

Recompense - Part One

By GossamerandGrey

Published on Stories Space on 12 Jul 2017

Another horror story in pieces....

<https://www.storiesspace.com/stories/horror/recompense-part-one.aspx>

"I want them beheaded," she announced amidst the staggered crying of the women.

"You want to cling to the barbaric ways of your heritage then you can appreciate drawing your last breath with your throat against the chopping block."

More cries broke out, loud and pain-filled sobs that rang inside her ears. She would finally have the revenge she sought for so long. Recompense for the murder of her beloved family at last.

"Then tomorrow...,"

"No, I don't want to wait that long. God only knows what will happen between now and then. They will die at dusk, today."

"That's two hours away. We may not have enough time to,"

"I don't care, Carson. I will not have them escape. They will die. Today," she commanded as she turned and made her way through across the threshold of the iron doors.

"Good Morning, baby!" She called out once she heard the pitter patter of tiny feet against the hardwood.

She turned to look at her beautiful daughter who right now, had the crazy bedhead hair she'd ever seen, and was carrying her favorite blanket under her arm just as she did every other morning.

"Good morning, mommy," she said sleepy past a yawn.

"Did you sleep well? I missed you while you were sleeping," she told her.

"Yeah, I missed you while I was sleeping too," her baby replied as she walked over to the kitchen table and found her seat. "Are you making me pancakes?"

"Mhm," she sounded, "you're favorite ones too. Chocolate chip."

"Yay!" She shrieked, "will they be done soon?"

"Not too long now, angel. Just hang in there," she giggled as she moved over to the refrigerator to grab fresh strawberries and the carton of eggs. She made sure to watch as she moved so she wouldn't hit her now six-month large pregnant belly.

As she eyeballed the strawberries and cantaloupe inside of the fridge, she felt the familiar taste coat her tongue and a sudden kick on the right side of her tummy. She looked down with a smile and rubbed along the length of her growing abdomen to calm the child within, "I know what you want, son," she laughed, "I haven't forgotten about feeding us too."

"And what about me? Don't I get breakfast?" Her husband, Darren, teased as he snuck up into the kitchen.

"Where have you been all morning?"

"Outside, cutting the grass. I wanted to get an early start so we could have the whole day together," he explained as he strode over and placed a gentle kiss on her forehead.

"Did you finish it already?"

"Yep, all done for the day and I am all yours," he smiled as he wrapped his strong arms around her, hugging her and their son tightly against him.

"What about me, Daddy?" Eva called out.

"Did you hear something?" He teased, "I could of swore I just heard a little girl talking."

"Daddy...."

He gasped, "there it is again! Where is it coming from?"

"Dad-dy!" She laughed, "it's me! Your baby!"

He turned around slowly, pretending to look for the suspicious talking baby, making Eva laugh loud in the process. Moira rolled her eyes then turned back to the hot stove to finish breakfast as they continued to play their game.

"Daddy! I'm over here! At the table,"

"Where in the worl-..." he said before finally turning to face her with a surprised gasp. "There! The talking baby! I'm gonna catch her!" He roared as he changed his voice to sound like one of the silly monsters from Eva's storybooks. Something Eva always thought was fun.

Eva squealed as she tried to make a beeline out of her chair. In the end, she was too slow and was caught in the clutches of her playful, loving father who took the opportunity to tickle her as he held her close, making her howl with laughter.

Moira listened and watched happily between making breakfast as they played and her husband began to chase Eva around the house. Her husband would roar, Eva would laugh, and Terrance would kick inside her belly. The start of her best days always began with mornings like this, and she considered herself the luckiest woman in the world to be able to have them for the rest of her life.

But that life was cut short when everyone she loved had been taken from her.