

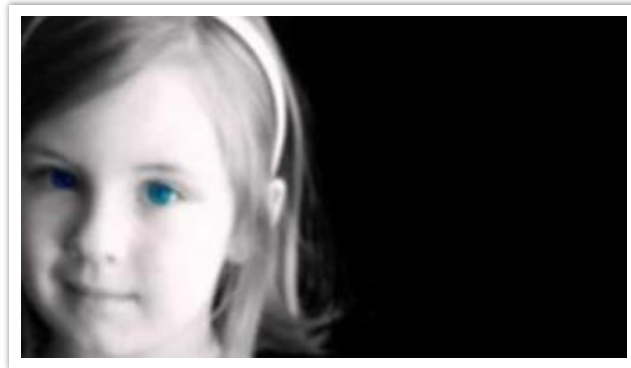
The Stepmother



Molly Molly was the most charming 10-year old you'd ever meet. A pair of the bluest eyes stood out beside her locks of wavy, brown hair. On the A honor roll and an experienced violinist for her age, it may seem like she had it all. But unfortunately, such was not the case.

Her mother died at childbirth, so the only parent she ever knew was her father. This caused the two to become very close. She knew that her father would give the world for her, and she loved him very much.

One day while walking home from school, she thought she saw someone different inside her house. Her curiosity



["The Stepmother" by Dubiousdugong\(07:44\)](#)

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She was a woman, very tall. About 5'8, to be exact. She had bright, blond shoulder length hair and piercing green eyes. Molly saw this woman talking to her father, so naturally she was excited. The two of them were holding each other, laughing and sneaking a kiss every now and then. Her thirst for knowledge now quenched, the little girl went inside.

The woman greeted Molly, knowing her by name. The girl's father had to run an errand, so the girls had each other for company.

"Hello there," she said warmly. "I'm Stephanie. What's your name, darling?"

"My name is Molly. Are you one of my father's friends?"

Sensing the child's acute intelligence, she laughed a little. "Well, you see, Your father and I are

getting married in two weeks. Now he had meant it to be a surprise, but it'll be our little secret. Alright?"

Molly agreed to keep quiet about it, and went on her merry way. But she sensed something wasn't quite right about this woman. She seemed nice enough, but she seemed happy - a little *too* happy. But, she thought, everything is not what it seems. Dismissing it as an irrational fear, Molly lived and let live, happy that her father had finally found the one.

4 Months Later

The brisk cool of fall was setting in. Leaves started to fall on the ground, and school was just around the corner. Molly's father and stepmother were happily married, although something strange started to happen. Ever since her stepmother started living in the house, she would have the most grotesque nightmares. Every single time it was the same. She saw a woman with gray, decaying skin standing in her closet. The woman had the sickest, most maniacal laugh the poor child had ever heard. And every time Molly screamed, holes would materialize in her chest, and she'd be dead.

The next day, Molly was in her classroom. Her face was red from crying because of what had happened that day - well every day for that matter - at recess. She would try to play with the other children, but she was met with the same result at every attempt: Ridicule. As smart and pretty as she was, none of the other children wanted to play with her. They thought she was smarter than normal, like she wasn't human. So everyday she sat alone, wallowing in her sadness with no one there.

While in class, she noticed something that caught her eye outside of the window. A necklace, as it appeared, was sitting in the middle of the green expanse of plain. As soon as the bell rang, she went outside and picked it up quickly, before anyone could take her newfound novelty.

She ran home. Looking behind her, she saw a hooded black figure shadowing her. Its pure, white eyes had a supernatural glow, and it seemed to float. She burst into the house crying, into her father's arms. When asked what's wrong, she pointed at the supernatural presence, now gliding to her room. Her father didn't see anything, and secretly worried about her.

That night she found the figure by her bedside. Before she could react, the figure placed a soft, feminine hand on the girl's lips and whispered "Shhh."

"It's ok," the soothing voice replied. "I'm not here to hurt you. I'm here to help."

"What's your name?" Molly asked, mesmerized.

"I have no name," the cloaked entity replied. "I am an angel. I lead people to the resting place. But, since you have found my necklace, I have come to your aid. Take this."

In her hand she held the same necklace Molly had found earlier that day. It was adorned with a pure white stone. Molly thanked the spirit that called itself an angel, and put it on.

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Two weeks had passed without incident. Molly's nightmares vanished, and so had the kind

spirit. She felt its protective presence so long as she was wearing the necklace. But one night, the figure appeared again, to deliver a message.

"Molly, are you glad that your nightmares are gone?"

"Yes. Thank you so much, but how come I can see you tonight?"

"I am before you to bode a warning. There were monsters that plague your dreams, but they are not what you should fear. The monsters you should fear are the ones you *can't* see. The ones that you notice day in and day out, but never see them for what they truly are. The monsters that plague reality. Remember, not everything is what it seems." As it said the last sentence it motioned towards the door.

Her mother stood there, both hands behind her. She smiled, but it scared Molly. She was twitching and shaking, eyes widened like a madman. Molly nervously asked what she wanted, and was granted with this monotone response:

"Molly, we haven't spent enough time together. But it's OK because now, we'll be together - forever."

Molly never heard the gunshot that killed her. When her stepmother fired the gun, she laughed.....

In that same, sick, maniacal, cackle.

[-Dubiousdugong](#)

Sequel

There is a sequel to this pasta.

[The Stepmother: Guardian Angel](#)

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