

REFLECTION

Miami, Florida, USA. Present day.

Kevin was a narcissist. A handsome, well-built young man. His parents owned a profitable business, and Kevin could afford a lot — which he took full advantage of, without a trace of gratitude. Everything — only for his beloved self.

The one-night girlfriends, from school days to the present, left him empty-handed. They all always complained to each other about his emotional coldness. What pissed each of them off was the same thing: he looked better than she did.

Kevin didn't care about them. They were just resources — for feeding his vanity and sexual hunger. He saw his parents as useful. He skillfully mimicked a caring son, disguising cold calculation as empathy.

They never suspected — always busy and preoccupied — that their son was a manipulator and a sociopath.

Kevin didn't even remember when it all started.

Probably that day, returning from school, when he wandered through the back alleys and saw a cat carrying her kittens. He followed her and waited until she left. Then moved the crates where she'd hidden her litter. The kittens were tiny, helpless, still blind, squeaking softly.

Kevin tore off each of their heads one by one. He felt a strange inner satisfaction. Then put the crates back — and walked away, wondering how surprised the cat would be when she returned.

He stood and stared, admiring his reflection. And every time he remembered his “pranks,” the echo of what he'd done would send a tremor through his heart. He didn't just remember — he re-lived those scenes, as if the reflection whispered:

— Hey, don't forget. That was so much fun!

Kevin leaned in closer to the mirror and, staring into his own eyes, remembered how he once traveled with his parents to New York for Christmas.

He'd gone off alone “to find a souvenir.”

He went down into the subway, waited for the right moment, and shoved a teenage girl — who was engrossed in reading a book — directly onto the tracks. And quietly disappeared into the crowd.

The reflection smiled. Kevin blinked — and the vision vanished. The fact that his reflection was sometimes out of sync, that it wouldn't blink in time, or that it would follow him with its eyes and smile — didn't bother him. As if he didn't even notice.

Kevin was strolling through Brickell City Centre, letting his eyes glide over the facades and polished glass shopfronts — looking for himself in every window and reflection. He caught every glint of himself — in all that shining luxury — as confirmation that he was, indeed, beautiful.

At one of the many cafés, he noticed a familiar scene: a father and his little daughter eating ice cream. Kevin took a seat at the neighboring table — so that he could see both them and his own reflection.

He remembered.

That day at the summer festival, he was a volunteer, helping deliver food to the guests.

He didn't recall where he got the pharmacy bottle labeled Thallium Sulfate — rat poison. POISON!

But he remembered well how carefully he sprinkled the powder into a hamburger and soda — for a man and his daughter. What happened to them afterward — he didn't know. But he sincerely hoped for just one thing: that they died slowly, in agony.

The reflection in the glass smiled wide.

Kevin calmly smiled back, got up, and walked on.

He didn't see that, in the reflection, sitting at the table was that same girl from the festival. Her eyes had melted out. In her hands — a lump of black, oozing slime, which she gnawed with a lipless mouth. Across from her sat her father — and from beneath him, pouring from his chair, was a stream of bloody diarrhea.

How many innocent lives Kevin had taken with his “pranks” — no one knew. He didn't care. And the thought of it made him feel delicious.

Kevin stopped in front of a massive mirror and began admiring himself — when the reflection waved its hand: come here. At first, Kevin paid no attention.

But then the reflection repeated the gesture: come here. With a stunned face, he stepped closer.

Closer — the reflection gestured again.

He leaned in, face nearly touching the glass...and then the reflection smiled — and suddenly grabbed him

and began to smash him against the surface with terrifying force.

The giant mirror cracked. Shards began to fall.

Each blow was harder than the last. Kevin lost consciousness. Terrified visitors screamed. Some pulled out their phones — but it was already over.

Shards of glass pierced his brain through his eye sockets, causing instant death. His once-beautiful face was mutilated. The dead flesh in a pool of crimson blood no longer held the soul or mind once called Kevin.

After watching the security camera footage, only the detective noticed something strange: the body, after it had died, went limp, but it continued to slam against the surface of the broken mirror. The incident was ruled a suicide, and the case was closed.

The End

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