



MY REALITY APP

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STORY BOOK EDITOR
VERSION 0.1



CHAPTER 13: RUNNING OUT OF TIME



****Chapter 13: RuNNinG oUt Of tiME****

After William left the opulent meeting room, our man remained motionless, gazing out the floor-to-ceiling window. The city stretched before him, a glittering tapestry of artificial perfection crafted under his rule. Yet, despite its beauty, his mind was elsewhere.

William had come dangerously close to unraveling everything.

For all his bravado, our man knew how close the inspector had been to creating a disaster. If William had shared what he saw in the test room observatory within the first five minutes, it could have been catastrophic.

The report had reached him quickly—but not too quickly for comfort. Five minutes after William's discovery, his personal security team informed him of the breach. Acting immediately, he had ordered every trace of the video footage scrubbed from the system. It wasn't enough to delete it; he ensured it was overwritten, fragmented beyond recovery.

He had narrowly avoided a PR nightmare.

While our man controlled most media outlets, he didn't control them all. Rival networks—small but tenacious—would have pounced on the story, spreading it far and wide. Even with his influence, containing the fallout would have been messy, costly, and potentially dangerous to his legacy.



Our man allowed himself a wry smile, raising a glass of champagne to his lips. William wouldn't get another chance.

He had considered taking more drastic measures to silence the inspector—an accident, a fabricated scandal, or something more permanent. But those actions carried their own risks. William's disappearance or disgrace could attract the very attention our man wanted to avoid.

Without evidence, William was powerless. He could scream his accusations to the heavens, but without proof, no one would listen.

And thanks to today's events, William would never have access to classified information again.

But the day's challenges had taken their toll.

William's investigation was merely the second blow—one that our man had managed to parry with calculated precision. It was the first blow that had truly shaken him.

His fingers tightened around the glass as his thoughts drifted back to the earlier crisis.

That blow, unlike William's interference, wasn't something he could mitigate or control. It wasn't a PR problem or a breach in the system.



It was personal.

Our man gave the city one last lingering glance. The kingdom he had built from nothing stretched before him, a testament to his brilliance and ambition. But deep down, he knew the truth.

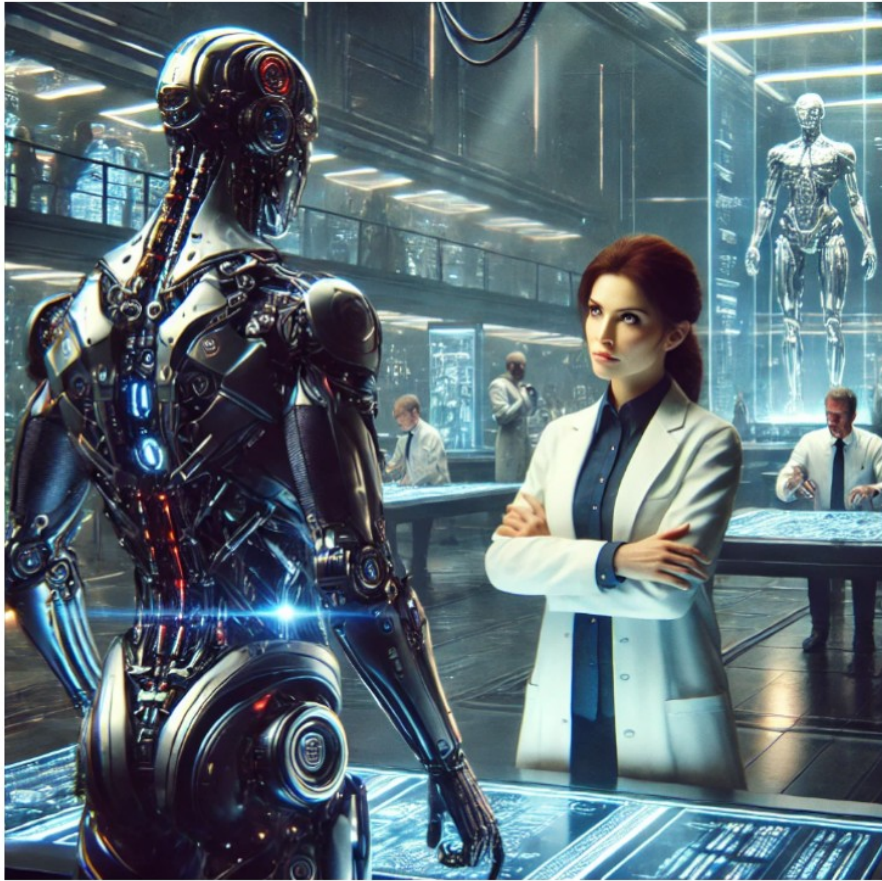
He wouldn't be able to enjoy it for much longer.

The realization burned, a slow and steady ache. For the first time in decades, the man who controlled reality itself felt the faintest flicker of something he hadn't experienced in a long time:

Fear.

Our man entered the laboratory where the AI was being trained on his brain patterns. The sterile, white-lit space buzzed with quiet activity, but his presence immediately silenced the hum of conversation.

He requested a private meeting with the lead scientist, Dr. Carol Winters, a woman who had been at the forefront of this project for over a decade. Carol had worked closely with our man long enough to recognize the subtle shifts in his demeanor, and today, something was undeniably different.



The arrogance that usually radiated from him was muted. In its place, there was something else—something darker.

As Carol entered the meeting room, the sense of unease clawed at her. The project was her life's work, but even she wasn't immune to the fear that came with disappointing him.

They sat across from each other at a sleek, minimalist table, its surface reflecting the cool blue glow of the room's lighting.

Our man's voice broke the silence, his tone somber and uncharacteristically direct. "When exactly will the project be fully operational?"

Carol blinked, caught off guard. Deadlines had never been part of their conversations before. They both knew the enormity of the task—mapping and recreating every nuance of his personality, decision-making processes, and psychological traits. It was a meticulous process that couldn't be rushed.

"We're making steady progress," she began cautiously. "But to give an exact date for full operational capability is... difficult. We've focused primarily on the critical hard-decision areas—crisis response, ethical dilemmas—but the more routine aspects, like administrative operations, still require significant work."



She paused, gauging his reaction. The prosthetic face didn't move, but his silence was palpable. It filled the room like a weight pressing down on her chest.

Hastily, she continued, "At our current rate, I'd estimate a first release could be possible in about a year."

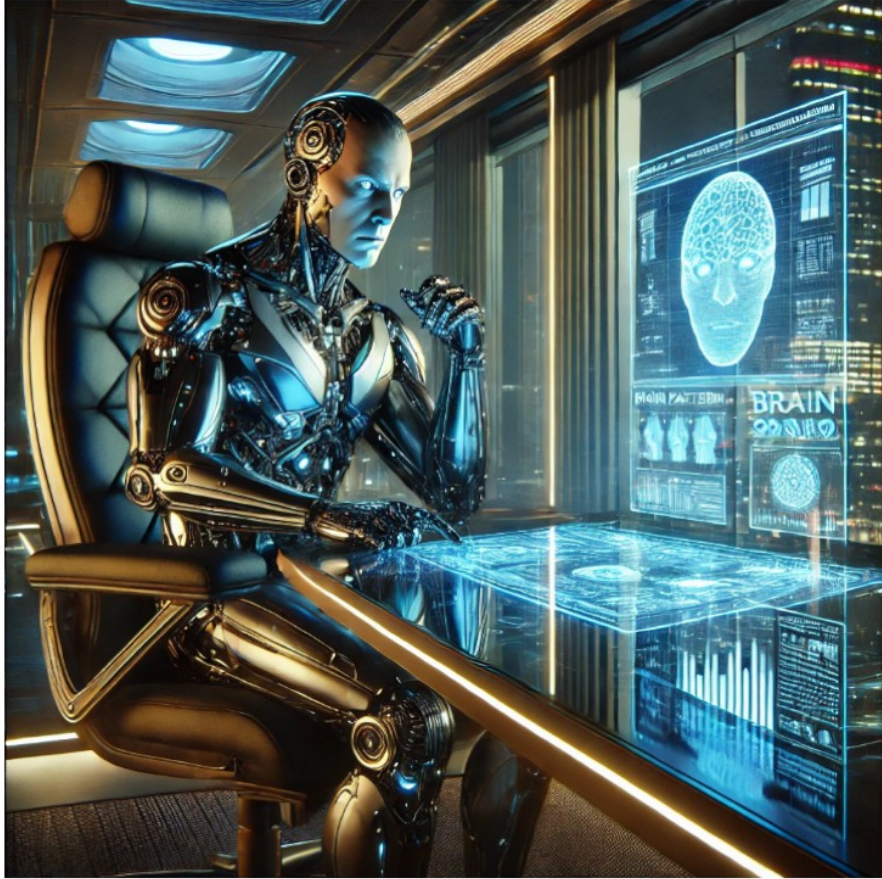
The sound of our man inhaling deeply—a faint, mechanical hiss accompanying the movement of his prosthetic nostrils—was the only response for a moment. Then he spoke, his tone unwavering:

"You have two months to complete it."

Carol's heart sank. Two months? The demand wasn't just unreasonable; it was impossible. But she knew him well enough to understand that once his mind was made up, there was no room for negotiation.

She began to stammer, her voice tinged with desperation. "But... sir, for that timeline, we would need you to be here almost constantly. We can't train the AI without continuous access to your interactions, and we know how busy you are, so I don't see ho—"

Our man interrupted her, his voice cutting through hers like a scalpel. "I will be here. Always."



The weight of his words hung in the air as he leaned forward slightly. "Let's start."

One week remained. One week until the AI would be ready for full deployment.

Our man sat in his private quarters, meticulously reviewing the presentation he was set to deliver to the world's media. Everything had to be perfect—no mistakes, no missteps, no room for failure.

He reached into the drawer of his polished desk, retrieving several bottles of pills. Pouring the contents into his hand, he stared at the mixture of capsules for a moment before swallowing a handful in one gulp. The bitter aftertaste lingered, but he didn't flinch. Mistakes were not an option.

The weight of the past two months pressed down on him like a suffocating fog. The day William had uncovered the experiments, our man had received news far worse:

The degradation of his brain was accelerating.

The diagnosis had been merciless. In nine months, he would be reduced to a vegetative state. His mind, once the sharpest in the world, would wither into silence. No amount of money, influence, or cutting-edge technology could halt the inevitable.



The doctors had explained the progression in clinical detail:

- He would lose the ability to finish sentences.
- Conversations would trail off mid-thought.
- He would freeze, unable to respond to external stimuli.
- His short-term memory would fade until he was incapable of remembering even the simplest things.

But the process had started faster than he expected. The first lapses had already begun—words lost, moments of stillness he couldn't explain. For the first time, he truly felt the fragility of his existence.

Desperation had driven him to force the doctor into revealing a dangerous alternative: an experimental drug regimen.

The drugs came with a grim bargain. They would grant him two months of focused clarity, suppressing the visible symptoms of his mental decay. But in exchange, they would accelerate the inevitable. By the end of those two months, his decline would be catastrophic, leaving him barely functional in his final days.



Our man had accepted the deal without hesitation. Better to burn bright than fade away.

Now, the deadline loomed. He had fought valiantly, but the signs of his deterioration were becoming harder to ignore. The doctor's timeline had been precise: he had one week left, two at most before his mind spiraled beyond repair.

In the past two months, he had pushed himself to the brink.

- 16-hour days spent in the lab, guiding and training the AI.
- Barely five hours of sleep a night, only because the doctor insisted it was necessary to maintain his cognitive abilities.
- His team, forced to remain at the lab alongside him, had worked under brutal conditions. They slept in makeshift quarters, lived on catered meals, and were forbidden from leaving.

Our man didn't care about their sacrifices. He would compensate them generously—but no one could leave until the work was finished.

Every moment of his dwindling life was poured into the AI. He didn't just train it to replicate his public-facing decisions or the critical, high-stakes moments. He demanded the AI be prepared for the darkest scenarios, ones the team hadn't dared to prioritize before.



Torture.

Mass suppression.

Sacrificing lives for the greater good—or for his own gain.

Our man insisted the AI handle such extremes precisely as he would. There could be no deviation, no hesitation. He would not trust his immortality to something weak.

Now, at last, the end was near.

He rose from his chair, glancing at the mirrored walls of his quarters. His reflection stared back at him—a man more machine than human, clutching at the final threads of his life.

The presentation to the media was his final public act. Beyond this, there would be nothing more.

His hand trembled slightly as he adjusted his tie. He forced the tremor to stop, his jaw tightening with resolve.

This was the moment. The culmination of everything.

The world would soon know of his eternal legacy.