "William's entered the grounds. This is where I lose visual on him."



Her breath hitched, but Luca continued, his voice steady. "Everyone in that area has the security microchip. I can't hack their lenses. I'll guide you as best as I can through the earpiece, but from now on, you're on your own for what you see."

The words hit hard, but Sofia pushed down the wave of fear creeping up her spine. She had to focus. She had come too far to falter now.

The central building where Sofia's goal awaited was at the heart of Reality Labs' most advanced and secretive operations. The structure towered above her as she approached, its sleek design exuding power and precision.

The entrance hall was breathtaking in its sterile opulence. Polished surfaces reflected the soft glow of futuristic lighting, and lush greenery was strategically placed to evoke a false sense of warmth. Above, open spaces connected the floors, giving the illusion of transparency in a place built on secrecy.

Every detail was designed to impress, from the luxurious furniture to the stylishly concealed security cameras, which watched everything with silent vigilance. Sofia's gaze flickered briefly to the fourth floor—the destination of her mission. Her heart raced as she imagined the sensitive documentation waiting for her there.



She approached the reception desk, her carefully rehearsed words echoing in her mind. Her palms felt clammy, but she kept her composure, hiding the growing terror clawing at her insides.

The receptionist greeted her with a professional smile, her demeanor polished and inviting. "Welcome to Advanced Reality Labs. How can I help you today?"

Sofia returned the smile, channeling every ounce of calm she could muster. "Hello. My name is Sofia Carter. I have an appointment to consult documentation for a project I'm working on."

The receptionist nodded and turned to her computer, her fingers gliding across the keyboard as she searched for the appointment. Sofia held her breath, her mind racing through potential scenarios.

Finally, the receptionist looked up, her smile brightening. "We're happy to see you back, Ms. Carter. You have full access to the documentation area. Please feel free to ask for anything you need. We're at your disposal."

The elevator doors slid open with a soft chime, revealing the floor where the critical documents were stored. Sofia stepped out, her pulse hammering in her ears. The design of the space was stark and modern, with transparent walls that exposed the inner workings of the laboratories. Scientists moved methodically at their workstations, engrossed in their tasks, the hum of machinery filling the air.



She forced herself to breathe evenly as she began walking toward the documentation area. Every step felt deliberate, calculated. But her composure cracked the moment she caught sight of Head Inspector William Davis entering the reception area below.

Her heart skipped a beat. He was here.

She instinctively sidestepped to avoid being in his line of sight, her movements subtle but urgent. Her gaze darted away, her body stiff with tension. For a moment, she froze, her mind racing with the possibilities of what could go wrong.

A couple of seconds passed before she resumed walking. No one around her seemed to notice her hesitation, but Sofia knew she had to keep moving. Her face had betrayed her fear for just a fraction of a second, but even that felt like too much.

Reaching the high-security access door, Sofia stopped in front of the scanner. She pressed her wrist against the panel, allowing the system to read her implanted microchip. The soft beep of approval felt deafening in the silence. She prayed the system wouldn't pick up on her spiking vitals—they were far from the calm, steady baseline it was designed to expect.



The door slid open with a hiss, and Sofia stepped inside.

Immediately, her contact lenses powered down, leaving her in the raw, unfiltered reality of the high-security area. Here, the system didn't allow My Reality to function. Nothing was connected to external networks—not the doors, not the scanners, and certainly not the files she had come to retrieve. The original architect of the microchip authentication system had designed this area with absolute isolation in mind, ensuring no data could be leaked.

Sofia's lips curved into the faintest hint of a smile. No matter how perfect the system, the human factor was always its weakest link.

The secure area was starkly different from the rest of the building. Unlike the transparent walls of the laboratories, this space was closed off, offering her a small reprieve from prying eyes. But the reprieve came with a ticking clock—William was too close, and time was running out.

Sofia scanned the room quickly, locating the documentation. It was stored in a slim, unassuming binder on a steel shelf. As she flipped through the pages, she realized the simplicity of the microchip authentication system was its genius. It was entirely isolated, relying solely on internal protocols to authenticate access.



The entire document, including the schematics, was no more than 100 pages long.

Sofia worked swiftly, her fingers steady despite the adrenaline coursing through her veins. She raised her watch and began photographing the pages, the camera lens embedded in the center capturing each one with crisp precision.

Page by page, she moved methodically, the faint clicks of the watch camera the only sound in the room.

The process took five minutes—an eternity in her mind. She couldn't stop imagining William downstairs, his sharp eyes and relentless determination. He wouldn't have clearance to enter this area, but that didn't mean he wouldn't try.

As she snapped the final page, she slipped the binder back into its exact position on the shelf. She exhaled, allowing herself a single moment of relief before glancing toward the exit.

The mission wasn't over. Not yet. She had to get out before the inspector had a chance to escalate.

Sofia straightened her jacket, squared her shoulders, and made her way toward the door. Her fear hadn't left her, but something else had joined it—a quiet resolve.



As Sofia stepped out of the restricted documentation area, her heart stopped. In the reception hall below, she saw Inspector William Davis entering the elevator alongside a security guard. Her stomach clenched as dread settled over her.

What access did William have? she wondered, her mind racing. What would he do if he found her?

She couldn't afford to find out. If her assumptions were correct, they were heading directly to the documentation area she had just left. She needed to act fast—she needed to disappear.

Her eyes darted down the corridor, searching for a way out. Another high-security door caught her attention. Taking a deep breath, she pressed her wrist to the scanner, praying her microchip would grant her access.

Bingo. The door hissed open, and she slipped inside just as she heard the soft chime of the elevator arriving.

The door slid shut behind her, leaving her alone in a small room. Her breath came in shallow bursts as she tried to calm herself. She couldn't see outside, couldn't confirm where William was or what he was doing. She calculated silently—they would reach the documentation area in about one minute.



Her thoughts were interrupted by a sharp noise behind her. Startled, she turned to face a large window that overlooked an enclosed space. A group of people stood inside the room beyond, scattered and visibly distressed.

Her eyes widened in recognition.

They were from the underground.

Their clothes were tattered, the same ragged attire she had seen days before. None of them bore the telltale signs of the contact lenses implant. They looked frightened, cornered.

One of them slammed a fist against the glass, screaming in desperation.

Sofia's blood ran cold.

Before she could process what she was seeing, movement from the ceiling caught her attention.

Several machine guns deployed, their sleek forms descending with clinical precision.

The next ten seconds were pure horror.



One by one, the guns opened fire, the room erupting in chaos. Bullets tore through the bodies of the captives with merciless efficiency, their screams muffled by the thick glass. Some fell instantly, while others crumpled to the floor in agony, blood pooling beneath them.

Some of the victims pounded on the window, pleading for mercy, their tear-streaked faces turned toward Sofia. Others collapsed, resigned to their fate.

Sofia stood frozen, her mind flashing back to the night her parents had been executed. She felt the same helplessness, the same unbearable agony.

When the gunfire finally ceased, the silence was deafening. The bodies in the room were unrecognizable, torn apart by the relentless assault.

Sofia's hands trembled, her breath caught in her throat. She didn't know that this had been just one of the hundreds of tests performed regularly in this building. To the scientists, these people were nothing more than "training samples" for the AI—a collection of numbers in a spreadsheet.

But Sofia didn't have time to dwell on the horror. The minute she had estimated was almost up.



She forced herself to move, her legs shaky but determined. She opened the door cautiously, peering into the corridor. It was empty.

Now or never.

She stepped out and headed straight for the elevator. The sound of her heels echoed faintly in the corridor, but she didn't hesitate. Reaching the elevator, she pressed the button and stepped inside, her fingers trembling as she selected the floor for the reception area.

When the doors opened, the receptionist greeted her with a warm smile.

"Sofia, have you contacted your police escort?"

Sofia's mind raced, but her response was quick and steady, her tone professional. "Yes, thank you. He needed to check some security issues upstairs. I'll be waiting for him outside."

The receptionist nodded, satisfied with the explanation. Sofia forced a polite smile before heading for the exit.

As soon as she stepped outside, the cool air hit her like a wave, but it did little to soothe her frayed nerves. She walked briskly toward the outer gate, her pace faster than it should have been, but she couldn't stay in that building a second longer.



Her thoughts churned, a chaotic storm of terror and anger. Everything she had seen in the past ten minutes had shaken her to the core. The system wasn't just flawed—it was monstrous.

Sofia didn't stop walking until she was well beyond the gates, her breaths coming in shallow gasps.

She was free—for now. But what she had witnessed inside those walls would haunt her forever.

William stood in the documentation room, his sharp eyes scanning every corner. He was looking for any sign of Sofia, but the space was empty. She had been there—he was certain of it.

He had pulled strings to fabricate a request for a security escort for Sofia Carter, a request that had been approved without question. It wasn't unusual for individuals with high-security clearance to receive such protection. Everything had checked out, allowing him to follow her movements undetected—until now.

"She told me she needed to verify additional classified data related to her book," William said aloud, keeping his voice even. "But she didn't specify where."



The security guard accompanying him reviewed the system logs on his tablet. "The records indicate Ms. Carter went to the test room observatory," the guard replied, his tone professional but neutral.

William's interest sharpened. The test room observatory?

As they left the documentation room, he couldn't shake the gnawing feeling that Sofia was involved in something far more significant than he had initially suspected.

At the entrance to the test room observatory, the guard hesitated slightly, double-checking the clearance levels for both Sofia and William. His expression flickered, the briefest shadow of unease crossing his face before he nodded and opened the door.

William noticed the change. What made him tense?

The heavy door slid open with a quiet hiss, revealing a small, sterile room. The space was unremarkable, save for the large, one-way mirror dominating one wall. It reminded William of the interrogation rooms he was all too familiar with—the kind used for criminal identification.

He stepped inside, his gaze immediately drawn to the mirror.



And then he saw it.

William froze, the scene on the other side of the glass searing itself into his mind.

The room beyond was a slaughterhouse. Bodies were scattered across the floor, some torn to pieces, others twisted unnaturally. Blood coated the walls and pooled beneath the dead.

The machine guns mounted on the ceiling remained active, their cold, mechanical precision still scanning for targets. Children were among the victims.

For a moment, William was utterly speechless. His mind struggled to process what he was seeing, the sheer brutality of it.

Seconds passed before the fury erupted.

He spun toward the security guard, his face contorted with a rage he didn't know he was capable of.

"I WANT TO SEE THE MAXIMUM RESPONSIBLE—RIGHT NOW!"

William Davis sat in the opulent, high-tech meeting room, his hands clenched into fists on the gleaming surface of the table. The room, with its sterile perfection and understated luxury, was designed to intimidate. But William wasn't here to be impressed. He was here for justice.



This was the first time he would meet our man—the enigmatic figure behind Reality Labs, the architect of the system he had devoted his career to upholding. He hoped, fervently, that it would also be the last.

The meeting had been arranged with startling speed. Fifteen minutes after he had demanded to see the person responsible, the word had come: our man would meet him personally.

William's jaw tightened. Good. Let the monster face me.

The faint metallic sound of prosthetic steps echoed down the hallway, growing louder until the door slid open. Our man entered, his mechanical body moving with unnerving precision. His face—a flawless, synthetic mask of youth—wore a broad smile as he approached.

"Inspector Davis," our man began, his voice smooth and polished, the embodiment of corporate charm. "What an honor to finally meet you! I've heard such extraordinary tales of your investigations. On behalf of the entire Reality Labs family, allow me to offer my congratulations for your exemplary service."

William's glare could have cut steel. "Cut the crap." His voice was sharp, unwavering. "I know about your 'tests.' I'm here to take you to prison. Not even your army of lawyers will save you from the death penalty. You're a monster, and you're going to pay."



Our man's smile widened as he let out a rich, amused laugh. It wasn't the reaction of a man cornered—it was the reaction of a man who held all the cards.

"Oh, my dear inspector," he said, raising his prosthetic hands in mock surrender. "You're so wonderfully naïve. Truly, you're a credit to good, innocent people everywhere. It's almost endearing how little you understand."

William didn't flinch. "Don't think you can talk your way out of this. I've got everything recorded. I have all the proof I need to bury you—and your entire operation—in hell."

Our man turned to a nearby tray and poured himself a glass of champagne, the sound of the liquid faint against the tense silence. He held the glass aloft, offering one to William, who didn't so much as glance at it.

"What proof?" our man asked, his voice calm, almost teasing.

And then it hit William.

The realization landed with the weight of a sledgehammer. Our man wasn't worried because he didn't need to be. He controlled reality itself—or at least what everyone perceived as reality. The recordings, the evidence, even the very fabric of truth—none of it was safe from him.



For all William's meticulous planning, for all his righteous fury, he now understood the scale of the power he was up against. Our man wasn't just untouchable; he was a god in this system.

Our man's eyes gleamed as he saw the recognition settle in William's face. He raised his glass in a mock toast, the smirk on his prosthetic face never faltering.

"Come now, Inspector Davis. Thanks to you, we've been able to patch a critical security flaw. Ms. Carter's clearance? Revoked. It was a mistake that should have been rectified long ago, and thanks to your diligence, it has been. Rest assured, I'll personally see to it that the person responsible learns their lesson."

He took a sip of champagne, savoring the moment. "You've been our hero today, inspector! You should be celebrating. No one will exploit the system again—not on my watch."

The door to the meeting room slid open with a quiet hiss, the gesture as dismissive as the man standing before William.

No more words were needed.

William rose from his seat and walked out, his shoulders stiff, his head high—but inside, he was shattered.



He had spent his life upholding the system, believing in its promise of order and justice. Now he knew the truth: it wasn't justice he served, but a machine of control and cruelty.

He had fought to protect a reality that wasn't real.

As he stepped out of the building, the weight of his defeat settled over him like a storm cloud. William Davis had faced the system's architect, and he had lost.

Utterly.