



# MY REALITY APP

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## CHAPTER 6: IMMORTALITY



**\*\*Chapter 6: ImMORTaliTy\*\***

Our man closed the report on Allison's murder, his expression unreadable beneath the youthful veneer of his prosthetic face. It was the first time the My Reality system had failed so catastrophically, and the implications of such a public debacle burned like acid in his mechanical veins. Fury simmered beneath his calm demeanor—a silent, methodical rage that demanded action.

He rose from his opulent desk, the faint hum of servos accompanying his every movement. The office—an architectural masterpiece suspended high above the city—was a testament to his unchallenged dominance. Glass walls displayed a curated illusion of a pristine skyline, a reality meticulously designed by his system. Yet even in this manufactured paradise, he felt the weight of imperfection. Somewhere beneath his empire, cracks were forming.

A lesson was needed.

Delivered in person.

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The man who had conquered the world was still alive at 120 years old, though whether he could still be called a man was a question few dared to ask. But the question lingered, even unspoken, like the riddle of Theseus' ship—a philosophical quandary for the ages.





Do you know the story? Athenian caretakers, striving to preserve the great hero's vessel, replaced its decaying planks one by one until, eventually, none of the original parts remained. Was it still Theseus' ship, or had it become something entirely new?

For this man—this overlord of a shattered age—the same riddle applied. Piece by piece, the humanity he was born with had been replaced, until what remained was more machine than man.

His legs and arms were fully robotic, precision-forged and perfectly synchronized to the neural pathways of his brain. Achieving such harmony between flesh and metal had not come easily. The path was paved with the bodies of countless human test subjects—sacrificed in dangerous, unregulated trials once ethical barriers had been eradicated. To him, their deaths were no more significant than the loss of lab rats.

The transformation extended further. His face—an image of perfection modeled after a man in his early thirties—was a prosthetic marvel. Thirty years earlier, a cascade of allergic reactions to endless cosmetic surgeries had left his original visage grotesquely disfigured. The synthetic face now covering the damage was a masterwork of biomimicry, its flawless skin a mere mask. Only his eyes, mouth, and ears connected to the prosthetic remained his own.



And his hair—always dyed a youthful jet black—was the last superficial claim to his organic humanity. Somehow, it had survived decades of chemical abuse, as though defying the inevitability of time.

The rest of his biological self was confined to his torso. His internal organs and genitals, the final vestiges of his humanity, persisted with the help of relentless technological intervention. Over the years, he had replaced his liver twice, his heart once, and subjected his cells to experimental anti-aging treatments that pushed the boundaries of biotechnology. Advanced procedures slowed oxidation and cellular decay, keeping him alive far beyond natural limits.

Like all those drunk on power, he considered himself indispensable. In his mind, the radical changes he had made to his body were not just for himself—they were sacrifices for the greater good of humanity. His actions, no matter how extreme, were necessary to ensure that the flawless system he had built would endure, untouched, for as long as possible. He saw himself as the linchpin holding together the fragile order of the world, the one irreplaceable piece in a machine that could never be allowed to fail.

Yet even he could not escape the pull of time. Despite his best efforts to stave off the inevitable, his brain—his final and most vulnerable link to mortality—had begun to falter. Subtle lapses, fleeting moments of confusion, cracks in the mental fortress that had sustained him for over a century. The scientists he employed to monitor his condition assured him there was nothing to fear, their smiles thin and forced, their voices carefully measured. But he knew better.





He pressed them for the truth, forcing their trembling lips to confess. No matter how many neural enhancements he employed or how many experimental drugs he consumed, his organic mind was failing. Five years, they said. At best. After that, his brain would collapse, leaving him little more than an empty shell.

But he had anticipated this moment. He always anticipated.

His backup plan had been in motion for decades. By the time he reached 90, he had recognized the limits of his flesh and the uselessness of his team in halting the aging process. So, he redirected his efforts. The AI Project. It was an audacious ambition: to imprint his consciousness onto a machine that could rule eternally in his place. For over thirty years, he worked relentlessly to train the AI, feeding it data on his thoughts, decisions, and personality. The process was painstakingly slow, requiring millions of records to create a model that truly reflected him.

Only recently had the results begun to meet his expectations. The AI was no longer spitting out abstract hallucinations but providing conclusions he might have reached himself. Still, it was far from perfect. Its greatest flaw lay in its reluctance to make the hard choices—the ruthless, necessary sacrifices that had propelled him to power. Embedded within its code were vestiges of human empathy, a trait he viewed as a dangerous weakness. Time and time again, the AI hesitated, balking at decisions that required absolute, unwavering resolve.



His development team, initially resistant to altering the AI's core principles, eventually yielded under his unrelenting pressure. Bit by bit, those empathy constraints were stripped away. The AI was learning to embrace pragmatism, to prioritize efficiency over sentiment. But it wasn't enough. Not yet. And time was slipping through his grasp.

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As he poured himself into refining the AI, he faced an infuriating reality: people were growing stupider. It was a maddening trend he had noticed over the decades—a steady decline in the competence of those around him.

Eighty years ago, finding talent had been simple. The ambitious, the brilliant, the driven—they had flocked to his cause, eager to prove themselves in his world. If someone failed to deliver, he pushed them to their limits. They either rose to the occasion or were replaced by someone who could handle the pressure. It had been a brutal but efficient system.

Now, there were no replacements. The elites, the only ones granted access to the education and resources necessary to maintain his system, were lazy. Spoiled brats who did the bare minimum, coasting on the achievements of those who came before them. No matter how much he invested in their training, they produced nothing of value—merely recycling discoveries made half a century ago.





He couldn't comprehend it. What had happened to ambition? To genius?

By all measures, he was a genius among geniuses. But he felt increasingly like the last of his kind, surrounded by mediocrity. The decay of talent forced him to spend more and more of his time micromanaging tasks that once would have been beneath him, dragging others up to his impossible standards. It was a distraction he could ill afford, a waste of precious time that could be spent perfecting his legacy—his immortal AI.

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The heavy, metallic doors to the backend development team's subterranean office hissed open, a low, mechanical groan that announced impending doom. The retinal scanner had verified the identity of the man approaching, but it wasn't necessary. His arrival was already heralded by the cold, deliberate rhythm of his steps—a metallic clink that echoed down the sterile corridors.

Inside, the hum of quiet conversation and the clicking of keyboards fell into an unnatural silence. Heads turned toward the door, faces draining of color as he entered. He strode in, his towering figure framed by the clinical glow of overhead lights, the gleaming surfaces of his mechanical limbs reflecting their sterile shine. He wore no shoes over his prosthetic legs; the sharp, unforgiving sound of his steps was his preferred announcement. Let them hear him coming. Let them fear it.



His gaze swept the room, dissecting the people within as if calculating their worth—or lack thereof. The mask-like perfection of his prosthetic face betrayed no emotion, but the weight of his presence pressed down like a physical force. One by one, the employees averted their eyes, hoping to escape his attention. They knew the unspoken rule: If he comes in person, it's already too late.

He halted at the center of the room, his posture rigid, his shadow sprawling across the polished floor like a specter of judgment. When he spoke, it was an explosion that shattered the oppressive quiet.

"HOW THE HELL DID OUR SYSTEM FAIL THIS BADLY?!"

The room collectively flinched. Not a single voice dared to respond. They had all heard the stories—the tirades, the threats, the punishments. No one wanted to be the one to draw his ire further.

He didn't wait long. His voice, sharper than the sound of his steps, sliced through the silence.

"I WANT AN EXPLANATION. NOW. UNLESS YOU ALL WANT TO LOSE YOUR HIGH-CLASS STATUS AND FIND YOURSELVES DUMPED INTO THE LOW-CLASS SLUMS WITH NOTHING!"





Panic rippled through the room. Desperation replaced paralysis as employees exchanged frantic glances. Someone had to answer—anyone. After a long, excruciating pause, the team's manager stepped forward, his face pale, his hands trembling.

"W-We've been analyzing all the data from the last avatar simulation test," he stammered, his voice barely steady. "We're making progress in identifying what might have caused the fai—"

"ARE YOU BEYOND STUPID?!" Our man's voice erupted again, a brutal force that shook the air. "I'M NOT TALKING ABOUT YOUR PITIFUL TESTS! I'M TALKING ABOUT A MURDER—A CITIZEN DEAD IN PLAIN SIGHT!"

The manager visibly shrank, his trembling intensifying. "... About that," he murmured, barely audible, "we've identified the issue. It seems a random process altered the threshold for detecting danger. The problem has been fixed, and we believe it won't happ—"

"'WE BELIEVE'?! A RANDOM PROCESS?! HOW STUPID DO YOU THINK I AM?!" His rage peaked, a towering inferno threatening to consume the hapless manager, whose lips moved silently, unable to form a reply.

Two figures appeared at the doorway—security personnel in crisp uniforms. Without hesitation, they strode in and seized the manager by his arms. He resisted weakly, his voice rising to a wail as they dragged him toward the exit. "No! Please, no! Give me another chance! I can fix this! I swear—!"



The pleas echoed through the room, unanswered, as the security guards hauled him out of sight. The remaining employees stared straight ahead, paralyzed by fear. The room seemed colder now, as if the air itself had been chilled by the exchange.

Our man turned back to the cowering team, his eyes narrowing as he surveyed them. His voice was a thunderclap of finality.

"THIS WILL NEVER HAPPEN AGAIN. DO YOU UNDERSTAND ME?"

A ripple of nods spread through the room, stiff and mechanical, as if each person feared a single misplaced motion might draw his attention.

Satisfied—for now—he turned on his heel and strode out, his metallic footsteps fading into the distance. The silence he left behind was heavier than before, thick with the unspoken relief of those who had survived the storm. For now.

Every so often, he allowed himself the satisfaction of what he called a productive day. And today had been very productive

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On his way back to his office, our man made a detour to the laboratory—the nerve center of his most cherished project. The AI being developed within these walls was not merely a tool; it was his legacy, the embodiment of his will, and the promise of his eternal dominion.

Unlike the tense atmosphere of the basement development team, the laboratory exuded calm efficiency. His presence here was routine, expected even, as he made daily visits to monitor progress. As he entered, heads turned briefly in acknowledgment, but there was no fear on their faces. This was his sanctuary, a place where he allowed questions—any questions—without restraint. Here, curiosity was not punished but encouraged, as long as it served the ultimate goal. And he always answered, no matter how probing the inquiry. Nothing was off-limits.

He walked with purpose, bypassing workstations and nodding curtly to those he passed. His steps carried him straight to the lead scientist overseeing the latest test—a test that had consumed his thoughts since the morning report.

"Do we have results?" he asked, his voice calm, almost pleasant.

The scientist turned from his workstation, meeting his gaze without hesitation. Unlike so many others under his employ, this man had learned not to cower. Respect, not fear, governed their dynamic.



"Yes, sir," the scientist replied, rising from his chair. "If you'd follow me, I'll show you."

They moved through the labyrinthine corridors of the lab, sterile and bright under the hum of fluorescent lights. The faint echo of their footsteps was the only sound, a quiet prelude to the presentation. At last, they arrived at a small observation room outfitted with a one-way mirror, the kind used in police interrogation rooms to observe subjects without being seen.

On the other side of the glass lay a cavernous chamber, starkly lit and ominously silent. The first detail to catch the eye was the arsenal of high-caliber machine guns mounted on the ceiling. The weapons moved with an eerie precision, scanning the room as though hunting for any lingering threat. Below them, the floor was littered with bodies—mangled forms sprawled in grotesque stillness. Many were missing limbs, the brutal aftermath of a firing squad calibrated to leave no doubt about its effectiveness.

The scientist gestured toward the macabre scene and began his explanation, his tone clinical, devoid of emotion.

"As anticipated, several prisoners from the underground outpost attempted to convince the AI of their willingness to integrate fully into the system," he began. "The test was designed to evaluate whether the AI could be swayed by such claims. The goal was to determine its capacity for discernment and its ability to weigh long-term consequences over immediate benefits."





He paused, his gaze shifting to the mirrored glass, where the mounted guns had finally gone still.

"The AI accurately identified that a number of the prisoners were being truthful," he continued. "Under earlier iterations of the program, those individuals would have been spared. However, with the latest training enhancements, the AI reached a different conclusion."

The scientist turned to face our man directly, delivering the final assessment.

"It determined that the greater good required a precedent—an example to discourage dissent in the future. Even those who posed no immediate threat were executed to reinforce the consequences of deviation. The prisoners were eliminated swiftly, ensuring no opportunity for others to misinterpret the message. The test has been a success. The AI now demonstrates a solid understanding of the necessity of difficult decisions for the greater good."

For a moment, silence hung in the air. Then, the prosthetic features of our man's face shifted, the faintest suggestion of a smile forming at the corners of his synthetic lips.

"Good," he said, his voice low but firm.

He turned back to the mirrored glass, surveying the results with a sense of satisfaction. The AI was learning. The flaws of human empathy, those irritating obstacles to efficiency, were being stripped away piece by piece. They were getting closer.