



MY REALITY APP

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CHAPTER I: HAPPY, HAPPY, HAPPY WORLD.



****Chapter 1: HaPPy, hAppY WoRLd****

Allison stepped out of her sleek suburban home, a bright smile on her face as she made her way to the mailbox. The world around her was idyllic—a flawless sky stretched above, painted in the kind of vibrant blue that seemed too perfect to be real. The sun glowed warmly, bathing the meticulously trimmed lawns and flower-lined streets in a golden hue. Her heart swelled with satisfaction as she glanced at the day ahead. Another triumphant step forward in her career awaited her at Axion Multimedia Solutions, the company she had helped rise to record-breaking success.

Just last week, she had secured yet another lucrative contract, dazzling the client with promises of groundbreaking results delivered in impossibly short timeframes. It was her specialty—her gift. Allison knew she was indispensable to the company, the keystone of its recent explosive growth. No one else had her talent for reeling in clients and locking down deals. She was a star, and she reveled in the knowledge that her brilliance illuminated everything around her.

Deadlines? Pressure? These were minor inconveniences for others to handle. The production department always met her ambitious expectations, and what stood out most was their relentless positivity. When she stopped by their offices, she was greeted with radiant smiles, the kind that seemed to overflow with gratitude and devotion. Even when their efforts required working late into the night or sacrificing their weekends, their joy never seemed to waver.



"They understand," she often thought to herself. "We're a family. Sacrifices are part of the job, and they take pride in what they do for me—for the company."

In fact, their happiness had seemed to grow over the past year, just as her streak of success had. New contracts came in weekly, and the production department responded with unparalleled dedication. Faces came and went in the department—it was hard for her to keep track of names or why people seemed to leave so suddenly. But what did it matter when the replacements were just as cheerful? She could always count on the same glowing smiles and unwavering enthusiasm, a loyalty that bordered on reverence.

As she reached the mailbox, her gaze shifted to a man walking in the distance toward her. He was one of her neighbours in that beautiful neighbourhood. What was his name? Was it Sebastian? Maybe Stefan?... no, it was Steve—that was his name. She recalled, after a brief moment of thought, that he worked in the production department. She rarely interacted with those from that side of the company; they seemed like a blur of interchangeable faces, cogs in the well-oiled machine of her success.

Still, she felt a flicker of appreciation for his cheerful demeanor. Like the others, he wore that familiar smile. The one that radiated happiness and contentment. The one that reassured her everything was fine. But why, she wondered absently, was there such constant turnover in production? It didn't make sense when everyone seemed so happy.



The thought was fleeting, lost as she returned her focus to the bright, beautiful day. After all, everything was perfect—wasn't it?

Steve had joined the company a couple of years ago, though Allison only vaguely remembered the details. Something about a family—yes, a wife and children. How many? Her thoughts flickered to the interview, when his wife had been visibly pregnant. Their second child, wasn't it? That would mean Steve had two kids now, one of them barely a year old. Allison smiled to herself. Babies were such a joy, weren't they?

She often thought about having children someday, but her life was too full, too vibrant, for anything that required slowing down. Finding a partner who shared her boundless drive and her passion for her decisions had proven... complicated. It puzzled her, really. Every partner she'd ever had seemed to adore her, their faces radiating warmth and understanding, even when she made tough choices. Like the times she had to prioritize entertaining clients or nurturing new opportunities over spending time together. They always appeared to understand—right up until they didn't. One by one, they drifted away, leaving her with nothing but a quiet conviction that the right one would come along eventually.

"I just need someone who truly gets it," she thought. "Someone who sees the bigger picture, who knows what it means to sacrifice for greatness."



Steve was walking toward her now, his expression beaming with joy—perhaps the happiest smile Allison had ever seen. He held a single red rose in his hand, its vibrant petals practically glowing against the backdrop of the pristine morning. How thoughtful of him, she mused. A gesture of gratitude, no doubt, for the extraordinary work she'd been doing.

She paused to admire the rose as he approached. It seemed fitting, almost symbolic. After all, since Steve had joined the company, her streak of success had skyrocketed. Contract after contract flowed through her hands, a torrent of deals that kept the production department in constant motion.

Steve was always there, working tirelessly alongside the others. Nights, weekends, holidays—it didn't matter. He was a fixture, a constant presence, buzzing like a busy bee from one task to the next. And always with that same expression: joy. Unwavering, unshakable joy.

Today, however, his smile was different. Brighter. Fuller. As though every ounce of happiness in the world had been distilled into his face. For a moment, Allison felt a pang of pride. It was employees like Steve who made her accomplishments possible, who believed in the vision she brought to the company.



And yet, as he drew closer, a faint unease began to creep into her mind—like the tickle of a shadow in the corner of her vision. Something about his approach, about the intensity of his smile, felt... off. She quickly dismissed the thought. Steve was a team player, after all. A happy bee in her bustling hive. What could possibly be wrong?

Allison stood frozen as Steve closed the final gap between them. Now face to face, he was close—too close. She could see the intensity in his eyes, a fervor she hadn't noticed before. His smile stretched impossibly wide, almost trembling with excitement. He held out the red rose, the vibrant petals practically glowing against the morning sun.

How thoughtful, Allison mused. Such a small yet powerful gesture of appreciation for all the work she had done. But something about the way he presented it felt strange, even awkward. As if he were unsure of how to hand it to her. Then, in one swift motion, he pulled the rose back, almost teasingly, before thrusting it forward—straight into her stomach.

A sharp, searing pain radiated through her body, like the savage bite of a wild animal. "Ouch," she muttered, confused. That wasn't right. Roses weren't supposed to bite. She looked down, expecting to see petals brushing against her blouse. Instead, crimson streaks bloomed across the fabric, stark and jarring against her pristine outfit.



More red roses appeared, unfurling one after another from her stomach, their petals glistening and wet. Allison blinked, trying to make sense of it, but the pain muddled her thoughts. She barely registered Steve's hand pulling back and then surging forward again, delivering another rose. And then another. And another.

Each strike sent another bloom bursting forth, a surreal and horrifying cascade of flowers erupting from her abdomen. The vivid red clashed with the warmth of the day, creating a grotesque beauty that almost distracted her from the agony searing through her core. The world spun, her vision blurring, but she could still see it—the growing field of roses spreading out before her.

Steve didn't stop. His movements were mechanical, relentless, as he continued his offering. Over and over, the rose was presented to her with an almost reverent precision. Allison's knees buckled, and she collapsed into the sea of roses, the soft petals cushioning her fall. The world around her felt hazy, dreamlike. She was vaguely aware of the warmth of the sun on her face, the gentle rustle of leaves in the breeze.

From the corner of her eye, she saw her neighbor Tom, diligently mowing his lawn. Summoning the last ounce of strength in her fading body, Allison raised a trembling hand and waved. Her arm fell limp as the pain began to dissolve, replaced by an odd sense of peace.



Tom waved back cheerfully, his face alight with the same radiant smile that everyone seemed to wear. He glanced at the scene unfolding across the street, where Allison lay amidst the lush, blooming roses. Steve knelt beside her, still offering his rose with a devotion that bordered on worship.

"How kind," Tom thought, pausing to take it all in. "Such good and generous people. What a beautiful world we live in."

And as Allison's vision dimmed, she clung to that thought—the beauty of it all. Her last breath escaped her lips in a sigh as she surrendered herself to the endless sea of red roses.