

# What Would You Do?

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*Yeah. . .Just some random angsty stuff I wrote. . .Oneshot . . . PLEASE no bashing ;\_;*

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# 1 - What Would You Do?

She could hear the footsteps getting closer to her. . . The echo of the gunshots still ringing in her head. She knew he was coming. . . The man who had just killed her beloved mother and grandmother. It seemed so long ago now that they were all enjoying their dinner after a relaxing swim in the pool . . .

----- What re we having for dinner? Lila said as she floated on her back, in her small, but suiting swimming pool. Pirogues. Her mother simply replied. She could see her daughters face light up. She knew they were her favorite.

Honestly! Her grandmother spoke up from her spot where she was working in the garden. You two could live off of those! Lila and her mother just looked at each other and made faces . . .

----- He s coming to finish the job She thought to herself . . . She had no idea who this man was. He had just let himself in the front door while they were upstairs. Lila didn t see his face . . . as soon as the first shot was fired at her grandmother, her mother urged her into the closet. She knew that when her mother did this, there wouldn t be enough time for her to sneak in as well . . . the man was already halfway up the stairs. The second shot was fired and Lila heard a sickening thud. Lila always knew that her grandmother was too trustworthy of everyone to lock the doors before anyone went to bed. . . It finally caught up to them. The pace of her breathing quickened with each step the man took. Lila reached for the gun that her grandmother kept hidden in the closet . . . It was loaded. By now the man was right outside of the door . . . She cocked her gun and pointed it upwards, to where the mans face would be. The door started to open and Lila closed her eyes. As soon as the squeal of the door opening stopped she fired. She knew she had hit the man because she wasn t dead yet. . . She waited in the silence for a few moments to see if the man stirred. She couldn t take the suspense anymore. . .She needed to see who it was that was sick enough to kill her dear old grandmother, and her beautiful mother. As she crawled out of her hiding place, her eyes were drawn to the figure whose face was covered in blood. Her heart sank. Lying there, in his own blood, lying on the already blood-soaked carpet . . . was her father. She looked at the gun in her hands . . . Still loaded with a few more bullets. Had her father really intended to kill her too? . . . It was too late for that now. . . She loved her dad more than anybody else in her family. Lila cocked her gun and raised it to her head . . .