

Fourteen's Fuckup

By C. Jade Wyton

After faking her sister's death, Fourteen realises immediately that she has made a mistake, as Leena is also injured and the family spirals into a panic.

Contains descriptions of death, gore, and injuries.

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Fourteen held Leena down as she thrashed and screamed. She was desperately trying to control the woman as magic sparked from her wound. Desperately trying to stop her blowing herself up *again*.

Wonda would never forgive her, she was sure. Cirrus would tell her what he had seen, and Wonda would never forgive her.

'Stop!' Fourteen hissed to Leena, as Leena thrashed in agony. Her voice was borrowed, as it always was, but even so it was still clear she was panicked. 'Stay—STILL! Stop! You need! HELP! HELP!'

The poor woman was clearly in too much pain to comprehend what was being said to her. Leena was so loud as she screeched out her agony, barely anything could be heard over her; only the lich's own wailing, as she cradled the corpse she thought was her daughter's, matched the volume.

Fourteen couldn't even enjoy her mother's pain. Not while Leena was still so at risk.

'HELP!' Fourteen repeated; this time not at Leena, but at the surrounding members of the family as they rushed about. 'Please! Please! Someone! HELP!'

A man pulled a tablecloth from the ground, and Fourteen took it quickly to press against Leena's worst wound. But besides that, there was too much panic between Leena's backfired spell and the fake Wonda's death, and nobody seemed to know what to do.

'Ashdown!' Fourteen exclaimed. 'Need him! Ashdown!'

'He's— He's still unconscious! Why is he still unconscious?!'

'I think he hit his head!'

'Leena's bleeding! Someone wake him!'

'Wonda— Wonda's—'

'Oh, no, no, no—'

Fourteen tightened the cloth on Leena's arm, desperate to keep the woman alive, before moving to stop the gushing blood spilling from a gash on her head.

She'd known there would be fallout from her actions. She knew people would be hurt by the fake Wonda's death. But she hadn't thought Leena would *literally explode*!

'Cirrus was right,' she whispered, too quiet for the panicking family to hear. 'I should have waited. I should have waited....'

She just couldn't bear that *thing* being around another day. It was too uncanny. Too much *not* her sister. And it had made her want to heave every time

she looked at it... and she was so tired from maintaining it....

She'd rushed. And Leena had suffered.

Leena.

Leena, who had known Wonda so well that she had known almost immediately when even the smallest thing was off, and cared so much it had driven her mad since.

Fourteen held her down, climbing on her and straddling her so she wouldn't make the bleeding worse.

Others tried to help, but they didn't know what they were doing. They needed someone who knew what they were *doing*!

That was when Fungus limped over to Genevieve and fake-Wonda's corpse, letting out a miserable squeak as he nuzzled the lich's shoulder. He'd been hit in the side by one of the tables as it had been sent flying. But he was still alright. He was hurt, bruised; but he would heal.

'Fungus!' Fourteen cried in her mother's voice as the man poked at fake-Wonda, whose arm flopped limply aside. 'Fungus, please! Please! HELP!'

Fungus glanced to her, but instead of helping he let out a loud whine and tried to listen for the fake Wonda's heart.

There was none. Fourteen knew this. That thing had been dead for almost two months already, only moving because of the magic her and Singer had stuffed into it. And now that magic was gone, and it was an empty shell— And they were all wasting time trying to save that stupid lifeless *husk*!

'Fungus!' Fourteen repeated, more desperately. 'FUNGUS!'

Fungus circled to the fake-Wonda's other side, and tried to listen again for her heart.

'Wonda's *gone*!' Fourteen shouted, her real voice breaking through; and everyone whirled to look at her.

Nobody. Nobody in this godforsaken place had ever heard her real voice before. The only people ever given that privilege were her sisters and her son.

And though she wanted it kept that way, she was too desperate to care as she hugged Leena close and began to openly sob.

'She's gone! Wonda's gone! There's no point!' she shouted, tears now streaming down her cheeks and soaking through her fur. 'THAT'S JUST AN EMPTY CORPSE! LEENA CAN STILL MAKE IT! LEENA CAN STILL LIVE! HELP LEENA! PLEASE! *HELP HER!*'

Fungus stared, processing what he had been told, before all but tripping over himself as he scuttled over and finally —*finally, someone was finally helping!*— helped save Leena's life.

—END—

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