

Doctor Mori Meets Motherly Fury

By C. Jade Wyton

Doctor Mori finally discovers the secret of the cursed willow tree that has been haunting him for months.... And gets the absolute shit beaten out of him.

Contains descriptions of violence and mentions of abuse.

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It was a regular, routine day for Dr Mori. The cameras buzzing around his lab confirmed it.

He had woken up to a branch dropped on him in his sleep and cursed that godforsaken tree that followed him everywhere.

Nothing he did seemed to shake that cursed thing from his life. Nothing he did helped him figure out what the *fuck* was going on. Even the blood —Blood! Not sap!— that he had drained from it lead him to nowhere.

No! Nothing! Nothing at all came from his studies of this stupid tree! Especially not since that fucking bastard Eulogy had broken into his lab.

So, for today, he had shelved his gripes with the tree and instead set to work redrawing the diagrams that green-breed had destroyed.

His main focus was, of course, Cirrus' insides. Everything he remembered, he documented. Hanging his diagrams on the walls of his lab as he finished them.

He could *feel* a vile, angry aura poking into the back of his head as he worked. But every time he turned, he simply found the tree. The tree and that stupid face-like marking that always looked like it was glaring at him.

'*Stupid fucking...*' he muttered under his breath, before turning back to his work.

He scratched at the biting itch under his skin that had haunted him since Eulogy's visit, and tried to bat away the strange little bug that constantly hovered around him (of which, if he had taken the time to look closer, he would have realised were strange cameras recording his every move).

He had to *focus!*

Lungs.

Lungs....

Cirrus' lungs....

Mori soon found himself engrossed by his diagram of Cirrus' lungs. Their shape. How they had inflated. Deflated. How they had grown uneven in breaths without the rib-cage to protect them....

A small sound caught his ear, like something dropping, and he lifted his head to inspect....

*Huh*, that was weird....

Mori's eyes tightened as he looked at what *used* to be a twig from the willow tree that tormented him. He had propped it up against a beaker; but the beaker had now fallen to its side as the branch had become....

*Hair?*

Mori furrowed his brow, scooping up the hair with the end of his pen and turning around to—

The deafening sound of a tray metal colliding with his face filled the otherwise silent laboratory.

He hadn't even figured out what had hit him, before it hit him again; and it struck him twice more after that before he had the sense to react and roll away.

A woman was in his laboratory! A satyr woman! A fat satyr woman! A fat, *stark naked* satyr woman was in his laboratory, wielding a metal tray and screaming at the top of her lungs that she was going to rip him limb from limb.

He barely got to his feet to dodge her kick. And he barely ducked to avoid the tray. He hit the wall and had to jump sideways to stop the second kick— Only noticing by the hole in the floor he almost tripped in that the tree had vanished.

His eyes went wide, then, as he looked her up and down.

'Cirrus' maternal ancestor!' he exclaimed as the realisation hit him. 'Kordulf's descendant! You're Cirrus' *mother*—'

The tray flew like a frisbee into his jaw, slicing through the delicate skin and leaving a gash of a wound that gushed blood in a spattering onto the floor.

'BITCH!' he exclaimed, dodging another kick. Desperately, he threw a spell at her; a hot, pure flash of death magic.

She moved back to dodge, and Mori finally had some breathing room. So he threw another spell; this one filled with Plume's life magic. Then, a touch of Raven's stolen necromancy.

He threw another spell, and another. And another. Barely paying attention to the woman as he did— All that mattered to him was that he threw as *many spells as possible at her*....

Though, he soon realised what a mistake that was.

As the last flash of his magic dulled, he realised that the woman hadn't been dodging.... Nor had she been deflecting or taking his hits.

No.

This insane goat-legged freak had been *catching* his magic mid-air, and with a sickening crunching sound, she compressed all of the magics into one orb... which she pulled out in one quick motion to shape like some sort of *bat*.

'Oh, shit—'

The word was barely out of Mori's mouth before the bat made contact and cracked loudly against the side of his face; all of the magic within it bursting out in one powerful explosion that lit up the lab in a flashing array of colours and cut off the cameras signal.

—END—

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