

# The Tale of the Muder Doll

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*In a world like our own yet dark and twisted a beautiful creature calls the Muder Doll kills the innocent and offers their blood and sould to his Master. But he began to question what he was doing, and ponder the meaning between right and wrong.*

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# 1 - Prologue

Sometimes I try and wonder when it was exactly that everything began to go wrong. Or it that things actually went right? I am no longer a prisoner to the false ideals and goals given to me by the Master- my ex-master to be precise. No longer am I the nameless angel of demise who's only thought and care for centuries was to slay and reap in his Master's name.

That was my nightly duty. To murder the innocent and slay all those who might have the power to oppose him. I would travel to the human world from his world every night for centuries to kill. I never realized how red with blood my hands were. I suppose I never looked at them. I never looked at the people I killed either. To me they were faceless nameless bodies. Their only purpose was to be killed by me.

Perhaps it was not that I didn't look at them but, rather, I was blind. Blinded by the power the Master possessed. He was my world, my creator supposedly, I his emotionless puppet. But all puppets, I think, must one day come to question and wonder about the one who pulls their strings.

I can not to this day pinpoint the exact moment when I began to question his motives. I had done his bidding for centuries without knowing exactly why, so for one such as me to change so suddenly... forgive me it's still so much a blur.

It might have been when I met Eliot, tragic Eliot, who before he met me was like a brilliant light, beautiful and kind and good. He gave me my name which in a sense tied me closer to humanity and softened my feelings towards these masses I killed every night. But like everything I touch he too began to rot. It might have been better if I had never met Eliot. He would have grown up and married a beautiful girl and had children and grandchildren and dies in his sleep an old happy man. And I would still be the same fiend who killed with out question. But perhaps it was inevitable that a change occur in me.

It was sometime with Eliot that these first stirrings of rebellion began. It was when I met that cocky arrogant bastard named Lunar that they began to twist and rage within me (forgive me I usually do not use such vile language but there really is no better way to describe that man). He was one of my targets, and not the innocent sort but the dangerous sort. So powerful in magic he actually frightened the Master. But I let him get away, and more then once at that. The emotions he made me feel... The things he

showed me... In his own bizarre way he taught me so much about humanity.

After I met him I could never look at my work in the same way again. For I while I still killed. But I began to see the faces of those who fell before me, hear their final scream. I saw the red on my hands from the centuries of bloodshed. So thick it would never wash off completely. I came to think that the blood from all my victims must be enough to fill an entire ocean, and I was drowning in it. Each death made it deeper. Each death made it fouler.

Do you ever get the feeling that you're falling down a deep dark pit and you can't remember how you got there? That is how I began to feel. I was falling into a dark nothingness and I couldn't stop and I didn't know where the end was.

My world began to crumble.

But I will tell you everything in due time. Everything. In telling this story I hope I can rid myself of even a small amount of the centuries of guilt weighing upon me.

It's all I can do now to grasp my last few threads of sanity.

I am Aaron the Murder Doll, and this is my story.