



MY REALITY APP

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CHAPTER 17: BRAVE NEW WORLD



****Chapter 17: Brave New World****

The world plunged into darkness.

Every screen, every projection, and every augmented reality feed went black in an instant. Across the globe, the only visible thing was a stark, unembellished message against the void:

"You may now safely remove your contact lenses."

Chaos erupted.

In the first moments, the silence of disconnection gave way to panic. Planes plummeted from the sky, their pilots unable to engage autopilot in time. Highways became scenes of carnage as cars, collided in fiery, unrelenting chaos. Tens of thousands of lives were lost in a matter of minutes, their fates sealed by a sudden return to reality they could not have foreseen.

The reset of the world came without warning, and its cost was staggering.

For those who survived, the directive to remove the lenses felt surreal. Many hesitated, clinging to the only world they had ever truly known. Some pleaded for the system to reboot, praying for their digital paradise to return. Others stared blankly into the void, too stunned to act. But among the hesitant were the brave few who took the first step.



The first to remove their lenses screamed.

Their cries of shock, horror, and disbelief echoed in crowded streets, offices, and homes. Some wailed in anguish, while others shouted to the stunned masses around them: "It's safe! Take them off! You have to see this!"

And so, like a tidal wave, the world began to awaken.

Screams of joy and despair filled the air as people removed their lenses en masse. For the first time in decades, humanity saw the truth—the unfiltered, unvarnished reality that had been hidden from them. The streets became a cacophony of raw emotion: laughter, sobbing, shouting, and cursing.

No one was indifferent. No one could be.

Reality was harsh. It was overwhelming.

The streets, once pristine in their digital overlays, revealed their true state—piles of garbage rotting in the open, buildings crumbling under years of neglect, and desperate faces hollowed by hunger and despair. The vibrancy of the AR world, with its towering digital billboards and radiant skies, gave way to a grim landscape of grime and decay.



And then there were the mirrors.

For the first time, people saw themselves as they truly were. Gone were the idealized versions they had admired every day, the flawless reflections tailored by My Reality app. What stared back at them was far from the perfection they had been sold. Pale, bloated bodies bore the marks of malnutrition and years of neglect. Skin riddled with sores, hair brittle and dull, and eyes hollow with exhaustion reflected the brutal toll of a lifetime spent in illusion.

Many recoiled from their own reflections, their cries of disgust mingling with gasps of disbelief. They clutched at the rags they wore, garments they had believed to be designer luxury but were little more than threadbare scraps. Their hands trembled as they ran them over their bodies, the once-hidden truth of their existence sinking in with crushing clarity.

The streets became rivers of raw human emotion.

Some fell to their knees, weeping uncontrollably as they realized the depth of their ignorance and the enormity of their loss. Others laughed hysterically, driven to the edge by the sheer absurdity of it all. A few stood silently, their faces pale, as if the weight of reality had rendered them unable to respond.



The truth was undeniable: humanity had lived in a lie for so long that the real world felt like a nightmare.

Still, there were those who resisted. A desperate, clinging denial gripped many who refused to remove their lenses, even as the system lay dormant. They begged for the app to come back online, for their perfect illusions to return. They shouted accusations at those who had disconnected, blaming them for the chaos.

But the cracks in the façade were irreversible.

As the first wave of disconnection spread, a profound shift began. People who had removed their lenses started reaching out to others, urging them to face the truth. Their voices carried a mixture of hope and despair, but also determination.

"It's bad," one man shouted to a hesitant crowd, holding his lenses aloft. "But it's real. We need to see it. All of us."

For the first time in decades, humanity stood united—not in the comfort of illusion, but in the brutal, unrelenting light of truth.

Not everyone lived in squalor.



A privileged few, the elite, had enjoyed lives of unimaginable luxury, hidden away in their pristine, high-tech enclaves. Their neighborhoods were the polar opposite of the misery that engulfed the rest of society. Behind towering walls and state-of-the-art security, they resided in architectural marvels: sprawling mansions of glass and steel, adorned with lush gardens and sparkling infinity pools. Their diets consisted of gourmet delicacies prepared by personal chefs. Their wardrobes boasted bespoke clothing crafted from the finest materials. Every detail of their existence oozed excess—sleek, exotic cars lined their driveways, glittering jewelry adorned their bodies, and every whim was satisfied by nearly limitless wealth.

When the masses removed their lenses and saw the truth, it was more than a revelation—it was an awakening. The disparity between their grim, crumbling reality and the lavish lives of the elite was a slap to the face, a cruel punch to the gut. The fantasies fed to them by My Reality were never truly theirs; they had only ever been projections, borrowed glimpses of a life reserved for a tiny fraction of humanity.

The collective fury that erupted was unlike anything the world had ever seen.

An age-old parable resurfaced in the minds of many: If a frog is dropped into boiling water, it leaps out immediately, recognizing the danger. But place it in cold water and heat it gradually, and the frog remains, oblivious, until it is too late.



But this time, the water didn't rise slowly. The masses had been thrown into boiling water all at once. And they leapt.

They leapt higher than anyone thought possible.

History, as it so often does, repeated itself. As it had during the French Revolution centuries earlier, the fury of the oppressed found its mark. The elite clung desperately to their gilded fortresses, fortified by private armies and advanced security forces. But for every armed guard defending the powerful, there were a million enraged citizens, their anger boiling over into an unstoppable tide.

The revolution was not bloodless. Many lives were lost in the uprising, but the people's resolve was unshakable. They dragged the elite from their ivory towers, pulling them into the streets. The once-untouchable rulers of this broken society faced the wrath of those they had exploited for generations. One by one, the elite were purged, their fates broadcast live across the globe for all to see. Stoning after stoning, the world bore witness to the fall of its parasitic upper class.

By the time the dust settled, not a single member of the elite remained.



The streets ran red with the price of liberation, but the people stood victorious. The corrupt systems that had enabled such grotesque inequality were dismantled, and society began the painstaking process of rebuilding itself. Communities came together, vowing to create a fairer, more equitable world. For the first time in generations, there was hope.

And yet, beneath the ashes of the old world, an uneasy truth lingered.

The eternal cycle of human civilization—the rise and fall, the destruction and rebirth—had played out once more. Despite their best intentions, the people were haunted by the knowledge that their new society, too, might one day succumb to the same greed and corruption that had destroyed the old.

It was, perhaps, the nature of mankind. A relentless pattern, inescapable and unyielding. But for now, in the wake of revolution, there was a fleeting moment of clarity, a fragile hope that this time, things might be different.

The cycle had turned once again.

And the world waited to see where it would go next.



William and Luca seized the moment. The confusion caused by My Reality's sudden shutdown provided the perfect cover for their escape from the underground corridors of the mainframe. Just moments earlier, they had been seconds away from capture, surrounded by armed guards. Now, amidst the chaos, they moved undetected through the labyrinthine halls of server workstations.

With the precious time Luca had gained, he executed one final script—a digital scorched earth command that irreparably burned the core systems of the mainframe. The damage was catastrophic, ensuring that no one within Reality Labs would have the chance to repair the system before the outside world completed its mass disconnection. The app was dead, and the truth would spread like wildfire.

Emerging from the building, they found the city in turmoil. The employees of Reality Labs, many of whom belonged to the privileged class, lingered in confusion, clinging to the hope that the system would come back online. Unlike the masses, they hesitated to remove their lenses. Their reluctance gave William and Luca the opportunity to slip away unnoticed.

As they stepped into the streets, the enormity of what they had unleashed became painfully clear. Wrecked cars clogged every intersection, victims of drivers suddenly stripped of automated assistance. Bodies lay motionless amidst the wreckage, silent witnesses to the cost of the awakening. People staggered through the chaos, some screaming in terror, others staring at their surroundings in stunned disbelief. The first few who had removed their lenses stood out, their faces a kaleidoscope of raw emotions—horror, despair, relief, and even joy. For them, the veil had lifted, and they were finally free to see the world as it truly was.



The subway system had fared no better, its stations reduced to scenes of panic and confusion. Without transportation, William and Luca had no choice but to walk. Step by step, they navigated the shattered city, weaving through the wreckage of a society in its death throes.

As they walked, the weight of what they had done bore down on them. They had opened Pandora's box, unleashing chaos on an unimaginable scale. The world's awakening was far from gentle—it was violent, painful, and raw. But deep down, they both knew there had been no other way. Change, real change, was never easy. The world had to see the truth, no matter the cost.

The sun hung low on the horizon as they neared the entrance to the underground community, its fading light casting long shadows across the broken cityscape. This was no ordinary sunset. It marked the end of an era—the close of a day that would forever be etched in history as The Awakening. Future generations would look back on this moment as the inevitable reckoning, the day humanity finally began to confront the lies it had lived for so long.

As they approached the hidden entrance, a familiar figure emerged from the shadows. Sofia was waiting for them. Her presence, framed by the warm hues of the setting sun, brought an unexpected sense of calm. Her smile was radiant, a beacon of hope amidst the devastation. For a moment, the weight of the day lifted, replaced by the unspoken promise of a new beginning.



Luca exhaled, his tense shoulders relaxing for the first time. William, weary but resolute, allowed a small smile to break through his typically stoic demeanor. Sofia's smile wasn't just a comfort; it was a symbol of what lay ahead.

This wasn't the end of their story. It was the beginning of something far greater.

Together, they would step into the unknown, working tirelessly to rebuild a world shattered by illusion. A world where fairness, truth, and humanity could thrive once more. The road ahead would be long, fraught with challenges and sacrifices, but as Sofia extended her hand to them, the three shared a silent understanding: this was the start of a new adventure. A chance to build something better.

The sun dipped below the horizon, leaving the city in twilight. And with it, humanity took its first steps into a future forged by the truth.