

Just...Patchwork

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A little girl finds herself an imaginary friend...and ends up with more than she bargains for. -Horror Story-

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1 - The Imaginary Friend

Once upon a time, there was a girl.

She was lonely.

She had no friends, and only her poor sickly mother who could hardly care for her.

She wanted a companion...one to care for her mother and herself, one to play with her and care for her...

And it seemed that one night, her wish was granted.

Luna wandered through the cemetery behind her home, hiding behind tombstones or dancing about them. She was such a strange little girl, to dance along the graves....of course, everyone in Lunarset knew she was a rather odd child....

Her hair was as silver as the moonbeams, her skin as pale as the moon itself. Her eyes were the color of amethyst, and how they shone like jewels in the night. She wore the clothing of an older era, an old white dress and black heeled boots. She never wore anything else. And always with her, was her companion, a little doll with black robing she had named 'Little Grimmy'. Yes, she was a lovely, but strange little girl. For she had a fascination with the dead...and the undead. She often sat down and read stories of spirits and corpses that walked among the living....

Her poor mother couldn't figure out why she had such a dark fascination for the deceased at only the age of nine. She blamed the cemetery, but due to their poor nature and her current condition of health, she couldn't afford to take Luna away from the cemetery...so there they remained.

A soft giggle escaped black painted lips as the girl gracefully spun about the stones, her black parasol twirling about with her. The moonbeams almost seemed to follow the girl as she explored the yard containing the graves of the deceased. She was so caught up in her dance that she didn't notice the figure that sat atop one of the mausoleums, watching her intently. When she twirled to face it, she saw a glimpse of the figure...and it made her freeze and look again, this time nothing seemed to be there.

"Must...be my imagination..." She told herself, before she watched as the figure slowly dragged themselves upright...they had fallen off of the mausoleum in surprise when she saw them. "Hello? Who are you?" The child asked as she stepped closer, and frowned ever so slightly as the creature took the same number of steps back. "Please, I just want to see what you look like. Its ever so dark and I'm just curious..." She moved closer and this time the being stayed still and remained in silence.

Soon amethyst eyes were looking upon a strange creature. It was a young man, from what the child could tell...his body was mixed and matched with different flesh, though all of it was a pale white or

off-white color. His form was adorned in stitches of every kind, some keeping the flesh together or trying to seal wounds. What caught the girls interest was the fact he had a tail....serpentine in appearance and stitched together like the rest of his body. His lower legs were bone connected to three taloned feet...and his fingers almost looked like they were ripped apart to make way for the ebony claws.

Luna did not run from him, nor did she cower in fear. Her curiosity had been sparked by his intriguing appearance....the odd child slowly took one of his hands into her own small ones, and she examined and studied his claws and ran her fingers over every stitch...the creature she inspected was a bit...surprised, to say the least.

The silver-haired girl soon looked up at his shadowed face. "What does your face look like?" He slowly crouched down so she could see for herself. His face held stitches as well, from the two stitched wounds to the one running down his hairless skull. His eyes hid behind thread, though in his sockets only one eyeball remained, his left. She inspected him curiously, noticing flecks of blood that decorated his face. She reached out and touched the joints on the sides of his jaw...he was a peculiar creature indeed, especially when his mouth opened and exposed several mix-matched fangs and a serpentine tongue...yes, a strange creature indeed.

She pricked her fingers on the thorn like needles that surrounded his elven ears, and poked the needles that jutted from his shoulder. "Wow..." she finally managed. They shared a long moment of silence before she introduced herself. "I'm Luna...Luna Taliare. What's your name?" "Don't have one..." The creature told her as he rose back up to his full stance. "That's silly, everyone has a name." "I do not." The unnamed being twisted on his claws and began to walk away...but she wouldn't allow him to go away. She hurriedly followed after him. "Where are you going?" She inquired as she kept to his side.

"To get something I dropped." "Well, what is it?" Luna asked. He stopped at the bushes he fell in and managed out a corpse, shredded and bloody. "This." He answered. Now, any normal child would've ran away and hid in the safety of their home a long time ago...but Luna was no normal child. She stared at the body in interest. "Wow....did you kill them?" She said as she got closer and leaned so she could look at the mangled corpse. She received a nod, and she grinned. "Cool....hmm?" She stopped and plucked off an item that dangled on her belt. A doll that appeared to look like a cute version of the Grim Reaper.

"What's that, Little Grimmy? Hmm...Uh-huh...yes, yes, good idea." She told him after listening. She soon rose up and dusted her dress off. "Sir, Little Grimmy wanted me to ask if you'd want to to be my friend....we can give you a nice place to live...." She pointed to the house that stood eerily on the hill overlooking the cemetery. "And we gots a big basement were you can put bodies." She gave a soft smile as she held out her hand in friendship. The creature stared at her in interest.

'This child seems to be....very, very unique....hmm...!' He gave a devilish grin, revealing his sharp uneven fangs. "Alright then, I'd be happy to have you as a friend, dear Luna." He took her small hand in his own after he slung the bloody corpse over his shoulder. "Great!" The girl giggled as she clipped Little Grimmy back onto her belt, and started to lead the way to her home. Half-way there, she stopped and said.
"Patchwork."

"Hmm?" The creature rose an eyebrow as he looked down at her. "Patchwork. That's the name I'll call you by." The girl told him sweetly. He gave a grin and ruffled her silver hair. "Patchwork...that name fits just fine."

2 - Tour and Bed

As they ascended the hill leading to Luna's home, the girl started to wonder how her mother would take the presence of Patchwork....

Well, it wasn't as if she was healthy enough...maybe....maybe Luna could hide Patchwork. Her mother stayed in bed most of the day anyways...

Luna smiled as she pushed the door open, resulting in a eerie 'Creeeeeeeeaaak' sound. They were met with a pitch-black room with a few barely seen silhouettes of objects...and she frowned. "Electricity must be on the fritz again. We have wiring issues." She told Patchwork as she felt and touched her way around the room until reaching a drawer. She pulled it open and soon lit a little candle that sat upon a stand. She waved the waved until it extinguished and through it in a trashcan.

"Come on, I'll show you around." She said, her ebony lips curled into a grin as she led the way, her peculiar friend following her. "We're in the kitchen right now....then the dining room...this here is the living room....bathroom....upstairs in the little 'tower' is my room...and this..." Luna stopped at a door, and placed her soft hand on it. "Is my mother's room." She said in a faint whisper. "You don't go into Mother's room, okay? She's not in the condition to see you right now...but she'll get better."

The girl sounded so sure that her mother was going to make a full recovery....

Patchwork gave a silent nod in understanding, and the girl took his hand and again led him away. This time, to a door...that seemed to lead downwards into a pitch-black abyss. After a moment of surveying the darkness, as though looking for a sign of life, Luna's black heeled boots clicked as they reached their first creaky stair. She slowly began a pace, swaying as she descended the stairs.

Patchwork followed her, his strange night-visioned eye allowing him to see what could not be illuminated by the candlelight. The girl soon brought them into the basement, which was large and contained nothing but a few chairs, a table, the furnace, the water heater, and a few bookcases full of books. She giggled. "Isn't it great? And it came with all sorts of tunnels and hideaways that you can use to run outside if you need to get more bodies."

"Very....interesting..." Patchwork said, seeming to drop onto all fours and scurry about, inspecting the room as close as possible. "I believe it will suit my needs....and yours as well." He spoke as he sat, more cat-like than human as he dropped the almost-forgotten corpse on the floor. His pointed ears perked as he gazed at her. Luna smiled softly and went over to one of the bookcases, her fingers running over the spine of every book. "Patchwork....?" She asked, her amethyst eyes traveling up to look at him. "Yes?"
The demon said, his eye upon her as he listened.

"Can you come and read me a bed time story?" She said, pulling a small book out from the shelves. "Mother....is too ill to read me one...." Her gaze turned to the floor as she held the book.

The demon creature tilted his head in inquiry....it seemed that, though the girl was dark in her manner of corpses and actually befriending him in the first place, she was still a child....he gave a soft sigh before he rose to his feet and took the book. He placed Luna's candle on the table and extinguished the flickering flame with his fingers. Soon he carefully pulled the girl into his arms and carried her up the stairs in the pure darkness.

Luna clung to him fearfully, her inability to see taking its toll on her tired mind. But Patchwork calmed her with the feeling of security as he ascended the next set of stairs and entered what he figured was her room. After a moment, he set her down and she seemed to easily lose her heeled shoes and dive into bed with Little Grimmy hugged to her chest. She sat there, her pale lavender blanket over her legs, her eyes showing she waited for her friend. Patchwork noticed that this room had windows...as moonbeams seemed to shine through the glass and to Luna's bed to wash over her.

He soon snapped out of it when he heard Luna whine slightly, and he was soon sitting behind her, his long legs spread out on either side of her. He managed the book in front of her and he rested his jaw on his silver haired head. With that, he began to read.

It was a poem-like story, filled with death and gore....it would've easily scared any normal child out of their wits. But to Luna, it was comforting...judging by the fact she fell into such a calm, deep sleep.

Patchwork chuckled softly and shook his head, managing out from behind the girl and tucking her in...he watched her a moment longer before he slipped away into the darkness of the home...and soon seemed to escape the house itself through the tunnel-ways Luna had mentioned....it was time to have a little more 'fun' before the night was done.

3 - Ridding Burdens

Patchwork watched from the shadows....watching at how the child worriedly helped her mother....

Sure, Patchwork had nothing against the mother....the illness could not be avoided...but he could not stand seeing Luna do everything for her. The Mother, it seemed, has lost her usefulness...and instead turned into a burden without realizing it. She was both physically and mentally ill, for at times she went into uncontrollable fits of anger only to wind up near-collapsing five minutes later.

A burden....

Burdens must be removed.

And the Mother was the only thing in his way from completely having the child's companionship...

The Mother must be killed.

Luna kept to her side through most of the day....she never once spoke to Patchwork because of how busy she was....retrieving medication, helping her mother up and down stairs, making sure she didn't collapse....the poor child was about ready to fall to the floor in exhaustion.

She sat on her rickety couch, her body aching and her breath heavy. Mother seemed to be getting worse....no, no, she couldn't get worse....she wouldn't let Mother get worse!

The silver-haired girl managed onto her feet, wobbling as her body disagreed with moving. She made her way back to her Mother's room, peeking in to check on her. "Mother, are you alright?" Her soft voice was heard in the silent room. "I'm fine...dear, Luna...I'm fine....why don't you go and play?" The woman told her, waving her thin hand at her in a dismissing way.

"Yes, mother..." Luna said, leaving the door open a little while she left. Patchwork decided to make his move now...

With a wisp of shadow, his body had made the illusion that he was Luna. He smirked evilly as he scurried to the medicine drawer, retrieved the bottles and got a glass of water before he slipped into the room. He 'ahemed' before he spoke in a voice that matched the little girl's.

"Mother, I just forgot...you need to take your medicine." He told her as he crept closer to the bed. "Oh really?...I thought I took my...pills today." "No, you must be mistaken for yesterday. Sometimes days can just merge together." He giggled and smiled.

"Good point, dear...Luna. Alright, then...." Patchwork read over the bottles...all of them were to be dissolved in water. Oh, now this was too easy. He dumped much more than the dosage said and waited

till they weren't seen....then handed over the water. "Here you are, Mother." He told her with a smile.

"Thank you, Luna....always a sweet child. Now....why don't you go run off and play?" "Yes, Mother." He slinked away, and quietly closed the door....sleep well, 'Mother Dearest'.

(Several hours later)

Luna skipped in, closing her parasol and twirling about happily. That was much better to get outside and play a little without having to care for her mother.

"Mother? How are you? Did you do okay while I was outside?" She inquired as she knocked on the door with her gentle hands. Upon hearing no response, she blinked. "Mother?...Are you sleeping? Come on now, its time to wake up!" She said as she opened the door....and she immediately froze at the sight.

"....M-mother?..."

4 - Dementia

Luna sat there....staring at the mound of dirt that her mother was hidden under....sat there, whimpering in sadness and crying....she had been for over an hour after Patchwork had buried her parent in the graveyard behind the home.

Patchwork sat with her, cooing soft words of comfort and friendship to her while she sobbed her little heart out and clutched her dear doll as if it was a thread to her life. "Patchwork....why? Why did she die?" She managed under her tears. "Because her illness finally won....I bet she was fighting till the end..." The demon told her....lies....bittersweet lies....

"You won't die...will you?" Luna whispered as she turned and buried her face in his chest. "No...I'll be with you forever and always." He replied, his claws slipping through her hair. Soon he kissed her forehead and stood, pulling her up with him. "Come on...I'll bring you with me. We'll set fire to the church and whoever runs out, we'll kill and take home." "Really?"

"Yes...come now...come come...we have to tweak your parasol a bit before we leave."

People watched from their homes as a figure moved through the foggy night. It was a girl, and she sung ever softly. But her voice seemed to become one with the wind, and it echoed and stretched onwards so all could hear.

'A little girl, who lost her mother,
found a friend, unlike any other,
they wandered the night in a search,
to find the people of the church,
Slaughter them all, the young girl would say,
Its time for Lunarset to face its doomsday!'

She began to laugh maniacally as someone joined her side. She was helped in lighting a piece of wood while they neared the church. "Long may she burn!" Luna yelled before she started to dance around the small church as the torch licked at the sides and watched as the flames shot up the walls. Soon the whole building was ablaze. The air filled with smoke, and panicked people were escaping the building only to face the blade on the girls' parasol or her companion's claws and fangs.

The people of Lunarset could not tell who it was that committed the arson, for when the gruesome scene was finally over and the flames extinguished, nobody was there...not even the bodies of the people cut down in front of the scorched building...

And that's when the residents of Lunarset started to fear what may be out walking about in the night....

Luna giggled delightfully as Patchwork dragged down several bodies and threw them into the basement.

"What do you think we should do with them?" She questioned as she skipped and twirled her blood-coated parasol. "We'll run out of space in the graveyard soon."

"I don't know..." Patchwork murmured while he looked at the damage of some of his burnt skin.

"Hmm...uh huh...yeah...you got nothing either, eh, Grimmy? Darn..." Luna said, plopping down in another chair. Patchwork stopped a moment as he looked over at her....and he focused on the doll with a smile on his face. "Luna....I think Little Grimmy just gave me a perfect idea on what we can do with these bodies."

5 - Recycling

It seemed that soon, a building sprung to life in the center of town. It was old, it was poor, it looked quiet in disrepair....but it wasn't the outside that someone should look at, it was the interior that needed to be examined.

It was a shop, not the best nor the poor. It sported a great many shelves upon its walls, and on them were a great many dolls. Each were stitched up and looked slightly demented, with their big jewel-like eyes and their stitched mouth smiles. The material they were made of felt slightly like a leather, and came in a variety of earthly tones from peach to brown. Among all these dolls was a girl.

Her hair was black as a raven's wing, and was straight and fell to her shoulders. She wore black boots, a torn black dress and fishnets that ran to her fingerless gloves and her black painted fingers. Her eyes were an amazing yellow-green, her skin pale like a ghost, her lips black like obsidian and her teeth sharp like a vampires. Her friend was cloaked and hooded at all times, taller than she and usually quiet. His body was concealed by long-sleeved robes and his hands with gloves....nobody quite knew what to think of him.

The young girl exited the store, the bell dingling slightly, and began to speak as people left their homes. "People of Lunarset, I come to you in your time of need. All of you, young and old, bitter and kind, have been the victims of a tragedy recently...the news has spread from town to town. I've heard that illness has come to your children, that pests have come to your land, that sinners have taken away the building that represented your faith. Well, I bring you a cure."

As a crowd gathered around her, she climbed her way up to a perch above one of the stores windows. "I bring you Hellion Dolls. These dolls have been created as miracle givers, as the cure for ailments, as the remover of pests. They are magical, you see...a jewel holds a soul, and it represents the heart and spirit. They will gradually come to life the more love and affection you give them."

People seemed to give 'oohs' and 'ahhs' at the idea. "But do they really work?" One person in the crowd asked, raising their hands. "Why of course they work, or my name isn't Elvira Alicen Velventine!" The girl pointed to the sky as she spoke her name and grinned. "Their magical abilities will grow the longer you own them and care for them. You want an example?"

Everyone seemed to yell when she said that, and she put her fingers to her lips and whistled sharply. "Damien, Little Grimmy, come on out!" Soon enough, two creatures popped out of a trap door on the roof, and people stared in awe at what they saw.

One creature looked more demonic, from the claws jutting out of his once fabric hands, to the horns on his head. But he giggled happily as he rushed to the girls side and looked down at the people, his spade-tipped tail whipping about. The other figure was cloaked and wore a skull like mask, his crimson flame-like eyes stared at everyone as his gloved fingers curled and dove under their sleeves. Soon he hovered over to his creator and kept firmly to her side, glancing at the people.

"Is that enough for you?" Elvira told them with a smile. Everyone murmured their agreement and nodded to one another. "Fine. Then..." The young child slid down via a pipe and opened the door. "Who's my first customer then?" And suddenly, everyone rushed forward. "This is Lucien, don't mind him. He helps with the enchantments on the dolls, and he'll not be seen often." She told the people as they glanced at the tall hooded creature. "Into the back room now, Lucien. I'll take care of everyone."

-That Night-

"Thank you, come again!" Elvira said, waving as the last customer left the store. After that, she took the key on her belt and went over, locking the door and turning the sign around to show it was closed. After pulling the curtains over the windows and turning the lights off, she took to the back room, which was actually the basement. She giggled happily as she skipped down the stairs and clapped her hands.

"Boy, today was amazing! Did you see how much money we made off of these people?!"

"No, I was down here...but judging by how much I heard you opening the money drawer, I say alot." Lucien told her. "Can I take this stupid thing off now?" "Sure, go ahead." The girl waved her hand at him. "Finally." The cloak and robe was remove and thrown to the side to reveal Patchwork. "God that thing is itchy, irritating, and hard to move around in."

"Heh, it isn't *that* bad, Patchwork. You just haven't gotten used to it." The girl removed her gloves and the fishnets, and soon removed her contacts and the fake teeth she had used. She pulled the black hair up to reveal her beautiful wavy silver locks. "At least you didn't have to wear a wig." "Good point." Patchwork grinned as he glanced over at Damien and Little Grimmy, who were snoozing in the corner. "Oh, your two little pets...friends, whatever, passed out instantly. Can't stay awake for long yet."

"They'll grow into it. They're only a week old now that they're alive...can't expect them to be awake 24/7...I'm surprised you could trap souls like that with those gems in order to animate them." "Neh, once you've been dead and come back as a stitched-up zombie thing, it's kind of easy."

"Well, Patchwork....I think we'll be living the good life now....wonderful idea to use the human flesh as the fabric...and we can just feed the rest to these two." Luna flopped down to cuddle with her two made friends, who both curled up with her immediately.

"There's a easy way for everything...now, try to get some sleep...we're going to have a busy week." Patchwork told the child, who nodded. "Alright, alright....goodnight Patchwork...Damien...Grimmy." "Night." "...Night..." "Mm'yeah..." And soon there was nothing but the sound of sleepy breathing and the blinding darkness.

6 - Christmas Interruption

It had been six months since the shop had opened. Everyone in Lunarset bought their dolls for themselves and their family...and Luna watched as she and her companion's creatures grew with their families.

It was the holiday of Christmas....everyone had purchased their dolls before-hand and with no business for the day, she decided to close the shop early. "Come now, Damien, Grimmy, Lucien. Let's take a little walk around town. After all, it is christmas." She told them as she stepped outside, her boots sinking into the few inches of snow that had gathered on the ground overnight. "Yay!" Damien shot up the stairs that led down to the basement and accidentally collided with poor Luna, who had already dubbed her disguise of Elvira. They both tumbled into the snow, and Elvira couldn't help but laugh as she hugged her little demon-doll. Little Grimmy floated outside and helped the two to stand upright and gave Elvira her beloved parasol.

Elvira glanced inside the shop after she thanked her little Grim Reaper doll. "Where's Patchwo- I mean, Lucien?" "He already left without us. Surveying the town, he said." "Oh, okay. Well then, come along, come along. We'll go take a look at how everyone's doing...maybe we can get a little Christmas food also." "Yay!" Damien clapped his hands together excitedly and Little Grimmy just smiled slightly and gave a nod. Elvira lead the way down the street, the two little dolls following behind her. They glanced about, noticing all of the demon-dolls that played with children in the yards or helped the adults with presents. Such a lovely sight....Elvira sighed as she looked at the parents who came out to bring their children into the warmth of their homes...it certainly pulled at her heartstrings.

Damien and Grimmy both seemed to feel this and they hugged her comfortingly. The girl gave a soft grin and patted their heads to show she would be okay, and she led them away to the small restaraunt nearby. "Oi, 'ello Elvira!" Came the greeting as the three entered the building. Elvira gave a slight wave and giggled. "Hey, Wren! How's business for you today?" She asked the dusty brown-haired teenager that managed things behind the counter. "Decent. Seems this year mos' of us just want a quick meal." "I can agree with you there. How's little Chickadee?" The raven-haired girl inquired as she leaned on the counter. As soon as the name was mentioned, a more harpy-looking doll slipped out from the backroom. "Hi Elvira!" She squealed happily as she waved one of her taloned hands whilst she glided through the air on her feathered wings.

"Oh hello there, Chickadee! My, you've gotten so big!" The child laughed as the demon-doll clung to her in a bat-like hug. "Yeppers, it's Wren's cooking, don't you know?" The creature soon released Elvira and went to perch herself on Wren's shoulder. The young man grinned as he patted her head and soon turned back to the girl and her companions as they took to a table. He slid out from his little counter area and came to their table, notepad and pencil at the ready. "So, what'll it be?"

Damien was already starting his order when they stopped at the sound of commotion outside. "Oi, what in the freezing depths of hell is going on out there?" Wren said as a crowd assembled up the street. Soon a resident of the town popped in. "They've caught the murderer that's been plagueing Lunarset! It's some kind of demon!" "They serious about it this time?!" The owner of the shop said quickly. "Aye, they

caught him in the act!"

Damien and Little Grimmy both looked at one another quickly before turning to the girl....she had paled significantly in horror....and they heard her whisper. "No..no...they have Patchwork..."

Soon enough, the three were out the door and heading towards the crowd.

"We can't let them hurt Patchwork!" Elvira declared as she desperately ran into the crowd, pushing past people and clawing her way through to see if it was true....and at the first glance she knew that it was indeed correct.

They caught Patchwork.

7 - I'll Protect You

Patchwork stood there, his wrists and ankles bounded by shackles, his neck restrained by a metal collar connected to a chain leash that was fastened to a tree. No longer was there the calm, smooth friend of Luna's....Now there was only a restrained demon, who was constantly knocked down with blows from the city guard.

Elvira watched in horror as Patchwork rose up and proceeded to fling himself at the end of his chains, snapping his fangs and trying to strike them with his claws, though it was a useless attempt as his restraints kept him well enough away so he couldn't harm the guards. But his rage burned brightly, and it frightened the girl as to just how much he changed when out of control. Damien and Little Grimmy pushed her forward to calm Patchwork while they got rid of the guards.

"Back it off!" Damien screeched, biting and lashing at the guards who struck Patchwork with blunt weaponry. Little Grimmy threw them back with sweeps of his scythe, and they both hissed as they kept near Elvira and Patchwork as guardians. The girl inched closer to the enraged demon. He slapped it away, and she recoiled her hand sorely. "Patchwork...." She said calmly. He still didn't respond....so as soon as she saw a clear moment, she rose her hand up and-

Silence came over the crowd at the sound of a harsh slap...and they watched as Patchwork stumbled dazedly, shaking his head. He soon blinked and glanced at the girl. "L...Luna?" She smiled softly as he realized just what was going on. She soon clung to his frame in a hug, her body trembling in fear.

Patchwork leaned down and returned the embrace, his body shielding her from the bottles and items that the crowd threw at them. Patchwork soon released her as her fists clenched and dropped to her sides.

"You bastards! KNOCK IT OFF!" She screamed at the top of her lungs, immediately earning the silence of the crowd. She snorted angrily as she looked at them. "You have no right whatsoever to hurt my friend! Just because he's killed someone doesn't mean he should be punished! Hell, he should be thanked! NONE of you deserve to live! None of you have had that!" She snapped at the crowd. Damien and Little Grimmy had turned to ridding Patchwork of the chains for what was to happen in only a few moment's notice.

"You shunned me from existence, you harassed my poor mother, you took my home away, and now you try to kill my friend for killing someone else. You deserve nothing from me!" Elvira removed her wing and threw it to the side. "Lord, it's Luna! I thought she was dead!" Someone in the crowd said. "Oh, so now is when you get so surprised and acknowledge me. Damien, Little Grimmy?" She looked over for a moment to find they just now managed to remove the shackles. "Heh....time to go." Luna said as she looked at the angered people of the crowd. "Patchwork!" She yelled, immediately picked up by her demonic friend.

"Gogogogogo!" She said hurriedly as she dragged Little Grimmy and Damien up with her. Patchwork didn't need to be told twice as he side-stepped to avoid a bullet from the already advancing crowd and broke into a sprint. "Where do we go?" He asked the girl and the two doll-demons. "To the shop! We need to move it!" "How are we gonna do that?!" Damien asked. "The same way we made hellion dolls! Magic, of course!"

"Are you crazy, woman?!?!" The burlap doll-demon told her. "Just trust me on this." Luna told him before Patchwork slid into the store. He set the three down and slipped down into the basement to retrieve the book they would need for the emergency event. Luna locked the door and the windows of the shop, closing curtains and reinforcing things to make sure it could take the trip. As Patchwork hurried up the stairs, the people of Lunarset were at their door, trying to get in to end the lives of the group. Little Grimmy and Damien had to help Patchwork with the spell...which meant Luna was the one in charge of reinforcing the door. "Mind...hurrying up there, guys?!" She managed as she pushed chairs up against the door.

She heard the otherworldly chanting of her companions....and as quick as the yelling and cursing of the crowd had come, it was gone...Luna cautiously made her way over to a window and looked through it to find another city replacing Lunarset. "Wow...guys...you did it!" She giggled, glancing at her three tired companions and embraced them all in a group hug, of sorts. "We can restart..." She said calmly, moving the furniture back to its rightful place and setting fallen dolls back up on their shelves. "Yay..." Damien stifled a yawn and helped Little Grimmy downstairs so they could get some sleep.

"Luna..." Patchwork said, walking calmly to her side. "Yes?" "Thank you...for what you did for me." He couched down and placed an ever so small kiss on her cheek. "You're welcome." The silver-haired child blushed slightly before she leapt forward, once again hugging the creature. "And thank you for being my friend...and helping me through everything." She told him, resting her head on his shoulder for a moment before pulling away.

"Come on...let's go get some sleep...today's had too much action in it." He gently scooped her up in his arms and proceeded to carry her downstairs to join the other two in slumber.

8 - As the years pass...

It had been many years since they left the town of Lunarset. They did not miss it, nor did they often remember it.

Their shop had grown to fit the needs of their ever-growing supply of customers, and it had the home of the owners up on top of it so they would no longer need to live in the basement.

Damien and Little Grimmy had almost grown out of their first set of skin, their more demonic appearances revealing as they removed them for another array of cute skin to hide it away. At this time, they took only to coming up to the store at night when it was closed. They still had their same personalities...Damien being playful and curious, and Little Grimmy being quiet and shy.

Luna had grown over the years into a beautiful sixteen year old. Though she looked more adult-looking and was several inches taller, she kept most of her childhood appearance, from her wavy silver hair and black painted lips to her white dress and black boots. It seemed that out of all of them, the only one who did not age was Patchwork.

Though he did not change, per se, his relationship with Luna had. Their bond had been seemed to taken a new step over the seven years they had been with one another. More than just friends and more than guardians...

Luna looked out over the city rooftops and up at the starry night sky. She hummed a little melody as she leaned on the railing of the balcony. *'Such a pretty night sky.'* she thought as she watched the stars shimmer and shine. Her amethyst eyes shone as she moved from star to star. But as she watched the stars, she could faintly hear the door creaking behind her. Her eyes removed themselves from the sky and glanced over to see who it was. "Hello, Patchwork..." She smiled softly as the demon slipped out from the house.

"Hello, Luna...." He replied as he moved to her side and his eyes drifted about the atmosphere. "Star gazing?" He asked as he pulled her into his arms for a backwards embrace. She gave a slight nod and giggled as she settled comfortably into his hug. "It's much better having you out here with me than being all alone." She said, running her fingers over his stitched hands. His free hand rose to comb through her hair. "Yes, everything is much better with company." Patchwork agreed, resting his head on her own. "Patchwork?" "Yes Luna?" "Thank you....for being by my side for the past seven years....most would've gotten tired of me."

"Oh, don't say such things..." Patchwork 'tsked'. "Anyone who does that is stupid and needs to be damned to hell..." He told her, frowning slightly. Luna giggled at her companion's reaction. "It's good to hear I'm loved by someone." She hugged him tightly and kissed him on the cheek...before she heard Little Grimmy and Damien whining.

'Um...Luna? Patchwork?! Some scary people are here asking about the dolls!'

"There's never any rest, is there?" The girl sighed. "Apparently not. Shall we?" Patchwork said, pulling the girl's parasol off the doorknob and handing it to her, then opened the door. "Yes, we shall." She grinned wickedly as she entered the home, the blade tip of her parasol sliding out....

Do not ask about the dolls....or else you'll end up with a missing sign on the side of a milk carton faster than you can say 'Oh crap'.