

*Obsession: the
Reflection*

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Chapter 1

"Dammit!" I hear a voice curse, then coughing from underneath my bed. "I hate when he sends me in this way." The source of this voice comes from under my bed as a grey mist before rising up, taking its figure directly in front of me as a tall man (almost the height of my dad), with a black hoodie and black pants on. "He definitely hates me." He finally turns around, revealing his face... and what looks like a fresh bullet hole in the centre of his forehead. "Hi, Abigail."

"Hi..." I respond hesitantly, "Daniel?"

"Oh, so you do remember my name!" He grins. "Do you remember why I'm still here?"

"No, I just... remember you from my dreams and physically seeing you every once in a while. I didn't think you were..."

"Real? That's kind of upsetting because that means your mother never told you about me, but you'll know eventually." He assures. "I'm one of your Guardian Angels. Well not yet an Angel, God and I are working on that, I'm in purgatory at the moment. We made an agreement before you incarnated, you're 18 and already started college, so it's about time for it to start before my judgment day."

"What agreement? What kind of agreement?" I hope it's not a bad one...

"You don't remember the agreement? Why did I expect you to immediately remember that..."

"No."

"There's a cycle that hasn't been closed yet, it's been 21 years already, and God attached me to your soul to help you end it, so it won't go on further, Maddie won't be burdened anymore, and so I won't go to Hell, but that is a whole other story that either I, or your mother, will tell you."

"Okay..."

"All I need you to do is listen to your intuition, and me, when we tell you something. I'm here to help and guide you, not control you."

"Hm," I purse my lips, "okay. That's interesting." I raise my eyes, staring at the gaping hole in his forehead. "Did you get shot... in the head? I don't remember you having that hole in your head in my dreams."

"I did get shot in the head."

"Okay, guardian angel," I smile, "what else do you need me to do other than follow orders?"

"Nothing. It'll be a quick and hopefully painless situation for you, depending on what God will allow to happen. If you do

everything right, the cycle will be finished and it will end, if you do everything wrong like your mother did, the cycle will continue."

"Is it going to be a bad situation?" I ask.

He keeps his mouth closed for a second before replying with, "well, the situation Maddy and I were in was a pretty... not so great situation because I fucked up. So I'm not sure whether the same thing is going to happen to you or not, he never elaborated on it. I hope not. Whenever I tell you what happened, I'll try to see whether you're willing to finish this with me or not."

"I mean, yeah, I am willing to finish this with you if it means you won't be sent to Hell and this cycle you're talking about will be finished."

"I would hold your tongue on that, kid. You'll probably hate me forever after I tell you."

"Okay, what did you do that was so bad, God wanted to send you to hell?" I understand if it was rape or domestic violence, but I can't really think of anything else. He seems like a cool guy.

"I don't think you'd want to know right now."

Chapter 2

"Mind if I talk to you while you're doing work?" Daniel asks, sitting on top of the table, in front of me.

"Sure," I reply, "what's up?"

"This is serious, so I need you to listen." He asserts.

"Remember that agreement I told you about?"

"The one that we agreed on before I was born, yes. What about it?"

"Please, don't freak out when I tell you this, I'm here to guide you out of this, I won't let it happen to you."

"What?"

"One of your professors is planning on doing something awful to you, and we need to figure out who this guy is before it gets to that point."

I immediately look up at him, glaring, kind of not believing what he just said. "What??" I respond, in sheer disbelief.

"What are you talking...?"

"You'll understand when I tell you what I did to your mother."

"What the hell did you do?"

"I don't think right now is the correct time to t—"

"Daniel," I disrupt him, "tell me right now."

"Okay, mini-Maddie, since you act just like her and want to know everything," He sighs, "I raped her."

How did I know it was either rape or domestic violence?
"You what?" I whisper loudly, accidentally loud enough that people on the other side of the room turn their heads towards me. "You sexually assaulted my mom? Are you fucking serious, Daniel?"

"I just said this wasn't the appropriate time to say it. You're already being hardheaded, Abigail. But I know you got that from both Maddie and Kendall, so you can't help it."

"What the fuck does that shit have to do with me? That is your fault!" I snarl. Now I know why God wants to send him to hell, and rightfully so!

"That's the cycle, Abigail," He hesitates, "and we need you to complete and close it by doing everything right this time. If not, it will keep going like a generational curse and it will get worse. I told you that already, you know this."

"You deserve to go to hell."

"Don't say that." His face softens. "Now you're pissed at me, I understand. The only reason I'm not burning right now is because I begged him to give me one last chance."

He sent me to come with you because he trusts us enough to break this cycle together."

I just stare up at him, into his now worried eyes, not even knowing what to say anymore. "What's the catch?"

"There is no catch, now is not the time to be pissed at me, Abigail. I just need you to do everything right, close this cycle, and I'll be gone. You won't see me ever again, I promise. Please?"

I lower my eyes. "Sure."

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"Okay, Daniel, tell me this fucking story." I say, immediately summoning him.

"Do you want the abridged version, or the unabridged version?"

"Who cares, just tell me."

"Okay," He starts, "your mother and I used to fight when I was her algebra teacher in high school. She hated me, but I did not hate her, and honestly I found pissing her off hot."

"Oh my... Daniel, what the fuck?"

"Hold on, I'm not done yet. She doesn't know this, please, don't tell her. I got curious when I kept hearing your father and their friend Layla repeatedly mentioning "Maddie" while they were in my class the semester before she had me. I didn't know mommy is a pretty girl until I finally had her in my class."

"And, so what?" I ask.

"I was mean to Maddie because I was low key... low key? Crushing on her. But then I figured out she was dating your father."

"Okay!" I clap my hands together, "I think I'm done hearing this. I don't want to even know anymore. But this cycle started how, again?"

"She tried to fight me after class on the first day, during her first semester in college, and I got carried away and... did that."

"Now, I don't even want to know anymore. Thanks for the elaboration."

Chapter 3

"Ahhhh!" I almost scream loud enough for the whole house to hear after I raise my head, seeing Daniel in my bathroom mirror in front of me, instead of my reflection. He let's out a cackle. "What the fuck, Daniel."

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean to scare you," He smirks, "I think."

I roll my eyes. "You meant to."

"I know you're almost ready for that party, but there's one small problem, Abigail..."

"What?"

His smile sinks into a frown, and a very worried one, "I think you should wear pants."

I glare at him, "You said you're here to guide, not control me."

"Well, I am guiding you, and I really think you should skip on the dress for this one."

"You're not my father, Daniel." I know I said I would listen to him sometime ago and not be stubborn, but what the fuck does my clothes have to do with this "agreement" we made in the spirit realm?

"But I'm your guide, and I know more of what's about to happen to you than your dad does."

"Okay then," I sigh, "I already have it on, I'm not taking this dress off."

"Fine," He gives up. "Don't say I didn't warn you, kid."

I leave my bedroom, then rush down the stairs. "Bye mom, bye dad." I kiss both of my parents on their cheeks before heading towards the front door.

"Be careful."

"I will." I smile. I got outside to get into my car, where Daniel suddenly appears in the passenger seat, with an even more worried expression on his face at me. "What?" I ask, "why are you still looking at me like that?"

"Are you sure you want to go to this party? I've never heard of professors throwing parties for their students."

"Positive." I reply, kind of annoyed by his concern. "I'm sure it'll be cool."

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"I'm going to need you to listen to me when you can because I have a bad feeling about this party."

"Daniel..." I groan, "nothing is going to happen. I'll be here for a few hours and then I'll go back home."

"Okay, maybe it's just me." He finally fucking admits. "I'll alert you if there's any real danger."

"Thank you." I get out of my car, then head up to the front door of this house. I find it kind of weird that my algebra professor is having this party at his house, but okay, whatever floats his boat. I knock on the door, and someone opens the door for me, and I'm greeted by groups of people in different areas around the house. I didn't come with any friends, so I'm not sure where I'm going to blend in through all of this.

I should've come with friends. Maybe a drink will loosen me up? Okay, I know I just turned 18 like five days ago, but I'm in college now. I should be allowed to at this point.

I search around trying to find a bar area, and away from the crowds, and when I do find what I'm looking for, a bar area kind of secluded from the flood of people, I sit down in one of the barstools. I ask for one vodka infused drink, and I'm only sticking with this one for the night because I don't want to get shitfaced drunk, and I have to drive home after this. Pretty sure mom and dad would kill me if I came home stumbling and possibly vomiting. Anyway, I turn my head to look beside me, seeing Daniel again, sitting in the empty barstool next to mine. "Are you still following me?"

"Yes," He confirms, "just to make sure you're safe, Abigail. I'm telling you, something is not right around you, and you need to watch out."

Chapter 4 •

Madison

"Maddie!" He immediately grabs onto my hand. "Listen to me... please."

"What?"

"I don't want to hurt you... again. It's your daughter. Abigail is in trouble."

"What do you mean?" I respond, turning around to face him.

"You need to go to the address she gave you, quickly. Her professor drugged her. I don't think you'd want to know what he's about to do to her." He asserts. "Wake up, Maddie!"

I'm startled out of my sleep, immediately sitting up to reach for my phone, that's set on the coffee table in front of me. Daniel better be fucking with me. I scroll through my contacts, find my daughter's name, and call her. It goes to voicemail. "Are you fucking ser..." I call her phone again. It goes to voicemail.

"MADDIE!" I hear an awfully familiar voice that hasn't spoken in years exclaim, not in my mind, but from behind. It's nobody else's voice, but Daniel's.

And while I'm calling Abigail's phone for the third and last damn time before I go to hunt down and murder whoever the fuck this professor is, I turn around to look behind me, finding nobody else in the room with me. He's not fucking with me. "Oh hell no," I curse under my breath, "KENDALL!"

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As I have my foot laying on the gas pedal, trying not to go full speed out of rage, Kendall continues trying to get ahold of Abigail; every attempt going straight to voicemail.

"Something is definitely wrong, Maddie. She won't answer."

It's almost 12 in the morning, and the party looks like it's still going and probably won't stop anytime soon. That's not a good sign, at least to me. We jump out of my car, then sprint up to the front door to knock on it. After a couple of minutes, maybe three, someone, a woman, finally answers the door. And before she can say anything, I chime in, "Hi, we're looking for our daughter. Excuse me." This party isn't wild (at least not as wild as the shit we've seen), but it's not a calm, quiet one either.

"Have you seen a small girl with a white polka dot dress on?" Kendall asks a trio of people, most likely college

students, standing next to a staircase. Two of them look at each other, probably thinking about it, the third one extends his right arm to point to an area further into the house. We immediately push past the clusters of bodies in the way to access the area, finding our daughter from distance, laying on her back on a sectional couch with one of her arms covering her face... and a man (her history professor) sitting right beside her head, caressing her hair.

"That's him." I hear Daniel's voice confirm, in my head.

"Thank you, Daniel." I whisper to myself before I beeline my way to this fucking weirdo trying to sexually assault our baby, and Kendall goes after her, picking her lethargic body up, then into his arms.

Now we know how my mother felt that one time I went missing after getting drunk at Dylan's party.

I run up on this man, not to share a few threatening words with him because that's not gonna help a damn thing, but to cave his fucking face in! With my left hand (and yes, with my wedding ring on to literally add insult to injury), I clasp my hand into a fist, and swing not once, not twice, but three times at his face. Heads immediately turn to see the commotion, finding him laying on the floor in front of the couch, barely conscious. "Come near my daughter again, and see what'll happen."

Chapter 5

"You okay, kid?" Daniel asks.

"I guess so," I answer groggily, turning over to the other side of my bed, "I feel weird. I have a headache too."

"Because you got roofied last night."

"I did?"

"Yeah..." He smiles nervously. "And your mother was about to kill your history professor for it."

"Eww," I gag, "it was him? Damn... how'd you know?"

"I really didn't know it'd be him. God told me what was going to happen, but didn't tell me who to look out for, but I guess it was part of his plan to test me."

"For what?"

"To see if I was serious about my last chance."

"Abigail?" I hear my bedroom door open, and I look to see my parents walking towards my bed.

"Hi."

"You okay?" Dad asks before stroking my hair a couple of times.

I smile gently, "Yeah. I kind of have a headache, but I'm okay."

"Do you know what happened last night?" Mom asks.

Unfortunately. "Yeah," I murmur, "I got drugged."

"By one of your professors." She frowns. "We almost lost you last night, Abigail. You're not in trouble, baby, but you have three more years of college, and we need you to watch out and be careful if you're going to attend all of sorts of parties. Especially going without friends that will watch out for you, because people are fucking evil."

"I know..." I lower my eyes, "I was trying to be careful. I think I got... handed a drink, and I took it without thinking about it. I'm sorry."

"It's okay. Just be careful next time. And don't take any drinks you didn't see the bartender make in front of you."

I will definitely be careful next time. "Okay." I really should give all of the credit to Daniel. He tried his best to tell me something was wrong and I needed to watch out, and I just didn't want to hear it because I didn't think (or didn't want to believe) it'd happen to me. He was right the entire time.

"I've never taken a random drink, or experienced being drugged, but I did get almost blacked out drunk before at

a party, when I was your age. You know Dylan Caulfield, it was one of his parties. And I had to get carried out by one of my professors because I was about to walk down a flight of stairs while impaired. I was missing for an entire night until I called mom the next morning. It's not exactly the same situation, but it reminded me of it, and had he been one of those people like that psycho, I would've been fucked."

Should I say that I think I know which professor she's talking about? "Was his name Daniel?" I ask, already knowing the answer to my stupid question.

"How do you...?" I watch my mom slightly pull herself back, kind of surprised by my question. "His name was Daniel. How do you know that?"

I'm not going to tell her that he's in the room, on the other side of my bed right now, but, "I've had dreams about him. He talks to me sometimes."

"He told me you were in trouble."

"I know." Both of my parents hug me, and as they're doing so I look up, finding Daniel standing in front of a door-like portal with a radiant light gleaming from it, and a white, glistening halo encircling above his head.

"Thank you for finishing and closing out this cycle with me." He turns his head, "If you ever need me, call on me, I'll always be here for you, Abigail."

"You're welcome..." I whisper. "Bye, Daniel."

"Goodbye." He grins, the portal, along with him, vanishing into shimmering, pearly white feathers.