

*Obsession*

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# Chapter 1

## (Unwritten)

"I don't know, the fuck?" I rub my eyes, "L... Dylan can go fuck himself. I'm not losing no sleep over his fucking shit." I just got woken up by my mother, maybe five minutes ago, just to go get my schedule for school in a few minutes.

"You're so mean, Maddie," My best friend, Layla, laughs, "why you gotta do him like that?"

"Don't fuck with me if you don't want no smoke." I reach behind my back underneath my shirt, unclasping the hooks on the back of my bra, then letting it drop on the floor in front of my feet. "Fuck him."

"Madison!" I hear my mom call me from down the hallway.

"Yeah?" I respond.

"Stop cursing, and put clothes on! We got 10 minutes."

"Okay, mom..." I chuckle. "Layla, you still got any of the homework, or anything, from algebra class?"

"I don't..." Her eyes widen, "I threw that shit away after that class ended. Kendall might still have something, you might want to ask him."

I sigh, "Shit."

"Maddie!" Mom calls again.

"Mom, okay, I'll stop!" I answer to her demand before murmuring, "Damn," under my breath. I'm only asking because I hardcore suck at math, and I bet he's going to be teaching us the same shit Kendall and Layla had to learn, so... it shouldn't hurt to ask. I rub my eyes, again, just out of impulse because I want to go back to sleep, "I'm still fucking tired."

"You can go back to sleep after open house, Maddie. We'll see you there."

"I know."

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I don't hate school, but I can't wait for this shit to be over. One more year. So, while mom and I are waiting in line for me to get my schedule, I feel a push, like a purposeful shove, from behind. I turn my head to look behind me, seeing my enemy, Dylan Cawfield, walking away with another guy, and he's looking back at me with a sly smile on his dumbass face to make sure I noticed he just did that. "What's up, you gothic bitch."

I snarl, but I don't respond to him, then turn my head to look forward. "Fuck you."

"Wasn't that Dylan?" Mom asks. "Did he just call you a bitch?"

"Yeah, he's been doing it. Who cares." I don't know what made him suddenly flip his switch on me, but it started freshman year. Believe it or not, we used to be best friends when we were kids. It was him, me, and Layla, until Kendall came along in sixth grade. Dylan hated Kendall for whatever reason, and split from us.

Speaking of, I haven't seen Kendall or Layla yet. They said they'd be here.

As mom and I are walking all over the place to find my classes and meet my teachers, Kendall and Layla are still nowhere to be found, until we get to my last period class, Algebra. Barf. And in the classroom, I walk in to find

them talking to the teacher, Mr. Lazley, with his back turned to us at first. They took this class last semester, so I'm not sure why they're here.

Kendall points past him, at me, "She's right behind you."

Oh, so they were talking about me. He quickly turns around. "Hi, Maddie." He smiles. "Your friends were just telling me about you."

Mind you, this is the teacher that all the bitches, their moms, and even the older female teachers be swooning over. It used to be the chemistry teacher I had sophomore year (and who I'm pretty sure was low key trying to fuck me), but now it's him. He's new, after the last Algebra teacher retired. And did he just call me Maddie...? "Hi..." I return a forced smile, looking up into his (not gonna front, really pretty) hazel eyes. The fuck... what? "That's cool... I hope it was good things." I chuckle nervously before looking directly behind him, at my best friends, holding in their laughter.

"Oh, don't worry, they love you. You sound like a sweetheart to me... and I love your blue hair."

"Thank you." I immediately walk over to Kendall and Layla, and they can tell that I'm pissed. "What the fuck?" I whisper, loud enough for only them to hear. "What did y'all tell this man?"

"He asked, Maddie." Layla replies.

"Asked what? We don't know each other."

"I think he overheard us mentioning you while we were in his class, and he somehow knew we were specifically talking about you."

"Y'all were talking about me in his class, for what? I generally want to know."

"Because you weren't there to start a conversation and we had nothing else to talk about."

Okay then. "Oh, my God."

"Hey, Madison," Mom calls, "let's go, now. You'll see your friends on Monday... or this weekend."

I groan, "I'll see you guys later."

"We're coming with you. I came with Kendall anyway."

"You dragged me out of my room, Layla, my parents already set me up for my classes before they left."

"Shut up, Kendall."

"I'll see you on Monday, Maddie." Mr. Lazley says.

"Okay, bye." I respond to him before walking out of the classroom. Holy shit, what was that?!

# Chapter 2

## (Rewritten)

"Mom! I'm leaving!" I call out before opening the front door.

"Okay, bye," she responds, "don't forget to stay after school for tutorial."

Tutorial? For fucking what? I turn around, "For what class?"

"For algebra, Maddie."

The fuck?! Aw hell naw! She done told him I suck at math! "Mom!"

"You're not failing these last two math classes, Madison!" she asserts. "Now, you either go to tutorial for these last two to pass, or you're not graduating. Bye!"

"Oh, my God, fine." I groan, turning back around to walk out of the front door. That just fucked my entire mood up, but I understand where she's coming from. My two previous math grades were barely passing grades, don't get me started with those. Oh well. I may have to take

tutorial, but at least we don't have to catch the bus for these last two years. They finally gave Kendall a pass for student parking, so... he's picking Layla and I up from now on.

I hop into the front seat of his car, sulking, still kind of in the moment with the sudden news, but I'll be okay.

"Dammit." I sigh.

"What did mom do this time?" Kendall asks.

"Well, my algebra teacher now knows I fucking suck at math, so now I have to go to tutorial for his class after school."

"Oh, shit..."

"Oh..." Layla hesitates, both of them sounding worried, or even scared, for a long second.

I notice the sudden tone in their voices, prompting me to ask, "What?"

"Be careful, Maddie." Layla says first.

"Yeah, he's a weirdo about you, Maddie." Kendall adds.

"What do you mean? What the fuck are you...?"

"We didn't want to tell you while he was standing right there on Friday. He asked more than he should've about you, and of course, we didn't tell him much, but he just gave off a creepy ass vibe. Like, he has a crush on you or something."

What... the fuck! "Wait, huh?! Okay," If I have to watch out and be careful around this guy like I had to do with my creepy ass chemistry teacher sophomore year, honestly, I'm all for it now that they're telling me all of this. I'm not sure why I'm the one who has to encounter low key pedos. "I'll be careful, but I kind of doubt he meant to be creepy, or even come off as creepy. He seems cool to me." Especially when that was our first time ever meeting each other.

"Just watch your back, Maddie."

"Okay," I give in, "I will. Thanks for the info."

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"Hey, Maddie?"

"What?"

"Your algebra teacher is in here."

"Where?" I raise my head to look across the table at Layla, then turn my head to look around, immediately spotting Mr. Lazley on the other side of the lunchroom, with three other teachers. "Fuck you, Layla."

Kendall laughs, "I'm surprised he's not staring at you."

"Will y'all shut the fuck up about him. I still don't think he meant to be creepy." Or maybe he was being creepy and I'm just in denial due to the last teacher that was a creep towards me. I can't have another one. "I have his class in two hours. Don't psych me out." Now I'm kind of worried, like overthinking worried, but I'm sure this is all just a weird nuisance, Kendall and Layla were just watching out for me and Mr. Lazley is not really a creep.

After my third period science class ends, to quickly get this day over with, I run straight to my algebra class, walking in the classroom to find (or immediately notice) my mortal fucking enemy, Dylan Caulfield, in there sitting at a desk. But Mr. Lazley is nowhere. "Oh, shit." I grumble. I'm in his class with this fucker? Why him out of all people? We make eye contact as I walk towards a desk two rows ahead of his (because I'm not sitting nowhere near his ass), me turning my glare away before I sit down.

As the rest of the students are walking in and taking their seats, Lazley finally shows up, scanning the room

with his eyes (I guess, counting how many of us there is) before closing the door. "I'm about to take attendance, so if you hear your name, say here or raise your hand, or do whatever, just let me know it's you." Based on how he just laid that out, this might be a fun class later on. He goes down the list of names, looking up to see who is who and where they're sitting, and it's all good until he gets to my name. And you know what he calls me? "Maddie?"

Not Madison, Maddie. It pisses me off because I only let my best friends and mom call me that, otherwise, it's strictly Madison. "Did you just...?" I roll my eyes. I'm not about to snap on the first day. "Okay, here." Might as well get used to it. I'm going to be here another hour or two after school with this man, so... I'll be nice, for now.

He finishes his attendance call, then the class begins.

Bored out of my mind because I fucking hate math, I go through this class period tapping my foot, looking around, and not really paying attention (partially because of my ADHD). I bet tutorial is going to be hell if I can't sit through all of this without getting bored and distracted. Luckily, he's not exactly teaching things we need to know yet.

I do this for the whole hour and thirty minutes that we're in the classroom, until that last bell of the day rings, and everybody else leaves, leaving me sitting in my seat.

He turns his head after going to close the door. "Maddie? Why are you still here?"

"Well," I answer, "I'm stuck here with you for an hour or two because mom put me in tutorial."

"It's just for an hour." He smiles, and I immediately catch on to it not being a regular, genuine smile.

Was Kendall and Layla right the entire time? I quickly lower my eyes, avoiding making eye contact with him, because now I understand what they were trying to tell me. He is creepy, I can feel it. "Okay, then. Give me whatever work you got." He gives me a worksheet that might be one we'll be doing later in the semester, in which is good because I can start learning now instead of falling behind when the rest of the class starts learning. And as I'm doing this worksheet and following the guide giving directions above the problems, my intuition is screaming at me to get the fuck out of there. I continue with what I'm doing, ignoring the voice screaming in my head, hoping it's just my anxiety from earlier today acting up.

Wrong.

When I raise my head, I feel him touch, or run one of his hands through my hair, 110% sure he's doing it just to test me, or check my current temperature. "Whoa, what are you doing?" I ask with anger rising in my voice, turning

around in my seat to look at him. "Did you just touch my hair?"

"I did."

I'm uncomfortable, I'm uncomfortable, I don't want to be here, fuck this! They were right! I get up from my seat. "Uh, I think I'm gonna go," I chuckle nervously, "I'll do this worksheet at home." And never come back. I wouldn't mind skipping tutorial from now on and being at Kendall or Layla's house for a hour before going home. I don't think mom would notice.

"Don't go anywhere, Maddie," He says, getting closer to me as I'm taking steps backwards, trying to keep a normal, safe distance between us. "I don't want to hurt you, sweetie."

BULLSHIT, HE'S TRYING TO HURT ME! I twist around, attempting to just book it, away from him, out of this classroom, away from this school! He grabs me by the shoulders before I can get even a foot away from him, throwing me down against his desk, binding my arms behind my back with a tight clasp on my wrists. "No, no, no, no, no! Mr. Lazley!" I scream, trying to fight his grip on my wrists as I feel my pants being pulled down my waist. "STOP IT!" I clench one of my hands into a fist, my nails digging into the palm of my hand as I am forced to take the stabbing pain of him penetrating me.

"I have an hour," He snarls, tightening his clutch around my wrists and making me yelp in pain, most likely to bruise me and scare me into submission, "stop fucking moving, Maddie!"

"No!" I cry, "let me go, please!"

"I'm not letting you go," He growls in my ear, forcing one of my hands down and onto one of my butt cheeks as he starts thrusting into me, "and I'm definitely not missing this chance of fucking you."

"Fuck you, you fucking creep!"

"We were always after you, Madison. You're damn so right about that."

We?! Who the fuck else?! "Ahh, fuck..." I let out a gasp, my legs beginning to quiver as he pushes deeper into me, a warm, almost hot flash suddenly surging through my body, "Oh my God, stop!" Did I just... have an orgasm?

"I'm not done yet." I hear him exhale, before he finally pulls himself out of me, letting these fucked up moans escape his mouth as I feel a warm, sticky fluid land on one of my fucking ass cheeks. This sick motherfucker. He grabs my neck, then says into my ear with a snarl, "Get out of my fucking classroom."

# Chapter 3

## (Unwritten/ Rewritten)

Last class of the day, fucking algebra. Somebody fucking shoot me. "Ugh." I groan before walking into the empty classroom, then sitting in my seat. A few minutes go by, and nobody else walk into the room, not even my teacher. I stay in my seat, letting a few more minutes go by, nobody walks in. "What the fuck?" Either there's no class today, or everybody is in a different room. But his laptop is on his desk... and it's open? I drop my bag on the floor before standing up, walking up to his desk to look at his computer. I touch its trackpad to wake it up, finding it locked. "Huh? Okay..." Still, nobody has walked in. I walk away from his desk, heading towards my seat to grab my bag... until I don't make it to my desk.

I feel a pair of arms wrap around my waist before tugging me back a few steps.

"Ahhhhh! Stop!" I scream as I feel a hand snatch my lower jaw to try to keep my head in place, the other arm restricting my movement, someone—a male voice, starting to whisper in my ear and kiss me on my neck as I struggle to break free from his restrain. "stop it!"

"I'm not letting you go, Maddie." This isn't just anybody's voice. It's Mr. Lazley's.

"Leave me alone!"

"Do as I say, and I'll leave you alone, okay?"

"No!" I refuse, but it really don't matter.

He releases my face, tearing away at my buttoned down shirt and exposing my breasts. "Get down... get down, on your knees, Maddie." He says in a soft, almost a coercive tone as I continue to wrestle with him, until he finally gets me down on my knees in front of him, and my body is literally locked into the position. I can only move my head. I already know what's about to happen. I watch him undo his pants, turning my head and closing my eyes at the slightest sight of his dick, praying to God I wake the fuck up. "I've always wanted to fuck your gorgeous little face."

As I'm silently telling myself to wake up from this nightmare, I feel him grab a handful of my hair. I try my best keep my mouth shut when he tries to make me

open up by shoving his dick in my face. I shake my head, refusing to fulfill his wish.

"Come on, sweetie. I'm not going to let you wake up until you do this."

Wait, what?! Is he controlling my dream?! I shake my head again, still trying my hardest to turn my head away.

"I'll make you open it." He yanks his handful of my hair, making me scream. He finally gets what he's yearning for, inching his dick down my throat. He moans. "Still deciding on whether I should impregnate you afterwards." He begins to thrust himself further down my throat, damn near choking me... until I can't fucking breathe. He proceeds to hold my head in place as he's face-fucking me until I witness his eyes roll in the back of his head, shooting a whole fucking ounce or more of cum down my esophagus. "Swallow it," He demands before grabbing my face again, "I'm not going to let go until you swallow me. Do it, now. Maddie..."

I do what he wants, letting out a gag immediately after.

"There you go. Good girl, sweetheart."

"MOM!" I scream, waking myself up, before jumping up from beneath my bedcovers.

"What Maddie?!" Mom almost exclaims, startled by my abrupt awakening, almost making her drop the basket full of clothes in one of her arms. "Jesus, you scared the hell out of me! What's wrong?"

I rub my face, cursing under my breath, "What the fuck?"

"Did you have a nightmare?" She asks.

"A bad one."

"About what? Damn, you were being buried alive, or something?"

I wish. That would've been a way better dream than what I just experienced. Should I tell her about what happened yesterday? "No, but I wish."

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I'm exhausted. I sat up most of last night afraid after that fucking nightmare. So, at lunch with Kendall and Layla, with my tired eyes I'm either spacing out of the conversation and staring at something random, or looking down at my sleep phone's black screen.

"Maddie!" Kendall snaps me out of my dissociation.

"Huh?" I slowly answer.

He frowns, not only noticing that I wasn't paying any attention to the conversation, but sensing (or knowing) that something is wrong. "What's wrong, Maddie?"

"Nothing," I lie, "I didn't sleep last night, so I'm tired."

"You know I can tell you're lying, right? Tell us what's wrong, Maddie."

"I'm okay, really." I'm just not ready to say anything about it, even though I really want to. Even if I do tell them what he did to me, they most likely either won't believe me or won't be able to do anything about it. They told me to watch out, they fucking told me, and I brushed it off.

I go to the library for fourth period instead of my algebra class. I'm not going to tutorial either, I'm going with either Kendall or Layla after this, fuck if my mom yells at me for it. With a book in hand, I take a seat after the bell rings, and keep my eyes in this book for a good... seems like 10 or 20 minutes. And I'm all good, until the book suddenly gets lowered from my face with someone's hand.

"Madison?"

I look up. Oh boy, it's my algebra teacher. Don't blame me if I suddenly start vomiting. "What?" I groan.

"Bring your ass to my class, that's what. You're not supposed to be here."

I know damn well he didn't just leave his fucking class to come find my ass. I don't know if he saw me somewhere earlier today and knew I was here, or something, but I'm not sure how he found out I'm specifically in here. "Fine." I roll my eyes. I really don't want to be around him, and I would attack his ass and gouge his eyes out right here and now, but there's other people around. I follow him back to his classroom. And like yesterday, I spend the entire class period bored and not paying any attention to Mr. Lazley. Whether I'm in distress or not, I can't fucking help it.

Now that he caught me, I'm stuck here for tutorial, again.

# Chapter 4

## (Unwritten)

"Maddie? What's wrong?" Kendall and Layla both ask as the tears in my eyes begin to flow after Mr. Lazley walks away from our table.

I feel disgusting. And knowing that Kendall and Layla thinks he's a fucking smiling little Angel does not help at all. Did they not notice him rubbing my back (completely out of fucking context) like the fucking weirdo he is while talking to him? "I feel gross." My voice cracks.

"Why??"

I stay quiet, not wanting to say anything out loud, and so nobody around us will hear what I want, and need, to say. So, instead of whispering it to them or giving any sort of hint, I get up to quickly leave the lunchroom, and they follow me, still trying to get the answer out of me. "I don't want to say it."

"Did your mom do something again?" Kendall asks. "What is it, why are you crying? You never cry, so something is definitely wrong. Tell us something, Maddie."

"Mr. Lazley is a pedophile."

"What? What do you mean, how do you know that?"

"He raped me."

"He what?!" Their entire demeanours change, both of their faces changing from general concern to anger. "Why didn't you tell us sooner?"

"I didn't think y'all would believe me."

"Well, we do believe you! You need to tell your mom, or another teacher, or somebody! You can't just let him get away with it, Maddie."

Honestly, I don't know what to do. People love this guy, so I'm in two minds about the whole thing. Risking everybody getting pissed at me and calling me a liar for speaking up or not speaking up and letting him take advantage of me? "I don't know..."

"You don't know? Both you and Layla come with me after that last fucking bell rings. You're not staying for tutorial. You're going home, and we're telling your mom, Maddie."

"Okay."

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I'm not the one to try to get anybody in trouble, but now that I have thought about it these past two hours, I'm going through with what Kendall told me to do. But I have to get past Mr. Lazley first. I'm overthinking, too hard, while sitting in my seat as my last period class ends and everybody else is walking out. "Oh, shit." I curse to myself when I notice I'm now alone in the room with this fucker. I really don't want my friends to come up to this classroom only to end up getting expelled for beating his ass, so I gotta get out of here fast. I get up to get out of this classroom, Mr. Lazley quickly wrapping his arms around me to stop me.

"Where are you going?"

Ugh, gross! "Get away from me!" I scream, throwing one of my legs back, giving him a good, hard heel kick in the balls. He immediately releases me from his restrain, and I bolt for the door, running out into the hallway where I see Kendall and Layla just getting to the front of the hallway running towards the classroom, until they see me.

"We were just waiting for you, Maddie! Let's go!" Even though we shouldn't be running in the hallways, we still do

it anyway, all the way out to the student parking lot. Fuck the rules when there's an emergency. "Are you okay?" Kendall asks as we're getting into his car.

I shake my head, "He just tried to do it again, and I kicked him in his fucking nuts."

"Okay, how many times has he tried to do that to you?"

"He raped me twice, Kendall. This is the first time he didn't succeed in torturing me." The garage is open when we get there, so instead of going through the front door like I usually do, I beeline my ass into the house through the back door and Kendall and Layla come with me. "Mom?" I call while going up the stairs. No response. "Mom!" I look into her bedroom first, I don't find her. Then I look into my room, she's not there either. And as soon I go to look into the guest bedroom, I hear my name being called from downstairs, "Maddie, your mom is right here!"

By the time I get down the stairs, Kendall already has ahold of her, and she's standing outside the patio door with the most repelled look on her face as Kendall is airing everything from today and what I told them out for me. He probably knows I don't want to tell her everything, and wouldn't tell her everything if I had to do it.

"Why didn't you tell me sooner, Madison?" She asks. "When were you going to tell me all of this?"

"I don't know." I answer, tears beginning to well in my eyes.

"Don't ever think you can't tell me anything, Maddie. I believe you," She wraps her arms around me, pulling my into a hug, "I love you."

"I love you too, mom."