

Equilibrium

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Equilibrium

by [orphan_account](#)

Summary

Before there was Lydia, The Ghost with the Most knew another breather.

Nancy is a small town girl who moved states to be with the man she loved. She had a wonderful job and friends and yes that it a bruise on her arm but it's okay, she walked into the door frame again.

Only one friend sees the signs and tries to help, in the course of Nancy's flight to freedom she discovers an old flyer for something called a 'bio-exorcist.' Weird right?

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

Prologue

The crisp smell of autumnal air drifted through the small house from the open back door where a young woman hung out her laundry. She looked out over the fields beyond her garden and smiled, all the crops were being harvested and it filled the usually quiet sleepy village with sounds of machinery. The noise helped to drown out everything else going on in the young woman's head.

She checked her watch and was startled by the time. Heading back inside the house she washed her hands and got started on cutting vegetables for lunch time. Her husband would be back in a short while and he would be hungry. Best not to keep him waiting. It was a familiar routine for her. Washing, peeling and chopping the ingredients for the soup she was making. She let the water simmer while she added the stock cube and assorted vegetables. Covering the pot and turning up the heat a little, she went away to set the table and tidy up a little around the house.

As she bent down to wipe the coffee table, she felt a sharp ache in her lower back. She would have to make sure that was nothing too serious. Nevertheless she pushed through the pain and kept on cleaning. Intermittently she checked the soup and when there was nothing left to do, she merely waited. A bundle of nerves, hoping he wouldn't be displeased.

When the door swung open an hour later she stood up to greet him and take his tool bag off of him. She went to kiss him but he just pushed past her and walked to the table.

"What's for lunch?"

"I made soup." She said, scurrying to the kitchen to dish up a bowl for him. She remembered just in time to take through some bread and butter too.

"Aren't you having any?" He asked as she sat down opposite him.

"Oh, um." She was flustered, usually he preferred to eat his lunch in peace.

"It's not a hard question." He said, a hard tone taking over his voice.

She stood up quickly, too quickly, and the seat behind her toppled over and made a clattering noise. She cringed and risked a look over to her husband. He was wearing a barely concealed scowl. In a flash of movement he flung the bowl across the room and the bowl shattered on the floor sending soup everywhere.

"Clean it up." He seethed. He got up and walked towards the door, picking up his tools as he left. The door slammed behind him and the young woman barely held in a sob.

Authors Note

Hello there Beautiful readers.

I just wanted to update you on this fic. It has grown into something much bigger than I originally planned and as such I've actually decided to rework it and make it an original piece of fiction. This unfortunately means that I will not be adding to this fic, nor will I be working in any other large fics. From time to time I may write one shots.

If you wish to still read anything I write or request something from me I'm going to be taking prompts on my Tumblr x-wouldyoukindly

Anything I write will be posted both here on AO3 and on my Tumblr.

Thank you for reading this, despite it only being a chapter long and I am sorry to disappoint anyone who might have been excited to see where this was going.

- InsertQuirkyUsername x

End Notes

I know this was short but it's really only a prologue to kinda whet your whistle, so to speak.
So please leave me some feedback if you like it.
Thanks!

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!