

*The
Attachment*

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Chapter 1

"You're okay, Valerie," He attempts to assure me, one of his hands gripping my thigh, "we'll be done soon."

"okay." I mutter while nodding my head. How did I even get to this point? I kept telling myself I'd leave eventually, until I gave up trying to do so, because it took me so long to choose. It's been three years since I married Logan, and now I wish I had listened to my gut telling me no when he proposed to me.

"Ah, hello," We're both greeted by a friend (or, one of Logan's friendly competitors), Aden Conley, and his wife, Katherine, before they sit down in the seats across the table from us.

"Hi!" We both return the greeting. I don't show it, I really hate going to these parties for million and billionaires. When I closely observe, all I see is CEOs bragging and comparing themselves to each other. I'm not implying that Logan does it, but he has problems of his own that only comes out in front of me... not in a nice way. So, to get away from him and this party altogether for a few

minutes, I take my phone out from my purse, then stand up.

"Where are you going?" He asks, pulling me back, not releasing his clutch on my hand.

"I'll be back," I reply, "I have to use the bathroom." I walk to the restroom, scrolling through my contacts to find my sister's name. Last weekend, I sent a video to her of Logan having a tantrum and screaming at me, to prove that being with him isn't all that they think it is. When I first decided to try to tell them that he's a controlling covert narcissist, I was serious, and they didn't believe me.

I enter a stall, then lock it before calling my older sister, Shiloh.

"Valerie?" She finally answers.

"Hey, Shiloh... I need you."

"I can tell. Is it about Logan?" She asks.

"Not exactly." I sigh. "I need you to pick me up on Saturday. I'm done with him, Shiloh."

"After your anniversary day, are you sure? Does he know you're leaving?"

"I've been planning this since last month, I'm sure as hell." Ugh, our anniversary, I don't even want to be home with him for that. But I have to just so he won't suspect me trying to leave.

"Okay, Valerie. I'll be there whenever you're ready."

"Thanks, Shiloh." I leave the restroom, quickly returning to the table. This is what I have to do daily (hiding text messages and phone calls) because of his possessiveness and paranoia.

The more I think about everything, the more I realize I should've taken those red flags and ran with them before we even got married. He was abusive towards me plenty of times beforehand, I just didn't want to see it, or it flew over my head because he hides it so well.

"Did you call your sister, Valerie?" He asks.

I purse my lips before responding, "Yeah." How does he know that? "Why?"

"I know you're planning on leaving me."

Oh shit. I shudder, the kitchen knife I'm holding in one of my hands falling into the sink with a loud clang. "No... Logan, I'm not planning..."

"Don't lie to me, Valerie," He exclaims before picking up the knife from the sink, aiming the blade at my throat, "I fucking heard you, I listened to the entire conversation!"

"Why are you listening in to my calls?!"

"They're my devices, I bought them for you, so I can do whatever I want with them! I see everything you do on them... you're not going anywhere. Even if you do manage to leave, I'm not signing the divorce papers, and I will find you wherever you go."

I keep my mouth shut for what seems like a long time, staring back at him, until he finally draws the knife out of my direction and puts it back down. I turn my back to him, mumbling the words "fuck off..." under my breath.

I see something dart past my face, hitting the furthest wall in front of me before crashing to the floor with another loud, metallic clanging against the hardwood. Did he just throw the knife...?

He yanks me back towards him, one arm around my chest binding both of my arms in place and a hand over my mouth. "I don't think you're taking me seriously, honey." He whispers into my ear. "You should be ecstatic that I love you enough to protect you and not let you out of my sight because if I can't have you, then nobody can."

Chapter 2

"Valerie?"

"Ethan!" I grin—genuinely for once in years—as my older brother hugs me. We haven't seen each other since he moved across the country five years ago. "How are you doing?"

"I'm doing great, L..." He pauses, "saw that video you took of Logan. Shiloh sent it to me, and she wanted me to show up without telling you, just to make sure you're okay."

"Actually, Ethan, I'm not okay." I confirm. "I need your help." I let him in. Maybe he'll be able to tag along with Shiloh to carry out our plan. "I'm planning on leaving Logan soon, I already told Shiloh about it, and... I was wondering if you could tag along to help."

"Sure, Valerie," He replies, "why are you asking that?"

"He knows." And if Logan decides to attack me to keep me from leaving, I'll need him.

"He... knows?"

"If he wakes up, he's going to try to hurt me. He's that crazy." So, as we're walking up the staircase to get to our bedroom, Ethan is scanning the house with his eyes, most likely realizing that Logan isn't a regular person. He's rich, but he's an awful, maybe even evil, man. Ethan was already gone by the time I met Logan, so they've never met each other.

He purses his lips, probably due to nervousness, before asking me, "Where is Logan?"

"He's at work. I hope."

"You hope?"

"It's almost 12, he usually comes home for an hour, then goes back to work before 1."

"Okay." He nods.

I hope he won't walk in soon because Ethan is really not supposed to be here. I'm not supposed to have anybody here, Logan doesn't allow it, and now I know why. I jump onto Logan's desktop computer as soon as we enter the bedroom, to FaceTime our sister. "I can't exactly do it on

my phone because he can see everything I do on my devices. It's how he found out in the first place."

"What?" Ethan frowns, almost sounding shocked about it. "Is he paranoid, or just crazy?"

"Umm," I hesitate, "is both an option? I mean, how he acts makes it seem like it's both... with a large side of narcissism." Shiloh finally answers the call, greeting us with, "Hi!"

"Hi!" Ethan and I respond to her greet.

"Oh, Ethan is already there, cool. I asked him to go check on you, Valerie."

"He told me." I smile. "Thank you, sis."

"You're welcome."

We start going over the plan for Saturday night, when I'm going to escape this hell hole, and as we're doing so, we suddenly hear the ring of the house's security system. Ethan and I look at each other, and Shiloh curses, "Oh, shit." Logan's home. "We gotta go, Shiloh."

"Call me when he's gone again."

"We will." I end the call before Ethan and I leave the bedroom and rush down the hallway, approaching the staircase to find Logan standing just at the bottom of the stairs with a pistol in one of his hands. "Logan," I call, panic rising in my voice, "what are you doing?"

He aims the barrel of the gun at my brother, "who the fuck are you?"

"Logan, this is —"

"Shut up, Valerie," He cuts me off, "I'm not talking to you!"

"It's okay, I'm her brother," He responds, holding up both of his arms, "my name is Ethan."

"Ethan?" He lets his hand fall, lowering his guard.

"Where'd you come from? Why are you here?"

"He's visiting, Logan. I haven't seen him in five years."

Jesus, what the fuck was he planning on doing? Shooting and killing all of us due to an assumption?

"Ah, okay," Logan softens up (for once in my presence,
and as he always does when there's other people around),
"I'm sorry."

Chapter 3

"Hey!" I hear Logan call from across the table, startling me from my sudden dissociation.

"Hm, what?" I ask.

"Don't what me. What is wrong with you, Val?"

I shake my head. "Nothing, I'm... tired."

"Already?" He rolls his eyes.

Honestly, I'm just ready for this whole thing to end. I'm going to attempt to escape from this prison of a life tomorrow night, and I have a great feeling that it's going to succeed and I'll finally be away from him. "Yeah." I get up from my chair, "I'm going to bed." I used to always use this excuse to escape him earlier in our marriage whenever I sensed an incoming outburst or tantrum, but now it just doesn't work anymore because he knows it now.

"You're not going anywhere until I say you can." He snarls, "Sit down, Valerie!"

I choose not to listen. I turn around anyway, ignoring him as I walk away from the table. He slams his glass of wine down before getting out of his chair, yanking me back by my hair, instantly seizing me from walking further away from him. "LOGAN!" I scream.

"LISTEN TO ME FOR ONCE!"

"WHAT DO YOU WANT?!"

"DON'T WALK AWAY FROM ME!"

"Okay," I whimper, "let me go, please!" Instead of releasing me and making everything easier for both of us, he pulls me towards the living room area. "What are yo—"

"You're not going anywhere, you little bitch." He growls.

"Logan!" I scream when he throws me down onto the couch, pinning my arms above my head onto the cushions with one hand, and reaching for my panties under my dress with the other. "STOP!" I tussle with his grip on my wrists and his weight on my body, accidentally raising one of my legs and kneeling him in his sack.

I quickly roll myself onto the floor from underneath him as he lets out a grvelling scream, clutching his groin, "AHHH! YOU BITCH!"

I crawl across the floor, finally standing up when I get in front of the kitchen's island, immediately sprinting over to the countertop near the stove to grab a knife, directing its blade in his direction as he approaches me. He just tried to rape me! "Get the fuck away from me!" I don't want to hurt my husband, but if I have to stab him to prevent him from causing me more hurt, I fucking will! I think...

"You're really going to try to stab me, Valerie?" He gaslights me. "Put the knife down. Now."

I shake my head. "No!"

"If you cut me, you'll be at fault, and I'll rightfully blame you!"

He'll blame me?! What kind of manipulative shit! I know he'll only do it to make himself look like the victim. "YOU JUST TRIED TO RAPE ME!" Somehow even though I'm fixedly wielding this knife with everything in me, he gets close enough to swiftly grab me by my wrists again, catching me so off guard, I drop the knife. This is what I have to go through daily, the gaslighting and abuse, but I

don't think any of our past fights have ever been this bad. And I hate that we're even able to get to this point.

"GET DOWN!" He twists me around, forcing me to bend over onto the island's countertop, then pulls up my dress.

Why did I trust this fucking narcopath, and what the fuck did I see in him that was marriage material in the first place?! I should've left him years ago, when his behaviour started changing as time passed while we were dating. He was the biggest sweetheart when we first met, he gradually changed while we were dating, it didn't take long for me to notice and call him out on it.

Chapter 4

I rub my eyes. I've been on this computer for a few hours now, and I'm ready to go. I close my Safari tab before moving my mouse over to click onto the app for the security system, deactivating the intruder alarm, so it won't wake Logan up and I can leave quietly.

To hide a good amount of evidence, I close out the app, then put the computer on sleep mode before leaving the room to go downstairs. The first thing I do when I get down the stairs is go straight to the kitchen to take off my wedding ring, leaving it where it will be noticed, on the island's counter; still contemplating this whole thing. And I wait where I'm standing until I see my phone's screen light up, looking over at the screen to see my sister has sent me a text message that says, "We're here." Yes, finally! I respond back to her with, "Okay," before leaving the kitchen area. I'm not going to miss this life. When I get to the front door, I grab onto the handle to slowly pull it open, letting the security system ring for a second, before I feel the back of my head get whacked by something cold and hard. A roaring, chiming sound of metal that sounds like a metal pan has been banged on something fills my ears before I collapse.

"Put the gun down or we'll shoot!"

"Valerie," A voice calls my name as I'm regaining my consciousness, "Valerie?" I don't raise my head until I'm shaken fully awake and alert by this person, a police officer, "Valerie? Are you okay?"

Blood pouring from my nose, the back—as well as my entire head and body throbbing and sore, I don't respond to him verbally, I nod.

"Mind if look at your head?"

I lower my head for him, letting him and another officer examine the back of my head, listening to them and hearing them saying things like, "He definitely hit her with something," and, "she needs medical attention," to each other. The female officer asks me, "Do you know what happened, Valerie?"

"I don't know." I sniff, weakly attempting to stop my nosebleed. "Where's Ethan... and Shiloh?"

"Don't worry, your brother and sister are outside."

When you're dealing with a malignant narcissist, a covert one especially, you're not dealing with a regular human being with a soul, or someone that's capable of feeling and having empathy. You're dealing with a vampire, a demon, a soulless being that feeds off of weakness, vulnerability, and the light of others. No matter how much they pretend be normal and self sufficient, without me, you, or anybody with a soul, they're powerless and just an empty shell of deep rooted pain and misery. Unable to change unless they choose to do so, but that's rarely ever a case because they want to believe that they're perfect (in their own delusional world, they're perfect), and everybody else is flawed.

They're jealous of any and everybody with the things they very much so lack (or in their minds, they do), and they're determined to destroy the peace and happiness of others because they themselves can't obtain either of those in their own lives.

I'm not trying to say to always be wary of the people around you, but when the feeling of unease and something

being wrong with a particular person or people comes up, be careful. They lurk in the shadows looking for their next harem of victims. It's usually too late and damage has already been done when they're eventually discovered to be a narcissist, but there's definitely ways of seeing and spotting them out before it gets to the point of no return.

"Do you like the dress?" Jane, my stylist, asks with a grin forming on her face.

"I do, actually. I... thought I wouldn't, but..." I smile, "I guess I misjudged it's size."

"Yay! I knew you'd like it!" She cheers. "Okay, you can wear that, you have ten minutes before you walk the runway."

"Okay."

"Also, there's a guy outside in the foyer looking for you, so you might want to sort that out before you go."

"Uh, okay," I hesitate, "where is he?"

"He's just outside the door, I think Jack might be talking to him."

"Okay, thanks, Jane." I don't know who this guy is, but I know I'm looking forward to seeing Jack's pretty face. I haven't seen him in months, I've been planning on asking him out for a while, maybe I'll do it later this week. I leave the fitting room, standing in front of the door and turning my head, looking around to find this person who's apparently looking for me. "Where?"

"Hey, Valerie!" I hear Jack's voice calling me from behind.

"Yeah?" I turn around to see him and another guy following behind him. "Hey," I smile.

"Your husband's here."

"My... husband?" My smile fades as I pause... in sheer terror, my eyes move from Jack's face to looking past him, at the taller guy standing behind him. "Logan..."