

A Date with Resurrection



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Dreamweaver
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Contains:

- *) 2nd person reader death
- *) Rape of reader
- *) Necrophilia
- *) Mind control
- *) Implied dismemberment of reader (off page, not graphic)
- *) Non-specific general backdrop of war

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A Date with Resurrection

You drag your last, ragged, freezing breath into your ruined lungs. Frozen finger fumble at the numb holes, freshly punched through your chest by a string of bullets.

Dragging your dimming vision up, you make out the hazy forms of the cyborg-necromantic soldiers of the Eternal Legion overrunning the tattered remnants of your defensive lines. Your last sight is the Lady, clad in gloss-black armour, striding in at the head of the second wave.

Then your legs fail, and you slip from this mortal coil before reaching the frozen mud below...

There is no memory in death, no sense of time, no sensation in non-existence. And so it seems like an instant later when you jerk to once more. Not brought back to life, but stolen from death. Just like the metal and flesh soldiers arrayed motionless and silent before you: press-ganged from beyond the grave. Each right arm a brutal, mass-manufactured machinegun below the elbow.

You try to move, to speak, to do anything. However, you are now -just like the flesh and metal puppets- at the beck and call of the Lady. She smirks down at you on your knees, her smooth black glass faceplate with its sharp vertical ridge

pushed back. The rest of her body is clad in similar plating of gloss black of tough ceramics.

"Gotta love the good ol' rez spike," she says, sharp teeth showing through a compassionless smile. Her fingers tap lazily on a dull-red device some what like a hand held radio with half a dozen thick, braided cables coming off it. You realise that the wires are attached to you. A thick, barbed rod is shoved deep into your clavicle, anchoring your to this mockery of life. "Time for field intelligence."

She starts asking you question after question about your comrades. Troop numbers, locations, weapons, civilian shelters and more. To your horror, the mouth that wouldn't move a millimetre for you obediently answers each and every one of them.

Breathing only to work subservient vocal cords, you can feel the holes in your body, the violations of your flesh. But strangely it doesn't hurt. There is no real sensation of anything, just an awareness of your body.

By the time she finishes her interrogation some ten minutes later, a third, massive wave of drop pods are tearing down through the charred sky to fall on other refuges over the horizon. They, like the one you futility gave your life for, would be overrun in a matter of half a day at most. In a

week, there wouldn't be a single living person left save for the Necro-Ladies and those they chose to keep as live captives. The rest would form new legions, to conquer larger worlds.

The Lady studies her wrist, flashing with a multitude of coloured lights which seem to hold some meaning to her. Dropping her arm, she says: "Half an hour till the main force links up." Fixing you with a predatory gaze, she grins. "But I reckon I know how to kill the time."

The necro-soliders are covered with heavy plates, bolted and stapled onto dead flesh. Their heads surgically encased in half-helms wrapping back just past where ears used to be. Aside from metal boots grafted to their legs, they are otherwise naked. Their genitalia are exposed, unprotected. Like the pussy which the Lady shoves a pair of armoured fingers into to spread apart. At some unspoken command, the solider widens its stance, giving you a clear view of the clammy folds and the vagina beyond.

"We ain't meant to fuck the fighting units, but pussy is pussy. It gets me through a drop." She extracts the fingers, with no reaction from the solider, save for it returning to the same ready posture as all the rest.

She brushes your cheek with the icy metal fingers. She is silent for a minute as she turns your

head from side to side, up and down. Her breathing, previously lightly misting in the cold air, is now billowing into clouds as she breaths heavily. "But a body that's still warm? Now that's a treat, especial on a winter mission."

Standing erect, she pulls off her codpiece, seeming to have been held on magnetically. She sticks it to her puldron and pulls her cock free of her grey undersuit. "Open," she instructs and your mouth falls open. She rubs her already stiff head against you cheek, groaning to herself. You can't even look away.

After a minute or so, she pushes herself into your mouth, amusing herself scrapping her shaft over your teeth. You tell your mouth to close, to bite her penis off, to do something, anything. But it is not yours to command anymore. "Fuck, you're a fun a toy," she sighs, eyes closing for a moment as she enjoys you.

Gripping the hair on the back of your head tightly, she forces herself all the way in. Her head crashes down into your throat, filling it almost to your voice box. As she presses her mound into your teeth, you notice for the first time that you no longer have any sense of smell. She groans, exclaiming: "gaah, I love the two hour bitches! Just the right amount of rigor mortis."

She gets a few good strokes in, testing your throat out as she swells to her full girth in your mouth. She stops to fumble her balls past your lips. "Warm them with that tongue," she commands.

As your tongue rolls them about, your lips close and you begin sucking her off. "Damn, this bitch must have been amazing when she was alive," she growls to herself.

"More," she instructs, tapping a button on the device she holds. Immediately, warmth floods your brain, tingling better than any praise ever did in life. Even without her utter hold over you, you want to guzzle her, service every millimetre of her.

To be hers.

Throwing your whole body into it, you lavish your lips along her entire cock, never letting those precious orbs leave the fading heat of your mouth. She leans back, allowing you to do as you want for a few minutes as she just luxuriates in being the only thing that matters in your unlife.

"Fuck, I can't stand it any more!" she proclaims, wrapping both hands hard around the back of your skull. She hunches over you, blotting out your vision as her stomach smooshes around your eyes. A moment later, a pair of soldiers take a tight grip of your shoulders.

Suitably ready, she ruts into you like a feral animal, her hips slamming forwards with ever increasing force. It only takes half a minute of her frenzied facefucking to spill herself into you. She doesn't slow down as cum gushes out.

She keeps humping for a couple more minutes, only extracting her spent cock once it's fully soft once more.

You're sure the experience would have left you rock hard in life, but now you're as limp as she is. You wonder if she could command you to rise as she has commanded your dead body so far. Although sucking her off had hardly required blood flow.

She scraps the sweat from her flushed face face, using the angles on her gauntlet as a squeegee. "Thanks, babe," she purrs, brushing your cheek tenderly with her finger tips. They trail down your neck and onto your clavicle. Then she wraps her fingers around the rez spike and tears it out.

Oblivion follows instantly.

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Slowly, you become aware of light filtering through your eyelids. Cracking them open, you are met by your Lady's gaze. She's clad in a sweat stained grey sports bra and leaning over to peer down at you. "That did it!" she exclaims, tossing

some strange cattle prod like item onto the slightly rumped bed behind her. Under all that armour she had a rather solidly built body, but not without a cheerful amount of paunch to her. Her hair is kept buzzed to a military stubble.

You blink as you dart your eyes about. Close steel walls greet your sight, as do a washbasin, and stout space-ship door leading from the tiny cabin. A pink pillow, about the only colour in the room, blocks her hips from view. You try to rise to see the rest of the room, but your body doesn't respond. Actually, you can't feel your body at all.

Suddenly it dawns on you that all you can feel is your head and neck. The height you're at is about right for a severed head sat on a nightstand. You're stuck, unable to see anything but whatever you're pointed at.

She scoops you up, holding you inches from her face. "I imagine you're really confused, huh. True is, you were just too pretty not keep." A look somewhat like affection crosses her face for a moment and you realise that she's around 20, barely not a kid anymore. She leans down and kisses your head on the lips. She doesn't really seem to know what she is doing, but she keeps at it for most of a minute.

Pulling back, a strand of saliva bridging your mouths, she grins dopily. "You've been on ice for 3

weeks, well you head has. I don't know what happened to the rest of the corpse. It was worth all the effort smuggling that face aboard."

Hoisting you high into the air, she flops onto her back on the bed. Kicking the prod onto the floor, she rubs your face in her cleavage. "You're full of anti-rot nanos." Giggling, she tosses you into the air, making the world spin around you. Landing back in her hands, you seen her black-lace clad crotch just inches away. Lowering you, she grinds her budge against you, the panties rustling gently. "I'm going to keep fucking you for decades," she moans.

Dropping you face first first onto her abs, she hurriedly shimmies her panties down. Picking you up, she presses her erect, damp head to your lips. "Please, suck me," she whispers desperately, before uttering with authority: "independent execution."

You wait for your lips to move on their own, but nothing happens. You find yourself frowning instead. Wait, could she have? Experimentally, you trying moving your lips.

She gasps with joy as you kiss her tip, then whines when you slip your tongue under her hood in a circling motion. "Open," she says and once more you do as she says.

Pushing her shaft through your lips, she bobs you up and down, mimicking a blowjob. You

decide to add suction, but when you do, you feel air rush up your severed neck instead.

"Try now," she tells you softly, plugging the bottom of your windpipe with a pair of fingers.

This time your checks cave in as you suck her fiercely, feeling her hot shaft against your cold flesh. She moans and whimpers, louder with ever thrust inside you. Her fingers curl and massage the inside of your neck, like she is fingering a pussy.

With a bitten-off cry, she spurts in your mouth, jerking and shuddering. Her arms fall by her sides, leaving you hang off her still-twitching cock.

Chest heaving, she reaches up a shaking hand to stroke your hair. "That was the best head I've ever had," she pants happily. Casting her gaze around, she groans in exasperation. "ugh, the towels are all the way over there. I don't want to get up."

Cradling you in a hand, she rolls onto her side, pulling you snug against her crotch. "Could you clean me, please."

You've not really done anything like it before, but you decide to try your best. She giggles, saying it tickles as you run your tongue over her deflating cock. As you do so, it strikes you that your sense of taste is gone too. The flavour of the gooy, warm liquid pooling in the back of your mouth is completely absent.

Eyes half-shut, she runs a finger tip around the jagged bottom ring of your throat where your neck was hastily sawn through with a knife of some sort. "Tomorrow I'm going to try fucking your throat bottom up," she murmurs, half asleep. She nods off for a couple of minutes, before jerking awake again. She yawns, patting the wall till she finds the light switch, plunging the room into darkness.

As she lays motionless, the skin of her shrunken cock still slightly in your head, she starts to snore softly. The gentle rumbling reverberates through your skull from where her hip is press against your jaw. You're not sure how long has passed, but as her fingers woven through your hair fidget over your scalp, it dawns on you that you don't feel the slightest bit tired at all.

Sleep is for the living, and the long sleep for the dead. You won't be either for a very, very long time...

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