



MY REALITY APP

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CHAPTER 15: DISCONNECTION



****Chapter 15: Disconnection****

William woke to a world of darkness, a bandage tightly wrapped over his eyes. He wasn't sure if the delicate surgery to remove his contact lens implants had been successful. His body felt weak, his mind clouded with uncertainty. Yet, he asked the question that mattered most:

"Am I free?"

A calm voice answered—one he had only known as a phantom on the other side of his investigations. It was Luca.

"Yes, you are," Luca replied with quiet certainty.

William tried to sit up, but his strength failed him. Hands steadied him, guiding him upright. He felt their care, their patience.

"We're going to remove the bandages now," Luca continued. "Don't panic if you can't see clearly at first. It'll take time for your vision to adjust."

William remained still as the bandages were unwound. Whatever the outcome, he wasn't afraid. Whether he could see or not, he was out of the system.

That alone was a victory.



As the bandages fell away, the world remained a blur. He blinked, squinting against the dim light. Shapes and colors began to sharpen, edges forming out of the haze. Slowly, his vision returned.

And for the first time in his life, William saw unfiltered reality.

It wasn't the polished, hyper-saturated perfection he'd known his entire life. The colors were muted, the imperfections stark, the light less forgiving—but it was real.

A smile crept across his face.

In front of him stood Luca, his relaxed demeanor offering reassurance. William took in the sight of him for the first time: a man barely thirty, with sharp, intelligent eyes and an air of calm determination.

Beside him was Henry, older and weathered, his face lined with years of struggle. His expression was serious but not unkind. He regarded William with a mixture of caution and curiosity.

Henry spoke first. "William, I'm sorry to ask this so soon after such a dangerous operation, but we've never had someone like you before. A high-ranking member of the police force elite, willingly going through disconnection... We have questions."



William nodded. He understood their skepticism. He would have felt the same.

"I understand," he said simply. "Ask whatever you need. I have nothing to hide."

It was Luca who asked the first question, his tone direct but not accusatory.

"Why?"

William exhaled slowly, the weight of the past months pressing on him. At least now, he could share the burden.

"I did it," he began, his voice steady, "because we're running out of time."

He spoke for what felt like hours, recounting everything he had seen and learned.

He described the experiments in the test room, the horrors perpetrated to train an AI with the capacity for monstrous decisions. He detailed the cold, calculated indifference of the system, and how the announcement by Reality Labs' overlord had brought everything into focus.



He explained his realization that radical action was the only way to prevent catastrophe—that this wasn't just about control or compliance anymore. It was about survival.

When William finished, silence filled the room. Luca and Henry exchanged a glance, their expressions somber.

Henry spoke first. "William, we believe you. Everything you've told us aligns with findings we've uncovered in our research. But we didn't fully grasp the true goal of the AI. When Sofia told us about the horrors in that room, we thought they were testing enhanced security measures—meant to contain us, limit our movements. But now... It's so much worse."

Luca added, "If the system is deployed in a week, we don't have time to waste." He turned to William. "I hope you don't mind, but we've also removed the security micro-chip from your wrist. We need it for our plans."

William nodded. "Take whatever you need. I want you to know—I'm all in. Whatever you're planning, you can count on me."

For the first time, Henry's stern expression softened into something warmer, almost paternal. "I know. I can see it in your eyes." He extended a hand to William, a gesture of trust and solidarity.



"Welcome to the resistance."

In the days that followed, William discovered the real world—a stark, unfiltered reality that had been hidden from him since he was five years old.

Even though his movements were heavily restricted, he managed to glimpse parts of the city he had once patrolled and investigated. What he saw shook him to his core.

The streets, once pristine and orderly in his augmented view, were a different place entirely. Misery permeated everything. The filth, the decay, the oppressive atmosphere of neglect—it all painted a grim picture of human suffering.

He saw people for who they really were, stripped of the system's augmented gloss. Malnourished bodies shuffled through the streets, their gaunt faces barely recognizable as human. Others were grotesquely overweight, their bloated forms the result of consuming the low-quality, calorie-dense fast food that was the only affordable option for most.

Only the privileged—those with high social profiles or roles in security forces—were granted access to nutritious food. Their health and physical readiness were essential for perpetuating the system. Everyone else, it seemed, was disposable.



William finally understood the full scope of the system's insidious reach. He realized how the My Reality app had transformed misery into complacency, filtering out hardship and ensuring even the most wretched lived under the illusion of happiness.

What he saw hardened his resolve. He would do whatever it took to bring this system crashing down.

Yet amidst the bleakness, William saw a flicker of hope.

The underground people, vilified by the system as terrorists, were nothing of the sort. They were ordinary people—mothers, fathers, children—driven into hiding by a desire to live in freedom.

Their lives were far from easy. They lived in constant fear, their movements restricted to avoid detection. They survived on scarce resources procured through careful planning, always one misstep away from catastrophe.

But their courage, their determination to build a better world, inspired William.

He spent much of his time with Henry, learning about the underground's inner workings. Henry, cautious but perceptive, gradually opened up to William. The two men forged a bond built on mutual respect, a shared understanding of the stakes.



William, in turn, shared everything he knew about the system's security measures. He explained its vulnerabilities, the intricacies of its surveillance network, and the tactics used to maintain its iron grip.

This information was invaluable. With it, Henry and Luca could refine their plan to dismantle the My Reality app.

Henry grew to trust William completely. His decades of experience had given him an uncanny ability to judge character, and William passed every test. This man was not a traitor. He was one of them now.

After a few days, Henry finally shared the underground's ultimate plan. He spoke of Luca's work—how the young genius was on the cusp of cracking the final piece of the puzzle using William's extracted micro-chip.

When Henry finished explaining, William responded without hesitation, his voice steady and resolute:

"If you accept my help, I'm ready to join this mission—no matter the cost."