

G.O.M.E.Z

By C. Jade Wyton

Gomez is an artificial man made from the corpses of a group of paladins. He has few memories of his time before his master brought him back from the dead, but those memories are his most valued treasure. It is for these memories that he keeps his sentience a secret; for his memories make him want to live, and if his master knew that he could think, she would tear him back apart.

Mentions of death, murder, and abuse.

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*Survive.*

He had to survive.

Above all else; he could not let himself die.

That's what his instincts told him, anyway.

Gomez nudged the dirt with his foot, before crouching down to tend to the vegetables.

*He wasn't supposed to have instincts.*

He was supposed to be mindless. Obedient. Insentient.

But the necromancer had made some sort of mistake, in his creation, and now he was able to *think*.

Now he was able to *feel*.

It was his best-kept secret from his creator. For if she ever found out his mind sparked with the memories of the bodies used to make him, she would kill him. Tear him apart to make something Else.

And he had to survive.

So he kept his mouth shut, and did as he was ordered. He tended the gardens, and cleaned her quarters, and carried the supplies she gathered in the woods.

*He wanted to escape her.*

She was a foul, cowardly woman. Everything his former parts had ever stood against, and he wanted to run from her and never return.

But he knew if he ran, he would die. He'd watched the other corpses under the necromancer's control: the shuffling thoughtless bodies that wandered just a little too far from their master's influence, collapsing in limp heaps as her magic left their bodies.

He shuddered, before yanking the carrots from the ground and collecting them in his basket.

*Perhaps he could kill her?*

She made such a mockery of the dead, maybe his purpose was to stop it. And maybe if he fulfilled his purpose, he wouldn't return to that horrible place filled with vultures and stolen souls, when the necromancer's powers left him dead on the ground, and he might perhaps find himself in a kinder afterlife than the one he had found himself dragged into.

He searched his mind, as he made his way back to the half-standing building

he called home, searching for the memory of who, exactly, had killed all of him.

But he found that it was a jumbled mess; all of his parts had died in different ways, and they all blurred together in an unintelligible mess of memories that he couldn't access. Not as his new self.

So he let it be, and simply thought back to the few faded memories he *could* remember. The ones that all his parts had experienced, together as one.

*Sitting together and laughing, while sharing a meal. Soup, cooked by Marten but pre-prepared by Gage, on a fire lit and kept by Orpheus.*

*Orpheus had been so smug; going on and on (and on!) about his fire-breathing abilities as Zayn had shouldered him and called him a braggart.*

Gomez let out a long, wistful sigh.

They truly had felt as one, that night.

He was glad that, if he was to be made from several people sewn together, at least all of his pieces had been important to each other before becoming a single being.

'Ah, there you are!' the chilling, sultry voice of Gomez's master sighed from where she lounged on her seat. 'I was beginning to think you might have forgotten your orders.'

Gomez didn't respond; simply walking to the table with a blank-faced expression and placing down his gatherings.

'Hm,' the necromancer gave a huff, examining her nails a moment, before giving a loud sniff and motioning widely. 'Creature! The roof in my quarters is leaking again! *Fix it.*'

Gomez tried not to scowl at the order. It took all of his self control to simply turn away and shuffle off, rather than reach for the nearest loose brick to bash the woman over the head with.

He wouldn't fix the leak. Not properly, anyway; he'd cover it *just* enough that it would hold until the next heavy rain, so that she might forget of it and place something valuable or important underneath the gap to be ruined when the rain next breached it.

*That* would be his redress, until he could figure a way to escape her magic hold without losing his life.

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