

The Dolls?

CW: Murder and gore

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“I’m finished~” The little girl runs up to her mother, filled with delight.

“Let’s see, you did the dishes?” Her mother asks.

“Mhm!” she remarks as the two of them go through the little girls list of chores, checking them off one by one.

“Good girl!” Her mother smiled and patted the little girl's head.

She smiled and went to the closet and unlocked it.

“Pick a doll, any doll.” Her mother’s smile grew larger as she watched the horror on the doll's face.

“That one!” The girl pointed to the one with long, brown hair, in a beautiful pink dress. The doll’s amber eyes closed shut and she started to shiver. The mother removed the lock surrounding that doll, and took it to the little girl’s bedroom.

“Play nice, girls.” Her mother winked at the child, who was beaming with glee. A little while later, the little girl went to her mother, and started to pout.

“Mom, the doll is bleeding again.” She says.

The mother grows stiff and her lips turn into a straight line. “Well, you know what we do when the dolls get sick.”

The girl smiled and rushed to her room, but the doll was too heavy to carry.

“Here,” The mother helped the little girl drag the body near the shed. The doll was passed out, unconscious.

“Go and get the bag, now.” Her mother got serious. The girl retrieved a trash bag, and the two of them put the body in, burying it deep into the ground. For good measure, the pair placed a dead animal on top to cover the scent.

“Mommy, why do we put the animal on top?” The girl asked her mother. The girl didn’t know the truth of these dolls, and thought it was normal. That’s why she didn’t go to school. Her mother was afraid that she might complain to the other kids and even to the teacher that her dolls kept bleeding, dying, etc. She made sure that she kept the mothers secret.

“Think of it as a nice offering.” The mother looked around at all the piles of dirt, there were about 40 of them. Past graves from the other dolls who got “sick”. The two of them went inside.

“Mom, I want another one!” The girl said.

“Alright, but for now it's bedtime, Mom will get you one soon.” Hearing this, the girl smiled and skipped back to her room.

The woman made sure that the girl had fallen asleep, then she took her keys and headed to her car. She started the engine, and drove to the nearest bar. She waited there for some time, until a beautiful blonde haired girl walked out. She seemed to be the perfect target. *That's the one*” the mother thought. She started her engine and drove towards the girl.

“Hello! You seem to be pretty drunk, would you like me to drive you home?” The mother wasn’t used to social interactions, but she hoped the girl wouldn’t notice.

“Well, my parents are expecting me... I should just get an Uber...” The girl looked around nervously.

“Oh please, I’ll get you home in no time. And for free too!” the woman smiled.

“Well, alright then.” The girl replied, hesitantly opening the car door and climbing inside. The woman drove around until they reached an empty parking lot. Stopped the car. Grabbed a bat concealed behind her seat.

“What-” but before the girl could finish, the woman brought the bat down on her head. While knocked out unconscious, she started to bleed, but other than that she was intact. In this state, it would be easy taking her home...The woman arrived home a little after midnight, and took the unconscious girl to her shed. There, she grabbed a needle and some thread, and she sewed a small crown into her head. The mother surgically and carefully cut out her voice box and placed it in an ice box. She then dressed her up in a long flowing high-top dress, whose blue color matched her wavy hair. She put the girl's blonde hair up into a bun, and put makeup on her face. She then dragged her to the closet with the other dolls, who looked sad that yet again another girl was kidnapped as they once were. The mother locked the girl's arms and legs up and then locked the door.

She went to sleep, thinking about how happy her little girl will be when she sees the new **doll**.