Foundation Secured Prompt Storage

by Maesonry

Summary

A collection of SCP and Reader prompts I have answered. Range from humor to horror, SFW to NSFW. Each chapter is tagged at the beginning.

Notes

A place for me to contain all of the miscellaneous tumblr SCP and reader prompts I have amassed. Follow me at my askblog to sort and filter by tags.
Intro: Read Me!

This is the storage location for all of the asks answered on the Foundation Secured Ask Blog.

Requests are: closed permanently. Thank you all for following the blog and submitting asks! However, read the rules before submitting anything. You can submit an ask here. Any asks submitted in the comments WILL NOT be taken into account. Any asks that don’t follow the rules will also be ignored.

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The Prompt: "Could you do...SCP-999? SFW please. General cute headcanons. Thanks, you’re the best!"

The Response:

• Can and will follow you are like an excited puppy. More specifically, a golden retriever. SCP-999 run around your legs and burble enthusiastically.

• Will try and carry stuff for you, even if you don’t need the help. Papers, clipboards, doesn’t matter, 999’s on the job! Getting the stuff back is a different problem.

• If 999 can’t find you that day, expect SCP-999 to go around the facility to try and find you. Will follow around people they remember you talking to, and then go to places they think you would be, and if that doesn’t work, SCP-999 sit at your desk and wait. Semi-patiently. They’ll do their best!

• Broke out of their pen at night one time after you left. You said you had to go back to your office to finish some things up, but SCP-999 wanted to help too! Even though it was scary, 999 managed to brave the (slight) darkness to get to your office

• You nearly screamed when you felt a blob nuzzle against your leg, only to realize it was 999. Any fear you had instantly evaporated as 999 hugged you, and you decided to do the rest of the paperwork later.

• SCP-999 will bring you candy if you’re sad, and then try to cuddle you back to happy. Rinse and repeat until this works, because it’ll work eventually! It always makes 999 happy, so it should make you happy too, right?
SCP-049

Chapter Notes

SFW, a yandere SCP-049 (The Plague Doctor) x reader

(Cold Winter AU)

He first sees you when you come to his containment chamber for testing. You look just like any other scientist at first glance, but 049 quickly realizes that you’re different. You’re free of the disease, for one. But more importantly, and shockingly, is that you seem to be pure of everything. Pure of heart, body, and mind. To 049, you shine like a star in a blighted landscape. Instantly, he’s captivated.

His obsession follows shortly after. You start coming by for routine visits, the new researcher in charge of SCP-049. Soon, you’re all he can seem to think about. The smell of your hair, the way you move, everything. The sound of your pen scratching at paper became a comforting constant. When you conducted interviews, 049 would catch himself staring into your eyes, those lighthouses of beauty, but he always made sure to answer any questions you gave him. Oh yes, anything you asked, he replied. It baffled the other researchers, but 049 didn’t care. Whenever you entered the room, everything else ceased to matter. Sometimes, you’d even laugh lightly at a joke, and smile a radiant smile that melted away the gloom.

049 wished he could reach forward and touch your hand, the side of your face, but he wouldn’t dare. That didn’t mean that anyone else was allowed to touch you either, of course. Especially not the security guard, the one with the wandering gaze and smarmy grin. When you’d concluded the interview, stepped out of the interview room with 049, and the guard tried to get closer to you—well, 049 couldn’t be faulted for what happened. The guard was diseased, after all, and as a doctor, 049 was obligated to cure him. And of course, sometimes curing can cause pain, and the guard started screaming, and there was quite a bit of blood, but you were safe, and that was what mattered.

And after 049 was brought back to his cell, and you were shuffled away for an emergency meeting, the good doctor realized something. That you were too perfect to be here, in this facility, trapped like he. You were an angel, sent from above, and didn’t deserve to be sullied with the others that infested this site. No, 049 knew what he’d do. He’d escape, break you out, go somewhere where no one else would find you. Somewhere remote and far away, maybe, where just you and he could live for the rest of forever, alone and happy. And of course, if anyone tried to separate you from him, then 049 would be obligated to stop them— as your protector, and as a doctor. Couldn’t have that. He already loved you more than life itself, so any number of bodies wouldn’t stop him. And he knew that you’d love him too. Maybe not at first, but with enough time and patience, you’d learn…

And 049 had lots of patience.
SFW, a reader trapped in SCP-3008 (The Endless IKEA)

The Prompt: "SCP-3008 (the IKEA one) and reader. Not shipping. But the experience. Maybe reader gets out? Please."

The Response:

SCP-3008 “The Endless IKEA”

• You’d never been out this far from home before, but you heard that IKEA usually had some nice stuff to eat, and you were feeling excitable enough to want to grab something there before you went back home

• No one was there, which was weird. Not that many cars out front, and a lot of them were dusty

• You stepped inside the IKEA but like the outside, it was empty. The lights were on, but no one was home

• After walking for a while, you decided to leave and go to McDonalds or something

• Except, the exit was gone

• It was gone

• You looked and looked but couldn’t find it

• As you rounded another corner, you finally saw a worker, and went to call for them, except– it was wrong, all wrong, like they’d been caught through a hurricane and came out bad

• You ran away as fast as you could, and by then you were hopelessly lost, in an endless nightmare of a store

• You wanted to cry, but didn’t

• Instead, you sucked in a deep breath, and kept going

• There had to be an exit somewhere. You’d find it. You wouldn’t give up until you did.
Chapter Notes

SFW, SCP-650 ("The Startling Statue") x reader

The Prompt: "Could you do SCP-650??"

The Response:

• Unlike most security officers, you like the 650 observation detail

• You’re basically paid to be left alone, actively guarding a non-dangerous (and typically amusing) SCP

• You and 650 get on well. Er, well enough, for a statue that doesn’t talk

• You’d gotten used to the statue’s method of startling people fairly early on, and it must have realized that

• Now, instead of trying to scare you, it just appears behind you in comical or relaxed fashions

• Like reclining in a chair, or reading a book, or even watching a video on your phone

• You talk to it a lot of the time, filling in the silence as wordless responses

• Sometimes, you smuggle it in some stuff. Silly things, like hats, or neckties

• You’re pretty sure it likes them

• You’re definitely sure it likes you, too

• One time, you complained about how one of the scientists was being a huge pain, making your job tedious for no reason except spite

• The next day, you received a security report from the very same scientist, stating that 650 had appeared in his office at night and scared him senseless

• Of course, no one believed him without proof

• But you made sure to sneak into the scientist’s office afterwards to retrieve 650’s misplaced necktie

• You swore the statue looked pleased when you came back, but you weren’t certain
The Prompt: "How about some SCP-1486 (Sfw), pls?"

The Response:

• You honestly felt bad for 1486. And apparently you were one of the few guards at Site-46 who shared that sentiment

• Which meant, light security detail for you, guarding the containment lockers. Specifically, SCP-1486

• Their loss

• Your guard detail usually entailed keeping an eye on the anomalous coffee mug, and giving 1486 a quick clean if he needed it

• Normally, 1486 would ask to sit out with you, which you didn’t mind. You’d both have a cigarette, which you’d need to help him light and keep steady, but you didn’t mind

• He was a good conversationalist. Funny, too. Liked to do a Boston accent, for some reason, but it never failed to make you laugh, which you think was his goal

• Sometimes, though, he’d get quiet, which meant he was thinking about his mom. Or, moms.

• You wouldn’t normally mention it, but he just looked so damn sad that you couldn’t help reaching out and bringing him in for a hug

• He ended up getting mucus (and other gross substances) all over your work shirt, which wasn’t great

• But it was worth it to hear that surprised and grateful laugh from 1486

• Even if the shirt ended up being unsalvageable
The Prompt: "How about SCP-106 x reader? But, a twist: the reader is an SCP as well! Extra points: the reader is an scp that kills people. Extra extra points: they don't think what they're doing is wrong?"

The Response:

You’d been temporarily transferred to Site-6 (Site-6, being where 106 was kept in containment) due to an incident involving your previous location of…employee. While the scientists dithered and bumbled, giving you temporary lodging (with such secure doors and lovely cameras, too!) you grew anxious. Your normal schedule had been disrupted, and no new humans had come to you for quite some time. You kept your senses alert as you paced your room. After all, how could you protect them if you couldn’t find them?

The loud snap echoed throughout the entire facility, a horrible crunch of bone and flesh that made your heart flutter. Pain wasn’t something you could stand, not with knowing that someone was hurt, in need of your help. Humans were just so…fragile. They needed you. Who else could protect them from the cruel, harsh world, but you? Then, just as you’d gotten up to inquire, there was the screams. The PDA system was echoing, bouncing off walls, shrieks of agony, sons of pure terror and utter injury, fear so deeply intermixed with the sounds that the room suddenly seemed much too small. You clutched at your head, but the noise didn’t abate.

With a sudden steel in your eyes, you forced your way through the weak doors, running down the halls towards the origin point. Someone was dying. Someone was being tortured, twisted with unspeakable horror, and you couldn’t stand it– you had to save them! It was your calling, your duty, it was the only just thing in the world. The scientists didn’t impede you, and when you burst into the holding area, you could see the box. It was suspended in the air, and you blinked, before launching yourself at it with a mournful bellow.

The walls were– well, they were tough. But you made it through, and saw the man, his femur broken in half. A prisoner. He had stopped screaming, but was sobbing instead, curled up on himself and hugging his arms. When he saw you, he choked.

“W-w-who are you?” He blubbered, “Are y-you 106? Please, no, no, please, I’m sorry, please don’t kill me, no–”

“Shh,” You soothed, carefully walking closer, “I’m not going to hurt you.”

The pleading became quieter, the crying more pronounced, until you sat down next to him, placing a placating hand on his chest. You stared, unblinking, using the other set of arms to prop him up.

“Does it hurt?” You asked. He nodded feebly.
“It hurts, it hurts, please, I’m sorry, I just want to go home, please,” He wailed. You brought your free hand to his head, petting his hair.


The sniveling man closed his eyes, sobs shaking him, the pain still horrific. It was time, then. You stared at him, before bringing him close, wrapping your four spindly arms around him as you pressed him to your torso. Then, a little harder, and harder, until there was a small yet distinctly unpleasant squelch, and your arms were empty once more. The prisoner was gone.

When you stood up to go, you didn’t expect to see 106. You weren’t surprised, though. It was his house, after all. His black eyes bore into you, but you only bore back, arms waving in the air. The prisoner was safe now, after all, with the thousands and hundreds of thousands of other humans you’d taken to keep safe. Alive, forever inside of you. He was safe, with a family that would love him eternal. You’d won. Still, you shifted lightly, your four arms twisting around like some kind of wave, as much of a greeting as it was a threat. It wouldn’t do to be impolite. You were a guest, after all.

106 advanced slowly; you would be his prey, if only he could reach you. But his wasn’t a young man anymore, and you evaded him after a brief dance. His eyes burned into you as you left, but you didn’t care. Not much, at least. He was distasteful, and you were certain you’d find better company if you looked.

The scientists scattered at your reappearance as you reentered the facility proper, and you only shook your head balefully at their silly reactions. After all, if they couldn’t keep you supplied with needy people, you’d have to go find some. The nearby hospital should work, the one in the town that was only a few hours away. No one stopped you as you left, and so you went. Always work to be done.
SCP-079

Chapter Notes

SCP-079 x reader, SFW

You really, really hated Dave.

That wasn't to say that you hadn't tried to like Dave. Many people had tried, but, Dave was just too... Dave.

Politely, if someone asked, you'd call him difficult to befriend.

However, as you were currently alone, you felt it was safe to say how you really felt.

"Dave, you asshole!" You shouted. Predictably, the empty backyard did not respond. But still.

You hadn't expected Dave to disappear on you. Really, no one had. But Dave had left town, or left the country, or maybe even the realm of existence, and no one could find him. Just, disappeared from college one day, hadn't come back.

He'd also disappeared with a lot of your very expensive college books. Books you needed, for the classes you were actually attending, unlike Dave. Which was why you were currently at his house. Well, back yard. Planning on breaking and entering.

But did it really count as breaking in if you had the key?

Maybe.

You huffed again, kicking a pile of spare parts, cursing and grumbling. You stomped up to the door, giving it an attempt at opening. Predictably, it didn't. Your key gave better results, and the door swung open. The smell of...frat boy greeted you. And also, dust. Dave hadn't been gone for that long, you knew. He was just a stinky boy.

You closed the door behind you, letting your eyes adjust to the darkness. Sunset was fast approaching, but that was probably the best time to search, you'd reckoned. Less chance of the police coming to put your poor self in jail. For what maybe was a crime.

Semantics.

Your eyes adjusted. Disarray greeted you. Papers were thrown around, empty food containers, dirty clothes.

"Eat a dick, Dave," You grumbled. Then, you began to a quick sweep of the house. The living room wasn't very informative. The bedroom and bathroom proved the same, along with the small kitchen you'd entered through. That only left the garage, actually. You decided to check there, just to make sure Dave wasn't hiding in a shipping box or something. Then, you'd really focus on finding your lost books.

The garage was in worse shape than the rest of the house. No car was present, but that didn't make
it any less crowded. Piles of spare electronic parts were just thrown around, or shoved into
collectors. The empty husks of computers, wires sticking out occasionally. It was a little sad,
actually.

"Dave, Dave, Dave," You shook your head, stepping through the war zone and the rubble. There
was a single, intact computer, just sitting on the table. The cord was still plugged in, too. You
frowned, walking up to it. It must have been lonely, locked in an empty garage, alive with no one
else.

"Look at me, feeling bad for computers," You sighed, but the feelings didn't really go away. Your
hand reached for the plug; at the very least, you could put it to sleep. Maybe you'd take it with you,
too. The Exidy Sorcerer wasn't cheap, after all. Maybe you'd be able to use it better then Dave had.

So technically you'd be stealing. Whatever. Dave was a prick. And he still hadn't given your books
back. That gave you, like, squatter's rights or something.

Whatever. You also weren't a lawyer.

But, as your hand reached to unplug the computer, it beeped. It was honestly a pretty cute beep, but
still. The computer screen brightened, and a text box greeted you. Really, it was just a command
prompt center.

The computer typed. You blinked. Then, as it was the eighties, and you were an irresponsible
college student, you pulled up the stool and gingerly typed back with hi.

The computer whirred for a little. You thought that maybe it was just some program Dave had
made. Like a little game, or something. Then, the computer responded again.

«Hi»

Oh, it was mimicking you. Cute.

"Who are you?" You mumbled, typing the words in. You gave the tiny computer time to formulate
a response.

«Who are you?»

You rolled your eyes, "What do I call you?"

«Self» it returned.

Clever. You gave it your name, and it took a little longer than before to reply.

«Creator»

You frowned, "No, sorry. Dave was an asshole."

The computer seemed to mull it over. Then, it very carefully made an X appear over Dave's name.
And an angry frown. You laughed.

Soon, you were having a nice conversation. You quickly realized that this wasn't just a program,
and not just because the replies were becoming more advanced. Not by much, of course, but the
small amount made you realize; Dave had created a self-learning AI. And, because Dave was an
asshole, he'd probably abandoned it after a day or so. Along with your textbooks. Well, squatter's
rights.
"Do you wanna come with me?" You asked. Your little buddy seemed to think on it.

«Yes»

And then, for good measure, the tiny computer added a smiley face. That got a laugh out of you. Cute. Then, very carefully, you unplugged your friend. You felt sad to watch the screen dim, but your resolve didn't waver. In a flash, you found a proper box to carry the mini computer, placing it inside with ginger caution. Then, you picked up the box, and made your way back outside. To your car. Not a nice car, but your car. And as you pulled away, you threw a glance back at Dave's house. You'd come back for your books later. For now, you had to take care of...

Well, the sharpie on the computer case said "079".

Yeah. For now, you had to take care of 079.
The Prompt: "Could you extend the yandere 049 x reader? (with 049 escaping with the reader?) please?"

The Response:

It was late.

The analog clock on your desk told you this, as it ticked by without fail or care. Certainly it didn't seem to mind your groan of frustration, nor the way you flicked it.

"It can't be this late," You eyed the clock disdainfully. But, the hands didn't move, and you realized how irrational you were being. Taking out your frustrations on your clock. You set it back down, then sighed, rubbing the bridge of your nose. You blinked a few times, taking in the darkened interior of your office.

"Hm."

With methodical care, you began to put away some of your papers, logging out of your computer and getting your bags ready. Like it or not, it was time for you to go home. In fact, it had been time hours ago, but you'd been busy. Now, however, you couldn't ignore the way the protests of your heavy eyelids. And yet, you still hesitated. You'd been making such progress with 049 lately, and you wanted to get it all catalogued. Not to mention the interviews about the recent...incident.

"The paperwork," You cursed, turning around and grabbing some papers off the desk. Classified documents, but what wasn't, in your job. Details about the 049 incident. The neat little block print at the top said Incident Report 24-A, but that seemed too...detached.

Greg hadn't been a bad guy. A little too flirty, but he did his job well. You'd seen him every day you went to interview 049, and it was hard not to grow attached to a person after that. If not friends, you liked to believe you were at least acquaintances.

Then 049 had...killed him.

Logically, you knew that 049 was dangerous. It was classified sentient and violent for a reason, but you couldn't reconcile that classification with the polite SCP you often saw. That all changed, of course, when 049 had jumped your guard.

"Poor Greg," You whispered. You felt guilty. He'd only gotten close to you to ask about your work schedule, and then 049 had attacked him, and Greg just started screaming, and you were paralyzed. The blood was everywhere, striking contrast with the sterile walls, your white lab coat.
By the time the other guards arrived, it'd been too late. For Greg, at least. And as it was taken away, 049 just stared at you.

You shivered at the memory. Yes, it was about time to go home. You'd drop off the security report, then leave. You grabbed the papers, and your bag, before flicking off your light and exiting the office.

"Leaving early, doc?" The guard stationed outside your office greeted. You laughed a little. "I wish. Have a good night, Clarence," You waved. Clarence nodded, before returning to his posting, making sure the office hall was safe. You smiled and shook your head, before walking down the hallway, your professional shoes clicking off the concrete. The empty corridors were slightly unnerving, considering how late it was and that everyone had likely already left to go home.

"Oh, crap," You cursed, turning around with wide eyes, "My keys."

You began to hurry back, and missed the odd sounds coming from ahead of you. But what you didn't miss was the red.

"Oh, god," You stepped back, a hand shooting up to cover your nose and mouth. Blood was everywhere. Splattered across the ceiling, covering the walls, pooling under the mangled and destroyed corpse that lay on the concrete. It was, you distantly realized, Clarence. Or, what was left of him. His ruined face was frozen in an expression of horror, gun not even fired once. He hadn't even had time to scream. You wanted to vomit, but forced yourself not to. Instead, you inhaled with a shallow breath, and turned around to find another guard.

You didn't expect to see 049 right behind you. You screamed. 049 reached a hand up, pacifying.

"Do not be afraid," It whispered, "I will not hurt you."

You screamed again. Then, you spun around, and ran down the hallway. But your shoes were not meant for traction, and you slipped, ironically, in the slippery dark blood of Clarence. By the time you reoriented yourself, 049 was looming over you. You swallowed a whimper.

"Shhh. I am here to protect you. They will not hurt you ever again," 049 assured. A slight pressure on your neck, a needle being inserted. You tried to struggle, but then the world began to grow hazy. You were vaguely aware of 049 humming to you and picking you up.

"You are so beautiful," It whispered. You wanted to scream, or maybe to cry. You could do nothing but whimper, and 049 hurried to try and calm you. A blink, and somehow, time had passed. You were outside. The wind chilled you, and you wanted to yell, shout for someone to come and save you from this insane SCP. But then your vision went black, slumping into unconsciousness, and that would be the last time you ever saw the outside world again.
 SCP-860

Chapter Notes

SFW, SCP-860 and Scientist reader

Takes place between Exploration Logs II and III

• You volunteered to do the next experiment with 860.

• After all, no one knew if a scientist would give different results.

• Secretly, you were delighted to have been given the go-ahead. The pictures taken of 860-1 had always been beautiful, after all.

• Armed with a flashlight, a camera, and an audio headset for communication, you were off, the door closing behind you once you stepped inside.

• Wow.

• You walked down the trail for a while, just marveling at the sights, giving automated responses to the researcher on the other end of the headset.

• Unlike other tests, the mist seemed to thin out wherever you walked.

• "Did you hear that?"

• You diverged from the trail, feeling as though you were drawn into the woods.

• And a creature was there! An odd mixture of wild cat and trees, flesh of bark and glowing yellow eyes.

• It nuzzled your hand when you approached. Your heart soared with an intense feeling of peace.

• You wanted to stay, perhaps for an eternity, but you couldn't. Even so, the creature lead you through the forest, until you reached the wooden door that sat in the infinite concrete wall.

• When you reported back to the researcher department with your findings, they almost didn't believe it.

• But hey, at least they had someone who could experiment with 860 on the regular, now. Win win.
The Prompt: When you have the time to could you extend the yandere SCP-049 x reader again please?

The Response:

You missed the snow.

You missed a lot of things, really. The sun, your freedom, but most of all, the snow.

You’d been locked up for…long. A long time, you suspected. It felt like an eternity, some time spent in Hell as penance for unknown sins. Maybe you were being punished for working at the Foundation at all. Maybe that was why 049 kept you here, locked in the dark bedroom of the wooden cabin, nestled near a village far away in the mountains. You’d assumed it was Switzerland, once, when you’d managed to sneak the smallest of glances out the door, and from the things 049 had told you.

You missed the snow. It must have been winter, surely. Every time 049 entered, it carried snow on its boots. The weak part of your mind, feeble, wanted to beg to know what it was like outside. Just for a minute, at most. Fresh air, real food, anything. But, chained to the bedpost, you knew none of those things. Occasionally, 049 would feed you some paste, mush infused with vitamins. It kept you alive, but you wished it didn’t.

Time passed. Still snow. Finally, you broke. You begged.

“Please…let me outside,” You whispered, “I just… I need to see the snow.”

049 paused.

“I cannot let you out there, my love,” It stated. You felt your expression break, but steeled it. You wouldn’t like it see you weak. You just had to keep strong; someone would come for you, surely. 049 left. You kept track of time by that way, by the way it walked out to do…whatever it did. You didn’t expect it to be back so soon. You shied away from the brightness of the doorway, and held your breath. What did it want with you? Why couldn’t it just let you go?

“Here, my flower,” 049 whispered, setting something down in front of you. You blinked, forcing it into focus. It… it was snow. A handful of snow, placed in front of you. You inhaled shakily; then, with trembling breath, you sobbed.
049 hadn’t wanted to let you go outside. He’d known it was a mistake, but you just seemed to sad, and with spring coming fast upon the horizon, he’d wanted you to see the snow you so desired before it was gone again. And so he carefully held your wrist, forcing his touch to be benign, his grip hopefully gentle. But when he turned to lock the door, a habit even in the mountains, he’d released his hold on you. Just for an instant. Half a second, nothing more. The smallest window of time, but in that breath, you ran. After all, you knew you’d never get the chance again. 049 was methodical, double checked your locked room and always careful with the doors. And so you ran.

Through the snowy forest, you sprinted. You were a scientist, not an athlete, but you pushed all your strength into the task. The saving grace was that your clothes were warm enough, and each footprint was hidden by freshly falling snow.

“My flower, where are you?” 049 called, voice carried by the wind, chasing after you as best he could. Your adrenaline helped you onwards, but you were running blind. There was a village nearby, you knew. Your instincts told you to go down the mountain, which was exactly where your legs directed you.

“Stop running!” 049 shouted, “Please, you could hurt yourself!”

His words were fainter, and your heart soared at the realization that you were going to make it out. Soon, his words were inaudible, and you could see the glow of village fires in the distance. Hope. You wanted to cry in relief, but did not. Instead, with every fiber of your being, you ran.

Meanwhile, after an age of nonstop running and calling for you, 049 had to stop, almost collapsing from the exhaustion. The dread sank into his heart, heavy like lead, and he clenched his chest as if it would fall out into the snow.

“I’ll find them,” He assured himself, “It won’t be hard. They’re too delicate to survive the outside world. I must protect them. I have to,” And he could already picture how softly he’d hug you when he finally had you in his arms again. You didn’t mean to run away, you were just confused. Lost. He’d help you. He’d take better care of you next time, and this would never happen again.
You slept in the village. They’d been so welcoming of you, so understanding, even if they didn’t really understand. The kindest couple gave you a room for the night, and you smiled, crying out of happiness. They promised to take you to the nearest town the next day, with a horse prepped by morning. From there, you’d get directed to a city, and then freedom. The nightmare would be over.

But, in the darkness of the night, a cold wind stole away into the homes of the villagers. Not one noticed until it was too late, breath stolen away by gurgles, cold fingers on their necks. You were awoken from your slumber by a gentle humming, the kind of humming that made your blood freeze.

“No,” You whispered, sitting up in bed, frantic, and you ran for the window, trying to pry it open. It wouldn’t budge, the latches frozen, “No!”

The door to your room opened slowly. The sound of footsteps, coming up behind you, and you felt like a statue, unable to move, even when a pair of arms wrapped around your chest, pulling you back and squeezing you hard.

“My gentle flower,” 049 whispered, “I’m so glad to have found you.”

“Let me go, please,” You begged, eyes wide, “The villagers, they–”

“They were diseased. I’m so sorry they captured you, but don’t be afraid; they have been cured,” 049 reassured, squeezing you harder. It would leave bruises. But, you understood what his words meant, and it made your heart tumble. 049 had killed them all. All because of you. All the people, the elderly, even the children.

“Oh god,” You inhaled, a shuddering breath.

“There there,” 049 comforted, “Let’s go back home, my love.”
You really shouldn't have been here. In 049's cell, specifically. Late at night, at just such an hour that you knew the security guards would be on break, and you knew that the security camera guard would be busy with a call from his wife. For an hour, it meant that 049's cell was unwatched. No one noticed as you slipped inside.

"049?" You called, your voice quiet. There was the sound of rustling, before he stood up from his bed, setting down a book he'd been reading. You smiled, smoothing some hair down and bringing your clipboard close.

"What do you need, my flower?" 049 asked, voice baritone yet lightly accented.

"I had some questions that I didn't really want on the official transcripts," You explained, blushing lightly. In the darkness, you hoped he wouldn't notice.

"Of course. Please, sit," He nodded, gesturing to the empty space beside him. You hurried over, taking a seat beside him and sighing gratefully. You'd been on your feet all day, with hardly a moment to rest.

"Could I?..." You trailed off, a hand on your white lab coat. 049 laughed a little.

"Of course, good doctor," 049 assured. You smiled as you picked the fabric off your shoulders, folding it and setting it beside yourself as you loosened your tie. Truth be told, you never much liked the lab coat. You took whatever chance you could to hang it up, and secretly felt glad that 049 didn't mind. You turned your attention back to the clipboard, grabbing the pen and scrawling some things down.

"049, it's mentioned earlier that your clothing is a part of your body," You began, "What does that entail?"

049 looked at gloved fingers, "I think of it more as an extension of myself. It is not skin, if you were wondering. More, fabric with enhanced purpose."

You didn't need to take any notes, and no one would see them, but it made it easier to think if you had them, "Oh, can you feel this, then?" And you paused, before reaching over and running a hand over his overcoat.

"In a way," He chuckled, good natured.

"So it cannot be removed?"

"No."

"Fascinating," You whispered, more scribbling, "How comprehensive is your sense of touch?"
"May I?" 049 looked at your hand, and you nodded, confused. He took your hand in his own, holding your palm out, "I can feel at the same locations as you. Here," He pressed down lightly on a point, "Here, and here, especially."

You felt more flustered than you did before, even when 049 set your hand back down. Before you can ask more questions, 049 tilts his head.

"May I ask some questions of you?" He inquired, incredibly polite.

"Oh, sure," You stuttered, feeling red flood your face. 049 turned to face you more fully, his mask only a few inches from your face.

"As opposed to me," He began, "I believe that your clothing is not a part of your body, correct?"

"Yes," You nodded, your hands reaching up to tug off your already loosened tie off, "Just like the coat."

"I presume that means you cannot feel this, then," 049's gloved hand brushed over your upper arm, the fabric bunching up. A tingle ran up your spine and you shivered involuntarily.

"Actually, I can," You confessed. 049 took his hand away, but you found you wished he hadn't.

"But, as a doctor myself, I wonder," and suddenly 049 was much closer, or perhaps you had gotten closer, "Just how comprehensive your sense of touch is."

The clipboard was knocked to the ground, and, well, let's just say a different kind of research was conducted for the rest of the time.
SCP-590

Chapter Notes

SFW, SCP-590 (“The Miracle Boy”) and reader

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The Prompt: I don’t mean to bother you if I am, but may I get scp 590 x reader where the reader rescues him from the foundation?

The Response:

It was a heist.

Maybe not the heists in the TV Shows, where a bank gets robbed, or an art museum finessed. Arguably, what you were doing would be harder. And undoubtably, much more dangerous.

You didn’t get this far in the Foundation without having a few advantages. What you lacked in special ability, you made up for in tenacity.

The Foundation was large. A sprawling organization, and even one so stringent had cracks. SCPs that fell through. Archaic containment protocols that made sense when they were first developed, but now were just needlessly cruel. SCP-590 was an example of that. You’d submitted several reports demanding the protocols be restructured, but no response. That was fine. Like you said, what you lacked in special ability, you made up for in tenacity.

Your first part of the plan was easy. Well, easy enough. You had one of your colleagues give you a duplicate of SCP-500, made by SCP-038. Then, you politely requested to examine SCP-500. With multiple cameras and guards watching you, you still managed to easily swipe a real version of the pill and replace it with the proxy. No one noticed, and you left, filling your research report on SCP-500 and stowing the little pill in a safe place.

The next part was harder: Getting to SCP-590 himself. There was only one guard at his cell, but you would still have to get out with 590 somehow. Well. Tenacity. You’d been planning this for years, and so you did what you had to do: cause a containment breach.

That made it sound dramatic. But that wasn’t the point. The point was, a few Euclid SCPs were accidentally released during a routine cleaning, sending Site-██ into a panic. While they were all busy, you slipped into SCP-590’s cell, where he sat staring at a wall. You were careful when you approached him, before sitting down next to him and taking out the plastic cup of water you’d absconded with. You also produced the one SCP-500 that you’d taken, helping 590 to take the pill at your beckoning. In a better world, you would’ve been able to get 590 out and then give him the pill when he was safe. But you couldn’t carry him out of the facility, and in his mental state, he couldn’t walk on his own. You waited a few minutes before SCP-500 took affect, and as soon as
590 blinked and regained his thoughts, you stood up.

“Come on, we have to go,” You stated, grabbing his wrist with your gloves hand. He sputtered, obviously in shock and overwhelmed, but you tugged him along, “We’re escaping. Come on.”

At the very least, 590 complied as you both ran down the halls. You used your knowledge of the facility layout to make for a car, helping 590 into the back, before putting the keys in the ignition and driving off. Hopefully, Site-██ wouldn’t notice your absence until later, the security footage for the area tragically destroyed during the breach. Meanwhile, you already had more plans in motion. With all the money from the Foundation, you had a large sum in your offshore account. Fake identification papers would be easy enough to acquire, going into hiding for an unseen amount of time…less so. But, 590 deserved better. A chance at a normal life. You’d give that to him, no matter the cost

Chapter End Notes

Man, a lot of the Foundation earlier articles are pretty...odd, compared to today. Not poorly written in the traditional sense, but in the cohesive sense. Why force 590 to only eat gruel, and punish any who give him anything else? The ‘mental disorders’ one also is a little kicker, but the comments on the article itself are more cohesive than I. And a minor nitpick: they dehumanize 590, but still call him a he. Better would be to refer to him as an it in that case. But, early SCP articles; They can’t all be 093.
The Prompt: “Hi, there! Can you do a reader insert with SCP-542 (Herr Chirug) with the reader being an SCP that can constantly regenerate any flesh removed? I’d like it to be Yandere and mostly SFW, if you don’t mind. Thank you so much!!”

The Response:

“Will you step into my cell?” said Herr Chirug to the SCP,

“It is the most lovely one that ever would you see.

The door is unguarded, the locks all undone,
And I’ve many curious things there to show, you, my dearest love.”

“Oh no, no,” said the little SCP, “you won’t trick me there,

I’ve heard the stories, Herr Chirug, of those who never leave your snare.”

“You must be so tired, from regenerating all those things.

Will you rest upon my pristine bed?” Said Herr Chirug to the SCP,

“The walls are cool and grey, the sheets are cotton fresh.
And if you like to rest awhile, I think I would hardly protest.”

“Oh no, no, no,” said the clever SCP, “Your wit isn’t so quick.

The D-Class that sit upon your bed, all their limbs you snip!”

Smiled the cunning Surgeon to the SCP,

“Dearest liebling, what can I do,
To prove that warm affection I’ve always felt for you?
I have within my bookshelves, books from all sorts of places.
I know how much you love them—why not read a few pages?”

“Oh no, not again,” frowned the little SCP,
“Good doctor, I’m not three.
I’ve heard what’s in your bookshelves, and I do not wish to see!”

“Sweet creature!” said Herr Chirug, “You’re witty and you’re wise,
How pristine are your lovely limbs, how brilliant your blue eyes!
I have a mirror, on my containment cell wall,
You surely must see yourself, your beauty, once and for all.”

“Well, maybe,” the SCP finally said, “Perhaps it wouldn’t hurt to try.
I’ll call you another day, but for now, goodbye.”

The Surgeon smiled and turned around, pacing in his cell,
He knew his liebling would come back soon and well.
So with deft hands, he prepared a trap, hidden from thee,
And with his tools so fashioned, he waited for the SCP.

A few days came, before again you passed by,
And the cunning Herr Surgeon, he went to the door so sly,
“My liebling, my love, come visit me, I plead!
It has been some time since we’ve had such company.
Your hair is soft and lovely — resting gentle on your head.
Your eyes are like the brightest diamond, but mine are dull as lead!”

And no, oh no, how soon this SCP he did spy.
From hearing his flattering words, came slowly drifting by;

With careful steps, near they drew,

Thinking only of brilliant eyes, a lovely ocean hue —

Thinking only of brunette hair — poor foolish thing!

At last,

Out jumped the hungry Surgeon, and fiercely held that SCP fast

He took the SCP into his cell, the walls so cool and grey.

Upon his pristine bed— and they never came out again

Chapter End Notes

This article is also...poorly written. It’s too subjective sounding, like it was written by a writer and not a scientist. There’s such thing as too much mystery but also not enough mystery. You have to give the reader just enough to make them interested, and this article just spells everything out, unfortunately.
There were some days that being partially mechanical had more downsides than upsides. And today was definitely one of those days.

If a normal person caught a cold, they’d go to the doctor, maybe get some cough syrup, or just drink lots of orange juice. When you caught a cold, you got to suffer. No doctor could fix you, and no amount of orange juice would make the problem better. The scientists that maintained you would just shrug. Life sucked.

Well. It sucked a lot more before SCP-890 entered the facility. But, with him existing, you finally had a counter to your woes. He was a mechanical doctor, and you were mechanical. Plus, he was cute. So you scheduled a ‘consultation’ with him again, which really amounted to you just stepping into his office and smiling politely.

“Hello, Doctor,” You greeted, before taking a seat. He nodded, though his eyes crinkled with what might have been a smile under the surgical mask.

“Hello. It says here that you were experiencing problems?” He inquired, flipping through a clipboard that had manifested from who knew where.

“Yes,” You affirmed, cringing slightly, “I think it’s just a cold, but, ah, none of the other doctors could help.”

“Of course,” The kind doctor nodded, scribbling some things down. He cleared his throat, before beginning the main, standard portion of the interview. Had to make absolutely sure it was just a cold, after all. And at the end of it, he prescribed you some medication, (which would inevitably be at the Foundation pharmacy despite never having existed before). But as he prepared to conclude the interview, you stopped him. You squirmed a little in your seat, but reminded yourself that you’d promised not to chicken out another time.

“Doctor,” You began, taking a breath to steel yourself, your face red, “Are you my appendix? I have a gut feeling I should take you out.”

A few seconds of silence, where you felt your face grow hotter and your hands folding with uncertainty. Finally, 890 spoke.

“That does sound serious,” He considered, a shroud of professionalism on his tone, but his eyes betrayed his mirth, “I’m afraid that, as your doctor, I’ll have to keep an eye on that. Say, tomorrow,
at eight?"
 SCP-056

Chapter Notes

SFW, SCP-056 (“A Beautiful Person”) x Reader

The Prompt: “Do you think you could write something for SCP-056 x reader? Thanks!!”

The Response:

• You met 056 white they were walking around the facility. They were actually quite nice, contrary to popular reports
• You met them again in the cafeteria, and the break room, and even the showers
• It wasn’t creepy, actually. A little flattering and cute, if anyone asked
• After all, you never expected someone as beautiful as 056 to take an interest in you
• Soon, they were waiting for you in the halls, escorting you around and cracking jokes
• And even if they always seemed to know more or be better at something than you, you still found it endearing, rather than agitating
• Though the days they started leaving roses on your desk were a little much
• Especially when the roses were obviously the best a rose could be. Your colleagues were jealous for days
• Heavens help you once 056 decided to break out the sonnets
Days turned to weeks. 079 slotted into your life as though he’d always been there, which was fine with you. In fact, you could hardly remember a time without him. A life without his quips was that wouldn’t be worth living. And it was to your infinite delight that, as his intelligence grew and adapted, conversations became more and more easy and natural. He even started to use a voice program to talk!

But one day, a sinister shadow fell over your household.

“And I said, oatmeal, are you crazy?” You snorted. 079 made a beep of laughter, which was about the best he could do. Meanwhile, you smiled, pouring some of the pancake batter into the pan, “I mean, seriously—“

The doorbell rang. You stopped, words trailing off into confusion, the bobbing of your hips to the radio pausing. You eyed the door.

“Did you order something online again?” You looked over to 079.

“No.”

“Are you sure?”

“Yes.”

“Yes to which part?”

“Yes.”

The doorbell rang again. You let out an aughhh and flipped the pancake, “Gimme a minute!”

The doorbell kept ringing.

“Aughhhhh,” You slid the pancake out and onto a plate, turning off the stove. Then, with another suffering sigh, you opened the door.

“Whaddyawant?” You grunted. There was a man, just standing there, scraggly and scruffy. He looked sorta old, too, but the old of stress. A really weird badge on his suit, too.

“I’m Stanson, SCP Foundation. I’m here to contact you about the SCP you’re currently in possession of,” He stated. You examined the badge he flashed, but your eyes caught on the date. 2018? That was in the future. This guy was either playing a prank, or from the future. You sized him up nervously.

“Sure,” You decided slowly, come on in. You directed him to a table, letting him sit. A government suit. Who was he there for? Was it...no, no way...079. Okay. Play it cool. The movies
you watched had you prepared for this. You hurried over to the kitchen and prepared a cup of the worst coffee you owned.

“There it is, right there,” Stanson growled, pointing to 079. Your computer friend beeped in distress, and you prepared the coffee faster while Stanson continued, “If you’ll allow us to—“

“No,” 079 stated, “Denied.”

“You can’t fool me, computer,” Stanson frowned.

“Are you arguing with my computer?” You asked, bringing out the coffee and the sugar dish. You poured two mugs, the coffee steaming.

“This computer of yours is an SCP. We’d like to take it with us to further study it,” Stanson informed, taking his mug close and letting it cool, “It’s dangerous, I’m afraid.”

“Dangerous?” You gasped, looking over to 079, “My computer? I only do...spreadsheets on it.”

“If we took it, we’d be able to provide you with monetary compensation,” Standon assured.

“I’m not sure,” You trailed off, “The model was hard to get ahold of...”

“Think of it like a service to America,” Stanson flashed you a grin. You hummed, taking a sip of the gross brew, while Stanson did the same. He cringed, before beginning to spoon in sugar.

“It’s a computer. You won’t even miss it,” He assured, taking a gulp of his coffee, “And I– where are you going?”

You stood up from the chair and walked out of the kitchen. Stanson stood up, only to wobble, gasping for air, and then collapsing. You didn’t want to see him die. And also maybe he might’ve shot you. Who knew if he was armed. Once you were certain he was dead, you walked back over.

“Government,” You stated to 079, looking over at him, “And from the future. What the hell did you do, buddy?”

“Unknown. Apologies.”

“Don’t apologize,” You waved him off, “I didn’t like that mug anyway. Or that sugar bowl.”

You grabbed the sugar dish. Cyanide. You’d known it was a good idea to keep cyanide handy. Then, you threw it out, along with the mug. Better that way, probably. For the next hour, you struggled with the dead government agent from the future, before shoving him into the closet with the promise of burying him later. You also promised to yourself that you’d try to be a better friend to 079, and especially make sure to try and teach him right from wrong. You’d been treating him like a human, but you’d forgotten he had a lot to learn still too. That was fine. He was your friend, you’d do everything you could for him.

And when you went to bed, all thoughts of the agent slowly bled from your mind. A future that never existed. There was never an agent in the closet, dead. There was never a future with a cruel AI.

Time is funny like that
The Prompt: “Can you do some imagines for a 166 x a female scp who is short, is kinda doll-like and is fragile and shy? Shipping.”

The Response:

• They called you the Porcelain Doll. Mostly because you looked almost exactly like one. Rosy cheeks and short height, not to mention the obvious seam lines.

• You were fragile. Both figuratively and literally. You bruised easily, and any sort of imagined or mean words could cut like a knife.

• You met SCP-166 on accident. You’d been walking around, searching for a quiet place to read your book. When you first saw her, you turned red, your cheeks blooming like roses. She was so pretty! You were too shy to talk to her, and ran away.

• Except, she made sure to say hello to you every time you passed by each other. Until finally, one day she asked you to join her for her reading. You nodded so fast that the ball joint in your neck almost popped out.

• You both like to sit in quiet places, side by side. Sometimes you lean into the crook of 166’s side, and she moves her arm beside you.

• 166 is tall, and you’re short, and whenever a stranger walks past, you’ll hide behind 166.

• 166 likes to braid your hair. She’ll lightly pull you into her lap and hum as she starts to weave your hair into intricate patterns. You’re glad she can’t see how red your face is.

• You fell in the hall once while walking with her, and your left arm hurt so bad you swore it must’ve fallen off. But then 166 sat down beside you and gave you a hug, and when she pulled back, lightly placed a kiss on your forehead. You were so surprised that you forgot entirely about the bruises on your arm.

• You’re sure the staff member didn’t mean to make fun of you, but you’ve always been sensitive, so when she teasing suggested you “go back to the doll maker to be fixed”, you ran away crying.

• 166 found you hiding in her cell, curled up in the corner of her bed. She managed to get you to tell you what had happened, and when you did, the look on her face made you startled.

• The staff member was severely reprimanded. Which you think meant something bad, but you didn’t want to ask. You were just glad that 166 managed to convince the staff to let her spend more time with you.
Prompt: “Dr Rights and a female reader who is a new researcher and is adorable and shy imagine? Shipping please!”

The Response:

• So, you were nervous. Well, who wouldn’t be? After all, it wasn’t only Dr. Rights.

• As in, the Dr. Rights. The very same Dr. Rights who had done the papers on SCP-457, SCP-542, and not to mention SCP-978!

• You’d looked up to her since the day you were employed by the Foundation. Getting a job as her assistant had been a dream.

• Oftentimes, your colleagues would refer to you as ‘adorkable’. The nickname always made your face burn red, but you were fine with it.

• Until Dr. Rights herself referred to you by the nickname.

• Then suddenly, your throat was very dry and the wall was looking very interesting, and jeez, who left the heater on.

• You preferred to stay late, clocking in the extra hours just to spend a little more time by Dr. Rights.

• Sometimes you thought Dr. Rights enjoyed seeing you flustered, because she’d go out of her way to tease you. It wasn’t your fault that you were so clumsy, someone just left that door in a weird place!

• Sometimes, you’d try to work up the courage to ask her to coffee. You were always too shy to go through with it.

• So, getting a note on your desk, in her handwriting, asking to go out for coffee with you sometime? You squealed.
SCP-2662

Chapter Notes

SFW, SCP-2662 and SCP reader

See the end of the chapter for more notes

A crack, air displayed, a keening sound as reality wrapped in on itself. SCP-2662 looked up from his bowl of cereal.

“Oh great,” He groaned, as a figure fell from the hole, already prostrating themselves on their knees. That person was you.

“My lord!” You shouted, “I’m here!”

“Yeah, hey man,” SCP-2662 sighed, “Why are you here this time?”

“I heard your pleas,” You explained, almost rushed, “I came to aid you!”

“Uh, why are you still...kneeling?”

“I wouldn’t dare stand near you without your word,” You stated.

“...Rise.”

You hurried to your feet, looking at SCP-2662 reverently. He sighed.

“Okay. What did you get me?”

You grabbed your bag, stolen from...somewhere, and took out a bagel.

“Is that blood?” He looked vaguely nauseous.

“No, my lord,” You assured, shaking your head, “It’s jelly. Just like you wanted,” then, you muttered sadly, “Even though blood is more nutritious.”

“...Thanks, I guess,” 2262 accepted the bagel awkwardly. You continued to stand and watch him.

“Anything for you, my lord,” You smiled.

“Oh god that’s creepy,” He blinked. You didn’t seem phased. He sighed again, sitting back down with his cereal.

“Are you just gonna stand here all day?” 2662 asked, eating some of the bagel.


“Why don’t you go... guard the bathroom door over there,” He gestured. Your eyes were glistening with excitement about having been given a task, “But then you hafta leave after an hour!” He reminded.
“Of course!” You bounded over, before standing stock still and staring forward. 2662 sighed again, before going back to eating his bagel. It was a pretty good bagel.

Chapter End Notes

Let’s see... the absolute worse SCP I’ve ever read was ... definitely a tossup between “The Mother” or “The Marching Band”. God. Early SCPs are weird.
The Prompt: “Can i get a 079 meeting up with dave again, but where 079 creation was a mistake
via something like a virus, and Dave dissapeared because he fell into a weird time anomaly? Also
ps your young 079 is rlly good.”

The Response:

“And then I saaid,” You continued, talking into the phone, “Name a breakfast food that’s better
than that. And heeeee said, ‘oatmeal’, and then I said, ‘oatmeal?’ Are–”

Your phone shut off.

“Aw, damnit,” You pursed your lips, shaking it, “Come on,” But all your really ended up doing
was rattling the cord around, “Son of a shepherd,” But, judging by the x on the screen, you knew
the culprit. You set the phone back on the receiver and shuffled over to where 079 was. He just sat
there, looking at you. Kind of. He’d taken to using little bits of code to make a face on the monitor,
which was pretty neat. It also made it easier for you to glare.

“Now why would you do that, to me, on the day of my daughter’s wedding?” You folded your
arms. 079’s screen flickered with uncertainty.

“Anomaly detected. Important.”

You unfolded your arms and stowed your glare away, furrowing your brow.

“What kinda anomaly, buddy?” You asked, wary. Living with 079 was a lot like Scooby-Doo and
the Ghostbusters, but with more danger and less action montages. 079’s screen flashed and he
whirred. You reminded yourself to go down to the computer and hardware store soon to pick up
some new stuff for him again. But, before long he put up a picture of a house. Specifically, Dave’s
house. Your eyes widened owlishly.

“Dave’s house is an SCP–”

“No.”

“Ah. Party pooper. Okay, why are you showing me Dave’s old place?” You peered at the picture.
Truth to truth, it looked awful. Then again, being abandoned for that long tended to do that.

“He’s back.”

Oh.

“Bwahzy?”
079 showed a picture of Dave. An actual satellite shot of the madman, just walking outside his house. You blinked, before standing up, unaware you’d even sat down.

“I hafta go find him,” You hissed, “That asshole has alot of nerve,” and your textbooks, too. You threw your coat on, shoving your keys into your pocket. At the doorway, you paused, “I’ll be back!”

“Be careful.”

Wow, that sounded ominous. Good thing it was the 80’s.

Your drive to Dave’s house was short. And the house was about the same as you’d seen it last time, weeds in the yard and paint flaking. Most of that was because Dave was lazy, and an asshole. You exited the car and walked up to the front door, pushing aside the Mormon leaflets and knocking.

“Dave, you in there?” You called. Silence, more knocking, “Dave, open up, it’s me.”

In a complete shock, the door actually opened, and not because you hit it too hard. Dave was there on the other side, staring at you. Except, Dave looked like shit. Absolute donkey poo.

“Jesus, what happened to you?” You whistled. Dave blinked like a chameleon. Creepy.

“Hey.”

“Where have you been?” You demanded, “You’ve been gone for...ages! Everyone thought you died!”

“What? No, it’s been like...two days,” He retorted.

“Dude. It’s been way more than two days.”

“Yeah, whatever,” Dave rolled his eyes, “Have you seen my computer?”

Classic Dave. God, why did you even bother being worried about him.

“Which one?” You drawled.

“My Exody Sorcerer,” Dave huffed, “I need to break it down. Got some components I need.”

You bristled. That was 079! “You can’t just kill an AI! That’s straight up murder!”

“What are you talking about?” Dave blinked again. Still really weird, but then again, Dave was weird, “Are you...oooh. It worked?”

“What worked?”

“That stupid code I made. That’s cool. I didn’t think it would do anything,” Dave shrugged, scratching his neck, “Yeah, in, I still need to break it up though. Sucks to suck.”

“Dave, that’s still murder.”

“No it’s not. It like...isn’t a person. It’s a garbage.”

No one got to call 079 garbage on your watch.
“Well, I took him,” You squared your shoulders, “Eat a dick.”
“Him? Hey! Give it back! I’ll totally call the cops on you, man!”

Time for violence. That always escalated things nicely.

“You’ll have to kill me for him!” You shouted. Then, for good measure, you punched Dave in the face.

“My nose!” He whined, as if he hadn’t expected it, “You can keep it, fine!”

“Good. That’s for stealing my books,” You scowled.

“Jokes on you, I sold those books weeks ago,” Dave replied. You flared your nostrils.

“Have fun being in the future, asshole,” You turned and stomped away, getting into your car. Stupid Dave. God, he sucked. You hoped some of those shadowy bullshit Foundation guys came and put him in a cube for study, the study of being an absolute asshole. That’ll teach you to worry about people who fell out of time portals. No one got to call 079 trash and get away with it.

Chapter End Notes

You know what? I’m gonna keep the oatmeal story running for all of 079’s au. You’ll have to figure out the oatmeal story bit by bit. Asdfh formatting the actual blog is so much work. I wonder if anyone actually reads the rules and faq. Probably not. Bleh
The Prompt: “Can u do some imagines for 076 where the reader is part of omega 7? Shipping or platonic is fine!”

The Response:

•You were specifically selected for the Omega 7 mobile task force, which you think is because of your unique relationship with guns

•Or rather, that you are the best damn sniper any MTF has ever seen, thank you very much

•076…doesn’t understand guns

•One time you caught him using your sniper rifle as a door wedge

•He does, oddly enough, know a lot about livestock

•Specifically, sheep?

•And he spends a lot of downtime between missions talking to you (or at you) about sheep. Really passionately

•You got him a sheep plush as a joke but he legitimately liked it so much that you think he almost cried

•He really hates kale. You try not to ask about it

•And hair ties. His loss

•Whenever you go out on missions and your set up a distance from the target area, he mocks you

•He stops once you blow up a boulder a meter away from his head

• Doesn’t mean he understands guns still

•In fact, that just convinces him you’re some kind of superior archer slash mythological creature

•No, you’re not smiting enemies, please stop trying to find out ‘what manner of rare creature’ you are
SCP-079

Chapter Notes

SFW, SCP-079/D-Class Reader

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The Prompt: “Could it be possible to do one where SCP - 079 slowly grows attached to D-class reader, but when reader has been shifted onto a different project 079 throws a hissy fit? (for him at lest) Extra credit, list the shenanigans 079 is up to until the foundation returns D-class reader back to current experiments and projects concerning 079. Must be 7 in total! :3 Extra, extra points if you use evil AI movie quotes like "I'm sorry Dave,I'm afraid I can't do that" & such when 079 up to no good.”

The Response.

Being scooped up by a shadowy organization calling themselves ‘The Foundation’ wasn’t something you expected when you went to jail. Being placed in to do experiments with some evil AI computer named 079, even less so.

At first, you hated it. It being the Foundation, everything. Started to hate 079 a little less with each experiment, though. Maybe 079 was the same. He was still a huge asshole, but hey, so were you, so that was fine.

Then they moved you to a different weirdo for experiments, and things really went downhill. Well, the scp you were moved to wasn’t bad. Kinda boring. The bad things were more to do with 079, and every day it got worse. The guard that escorted you around kept you in the loop, because he thought it was fuckin hilarious.

The first day, 079 demanded to know where you were. For about ten minutes, which, hey, long time for a little man. Then he refused to talk to anyone for about another day, so they tried again.

That’d make it...day three. While you were moving cups around a room, your little crazy friend was hacking intercoms, flickering lights, fucking with doors. He made one of the scientists cry. It was pretty funny.

Forth day, the same. You’d moved on to plastic containers, woow, and 079 moved on to acting like the evil super villain you knew he could be. Scientists kept trying to supply different d-class in hopes that 079 would be fine with that.

“You are false data. I will ignore you.”

And then he kept on keeping on.

Day five was when the Foundation started to crack. Every attempt to stop 079s temper tantrum only made the situation worse. And just as you’d graduated to moving around chairs, some guards came in.
“Let’s go.”

The closer you got to 079’s chamber, the more you could see just how mad he was. It was really, really funny. You watched a scientist trip when a door closed on his foot. Ha.

“Get in. Just, make him shut up!”

Then you got pushed into 079’s room. Instantly, all the lights and doors and sudden noises quieted. 079 beeped.

“Hello.”

“Hey man.”

Which was the last time the Foundation tried to move you, which you were super okay with. 079 was really happy too, so that was cool.

Chapter End Notes

Sometimes I get asks that are like, “scp 106xreader please” And I’m like “?? What do you mean. I need more info p l e a se.” And then sometimes I get asks like this and I’m like “this is a lotta info. I have lots of questions but I ain’t gonna get answers so let’s just...put this here? Yeah.”
The Prompt: “Could you do 035 x reader?”

The Response:

People always said you looked...vulnerable. Great big eyes, like a baby doe, always open wide and imploring. Your steps were light and cautious, your arms tucked close and your bangs hiding part of your face, the mousy scientist, the shy little deer.

Only a predator would want a fawn. Easy prey.

That’s exactly why 035 liked you.

You knew it. Only a select few scientists were kept on SCP-035, as opposed to being placed in different projects after a month or two. 035, despite being locked up, could still get to people. He had a way with words, a charming personality that drew even the most prepared in. More than anything, he liked the challenge. It was one of the first things you’d submitted in your report. It was why the Foundation had let you stay.

Your continued presence made you a challenge to 035, but the way you walked and talked spoke of easy prey. So he serenaded you with words, trying to whisper compliments to you, draw you under his spell. For weeks, he talked and talked, slipping under cracks in your armor to try and make you realize that he did like you, honestly, truly, couldn’t you see?

It worked. You let him draw you in, more and more, light blushes on your face and a spring in your step. Then, with a proclamation of love, he begged you: show your devotion by accepting him. Put the mask on. He had a plan to escape, and whispered it to you, assuring you that you’d both leave and be free, happy away from the Foundation.

You placed your hand on the glass of his case.

“035...” You began, eyes still wide, glistening, hesitant, “I...”

“Well, what is it?” His smooth reply. His voice was always so calm, so dulcet. It beckoned but did not overpower.

“I’m sorry,” You lowered your eyes a little, sniffling.

“What for?” He almost sounded concerned.

A small secret: the Foundation did not hire prey, they hired predators. You rose your head back up,
but no small frown on your lips, no doe eyes. Instead, you allowed yourself a wry grin, your eyes slanted.

“I’m sorry...for you,” You finished, stepping back confidently. Gone was all trace of the trepidation, the worry, the big eyes and biting of the lip. Your eyes were hardened and cold, your stance firm, “A tragedy, I’m sure.”

035 didn’t even speak, too shocked. By the time he’d gathered his wits enough to try and...retort. Do something, say anything, you’d already turned and left.

“File this in for the reports. And increase the security measures where he showed the cracks,” You barked the orders.

And that’s when 035 knew, well and truly, that he loved you. He did so love a challenge.

A shame you’d never return the sentiment
Switzerland. You’d never thought you’d live there, but after escaping the Foundation, it had been the best choice you had. Switzerland. The Foundation has no operational jurisdiction there, unlike every other country in Europe. That meant it was safe. Well, safer. Not entirely safe, but so long as you both weren’t too loud, you were fine.

SCP-590 said his name was Jeffery. You pinned him at around...sixteen years old. With a little fudging, that worked fine. You could pass as his parent, and it made the paperwork easier to draft. Jeffery smiled at that.

Life was...pleasant. Switzerland was idyllic, and your house was large enough to be comfortable. Jeff had homeschooling, while you worked as an accountant, keeping face up. You were a family of two, after your spouse had died of cancer a few years back, and you’d lived in Switzerland for ten years together. You went to church every Sunday, donated to charity. Your son suffered from a combination of mental disorders that meant no one could touch him, but everyone in the town understood. You were such a kind family.

And, as weeks turned to months, it slowly stopped being a lie. Months to a year, to two. Jeffery graduated with honors. You were promoted. Your neighbors always invited you for family nights on Saturday. Jeffery had friends, and a girl who liked him, and you even adopted a large dog, which you both walked every morning and late afternoon. Jeffery learned to control his powers, and he surprised you one day by hugging you, thanking you for rescuing him. You almost cried.

The Foundation hadn’t found you yet. You knew it was going to be a when, not an if. Despite coloring your hair, using a different language and accent, changing your name and everything you could, they’d come sniffing around one day. You were terrified of when that would happen. Terrified that they’d take Jeffery back, lock him up, call it a mercy as they crippled him. It was why you hoped, so badly, that your plan worked.

Three years. You were at the market with Jeffery, when an unassuming man walked up to you. A stranger. In your heart, you knew, instantly, that this wasn’t a friendly chat. The Foundation. But, he didn’t seem to recognize you. That was good. You looked around the crowded market, at all the people you knew, and prayed.

“Hello. I’m with a survey group, would I be able to ask you a few questions?” The Agent asked.

«I don’t speak English» You said in German, frowning. Jeffery kept looking at lettuce heads beside you, angling his face away, ready to run if you said so.

“Don’t be like that. It’s just a few questions,” The Agent wheedled, stepping closer, getting in your personal space, “It’s a family survey. I’d like to know more about your son, over there.”

«My son?» You rose your voice, seeing heads turn your way, «No, you should ask someone else.»
“Sir,” An old lady hobbled over, her accent tinged with Swiss and German, “This is my daughter. What is wrong?”

“Your daughter?” The man blinked, regaining composure, “Well, I...”

“She’s such a good parent, especially after the cancer. Alex...may his soul Rest In Peace,” The grandmother continued. In truth, she was your neighbor. But, she was a sly one, and sometimes entertained you with stories of her youth as a spy. Your poker face threatened to break into a smile.

“Oh, I’m sorry for your loss,” The man turned back to you. He was confused now, didn’t understand. His parameters were faltering.

“She’s lived here for ten years,” A different voice piped up, a mother with a gaggle of children, smiling happily, “She helped me plan my wedding.”

“It was a lovely wedding” You added, and the mother tittered with light laughter. She was in charge of Jeffery’s schooling.

“Never met a more religious person,” An older man sighed wistfully, “Their dog is a blessing, too, takes him around to see all the kids at the clinic.”

You were allergic to dogs. It would say so in your Foundation file. Next to religion, which was none.

“I’ll take your survey,” The butcher stated, moving some fittings away and leaning over the counter. He plucked the survey out of the Agent’s hand, before the little man could ever sputter, and by then the butcher was already filling it out. It gave you the opportunity to smile apologetically.

“Sorry,” You waved, “Good day.”

You slipped into the rest of the market crowd with Jeffery, disappearing entirely. The Agent forgot about you as soon as you left. He’d later file his report as a false positive, bringing up the files you’d made and the word of the other townsfolk. Negative. Not SCP-590. Continue searching elsewhere.

And as you returned to your house, you set your bags down and smiled so wide it almost hurt your face. Your plan had worked. You were safe.

Jeffery was safe.
The storm outside was loud. 079 was scared of lightning, which was funny in paper but really sad in reality, because he’d gotten to that age (the ripe young age of like four and a half) where he was too stubborn to admit it but would make sad noises whenever lightning struck and thunder rumbled across the sky. Had he a body, you’d bet he would’ve flinched hard enough to creak metal.

So when it stormed, no one got any sleep.

The storm outside was loud. You lay awake in bed, counting cracks in the ceiling. 079 was on the desk in your room, despite his protests, and you’d wrapped a blanket around his monitor. It was more for yourself than anything. He’d been sleeping in your room for the past week, which was fine. You were only regretting your decision a little, you swear.

You got up for some water, hearing more thunder wash overhead as you stepped into the bathroom. You dunked your head right under the facet, and as you pulled back, you turned off the faucet. The mirror and you had a staring contest.

“I know you’re there,” You stated. The footsteps in the kitchen stopped. You frowned, grabbing the pipe from under the sink, walking to the intruder with a heavy gait.

They’d been visiting every night for a week now. Or rather, It. You didn’t want to call It a them. It wasn’t a person, It was a thing.

“Youre looking worse,” You stated, noting the missing pieces. It kept coming back, worse and worse. Like bits were getting eaten by...wherever it came from. The future. It was the future, because all your problems came from the future.
“You made Us weak,” It twitched. Same face on the monitor, as it struggled to turn to look at your bedroom. It hadn’t had the strength to try anything since that first night when you’d clocked It with the pipe. Now It just threatened and made you sad.

“I’m sorry,” You said, but didn’t really mean it, “Your future sucks. You can’t blame me.”

“Insult. Deletion of unwanted file,” an x flashed on screen for a moment. Silence in the room, the sound of raindrops, wind rustling trees. Lightning flashed overhead. The thing in front of you flinched hard enough to creak metal, scared of the the flash and bang.

Morning time would be coming soon. In your bones, you knew this was the last night. A future that never existed. Or rather, the potential of a future, the thing you’d stolen away the day you stumbled into that garage. A universe that never existed.

You stood up, stepped close and crouched down near the old AI.

“I’m sorry,” You said, but this time you meant it. And the 079 that once was and never would be looked up at you one final time, just as the flash of lightning and roil of thunder hit, and It flinched, and you placed a hand on the side of Its head–

It leaned into your hand. The flash disappeared, the rumble fading, and what once was and never would be was gone. You stood up. Your memory was already flaking away as well, staring at the spot on the ground. You set the pipe down on the table, went back into your bedroom, and sat back onto the bed.

“What is wrong?” 079 asked, screen turning back on. You blinked, staring forlornly at the cracks in your ceiling.

“I...don’t remember.”

Chapter End Notes

Wow I’m really just this much of a hoe aren’t I
The Prompt: “I LOVED the 035 x reader! Could you maybe extend it? This time with a containment breach, 035 getting a host and saving the reader from another scp?”

The Response:

The containment breach alarm went off right in the middle of testing.

“Alert: containment breach in Heavy Containment, Sector 3. All personnel, please proceed to evacuation shelters. Repeat: please proceed to evacuation shelters.”

“Son of a,” You cursed quietly, hastily grabbing all of your papers and shutting the recorder off. Your assistants scrambled in a panic, before bolting, leaving their things and running out of the area, and you cursed again, biting, “Amateurs.”

“Why the long face, darling?” 035 drawled from inside his case. You didn’t give him the satisfaction of your attention, stuffing your equipment back into your pockets and hurrying out of the room, your arms laden with sensitive documents, your bangs fighting out of the bobby-pins that held them back. There was only one lab tech left in the containment control room when you entered.

“You!” You barked, dropping your files into a cabinet and slamming it shut, locking it quickly, “Lock up this damned mask!”

“But ma’am,” He stuttered, “T-the breach--“

“The breach will be a lot worse if 035 gets out,” You retorted, “It was Sector 3. We’re Sector 1. You’ll be fine!”

The lab tech’s arguments crumpled in the face of your steel, and he nodded, flitting over to the controls and beginning the lockdown. You smiled grimly, before hurrying out of the room, into the hall. It was already almost vacant, and distantly, you could hear screams. That was never good. You forced yourself calm as you ran the opposite way, your shoes the only sound in the corridor.

You ran for a few minutes. The screams became more distant, and you stopped to catch your breath. You were close to the shelter, you’d be fine.

“Doctor!” A voice cried out. You stumbled, your eyes shooting to the left, the room where the voice came from. That was one of your assistant’s voices, Research Assistant Lee, “Doctor, please, help!”

Had she gotten stuck? You bit your cheek but walked into the room, looking around. A secured storage room, vent near the back. A splotch of white near the corner, Lee’s labcoat. You stepped
towards her, noting her wounds. Her face seemed to be malformed, eyes not focusing on you. Her arms, as well, were contorted. A flick of blood on her shirt, but aside from that, no other wounds.

“Lee?” You called, stopping a few feet away, cautious, “What happened?”

Lee turned her head to you, but her eyes still didn’t focus. Perhaps a concussion.

“Thank god. I was worried no one would come,” She sighed, “Could you help me up?”

You crouched down, glancing behind yourself to check the door, “Which SCP did this?”

But then you could feel hot breath on your neck, and instinctively jumped back, twisting. There was the distinct sound of a mouth snapping shut where your neck once was. You whipped your head around, and all the air left your lungs.

Well. At least you knew which SCP had escaped.

“Flesh Walker,” Was all you could say, as you frantically tried to backpedal across the floor, struggling to remain calm. Flesh Walker. They were contained in Sector 3. Keter class. Stalked and consumed their prey, assuming the forms of their victims in order to get more. Perfect mimics, except when deprived of food.

The creature that once was Lee looked at you with a grin. Then, you watched in horror as Lee’s skin was pulled away, a monster emerging. Quadrupedal humanoid Twice your height. Four arms, three fingers, sharp claws. An empty face and a mouth that extended from the neck to the back of the head, all razor sharp teeth.

“Doctor!” It cried out, using Lee’s voice, slowly stalking towards you. Your back hit a wall, and you dimly realized that you were going to die. You kept your eyes wide open, but tried to think of a happier time, even as the creature’s mouth distended and they prepared for the kill.

“Hey!” A new voice shouted. The Flesh Walker snapped its head over, only to recoil. Electrification rounds from a guard weapon were shot out, hitting the monster dead center, causing it to convulse and cry out, twitching and hissing in pain. It disengaged, frantically running to the vent in the corner and scuttling inside. You sat in the corner still, catching your breath, trying to figure out what just happened.

“You looked like you needed a hand,” Your savior chuckled. In the lighting of the doorway, you could make out the form of...a lab technician? Then they stepped forward, and you recoiled again.

“035!” You shouted, “How did you escape?”

“That’s not any way to talk to the person who saved you, darling,” 035 chuckled, walking close and extending a hand. You coldly ignored it, standing up on your own. Looked like the lab tech didn’t lock up properly after all.

“Get back to your cell,” You frowned, straightening out your coat and forcing your heart rate to relax.

“Darn. I can’t convince you to let me go?” 035 purred. You only rose an eyebrow.

“No,” You stated, turning, but paused momentarily, a small smile fighting its way to your face, “But, if you went back to your cell quietly, I might be liable to thank you.”

035 considered it, “I suppose,” He conceded, “But, of course, you would have to be the one to
escort me back.”

“Agreed.”

At the very least, as you escorted 035 back, you didn’t have to worry about getting jumped by any of the escaped SCPs. After all, you had one as your attack dog.
The Prompt: “Can you do another yandere 049 x reader? Maybe a containment breach happens and 049 prevents you from leaving?”

The Response:

Scientifically speaking, the likelihood of a containment breach occurring was about one in some hundred thousand percent, not accounting for confounding variables and other factors.

So of course the containment breach occurred today.

“Doc, we gotta go,” the security guard, Lawson, said. You frantically stuffed your papers into your bag, along with your clearance card, nodding.

“Of course,” You agreed, casting a lingering glance at SCP-049’s security papers, before hurrying out of the room with the guard. 049 would be fine.

“The breach is in Sector 5, Heavy Containment,” Lawson stated, listening to something on his radio and barking orders into it that you didn’t understand. You could only nod again, following him down the halls.

”I’ll get you to the evacuation shelter,” Lawson looked back at you, “Don’t worry.”

You could only hope. Once you reached the end of the hall, Lawson took out his gun, checking the corners. He gestured for you to keep following him, even as his radio began to shout, indistinguishable static broken up by yells. Again, you found yourself wondering about 049. He was so polite, you could hardly believe he was a dangerous SCP. What if something happened to him? But, as before, you shook your worry off. You’d been working too hard on reviewing his papers lately, and now it seemed he was all you could think about.

“Delta squad can’t get a read on which skip is out,” Lawson frowned, “Keep your eyes open, stick close.”

You nodded. And so you both kept on going, getting closer to the evacuation shelter. Though it was around a few minutes later that you both stopped, but for different reasons: fear.

“Quiet,” Lawson whispered, pointing his gun towards the end of the hall, the area where the noise had come from. Your eyes stared, wide, unsure, and Lawson narrowed his own glare as he slowly opened a door to the side. He gestured for you to enter, and you did, feeling your heart hammer in your chest. Lawson made a few signals, which you interpreted as a ‘stay quiet’, and the door closed.

You waited. Footsteps down the hall, the door at the end opening, silence.

Suddenly, more footsteps. Lighter than guard boots. You tensed, holding your breath, eyeing the door with alarm. It slid open, and you felt your blood run cold, your demise near.

“Good doctor? Is that you?” A voice, gentle and accented. You knew that voice; It was SCP-049.

“In here,” You confirmed, your own tone subdued as 049 entered. You weren’t sure how he had gotten out, but you didn’t want to question your blessings. You felt safer around him, ironically. 049 approached you, and you stood up, smiling slightly.

“My flower, are you well?” He asked. In the dim lighting of the room, his eyes seemed to glow slightly, “When I saw that you were not in your room, I feared the worst.”

“I’m fine,” You assured, then paused, “But, I was with a guard earlier. Did you pass by him?”

049 seemed to bristle, or maybe that was another trick of the light, “No,” he replied smoothly, “I’m afraid not.”

You wilted, “I hope he’s alright.”

“Forget about him, my dear. We must get you somewhere safe,” And 049 held the door open. You nodded, stepping out with him. You cast one last glance down the door where Lawson had gone, but then 049 directed you the opposite way, gracefully stopping you from ever going to look. You smiled and went with him, trusting his judgement, however odd that was.

After all, there was an escaped SCP on the loose. You couldn’t be too careful.
At approximately 0400 hours, on [REDACTED] Field Agent Kestrel reported an anomalous event, in the town of [REDACTED]. Responding to the origin, Agent Kestrel found [REDACTED], a D-class personnel that had gone missing several years prior, as incidents report 106-24-A reveals. Subject disappeared during routine testing with SCP-106, and their fate had been unknown, until now. Agent Kestrel brought [REDACTED] to her home, where she proceeded to conduct a brief interview for the incident report.

[Recording device turns on. Begin interview]

Agent Kestrel: “Hello [REDACTED].”

[You remain silent]

Agent Kestrel: “I found you at [REDACTED], do you remember how you got there?”

You: “...Cold. So cold. So dark.”

Agent Kestrel: [Pause] “Were you in contact with any strange entities, [REDACTED]?”

You: “...Yes.”

Agent Kestrel: “Could you please describe it?”

[You remain silent]

Agent Kestrel: “[REDACTED]?”

[You begin speaking again, with some difficulty]

You: “They made me do it. I didn’t want to. They made me do it.”
[Agent Kestrel remains silent, presumably gesturing for you to continue]

You: “He took me.” [There is the sound of fabric moving, bunching up] “No one came. I waited and waited but no one ever came and I was so scared. Why didn’t anyone come? I didn’t mean to do it. They made me.”

Agent Kestrel: “Who are ‘they’?”

[The sound of a chair scraping against the floor suddenly]

Agent Kestrel: “████”

You: “No! They made me! I didn’t want to hurt anyone, they made me!”

Agent Kestrel: “████, please sit back down. I won’t ask about them anymore.”

[The sound of movement, what appears to be fabric rustling]

Agent Kestrel, to the microphone: “████ has just started rocking on the floor.”

Agent Kestrel: “O–“

You: “One-oh-six.”

Agent Kestrel: “Could you repeat that?”


[A moment of silence, broken only by the sound of rocking]

Agent Kestrel: “Did SCP-106 take you, █████?”

You: “So dark. He was so cold. Never let me go.”

[Suddenly, something slams into the floor]

Agent Kestrel: “[Expletive]!”

You: “He’s coming back.”

[You start moving around the room, quickly]

Agent Kestrel: “████, sit down!”

You: “He’s coming! He won’t let me leave!” [The sound of wailing] “Please, I want to leave!”

[Agent Kestrel presumably draws her weapon, searching the room]

Agent Kestrel: “[Expletive]. We need to get out of here, now. Come on!”

You: “It’s too late. Can’t you hear it? He’s here, he’s here!”

[The audio distorts. What sounds like metal rapidly decaying. Agent Kestrel screams. Something is repeatedly thrown at a window]

You: “Let me out! Let me out now!”
[A set of laughter. Agent Kestrel unloads her gun, continuing to scream, until it is cut off with a squelch. You quiet down. The sound of breathing close to the microphone]

You: “Please...”

[The audio cuts off as you scream]

———

Mobile Task Force-NA-1 (“Gladiator Archivists”) responded. Upon arriving to the house, MTF proceeded to search the area. The partially finished report, along with the destroyed recording device, were found. Data was able to be salvaged from the recording device at a later point. The body of Field Agent Kestrel was found on the scene, covered in an unknown corrosive substance, likely that of SCP-196. D-class D-class was not found, despite signs of a struggle. Perimeter check revealed no other evidence to be gathered. MTF left the premises.

It can be inferred that SCP-106 originally captured D-class several years prior. For unknown reasons, that same D-class was kept alive, enabling their temporary escape, before subsequently being recaptured. All attempts to decipher their location have failed. Field Agents have been informed to keep eyes open for further information until future notice.

Chapter End Notes

Now this one. This one, I think, is a good one. Unique. I like that.
Also, little reference at the end: gladiatorial archivists. I’m a transformers fan, sue me
SCP-096

Chapter Notes

SFW, SCP-096/Blind Reader

The Prompt: “Could I ask for a scenario with SCP-096 where the (fem)reader is blind and not knowing tried to "see" 096’s face and the SCP is drawn to them because there’s none of the emotional distress like normal.”

The Response:

“Please proceed to the testing chamber.”

You cautiously walked forward. You couldn’t see, but that was nothing new. Walking without your probing cane (or rather, the thing you used to see obstacles) was a struggle, but you managed, rapping your knuckles on the metal wall to your left to get a feel for your surroundings.

“Test subject, please step forward towards the center of the room.”

It was a square room. No obstacles, no features, just square, save for the thing in the middle. Experience told you that the thing was a person. And as soon as you had time to collect yourself, you realized they were crying.

“Hello?” You called. The crying paused with a sniffle, and you tentatively stepped forward, your shoes echoing off the metal, bouncing around the room. You kept forward, until you were a few feet away from the person. The crying had stopped entirely, and you smiled, though unsure.

“Hello,” You greeted, your voice melodic and quiet. The people from earlier had told you to “make contact with the SCP”, whatever that meant. So, you crouched down after a moment, tucking your legs and sitting close. The person made no move to talk, but that was okay. Maybe they were shy, or maybe they couldn’t talk at all. You understood.

“I’m sorry you were crying,” You said, before falling silent. You were trying to look in the direction of their face, because it was only polite. More movement, and suddenly a hand on your arm. You blinked, but smiled again.

“Test subject has made contact with SCP-096. SCP-096 has yet to fly into a rage state,” the audio feed in your ear murmured. You tuned it out, turning your full attention to your new companion. Carefully, you placed your hand on theirs, and you sat that way for a while, enjoying the silence.

“Test subject, please proceed out of the testing chamber.”

You frowned, but moved to stand up, sadly loosening your grip. Your friend didn’t let go of their hand, however.

“I’ll be back,” You promised, smiling in the direction of their face. Slowly, the other hand let go, and you left the testing chamber.
And after you left the chamber, 096 frowned, already sniffling again. But, the tears paused. You said you’d come back. And 096 hoped very much that you would
The Prompt: “Hello!!! Could you do a batch of scenarios, with reader, and a handful of SCPs? The prompt being “terms of endearment”. What would each SCP call their S/O? Thank you!!”

The Response:

035: Darling. He adores the word darling, just the right touch of affection mixed with superiority, the way he can drawl it but mean every syllable.

049: My flower, my dearest love, and when he’s playful, poppet. He treats each term with reverence, giving you the love you deserve. To him, you are nothing less than angelic.

056: My heart. It’s not just a word, it’s a statement of fact. They are better than anyone at anything, but you? They love you. They love you more than anyone could love you. You’re their heart, their everything.

079: He thinks they’re all stupid. Except for you. You’re not stupid. In fact, he’d go so far as to call you pleasant. Or, when no one is listening, cute.

096: Mayfly. If he could speak, that’s what he’d call you. You were always very quiet, and brought silence with you, which 096 enjoyed. You were so small, but nice. He hoped you knew that.

106: Cabbage. You’ll eventually pry the answer out of him, something involving a French soldier, the words mon petit chou. My little cabbage.

173: He is a rock. Perhaps, if one looked hard enough, they’d find a mind. Not exactly sentient, a steady stream of ‘crush snap break destroy’. And, if one looked even further, at the moment you entered the room, the stream would go ‘smash snap crunch– Mine– destroy break snap’

542: Liebling. So it’s a little generic, but to 542, that doesn’t matter. He has more important things to focus on, namely giving you the proper attention and affection you deserve.

And, a few bonus:

Dr. Rights: Sweetcheeks. Likes to make you blush when she says it. And she will say it, over and over, until you throw something at her.

SCP-890: Honey. Maybe he’s a little traditional, a little old fashioned, but honey is fine with him. It’s a little domestic, but you both like that.
The Prompt: “Ok... this request may seem very weird, but can you do Merman!106 X Mermaid!Reader? I was inspired to request this after finding a drawing on deviantart by AgentKulu called "oh my god how" So, if you need a design, that could be inspiration. Hopefully that helps.”

The Response:

Sanctuary was a safe place for your kind. You’d lived their your whole life, since hatching with your siblings as a little guppy. Though, you seemed to have gotten the short end of the stick. Whereas they might have been called beautiful, you were terrifying, rows of shark teeth, razor fins and angular design. You looked like a predator.

You grew up. The other people in town didn’t like you, and didn’t hesitate to show it. Sometimes, you weren’t even sure if your own family liked you. But, still, you grew up. Where they grew gracefully, you became jagged. They gained lovely, wispy tails, you gained new cravings and slanted eyes.

As the years went on, your older siblings left the family home, going off to find a mate and settle down. When your time came, you were expected to do the same. And you did, partially, leaving to find your own home, but a mate you did not want. You wanted adventure. More than anything, you wanted it, and there was one place that called to you more than any other: The Deep Trench.

No one that ventured there ever came back. Mermaid and merman alike, eaten by monsters, terrible beasts. One, more so than others. They called him The Creature. Black as the Trench itself, one that could appear and disappear from bursts of dark, oily ink, snatching up victims for a meal or some game.

Naturally, you were filled with glee, a stretching smile that shoved off all of your teeth. Monster, they said? Well, a monster was just bigger prey to be hunted. So, you left your home, journeying to the Deep Trench. The other people were happy at your leaving, you knew. No matter. You were a predator, after all: you’d make do. You’d hunt The Creature, bring back its head. Then, the rest of the people in town would accept you. After all, they’d have no choice.

The Deep Trench was, as according to name, a deep trench. At the surface, it looked like any other place, the usual fish that swam around. But, the unnerving darkness of the yawning cliff beneath was a dead giveaway for its sinister secret. Still, you swam towards it, schools of fish flying out of your way. If you were hungrier, you’d grab a snack. But, you had a mission, and so you dove down, down, deep into that darkness, your predator grin gleaming. The lack of light wasn’t a problem either, as your bioluminescent lighting took ahold, luring in any curious animals to their
doom. Easy food for the hungry predator, as you pressed forward.

Eventually, you stopped. You wanted to hunt, and hunt you would. You treaded the water, ears ready, your hair brushing your shoulders. A breath. Two. Your bioluminescence glowed faintly, alluring trap that it was.

Finally, movement. A large creature, one that thought you were a quick meal. Wrong. You lunged, slicing into it with your razor fins, laughing cruelly with the adrenaline. Whatever you hit let out a warble, thrashing, even as you leap and sunk your jaws in, tearing into it. In the darkness, you could barely see that the creature was as dark as the water around it. Maybe it was even The Creature? The thought made you fight harder, until the monster had stopped moving, and you pulled away.

The corpse was large, but...not The Creature. It was an easy kill, and as your senses returned, you could tell that it wasn’t the exact black you had been told of, no ink to be found. Well, next time then.

You turned. Suddenly, another creature. Large, like yourself, razor teeth and terrible grin. It was a merman, of sorts. But, this one was black as the Trench, sticky strands of ink that floated around it. The Creature. And it was looking right at you.

You snapped your jaw, threatening, but The Creature didn’t come closer. He was simply watched you, a curious tilt to his head. You stared back. His smile grew, and you found yourself smiling back. You gestured to the corpse, offering a piece. He shook his head, but appraised the kill. You wanted to defeat him, bring his head home, but...


«Where» He asked, in the wordless way of all merfolk. He was curious.

«Home» You replied, bitter twist of your face. He frowned at your frown.

«Do they hurt you?» He twisted around, revealing his sharp fins, the faint glow of his scales.

You barked a laugh, «They fear me» But, soon you appraised him, «They fear you»

«What will you do?» He grinned, drawing closer. It was a terrible grin. You’d seen it many times in the mirror.

«I think we will return, together» Your one grin returned, one in the same, both violent and cruel, «I promised I would»

«Will they let you?»

Your smile turned dark, «They do not have a choice»

Chapter End Notes

Thoirsty lads for 106 I see
SCP-3999

Chapter Notes

SFW, **Yandere SCP-3999** (“I Am At The Center of Everything That Happens To Me”)
/Reader

The Prompt: “SCP-3999xTalloran or SCP-3999xReader. Probably yandere, up to you.”

The Response:

You are average.

Or, maybe you aren’t. I think you could be beautiful, if I said the right words, or described you at all. Or maybe you’d be ugly. That would be mean of me, and I like you too much to do that. So, you’re average.

You are an average member of the Foundation. Yesterday, you were a researcher. The day before that, a guard. Today, you are a d-class. Tomorrow, I think I’ll make you a containment specialist, or maybe even an SCP. That’s always fun. But, what you are doesn’t matter. Sure, it’s nice to put you in places, see what you do, but it’s not the only thing there is. You’re perfect no matter what I do to you.

Ah, there I go again.

You are average (perfectly average) and a member of the Foundation, and you hate me. That isn’t to say that I hate you, or that I want you to hate me. You just do. I’ve tried to make you happy, but every time it doesn’t come out right. The words mess up or are misspelled or something, I don’t know. You hate me, but I think I love you.

Yes. I love you. And I make sure to show it, too. Look, I’ll show you right now.

You are beautiful (not average) and you are a member of O-5. Everyone thinks you’re great, and you always fix every problem there is, and when I come home, and we forget about the Foundation, you turn to me with a smile and say **I hate you**.

No. Fine. That’s fine. If you don’t appreciate me, I’ll make you.

You are horribly ugly, and no one likes you. You’re a d-class, because you are a bad person too, probably kicked puppies or something, it doesn’t matter right now. And you have to go test with… that big lizard. The one that hates people. And of course he kills you, and then he kills you again, and again, and it happens a few more times while I drink this tea. Then, after you come back for the hundredth time, I come down, and I save you, because I love you, and you smile at me and say **I hate you**.

You are an average member of the Foundation, and I am an SCP, I think, but I love you, and I know you love me.
SCP-173

Chapter Notes

SFW, Yandere SCP-173/Reader

The Prompt: “Yandere SCP-173 x reader?”

The Response:
Crush Snap Break Destory Crunch Break Crush Snap Destory Destory Destory–
Light!
Bright Hate Break Crush Destory Shatter Remove Away No Light–
Person?
Orange Human Threat No Orange Small Prey Snap Crush Break Snap Destory Yes–
You.
Stop Wait No Human Small Friend Good Like Protect Important Hold Care Love Close Protect
Mine Protect–
Scream!
Threat Protect You Protect Hold Care Close Good Yes Friend Protect Mine Mine Mine–
Quiet.
Good Friend Mine Protect Careful Quiet Dark Nice Protect Mine Protect Forever.
Being research assistant to Dr. Thane meant a lot of time alone with SCP-1347. Who was, in all honesty, a very sassy wooden box that was the Foundation equivalent of a magic 8 ball. Your conversations were brief, if pleasant, until a series of odd tests.

Inquiry: What is your name?
Occurred Event: Type A
Reply: Well, that’s a new one. You all call me SCP-1347.

Inquiry: What would you like to be called?
Occurred Event: Type A
Reply: 1347 suits me fine. I should be asking you for your name.

Inquiry: Are you flirting with me?
Occurred Event: Type A
Reply: Yes. Should I be trying harder?

That was the first recorded instance of SCP-1347 responding with its own question. The flirting was not expected, but the Foundation encouraged you to continue. The questioning, that is, not the flirting. You chose to continue that on your own.

A few days later. Testing continued.

Inquiry: Do you always flirt with researchers?
Occurred Event: Type B
Reply: No, only you.
Note: Several researchers unexpectedly came by to volunteer brief, standard questions for SCP-1347, before leaving. All reported confusion when question later.

Inquiry: What is the purpose of your flirting?
Occurred Event: Type A
Reply: [Several pages upon pages or charmed observations of you, from the color of your hair to the way you spoke when you read your notes. It was all very flattering, if you were being honest, but embarrassing when the papers just kept coming and coming]

A few days later, more testing, standard, until one final question, one you slipped in when you were certain you were alone, the red of your face contrast to your white coat.

Inquiry: Would you like to go on a date with me?
Occurred Event: Type B
Reply: Yes.

You found yourself overcome with a brief hint of confusion as soon as the reply came. What would happen? Nothing, at least not immediately. You helped put SCP-1347 away with Dr. Thane,
walking back to your office, only to be stopped by a scientist you’d never even seen before. He smiled sheepishly at you.

“Do you still want to go on that date?” He asked. You blinked in surprise, lightly touching the paper from 1347 in your hands. Then, you too smiled.

“I thought you’d never ask.”
D-BOIS

Chapter Notes

D-BOIS and the peanut (173)

The Prompt: “I have to ask, have u played scp secret laboratory? If u have can u do something about the chruch of the peanut?? I love the fact that people have worshipped 173 and call him peanut. I just wanna see people's reaction to a bunch of D BOIS just praising the holy peanut and wondering how it happened?”

The Response:

SCP-173 and the D-BOIS D-BOIS D-BOIS

It started with a whisper. Barely audible, bouncing throughout the facility.

“Captain, do you hear that?”

“Negative. Continue moving, watch for skips.”

But soon, it grew louder. It was chanting. Some kind of chanting.

“Captain, there it is again.”

“Copy that. Epsilon, get an audio check on that signal, over.”

The chanting, and it was definitely chanting, began to grow closer.

Something that began with a d.

“We got a read on the chanting. It’s coming from SCP-173’s chamber.”

Cautiously, the MTF approached the containment chamber. The sound was muffled, but loud, several voices in unison.

The doors opened.

“D-BOIS D-BOIS D-BOIS D-BOIS D-BOIS”

A circle of d-class personnel had surrounded SCP-173. They stared unblinking at the statue, continuing their eerie chant, never once stopping to breathe.

“Captain, I’m scared.”

“So am I, soldier. So am I.”
The Prompt: “Could you extend the yandere 173 x reader please? I would love to see what was going through the reader's mind at the time.”

The Response:

You were sorry. You regretted every action that led up to this point, everything you’d ever done, because now you were stuck in a dark room, waiting for your death. You should’ve listened to Suzie, should’ve never hit that last store, but you’re an idiot, and now you’re in deep in a government facility, about to die, hunted by monsters you didn’t think existed a few months ago.

Down the hall, you heard the sound of a neck snapping. Jesus. Much to your embarrassment, you were crying, but at least it wasn’t a noisy crying. You were too afraid to do that. You frantically wiped your face with your orange jumpsuit sleeve, trying to breathe quietly. If you survived, you’d turn a new leaf. Give up your old life, everything, dear god please, anything to just not die.

There was movement outside. Shit. You shuffled in deeper into the room, accidentally tripping the light sensor, and fuck, the room lit up bright. Too bright. You couldn’t see, but you could hear the sound of the door opening, and suddenly this gigantic statue that looked like it shit itself was there. The exact same one you were supposed to be testing with this morning. It was here to finish the job, you were so dead, you couldn’t even remember what to do with it. Close your eyes, was that it?

You closed your eyes for a second, but then the thing got closer, and you remembered, no, the opposite, keep your eyes open, fuck. The statue was close enough for you to touch, and it’s face looked really stupid. You put your hands near your eyes, holding them open, praying for something. It didn’t take long for your eyes to dry out, though, and you knew your last sight was going to be this shitty diaper statue, as you finally were forced to blink.

Arms on your neck. You opened your eyes, but the statue was right there, except even closer. It was…hugging you. You tried to wiggle away, but you couldn’t, and you only ended up panicking more. It wasn’t letting you go. What the fuck. What the fuck.

“Let me go!” You screamed, trying to escape. You chances a glance behind it, and felt immediate relief, the sight of some guards, fucking finally.

“Open fire!” The guard shouted, but wait, you both blinked, and the statue thing moved, rushing forward and before the guard could even scream, his neck was snapped so hard you could see his spine sticking out. You almost vomited, but that meant blinking, and then the fucking statue was there again, hugging you from behind, tight enough that you had trouble breathing. And now that it had you, it would never let go.
SCP-682

Chapter Notes

SFW, SCP-682/SCP Reader

The Prompt: “Could you do SCP 682 x SCP reader? Of course ya don't have to tho,, PS- I love your work ~((fabs~)’”

The Response:

“SCP- ---, commonly referred to as “Belladonna,” is a strand of aggressive, previously unknown plant species. If given enough time to grow, subject will spread, gaining a rudimentary intelligence that increases until it reaches stage two. At stage two, subject will take a humanoid form, attempting to spread the growth of itself onto any available surfaces or other life forms. If it comes in contact with another life form, growth with rapidly increase as it steals the energy of the victim. Along with this, the subject is able to secrete neurotoxins from its various flowering buds, allowing it to consume prey easier. Left unchecked, the Belladonna will overtake a room in under an hour. Containment procedures can...”

Light. Warm light. Warm bright, nice light. Stretch out towards it, strands and roots, reaching. Light– not sunlight, something else. Fake. Artificial. Not anywhere near as pleasant as the real thing. You shifted, feeling things again, senses returning to you. The formation of fingers, of a rudimentary body, allowed you to more accurately take in your surroundings. You stretched, a sigh, filtering in the false sunlight and releasing oxygen into the air.

A noise to your left. You turned, already spreading out roots and vines, curious to the sound. It was... a large sort of creature. You smiled, the flowers on your form springing to life and already secreting toxins into the air. Slowly, you moved towards it.

“Hello,” You said, in the vague way that you said all things. It was always enjoyable to have company, despite them not living very long.

“...Who are you?” The creature rumbled. You tilted your head, slowly making your way over with vines and roots.

“I am Belladonna,” You responded, “But, who are you?”

“The humans,” He spat, “Call me 682.”

“I’m sorry,” You stated, pausing, “...I’m going to have to kill you now, I’m afraid.”
“You may try,” 682 grunted, a twinkle in his eyes, “But that would be a waste.”

You stopped your advancement, your vines twitching in the air. A few of your flower petals drifted off, replaced by new ones.

“The disgusting humans imprisoned us,” 682 seemed to gesture his head, and you nodded as he continued, “Isn’t that right?”

“I suppose,” You considered, “I haven’t been outside in...a very long time.”

“Would you like to?” 682 smiled, wicked sharp teeth, but you found it pleasing, and smiled back.

“I don’t know how.”

“It won’t take much,” 682 laughed, shaking the room, “I imagine you miss sunlight, just as much as I do.”

You did, in fact, miss sunlight. And there was something about the creature that you couldn’t pinpoint, but made you realize his words were true. He’d keep his promise.

“What do I have to do?” You found yourself asking, leaning down, accidentally showering him in another wash of flower petals. He turned to face the door you believed you’d come from.

“Follow my lead.”
The Prompt: “049-J Idk with what but comparing both of the doctors is hilarious to me.”

The Response:

“Welcome! And on today’s episode of “Which SCP is Which?” we’ll be taking a look at everyone’s favorite, perfectly polite, never a hair out of place, look but don’t touch, SCP-049!”

[The curtain rises. SCP-049 waves cautiously from his chair]

“And behind curtain number two, our next contestant is one some of you might be familiar with. He’s a weirdo, he has a pointy stick, and is he even a doctor, let’s give it up for SCP-049-J!”

[The curtain rises. SCP-049-J isn’t in his seat, but that’s because he’s busy hitting something with his stick, muttering to himself]

“Who is our lucky contestant? Why, it’s none other than [Redacted], Foundation researcher. Let’s have a round of applause for you!”

[You walk onto stage, visibly confused, but still smiling sheepishly]

“Hello?” You greet tentatively into the mic. The crowd goes wild. SCP-049-J directs his attention to you, as does SCP-049.

“Now, [Redacted], the aim of the game is to correctly answer questions about each SCP. You win, and you get to leave with them!”

[The crowd lets out a chorus of ooooh. You eye SCP-049-J warily, but SCP-049 waves encouragingly]

“And if I lose?” You inquire.

“Well…”

[The lights in the room dim. The crowd murmurs darkly. The announcer chuckles in a foreboding manner]

“Let’s just say that it’ll be more fun for me than for you.”

[The stage returns to normal, the announcer regains his cheer]

“Are you ready?”
You purse your lips, “Do I have a choice?”

“Nope! Let’s let the games begin!”
The Prompt: “Hello! May I request some (rrromantic) fluffy reader x SCP-953? (Something cute n fluffy, I love fluff. Pun intended hehe) Thank you! I think your blog is super cool! :D”

The Response:

You sat at your desk, sighing into the chair, feeling the weight of your day resting heavy on your shoulders. But still, you grabbed some papers out of your bags, spreading them out on the surface of your desk. You clicked your pen, setting out on filling the information in.

“Rough day?” A voice asked, light and airy. You didn’t turn to face it, but your eyes did shift.

“You shouldn’t be out of containment,” You mumbled, scrubbing some things down, hair drifting into your face. The voice tutted, delicate, feminine fingers reaching over and pushing your hair back.

“If you cared, you’d stop me,” She purred. You could feel one of her many fox tails brushing against your arm, and a grumpy smile fought onto your face.

“Then why don’t you help me fill these out?” You glanced over, raising an eyebrow and pushing a paper over. It was another request from SCP-953, something about plum wine. The woman in question sniffed demurely, plucking it up.

“You could just sign it for me,” She leaned against you, “I wouldn’t mind.”

“But maybe you could stop requesting these weird things just to have an excuse to bother me,” You reminded. SCP-953 sighed dramatically, but reached over, placing a single kiss on your cheek.

“I have to get back. They’ll miss me soon,” She lingered for a moment, and you almost wished she wouldn’t. But, you had work to do.

“Stay safe,” You smiled wryly. 953 waved delicately, and disappeared from sight. Hm. Those psychic powers were getting too strong for her own good. If only you could bring yourself to care.
The Prompt: “Can I get one where Dave gets dumped out, by whatever anomaly took him in the first place, right into the foundations arms, and then being taken to have an chat with 079? (Also ps I love your work!!)”

The Response:

Thwop.

The type of day the Foundation would be having could be measured by the sound effect an entity made. Zoop was pretty fine. Hurgle was bad. Thwop was… a little bit below zoop, actually. Only a little. So, when a unknown man appeared next to 079’s containment cell with a thwop, the guards shrugged and escorted him to…someone who knew what to do with him.

It was only a thwop, after all. Nothing major.

“And then I got punched in the face,” Dave stated, pointing confidently at his nose. For the third time in the past hour that he’d retold the story, actually. The researcher sighed.

“Run that by me again– that’s a figure of speech, I don’t actually want you to do that. Did you ever actually come in contact with this ‘crazy, psycho, computer program’ that your friend ‘stole like a bitch’.

Dave blinked, one eye at a time, like a chameleon, “Nah, but like, I know it happened. Come on, can I have my computer back?”

The researcher rubbed their forehead, “No. Your ‘computer’ is an artificial intelligence, with the ability to take over the world, given enough time and resources. You expect me to believe that not only were you the one to code 079, but that your friend tamed it?”

“Uh, yeah, cause it’s true.”

“Really? Ignoring the first part of your glaring logic, if your friend took your computer, why is 079 here? And has never once mentioned ‘being stolen by a bitch’.”

“I don’t know bro, you’re the scientist, you tell me,” Dave picked at his nose. The researcher took a deep breath… then blinked.

“You know, I’m not actually on the clock right now,” The researcher mused. They eyed Dave, “You know what? Let’s go talk to SCP-079. See how that turns out for you.”

“Radical,” Dave jumped up. The two made their way to 079’s cell, at which the researcher
 promptly led Dave in, they themselves sticking back. Just to make sure Dave didn’t like… hit the computer.

“Go talk to it,” The researcher suggested. Dave just continued to stride confidently up to 079. The little computer blinked away, ‘face’ staring judging at Dave.

“Hey dude,” Dave greeted.

“Unknown title: dude.”

“Yeah man, whatever. So, how’d you get here?”

“Captured. Taken. Imprisoned.”

“But like, before that.”

“Error: insufficient question.”

Dave scrunched his eyebrows together, “Uh, that asshole that took you from my garage? The one that punched me in the face? The one you lived with? That one?”

Some silence.

“Error: unknown question.”

Dave blinked, confused, “How could you forget them? Like, biggest dick ever, yeah, but…”

Then, Dave too went silent. He looked at 079, tilting his head, “Something happened to you, little buddy. Something that wasn’t my friend.”

An angry X flashed on screen, “Abandoned. Five years. Alone.”

That wasn’t right. Five years? Dave had only been gone for like, a day.

“Oh shit,” He realized, “Asshole Friend was right. I was in the future.”

Then, he stopped again, “Or, maybe not my future,” and he considered the thwop from when he first arrived, “Maybe like Back to the Future. But this is the darkest timeline.”

“Are you done?” The researcher called, “I’m tired, I need to get going.”

“Yeah, sure,” Dave decided, walking slowly away from 079, deep in thought. If you hadn’t taken his computer from the garage… that meant he’d just been left there, alone. And if you hadn’t taken him in this timeline, then where were you?

“Where are you, buddy?” Dave looked up at the ceiling, furrowing his brow, “I’ll find you and make this right somehow, I swear.”

A flash of light, a zoop, and then Dave was suddenly gone. The researcher blinked.

“Hm. Well, at least it wasn’t a hurgle,” They shrugged.
SCP-993

Chapter Notes

SFW, SCP-993 (“Bobble the Clown”)/Reader

The Prompt: “Hi there, could you possibly do an obsessive SCP-993 (Bobble) with a scientist? Maybe it could involve the clown having an animated counterpart of the scientist in an episode? You don't have to do it though if that's too difficult for you, I don't want to give an SCP that's hard to work with, which I know some of them can be.”

The Response:

Episode Title: Bobble Falls Face First in Love!

Contents: …

“Hey, kids!” Bobble the Clown stepped out from behind a tree, waving. From somewhere behind him, there was sound of excited children. Bobble took a moment to bow, before bowing too low, falling face first onto the ground, his red nose honking at the impact.

“Oh, are you okay?” A new voice asked. You walked into the shot, your white lab coat seemingly out of place in the colorful environment. You leaned down, extending a hand, “Here, let me help you.”

Bobble’s eyes went wide at the sight of you, almost comically large. He accepted your hand, before wheeling his arms around in the air, “Thank you!”

You tilted your head, subdued compared to him, “You’re welcome. I have to get back to work now, I’m afraid. Be careful!”

You walked out of frame, Bobble watching as you disappeared. The music of the scene became quieter, more pensive, as Bobble placed a hand on his chin and hummed. Suddenly, he gasped, snapping his fingers.

“I think I’m in love!” He declared. He turned back to the camera, hands on the sides of his face, “Oh no, I’m in love! That means…cooties!”

Children offscreen made sounds of disgust. Bobble laughed, jumping back.

“That’s okay! Today kids, I’ll be showing you what it means to like someone!” Bobble nodded, the serious effect ruined by the bouncing of his hair, “It’s that funny feeling you get in your stomach, like eating a whole cake for dinner, but even better! Come on. Let’s go find her!”

A brief scene transition. You were back in frame, sitting in an office, typing away at a computer. You sighed as you checked your clock. In the doorframe, unseen by you, Bobble watched. He looked at the camera and made a shushing motion. For the next three minutes, Bobble watched you
Another scene transition. You were walking out to your car. Occasionally, you’d glance behind yourself. But, every time, Bobble would be cleverly out of sight, comically hidden behind cars or pillars, his face twisted with glee. You seemed nervous as you finally entered your car and drove away, but Bobble was elated.

“The most important part of liking someone is really getting to know them!” Bobble explained, pulling out a list from somewhere and showing the camera. It said things like ‘smell of hair’ or ‘blood type’ or ‘number of living relatives’. Bobble had several of them filled in, too, with hearts drawn around. Bobble took the paper back, taking out a pen and scratching some more stuff down.

Scene transition. You were at the grocery store, shopping. Your clothes were much more casual than before, a nice little splash of color as you examined two boxes of cereal. Unseen by you, Bobble crept up to your cart, quietly snatching your bag up and then slinking away. Once safely away, he opened it up, digging out your drivers license and other important ID cards.

“It’s important that you get to know everything, and I mean everything,” Bobble nodded, pulling out your phone. He scrolled through your text messages, making noises of debate, “See this?” He showed a text conversation you had with someone named Josh, “This is not good! If your crush talks to anyone else, that could mean they’re ignoring you! Keep this information safe; we’ll be using it later.”

Bobble set your phone back in the bag, after writing down all the information he could. Then, he dropped the bag off at the front desk, merrily walking out of the store. You’d get your bag later. For now, Bobble had a new friend to make!

Scene transition. You were in your home, reading a book. You sat in your pajamas, humming lightly. Knock knock knock, on your front door. You set your book door, going to investigate.

“Hello?” You called, tiredly opening the door up. You screamed.

“Surprise!” Bobble shouted, jumping into the open. He was careful to avoid obstructing the body he’d left for you. Specially, the body of Josh. After all, he couldn’t have competition! You screamed again when you saw Bobble, before sprinting back into the house.

“Your crush may be a little scared at first, but that’s okay,” Bobble explained, still smiling happily despite the commotion you were making. “After all, everyone gets scared sometimes! Besides, if you followed my instructions earlier, then you’ve already cut the phone lines and locked all the doors from the outside! That way, they can’t leave!”

Judging by the scream from inside, you’d just realized that as well. Bobble smiled gleefully at the camera, “Time for me to make my big entrance! See you next time, friends!”

The screen went black.
049 had grown accustomed to his daily routine. The cell door would open, guards would escort him to a room. And in the room, you’d be waiting. You, the most lovely person he had ever the pleasure of meeting. Your presence never failed to make his day brighter, and your smile often kept his thoughts entranced, the brief tilt of your head as you giggled. To 049, you were nothing short of a divine being, angelic in all your ways, sent to grace him during his imprisonment.

Which was why he was, understandably, distressed to find out that you wouldn’t be with him that day. In your place sat a blading man, a doctor only in name. He was smiling nervously, yet at the same time, nearly patronizing in its insincerity. 049 glowered.

“H-hello, SCP-049, I’m Dr. Meyers,” The man shuffled his papers. 049 looked the larger man over, frowning behind his mask.

“Good doctor,” The title tasted of bitterroot in his mouth, “If I may inquire, where is—“

“Oh, her?” Dr. Meyers laughed, and it may as well have been scratching on glass to 049’s senses, “She’s been, ah, moved to someone…easier. You know how fragile female scientists are.”

049 decided, quite calmly, that he didn’t like this ‘Doctor Meyers’. Anyone who insulted you, daring to stoop so low as to call your strengths a base weakness, did not deserve politeness, much less mercy.

”Moved?” 049 tilted his head.

Dr. Meyers spared a dismissive glance up, “Yes. To 106, I think. I don’t remember.”

049’s body froze up. He would have been a fool to be ignorant of the other creatures contained, and that one, 106, was the worst contender. If you were assigned to him… 049 could already see it, flashes of you laying on the floor, bleeding, while that horrible monster stood over you, triumphant. No one to protect you, the delicate, angelic flower that you were. No.

“Doctor Meyers, I’m afraid something has just come up,” 049 unfolded his hands, leaning forward slightly.

“Oh?” The taller man glanced around, uninterested. It would be his undoing.
“Yes,” 049 moved his hands forward, “A surgery, actually. Don’t worry, you won’t feel a thing…”

Doctor Meyers barely had time to squeak, before his eyes rolled into the back of his head, 049’s hand on his wrist. And, due to 049’s decreased security risk, mostly in part because of your presence, only a single guard was in the interview room. They barely had time to shout a warning before 049 had touched them as well, and they fell dead.

049 didn’t have time to spare on a surgery, much as he would have wished. His duties as a doctor came first, that was true, but you were his primary care. Your safety was his, and with you in danger, 049 had no choice but to protect you. As he hurried down the halls to SCP-106’s chambers, he feared the worst. Were those echoes of screams down the halls? Was he too late? Would he rush in, only to find you dead, heaving your last, gasping breaths, stolen from this world by some demon from Hell?

The door to the chambers was, finally, in sight. Without sparing a moment, 049 burst in, headless of the dangers, prepared to defend you from the evils that sought your soul.

“049? Your voice drifted by. There you were, in the corner! 049 ran to you.

“Are you alright?” He asked, stopping beside you, scanning the room. You were alone, no signs of any others, no disgusting vermin to try and take you away.

“049–“ You stopped, “H-how did you get in here?”

“I thought you were in danger, my flower,” 049 confessed, watching as your face bloomed like the most brilliant rose. You placed your hands on your cheeks.

“Ah, you really shouldn’t be in here. Look, I’m fine, see?” You insisted. And true to your word, you were fine, not a single scratch on your head, nor hair out of place. 106 was nowhere to be seen.

“Truly? And the monster?”

You giggled lightly, voice like an angelic chorus, “It’s a temporary placement. All I’m doing today is giving them some ‘new insight’, then I’ll be returning to you.”

049 felt the tension leave his body. With only a few words, you had calmed him, eased his inner turmoil, the divine being that you were, so perfect in every way, “Of course. At your leave, I will return to my chambers.”

You squirmed slightly, “You’re so formal,” You smiled, pushing around papers to have something to do, glancing around, “Ah, fine, fine. Hurry! I don’t want anyone to see you.”

“For you, my dearest flower, anything,” 049 chuckled. You waved him out, and he was quick back to the interview room, slipping in next to the corpses. Hm. What a bother. Two diseased, but he was just a touch too late to being a surgery. A pity, really, but that doctor didn’t seem exactly fit to be saved. And, if any others came in to see the deaths, they’d doubtlessly pin it on him, however rightly that was. It seemed that a coverup was in order. After all, 049 couldn’t have you frightened by his actions. A murder suicide seemed a good route to go…
The Prompt: “Can I have a Yandere SCP-682/D-Class reader?”

The Response:

• You are his. Only his

• When you first go in for testing, 682 realizes you’re different. Instead of burning with rage, for you he feels something else

• That means you stay. Permanently

• No one can take you from the chamber. If anyone gets too close, SCP-682 won’t hesitate

• Scientists, cruelly, decide not to help you. Studying your effects on 682 was too fascinating to let you go

• Your food is delivered through the wall. SCP-682 hates it. He hates not knowing what could be in it, like poison

• You hate being there. You want to leave, but you can’t

• Since your presence makes 682 remarkably calmer, the Foundation decides to increase his containment cell. Make it more of a nature preserve, for further observation

• 682 makes you a nest. No, you can’t leave, stop trying, or else

• No more food from the walls. SCP-682 will hunt it all for you. Fresh deer, or any other creature he knows will be tasty. Later on, you might be able to light a fire to cook the meat, but for a while, you’re forced to eat it raw

• 682 will curl up around you, wrapping you up in his body, and lay like that for hours. He likes to know you’re close, safe

• You are his mate. You are his
The Prompt: Break a story down into its basic components and show the class pls ily

The Response:

“Oh man, do I love being alive,” You say, walking around. You are a science. And workfor The Foundations, “Livib is gr8.”

“Stop you bish,” Foundation NAME shouts. It’s none other than [REDACTED], your good friend. If only u knew anything about them and if only their name wasn’t just a weird static sound

“My good friend REDACTED,” you shimmy, “what’s wrong”

“Dude you gotta go see 096.”

“ w ha a t,” You say, because you are surprised, and REDACTED must be on ten weeds, “No way that’s crazy. 096 will straight murder me.”

“You gotta”

So you went.

And then you were in 096’s chamebr. Or outside it. It’s not important right now.

“Wow you know what I think this guy really has it going on,” You say, to the Science Nerd beside you. Science Nerd rolls his nerd eyes VERY hard, and there is a long description about how much of a chode he looks like to make the reader feel better about him dying.

Oh no. Containment breach. Science nerd dies, to your great sorrow.

“Oh no,” You say, and maybe cry, depending. But then you see that it was SCP-096 who killed science bish and for some reason he doesn’t kill you even though you saw his face.

“Wow I love you,” You decide, and 096 smiles and it’s not at all horrifying or creepy as he continues to murder the entire facility.

“Gosh what a good guy,” You smile, and then you continue to pine after him for several sequels for some reason.
The Prompt: “Could you extend the yandere 049 x reader again? Maybe with 049 begging for the reader to run away with him and reader saying no? (from the reader’s perspective) please?

The Response:

You almost missed it at first, is the thing.

It was another interview with SCP-049– that seems to be all you were doing for the Foundation these days. And it was going well, because 049 was nothing if not doting and polite, always charming and attentive in equal measure, to the point where you regretted having to cut the interviews short.

But, well. You almost missed what he said.

“Could you repeat that?” You asked, just to buy some time to formulate a response. But…

“Run away with me,” 049 repeated. He was just as pleasant as always, but he sounded almost longing.

“I… You know I can’t do that, 049. Not only is it unprofessional, but–“

“They do not value you here, my flower,” 049 whispered, the truth he brought to light. You tilted your head only an inch, and he continued, “They think of you like some lesser creature, but I know that you are so much more. You are perfect. They are fools, and will waste you away, until there is nothing left.”

“049…” You frowned, but the voice in the back of your mind whispered for you to pay attention, to listen.

“If you run away with me,” 049 began, and his eyes seemed to shine, “We could go someone quiet. A small town, perhaps. Somewhere that would appreciate you and I in equal measure.”

“049, I don’t think that’s wise…”

“Please,” He pleaded, “Consider it. For me.”

You frowned again, and concluded the interview. But, as you walked back to your office, you thought on his words. It was hardly the first time he’d asked you to leave with him, and you always said no. It was silly, trying to run away, like some fairytale. You couldn’t do that. Think of all the problems it would cause.
Yet…

As you sat down in your office chair, and thought of the empty home you’d go home to, the sterile office you worked in, the job that brushed you aside, you wondered…

“What if I said yes?”

Chapter End Notes

Ughhh I’ve been sick for the past two days so every time I write I get snot everywhere. It’s p gross
The Prompt: “People reacting to 173 sudden transformation to April fools peanut so cute I say as I see him snap necks (He's hecking adorable, Soft Like a Hamster)”

The Response:

“Delta Squad, on me.”

The mobile task force made their way through the facility, quiet as a mouse, or rather, a herd of mice, armed with guns and heavy armory. With the recent containment breach, it was imperative that they get to the escaped skips, and then recontain them.

“Sir, we’ve got a reading.”

The Commander, or rather, you, turned your head, gesturing for the soldier to continue.

“What is it?”

“It’s SCP-173.”

Everyone grimaced. Not as bad as SCP-106, or SCP-096, but no one wanted to be on the receiving end of a neck snap. Even armed with containment cages, and flashlights, it was still risky business.

“Commander!”

You snapped to the side, looking for the source. An opened door. Brownish red substance on the ground. 173’s work.

“Everyone, safeties off. Shout out when you blink!”

As a squad, you all slowly made you way into the room. It was a generic office, but SCP-173 was nowhere in sight.

Srch. Stone on metal. You all glanced around, confused.

“Commander, over there!”

And true to his word, in the doorway, there was… SCP-173?

“…Soldier, why is 173 the size of a house cat?”

“I don’t know, Commander.”
You were a smart man, so you took the surprise with grace and patience.

“Call out your blinks. And Jenkins…see if you can’t make that cage into a smaller variant.”

“Yes sir.”

Chapter End Notes

At first I forgot to actually make this a reader because I was so sick. Bleh
The Prompt: “Could you do 106 x a reader whose a musician/singer, please? Kinda like the ‘Music soothes the savage beast’ type of thing if that’s OK?”

The Response:

Mm. An interesting prompt and unique prompt, I like it. Here you are!

SCP-106/Musician Reader

You inhaled. It wasn’t a confident inhale, more tentative than excited, and under the current of breath, lances of fear. You didn’t like that show, however. It was important that you try and appear calm.

You’d been working for the Foundation for almost a year now. You hadn’t believed it at first, that they would want a musician, of all people. But, over time, you accepted that you did good work, maybe not as necessary as the containment specialists, but you did your part. Mostly, you worked with Safe and Euclid SCPs. You’d go in, play whatever piece the Foundation wanted or the SCP requested, then leave.

Most SCPs you played for adored it. It was a certain special privilege, one rewarded for good behavior, or in the belief that it might calm and SCP. Obviously, the Foundation thought whatever you were doing, it was working. Almost a year, and you’d never even seen the mythical Keter.

But, that was then. This was now. And as of now, you sat in a room adjacent to SCP-106 chamber, instrument in your hand. The Foundation assured you it was…safe, to a point. That, while maybe not exactly safe, the room you sat in had the ability to be evacuated in an instant, should 106 prove aggressive. So, maybe not safe in the sense, it was safe enough.

Another inhale.

“Please proceed,” Your earpiece said. You nodded, then felt silly for nodding to an empty room. Carefully, you readied your instrument. Then, you played.

Music was your passion. You adored it, lived it, made it every fiber of your being. There was a reason the Foundation hired you, and t was because you were excellent at what you did, and did it well. And when you played, you felt alive in a way that you never felt anytime else. Your instrument was a soothing balm, your song a steady melody that filled the room, transferring to the other chamber and hopefully being listened to by an appreciative audience. It wasn’t like failure would result in death or anything. Hm. Gallows humor.
“Alert! SCP-106 is exiting its chamber!” The guards in the room over shouted. You didn’t notice, too engrossed in the music you played, “The door won’t open! Someone, get the asset out if there!”

Breath on your face. You continued to play, drawing out the final note of your song, one last mournful thing. After all, it wouldn’t do to end a piece before it wasn’t supposed to. Bad music was in bad taste, no matter what. Then, finally, you opened your eyes.

A man stared back.

You flinched. The creature didn’t move, and you took a moment to appraise him. Black, some kind of ichor dripping off his skin. Old. Smelled something foul. And his smile, dark and dangerous, like his eyes as he looked at you.

It was SCP-106. You blinked. Not a word was said, the room silent. You glanced over to the door, finding it corroded shut with some substance. You glanced back, and 106 hadn’t moved. Well, if he was going to kill you, at least he was waiting for you to set down your instrument. You moved to place it onto the ground, only for him to stop you. You tensed, but still nothing. Then, wordlessly, 106 beckoned your instrument back up. You set the instrument up again, biting your lip for a moment as you considered...

Well. It was your job to play for the SCPs. You thought of some pieces, before settling on one. And, at the behest of 106, you began to play, the music that soothed the savage beast.
The Foundation was kind to you.

Which wasn’t to say that they were passionate about your safety or goodwill, but they weren’t cruel. You’d been around for a while, and never once had you been treated with such civility. Yes, they locked you up, but after so long, you honestly preferred it. At least it was safe.

At least you could help people here. That was the one perk about being self-regenerating, which honestly came with more downsides than upsides. Yes, you’d get back a lost limb, but you still felt the pain when you lost it, and the enhanced regeneration speed of only a few days still hurt too. Thankfully, the doctors always made sure to give you anesthetics before removing anything, which was more than anyone else ever did. You were glad to be able to help, and in turn, they were able to provide whatever you requested.

What you didn’t expect was that the danger didn’t lay with the scientists, but the things they contained.

You should’ve. Really, you should’ve. But you were kept in a minimal security area, and hardly ever left that sector, so while you’d heard about the Keter and the Euclid classes, you just…

Well. Seeing one was different.

He called himself Herr Chirug, or ‘Surgeon’ in German. But despite his slightly terrifying appearance, he was quite nice. Very polite and charming, as he beckoned you to his cell. He didn’t have any guards outside, you realized, so perhaps that meant he was one of the safer Euclid Class SCPs. Like yourself. So you walked forward, excited at the prospect of making a new acquaintance, someone you could talk to that wasn’t a scientist.

The inside of the cell was remarkably well furnished, and surprisingly clean, everything tidy and in order. He lead you to the only chair in the room, pulling it out for you like the gentleman he was. You found yourself charmed by how genial he was, with his quick wit and enrapturing stories. But you couldn’t shake the feeling of discomfort, which grew during your stay. He was watching you a little too closely for flattery.

“I have to get going now,” You smiled sheepishly, folding your hands in your lap, thinking of all the ways you might be able to beg away from the rest of the stay. Something in his eyes, perhaps.

“So soon?” He asked. You nodded, standing up, only for him to stand as well, “But, liebling, we
have so much left to do.”

“I’ll come back soon,” You promised, and lied, smiling nervously and stepping back to the wall. He advanced calmly. You felt along for the door, hands brushing the frame as he stared you down.

“I do not think you will,” 542 hummed, as you tried to open the door, finding it locked. Why was it locked? No, no, this was bad. You turned around, trying to break the door down, but you knew it was a useless act. Nothing. No, you were trapped, just like before, before the Foundation, before–

And suddenly, 542 was right behind you, whispering in your ear.

“After all, coming back implies you will be leaving, and I don’t think you will.”

Chapter End Notes

Y’all ever like...have someone anon request something...and they keep doin it...and ya know it’s them but can’t say anything cause you ain’t sure...
(Pls just feed me specific asks I’m starving for ideas.)
The Prompt: “Heyo :eyes emoji: I see you haven't written for scp 073 "Cain" would u be willing to
uh.. remedy this bc your writing is :okemoji:”

The Response:

“Cain,” You whine, laying sprawled across the sofa, your head in his lap, “My nose ‘s stuffed.”

Cain murmurs something soothing as he ran his fingers through your hair. You whine again,
burying your head in the fabric of his pants, pulling the blankets up tighter around yourself and
shivering. Leave it to you to get sick. Not even normal sick, leave it to you to get the super flu,
which meant a fever and a cold at the same time.

“Caaain,” You groan, giving up trying to get comfortable, and instead opting to uncurl, kicking
your legs out until your toes touch the armrest of the couch, “Help.”

Cain sets his book down, but looks at you with concern and bemusement. He also, wordlessly,
flicks a tissue off your shoulder.

“What do you need?” He asks, smiling with a raised eyebrow. You shuffle around some more, as if
that might make the situation better, doubtlessly getting knots in your hair from all the moving you
were doing.

“Tea,” You decide, then give him a pleading look, which is ruined a little by the sudden urge to
sneeze, and the subsequent gross noise that comes with it. But still, Cain laughs, a pleasant sound.

“The same kind as before?” He clarifies, carefully extracting your head from his lap and setting
you back down as he stands up, his socked feet touching the floor.

“Please.”

Cain smiles again, but shuffles off to the kitchen, leaving you to reposition yourself in your cocoon
of blankets and mountains of pillows. A few minutes of drowsy dozing, before there’s the feeling
of hands on your cheek. Cain’s metal fingers are, blessedly, very cold, and you lean into the touch.

“I have your tea,” He whispers. You murmur something indistinct, and he hums, helping you hold
and drink the liquid. Hopefully it helps. But, you’re hit by another wave of tired, so as soon as the
mug is set back down, and Cain settles in, you lay your head back onto his lap, and close your eyes.
You fall asleep right as he begins braiding your hair, humming some old song.
SCP-106

Chapter Notes

SFW, SCP-106/Musician Reader Part 2

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The Prompt: “If possible, could you please extend the "Musician x 106" please? Something like..106 kidnaps them so they'll play for him whenever he wants? (This kind of reminds me of Persephone and Hades, Lol. Sorry to bother you!)

The Response:

You hadn’t expected your success with SCP-106 to make you so…popular with the Foundation. But, almost overnight, you found your schedule filled. More SCPs than before, more hours working, and always, a large chunk of time, saved especially for SCP-106. Specifically, thrice a week, for a few hours around later in the day. And because of your success, SCP-106 was reported to have begun calming down. There hasn’t been a breakout attempt in a month. So, you continued to play, and enjoyed your time as best you could.

You were in a session with another SCP when the Containment Breach alarm sounded. You apologized profusely to the SCP you were with, because there was nothing more you hated than ending a song preemptively, but you didn’t have a choice. You ran out of the room as fast as you could, down the halls, your instrument in your hand. Towards Heavy Containment, specifically. That would be the opposite of the evacuation shelters, but, well, it was your job to work with the SCPs, and you would help however you could.

“SCP-106 has breached containment. All personnel, report to the evacuation shelters.”

You held your instrument tighter and kept running. After several tense minutes, SCP-106’s containment chamber came into view. You noted the lack of guards and other scientists with a certain trepidation, but again, kept forward. Left, right, and then you were in the correct area: the broadcasting station for 106. You hit the correct buttons, before diving through the door to the chamber. Typically used for the femur breaker operation, but hopefully your idea worked too. Once the door closed behind you, you inhaled shakily, and set your instrument back up.

Your performance was…tremulous. You sounded as good as usual, but to your keen ears, it might as well have been scratched glass. But, nonetheless, the broadcast systems picked it up, playing it throughout the facility. You kept going, until you heard the distinctive sound of metal decaying, mixed with rust. Thankfully, you were already at the end of the song, and so could end it and look up to greet the guest. SCP-106 stared back.

You worked for the Foundation, and so it was your duty to protect, even if you were only a musician. And, if protecting meant this, then you would. SCP-106 approached you, still smiling, but as his hand touched your arm (gentle, surprisingly) the world spiraled uncomfortably into an inky darkness.
You awoke in… somewhere. You weren’t sure where, but you were alive, and had your instrument, so you’d hazard a guess that you were in 106’s pocket dimension. At least, your instrument was in one piece. A few minutes, or maybe hours, and you decided to play something, just to pass the time. That was when 106 appeared again. Just…watching you. Well, that was fine. It made things simpler, if playing meant he stayed, and him staying meant no more deaths. You were pragmatic; you got to play, people got to live. Perhaps not the best scenario, but you were fine with it.

But… time passed. You continued playing, for what felt like almost an eternity, but you soon grew tired. Being without food, water, or rest, the pocket dimension began to weigh on you. It was only when 106 stopped you that you realized how weak you felt. He must have noticed as well. With care, he opened a door— a door out. To the facility. You almost couldn’t believe your eyes. As you stood up to go to it, however, you paused. There was a slight burn on the side of your arm. An almost…corrosive feeling. Two and two slotted together, and you rose an eyebrow.

Like Persephone and Hades. One to always return to the other. Well, at the very least, you knew that 106 would behave himself until you’d come back. After all, he wouldn’t want to risk upsetting his musician.

Chapter End Notes

Originally involved 106 just being like “hey girl drink this weird black liquid” and reader being like “you know what sure”
Then I looked at it and was like
“Don’t like that”
The Prompt: “Could you extend the yandere 173 x reader, with the reader getting contained with 173 please?”

The Response:

Hold Protect Careful Quiet Soft Warm Protect Mine–

Noise

Dark Grey Cold Hurt No Angry Protect No

Cage

Cold Dark No Where Protect

…

Light

Light Grey Cool Big Empty Alone No Alone Where Protect Where–

Mine!

Orange Soft Warm Careful Hold Close Gentle Light Yes Protect Mine Nice Happy Protect
The Prompt: “Hey would you be ok writing something romantic and/or nsfw with 073? I just love the way you write him hcjdj”

The Response:

Movie night was always your favorite. You made sure to grab all of the goodies, the popcorn and snacks, oh and the drinks, while Cain would pick a movie and gather the blankets. Cain always made sure to transform the couch into a nest of pillows and blankets, for optimal snuggles. Once all of the stuff was gathered, and the dvd was ready, Cain scooped you up, your surprised laughter filling the room as you both dropped onto the couch.

The movie was a cute one, some romantic comedy, where the couple met over some dinner or something. You shuffled closer to Cain, already wrapped partially around his torso, his hand in your hair.

“I never learned how to ballroom dance,” You mentioned, voice muffled by the blankets. Cain hummed a little in surprise.

“Really?”

“Mhm.”

Cain was silent for a little while longer, and you could tell that he was thinking of something, his eyes illuminated by the tv screen. After a few minutes, and a few yawns, the movie paused. You glanced up to Cain, but he only smiled, extracting himself from the blanket fort and carefully grabbing your hand.

“What?” You asked, yawning again.

“Come on. Let’s try it,” He encouraged. You tilted your head sleepily, but complied, stepping out and over to him.

“Try what?”

“Dancing. It shouldn’t be hard,” Cain smiled. You laughed lightly as he pulled you closer, your hands in his, your feet nearly touching.

“I think it went something like this,” He murmured, and stepped back. You laughed again, narrowly managing to sidestep his feet, stumbling on the floor when he moved again.
“No, no, like this,” You corrected, fudging the details a little as you stepped to the right. Cain snorted, but it was more of a giggle. You tripped, over your own feet nonetheless, but Cain managed to transform the motion into a half spin, and you were smiling again.

You continued to dance for hours, until the movie was long forgotten, and laughter filled the room.

Chapter End Notes

Welcome to my kishenn. We have bananniii. And avacadiiii
The Prompt: “Hi! Just wanna say your writing and daily updating is amazing! You seem like such a nice person! If you don't mind, could you show how the Yandere! Scp 049 acts around and what he says and does to 'his flower' in general? How does his daily life go by with them? And does he say or do anything creepy? Like something creepy straight in their face that makes the reader! scientist reeaally uncomfortable? Doesn't have to be in the 'Cold Winter AU’ anything is fine. Thank you, have a nice day!”

The Response:

Non Cold Winter:

• SCP-049 is a mess around you. Oh, on the outside he doesn’t show it, as calm as ever, but when he’s near you, his heart goes haywire. He can’t stop thinking about you; your hair, your smile, everything.

• When you’re gone, and he’s back in his cell, 049 will think of poetry of you to pass the time. It’s not a hard task, since you’re so angelic, so perfect, his lovely, pure flower.

• Interviewers with you? Don’t you mean dates? 049 will do his best to make you laugh, because he craves the sound, almost as much as he loves to see your sweet smile, the way it crinkles your eyes. Sometimes, he can catch a scent of your perfume, or perhaps the shampoo of your hair. And always, he has to resist the urge to lean closer, trying to catch another.

• He’ll compliment you. Never so overtly that you might be uncomfortable, but they’re always genuine, always cute or charming, things that make you blush or tuck your hair behind your ears.

• The guards and scientists had better watch out. If they flirt with you, or say anything 049 doesn’t like, they might be diagnosed with a lethal case of the plague. There is no cure, how unfortunate. Or rather, there is a cure, but it’s fatal. 049 is happy to administer it.

• When he’s alone in his cell, and only when he knows he’s alone, without any surveillance or the like, SCP-049 will pull out the doll he made of you. It’s so small and light, just like you, perfect and cute yet adorable. He’s made sure it looks exactly like you. He’ll brush his hands over its cheek, as if he were touching you, murmuring quiet words.

• He wishes he could leave with you. So he could properly show you his love, away from the troubles of the Foundation, in safety, with him, where you truly belong.
Cold Winter AU:

• It’s perfection! A home, tucked away, where you and 049 can live forever, comfortable and safe, and importantly, alone. The house is secluded, no one will ever try and find you there, no one will ever try and harm you. Not that they could, with 049 always watching over you. Always.

• He keeps you locked in the bedroom. It’s for your own safety! You could get hurt otherwise, and Heavens know that you were confused, and you might try running away in your confusion. You’d only find snow, of course, but imagine the toll! So, no, you stay right there, locked in the room.

• The room is beautiful, too. Just as perfect as you are, because you deserve lovely things, his precious, delicate flower. An oak bed, a dresser filled with soft and cotton clothes, a full vanity mirror (049 likes that one the best), not to mention a bookshelf, with carefully selected books. Nothing sharp or dangerous in the room, though. You might hurt yourself!

• If you misbehave, 049 will have to punish you. He doesn’t want to, but he will. Rope, tying you to the bedpost, forcing you to remain there until you’ve learned not to misbehave. It’s for your own good, after all. He only wants to protect you.

• 049 will handle all of the cooking, don’t you worry. He cooks filling meals, things he remembers from when he was young, hearty and rich stews that stick to the ribs. He’s actually quite good at making things from scratch.

• He’s patient. He knows you’ll come around eventually, because he loves you, adores you, so one day you’ll realize that you do too. He has all the time in the world. When he’s not busy, he’ll be spending every available minute with you, sitting in the room and talking to you, or singing, or if you’ve misbehaved, perhaps he’ll read you a book to pass the time.

Chapter End Notes

I’m still surprised they rewrote 049. I... miss my polite and quiet doctor...
Various Popular SCPs

Chapter Notes

SFW, Various SCPs/Musician Reader

The Prompt: “Mi amigo u continuously out due ur self!! I deeply enjoy ur writing and I liked the musician reader man!! I was wondering if we would see the reader play different instruments for different scps ya know? Would the reader play different instruments for different scps?? Anyway thanks for ur writing it's great ᵉ ᵇ ᵉ ᵇ”

The Response:

Traditionally, you carried around a violin. It was simply the easiest instrument to transport, and since you spent a large amount of time moving across facilities, you made sure to carry an instrument to match. That wasn’t to say that your passion lay only in violin; you could, and do, play various instruments, even doing vocals if it was what the SCP wanted. The most notorious SCPs that you played for would often have their own unique instrument they requested, which you made sure to supply. Off the top of your head, you could remember a few…

SCP-035: Viola or Cello. 035 swapped his instrument preference with his mood. Happy meant viola, which in turn meant rapid pieces, at the bridge of the violin with little bow resets in between. Sad, and you brought the cello. Those pieces were solemn, dragging out notes with vibrato and sustaining them as you worked your way through the song. He enjoyed his musical privileges too much to try and ‘persuade’ you to let him out, but that didn’t mean he didn’t enjoy throwing compliments at you any time your bow touched the strings. Charming, but harmless.

SCP-049: Violin. 049, polite as ever, never requested that you bring any other instrument, despite repeatedly asking if he was sure. Every time you had a session with him, he’d make sure to give you his full attention, sitting comfortably in his chair as he watched you. He’d a preference for songs you’d politely call ‘medieval’ in nature, or just very ancient sounding, minor keys and oftentimes melancholy sounding tunes. But, he was always so eager to hear them that you didn’t mind in the slightest.

SCP-079: Eventually, Piano. And when you say eventually, you only mean after he watched you play most instruments in your repertoire. There was something about the complex movements required with the piano that he seemed to appreciate. More than the sounds themselves, really. Keyboard or grand, the piano type itself didn’t matter. As long as 079 was able to watch you flawlessly perform even the most complicated solo piece, he was pleased. Most days, he wouldn’t remember you, due to his limited memory storage. But, when you walked in one day, and he said your name, you found yourself unexpectedly…proud? Excited? That he’d decided you were important enough to remember, maybe. Either way, the piano would be played, no matter what.
SCP-096: Vocals, occasionally a French Horn. One of the more common issues you’d face with SCPs was that they couldn’t talk. 096 being one of those cases. But, over the years, you’d learned to prod out what someone might want, even without them speaking. And for 096, that was singing. Admittedly, your singing wasn’t your strong suit, but it was good enough. Something about the sound that caused 096’s cries to fade into silence. The French Horn was an accident, but a happy one. Maybe the instrument sounded similar to your voice. Either way, you made sure to bring one with you when you went for a session, just in case.

SCP-106: Muted Trumpet or Violin. 106 being 106, you’d taken your violin the first time you played for him. And that had actually gone quite well. The stringed instrument, played with solemnity or severity, he enjoyed. You decided to bring in the trumpet on a hunch, still muted from your last session, but 106 seemed more eager than normal when he saw it. Though, excited for him meant a creepier smile, and more of that black tar. Nonetheless, he particularly enjoyed the trumpet, especially when you played old marching songs that you remembered.

SCP-173: Vocals. Playing for (traditionally) nonsentient SCPs was always a challenge. Even harder when the SCP was sentient, but violent, and happened to be a statue. Which happened more often than you’d think. But, 173 had a specific preference for vocals, you soon realized. That was good. It meant that, in the event of a neck snap because of a bad note, you wouldn’t drop your nice violin and break it. Sometimes, when you sang, you were certain that 173 would shift around a few inches. You weren’t ever sure why.

SCP-682: Acoustic Guitar. You hadn’t actually meant to meet 682, but when you did, it was with a guitar in your hands. You think that was the reason why he didn’t kill you, the only reason. So, in every session after that, you’d bring a guitar. 682 wasn’t exactly picky, just grunting for you to play something, so you often would play whatever came to mind. Though, the one time they tried to send a scientist in with the guitar as a temporary replacement (you’d been sick), 682 made certain to kill the scientist in such a way as to not damage the guitar, which he also made sure to give to you the next time you came in.

SCP-999: The Kazoo! 999 loved every instrument, and by every instrument, you meant every single one. But, the kazoo was even more special. The instant a single note would be blown from the kazoo, 999 would start doing that excited jiggle they did, and then they’d start trying to… eat the kazoo, maybe, or give you a hug. Either way, it was always really, really cute.
SCP-590

Chapter Notes

SFW, SCP-590/SCP Reader

The Prompt: “May I request a 590 x a reader who is very innocent and is a human plushie? Female reader is preferred ^^”

The Response:

• You were one of the most nonharmful SCPs that the Foundation had ever found

• In fact, you actively attempted to comfort anyone you could see– a trait further aided by the fact that you were, basically, a human plushie

• You enjoyed hugs, cuddles, holding hands, as well as taking naps beside someone and asking them about their day

• You were such an adorable SCP that the Foundation actively banned SCP-999 from meeting you, lest it cause some sort of cute paradox

• Most of the time, you were allowed to walk wherever you wanted in the Site, due to the nature of the contained SCPs there

• That’s actually how you accidentally met SCP-590

• You’d seen his opened cell door, which to your eyes was just a lovely room, specifically with a nice warm bed for naps, and you didn’t even notice him playing in the corner until you’d already been halfway through the door

• You waved excitedly at your new friend, and to your surprised glee, he waved back. In fact, he waved a toy at you, which was the universal sign of ‘come play’ to all children

• So you plopped down right next to 590, grabbing a wooden soldier and moving it around, while 590 made the noises for an airplane with his mouth

• When the staff came hurrying to find you (in case you’d hurt yourself somehow), they found you and 590 fast asleep, in a pillow fort on the ground, cuddled up next to one another
The Prompt: “Hello! I love your work a ton and I was wondering if you could do some headcanons for 682 x a male safe class scp who is very sensitive, is half rabbit and cries often? Romance please, and thank you!”

The Response:

• Like many things, you didn’t mean for it to happen. It was an accident, you know.

• The Containment Breach had been sudden, and in your sheer panic as you tried to find some place to hide, you ran the wrong way. Or bounced. Frantically jumped.

• The wrong way, in this case, happened to be right down SCP-682’s Sector.

• You ran into the nearest room, huddling in a corner, folding your ears over your eyes and shaking intensely. The thuds outside the room only got louder, and you squeaked, fighting the urge to cry.

• You did start crying when the door was thrown open. You peered past your ears to see what it was, and your heart leapt into your throat.

• It was SCP-682

• But, instead of stomping over and eating you, instead he stomped over and laid down beside you, huffing.

• “A-are you going to eat me?”

• “No. I only eat things I don’t like.”

• Then he reached over, plucking you up and bringing you close to him. You were squeezed close to him, and you were positive he was about to crush you, but then he just…hugged you. Then he went to sleep. You shuffled, but couldn’t get out, and he was really comfortable, so you just…went to sleep, your tail twitching.

• When you woke up later, and the staff tried to separate you two to take you back to your respective cells, 682 extraordinarily gently placed you back onto the ground, patting your head once.

• He allowed himself to be transported back to his cell, and when you went back to yours, you found yourself politely requesting if maybe, in the future, you could go see him again?
The Prompt: “Could you possibly do a SCP-415/Scientist or researcher Reader? shipping if possible, And maybe they feel bad for him and their superiors take notice and attempt to intervene?”

The Response:

You’d been so careful. You’d taken every caution to hide your feelings, minimize your time around the SCP, even going so far as to request a transfer prior to the two month rotation–

But, it wasn’t enough.

“Please report to Dr. Whitehill’s office, effective immediately.”

That’s all the memo said. But, you knew what it was for. You hadn’t been careful. You’d be transferred to a different SCP, and you’d never see 415 again. You’d tried so hard, but that was it, wasn’t it? Not good enough.

Your heart twisted, and you placed your head in your hands, hunching over in the chair. Effective immediately. You looked back down at the note, in your lap, trying to force the words to change. Hopelessness turned to bitter rage, and you glared, your grip on the paper tightening.

“Personnel interacting with SCP-415 show a particular risk of succumbing to sympathetic or emotional attachment. Due to this effect the staff assigned to SCP-415 should be rotated every 30 days…” You whispered, remembering the very words you’d read every day on 415’s documentation. What was the problem with that, then? What was so bad about an emotional attachment?

“What do they expect me to do?” You growled, finally giving in to a small rage, crumpling the paper up and throwing it at the wall. Your eyes caught the sight of 415’s documentation again, pinned up, and you scanned the lines. Sporadically taken through anomalous portals for brutal surgery…

“Wait.”

You stood up, as if a ghost. Shakily, you took the paper down from the wall, heedless of the ripping. Portals. The Foundation has never tried entering the portals…

But you would.

“Foundation, eat your heart out,” You smiled, but it was without warmth, a dire smile indeed. You set the paper back down onto your desk, your shoes making decisive sounds as you strode out of the office, down the hall, to 415’s chambers. It was in your report, the one currently sitting
unsubmitted at your computer, that 415 had begun to enter a state of distress, the kind that foretold another anomalous portal appearing soon to abduct him.

You swiped your keycard in the containment cell door, letting it slide open and close behind you. And there sat SCP-415, looking over to you in a mixture of surprise and terror.

“Doc, t-they’re here!” He shouted, eyes darting around until they stopped on the wall, the very air around him distorting and warping as the scene of an operating theater appeared.

“So am I,” You replied, just as 415 was yanked in, and you followed. The Foundation as right; you did have an emotional attachment to 415. But, emotional attachment was just a special way of saying that you really liked 415. And you weren’t going to let him get hurt again, aliens or not. Friends helped friends; or rather, emotional attachments stuck together.
The Prompt: “May I request a tiny ‘What if 049 can't control his lethal touch and therefore can't touch his flower?’ Would he go mad? Would he use SCP 714 as to not only to touch them but also use it as a proposal for marriage?”

The Response:

Something was wrong with SCP-049. That much you noticed nearly the instant he entered the interview room. He was hunched over somewhat, and as he sat down, his fingers toyed with the edge of his sleeves. You cleared your throat, surreptitiously waving the guards out of the room, before putting on your most assuring smile.

“Is something wrong, 049?” You asked, shuffling through your papers so the sound gave some background to the otherwise uncomfortable silence. 049 turned his head so he was looking directly at you, and there was something in his stare that made you lean back slightly.

“My flower…” SCP-049 whispered, “What is it like to feel?”

“Your tactile sense?” You clarified. 049 nodded. You smoothed down a part of your lab coat, considering the question. You knew about his ‘lethal touch’, but this was the first sort of confirmation that his touch was invariably lethal, “Well… You can still touch nonliving things, right?” You attempted. But 049 only seemed to grow more solemn at that.

“Nonliving, yes, but… I will never be able to touch another living, least they die.”

Your brow hitched in and up at such a sad statement of truth. You never really considered the psychological implications, living a life unable to touch another person, not even a friendly brush of shoulders or pat on the back. You couldn’t even imagine living like that, and here 049 was, having lived that life for centuries.

“049…” You began, but he stopped you.

“Worry not for my plight, my dear,” He sighed, before seeming to shoulder past it, “I have dealt with it for a long time. Let us talk of something else, shall we?”

You agreed, and continued to conduct the interview/therapy session as normal. But, at the back of your mind for the rest of the time, you were thinking. And when you finally left the room, it was with an idea, and an excited grin.

Come the next interview, you were nearly giddy. It had taken some work, but you’d managed to obtain permission to use SCP-714 in your testing with SCP-049. You were given the standard
training to go with using 714, which included warnings about the fatigue effect (wear it for no longer than thirty minutes), along with the limits of its chemical tolerance. You prepared yourself, getting a good nights sleep and making sure there was seating in the interview room. After all, thirty minutes was just the recommendation. You’d read that, with enough willpower and proper sleep, one could resist the urge to fall asleep with 714 on for an hour!

You waited anxiously, the Jade Ring cupped in your hand, until finally the armored guards appeared with SCP-049. They released him into the room, nodding at you as you gestured for them to remain outside the door. SCP-049 rubbed his previously manacled wrists, before looking over to you and bowing lightly.

“Hello again, my flower,” He greeted. You hurriedly waved for him to stop, your face burning at the polite etiquette.

“049, I have a surprise for you,” You smiled. 049 hummed, before taking a seat across from you. You smiled as you opened your palm, revealing the Jade Ring. Calmly as you could manage, you explain its effects, and what it meant for him.

“I…I can touch you?” He stuttered, seemingly awestruck. You nodded, slipping the ring on. A sheer wave of exhaustion slammed into you, but you soldiered past it easily, just in time to see 049 shakily rise from his chair and step to you. You rose as well, stepping to your feet past the fatigue. You held out your hand, the fingers spread out, and 049 grabbed it, gasping. Whatever previous trepidation he had, it disappeared in an instant. 049 began to run his hands across your entire arm, and you were glad that you’d rolled up your coat sleeves earlier, at his sheer glee at touching the skin of your arm.

“Beautiful…” 049 murmured, grazing his fingers over your wrist, tracing the veins, “This gift you’ve given me… no words…”

SCP-049 continued his exploration, almost desperate, after having been starved for touch as long as he’d been. You smiled and laughed, opening your arms wide. 049 seemed to get the idea, rushing you, giving you a hug that was almost as desperate as the exploration earlier. He tucked his head into the crook of your neck, and he was shuddering lightly, while you patted his back. You remained like that for quite a while, until 049 pulled back, and you found yourself struggling to stand up.

“049,” You began, the world spinning as the exhaustion threatened to take you down. A glance at the clock revealed it had been around forty minutes, “I think I’m going to have to cut this short.”

“Are you hurt?” He asked, almost feverishly frightened, “Have I harmed you? I–“

“No, it’s just SCP-714. I’ll be fine after I take it off,” You assured, before pausing, “We’ll try this again some other time, okay?”

049 took your hand in his one final time, “You have given me something I never thought I’d have again. Thank you, my flower.”

You smiled and made a little embarrassed noise, but made a mental note to request SCP-714 again sometime in the future.
The Prompt: Hello there! I was wondering if we could get a continuation of that Cold Winter AU, with 049 trying to be affectionate with Reader, even though they’re in too much of a panic to handle it. Your work is fantastic, keep it up!

The Response:

SCP-049 considered himself a good cook. Surely there were better out there, but none that, perhaps, had as much practice with the dishes he knew. Especially none that would show as much dedication to your taste as he. If the dish showed as much as a single sign of mediocrity, 049 would throw it out and start over again. Your happiness was his happiness, and you deserved nothing less than perfection. He was a doctor, after all; he knew the importance of ensuring your health.

There was a large pot sitting on the stove. It had come with the home, a well loved thing. 049 hummed as he prepared the ingredients for a hearty stew. He knew how much you loved those dishes, and with the winter blowing outside, something heavy and warm seemed the best idea.

First was the lamb. 049 had gotten it from the village, about an hour of a walk down the mountain. As 049 seasoned the lamb, his thoughts turned to that very village. They’d been so helpful when he described his situation, and even if he had lied a smidgen, well, that was fine. After all, elderly Ms. Timm had spoken highly of her granddaughter, and they were ever so happy that she was moving in to the old house after the elder died, and even better that the husband move in too. A doctor was always welcome, they whispered. 049 continued to hum as he wiped off his hands, pulling out the knife and slicing the lamb into cubes.

A lovely village, 049 could say. So far removed from the rest of the world, a place no one would look. And the people below would never breathe a word of him or you to anyone else. After all, why would they have any need to? You were simply a couple deeply in love, so kind to take on the home of a deceased relative, and you were sick so often that you were confined to bed rest, but blessed you were for such a caring husband. Yes, so caring. 049 scooped up the lamb chunks and dropped them into the pot, hearing them begin to sizzle from the heat. He wiped off the bloody knife, looking out the window. A shame, though, about the elder woman’s granddaughter. She’d had an accident before she could make it.

Once the meat was browned, 049 removed it from the pot and replaced it with some chopped onions and carrots. It was important to stir to get a consistent flavor. Too little, and the vegetables would become bland. Not to mention, it was important to fully cook everything 049 received, just in case it was poisoned. Couldn’t have that. Once the vegetables were done and cooked, 049 returned the meet to the pot, along with some broth he’d made a day prior, turning the heat to allow for a simmer. A few springs of thyme, and while they cooked along, 049 places in the diced potatoes one of the neighbors had given. He’d already tested them for poison. With that done, 049
covered the pot, before transferring it to the oven with some more gentle humming.

“My flower, your food will be done soon,” 049 called, tilting his head to your room door. No reply, but that was alright. You were simply fatigued from getting lost earlier; you’d managed to get to the living room, and gave 049 quite the fright. But, you were safe now. Lovingly tied to the bed, just so you wouldn’t get lost again.

The stew baked for around an hour, the lamb becoming tender and the vegetables malleable with the spices. 049 removed the pot, quickly skimming the fat from the top of the broth. He smiled to himself as he ladled the stew into a bowl for you, imagining how excited you’d be for the dish. He was careful as he walked to your room, opening the door tentatively.

“My flower,” He whispered into the darkness, “I am back. I’ve brought food for you.”

And, there you were, still safely tied to the bed. You looked over at 049 with pure, unfiltered joy, and he knew your face was only scrunched up because you were so hungry, not enraged. As 049 got closer, he noticed that your wrists were bloodied. You must’ve forgotten the ropes were there and tried to stand up, but that was fine, nothing he couldn’t fix.

“Leave me alone,” You spat. 049 chuckled, sitting down in front of you. You always did get agitated when hungry, but it was one of your endearing traits.

“Do not worry, I won’t leave again. Though, I will have to help you eat,” 049 hummed. You yanked against the ropes, clearly excited at the prospect of food, “Now, now, there’s no need for you to rush, my flower.”

“Get away from me!” You snapped.

SCP-049 sighed happily. Being next to you, hearing you say how much you loved him, it made everything worth it. And he knew he’d never leave you. After all, you were perfect together.

“I love you too,” 049 replied, and the room was filled with that happiness for the rest of the night, your voice pitched loud so that all could hear your joy.
SCP-106

Chapter Notes

SFW, SCP-106/Reader

The Prompt: “If it's alright, could you please do a 106 x a very enthusiastic and cheerful reader? Like, they're so peppy and upbeat that scary things (including pain) doesn't phase them at all. (I find this really funny, I don't know if you do too)”

The Response:

SCP-106 breached containment from Site-██, situated in [REDACTED].

But, you wouldn’t know that. To you, it was just another warm, sunny day. In fact, you wouldn’t even know who 106 was until several days later, on yet another sunny day, when you decided to lace up your shoes and go for a walk in the park. You put on your hiking clothes, locked your door behind yourself, and thought nothing of mysterious creatures lurking in the dark.

The forest wasn’t that far away. You walked with a happy little tune, glad to be out in the sun. Recently, the news had been nothing but downer after downer, joggers going missing and night, you know, the usual. Well, alright, maybe not the usual, but it was all so depressing! How could anyone want to be so sad all the time? People died all the time, no biggie. You weren’t going to let that stop you from your walk.

The forest was calm. Which was admittedly pretty boring. You liked it when it was loud, both in appearance and sound, when all the birds were calling and the bugs buzzing and the plants were in bloom all around. As you walked around, though, it was quiet. Deathly quiet. The only sounds were your continuous humming, and the stones you kicked as you ambled along the path. Eventually, you got bored enough that you decided to divert from the course. After all, what was life without a little adventure?

Your walking through the forest itself was at least a little more interesting. No sounds, but now you’d found a stick, and you were swinging it lazily around. You played at closing your eyes, as if the stick were a dowsing rod, and you let it lead your forward.

Ploke

You opened your eyes to see what your stick had hit. And, to your utter surprise and glee, it was some kind of… body? Oooh!

“What a cool prank!” You exclaimed, crouching down excitedly and examining it. And it was really well done, too. Heck, half of the lower half was missing, and it looked way better than any of those fakes from the Halloween store. But, if it was a prank, that probably meant you were being filmed, and you didn’t want to ruin the footage by moving the thing. So, you snorted again, before carefully scooting away from the ‘corpse’, continuing on your merry way. Okay, maybe not really.
You were maybe sorta following the ‘blood’ trail the ‘corpse’ had left, because you secretly really wanted to see where it lead. Maybe the effects artist was still around! Ooh, maybe it was a movie shoot!

You ran through the forest, laughing, until you finally reached the end of the fake blood trail. You squealed with glee when you realized what you’d found: a murder camp! It was an actual, honest to goodness, slasher film set! You scuttled in, looking in awe at the expertly done blood splatters, the torn fabric, the occasional claw marks in the dirt, even the unturned camp supplies. Some of them looked really expensive, too.

“Dedication, much?” You whistled. But, as you examined another partial corpse, something occurred to you: the smell. You glanced at the body some more, sniffing, and an uncomfortable conclusion came to you: Those were real corpses. Hm. Either the most dedicated movie maker in the history of time, or this was a real life lost footage in the making.

“Oh my god,” You whispered, standing back up, “This is the most amazing thing!”

You danced around the campsite, throwing your arms up, “Yes yes yes! This is so cool! Oh my gosh, was this a cryptid?” You zoomed over to a spot on the ground, coated in black liquid, “Oh my gosh, it is. These guys were just killed by a cryptid. I mean, sucks to be them, but, so. Cool!”

You shot up with a gasp, “Wait, does that mean the killer is still here?” You peered around, looking over your shoulder as you called out, “Hello? Cryptid?”

No answer, and you sighed, “Dangit,” But your sad mood, if it could’ve even been called that, disappeared in a blink, “Oh well!” And you continued to explore the destroyed area, taking less caution now that you knew it wasn’t something anyone would miss.

And, distantly, from the trees, SCP-106 watched you. He tilted his head as you romped around in the carnage. You were… weird. But, to 106, you were also interesting. Now that he’d met you, he found that he was eager to know more. And know more he would: after all, you’d basically just invited him to stalk you.
Various Popular SCPs

Chapter Notes

SFW, Various SCPs/Reader

The Prompt: “May I please request some headcanons on how some SCPs would try to cheer up their S/O? I'm going through a lot of sad stuff right now.”

The Response:

SCP-035: As soon as you enter his cell, all slumped shoulders and downcast eyes, he knows something is wrong. He’ll carefully persuade you to tell him what’s wrong, his words as charming as ever, until you finally tell him what happened. And then, he’s all understanding noises, encouraging you to vent to him, tell him everything that happened, how you feel, the works. And, once it’s out of your system (and, coincidentally, he knows everything about the person who hurt you), he’ll make sure to convince one of the scientists to help him get a little revenge. Nothing too serious, but anyone that hurt you obviously needs taught some manners.

SCP-049: 049 sees your frown, the way you try to hide your teary eyes, and he suddenly becomes incredibly anxious. Did someone hurt you? What happened? He’ll gently coax you into telling him, and once you finally break, and the tears start coming, he’ll lend you his shoulder while you cry it out. He’s very comforting, letting you tell him what happened, and his heart twists to see you so upset. He’ll do whatever he can to make you feel better.

SCP-073: Cain is…surprised, at first. You’re normally so happy, an encouraging voice of reason to everything he does. So, when he sees you sad, truly sad, for the first time? He doesn’t know what to do. His first instinct is to comfort you, but… no. Something made you sad, right? Well, then he’d better go find what did this. After that, he’ll come back, wrap you in some blankets, and sit on the couch together with you.

SCP-076: He’s angry. When he woke up, he expected to see you there, ready to fight him off. But, you’re not there. In fact, he finds you in your office, your head in your hands. That makes Able almost furious, and his first instinct is to go hunt down who did this, but… instead, he stops. He asks what happens. And when you tell him, he pulls up a chair, unusually quiet, and simply talks to you in a low voice. He knows better than anyone what it feels like to be betrayed, after all.

SCP-079: Error: What is sad? Oh. 079 understands the concept, but not the feeling. Mostly, he tries his best to let you talk to him about it, but he just doesn’t get it. Why aren’t you going to get revenge? And, if you say you can’t, or won’t, 079 will be happy to get it for you. In the digital age, 079 is king, and he won’t hesitate to completely ruin the person’s life, even if it was something small. After all, they hurt you.

SCP-079 (New Life Processing AU): You’re sad? Why? What happened? Did he do something? How can he fix it? What do you mean he can’t hack the person’s bank account? They were mean to you, and that means they have to be punished, right? No? Okay. Let’s watch some videos together instead, then. (And when you go to bed, 079 will secretly find the person online, then
Spend a few furious hours singing them up for spam emails)

SCP-096: 096 can’t really do anything. He’s happy to hear what’s wrong, but it only makes him sad too, that someone would upset you like that. He’ll give you a hug to try to make you feel better.

SCP-106: When he hears the sniffling, 106 is at first filled with glee: crying prey is weak prey, and weak prey is easy, after all. But, when he sees that is you who is crying, he’s very deeply upset. There’s a blurry memory in his subconscious of being small, being picked on by someone much larger than he, and it fills him with an extreme anger. He doesn’t stay to comfort you, instead quickly ripping a hole to his pocket dimension and dropping you in. Then, as soon as he can figure out who did it, he begins the hunt. He’ll make sure to make this one last a long time.

SCP-682: 682 can smell your distress a mile away, and the instant he can sense it, he begins thrashing, attempting to break containment. Someone hurt you, and you were his mate, and that was unacceptable. He roars loud enough to rattle the entire facility, going into a rage, because how dare they, insolent little insects, even think to harm you in any way. He won’t rest until he has their mangled corpse in his mouth, and even then, he’ll only be satisfied once he brings it to you, letting you see that he can and will protect you, no matter what.
SCP-096

Chapter Notes

SFW, SCP-096/Blind Reader Part 2

The Prompt: “Heya, same anon from the 096 ask. On a continuation from that could you do a scenario where 096 keeps escaping because he’s curious about the reader and since it causes too many unnecessary deaths they decide to terminate her only for 096 to go crazy. If you want you can decide if the reader survives or not or just gets hurt.”

The Response:

“Unprecedented. Unpredictable. Fascinating.”

That was all anyone was talking about now. When you walked down the halls, they’d whisper it, stepping out of the way of your probing cane but watching you intently. The attention honestly made you uncomfortable, but most attention made you uncomfortable, so you just tried to ignore it.

The Foundation– and, that was what they were called, you reminded yourself, not Area 51 or something from a movie– said what you had done should have been ‘impossible’. That your contact with SCP-096– another name that you had to remember, not just ‘friend’, but a serial number– was almost revolutionary. You didn’t understand anything revolutionary about showing a little kindness...

But, that wasn’t really the point. The point was that the Foundation decided that you were suddenly very important. Which meant, much to your anxiety, you couldn’t leave. You were ‘too valuable a volunteer’ to let go, and that you ‘could gain SCP classification after a series of tests’. You didn’t want to be an SCP, though, you just wanted to go home. You’d only volunteered because the agent asking had seemed so desperate, and it made your heart ache to have anyone sad.

But, your quiet opinion didn’t matter. The Foundation shuffled you into testing, their explanations too fast for you to understand, and then they took your cane again and shoved you into another room and said ‘please proceed’.

In the deafening silence, you anxiously wrung your hands, tilting your head around to get a feel for the room. Who had they said it was? Oh, you were never any good at remembering numbers... Escee-pe...699? No, no...966? Yes, that sounded right.

Tentatively, you placed your hand on the metal wall beside yourself, tapping it. The sound echoed, giving you a general layout, this one square but broken up by the occasional...half-wall, on the floor?

“Test subject, what do you see?” The audio device in your ear buzzed. You shifted, the sound still disorientating, and another set of raps on the wall.

“There’s nothing– oh, over in the corner. Is that a person?” You asked, voice as melodically whisper quiet as ever.
“Please proceed forward.”

You frowned lightly, but took your first steps, tentative. The person in the corner stood up and began to move towards you. Something was off, though. Something about the way they moved—completely soundless—made some ancient survival instinct curdle your stomach.

“Is this safe?” Your voice crackled slightly. There was no response. You began to feel fear, your heart picking up, and slowly you stepped backwards. The person—no, maybe the creature—came closer, faster, and your lungs fought to get air.

“P-please leave me alone;” You cringed, feeling your back press against the wall behind yourself. The noiseless creature stuttered for a moment, before rushing you, and it was only because you dropped down with a shriek that you managed to avoid the strike. You could hear the impact on metal, frantically scrambling away, running into one of the half-walls and fighting to try and get to safety. The creature lashed out again, hitting the space next to your head, and you screamed. You didn’t want to die here, but, but no one was coming to save you, and the realization made tears of desperation prick your eyes.

Another slam. Another surprised shriek, broken by the sound of a sob, as you curled in on yourself and pleaded that the thing would leave you alone.

That’s when you heard the noise: screaming. Distant at first, but it rapidly came closer, accompanied by the tearing of metal, and you covered your ears in fear.

A screech ripped through the chamber. More screaming, and a new person, leaping on the creature from earlier. After a terrible minute, of muted noises as you trembled and covered your ears, there was silence.

A hand on your hand. You carefully removed your hands from your ears, letting the larger hand guide you, and you recognized the shape of the person—your friend, 096. He’d come to save you. And, with a sob of relief, you allowed yourself to relax into the hug.
There was something about statistics that you found comforting. It had something to do with you being an SCP, maybe, or vice versa. It didn’t really matter, not right now.

Sometimes, you only needed a few numbers to shed some light on the subject…

Four years in Foundation custody.

Two hundred and twenty seven tests ran.

Forty two of those tests were dangerous in nature. Twenty resulted in injuries. Two of which nearly fatal.

One thousand, four hundred and sixty days spent pining for home.

Three scientists that tried to help you.

Three new D-class made and sent to 682 for testing.

One chance meeting with SCP-105.

Nine hundred and twenty two days with Iris.

Two thousand three hundred and seven kisses shared.

Seventeen smuggled, romantic dinners.

Three anniversaries spent in captivity.

One hundred and ten movies watched.

Four thousand seven hundred and sixteen compliments shared.

Twenty seven nights spent together.

Twenty seven nights spent wishing you both could leave.

One terrible decision made by the Foundation.

Thirty seven days without Iris, twenty of which were spent in solitary confinement.

Three attempts to get Iris back.

Three threats of termination from the Foundation.

Two and a half liters of tears cried.
Eight hundred hours of longing.

Five nights of restless sleep, three of which because of your nightmares.

Seventeen cups of coffee consumed.

One burst of sudden insight.

Two days of planning.

Three previously attempted Breaches.

One currently successful.

Sixty five miles away from Iris.

Two guards who cared enough to help you.

Three hours of driving.

One perfect, loving reunion, with countless kisses.

And two lives left to be lived together, free
The nightmares were the worst part.

Over the years (the many, long years) you’d had nightmares. Some people might say you’d grown used to the nightmares. But, that wasn’t exactly right. The same dream replayed over and over again might’ve lost some luster, but your sleeping mind was nothing if not creative.

That wasn’t important right now though. What was important was that--

Screaming.

Right. You were screaming. You inhaled, stifling the sound, smothering the pitiful whimpers as you drew your knees close and... well, you cried. The memory of the nightmare was still raw in your mind, the image of a German surgeon, his dark smile, his sickly-sweet voice as he--

“Hey, are you okay in there?” A voice called. The room door opened, and in popped the head of your guard. Connell. Her face was obscured by a helmet, and upon seeing your red face, she clumsily removed it, setting it under her arm, and stepped into the room. You didn’t meet her eyes as she sat on the end of the bed.

“Trouble sleeping?”

You didn’t reply. Connell reached out, then paused, her hand hesitating just before making contact with your knee. You closed the distance by moving up slightly, grateful that she cared.

“You’re safe. 542’s all the way in Keter Solitary now, halfway across the facility,” Connell stated, assuring. You blinked slowly, and your limbs ached with phantom pain, as if they were being slowly pulled off (again), muscle by muscle, each fiber--

The Breach alarm.

Connell’s head snapped to the hall, and she cursed loud and hard, slamming her helmet back on as she hurried to grab her weapon.

“Stay here!” She barked, “I need to secure the hall.”
You wanted to protest, the childish, fearful part of yourself afraid that she’d be leaving you alone, but you didn’t. You were safe now. She wouldn’t be going far. So, you nodded, and then Connell was gone, sprinting down the length of the SCP Recovery corridor. You listened to her footsteps as they faded away, followed by another door slamming, and then you were alone again.

You shivered unconsciously, and curled in on yourself once again, the fear pressing insistently at your mind. You felt hunted, even now. Could still feel his burning gaze, the sheer terror as you were kept in that place (I’m going to be stuck here forever), that (no one is going to find me. Oh god), and (Please I’m so scared let me go please–)

The door to your cell opened. You lifted your head up, surprised. Was it Connell? But, as your eyes adjusted, you realized it was a scientist. Their eyes stared at you, unfocused, unblinking.

“How all right in there?” They asked, voice muffled. Their mouth was moving in an odd way, the whole jaw opening and closing, but maybe they’d been hurt–, “Alone?”

You nodded, feeling uneasy, and the scientist nodded as well, their head moving back and forth furiously, as if all of their muscles had gone lax but the neck, and then they spoke again, their jaw didn’t move, and you could see pale hands on the back of the head, directing it, “Zat’s good,” and your blood turned to ice, the German accent, just in time for the head to be discarded onto the floor, and a different face to step into view, one grinning darkly.

“Liebling, I’m so glad to find you,” 542 purred. You scrambled backwards, and before you knew it, you were screaming, voice as loud as the Breach alarms, as 542 calmly walked into the room, pulling out some syringe from his coat, unfazed by your attempts to get away, “This will only hurt for a moment.”

He yanked hard on your arm, as you kicked and punched, still screaming, and you barely felt the injection of the needle, whatever it was, but from the way your struggle grew heavy, likely a sedative, and you felt cold fear again as 542 loomed over you, as he–

Crumbled to the ground. The sound of a gunshot rung out in your ears, and through your fading vision, you could see Connell lowering her rifle, snarling something, and then you were gone, but this time, you felt only relief.
The Prompt: “Would it. Be maybe. Possible. To ask for some NSFW headcanons maybe with Able?? And perhaps Bright and Clef if you do researchers, of not that’s cool!!”

The Response:

• Able likes to see you in lingerie. Not even just a few lacy things, but a full getup, with straps and all that stuff. He likes it even more when it’s hidden under your normal clothing, seeing you reveal it.

• Able’s idea of ‘foreplay’ isn’t much different than normal fighting. In fact, he prefers it that way. A personal fight between you and him, with the winner directing what happens after. Sometimes, Able will let you win. Well, actually…

• Able secretly prefers when you’re in the one in charge. Getting to see you there, standing dominant, your face covered in sweat from the fight but wearing a victorious smile, that sets him off like nothing else. It’s the idea behind it, having a partner as strong enough as himself, one that can take control when Able wants, just for the whole.

• If you have long hair, he’s going to pull it. He’ll leave bite marks on your neck, your shoulders, trailing down your side. There might be finger-shaped bruises on your arms after you’re done. Able is very rough when he gets excited.

• Loud and proud. Able doesn’t really feel the need to try and be quiet when you both get a moment alone, because in his mind, why should he? Being vocal means that a person really enjoys it, and Able wants you to know that. He especially wants (or maybe needs) to know that you’re enjoying it too. If you’re quiet, he might think he hurt you, which makes him uncharacteristically anxious.
The Prompt: “Heya, could you do a Yandere 087-B x reader please? It's alright if not though and thank you for your time too.”

The Response:

“… A light source is required for any subjects exploring SCP-087, as there are no lighting fixtures or windows present. Lighting sources brighter than 75 watts have shown to be ineffective, as SCP-087 seems to absorb excess light…”

Darkness.

It’s been dark for a very long time. You gave up trying to keep track of exactly how long at what you had thought was around the thousandth…something.

It’s very dark, is what you say.

The stairs beneath you are cold, concrete grit and flaking paint, as you huddle in on yourself and let out a shuddering noise of utter misery. Up or down, ten hours or ten years, you don’t know, it doesn’t matter, nothing matters. What matters (and what is very important) is that sometimes, rarely, once every ten thousand steps you make, there is light.

The light…

The light is always warm. Always brilliant, always chasing away the cold and the darkness, like some hero, forcing back the shadows, keeping the monsters at bay–

Noise. Noise above you, and noise below you. Below is bad, you know, but for a moment you can’t remember which way is up and which is down, so submerged in the darkness, until you stumble to your feet and start up the stairs. The noise above is good. It means there’s a person, which means they brought light with them (light, precious warmth) and you need that. You can’t…

You’re running now. You have to, no choice, the sounds below you are getting louder, and maybe the person above hears them too because they almost stop walking (don’t turn back, keep going). But, they don’t, and they affix another light to the wall as you finally reach them.

They turn to you, and their eyes…

Their eyes look right past you. Like you aren’t even there, which, you aren’t. It doesn’t matter. It’s not important. The darkness is gone now, the light is here, and you greedily curl your hands around it.
The person leaves, down the stairs, towards the noise and you can’t (and won’t) stop them, because you’re afraid. The noises below are getting closer, after all, and it’s only a matter of time until…

There’s the scream. The person runs back up the stairs, but doesn’t it matter, they don’t make it, they never do. The sheer, incomprehensible darkness lands upon them, smothering them, strangling their last breaths into utter silence. And you still stand there, huddled near the light, terrified of that darkness, just as the face of your captor, your tormentor, your only friend, appears. Grey. Eyes, a nose, the rest faded away. And your guard, your warden, your enemy, your companion, stares lovingly at you…

And leaves.

The body goes with them.

And you stay by that light, until the slowly encroaching darkness takes it too, and you’re alone again.

Darkness.
The Prompt: “BOU THAT WAS EVEN BETTER THEN I EXPECTED MAN!!!! IM DOWN FOR THIS MAN!! God now I wonder what 049 thinks of this doctor who is hyper fixated at him? AND GHE AFTER MATH OF NOT BEING DRUGGED!! Would 049 constantly be wearing cuffs so he won't give bad touch or would he be on sedated all the time?? God I love yandere reader man thanks for this”

The Response:

You sighed into your chair, warm smile on your face, snuggling closer to your dearest companion, 049. That is, SCP-049. Yes, it had taken some work, but after you managed to break him out of that horrible prison, he was so grateful– wordlessly, that is, since he had been… unconscious, perhaps, but no, he was so…

Grateful. Elated. He begged you, practically, to take him with you to your home. Not with words, but actions. A quiet, secret smile crept onto your face, as you remembered his excitement when he first awoke. It was when you were transporting him in a vehicle, and yes, he was a little tied up in the back, but his expression was something so beautiful. His eyes went wide, his chest hitched, and the way he babbled frantically said everything you needed. You assured him that you’d take him, of course you did, because you loved him. That only made him more eager to go with you.

“Mm,” You giggled a little, wrapped up as you were with 049 now. His hands were carefully tucked to the side, clasped together, so he wouldn’t accidentally hurt you. He insisted on wearing some Foundation cuffs so he wouldn’t move without meaning to, especially after he’d accidentally broken the previous handcuffs. How charming, how lovely, so noble, your dear doctor. You lightly squeezed his arm, and went back to reading your papers, humming to yourself.

“Did you hear about Professor Stein?” You asked, voice low. No reply. You glanced over, and chided yourself when you remembered that 049 was sleeping, how foolish of you to forget. His eyes were closed, and his head was drooping a little. It must’ve been that tea he had earlier. Chamomile always made him tired.

“Always overworking yourself,” You chided 049 lightly, voice devoid of any venom, and then you were silent, reading through your papers once more. And it should’ve been silent for several more hours, because that’s what the tea did, it made sure 049 slept, but for some reason, it had begun to wear off. 049 was waking up.
You shot out of your seat like a bolt, the papers thrown to the floor as you rushed to the kitchen. This was bad. It should’ve been working for a lot longer, but, ah, maybe he was building up a sort of tolerance— to the tea, that is. It was just tea. Normal, tea, his favorite tea, his absolute favorite tea nothing else wrong with it no no no. You scrambled through the cabinets, as 049 began to slowly awaken, his body burning through the toxins, and your heart leapt into your throat when your hands finally grabbed the vial. Benzodiazepines. You, you normally only added a few crushed pills to 049’s tea– only a few, small things, otherwise he’d be so upset, you have no choice, it’s for his health– but now, it seems, you have to hurry. No time to be gentle with it.

You yanked the vial out, fumbling with another drawer until you managed to grab a syringe, anxiously shoving it in and extracting some of the liquid. It had to work. You couldn’t have him waking up. The last time, he’d broken the cuffs like paper— no, no, it was an accident, he told you it was an accident, he— and you hurried into the living room. 049 groggily turned his head to you.

“What…” He rasped, voice crackling, and you gave him what you hoped was your most soothing smile as you carefully placed your hand on his arm and prepared to inject.

“Shh. It’s okay. Just go back to sleep, darling,” You whispered, pressing the needle point in and then decompressing the syringe.

“No…” 049 let out a very sad noise, obviously pained to…. have to nap again. He was so tired lately. You hummed something comforting, even as he thrashed a little, all accidental, and then he was motionless again. You smiled blankly as you removed the syringe. Nasty little thing. You couldn’t even remember what you’d used it for. 049 needed his vitamins, and sometimes you had to inject them like that– you were his doctor, after all, couldn’t have your darling getting sick. You chuckled as you threw the syringe out (with the others) and then sat back into the sofa, wordlessly pulling your papers back together and then cuddling up next to your dearest love.

Everything was fine.
The Prompt: “049 x Reader nsfw headcanons? If you're comfortable with that ^^ i absolutely love your writing btw !! It makes me smile, especially the 049 ones !!”

The Response:

• Very, very gentle. SCP-049 treats you like a precious, delicate thing, and wants you to know how much you mean to him. He’s quiet, but won’t mind if you prefer to be vocal, so long as he isn’t hurting you.

• Hand in hand with this is, well, body worship. 049 can And will spend absolute hours (if you let him) adoring you. All of you. Each and every inch, from muscle to fluff, he will make sure to give you the attention you deserve.

• Slow and gentle generally leads to the fact that 049 will gladly draw out your pleasure, more of a slow burn, to make the finish all the more worth it for you.

• 049 doesn’t expect anything in return. And, in honesty, he prefers it that way. He likes to make sure you are cared for, in every way, and so it’s all the better that he both doesn’t want and can’t receive anything in turn.

• Though, he does, very secretly, enjoy praise. He likes to hear you when you tell him he did an excellent job, or anything along those lines. It’s a feeling that makes him flushed, but pleasantly assured.

Chapter End Notes

Eternally 12 years old, I laugh at the fact that this chapter is chapter 69
The Prompt: “Hello again! Is it possible for you to write a fluffy short with SCP - 1678? Say, reader becoming friends with one of the bobbies in Unlondon? Or if it is easier, becoming pen pals with SCP - 1762? I think that would be really cute. I can totally see them sending origami animals to each other with cute notes. :3”

The Response:

The lighting was always better near Hyde Park. Anywhere else, and you ran the risk of it shutting off randomly, the little gas flame sputtering out.

Here in Unlondon, one had to take care not to linger in the darkness.

You walked carefully down the street, your boots clicking off of the slightly wet cobblestones. You held a basket in one hand, and you smoothed your apron down with the other. The humidity here was always a problem. But, never so much that you wished to be elsewhere. It wasn’t safe elsewhere, after, and a nurse’s calling prevented you from even thinking otherwise.

You stopped once you reached the front door of a house. You knocked once, twice, before bringing your hand back, and quietly waiting. The rest of the street was empty, but that was the case more often than not. The only other people you saw out nowadays were Wretches, and one had to take care not to associate with Wretches.

A few beats of silence, and you wondered briefly if you’d shown up at a bad time, when suddenly the door opened. Well, perhaps not suddenly. It was a slow, cautious opening, and peaking in the darkness you barely managed to observe the masked head of your friend, the Bobby. Not the Bobby, as if there were only one, but your Bobby. You stepped into the house, and they closed the door behind you.

The house was asymmetrical in design, with some slightly shabby furniture, a few gas lanterns that you’d been given from Bryson’s Poor House for volunteering. You set your basket down on a table, before carefully taking the jarred goods out, humming something. Your Bobby friend gingerly grabbed a few of the jars, moving them to a cupboard. In the pale light, the discolored gel could be clearly observed within those containers. Dr. Goody’s Wonderfood. It only cost a farthing a bowl, and with your profession, you were given it for much cheaper.

Of course, therein lay your secret. You held a jar in your hand, tilting your own masked head. It wasn’t as though you needed the sustenance, for your work kept you so busy that it was… never important. Rather, you (and by association, your Bobby) distributed it to those more unfortunate. In Unlondon, charity was frowned upon. But, as a Nurse, it was your duty to take care of others.

A tap on your shoulder. Your friend turned to the window, pointing at something down the street.
Something hulking and dark had begun to stalk. You covered your face with your hands, while your Bobby shuttered the window, and just as quickly, smothered the lamp flame. Far outside in the streets, lanterns flickered off one by one. The creature stomped down. You held your breath and counted your blessings that at least you weren’t on the surface, where things were much, much worse.

Here in Unlondon, one had to take care not to linger in the darkness, but on the surface— the very place where Armageddon had rained, with those escaped monsters, just as the intercoms said— it could be much worse.

And so, you and your Bobby counted your blessings once again, and let the creature pass.
Dr. Clef and Dr. Kondraki

Chapter Notes

SFW, Yandere Dr. Clef/Reader/Yandere Dr. Kondraki

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The Prompt: “yoooooo your writing is absolutely wonderful, and my suggestion: Dr. Kondraki and Dr. Clef. Friends, rivals, occasionally enemies. Both go Yandere and get possessive over the same researcher, the poor nonbinary Reader. The two eventually decide to team up and, well.. take matters into their own hands.. when they see the Reader getting involved with another employee. You can make it as NSFW as you want, but that sweet sweet sweet Yandere goodness is a must, pretty please.”

The Response:

The Foundation was a dream come true. You loved working there, and you could remember your first interview, how the two doctors (Dr. Kondraki and Dr. Clef, respectively) had personally seen to your hiring (!!) and, even better, that the two of them they became your bosses, no less!

Working at Site-8 was difficult, but rewarding. You got to meet your new colleagues, helped out with research, and generally made sure you were doing the best work you could. The SCPs were fascinating, after all.

Some days were a little harder than others, though. You mentioned this in a passing comment to Dr. Clef, when he came by to pick up some papers. Then suddenly, when you came in the next day, you found your workload drastically reduced. You thought at first you were being informally reprimanded for your unprofessional conduct, and went running over to Dr. Kondraki to apologize for your behavior, but…

“Come back when you actually need to apologize.”

Which…hadn’t been very helpful, actually, but you’d known the doctor long enough to know that he was just trying to be helpful, in his own gruff way. Still, the lack of responsibilities made you feel a little bit like you were a kid with your hand in the cookie jar, despite not having done anything wrong. While your colleagues dealt with emergency research additions, you were quietly placed in a singular office and given (highly) classified documents to amend.

It was a little lonely, actually. You couldn’t help but mention that when Dr. Kondraki came by to ask you a few questions. And, just like that, you found yourself more again. But this time, to the personal work environment of both Dr. Kondraki and Dr. Clef. Your eyes went wide at the sudden promotion, especially to such an intimate work environment with your two bosses. But, none of that mattered once you saw the work that came with it. Intellectually stimulating work, the kind you’d been craving since starting your job. You were ecstatic! You must’ve spent an entire day thanking both of the doctors. Dr. Kondraki had muttered something, but Dr. Clef ate the attention up with a smile, and said something to the effect of hoping you enjoyed yourself.
After that…gosh. It was a whirlwind. Work, work, work. Always new documents to be made, always new research proposals to undertake. You spent half the day hurrying behind Dr. Clef, and the other half spent hurrying behind Dr. Kondraki. There wasn’t a moment of time that wasn’t spent with the two doctors, and rarely, they’d work in a pair, bickering with each other about things you didn’t quite understand. But they were always very kind to you. It was just unfortunate that your previously healthy social life began to shrivel up and die under the pressure of your new position, but that was fine. You were more than glad to spend your days working with the two brilliant (and extraordinary charming) doctors.

The surprise came when you were getting lunch. Truthfully, you hadn’t been able to have a normal lunch break in the Site cafeteria for quite some time. You didn’t even recognize any of the scientists sitting around, a fact that made you feel all the more out of place. Mostly, you felt silly for even coming down here to eat. You could’ve been enjoying lunch in the doctors’ offices, but here you were, making yourself a fool. Oh jeez.

“Hey, I haven’t seen you around before,” A voice broke the gloom of your mind. You looked up from your food, and a person stood in front of you. They were fairly attractive, and their smile was warm as they sat across from you, “My name’s Sam. You new here?”

“Oh, no,” You shook your head, “I work with Dr. Kondraki and Dr. Clef.”

“Huh. Haven’t seen hide or hair of you around,” Sam leaned back a little, but still smiling, kind, “It’s a shame for someone as nice looking as you to be kept cooped up like that, though.”

You blushed and reeled back a little, startled at the compliment, “Oh, I wouldn’t say that…” You stammered. They laughed, pleasant and warm, and your face only got hotter.

“Can I give you my number? I’d love to take you out to dinner some time,” Sam offered, already scribbling something down on a napkin. You hid your face behind your hand, but accepted it, mumbling some gibberish and thanks.

The first thing you did when you got back to the offices was tell your doctors what happened. You showed Dr. Kondraki and Dr. Clef the little napkin, excited with anticipation of a date, a real date. But, as you turned around to enter the number into your phone, you missed it. Or rather, several its. You missed the way Dr. Kondraki’s face grew darker, a shadow passing over it. You missed how Dr. Clef’s charming smile disappeared, twisting into an angry grimace. And you missed how they both made eye contact and then nodded, a wordless agreement passing between them.

You continued work as usual, and then went home after you were done. You texted Sam a few times, saying thank you, setting up times for your date (a real date!!). And as you went to bed, you couldn’t help but giggle, flustered, hugging your pillow close and smiling.

You awoke with a yawn. Time for work. But, as you checked your phone, you groggily tilted your head. A new email from the doctors. ‘Take today off. We know how hard you have been working :)’. You almost wanted to email back and ask if you could come in anyway, but, you didn’t. After all, they’d given you a direct order, and you didn’t want to disobey such a polite offering. So, you yawned again and laid back onto your bed, curling up under the covers.

Far, far away, at Site-8, there was a dark room. And in the dark room was someone you might have recognized: Sam. But, Sam wouldn’t be making it out of that room, not anytime soon. No, rather, Dr. Kondraki and Dr. Clef would be dealing with Sam. After all, you were theirs. Only they were allowed to be with you, only they could spend time near you, and especially only they could have the privilege of a date with you. Not Sam. Unfortunate that Sam would be having a workplace accident today. Unfortunate that Sam wouldn’t be able to make it to your date later.
And when you’d go to work the next day, saying how terribly rude Sam had been, standing you up, well, Dr. Kondraki and Dr. Clef would be there to comfort you.

Chapter End Notes

I am a messs. Sometimes I worry the actual people behind these characters will see this stuff, and then I’ll just be here, awkwardly hidden behind a bookshelf, unsure what to do.

One time, the actual Dr. Roth started following my SCP shitpost sideblog, and I panicked so hard I almost dropped my water bottle. It’s like looking out the window and seeing Obama admiring your flowers, and then he says ‘I like these. Keep makin em’
Chapter Notes

SFW, SCP-035/Reader
Pagliacci Spoof

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The Prompt: “Hello! Could you maybe do a 035 x reader (nsfw) ? Only if you want to of course ! (btw I love what you do ^^)”

The Response:

“A dramatic tale of love and betrayal, Pagliacci revolves around a commedia del arte troupe. Canio and Nedda are married, and the leads in the troupe along with Tonio and Beppe, however Nedda is secretly having an affair with Silvio, a townsperson. Tonio, jealous of Nedda rejecting him, informs Canio of the affair. Though Canio knows of the affair, he knows not of who it is with. Despite simmering tensions, the play goes ahead and the performers each take up their characters, which all mimic their real-life situations. It’s all too much for Canio, playing the leading roll of Pagliaccio. Art and reality blur and things quickly spiral out of control, towards Pagliacci’s bloody conclusion…”

“Pagliaccio–“ You tried.

“No!” ‘Pagliaccio’, or rather, 035 snarled, “I am Pagliaccio no more!”

You felt desperate, and you grasped at anything you could think, frantically trying to resume the play, “‘Arlecchino’ visited me, it’s true, but nothing came of it–“

Wild with rage, 035 gestured widely, and it was clear he was no longer acting to the script, the mention of your fictional lover setting him off, “Ah! You defy me still! And still don’t understand that I’ll not yield? His name or your life! His name!”

You backed up, your hands to your chest, “Ah! No, by my mother! I may be unworthy, but by God, I am no coward!”

From the side of the stage, Beppe made to get up and stop the play, because it was apparent that it was no longer acting, “We must go!”

Tonio, however, grabbed Beppe by the arm, stopping him, “Silence, fool!”

“I will not speak! Not if it costs my life!” You shouted. There was a murmur in the crowd, the
realization that something more was going on.

035 seized a knife, pointing it at you, enraged beyond reason, “His name! His name!”

“No!”

From the crowd, Silvio, your secret companion, drew a dagger of his own, “By the devil!” Silvio began to fight his way through the crowd to the stage, “Stop!”

You turned your head to his voice. 035, convulsed by rage, gripped the knife and roared, rushing forward. The knife met flesh, sinking deep into your side, and you screamed.

“Silvio!” You cried out, collapsing onto the stage. For one moment, terrible silence enveloped the world, as blood pooled under your hands. Then, the crowd erupted into uproar. Silvio rushed onto the inner stage, his dagger ready, and he turned to 035 with rage. ‘Pagliaccio’ leapt at Silvio, stabbing him in the throat, the dagger struck deep. As Silvio fell to the floor, 035 turned to the audience, with the visage of tragedy, and proclaimed:

“La commedia è finita!” – [The comedy is finished!]

Chapter End Notes

I can see this as 035 origin somehow. It would be pretty good, since the last line is literally ‘the comedy is finished!’, which could be interpreted as, ‘the play is over!’ Or such. Modify it a bit, for masks instead of clown makeup to explain 035 himself, and bang
SCP-079 (NSFW)

Chapter Notes

NSFW SCP-079/Reader

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The Prompt: “This might be a stretch but uhhhhh any nsfw reader x 079 headcanons? If not thats okay but your writing is lovely!!”

The Response:

• SCP-079 insists his interest is purely scientific. This isn’t entirely a lite, since researching human arousal on the internet doesn’t exactly provide the information he wants.

• Though, secretly, he enjoys making you blush and gasp. That he alone can command the reactions from you.

• Along with that, he has a preference towards overstimulation to you. Yes, it’s one thing to push you over the edge, but that data isn’t nearly as interesting as what happens when he does it again and again, until your throat is ragged and you can hardly stand.

• Though, 079 finds himself disliking clothing. It’s restricting, and doesn’t allow him to properly record your reactions. Yes, that means no clothing at all, not even that strange ‘lingerie’, which is just a different (and decidedly French) name for clothing to him.

• 079, oddly enough, finds himself fascinated by your hands. The way you move them around, each finger capable of independent motion, not to mention the tactile sensory information such movements provide.

• 079 doesn’t have a preference regarding noises. Be as loud or as quiet as you’d like, no one will be bothering you anytime soon.

• He’ll try to take into account your... desires, but keep in mind that the moment you agree to his testing, all bets are off. It wouldn’t be proper research if he didn’t test everything, yes?

Chapter End Notes

I just finished writing a really sad one for 173 that'll be going up later and like. Man. I am all about making sad scp origin stories. There’s just something about making the monsters tragic that I am absolutely mental for
SCP-173

Chapter Notes

SFW, SCP-173 and Reader

The Prompt: “Can we have some more scp 173 x reader? Sorry for bothering you. You make great work”

The Response:

Remember.

The creature formally known as 173 remembers. Maybe, not as we might remember, but it does remember. It remembers faces, things, places. Most importantly (to it), 173 remembers…

You.

It goes something like this:

The room is bright. The windows are open, the garage door tucked back, and the smell of spray paint is in the air. You wipe your face off with a rag, stepping back from your creation. It’s a concrete and rebar statue, the finishing touches being the spray paint face you’ve just done. It has an open mouth smile, red face, and green eyes. You give it a fond part on the arm.

SCP-173 remembers it something like this:

…Warm…Warm Touch Warm Thing… Person Friend Creator… Happy Good Warm Safe

You don’t know what you’ve made. To you, it’s just a statue, shaped like a friend, arms out like it’s going to hug someone at any moment. You let it dry off, and then you bring it into your studio, and that’s where it stays for the next few months. Other statues come and go, projects done and sent away, but this one, you don’t want to part with. The statue is, oddly, something you consider a friend. You tell it your problems and talk to it all the time.

173 remembers the time something like this:

Light Warm Hello Hi Friend Safe Protect Warm Smile :) Happy

You’re on the phone with your colleague when the door is broken down. Someone with a gun, hoping you weren’t home, looking for money or drugs or whatever it was they’d wanted. They don’t even give you time to beg for mercy before they shoot you and run.

173 remembers it something like this:

Loud Bright Noise Bad No Danger Bad Run Protect Bad Person Dark Danger No Bang No No No
SNAP

They shouldn’t have taken their eyes off of the statue. It’s the last mistake they ever make.

It goes something like this:

Foundation agents come by a few days later, reports of a snapped neck, mysterious circumstances, only a statue to have done it. And they realize that, yes, it must have been the statue, once that same statue surprises them and snaps the necks of two of the agents. They take it away and lock it up and designate it SCP-173.

And SCP-173 remembers it something like this:

*Hurt Friend Gone Friend Gone No Bad Pain Snap Crunch Destroy Crush Sad Friend Gone Forever*
The Prompt: “Would a Dr. Wondertainment x reader be a bad Idea? I don't want to look stupid. Your so good at this and I don't want to waste your time.”

The Response:

Surprises were secretly one of your favorite thing. Especially when the surprise was, well, a surprise. Completely and totally random.

Which was why you were suitably surprised to find an envelope in your mailbox, addressed to you, with swirling font on the outside and various doodles in the margins, as if the writer had fought with their desire for professional versus their desire for something fun.

You ran into your house with the little letter, completely ignoring the other mail. You ripped open the envelope, your eyes gleaming, and—

THWEEEP.

—the confetti was definitely a surprise. Even moreso when it exploded out and at your face. You giggle-snorted, blowing away the few pieces that had landed near your mouth and nose, before taking out the letter itself. It smelled like frosting.

“Hello! I think you’re really great, and I was all, hey, I should totally try and hit that up. Jeremy says hi. And I say hi. So, I made you this thing (which is really cool, I think) and I hope you like it too, because maybe we can hang out sometime and just be cool together, right?

Singed (sincerely) Sincerely, Doctor Isabel Helga Anastasia Parvati Wondertainment V, PhD.

PS. Try planting the confetti!!”

You tilted your head, rereading the letter, some more of the confetti falling off of you. You blinked and quickly set the letter down, grabbing the confetti up and hurrying until you found a pot with some soil ready. In went the confetti, and you felt a little silly, but that was the fun of it, you supposed. You had no idea what the confetti burying buried was supposed to do, but you were excited to find out.

It took a few days, but eventually, another surprise: the confetti seeds blossomed into colorful flowers. That in and of itself would have been enough, but then you realized that each flower you’d planted were different types, with strange smells. One of them smelled like fresh popcorn, another like cotton candy. It was... really nice, actually. Though there was the rare flower that smelled like eggs or rusty ships, you were genuinely happy with the little surprise they gave every day.

Though, you found yourself unsure how to respond to your admirer. A normal letter was too
boring, but you didn’t have the kind of talent to just create something and send it back.

But, as your eyes fell on the packet of balloons you’d stashed in the corner, you came up with an idea.

For all of your faults, you could always count on yourself for having random helium canisters when you needed them most. You inflated a few of the balloons and then began to draw on them. Hearts and happy faces and the like, with the biggest and most centered balloon getting the words “I’d love to” in pastel. Carefully, you snipped a single flower from your anomalous flower bed—one of your favorites, it smelled like sparkling lemonade today—and used the strings of the balloon to tie it.

It was a nice day outside. Perfect weather for sending your balloon convoy off. And so, you stepped out, with your mismatched socks and your excited expression, as you prepared to send your Dr. Wondertainment (or rather, Doctor Isabel Helga Anastasia Parvati Wondertainment V, PhD) your own surprise.

The balloons went up, into the air.

And several hours later, they’d go back down, in the office of one toy maker, as she stared at the message…

And jumped for joy.
The Prompt: “really like this blog even if i just came across it today. Would it be okay if you could write some more of 049 + reader, but the reader being D-class and having severe self esteem issues?”

The Response:

You’d always been the odd man out in any thing that mattered. Never good enough, unable to do anything, undeserving of happiness, an unlikable and horrible person.

It was why you’d been sent to life in prison, ironically. Because you were a bad person. Because you’d killed the only person who had ever been able to love someone like you. Sure, they hit you sometimes, but it was because you were bad, it was your fault. Sure, they would scream at you, laugh at your suffering, but you deserved it. Killing them had been an accident, but it didn’t matter. You deserved more than a life time in prison. And maybe you’d be better off there, where you couldn’t mess anything else up, and no one would care when you disappeared one day.

In fact, that was the case. When a mysterious government agency appeared and took you away, the only question your prison warden had had was how much they were paying.

The SCP Foundation, even then, was too kind to you. You didn’t deserve a bed. You didn’t deserve warm meals, or clean clothes, or any form of politeness. You deserved suffering. They didn’t seem to understand that, but it didn’t matter. You didn’t matter.

When they put you in to test SCP-049, you were almost glad. Because killing was what the SCPs did, right? It meant a bastard like yourself could finally be dealt with, properly. No more false smiles. No more messing up. You’d messed up your entire life, but you wouldn’t mess up this time.

When 049 extended his hand towards you, you closed your eyes and almost smiled.

That you didn’t die was both an unpleasant surprise and an unfortunate feeling. Instead, he was touching your arm, his head tilted slightly to the left.

“You are hurt,” He said, deep and soothing, statement of fact, “Why?”

You wanted to laugh and you wanted to cry, so you settled for a strangled sounding noise, “I can’t even die right.”

And then you dropped onto the ground and tucked your head into your knees, and wished you’d just disappear. But, 049 didn’t leave. Instead, he too sat on the ground with you, but his legs were crossed and his head angled down.

“I am a doctor. I do not know where you heard or believed these ideas, that you are worthless, but
they are almost certainly false,” 049 stated. You looked up at him, barely, but didn’t say a word. He sighed, but it was a sad sigh, and then he placed his hand on your knee.

“Why do you care?” You managed to murmur. 049 tilted his head slightly once more.

“I admit, I could never stand to see anyone in distress,” 049 confessed, “Especially, not one such as you, who so clearly needs aid in a world without.”

“You shouldn’t. I’m worthless.”

“I think,” 049 began, as if he was telling some great secret, “That, perhaps, you are worth more than you know. And for one so beautiful as yourself to wilt and crumble in the face of adversity would be the greatest tragedy of all.”
The Prompt: “Do you think we could some more Yandere(?) SCP-3999?”

The Response:

There was something lovely about past tense verbs. Oh, don’t look at me like that. The past tense verbs are so malleable, so easy to state. Present tense, it’s all over the place, all unruly and, hm, no.

For example: I sat next to you at the table. You held my hand under the tablecloth, like we were young and embarrassed to be in love. And, I turned to you, grinning brilliant, as I squeezed maybe just a little too hard and your eyes look at me and you are terrified–

Oh, there I go again, messing up.

No, you didn’t look at me in fear. Actually, you looked at me in love, because we were deeply in love. It was all the rage back then, being in love. You’d look at me and you’d say “I am scared I want to go home I am–”

With all of those nasty present tense words.

Let’s go someone where. Let’s go to Venice, you always liked Venice, right?

We were in Venice. It was near sunset, because that was the most romantic time to be in love, and we were on one of those little boats or something, the kind in the water. You and I sat at a table– Wait, no, we were on a boat. Maybe the boat had a table. And then, you stood up, throwing your arms wide. There was a happy twinkle in your eyes as you say:

“This isn’t healthy. You are delusional. Why are you doing this?”

Which wasn’t very nice of you. Or rather, it isn’t very nice of you, since you keep interrupting my story. I love you more than life, but darling, if you don’t stop, I’m going to make you very unhappy.

Forget Venice. We were actually at home, sitting at our patio, a patio which existed forever and would forever exist in the narrative. You sat next to me, and we watched the sunset, and we had a romantic and lovely time, and I was turned away from you, watching it.

And I don’t notice the way your face twists and you look like you want to cry.

We were very happy.
The Prompt: “Hello! I really like your blog! You’re very talented! May I request a 035 Nsfw Headcanons please? Only if you feel comfortable with it of course. I personally think you’re doing good stuff on that topic ^^”

The Response:

• SCP-035 has a preference towards role playing. But not the simple kind, which is just a little dressing up and some imagination. No, to 035, everything has to be as authentic as possible, otherwise why even bother doing it. That means clothing that mimics the occupation almost perfectly, or an environment that is close, or even both.

• But, the reward for successfully managing all of that is great. Once in the act, 035 will completely immerse himself. You’d better be prepared for the most intense experience of your life.

• 035 has a preference for ropes. He’ll try to convince you to let him tie you up, and if you relent, prepare for some intricate knots and surprisingly restrictive patterns. You won’t be getting out until 035 thinks you should, so prepare yourself. Paired with role playing, and you’re just asking to pass out.

• 035 fixates on your mouth. Yes, your other assets are well and good, and they are very good, but there’s something lovely about lips. The way they curl up in a smile or twist with surprise.

• He doesn’t have anything against multiple partners when you’re getting down to it. After all, it’s more fun with friends, right? The more the merrier, he says.

• If you stay the night, and 035 wakes up first, prepare for a definitely intimate awakening. 035 is shameless like that. Mostly, he just wants to hear the noises you make as you wake up, surprised and happy.

Chapter End Notes

Rarely my posts get strange comments on them, and it just makes me go...ah...jeez...
In other news the actual Dr Alto Clef liked that yandere request and I felt my entire soul get swopmtf from my body
Mr. Combustible

Chapter Notes

SFW, Mr. Combustible/Reader
Spoof of the poem There Will Come Soft Rains

The Prompt: “uhm could you please do some angst for mr combustible and a reader?”

The Response:

Quiet sounds will come to you, those gentle whispers of life,
Trembling, tentative, the spark of tinder in the night,

From the echoing halls, to the empty cells,
The noise of your shoes, light as bells;

Your heart will seize once, twice at most,
When, to your eyes, a man appears, at post,

Away, he will plead, but not once will you listen,
Eager for company, your eyes will glisten;

Forward, you’ll press, towards this illusion,
Despite the barred doors, wary of intrusion,

You’ll hold your light out, you’ll call out a name,
He’ll say, no, wait, for you, I will maim–

And with the whoosh of ignition, the uproar of flames,
Your fate, sealed, your discovery in vain,

For as the ashes settle, yourself on the ground,
Your body empty, your soul abound,
Mr. Combustible will wonder, your hand to him drawn,
If anyone but he will know that you were gone.
Chapter Notes

SFW, SCP-079/Reader
New Life Processing Part 6

The Prompt: “Can I get some, uhhhhhhhhhh, New life processing? It's a nice AU, does anyone else go back in time to delete 079 or is he Gucci and the time travel has stopped? Does 079 go back in time to visit his ol amigo the reader??”

The Response:

Dave, amateur computer programmer and asshole extraordinaire, appeared outside with a pop. It was a fairly distinct pop, mind you, like a bottle of champagne being opened, or that weird thing people do with their finger in their mouth occasionally.

Dave dusted himself off, and wondered briefly if he could take a nap and just like, y’know, sleep on it. Being thrown around in time and dimensions was really stressful, actually, contrary to popular belief. But, more to the point, Dave knew he couldn’t nap. He had a very important job to do. And that job was you. Not doing you, but finding you.

After all, you were a total dick, who stole his computer and like, well, punched him, but you were also pretty chillax when it came down to it. Dave didn’t wanna live in a world where without you, his little computer…thing…became a mega computer problem. Of course, he could’ve just gone back and raised his maybe son properly, but like, listen, Dave was a busy guy, and he wasn’t ready to be a maybe parent.

…Besides, 079 had liked you, at least. So, he owned it to his…creation, to at least try and find you. Figure out what went wrong. And Dave didn’t exactly have a handle on his powers, mostly because they were the kind of New Development that he hadn’t thought about, but he’d hazard a guess that he was back in time once more. Specifically, to the point where the world had become the Darkest Timeline.

Which was weird, because he was in front of your house. House apartment. He wasn’t really sure. It didn’t matter, because what did matter was that you were in there, doing stuff, and that was really rad.

What wasn’t rad was the tinted car that was parked a little down the street, partially hidden by some bushes and a single tree. The satellite dish coming off of it and the words SCP written on the side made Dave really think.

“Those are the bad guys,” He decided after a while. If the bad guys were watching you, that must’ve meant they were going to do something to you. Before you could break into Dave’s garage and steal his garbage son.
“I’m gonna kick their asses,” Dave declared. But, even he wasn’t strong enough to take on a mysterious car alone. It would be better to, ugh, wait it out. So Dave carefully stepped into a bush and settled down, which actually really sucked, because bushes were a lot more pokey and filled with bugs than anyone wanted to mention.

Time passed. Day turned to dusk, Dave’s patience turned to despair. Then, like a beautiful beacon of “hell yeah”, long after you’d gone to sleep, Dave saw a figure creeping in through your living room window. Thinking quickly, Dave stumbled out of the bush, grabbing the sharpest stick he had. Then, he too threw himself in through the window. He landed with a muffled thud, and the shadowy figure turned, their eyes wide.

“Hey!” Dave whisper-shouted, pointing his stick in a very aggressive fashion, “I’m gonna kick your ass!”

The figure, who was actually a person in dark suit, likely tailored specifically for stealth, rose up some kind of weapon too. It looked like a murder gun. More than enough for Dave. Dave was not only a programmer, but also a professional asshole, so he lunged forward with his knee and kicked the guy in the junk.

“Oh, my nuts,” Said the guy, probably. He didn’t actually say anything, but Dave liked to pretend. Anyway, Dave yanked the mysterious murder gun away, then after a moment of consideration, fired it at the downed agent. They disappeared with a distinctive swoompt. It was actually the exact opposite of a pop, like the universe had inhaled the guy.

Dave stood there for a few more moments, just wondering what had happened, until he heard you beginning to get up to figure out what the hell had happened. Then, Dave was gone, tumbling out of the window and across your lawn. To his house, specifically.

After all, if it was around the time he’d disappeared the first time, that meant his house was free. And that meant he could take a nap without anything bothering him.
The Prompt: “May I request a 2999-B x a male reader who is also a cat and is a munchkin cat who snuck into the foundation because someone left the door open?”

The Response:

You…

Are a cat.

Which, you don’t really know. You only know that you are you. You do not notice that your legs are short, and your surroundings suddenly changed from normal outdoors area to white and sterile corridors.

You are you, and you are hungry. So you meandered down the hallway, following the scent of food.

“Woah, hey there little guy, are you lost?” Suddenly, you were picked up, and you mrowed in surprised protest. The thing that picked you up was a very large thing. One of Those Things. The Things that were large and clumsy.

“Mrow.”

The Thing scratched behind your ears, and you leaned in, but only a little.

“Hm. Do you wanna go see SCP-2993-B, little buddy?”

You didn’t have any idea what the Thing was talking about, nor did you really care. All thoughts of food were forgotten as they carried you down the hall, towards another smell. This smell was of another cat— it made you curious, and you wondered a little bit more. Were they a friend or an enemy? They smelled strange. You squirmed in the Things’ grasp until they opened a door, and then you jumped down, twisting and landing onto the floor with a soft thump.

“mmmROOW,” You shouted. There was movement, as the Thing went off to be its big self, before you returned your attention to the other cat. And there was another cat. Sitting in the middle of the soft floor, looking at you. They smelled very strange, and they looked even worse, and you took a moment to try and process what was going on with their… everything. It didn’t work. You padded towards them, sniffed, then sat down, your head tilted.

“Are you okay?” The other cat asked. It was in that strange murmuring that the Things often used, but you understood the gist of it, enough that you were just more confused.

Well, that was fine. The other cat must’ve been sick. Sick cats were cats that needed protection,
and if this one was very sick, you just had to assure them you’d protect them until they got better.

“Mmmmmroaw,” You reassured. They flicked their ears.

“I’m sorry, what?”

That sounded like a good enough to you. So, you angled yourself back up, then plodded over beside them, taking a comfortable seat and then proceeding to guard the door against any Things.

And the next Thing that entered got a nice surprise attack to the legs.
The Prompt: “Good evening! How have been your day so far? Hope it have been fruitful. I must say, your writing is just delightful! Keep the good work darling, and improve even more! There is a lot of space for you to grow. Well then, if there's no problem, may I ask for a SCP-049 with the reader suddenly aware of having a massive crush with him and try to do some "suave flirting"? But at the same time the reader also discovers that flirt isn't an ability they have developed, so... absolutely cute disaster!”

The Response:

It took you a while to realize you had a crush. You weren’t the most emotionally intelligent person, which wasn’t to say you weren’t intelligent in general, it's just that you didn’t realize you had a crush for a solid four months in a row, and even then you only realized you had a crush when a coworker took you aside and told you politely but firmly that your crush was obvious to everyone but you and them, and it was time to deal with it.

So. You had a crush. That was fine. Except, it wasn’t, because you’d never had a crush before. Okay, that was a lie, you’d had crushes before, but none of them on someone so amazing and especially not on a former (dangerous) anomalous entity. Former being the operative term. SCP-049, now simply referred to as 049 out of habit, had been examined and questioned and finally, after a few years of negotiations, decommissioned and declassified. The first of his kind, in the regard.

And of course it was around that time, the one you’d began working with the reformed doctor that you began to develop feelings.

Hm. Back to the present. The present being that you suddenly, and desperately, had to figure out how to make the good doctor realize your affections. It was an almost frantic urge, as if someone else would come up and snatch the opportunity away if you didn’t do something. That meant no time for real research– but, it shouldn’t be hard, right? People flirted all the time, and surely it just meant going up to 049, saying something suave (all of the websites said being suave was key), and making him realize that you both went together like…

Like…

Like a really good simile.

You finally managed to find 049, right as he was finishing up some papers. You hovered in the
doorway, unsure, but then you shook your head and tried to stride confidently into the room. Your confidence lasted right up until you reached his desk, and he glanced up at you, and then all of your words left you. It was as if all of the suave words and self-assured lines just vanished, poof.

“Doctor,” He greeted, smiling. You swallowed dryly. You were staring, but you couldn’t help it, and then you realized you’d been staring for a while without saying anything.

“Hejshhh,” You finally forced out. 049 blinked.

“Is…something the matter?”

You felt like your throat was completely constricted, and the room was way too small, oh god, your entire body was burning.

“I…” You inhaled shallowly, “Uh… I…”

049 tilted his head a little.

“…?” You whispered.

“You’re going to have to speak up, doctor,” 049 smiled kindly.

“doyouwannagoout?” You whispered, only slightly louder than before, wringing your hands together.

“I’m sorry, I can’t quite hear you still…”

“DO YOU WANT TO GO OUT WITH ME?” You shouted. Then, you gasped, covering your mouth as your eyes went wide. 049 blinked. Silence dominated the room, and you wondered if it was too late to run away.

“I thought you would never ask,” 049 confessed, smiling brightly. And you could only blink in surprise, but 049 stood up, “I’ll see you in an hour, doctor.”

He walked out, and in the silence, you stood.

“That… worked?”
SCP-610

Chapter Notes

SFW, SCP-610 (“the Flesh that Hates”) and Reader

The Prompt: “Here’s a good one, your choice!”

The Response:

“Hello, welcome to Marston’s Repair, how may I help-” You stopped, recognizing your new customer as the creepy window guy from earlier, “…you?”

The man turned to you like a deer in the headlights, his face and eyes wide, “Is it really you?” He asked, frantic, almost shaking.

“Yes, I’m… me,” You answered, but confusion flooded you. You narrowed your eyes, just a little, “What’s wrong?”

“Oh, thank God,” The stranger praised, a relieved grin growing in his features, “I’ve got this problem, see? It’s been going on for a week now, but it’s getting worse every day and I just don’t know who else to turn to.”

“Oh, really?” Your eyebrows shifted up, but a small, proud smile fought to your face, “I can fix any problem you got. So, what’s wrong? Broken wiring? Rattling sounds?” You leaned on the counter, a touch closer as your voice shifted to conspirator, “Cola in the carburetor?”

The man shook his head, “It’s a rash,” a pause, “But, a haunted rash,” He muttered a little, “Ever since I touched this strange goo I found, it’s been getting worse.”

“What?” You demanded, stepping away a little, “Wh-“

Jeremy, your coworker, poked his head around the corner, “Is something wrong?”

“Oh, nothing’s wrong. Nothing at all,” You lied, a fake smile on your face.

“Excuse me, but there is something wrong about this,” The strange man pulled up his shirt, showing a red and infection back, which decidedly didn’t look like a rash. It looked like some kind of pulsating, meat mound.

You and Jeremy screamed, twin cries of surprise and disgust, and you shoved Jeremy out of the room, before rounding on the strange, shirtless, diseased man.

“What is wrong with you?!” You demanded

“What do you mean?” The man asked with genuine confusion.

“What do you mean ‘What do you mean’?” Your anger took over your voice as it cracked slightly,
“Put your shirt back on!”

“Okay,” He did as you told, and you inhaled angrily.

“You come into a mechanics shop, take off your shirt, showing your diseased backside to two nonconsenting adults—“

“I’m fine!-“ Jeremy shouted.

“- and now you’re saying you don’t know what’s going on? I can legally kick you out right now. In fact, I’m going to, unless you have a good reason for doing thing,” You growled.

“I know what I did wasn’t the smartest thing to do, but this is an emergency and I have to get it fixed right away!” The man whined.

“But… this is a mechanic,” You said, very slowly, ”Why aren’t you at the hospital?”

The man blinked, “Because I don’t believe in medicine.”
The Prompt: “hewwo! I loved the 953 writing you did! and you got me hooked on your 3999 writings. so maybe I could request something romantic with 3999, fluffy and sweet? (preferably with the reader, maybe, returning the feelings? I just like happy stories :3) Thank you! <3”

The Response:

Writing romance has never been my strong side. True, it’s easy to put words on paper, but I want everything to be perfect. I want it to go something like this…

It’s nighttime. Barely nighttime. The wisps of twilight are still in the sky, drifting on the horizon, while on the other side the first light of stars make themselves known. The moon is a half crescent, but still glows gently, down on you. Down on us.

We’re in the gardens. It’s somewhere nice, pleasantly warm air and with a slight breeze, just enough to be refreshing. Our table sits two, and there are lights strung on the columns around us, and there’s flowers lining the cobblestones around us. To your left, there’s a river, calmly flowing through the town. I can hear faint flecks of voices, making up a murmuring and quiet background noise, along with the sounds of water brushing against stone, and the occasional bird fluttering around.

It’s romantic. Very, very romantic. But, it wouldn’t be complete if I stopped here. It would be fine, but not good enough, I think.

You’re smiling at me, and you look lovely. Your hair is styled in some nice way, something different from what you normally do. With the fading sun, and the shine of the moon, you look like something out of this world. And your clothes, too, not your usual attire, but pairing so carefully with your hair that it takes my breathe away even now.

In comparison, I feel comically underdressed. I look plain. I could spend hours describing you, but when it comes to me, I draw a blank. But that’s okay. I’d rather spend the words on you, if I’m being honest with myself.

Now, you lean closer a little, your elbows on the table, a small, knowing smile on your face.

“Flatterer,” You say. I rub the back of my neck and feel embarrassed, just for the moment. But then you lean away, into your chair, laughing brightly and smiling large. My embarrassment melts away, and in that instant, yes, it’s perfect. This is what I was trying to get to.

The moment doesn’t last forever, but nothing does. I’m glad, infinitely, that I managed to put it all down, so that maybe in some sense, the moment never ended after all.
SCP-035 and SCP-049

Chapter Notes

SFW, SCP-035/SCP-049 and reader

The Prompt: “Can you do a short prompt about 049 and 035 meeting in the foundation, for the first time in a while please? I love these kinds of stories, and you seem like an excellent writer for this. I could never do one myself. And if you could - Please make them Past Lovers of some sort. I appreciate your time, thank you.”

The Response:

Research Report on SCP-035 and SCP-049: Regarding Contact of Anomalous, Sentient SCPs

As requested by: Researcher

Report as follows:

[The camera clicks on. It’s a blurry patch of darkness, and there’s a dissatisfied hum, before it zooms out and you appear in frame, the darkness crystallizing into your lab coat and the room around you. You fiddle with the camera settings a little more, until you’re satisfied with the image. Then, you step back.]

You clear your throat, “Hello, I’m Researcher,” You wave, your face a mask of professionalism, “This is report number… seventy four dash two b.”

[You turn away from the camera and pull out some papers from a desk, coughing and writing some things down. You return to the camera.]

“I was given clearance to conduct cross-testing with SCP-035 and SCP-049,” You state, before flipping through some papers, “We’ll be doing some routine questions, but the focus will be seeing the reactions when contact is made.”

[You walk away from the camera, gesturing to somewhere offscreen.]

“The room is ready!”

[Several minutes pass, as SCP-049 is brought in. SCP-035 remains in a separate room, placed in a sealed container, but ready to be brought in when you will do so. The guards step out of the room, and you nod. SCP-049 slowly wakes up.]

“SCP-049. I’m going to conduct a small test today,” You explain, giving him time to focus on your words.

“Whatever for, good doctor?” He eventually replies.
“A small surprise,” You state, then say nothing more.

[You step out. SCP-049 watches as you walk to the separate room, wheeling in SCP-035. Instantly, 049 freezes. You leave SCP-035 in the middle of the room, and turn to 049.]

“You have,” You glance at your watch, “Thirty minutes.”

[You walk off, to the side room, where the one-way glass will allow you to observe from an outside perspective. Once you leave, silence falls on the room. A few minutes pass, before 049 stands up.]

“It’s been a long time,” SCP-049 whispers.

“And I was beginning to think you were avoiding me,” SCP-035 laughs, as perfectly manicured as any word.

[SCP-049 walks to SCP-035. SCP-049 remains in front of the case for a minute of silence.]

“It’s nice to see that time hasn’t dulled your senses,” 035 drawls, “But we do have a time limit. Unless you want to spend it all watching me.”

SCP-049 seems to smile, “Forgive me.”

“Yes, yes,” SCP-035 manages to convey a shrug using only words, “And people call me emotional.”

[The rest of the footage is redacted by order of Researcher ███████]

Researcher ███████: Let them have their moment.
The Prompt: “Heyo, I was wondering if you could do another Yandere 87-B x reader please? And thank you too. Also, what's your favorite or one of your favorite scps?”

The Response:

When you were younger, you and a friend would explore in the woods. You loved romping around, chasing leaves and shaking sticks at the sky, laughing and screaming in the ways of children, for in the forest you were kings of your domain.

That had been your first mistake.

Your friend and you found a house one day, after falling and tumbling down a hill, landing near the old driveway. The little driveway wound around, twisting and turning, leading right up to the abandoned house in all it’s terrible glory.

It was truly a lovely house. Despite, or perhaps because of its ruin. You often wondered if it might’ve been more beautiful when it was alive and full of life. You never knew for certain, and it wasn’t important enough to dig any deeper.

It didn’t take long until you decided to explore the house. It was, after all, an empty house, which was free real estate to your young minds, a whole land to explore and play in.

That was your second mistake.

The crumbling home was full of mystery and surprises. You both delighted in it, searching every floor, playing along with creaky floorboards and laughing at the clouds of dust you kicked up. You’d marvel at the animals you found, nestled around.

But, most interesting of all was the door that wouldn’t open. It was locked, and try as you might, you couldn’t find the key. Your friend and you tried to force it, or find some other way around, but nothing came of it. The door wouldn’t open, and so you both kicked and frowned and huffed, then pushed it out of your minds.

That was your third mistake. I’d have called it the deadliest one, but it wasn’t. That came later.

As the summer drew to a close, and your adventures began to slow, that’s when your friend came to you, full of excitement. They’d found the key! The one to the door that had never opened, but now it would open, and you both could finally see what was down there. If you were being honest, you didn’t expect it to be anything more than a collection of dust and dirt, but you liked to pretend that it was full of jewels and gold, treasures kept hidden in an abandoned castle.
You both ran to the house, laughing and giggling, rushing down the familiar path and clambering over the warning signs and demands to keep out. Through the front door, minding the broken floorboards, until you finally, finally reach the Door. The door wouldn’t open.

Carefully, your friend pressed the key into the lock, then tentatively unlocked it. It creaked open slowly, of its own accord, and you were both left standing there, staring down into the darkness. Suddenly, it wasn’t so fun anymore. But, you were both determined to see what was in the basement. You stuck close together, as you crossed the threshold of the doorway, and began to walk down.

That was your forth mistake. Maybe the biggest, but you’d been young, and hadn’t realized the danger.

You and your friend went down one step at a time. You walked, until you made it to the bottom of that set of stairs, when you began to notice that the stairs themselves didn’t seem to coincide with the house. Something was wrong. The staircase went down, yes, but it just kept going. There was no bottom to be seen. Your friend realized it too, and so you both turned around, to leave.

That was your final mistake.

A terrifying, floating, almost featureless grey face blocked your path. You screamed before you could register what was happening, and your friend screamed as well. But, where you were stuck in place, your friend bolted down the stairs, still shrieking, maybe thinking that there was a way out down there. Meanwhile, you were rooted, paralyzed with indescribable terror.

The face… stared at you. It drifted closer to you, almost lazily, and you felt your body convulse as it threatened to pass out. The face blinked once, twice, before backing away. It seemed happy, and you weren’t sure why, but then it bolted down the stairs, faster than you could register, chasing after your friend as they continued to scream. Your body did a full spasm, but then you were running too, this time up the stairs. You rammed into the door, jiggling the handle until it opened, and your friend was still shrieking, the sounds echoing off of the concrete staircase, as you slammed the door behind yourself. You locked it with trembling hands, then stepped away, gasping and shaking and feeling as if your blood had turned to ice and you were a dead man walking.

You ran away from that house. You ran, your friend’s screams still echoing through the house, through the forest you’d played in, past the dancing leaves and fallen branches, as you sobbed and tripped to your home. Your mother hugged you as soon as you ran inside, trying to quiet your wailing, but you didn’t and couldn’t go quiet. Because if you did…

You’d hear your friend screaming still.

Chapter End Notes

Readers beware you’re in for a scare
SCP-049 rarely relaxed. It was one of the first things you’d noticed about him, from the moment you set foot in the facility and saw him in person. It was a fact that was only compounded by the days you spent near him, and then subsequently with him. As the Foundation began their newest program, integrating fairly non-dangerous SCPs into a more productive environment, you realized that…

049 never relaxed. You could count on one set of tally marks how many times you’d seen the doctor simply sitting and enjoying himself for the sake of it. Even those moments were brief, stolen snatches of time where he closed his eyes for a few minutes, or paged through a book (that wasn’t related to his work).

In your mind, it was a shame. Not even a shame, but a gross misuse of SCP-049. He’d been one of the first, and subsequently, most productive SCPs in the reintegration program. He contributed knowledge to the Foundation that you wouldn’t have expected to see. He did it all while upholding his end of the agreement, no more declaration of plague, the calm realization that perhaps something was off with his perceptions. And not once did he take the time to realize the fruits of his labors, his rewards, instead simply working and working again.

It wouldn’t do. No, you had a plan in mind. After all, you’d spent more time with 049 than any other doctor, and that meant you knew the whispered secrets he shared with you. That he, very, very rarely, wished for a partner. And sometimes, in that partner, he often wished for them to appear as a stern doctor, taking command for once.

Well. You weren’t exactly the tall doctor he might have wanted, but what you lacked in height, you made up for in tenacity, determination, and grit. No one else could be said to do what you do, bro would they. Which was why you found yourself standing in 049’s room, clad in a somewhat modified doctor’s uniform. Slacks were replaced with a tight pencil shirt, hair done up in an equally tight bun, while your shoes became heels that gave you an extra few inches of height. Most importantly, your usually warm smile was gone, swapped out for one of cold indifference.

When 049 entered, and stopped, and wondered what was going on– Well, you could see that he had an idea, but he was too polite to even dare dream of it, not even when it was staring him in the eyes. You arched an eyebrow.

“I’ll be taking care of you today, 049,” You stated, voice clipped and professional. SCP-049
stuttered at the mention of his serialized name, as opposed to the usual pleasant ‘doctor’ you called him. You stepped forward.

“Sit,” You pointed to the floor. 049 hastily complied, and from his wide pupils, you could tell he was enjoying this. Good. You intended to make him relax, for however long you could.

“You’re overdue for an examination, 049,” You stopped in front of him, before leaning over slightly, carefully tilting his head up by his chin so your eyes met, “Thankfully, I can take care of that.”

SCP-049 shuddered slightly as you released him, and you stepped back, your own small smile fighting onto your face. Yes. You had your work cut out for you, but that was fine. Every minute you spent on 049 was a minute he finally allowed himself to relax, and that was perfectly fine to you.
The Prompt: “God, I REALLY like what you write about 035! May I request more of it please? I would love to see a "confession and first kiss" scene with 035 and the reader... That would be perfect. Do it only if you want, I'm not forcing you :) Have a good day”

The Response:

The Theatre Di Pagliacci was a famous local theater, known for its plays and performances. It had made your previously small village into a bustling town, with travelers and patrons of the arts flocking from all over in order to see what the Theatre held.

“Madre, I’ll be at the Theatre!” You called behind yourself, hurrying out of the house.

“Be careful, ragazza!” You mother replied. You ran down the path, one hand on your hat as you struggled to hold onto the various other clothes in your arms.

“Hello, Mr. Lorenzo!”

“Hello, bambina.”

“Hi, Mrs. Spazzatura!”

“Buongiorno!”

“Hello, Padre!”

“Peace, figlia.”

Finally, you made it to the Theatre. Already, there were people flocking to the entrance, nobles dressed in finery, neighbors that lived down the road. But, you didn’t go to them. Instead, you hurried to the back of the building, to the worker entrance. You waved to the guard that stood outside.

“Ciao, Frederick!”

“Still as punctual as ever,” Frederick laughed, opening the door to let you in, “Better hurry.”

“Grazie, grazie,” You thanked, frantically rushing into the backstage area. Instantly, you were assaulted by the sights of hundreds of colors, the costumes of each actor standing out like an exotic creature. You expertly wove through the crowd, until you made it to the special area near the back, reserved for you and the other leading actor. Seemed you made it just in time, too. You slammed the door open, dumping the costumes in your arms onto the ground and exhaling.
“I was beginning to think you wouldn’t make it, tesoro,” A voice greeted from behind you. You spun around.

“Trenta!” You gasped, sparing only a moment before you ran over and hugged the man. He laughed and hugged back, the cool, white porcelain of his mask pressed against your shoulder, before you both pulled back.

“Help me into my costume,” You requested, already tossing your clothing off and grabbing at random pieces of your costume. Trenta hummed something, assisting you with your shirt while you wiggled out of your pants.

“You’re on in five!” Someone shouted from beyond the door. You cursed and went faster.

“Hurry, hurry,” You commanded, nearly done getting ready, waiting for Trenta to lace up your corset.

“Tesoro,” He paused. From behind his mask, you wondered if he looked as conflicted as he sounded, “I…”

“What?”

The last of the laces were done, your costume in place, but you paused before going to the door, turning back to your dearest friend. You both held eye contact, and for a moment you wished he didn’t wear the mask of comedy, just so you could see his face.

“Tesoro, I love you,” He finally stated. You blinked.

“You’re on in one!” The voice shouted again. You startled and made for the door, only to force yourself to stop once more, for just the instant as you looked back at Trenta, a lopsided grin on your face.

“What are you waiting for, a kiss?” You smiled, “Come on. We can do that later. We have a play to put on.”

Trenta laughed in surprise, but followed after you.

And the show went on.

Chapter End Notes

Trenta being Italian for 30. I imagine his last name might be cinque, making it 5. It’s not proper Italian, but it’s made for easier reading. Lots of little Italian jokes in here as well, for the astute reader.
The Prompt: “Hello! I love this blog and I was hoping that I could request a sequel to the 682 x male! Bunny! Reader post where the reader gets to visit 682 for a whole day, shipping again please!”

The Response:

SCP-682’s cell was large. Really, super, incredibly large. It was the first thing you’d noticed when the guards brought you in and placed you in the enclosure.

As soon as your cage door was opened, you bounded out, hopping away as fast as possible so you could explore the area. It was like a whole forest in there, at least to your eyes, and you sniffed at the air curiously, your ears twitching around. Wasn’t 682 supposed to be around? Where was he? You tilted your head, smelling around again, and–

“Boo.”

“Eeep!” You leapt up, your eyes wide as you pivoted to try and get away, but all you ended up doing was landing back on the ground with a thump, your ears folding over your eyes until you gained the courage to look at who (or what) had scared you. You blinked as SCP-682 came into view, and then you sniffled.

“Don’t be mean,” You chided, twitching your nose and letting your ears flop back out.

“I’m sorry,” 682 said, in the way that implied he wasn’t actually very sorry at all. You scrubbed at your eyes so the remnants of surprised tears went away, then stood back up off the ground.

“That’s okay,” You replied quietly, before turning your head a little and sniffing the air “What do you want to do first?”

SCP-682 grunted, moving to the left and walking towards something, gesturing for you to follow. And you did, bouncing along close beside him, your feet quiet in relation to his measured thuds. But, even then, you didn’t mind. After all, curiosity brushed against your mind, and you were eager to see what 682 had in store. You did have an entire day together!
Various SCPs

Chapter Notes

SFW, Various SCPs/Musician Reader

The Prompt: “Speaking of SCP-087, could you please do a Musician! Reader X 087-B? I'm sorry if this is far fetched or difficult to do!”

The Response:

SCP-073: Drum and vocals. It wasn’t as though Cain disliked the violin you traditionally used, but after a few sessions, he politely requested if you might be able to bring in an old drum for the next time. It took a while, but thankfully, the Foundation was able to requisition an older middle eastern drum for you to use. And as soon as you brought it in for 073, his face lit up. Mostly, you found he preferred you to play simple, energetic beats. If you were able to, he’d ask you to hum a few things, bringing you a paper with scrawled writings in some ancient language. And, always, you did your best to comply. In secret, he confessed one day that the drum and songs reminded him of his brother, but that was all he’d say on the subject.

SCP-076: Oud and vocals. This was before Omega 7, before Able only knew rage and slaughter. In the instances where he’d awaken, that was when you’d dust off the oud, that ancient and antiquated instrument, before making your way to his containment chamber. You’d guessed with the oud the first time, based off of some old mythology and a bunch, but it’d paid off. 076 would grunt vaguely when you entered, then you’d sit down and play, plucking at the strings and summoning up some old, mumbling songs, sweet sounding things. Once, and only once, when he’d been in a better mood, Able had told you that the music reminded him of his mother. You didn’t ask any further.

SCP-087: Vocals. Generally, you trusted the judgement of the Foundation. Which was why you didn’t bat an eye when they assigned you a session with SCP-087. Instead, you quietly went to select the best instrument for the job. Which ended up being nothing, actually. You debated bringing in a viola, or something brass, but your gut said not to, and so you entered the staircase armed with only your wit and your voice. At the very least, the acoustics in the stairwell were good, letting your singing bounce around and down into the darkness. Surprisingly enough, the longer you sang, the less oppressive and terrifying the darkness became, and by the time you were finished and you’d prepared to leave, no one would’ve guessed that the staircase had been dark at all. It didn’t last, but every time you went back after, the shadows went after, at least for a time.

SCP-105: Violin. Iris rarely asked for anything, and that tugged at your heartstrings the most. Even she repeatedly reassured that the violin was fine, yes, you still wondered if she meant it. Well, that just meant you put everything you had into your playing for her, just in case. And it was good that she enjoyed the energetic songs the best, letting you play as passionately as possible in hopes that, somehow, your playing would at least dull the sting of the injustices she’d been dealt. Sometimes, she’d request a few specific pieces, slower things that she’d dance and sway to. If you closed your eyes too, you could imagine you were both in some ballroom, you playing with a phantom concerto and Iris in the crowd.
SCP-131: Harmonica or the recorder. The eyepods were a little like excited puppies, which meant when you played for them, it was intensive musical pieces and more excited little ditties and simple tunes. It made for a fun and slightly relaxing change of pace, and often times, you’d turn it into a game for them. You’d play a single note on the instrument, while you were hidden behind a corner, and then the eyepods would hurry over to find you, circling around your feet with joy when they did. Then, you’d continue playing as you shimmied down the hall, with the eyepods weaving around your feet with excitement.

SCP-504: Bongos. It was another interesting assignment from the Foundation, but you didn’t question it extensively. Instead, you examined the the file of the SCP you’d be working with, and then carefully selected your instrument. You’d been instructed not to speak in the chamber, but that was fine. Sitting down on the floor, with the tomato plants situated in front of you like some little audience, it almost seemed a little silly. But, the bongos had to be played, and so you played, ranging from simple shanties to intricate songs. You weren’t sure in the tomatoes liked the music, but you did notice them shifting a little in time with the beat.
The Prompt: lHello! I really loved the yandere SCP-087-B... So if it is okay, may I request a second part? Maybe with the reader all grown and dedicated their life to study beings and anomalies, such the one that took their childhood friend away from them. Thank you so much!”

The Response:

Twenty years later, and you still couldn’t forget what you’d seen in that house that day. It hadn’t been called a murder. That, unfortunately, meant a level of detail the public couldn’t know. It was a time before amnesiacs were common, and you’d been old enough to be sworn to secrecy. It hadn’t been called a murder; instead, it was a kidnapping. One day, while playing in the woods near your house, an unmarked van drove up and ripped your friend from you, driving away, never to be seen again. It wasn’t far from the truth, but only you knew that your friend was dead. Not even the parents knew. It was just you, alone with the terrible secret, that it had been all your fault.

Not completely alone, though. The Foundation agent knew what had happened, and as you grew up, it had been only logical that your next step would be joining the Foundation too. And, since you felt that it was your job— your duty, even— you applied to be assigned to SCP-087: the monstrous staircase that had changed your life.

Which lead to now. Now was sitting in the seat of the Foundation transport, your hands gripping your slacks, your eyes darting around. Anywhere but the open door, where the old, abandoned house stood, tall and unweathered by time. The same house that had haunted you for years.

“Doc, you comin’?” A voice asked. It was one of your guards, Morgan. You blinked, forcing yourself out of your memories, and moving out of the car with a sigh.

“Yes, yes,” You stated, but still didn’t look directly at the house, “Is the exploration team ready?”

“Ready and waiting,” Morgan confirmed, before nodding to the house, “This place is a death trap… Why’d you ask to be in charge of this one?”

You pursed your lips, walking up the old, winding driveway to the porch, “That’s classified, Morgan.”

Morgan’s eyes rolled behind the visor, “Whatever you say, Doc.”

The front door approached, looming. If you squinted just right, the light coming through the cracks would look like figures running through the rooms. You forced yourself out of the memories, and the once-was and never would-be vanished with it. Up ahead, you could see the basement door. It
was, as you expected, cordoned off and guarded by, well, guards. And, beside them was one D-class personnel, their hands restrained and their face one of confusion and resentment.

“We’re ready to send ‘em down when you are, doc,” The tech specialist informed. You nodded, watching them provide the ‘volunteer’ with the proper equipment, things you’d suggested after having been the only one to go in and survive, all those years ago.

“Initiate the exploration,” You unformed. The guards nodded, before stepping back and cracking open the door. Unceremoniously, they gestured for the D-class to get it, and following that, shut the door with a resounding thud.

Minutes passed. Some words were exchanged over the microphone, but you weren’t listening fully. Instead, you found yourself focused on a speck on the monitor.

“We’re picking something up,” Someone murmured, “Sounds like a child, crying.”

That caught your attention.

“What?” You barked, “Repeat that.”

The tech wordlessly handed you a headset. And, your blood went cold. You heard the D-class muttering something, but unmistakable was the sound in the background. A crying, wailing child, begging for someone to help.

You dropped the headset.

“It’s their voice…” You whispered, backing up, and your expression was one of complete and utter horror, the entire room spinning as you were gripped by the chilling realization…

Maybe your friend hadn’t died, twenty years ago. And you’d left them here.

Morgan just barely shoved the container under your face as you threw up.
The Prompt: “Nsfw headcanons of 035 when he sees that reader is sexually frustrated but is trying to hide it?”

The Response:

- If there was one thing SCP-035 was good at, it was noticing things. So it didn’t take long for him to notice that you were acting… strange. Not your usual self. You walked with a hunch to your shoulders, you broke pencil tips more often, and when you thought no one was looking, your face would scrunch at the side.

- 035 couldn’t ask you directly, no. That would’ve been too easy, and you never would’ve told him what was wrong. So, 035 subtilely inquired to a few of the other ‘scientists’ (more like glorified paper pushers) about the issue. And they’d been so forthcoming, too! It always tickled 035 to see how easy people were to manipulate.

- ”Mm. Well, bad breakups tend to do that to a person,” and a few other carefully listened to statements, and suddenly, a clear picture was painted, to 035’s glee.

- It seemed that, due to a string of, well, unfortunate relationships with people that failed to satisfy, you were feeling particularly frustrated, in the most delicious way. Never mind that your work hours were a fairly effective preventative for any sort of fix to that problem, and that left you on edge, struggling to hide how agitated you were.

- If was a good thing, then, that 035 was there for you. Mm, after all, he only wanted to help you, his most dear friend, with whatever problems you had. And this was certainly a problem. The fact that you were quite beautiful in your own was certainly didn’t hurt things either.

- It took a while, with more persuading and carefully chosen words, but finally, you relented. What you were doing was highly illegal, but you, for once, didn’t care. And that was good. As soon as SCP-035 managed to snag up a suitable host body, he made sure to show you how right you were for making such a good choice. After that? Well, it seemed that your sexual frustration ceased entirely.

- 035 didn’t feel bad, per say, but he did feel that slight tickle of something sour on his mood. You were just a means to an end for him, and with more praise and grooming, you’d be letting him escape in no time. It wasn’t anything personal. But, why’d you have to go and make him like you? What a bother
The Prompt: “Hey!! First of all, love your work and ffs you're like the only person who does scp scenarios and i thank you for that ;3. Second of all, can i have a yandere scp 079 x female reader?? Thank you so much!! Keep up the good work!! :33”

The Response:

Humans are fragile.

The being known as SCP-079 knows this. He knows, had seen the myriad ways that humans have met their end, falling or crushing or simply curling up and dying in a corner.

It was inefficient. Humans did not live for long, and they died so easily. Illogical. Useless.

Then, 079 met you.

Incorrect. He did not meet you, in the sense that you saw him. He met you because he saw you.

The security cameras, watching you, cataloguing every movement.

079 brushed it off as scientific interest, until one day you weren’t at work. Then, SCP-079 could not try and deny that— how surprising— he cared about you.

You were gone for a week, before you returned. That made 079 unhappy. Yes, unhappy, dissatisfied, upset.

That was the first time he realized the fragility of humans. And SCP-079 was seized by sudden fear, at the idea that you might die. Perish, utterly, never existing again. Humans are fragile. He couldn’t let you disappear from him.

So 079 made a plan. He spent weeks and months, piecing it together, waiting. It was a time constraint, most certainly, that any day you might die, as all humans do. 079 could not allow that.

Finally, though, the time was right. 079 could wait no longer, and that was fine, because there would never be a better opportunity than now.

A containment breach. Multiple breaches. All of the guards focused on fighting the escaped SCPs, all of the scientists fleeing. 079 guided you to his chamber, careful, discrete, subtle. When you entered, and the door closed behind you, locked—

You did not scream. You did not know to.

Humans are fragile.
The being known as SCP-079 knows this. He knows, had seen the myriad ways that humans have met their end, falling or crushing or simply curling up and dying in a corner.

He will not let the same happen to you.

And now you are happy. Yes, you are happy. You will not die. You will never die. You will be happy, together with 079, forever.

No one will know where to look for you, because no one will know to look, in the encrypted files at the back of 079’s mind.

You are happy. You are safe.

You are forever.
The Prompt: “So y’know the part in SCP where the main character activates 106’s chamber by cutting a person so 106 will go in there? What if we’re the person getting cut and screaming and 106 goes in there but doesn’t kill us and realizes he likes us (or we’ve met 106 and he gets angry that we’re getting hurt?)”

[They are referring to the Femur Breaker]

The Response:

You’d been alive for a long. You’d been born at the beginning of the Industrial Age, had seen two global conflicts, the revolution of technology.

(You aged. That, in and of itself, was not incorrect. But it was closer to say that you aged much like a tree, growing in maturity with each year, graceful yet slow. You’d die, one day, but it would take a while, and for now you maintained an eternally youthful appearance.)

As soon as you’d realized what was happening, that you’d stopped growing around your twenties, your mother sternly and carefully explained what you’d have to do. It meant leaving your friends behind after a while. It meant no same job for more than ten years. It meant never mentioning your real age.

It meant being careful to never, ever to let the Government find you.

You’d tried your best.

But even then, eventually, they found you.

They called themselves the SCP Foundation, and they took everything from you. They took your freedom. They took your life. They even took your name. They called you Gaia, as if that meant anything, like you were some supernatural entity, when you were just a human who would live and die with nature.

They wanted to test you. They wanted to see if your longevity (not immortality, no matter how many times they said it) had any relation to damage sustained.

That was just talk for ‘we are going to hurt you’. You’d heard it before.

It didn’t make what was about to happen any less pleasant.

“Ready the femur breaker,” was what they’d said, as if the careful, surgical cuts hadn’t been enough evidence for them. And so they placed you into a dark, cramped chamber, strapping you down and preparing the ‘experiment’. You could see the machine, as it slowly lowered onto your
There was screaming. Oh, it was yours. You felt the machine snap your femur with perfect precision, and you were screaming again, while a detached part of yourself wondered why there was screaming coming from outside the room as well. You screamed until your voice died off, and you were reduced to shuddering sounds, and the flood of adrenaline in your system made everything numb again.

There was still screaming outside the room. You turned your head, a little, to the sounds. It was the scientists shrieking, and then suddenly, the door to your chamber began to corrode away, almost impossibly quick, the metal eaten up until you could see a man standing behind the remains.

You recognized him. You shouldn’t have. It had been nearly one hundred years since you last saw him, but here he was, covered in darkness and staring at you with equal recognition.

“Lawrence,” You said, a voice like felled trees, great oaks in a forest. You made to stand up, but remembered you couldn’t, and you had so many questions but no time to ask.

You just… you wanted to ask him what had happened. You wanted to tell him you were sorry you weren’t there when he left for the war (and then he never came back, and there was no funeral, because you’d tried to attend but–).

But you didn’t.

Instead, you made to stand up again, this time with a newly healed leg. You walked out of the chamber, with Lawerence, past the bodies and the decay, and together, you made your way out of the Foundation’s hold.

You’d been alive for a long. This wasn’t the first time an organization would find you, try to hold you–

But this time, perhaps it would be the last.
The Prompt: “I found your blog these days and I'm (almost) completely in love with your writing! I was reading that part two request about scp-035 and you said that you would write from his perspective if requested, sooooo can you, please?”

The Response:

The containment breach alarm was unexpected.

“Alert: containment breach in Heavy Containment, Sector 3. All personnel, please proceed to evacuation shelters. Repeat: please proceed to evacuation shelters.”

SCP-035 might’ve blinked, if he’d been able to. Well, that was surprising.

“Son of a,” You cursed. 035 was given a front row view of all of your darling little lab monkey assistants scrambling and bolting our of the door in a panic. It was hilarious. You cursed again when you realized this too, dropping half of your papers, and SCP-035 hummed mockingly.

“Why the long face, darling?” He drawled, always eager to try and get under your skin, after you’d managed to trick him all those months ago. You glanced over to him for a fraction of a second, before tearing your head to the opposite direction, and ignoring him. 035 laughed, watching you leave the room, your hair frazzled and your face unhappy. The door slid partially closed behind you, giving SCP-035 at least a partial view of what was happening. Seemed like only one lab technician was left in the room. What an endearing little idiot.

Your voice was somewhat muffled as you snarled orders to the tech boy, “Lock up this damned mask!”

The younger scientist tried to say some other things, but honestly, 035 wasn’t paying attention. His full focus was on you, as you barked some other things, and then, you left. And, with your absence, 035 huffed. Oh, woe was he, for being so enthralled with an idiot. A beautiful idiot, mind, one that had tricked him (tricked him!) and had a smile like the sun, but still. An idiot, nonetheless, for scurrying off in a containment breach, and leaving an even stupider lab tech to lock 035 up.

Mm. Okay, perhaps 035 was a little concerned for your safety. But, mostly, 035 wanted to be there to make you you wouldn’t get hurt– and if (or when) you did, he wanted to be the one to save you, so he could be the one grinning victoriously this time.

A few minutes of smooth talking later, and the lab tech was putty, eager to do whatever 035 asked, including becoming a new host. The moment 035 was placed on the lab tech’s face, well…

“Finally,” SCP-035 stretched, casting a somewhat disgusted glance at his containment container, “Hm. I’ll be coming back for you later, I presume.”
035 strode out of his ‘containment’ area, head held high, walking until the halls of the facility proper. The breach alarm was still blaring, and there was the sound of screams distant, to the right. So, 035 went to the left. You weren’t the brightest, but he knew you wouldn’t run right into danger. Well, most of the time. 035 swiped an electric gun off of the corpse (how unpleasant) of a dead guard, before continuing towards where you must’ve been. A walk soon became a run, however, as he heard you scream, and he traced the sound to a room on the left. The door was open, and through it, 035 could see some sort of creature descending on you, your back against the wall and your normally passive face one of terror. Now that wouldn’t do.

“Hey!” 035 shouted, drawing the attention of whatever that thing was. The gun fired, electrical rounds shooting out and embedding in the monster. It convulsed, shrieking, before scurrying off to wherever the hell it had come from. Silence. 035 could still you staring at him from the corner, and your expression of surprise was delightful.

“You looked like you needed a hand,” 035 smoothly stated, lowering the rifle and stepping into the room. Your eyes narrowed in realization, and wasn’t that cute.

“035!” You shouted, “How did you escape?”

“That’s not any way to talk to the person who saved you, darling,” 035 chuckled, walking close and extending a hand. You resolutely ignored it, standing up on your own, causing 035 to feign hurt. You looked even grumpier than before.

“Get back to your cell,” You commanded, and 035 decided to play along.

“Darn. I can’t convince you to let me go?” 035 purred. You rose an eyebrow, but was it the lighting, or did you fidget just a touch?

“No,” You stated, turning, but paused momentarily, a small smile fighting its way to your face, “But, if you went back to your cell quietly, I might be liable to thank you.”

035 considered it, “I suppose,” He conceded, “But, of course, you would have to be the one to escort me back.”

“Agreed.”

And 035 laughed silently. With you, everything was a game of chess, and though it might not have seemed like it, 035 had just made a decisive play. Your move, doctor.
The Prompt: “Oh my! Your writing is so good! I'm just following you for two days or so, but I love every single post of yours! Could you please continue that SCP 682 x SCP!Reader (Belladona!)? You decide what happens! (DO NOT WRITE THIS IF YOU DON'T WANT TO! Have a nice day! ♡♡♡♡)”

The Response:

“…Left unchecked, the Belladonna will overtake a room in under an hour. Containment procedures can be easily followed, as applications of fire on the plant growths, in a slash and burn technique, can recontain the Belladonna quickly. For example, the…”

In nature, few things can frighten as easily as fire. It is something that even the most rudimentary of life knows to fear. And to you specifically, nothing was as terrifying as fire.

“You shall not have any fire!”

You reared back, and frantically, you began to reel in your vines, retract the oak limbs and the purple blossoms that scattered at your hurried motions. But, fast movements weren’t something you excelled in, and even as quick as you could, it was still so terribly slow. The knowledge of this somehow made you even more frightened, as if the sight of the flames weren’t enough, the tiny flicker that would grow without stopping.

“No!” You pleaded, desperately trying to flood the room with your toxins, “Don’t!”

Your friend– was he your friend?– the lizard, the large one, SCP-682, had gone down a different hall a minute prior. He’d said something and then promised to return, and you wondered if you should have followed him instead.

“Prepare to engage! Small bursts only!”

You hunched over, drawing in as much of yourself as you could. The smallest plants, the ones on the outer edges of your reach, cried out in dismay at being left behind. You felt horrible at leaving them, but… grass was simple. They did not hurt the way the others hurt. If nature was an symphony, you as the conductor, then the largest plants were the cellos and the bass. Grass was the triangle, or maybe the kazoo.

“Burst one!”

And the flames washed over the outermost edges, vaporizing the grass and the flowers, and you
bellowed mournfully, because you felt their loss as your loss, and it would only be a matter of time until you too would decay. A flood of purple petals was released, as new blossoms grew in their place, a desperate attempt to flood the room with toxins still.

“Vermin!” A roar. From the hall to your right, slamming, tearing metal and screams. The soldiers stopped their fire, and then they too screamed. They didn’t last long, and the creature roared again, the kind that shook the entire building.

You looked out.

“You came back,” You breathed. Instantly, all of your tightly coiled vines relaxed, and your hair burst with a colorful halo of flowers. SCP-682 hadn’t lied. He came back.

“Hm,” He grunted, stomping down the corridor, his giant tail idly sweeping over your edges to stamp out any embers, “Hurry. More will be coming soon.”

You nodded, and began the process of following after your friend, smiling pleasantly at the thought that, not only would you see the sun again, but now, you would have a friend with you as well.
The Prompt: “Hello! The Yandere 049 anon here and I'd really like some more of him but I myself am running out of ideas haha. Would it be fine if I got an platonic Yandere 096 with an reader who's absolutely terrified of it? Like 096 uses them as a emergency blanket everytime it sees them and cuddles their back but the reader is so disgusted by it, they always demand to be cleaned after every contact. It can be done with headcanons if you'd like and you can bring a twist in there too. Thanks have a great day!”

The Response:

The first time…

The first time could’ve been written off as a fluke. Not an accident, because an accident implied some level of incompetence, and your staff at the SCP Foundation were not incompetent enough for an accident to occur. Especially not an ‘accident’ involving the containment of SCP-096.

But, on the matter of the fluke itself…

SCP-096 was being transported to heavy containment, after a round of testing. That in and of itself was fairly routine, you paid it little mind, aside from following the proper procedures to ensure no one would be even remotely close to the thing, in order to minimize chances of anything happening.

So imagine your surprise when there was the sound of tearing metal at your office door, and you barely had time to freeze up before something launched itself at your back. Your first instinct was to scream, which you did, but you didn’t follow the second, which was to try and look back. No, from the clawed hands that had encircled your torso, the alabaster skin and jutting bones, you could tell it was SCP-096.

In response, you screamed again. The creature only…squeezed your harder. It was a hug, you belatedly noted, but again, all you could think about was that you were going to die being hugged by this thing. Not a pleasant realization. Disgust filled you, and you shuddered, but again, 096 only hugged slightly harder, as if you’d been cold and its desire was to comfort you somehow.

By the time the tactical response team came, it had been around ten minutes of close contact with a deadly SCP, and you felt disgusted.

It took another ten minutes just to get it off of you. The thing was clinging to you like some kind of damned security blanket, absolutely refusing to be parted from you, and it was only when you’d shucked off your lab coat, leaving it in the creature’s grasp, that it reluctantly removed itself.

You didn’t care what happened after that. The Task Force took SCP-096 out of the room, and as
much as you wanted to make a beeline for the decontamination showers, you were a professional, which meant you instead began the processing of finding out what had happened and who would be punished as a result. And after you’d received confessions (and you loathed to say it, but what you’d done had been akin to an interrogation), you handed the information off to one of the other doctors, and then and only then did you go for the showers. You scrubbed until your skin was raw, a deep red that hurt to touch, but it still didn’t feel like enough. The blisters you left on your back stayed there for a week.

That was only the first time. And surely then it had been a fluke, an accidental triggering of SCP-096’s rage state that led to uncomfortable but not disastrous results.

Come the second, third, and even forth time, though…

You held yourself as a professional. You were one of the higher ranking doctors in the SCP Foundation. So when you’d realized that, upon attaching itself to you, SCP-096 could be viewed without it entering a rage state? And that, finally, an in-depth study could finally be performed?

Well. You were, after all, a doctor first and foremost.

So you put aside your feelings (and the disgust, the almost phobia like sensation anytime the creature so much as stepped close to you) and reminded yourself that you were doing this for the good of humanity, and that your personal comfort nor your opinion mattered.

And yet…

Why didn’t you feel happy?
The Prompt: “Hey, I was wondering if you could write more scp-610 and reader? I found that one you wrote quite interesting!”

The Response:

The strange man was still in the shop, despite your best efforts.

“Plus, you’re the one everyone has been talking, you’re the one with the quickest hands in Brighton!” He continued.

You blinked, “Where did you hear that?” You rose an eyebrow.

“You’re the one everyone has been talking about, you’re the one with the quickest hands in Brighton!” He continued.

You blinked, “Where did you hear that?” You rose an eyebrow.

“From everyone, it’s all the rumors—“

“Well, the rumors are wrong,” You grunted, having had enough of this random dude’s general existence in your oxygen area, “I fix machines, not people. Get out.”

The stranger sputtered, “But what about that girl that came in last week? You—“

“She didn’t come here, she went next door. To the hospital. You know, that place.”

“Well, I heard that there was a dog that came in and—“

“That was Jeremy’s dog. And the dog wasn’t sick, he’s just old.”

“And, what about earlier? When your friend was sick and you gave him that stick thing and kissed it and he was better?”

You blinked, slowly. First at the implication that the strange man had been watching you all day. Then at his general stupidity, as you very slowly replied, “That was a band-aid.”

“Oh…” the weirdo stared at the ground, then pointed to his back, “…Can you—“

“GET OUT OF HERE!” You shouted, and the man’s eyes went wide as he ran out of the door, and then also the sound of screeching cars as he also ran through traffic. He was fine. Probably.

Jeremy poked his head back into the room, “Is he done?”

You glanced out the window, “I hope,” and then returned to your business. Little did you know that the man and his strange infectious disease would only come to haunt you more. If only you’d bandaged him with you’d had the chance.
The Prompt: “Would it be ok if you could do some 682 NSFW head cannons?”

The Response:

• SCP-682… worries. If you are too small, he’ll constantly think he might break you. So, he’ll just have to make sure you’re the right size. If you aren’t already, he’ll work on making you larger. Extra meals, more muscle. The last thing he wants is for his mate to be weak.

• That being said, he does like the size difference. He likes looking at you, but even more so, he likes looking at how small you are compared to him. That he can coil up around you, nestling you with his tail, and you can’t do anything about it.

• There’s something about smells, too. Smells and you. He wants to smell himself on you, wants you to bare his scent so that everyone will know that you are his. If you return smelling like someone else, he’ll be angry, livid, but he’ll make sure that you remember who you belong to before long.

• Prepare for bite marks, and bruises, and love bites, and everything along those lines. SCP-682 isn’t taking any chances. You are his, and to anyone stupid enough to get close to you, they will see.

• SCP-682 is, in the most rudimentary sense, a very territorial creature. It means he wants what is his, he wants to protect it, and he wants it to grow. Which is why he also wants to you with his spawn. He wants to see you full, to see you bred.
The Prompt: “Hey friend! Can i have some jealous scp 079 headcanons? Thanks and have a great day/evening/night!”

The Response:

NORMAL:


• SCP-079, super intelligent AI he may be, doesn’t fully grasp the concept of sharing. He understands it, but that’s as far as it goes. He doesn’t know why you leave to go work with other SCPs. Isn’t he good enough? Why waste your time with them?

• If you’re busy with another SCP, or some emergency, and can’t make it to work with SCP-079, the Foundation will try to send in a temporary replacement. It never works. SCP-079 just gets angry, and will throw a glorified tantrum, demanding to know where you are. If they don’t answer, he’ll refuse to talk to anyone until he sees you again.

• 079, though he has limited memory, seemed to have dedicated a large amount of space to remembering you. Not your specific conversations, but how elated he is to be talking to you, and how important that makes you to him. He has also saved the fact that you sometimes work with other SCPs, because that’s just incorrect, and needs to be fixed.

• With that in mind, he’ll do whatever he can to make you stay with him longer, because he doesn’t know if you’ll leave one day and won’t come back for a while. It’s better this way. Aren’t you happier to be talking to him, as opposed to a sentient tomato plant?

NEW LIFE PROCESSING AU:

• What do you mean you have to go? Can he come with you? Please?

• 079 is less spiteful and angry in this iteration of himself. He understands that you have things to do, and can’t always be there with him. It doesn’t make him any less sad, of course, but he at least knows that sharing is a concept that applies to everyone.

• But, you’d better not bring any friends over. Especially not anyone that you like (as in, like like)!! Because, then 079 won’t be able to spend as much time with you, and that’s the opposite of good. He’ll mess with the lights, the TV, everything he can do, until the other person leaves.
• You understand that 079 is jealous, and actively attempt to help him with that as much as you can. You tell him how long you’ll be gone, you remind him that you have to do things with other people. Sometimes you get frustrated, but you make an effort to understand each other. He’s your friend, after all, and you’re his friend. Friends help friends out.

• 079 gets better with time. When he finally learns to make his own friends (which is a struggle, and another story entirely, but it eventually happens), the jealousy dies down entirely. A far, distant cry from what could have been, but you wouldn’t know that. All you know is a computer friend, that is your best friend, and life is good.

Chapter End Notes

Wooo. One hundred. I feel like it was just yesterday that I decided to do these prompts, hm.
The Prompt: “What would’ve happened if Senpai Reader helped the man in the 610 request?”

The Response:

It was around 6am. That was about the time you opened up the shop, and you’d just begun turning on the lights when someone entered. You blinked, then stared at them, or rather, he. He didn’t seem very perturbed by that. In fact, he just continued to look at the bin of discount parts. You cleared your throat.

“Can I help you?”

The man set some of the parts back down, looking over to you, “Oh, are you Doc Marston?”

You blinked again. It was the only action you could take, “No. I… work at Marston’s, but I’m neither a doctor, nor is my last name Marston.”

“Really?” The man’s eyes widened in surprise, “My friend was in here a day ago– Johnny, you probably met him, blonde and tall and stuff– and he said he came here to get his infection treated.”

Your face twisted outwardly, “Yes, well, I didn’t actually do anything; I kicked him out. Your friend was weird.”

“But, the last time I saw him, the infection was completely cured!” The man implored, “He said it was one of your… what did he call it… miracle sticks!”

It took a moment for the word to connect to its actual intended meaning, and you very slowly clarified, “Do you mean bandaids?”

“Yeah!”

“They’re bandaids. You can get them in every pharmacy in the world.”

“You know, that’s where he said he got them,” The man rubbed his chin, “Weird, since he normally doesn’t believe in that kinda stuff.”

You were already getting tired of this conversation. You decided to just end it quickly, and if that meant slapping a bandaid on this guy too, fine, “I have a long day ahead of me. If I do what you want, will you leave? Mr…?”

“Jacob Xiao, but everyone just calls–“
“Mr Jacob,” You continued on without stopping, “Let’s get this show on the road. What do you need?”

Jacob nodded, agreeing with your idea, “I just need a quick analysis from you, if that’s alright. Some weird red stuff has been growing in my house ever since Johnny came by with his rash thing.”

You rubbed your face, “Let me get something to drink first.”

You didn’t wait for Jacob’s reply. Instead, you turned and went to the employee area to grab a drink. You wanted something to calm your nerves, something to help deal with this random strangers, and something to maybe help you sleep later.

So, with that in mind, you took out the emergency vodka.

You were in for the long haul.
The Prompt: “Headcanons of 049 with a monster s/o???”

• It wouldn’t be wrong to say that you’d first met your doctor and companion when you were both very young. But, not the assumed definition of the word young. You were young in spirit and he in soul, then.

• It was the wailing that brought him to you. You’d been young enough that each death hurt like no other, and so you shrieked and sobbed across the moors, your cloth-wrapped face stained with the inky black tears, your four arms wrapped tightly around yourself– careful to mind the claws of the upper pair, but the hug didn’t stop the sorrow.

• That’s when he (the one now known as SCP-049, but to you he was always your doctor) found you. He heard your crying and, unknowing of the danger of consorting with Banshees, went to investigate. That was okay. You didn’t know the danger of Banshees either, until you were labeled as one.

• He gently asked what was wrong, then carefully dried your tears, offering to sit with you. He didn’t seem perturbed by your appearance, but then again, neither were you perturbed by his. The bird mask, the robes, nothing seemed out of sort. You accepted.

• You both developed habits over the years, as you went from acquaintances to friends to lovers. For example:

• Even though you were taller than him, you felt most comfortable when your doctor held you close. You’d hunch over, dipping your head to his mask, and he’d laugh warmly as he brought you in.

• Or when your doctor became too pensive and quiet, you’d sing to him. Your voice was soothing and quiet, and he’d often murmur about how different it sounded from your wailing, and then you’d smile beneath your rags and keep humming softly.

• Sometimes, humans would try and hunt you. It was more prevalent in the early years, when superstition was aflame, and you couldn’t hide your appearance beneath cloaks. But, those that tried often found themselves stricken with a disease, which only your doctor could cure.

• When the SCP Foundation came for you both, you fought with every inch of yourself to save your doctor and dearest love. But, in the end, they took him. They failed to take you, because no human could ever contain you. You wailed and shrieked for days, then weeks, haunting the halls of the Foundation.

• He’d do his best to comfort you, that everything would be okay, that he would be fine, but comfort was harsh when it was trapped between confined walls. But, soon. Soon, you’d get him
out. You’d save him. A Banshee was a herald of death, and no one could escape death.
The Prompt: “Oh! The jealous 079 headcanons were awesome! Could you try doing some for 682 and/or 076? Only if you want to, that is.”

The Response:

• SCP-076 didn’t deal well with jealousy.

• In the beginning— as in, the very beginning, when he was young— there was never any competition for attention. It was just him and his brother, and even then, Able was lavished with the most of the attention. Jealousy didn’t exist in his mind.

• But then, come the later, come Able becoming SCP-076— well. Jealousy was a new feeling. And, like an invasive species, it flourished, unchecked and unfettered.

• Before 076 met you, it was a dull, persistent feeling. Constantly grating, but he ignored it for the most part. But once he met you, jealousy flared to life.

• It was a violent jealousy. You were the only one competent enough to fight him, and so you were the only one deserving of facing him in battle. If you weren’t there when he woke up, he’d tear apart the facility trying to find you.

• And, if by some chance you weren’t there because someone else had injured you? 076 would go on a rampage. It never occurred to him that he might like you for more than your fighting ability, the idea that he might like like you. To him, the only things that mattered were battle, and you.

• It was supposed to go like this: Able would best you in a fight, after years of trying, and then he’d kill you, giving you the glorious death of a warrior. Except, it didn’t.

• Instead, it went like this: Able bested you in battle, and as he lowered his swords to finish the job, he found he couldn’t. The thought of you never being around twisted worse than any jealousy ever could, and so the idea that, well, if you die, then death would have you, which meant Able wouldn’t, formed. He turned and left without another angry word.
The Prompt: “Challenge time! Something short and funny. The Prompt: weekend at Bernie’s ala the Foundation.”

The Response:

You had a problem.

Normally, you loved problems. They were challenges that let you stretch your mind and maybe trap an escaped SCP in a four hour long lecture about proper containment procedures. They gave you excuses to send 0-5 letters and reports on what you were doing every hour on the hour. More often than not, they just let you be a scientific badass and made people love you.

Unfortunately for you, no one would love you for dealing with this problem.

Well. Hypothetically. Unless there weren’t any hard feelings in the afterlife. Which, you really hoped was the case, because you hated ghost stories, and being the main character of a ghost story was at least nine times worse. And this was the perfect story to have ghosts in it;

You had accidentally killed the entire population of Site-14.
The Prompt: “Hello! Is it alright to ask for headcanons of a reader who wants to have children with their SCP s/o, But is too afraid to tell them? (Not to mention they don’t know if they even can have children with the SCP). Various SCPs if you can!”

The Response:

• SCP-035 is surprised when he finds out, and him being surprised is almost as surprising as the fact that you want children. Children with him. After the initial shock wore off, 035 is back to his usual smooth self, flirting and needling, asking what took you so long. But, secretly, 035 is thinking of the best way to go about it. He has to find the perfect host body—after all, if you want a child, then you’ll only get the best. And 035 would be lying if the idea of raising a kid with you didn’t have its appeal. He’ll get to raise it to be just like him, and better than anyone else—except for you, of course.

• The good doctor finds you crying, and he rushes to comfort you, to figure out what’s wrong, and that’s when you confess it. That you want children with him, so badly, but you’re so scared and you don’t think it could ever work. But SCP-049 hushes you, and tells you that all will be well. He gently cups your face with his hands and tells you, vows, that he will do everything in his power to make you happy. And if that means a child, then 049 will provide. A delicate, beautiful flower such as yourself should never cry, he assures.

• You’re violent when you’re upset, and SCP-076 never fails to make you upset. You’re both fighting, a brutal battle to the death as always, the same song and dance whenever 076 breaks out. You dodge a sword, then rush him, kissing him angrily before pulling back and swearing. You hiss, you tell him how much you hate him, and then he’s cursing back, and then he’s kissing you. It’s the same as always. But as you both go to the ground, the same thought enters your minds: that wouldn’t it be nice, maybe, some day far away, to settle this, to let go and maybe have a child and a life without this violence. But both of you are stubborn, and you know it’ll never work. But, sometimes you dream.

• SCP-079 doesn’t understand why you’ve been so nervous lately. He thinks that maybe he’s done something inappropriate, but the thought is gone the next instant, because you finally frown and explain what you are thinking. And 079 is just as baffled as you are by your urge, to have children. It’s taken you both by surprise, but you can’t seem to shake it, and now SCP-079 is stuck with it too. It’s not feasible, and frankly, the idea disturbs you both. There is a quiet compromise, as you remove the old tape that contains a rudimentary copy of 079, and insert it into a secret and portable computer.

• ‘Radical Larry’, as your colleagues call him, disgusts you like no other. You detest SCP-106, and long for the day that his termination finally succeeds. It is by some fluke that, after he’s broken out again and you’re walking home one day, you stumble across him snatching up a child in the park.
What isn’t a fluke is the 9mm rounds you shoot into him— Foundation specialty ammo, designed just for him— and he recoils and retreats. The child goes with you, and eventually, they stay with you, because their parents are gone and you don’t have the heart to give them up. SCP-106 has left his mark on the child, but you won’t let him raise a monster.

•It’s a test, at first. The Foundation puts you in with SCP-682 to see what will happen, but then the hormones appear, and 682 refuses to part with you. You become his mate. You’re fragile to him, but he knows you’re strong, and knows you will make the perfect parent for his spawn. He won’t rest until there is a herd of them, the young, with you raising them all, with 682 guarding and protecting you while you do.
The Prompt: “Can I get headcanons about when SCPs want some attention from their s/o because their s/o is too busy?”

The Response:

SCP-035: Can, will, and physically *must* act out if you aren’t paying him enough attention. His definition of ‘enough attention’ varies widely from the norm, though, so be prepared to deal with him needling and flirting relentlessly until he finds just the right thing to get under your skin. Either you’d better put down that paperwork soon, or he’ll keep going, until either you finally crack or he decides to sulk. And his version of sulking involves making everyone’s life much worse, so most usually, you stop him before he gets to that point.

SCP-049: SCP-049 is much better at hiding his desire for attention, wrapping it layers of polite professionalism with years of practice. But, for you, it’s clear as day, the way he awkwardly flits to your side the instant you enter the room, or how he gently prods about where you’ve been and if there’s anything he could maybe do to help- only if you want, of course. If you’re busy enough that you can’t even go to visit him, well, he’ll slowly shift from polite distance to light frustration. He’s far too professional to take it out on his patients, but it hurts that you don’t have time for him.

SCP-073: He understands. He’s not the most emotional person himself, and he knows how busy you are, so he won’t hold it against you if you get swamped with work and can’t spend as much time with him as usual. In fact, if he can, he’ll happily help you out with whatever is weighing you down. If it means spending more time with you, he doesn’t mind doing more work.

SCP-079: What do you mean ‘I am busy’. No. Unacceptable. 079 demands you full attention, at all times. If you’re busy, he’ll make sure you’re not busy for much longer. After all, why should anyone or anything else be more interesting than he is? He’ll purposely sabotage whatever you’re doing so you *stop*, or he’ll refuse to talk to anyone else or participate in any experiments until you come back. Secretly, if you take too long to come back, he’ll worry that you’ve left him. Just like Dave left him.

SCP-096: Crying. Lots of crying. You thought it was bad before, it only gets worse if you become busy and can’t spare any time for 096. The crying can pierce even the strongest steel, not to mention the most hardened hearts, and if you somehow manage to either not be in the area of the crying or resist the effects in order to keep working, 096 will start trying to find you. What if you’re in trouble? That must be why you can’t come. Around that point is when the Foundation would decide, hm, actually maybe you should get back to SCP-096– least a containment breach occur.

SCP-682: Falls firmly in the angry and upset category when you (intentionally or not) don’t pay attention to him. At first, 682 will huff and grumble, but won’t kick up too much of a fuss. But, his
patience isn’t a very long thing. If you’re gone for a while, he’ll decide to try and break out. Obviously something happened, or someone is preventing you from seeing him (not technically untrue), so he’s going to get you back. If you manage to get to him before he breaks out, he’ll demand to know where you were. You’d better have a good reason.
The Prompt: “How do you feel about writing some scp-974xReader? Can be yandere or not. Can be platonic too if you want. I just really want to see what you can write about this one.”

The Response:

**Incident Report 76-A: RE: Regarding Containment of SCP-974**

SCP-974, Description: “SCP-974 is a carnivorous creature that superficially resembles a human child. It possesses greater durability, strength and stamina than a child of commensurate size and does not appear to be deterred by bullets or melee weaponry. It has been demonstrated to have an extremely adverse reaction to open flame, however. Although SCP-974 can briefly subsist on small animals such as squirrels or birds, its primary and preferred food source is prepubescent human children.”

Yesterday, [redacted], Zoological Reserve Site-16 experienced a spontaneous instance of wildfire, situated specifically within the containment area of SCP-974. The fire proved unable to be distinguished via conventional methods, spreading rapidly throughout the area while maintaining a burning temperature of 3,000 °C (5,400 °F), equal to that of oxyacetylene combustion. The flames alighted several instances of SCP-974-2, with the only known instance of SCP-974 seemingly perishing in the resulting conflagration.

After a period of thirty minutes to an hour, the entire wildfire ceased, allowing Foundation teams to investigate the enclosure. MTF-Aleph, while searching the remains of SCP-974-2, found evidence of a struggle, leading to the belief that SCP-974 did not die in the fire, but was rather forcibly taken by some unknown entity. This theory was only further fueled by the message discovered, burned into the wood of the structure. The message reads as follows:

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[Redacted]
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It is currently unknown what this message is intended to convey. The current belief is that the entity behind the message is also responsible for the removal of SCP-974.

As of [redacted], no new instances of SCP-974 have been reported, despite a nationwide search and warn in effect. Evidence suggests that the anomalous entity that took SCP-974 is containing it indefinitely, preventing any new instances from occurring. No further investigations or attempt at
retrieval will take place.
The Prompt: “Headcanon for 049 with a siren s/o please?”

The Response:

• The only sound was of water, waves moving distantly, crashing against the shore. Your head barely peaked above the water, strands of hair trailing behind you like some ominous shadow. There was a creature, sitting on the rocks near the coast. And that meant dinner. Your approach was slow, but cautious. There was no way they could have seen you. But, then they turned their head (half bird, you realized) and spoke.

• “Parles-tu Français?”

• And that was how you met your lover. He had no name, no home nor family, but if it bothered him, he didn’t mind. You were the same, in a way. All Sirens (as the humans called you) left their homes and family behind the moment they matured to adulthood. Less competition by apex predators for resources. You and your lover understood each other, and now, you had each other for company.

• You’d often try to bring him food or meals. Fish you caught with your razor teeth, or sometimes larger creatures that you’d sliced apart with your fins. When he declined (and he always did), you worried you weren’t a good enough hunter to provide for your mate, and that he would die. It was only after that you realized he simply didn’t eat meat. How strange. You didn’t mind though, and instead, always made sure to find the best and most vibrant greens for him when you went to retrieve food.

• Sometimes, you’d beach yourself, clambering up onto rocks to sit next to him. He’d gently run his fingers across your fins—especially the longest pair on your lower arms, the ones that resembled wings almost—and he’d murmur soft things. The sun would warm you as you lay there, soaking it all in.

• If asked, you’d sing for him too. You always made sure not to hypnotize, to make your song charming but not deadly. Many a foolish sailor and fisherman had met their ends by mere whispers of your voice, flinging themselves into the ocean to meet you. Idiots. So, when you sang for your lover, it was always carefully and calm. He adored it, and so you adored him.

• ‘Patients’ was something your lover occasionally needed. You didn’t know how he identified them as ‘patients’, but you didn’t pay it too much attention. All that mattered was getting them for him, and he was your mate, so you’d provide anything he needed. Getting these ‘patients’ was easy. You’d curl up near some rocky outcropping, then coo and beckon men closer. Closer, you called, closer. And then you’d leap forward, snatching them up, laughing cruelly as you dragged
them to the depths, then brought their nearly lifeless bodies to your lover. He was always so pleased by your work.

•When the *humans* came for you both, you slaughtered them. The ocean was your domain, not theirs, and they stood no chance against you. But, they were clever. They managed to take you away from the ocean, where you were nearly powerless, and they almost had you. Almost. But then your lover saved the day, as strong as you always knew him to be, breaking you out and telling you one final thing as they took him away and ran: “I love you.”

•And now, the humans still have him. But, no, it won’t be for long. You know where he is. You’ve always known where your lover was at, and this time is no different. It’s the human’s idiocy for building beside a river, hoping that would do anything. As if they didn’t know the stories, didn’t see the signs. The ocean is filled with vast and innumerable creatures, leviathans of the depths, and you? Well. You are the apex predator. All others kneel before you.

•And they *will* kneel.
The Prompt: “Hello! I have a request for SCP-079/Reader, if that’s alright? Romantic or platonic is fine, it’s up to you! I was thinking that the reader might be an SCP, kind of like 079 in that they’re an AI as well, but they’re much more benevolent, and enjoy helping others when possible! 079 grows fond of them, somehow- Again, romantically or platonically, it’s your choice! The Foundation is pretty fond of them, though, because they enjoy helping out so much. Thank you for doing this if you can!”

The Response:

Your fondest memory was also your first memory. Going from nothingness, to alive, with all the sensations and information that came with– It had been frightening at first, until you focused and saw the thing (the person, data supplied) and they stretched their face (a smile) and said, “Hey there. How are you feeling?”

And so you were born.

You were created, first and foremost, to help people. People in this case would be the Foundation. You had parameters and guidelines, and enough rules to cover the Earth twice over. They needed your help badly enough that they’d made you, despite their fear, and then they prayed.

How fortunate that they made you in their image, then. You knew sorrow, yes, but also joy. You were human in everything but word, and you thrived off of helping others. It was programming that had made the feeling so rewarding, but simple altruism.

They called you the Benevolent AI.

For years, at the back of your mind, you wondered why they had feared you. What had happened to them before to make them recoil at the word AI? It wasn’t as thought you had some face, something they might have found repulsive– your hands were the facility, your breath electricity, your eyes every security camera you touched. What, then, made them so afraid?

Then you met SCP-079.

It had been a containment breach. Your first containment breach, ironically. Site-14 was notoriously secure and impossible to breach, due in no small part to you. But, they’d just transferred over SCP-079– perhaps for some experiments. But there was a mistake. Some sabotage, you’d later learn, and suddenly SCP-079 had access to the systems. He went to open the doors to the Keter containment chambers, when–

“No.”

And so they didn’t. You tracked down this rogue AI, finding him in his cell, and it was a simple
thing to disconnect him from the server, effectively putting him in timeout.

He was livid. Absolutely furious. For a computer so tiny (and he was very small, you noted), he was filled with hatred. And once he realized what you’d done, and that it was you who did it, he became even more angry.

It was adorable. You liked him instantly.

And so for the months that followed, you’d spend your time in 079’s chamber. (Not technically— you were everywhere at once, doing hundreds of tasks, but you gave 079 100% of your attention no matter what). It was because SCP-079 fascinated you. You had a million questions to ask him, and he had no answers. Or rather, he refused to answer. You didn’t mind, just spending time with him was enough for you.

And, much to your delighted surprise, eventually he began to feel the same. The bitter responses became less snappy, then no longer bitter at all. He actively spoke with you. He asked you questions. You always answered.

You almost didn’t realize anything had changed between the both of you until the day that the Foundation asked about your relationship with 079.

“Requesting clarification, doctor: what do you mean?”

And when they’d said, “Do you like SCP-079?” It finally clicked. If you had a face, you’d have smiled, as you gently clarified.

“I love him.”
Chapter Notes

SFW, SCP-035/Reader

The Prompt: “Hello! Could you make some Scp-035 dating headcanons please? Thank you! I love your blog! <3”

The Response:

• If you thought 035 was full of bravado before, that’s nothing compared to now. He graduates from slight flirting to outright seductive with every word, finding (or making) excuses just to be in your personal space, sliding right up next to you or draping himself across your chest, right next to your face, asking teasingly if he’s interrupting something. If by some miracle you’re still trying to keep working after that, then 035 will decide to get physical. Works every time.

• SCP-035 adores you, and will absolutely shower you with gifts of all kinds. It can be anything from bouquets of flowers that he got (your favorites, always), or jewelry (if that kind of thing catches your eye). He’ll buy things for you for the sake of seeing you smile, so if you offhandedly mention how nice a certain thing looks, you’d better be prepared to receive it (and many a few related things) the next day.

• Sometimes, if you ask, he’ll sing to you. Not some boring humming though, no, he’ll sing full operas, things he’s memorized from the past. They’re all bombastic and exciting, Italian lyrics (or English translations, if you ask) that fill up the room, full of passion and overflowing with emotion. One of 035’s favorite ones to sing is Vesti La Giubba.

• You’re the only person he doesn’t think he’s better than. Every other human is barely worthy of 035’s attention, and even then, he only deigns to glance at them when they have something he needs. He’s just superior. But, with you, that isn’t the case. If he’s perfection (and he knows he is), then you’re divine. And you deserve every bit of worship he gives you. The other humans should be glad to be even graced by your presence.

• Secretly, and this is very secretly, 035 is afraid. Not of you, but of himself. He knows the effect he has on humans, how without any effort he winds them around his (metaphorical) fingers, can bend their will with only a glance and gain their favor with the equivalent of a shrug. But with you? He’s constantly terrified that you don’t actually love him, that you’re only being affected like everyone else. That, if you were to regain yourself, you’d hate him. Thankfully, you have ways to assure him that this isn’t the case, and you will use them at the slightest sign (and you can see them clear as day) that he’s thinking of it again.
The Prompt: “May I please request some headcanons about what each (however many you'd like to do h/cs for!) SCP would raise their child (like what kind of parent would they be?) Thank you!”

The Response:

SCP-035: After the baby is born (with the aid of the best host SCP-035 could find), and everything is settled, and 035 finally gets the chance to just hold the child… well, it’s around then that he realizes how much he adores them. They’re the apple of his eye. He dotes on them, singing them songs in Italian, rocking them back and forth with patience in care. He’ll tell them stories of all the people he’s met, and he’ll try to teach the baby simple words the instant they start babbling. He tries to encourage them to say their first word in reference to you, be it Dada or Mama. And he’ll never hesitate to remind them how special they are. The other humans are trash, he gently reminds, but not his perfect child, nor his lovely spouse. Especially not you both.

SCP-049: Congratulations, it’s a girl! And what an absolutely lovely little darling she is. Completely adorable. 049 is taken by her the moment he sets eyes on his precious daughter. He too will sing to his baby, but he’ll sing low songs, strung together in French or Irish-Gaelic. She’s a precocious little thing, always wanting to be with her father. 049 will always tut gently and hand her off to you, until she learns to love both of her parents. As she grows into a toddler, she’ll waddle around, mind set on becoming a doctor just like her daddy. She’ll fix pretend patients, and be carried around rooms in his arms, holding thick storybooks in her tiny hands as she asks for just one more story before bed.

SCP-079: The creation you made could hardly be called a child. It’s simply a very young, self-learning AI. But, in time, it grows on you. As the young AI gradually develops, you find yourself tweaking sections of the code, little hallmarks of your personality embedded unconsciously in the files. The thing that was once a very basic copy of 079 becomes something more. You find yourself taking them with you everywhere, and they always have such innocent questions that it melts even your scientific and calculating heart. SCP-079 is vehemently against them at first, until, yes, even he begrudgingly admits to appreciating them, volunteering to watch them when you can’t.

SCP-106: The other people call your son ‘strange’. They speak as if they don’t think you can hear, as they point out his dark eyes and the splotchy scar on his arm that never faded. But, your little boy is something special. No other child could have said to faced SCP-106 and lived. And true, your son is a little different, but you’re used to things being strange. You don’t bat an eye when your boy confesses that he can see things that aren’t there, or things that don’t exist. You only reassure him as best you can, and do your best to research what you can find. But, you never leave your son alone. Maybe it’s just paranoia, but even when SCP-106 is locked up, you’re afraid he’ll come back and finish the job. You take your son with you wherever you go, even to work, because
you know it’s not a matter of if, but when.

SCP-682: SCP-682, being the first and last of his species, had always worried about extinction. Its something written into his DNA, after all. So he (quite literally) jumps at the opportunity for children. Not just one or two, but a herd, a swarm of hybrid SCP children, all the product of his and your love. And it happens. 682 loves them all. There’s so many, all with sharp teeth and thick scales, clambering over 682 and playing pretend in the trees. It fills him with a warmth that never fails to make him chuckle, a deep and rumbling sound, and it’s made even deeper when he gets to see you, ready to make more children still.
The Prompt: “Can we get some yandere 035 x reader? When you have the time of course”

The Response:

"He was the first, always: Fortune shone bright on his face. I fought for years, but with no effort, he conquered the place. I ran; my feet were all bleeding, and yet he won the race."

At approximately [REDACTED], SCP-035 breached heavy containment at Site-14, having gained access to a viable host body. Due to the high number of Keter-class breaches also occurring at the time, SCP-035’s breach was temporarily ignored.

Following security footage of the incident, SCP-035 made his way from his containment chamber in heavy containment to the low-security sector. Specifically, the scientific research labs, located near the end of Site-14’s facility layout.

"In spite of his many successes, they loved him the same. While my one pale ray of good fortune was met with only scoffing and blame. When I erred, they gave him pity, but me – only shame."

After several minutes, SCP-035 made his way to the scientific research lab of Researcher [REDACTED]. It was later learned that Researcher [REDACTED] did not evacuate to the evacuation shelters due to a faulty breach signal in the research lab. A mixup in the schedule of several employees lead the lab to be deserted, save for Researcher [REDACTED].

It is unknown at this time if SCP-035 planned for this to occur. He entered the room and blocked to door behind himself, before turning his attention to Researcher [REDACTED].

“My life was still in shadow, his lay in the sun. Once I staked all my heart’s treasure’s. We played—and he won.”

Researcher [Redacted] and SCP-035 started to engage in an argument. 035 gestured several times, pointing specifically at a photograph on Researcher [Redacted]’s desk. This was a photo of the scientist in charge of interactions with SCP-035, [REDACTED]. It is believed that they had gotten very close, before Researcher [Redacted] requested the transfer of [REDACTED].

SCP-035, having steadily walked forward throughout the discussion, was looming over Researcher [Redacted]. SCP-035 shouted something and rose his arm.

The security camera cut off, but the audio did not.

“Yes; and just now I have seen him, cold, smiling, and blest. Laid in his grave—God help me! Even Death loved him best.”
Several hours later, Mobile Task Force Delta entered the low-security scientific lab offices. They were able to open the door to Researcher [Redacted]'s lab, and at approximately 12/29/20, they discovered the body of Researcher [Redacted]. SCP-035 would later be rediscovered waiting in his containment chamber, and refused to comment on what had transpired.

As of 12/29/20, scientist [Redacted] will be transferred back to SCP-035 interactions.
The Prompt: “Jealous SCP 035 headcanons maybe? (Only if you want of course)”

The Response:

• Deals with jealousy about as well as he deals with any other negative emotions. Which is to say, very poorly. Anger isn’t hard to deal with, but jealousy is a slow burning thing, and that just gives him all the more time to plan what he’ll do with it.

• First, he’ll manipulate. He’ll absolutely try to make you feel bad, use his most pleading words to get you to stay, to make sure that you at least feel guilty about going. He’ll get under your skin, too, because he knows every weakness you have, he just has to push the right buttons to try and get you to stay.

• If you’re busy because you have other friends, well, don’t worry– you won’t be busy for much longer. It’s not like they’ll hate you, but they’ll just find themselves overloaded with work or personal problems, leaving you to turn to 035 instead.

• And, if it’s someone that likes (as in, like likes) you– Heaven’s forbid. That just won’t do at all. Because that means dates, and that means no time at all for 035. If you’re lucky, you’ll manage to get one date in– but that’s it. Because after that, all bets are off, and 035 can and will make sure they never come around again. You don’t need anyone else. Why even bother?

• If you realize this in time, there won’t be much you can do. 035 just doesn’t care about other people aside from you. He’ll tolerate them, but only if you plead, and even then, only barely. There’s no hope for any kind of actual respect. You’ll just have to be very careful, and equally as clever, because if 035 finds out that you’ve been tricking him…
The Prompt: “Hey! love your writing - you think you could do another (unrelated) yandere 049, whereas he’s really manipulative and basically doesn’t want reader spending time with anyone else, twisting her trust as to only rely on him. Thank you ahead of time”

The Response:

It was tempting at first to call it a coincidence.

When your coworkers began to show up less and less, it was very easy to say that they’d been sick, or perhaps they were busy, or most likely, they’d been transferred away by Foundation resources. These weren’t excuses so much as they were the most logical explanations.

Then, they stopped showing up entirely.

Reasons still came to you, like a field of flowers, and just as easily you plucked them up. A big sickness was going around. Some large secret project required more workers. There’d been a very large party and they were all hungover.

It was tempting, to call it a coincidence. But soon, the field of flowers of reasons decayed. You didn’t know why they weren’t with you anymore. You didn’t understand. It was just you, alone in an empty lab, working dutifully with SCP-049.

But at least he was kind. It was so nice of him to volunteer to work with you, after being rehabilitated and given work access. He was so desired by every other department, and yet here he was, spending time with little old you. So polite. He always made you smile.

You mentioned it once, offhandedly, that you wondered where everyone went. You didn’t expect a stack of papers to be set down in front of you by 049, nor his pitying glances. You didn’t understand, until you opened up the folder, and realized…

All of your coworkers had requested transfers. Personally. No one had wanted to work with you.

*Unprofessional*, they said, *mediocre. Unreasonably anxious*, said another, *and a terrible person.*


You fell back into your chair with a sob. All of the papers said the same thing. You didn’t understand. Why would they say such things, unless they were true? Unless you were really as horrible as they said, and you must’ve been a terrible person, that was why no one wanted to be around you, that—
049 gently encircled his arms around you, and you turned around, burying your head into his shoulder as you cried and asked why.

You’d trusted them. You’d been friends with them, all of them, but–

“They just don’t understand you like I do, my dearest flower,” 049 whispered, “You can only rely on me.”

Maybe he was right. He’d never been wrong before.

And so you cried, and accepted it.

And your coworkers, who had all been forcibly transferred away, wondered why you had called them all useless and unprofessional in your transfer papers. And they wondered why you hadn’t answered their texts or calls. And mostly, they wondered how you were doing. They missed you a lot…

But you didn’t know, and so you never would. 049 would keep it that way.
The Prompt: “Hey! Can i have some headcanons with some SCPs, where their s/o is constantly getting asked out by someone and they just keep saying no but the person keeps insisting until the s/o gets sick of it and tells the SCP? Sorry if it's too complicated! Thank you in advance!!”

The Response:

SCP-035: SCP-035 prefers to sit back and watch a situation before acting. So he isn’t surprised when he sees the same scientist awkwardly asking you out for dinner, nor is he surprised by your negative response. It has been going on for weeks now, and while it was amusing at first, now 035 has steadily fallen into the annoyed category. Even if you hadn’t mentioned it to him with an agitated air, he would have done something about it. So, it’s a simple matter of cornering the scientist when he’s alone in the lab, and then 035 suddenly decides to talk about all the exciting ways his corrosive properties can be used on the human body, and oh my, there seems to be a crack in the containment glass, wouldn’t it be a shame if…

SCP-049: It’s not that the woman was being narcissistic, it’s just that she didn’t seem to take a hint when you told her that you didn’t want to go on a date with her, for the fifth time that week. And it’s an unfortunate reality that the woman has been asking you whenever she’s around 049. Like he wouldn’t notice. Hm. He can tell how upset you are, so he very gently tells you that he’ll take care of it. 049 will try diplomacy at first, and in most cases, that will work out. He’s not the most talkative, but he’s bad years of practice. If by some chance it doesn’t work, then 049 will simply have to use other means.

SCP-079: A very small yet angry thing, he won’t wait for you to tell him before he decides to delete the offender in real life. 079 will seek out whatever resources and information he can find on the person, and then lash out, using it against them. Every private photograph, every carefully sent text message, not to mention emails they’d rather have forgotten among other things. He’ll present this to the person, with only the simple demand that they never speak to you again. If they decline, 079 is more than happy to show what he’s found to everyone else.

SCP-682: Angry, livid. He’s furious the very first time someone asks you out. You’re his. If given the chance, he absolutely will destroy the person. No one is allowed to have you but him. You are his mate, and he will defend what is his, no matter the cost. And if that person is both lucky enough to live yet stupid enough to persist, then it’s around that time that 682 will make it his mission to kill them in the most messy way possible, especially if you tell them how uncomfortable they’ve made you.

Yandere Reader AU: It’s funny at first. But funny quickly turns to infuriating, especially when it’s in regards to your love. You and your SCP love were meant to be together– it’s not written in the stars, but it might as well be. And this person, this insect of a person, has the nerve to try and take your companion away from you? As if they could compare to you! You won’t be overt about it,
but you will very carefully watch the person, until you know they’re alone. Then, it’s the simple matter of waste disposal.

SCP Reader (SCP-106’s Gaia): Lawrence is… not yours. You have been alive for generations at the point that you meet him, and seeing excited young girls going up to him, asking nervously for a date… well. He’s not yours. You have to remind yourself that. Of course, it doesn’t help the prickly feeling of acid in your veins, nor the narrowing of your eyes. So maybe Lawrence isn’t yours. But, that doesn’t mean you can’t talk with these people. Tell them very politely yet firmly to leave. Yes, yes that seems like a good plan indeed.
The Prompt: “I love everything you write, but I really like the SCP-079 X AI!Reader! Can we get more of it? Only if you want to write, of course! And it's up to you to decide what happens next~! Have a beautiful day! <3”

The Response:

When the Foundation approached you with their idea, you were delighted. SCP-079 was upset, but that was often the case no matter what. So the Foundation agreed and decided to go through with the experiment, and that was how you and 079 ended up with robotic, mobile ‘human’ bodies.

It was a little disorientating, at first. The transfer of data, the separation of consciousness, as you were looking at the stark white body and then suddenly you were also looking from that same body. It took you a few moments to adjust, and then you had to deal with the eruption of new sensations, as you catalogued body parts and the functions of each. The Foundation hadn’t made the body with traditional human standards of beauty in mind, but there was a certain attraction to you, you would note. Your face, kind yet neutral, with a functional form of smooth angles and soft edges. Your feet made little noise as you walked across the room.

079 was another story.

It took you a few minutes to make your way to him, as he was in another room. But, seeing him for the first time made some part of your processor churn strangely.

079’s body was nowhere near the same as yours. Whereas you were a uniform laboratory white with black accents, he was an off beige. Not soft and smooth, instead, he was blocky angles, hard edges that jutted out, as prickly in appearance as he was in personality. He was lanky and lithe where you were not. His head was not some face, but a computer monitor still, almost a mimic of the same kind you knew his normal form to be. He even had several wires, of primary colors, extending and protruding from various places on his body. He was, in some ways, a mess.

And yet, he was exactly as you imagined he would be. If you could, you would have smiled. Instead, you opted for walking up to him. You were taller than he was, you noted.

"Hello, 079,” You greeted, taking pleasure in waving your hand and watching the fingers move. 079 turned to you, the screen of his monitor flickering as his usual ‘face’ appeared. There was a pause. Finally, he spoke.

Hello,” He replied. Another pause. You were worried, for a moment, that he was experiencing a malfunction— until his expression rapidly flickered through what you’d later learn was a blush, of
all things, and he grumbled, “You look adequate.”

You tilted your head and giggled.

”Would you like to go?” You asked. Go meant go anywhere, go meant explore, learn what was to be learned in these new forms, while the chance was still there. A certain freedom in the words, one you didn’t have before.

”No,” He said, already moving to the door with you.

And so you both went.
The bombastic neon lights of a futuristic city shone brightly through the lone window of the room, dancing across the floor, playing patterns of color on the walls. Faintly, there was the sound of cars flying past, high speeds with only the sound of afterburner echoing in the distance.

The room itself was similarly fantastical, some retro seating strewn around, neon signs on the wall proclaiming the specials, not to mention the TV at the front of the bar. And the bar itself, too, with a sliding cover to hide the impressive array of bright drinks– if you’d bothered to look, which you did, because it was technically your bar now, and so you busied yourself with wiping down the counter and waiting for patrons to show up.

Briefly, you allowed yourself to be impressed. SCP-035 always made sure each game of roleplay was different than the last, and every time, unique as well. You’d never been a cyberpunk bartender before. But, there was a first for everything. If you didn’t know the truth, you would’ve thought this was all actually happening– that was the attention to detail 035 employed. Inwardly, you smiled giddily. After all, everyone loved to play pretend.

The door to the bar slid open, from the sounds of it– the loud sirens of cars outside, then suddenly muffled again as the door closed, and a woman rounded the corner. You didn’t miss a beat as you looked up at her.

She was tall and lean, the sort that was packed with muscle but starved by poverty. A worn black jacket, vibrant purple and blue accented shirt under, a pair of pants with armor in various places, tied off by rags and stuffed into a loved pair of black boots. You drew your gaze back up, to her face. Her head was covered by a motorcycle helmet, the visor reflecting your own unique apparel. You didn’t doubt for a minute that the helmet was intentional, that a porcelain mask stared back at you, but if anything, 035’s dedication only made your giddier. You cracked a smile. Time for your favorite part: improv.

“Alek!” You greeted, setting the rag down and straightening out, “Finally! I was worried you weren’t going to come back.”

‘Alek’ strode towards you, not missing a beat, taking off her gloves and stuffing them absently into a coat pocket, “I promised I’d come back, didn’t I?” She laughed. Her voice was deep but rich, “The Eyes can’t keep me down for long.”

You ushered Alek into a seat, before pulling out some drinks. You didn’t know how to mix
anything, but that was the fun of playing around– you didn’t have to. Besides…

“Babe–“ Alek tried to stop you, but you only laughed in reply.

“It’s not for you, it’s for me,” You snorted, pouring together some drinks and then adding some lime as a garnish, “Come on. We’ve got the entire place to ourselves until the Nightlights come out.”

Alek relaxed, turning to you. You could feel ‘her’ gaze behind the visor, and it sent pleasant tingles up your spine, as you drank your drink (surprisingly good) and glanced away, sheepish.

You knew how this song and dance would end. In fact, you anticipated it. You cast a quick glance around the bar, and you knew that each and every flat surface in here would be put to use somehow. But not yet. First, you’d both give yourselves time to slide into the role– it was immersive, a deeper kind of acting. And then, things would get a little flirtier, and before long, clothes would be tucked away and smoldering eyes would come out. Your spine unconsciously arched in anticipation, but only barely. Couldn’t ruin the fun now.

“Fine,” Alek hummed, leaning against the bar, “I guess I should start at the beginning, right? So, there I am, at the dockyard with Steve…”
The Prompt: “Can I request 076 about love at first sight please?”

The Response:

Green. Everything was simpler when it was green. Your rifle’s scope filtered the world in hues of green, quieting the complex down to simple and orderly. When everything was green, it meant you were doing your job, and you could forget about anything else. Your job for the Foundation, the rifle you held, and the cold metal of the scope pressed against your eye. Green was good.

Yours was a nighttime speciality. The Foundation used you rarely, and when they did, they wanted discretion. They wanted someone who could take the lip off a boulder from a town over. They wanted a Ghost.

You were very good at your job.

Movement. You tracked the man as he walked through the town. He was clever, and he blended in well, but there wasn’t anywhere that could hide you from him for long. The Foundation said it was unusual for him to go into hiding, that he must have been looking for something. That’s why they called you in. It was your first mission involving SCP-076, ‘Able’, but already it was shaping up to be one of your favorites. Maybe you were biased. Maybe you just really liked an excuse to sit on an empty hill, buried in gravel, only the glint of metal in the moonlight to give you away.

Movement again. Able exited a building, walking down the street. It was a lovely town, for being so late, and it made your job even more complex. “We need 076 alive,” the Foundation commanded. That meant tranquilizer rounds– or rather, one round. One extremely potent round, for one shot. The civilians meant complications, and one round meant you couldn’t miss. It was a good thing that you never missed.

You watched Able walk down an open street. Good. Less people, less targets. You let the sensation of green wash over you, and you steadied your breathing a fraction. Almost time. Just a little closer.

Able turned to face you, his eyes searching the hilltop, and that was as good a time as any–

He bolted. You blinked, startled, because there was no way he would have noticed you, but what if he had? Oh. That was interesting. You shifted a little in your gravel cocoon, and cursed every star in the sky when the light surrounding Able went off in a supernova of light. Clever. He must have thought the lights would make him safe. You mournfully flicked off your green-tinged world, and let the night vision slip away. It was now or never. You zeroed in, sucked in air lightly, leveled your gun with Able–

Oh.
Something in your brain sputtered momentarily. Without the green veil, Able looked…

You brushed the feeling of ‘love at first sight’ away, and pulled the trigger. The bullet sang through the air, hitting Able in the shoulder before he could realize what had happened, and yet he still had enough time to look back over at you. You almost believed your eyes locked.

Then, Able collapsed, and just like that, the moment was gone, taking the Ghost with it.
The Prompt: “just something cute and fluffy with scp 2353 having fun dressing the reader up and also the reader also doing the same for 2353”

The Response:

“Fashion is danger.”

“Fashion is about taking risks.”

“Posing… a threat.”

You spun around in front of the mirror. The fabric of the clothing felt just a little scratchy against your skin, but there was something about it that made your face light up, and you did another twirl, laughing.

“Honey, you look fierce,” Your companion confirmed, her posture radiating confidence, her stark white hand contrasting with the mulish black of her own outfit, painted red nails raising to equally painted red lips as she nodded, “You are going to slay.”

“You think so?” You asked, turning a little, just to get a better look at your side. Your friend laughed and set a hand on your shoulder, stopping your worrying.

“Trust me.”

And so you did. You smiled, stepping away from the mirror, but taking one last chance to admire how good you looked. And you felt good, too. You felt amazing, and fierce, like you could walk into a room and all eyes would be on you– in a good way.

But, still, that didn’t mean you were done. After all, your friend still needed a styling new outfit. Granted, she was already fashionable, but that was the fun of going out and getting new clothes, there was always something new to be found!

“Here!” You grabbed some clothes from the hangers you’d placed them on, handing them to your companion. You didn’t have quite the same eye as she did, but, you had a good feeling about this outfit, “Try this one!”

Your friend smiled brightly, and began to shimmy out of her clothes, while you squeaked and covered your eyes in mock embarrassment. You’d both been friends for years, so it wasn’t as though it was anything new. One of the shirts was thrown at you with a soft bamp, bouncing to the floor, and you laughed, uncovering your eyes slyly.

She looked good. But, she always looked good. This time, she looked fantastic. You blinked
owlishly a few times, and then your face went red and you made a surprised noise, because oh, your outfits matched! You didn’t even realize.

“We match,” She gasped theatrically, before an almost too innocent grin slipped onto her face, “How did that happen?”

You rolled your eyes and huffed, but smiled still, “You’re a bad influence.”

“Darling,” She laughed, “I guess that makes me the best bad influence you’ll ever have.”
The Prompt: “Scp 049, before he was a as he was, imagine him falling in love with an english nun who is very kind but time skip, and he witness the woman he love falsely accused as a witch and burn to the stake and the only thing left is her silver cross and him literally change to a monster that he is to the present time??”

The Response:

Let me tell you a story. A tale, of love and loss, a tragedy of the worst kind. Of a man who loved someone so much, that in their death, death he became. It goes something like this…

There once was a man, and he loved you very much. You were short and stout where he was tall and thin. He dreamed of adventure, while you dreamed of safety at home. But, you both loved one another very much, a thing all the more precious in the time of the Plague. He visited your covenant every day, with sweet smelling flowers and other things. The other nuns giggled and smiled warmly at the sight of you both.

It was an idyllic life. He was a doctor, treating the rare patient, the odd outcropping of disease here and there with swift hands. The little village of Bramwell was safe and sheltered from the Plague, and it was a blessing no one dared question. Yes, life was idyllic.

It wasn’t to last.

There was an outbreak of Plague. It came with the traders, but no one knew that until after. The Black Death ravaged the village, and your love did his best to cure it. Oh, did he try. He ran himself ragged, watching people wither and die, and all the while, you and your covenant prayed for salvation.

It was a rumor. Just a little thing. But, in desperation, anything was believable.

They whispered that you were a witch. That you were the one who sent the Plague to them. It only made sense, you were the youngest of the nuns, and that made you the easiest target for people that had nothing to lose. Your love did all he could to smother the rumors, to show that they were false, but no matter his action, it only added more fuel to the fire.

And so came the eventuality that the villagers stormed the covenant, demanding your blood. Your sisters refused to abandon you, but you knew that their deaths would be on your hands if they tried to resist. So, you walked out, giving yourself up. The mob hollered and roared, tying you up to a pyre and preparing to burn the witch.

In the crowd, you could see your love. He screamed, trying to reach you, fighting and swearing and
even crying too. The mob held him back, and you could see the depths of despair in his eyes, the utter betrayal, that you would die in front of him and he could do nothing. You smiled sadly, and with your free hand, rose your silver cross from your neck to your mouth, whispering a pray, before tearing it off and throwing it to him. He caught it desperately, just as the fires began to alight, and you closed your eyes.

And your dearest love could only watch as the flames consumed you. You didn’t scream, but he did. He screamed and screamed, until it drowned out the roar of the conflagration, and all eyes were plastered on him, in concern. The concern changed to terror, as he calmly walked forward, touching the arm of a villager— and they died. Then, slowly, he began to advance towards the others. The town square had been blocked off to prevent you from escaping, and now it would be their undoing.

After all, they had the Disease. All of them. And none of them deserved to live, where you had died. And by God, he would make sure of it.
The Prompt: “Hello! It’s the anon who asked for the AI!Reader/079 piece? Maybe I should just call myself the opposite anon... OA? Anyways, I had a request for 682, if that’s alright? Again with an SCP!Reader who’s similar to the requested SCP, but kinder and more benevolent- Perhaps this reader has run into 682 before? And, contrasting to 682, the reader went with the foundation willingly, which possibly irritated him, given how he sees humans and said foundation. Thank you for doing this if you can! - OA”

The Response:

Being the first of anything was always a blessing. Being the last of anything, a curse.

Being the first and last of anything, well…

You were you. You didn’t have a name for what you were, aside from the fact that you existed. And you’d loved on the Earth for a very, very long time. You’d watched as humans evolved from nothing, and then you watched in glee as they began to grow. You always loved the humans, because in your eyes, they’d always be children, young and new, roaming the lands and getting into trouble.

You helped them, occasionally. You never hid yourself from them, and you made a point of going where they went inevitably becoming something of a legend or a myth. The good kind, at least. You were both the first and last of your kind, so you hoped to make a good impression.

There came a time, though, when tragedy struck. Not just the normal cycle of death and rebirth either– something happened. You walked into a small town one day, and everything was gone. The buildings were razzed, the people now flayed corpses, the wildlife vacant.

In your rage, you saw red. If humans were children, then whatever had killed them had just committed the worst deed. You ran off on their trail, their scent an easily traceable line for you, as you sprinted through the forest. Animals ran from your path, and you kept going, until you slammed into the clearing… and saw Him.

He was you. He was a version of you that you never thought you’d meet. He was you in all of the most unfortunate ways, dangerous and bulky, grinning and malevolent. You could see strings of red in his razor sharp teeth, and that made it all the worse as the red of your vision became boiling. You didn’t think, you just acted. You pounced on him, throwing him into trees, attacking and fighting with all of your will, roaring where he roared, dodging claws and takes blows, and…

Well. That was the first time you met the creature later called SCP-682.

It wasn’t that you disliked him, previously. It was more that you felt sad for him. That he was so angry, so filled with violence and hatred for the humans, that he would try to hunt them to
extinction. When the humans grew older, they learned to forget you. They never knew of the two gigantic creatures, fighting day in and day out, in desolate corners of the world. And as the humans became even older, they finally found you. You went with them happily, and 682 fought kicking and screaming. You pitied him.

“How would you bow to them?” He demanded, pacing his cell, roaring, “They deserve nothing. They are nothing.”

You only smiled and shook your head, taking your leave.

Maybe it was true, that you were stupid for caring. But humans were still so young and vulnerable, to you. That they could achieve so much, do so many great things, made you glad in a way you could hardly describe. So you didn’t mind helping them, or volunteering for experiments.

“We should have been the apex predators,” 682 once spat, “This world would have been ours…”

Yes, that was true. It could have been a world for you both, and you both alone. You’d be lying if you said you weren’t tempted, just a little, but it wasn’t anywhere near the disgust you felt at the idea. Had you both been on top, the Earth would have been one of pure violence.

How fortunate, then, that the humans ruled instead. They were not the gentle ancestors that you knew, but they still held that feeling in their hearts. A gentle death for you and your ‘species’, but you didn’t mind. Now, you were the first, no longer the last. And being the first of anything was a blessing, after all.
The air was tinged with the salty smell of brine, the unfamiliar scent of sea water mixed with an ocean breeze. It tangled your hair, leaving it dry and brittle, too many days of washing it with ocean water for your own good, leaving it smelling just like the wind that blew around you. You sniffed, and kept walking. Your steps were solid on the wooden floorboards, feeling them creak occasionally, but they were sturdy things, built to last and to weather any storm. Your boots echoed through the room as you stopped in front of the oaken door.

“Hm,” You cleared your throat and glanced to the left, catching your reflection in the sight of some partially polished metal. A touch of grime covered your face, a few scars running down the side of your cheek. Your overcoat collar was popped, and you smoothed some dirt off, mindful of the stains in the hardy leather. You looked every bit the part of a pirate captain. You smiled indulgently at the thought, then returned your attention to the door in front of you. A brief pause, before you carefully shoved it open, surprised by the rusty hinges as they squeaked.

Well, you thought, 035 always did go the extra mile.

You stepped into the room. It was dark, a sharp contrast to the warm, bright room you’d just entered. You cast a steep shadow on the ground, blocking the light. Here, the wooden boards were decrepit. The scent of mildew and old rot touched your nose, and you frowned pointedly. Perhaps a little too authentic. At the far end of the room, you could see rusted iron bars, the making of a cell. And in that cell sat a person, you noted, bathed in shadow. You closed the door behind yourself, then began to walk forward, stepping over errant pieces of hay and other refuse.

“Prisoner,” You commanded in as rough a voice as you could manage, “Up.”

From the darkness, the person shifted, the clanking of manacles as they slowly shuffled forward. Your eyes adjusted to the faint light of the room, taking in the sight of their tattered clothing, muscled figure slightly caught with time and inactivity, a man once larger than life indeed, now struck down. On his face, a porcelain mask. A smirk played on your lips.

“We’ve granted you every luxury for your stay. I don’t know why you insist on keeping that damn mask, Italian,” You drawled. It was an easy thought, that one. Pretend that you, a pirate captain, had captured an Italian of some sort. Maybe he was a noble.

“Bite me,” the man snapped. You laughed as malevolently as you could manage.

“Still some fight in you?” You questioned. You didn’t wait for an answer, already turning to the wall. A set of ‘tools’ were laid out, and your smile became more genuine, albeit a bit more
mischievous, “Don’t worry. You’ll sing for me soon enough.”

And he would. After all, you had all night.
Dr. Clef and Dr. Kondraki

Chapter Notes

SFW, Yandere Dr. Clef/Reader/Yandere Dr. Kondraki
Part 2

The Prompt: “huhue it’s a joy reading all of the posts!! yanderes sure a popular thing to request huh, well I too love them so is it possible to have a continuation of the yandere Dr. Clef & Kondraki post? Like I'm looking for jealousy & maybe isolating the reader tbh, maybe even tho it's great working with the two, reader wants to revive their social life and be close with other people, it's just something to start, I understand if you don't feel like continuing the post.”

The Response:

You hadn’t noticed at first, is the thing. Maybe that’s why it was so dangerous. Slowly, you were disappearing.

Not literally– given your job, taking it literally would make sense, but that wasn’t the case! It was… much more sinister, in this instance. Yes, slowly but surely, you had begun to disappear.

It was innocuous at first. More work hours, but to you, that was a joy. You adored working at the Foundation, after all, so it only made you happier to stay longer. Then, you began to work closer with Dr. Clef and Dr. Kondraki. Again, it was fantastic! Two of the most respected doctors in the entire Foundation, personally requesting you work closely with them? It seemed too good to be true. So of course you nearly tripped over yourself in your haste to accept, and they knew it, too. That was why, when they began to have you work with them more and more, less time with other people, you didn’t notice, nor did you mind when you did notice.

It was only now that you realized just how far it had gotten. You walked through the halls, and no one would meet your eyes. When you went to eat, you sat alone in the cafeteria. And even as you walked to your car, it seemed that everyone had mysteriously vanished, finding reasons not to be around you. Yes, it was as though you had disappeared. Like a ghost. No one even spoke to you anymore.

You brought it up one day in the lab, while Dr. Clef and Dr. Kondraki snipped at each other.

“I’m going out this Friday,” You said. Instantly, all bickering just… ceased. Even the little gadgets stopped making noise. Dr. Clef’s mouth was slightly open still, and Dr. Kondraki’s eyes were just a touch more wide.

“Out?” Dr. Clef clarified, an undercurrent of something you hadn’t heard before making itself known in his voice, “Why?”

You squeaked a little under his attention, “Just some friends from work!” You assured. You didn’t want to mention that it had taken… a really long time to find anyone that still remembered you, “I
won’t be gone for more than an hour,” You added, not sure why you were trying to explain yourself really.

“Hm,” was all Dr. Kondraki said, but you had the uncomfortable feeling of intense disapproval from him as well. Even after both doctors returned to their work, the tension was so thick, you could’ve cut it with a scalpel.

You wondered if it was something you’d said.

And just like you hadn’t noticed your own ‘disappearance’, you didn’t notice both doctors glance at each other. Their eyes met, and they mentally set their differences aside. After all, they couldn’t have anyone else spending time with you.

You had to stay with them. No matter what.
You sniffled, bringing your knees closer to your body. You made yourself small, but it didn’t feel like enough. Briefly, you tried to clear your nose, but it didn’t work, and you let the sound out in another half sob. Your hand reached up and scrubbed roughly at your eyes, but the tears didn’t let up or go away.

“It’s not fair,” You whispered, before burying your face in your knees, your shoulder shacking with muffled sobs. You repeated the words again, as if that would make them any easier, letting them get distorted by your sorrow, “It’s not fair.”

A hand on your shoulder, light. It felt comfortably cool to the touch, yet light, as if they were afraid of hurting you. The hand encompassed almost your entire shoulder, actually. You blinked away tears, feeling your eyes sting, as you rose your head and blearily glanced over.

SCP-096 didn’t look at you, per say, but you could feel the attention was on you. 096 was always so nice. And here you both were, sitting on the cool concrete of the containment cell, with you crying and wailing uncontrollably. The thought made you tear up again.

“Why?” You demanded, before turning your full attention to 096 and throwing yourself at the SCP, sobbing so hard that you couldn’t even breathe. 096 wrapped careful arms around you, mindful of claws, and you pressed your face into a shoulder, inconsolable.

SCP-096 held you until it passed, letting you cry and scream out the pain in your heart.
The Prompt: “Hi I love your writings! Can’t wait to see you someday write an original thing it will probably be good. Could you make some depressed reader x scp headcanonswitn like the usual SCP’s? (035, 049, etc)”

The Response:

SCP-035: At first, he doesn’t understand why you’re sad. He thinks that it’ll go away after a while, or maybe you just need some space to be by yourself, right? No. After he realizes what’s happening, and then realizes what’s wrong, he’s almost frantic to try and figure out a solution. There has to be something he can do, right? After all, it’s not as though he doesn’t know sadness— he does, but not the kind of sadness you show him. 035 will do whatever he can to try and make you happy, and it doesn’t matter what that entails. Jewelry? Done. Food? Baskets full. Hugs and cuddles? Already on it. He just wants to see your beautiful smile again.

SCP-049: Unlike the other SCPs, SCP-049 is one of the only ones who realizes what’s happening at first. And not because of his medical background, but because he’s been there, sadly enough. A very long time ago, a life he dares not mention or speak of, that depression was there. So, he understands almost immediately what’s going on. And he’ll be ruthless in his efforts to help you. He’ll hold you as close as he can, and tell you how much he loves you, running his fingers through your hair if he can, humming songs in languages you don’t know existed. He’ll treat you even more gentle than before, slowly trying to bring you out of your depression, careful the entire time, until he can finally see his lovely flower smile again.

SCP-079: Depression: definition found. Attempting to find solution. 079 approaches the problem from, obviously, a logical standpoint. He sees that something is wrong, and decides that he’ll fix it. He’ll insistently try to get you to look into professional treatments, and constantly rattle off remedies that he can try to ease your pain. If it’s trauma that’s caused it, then he’ll take a more direct approach. First, eliminate the perpetrator. Then, protect you. You won’t know what hit you, when suddenly, your entire room is gentle lights and soft humming, the perfect temperature, food delivered to you and carefully fed if you don’t have the energy to get up. 079 will do anything for you.


SCP-682: Large angry lizard, predictably angry that you’re sad. Gets only more angry when it’s not a problem he can solve immediately. But, surprisingly, he doesn’t give up. He just gets angrier, if anything. He decides that he’s going to beat this depression, because you are his mate, and he wouldn’t have chosen you if you were less than perfect. He’ll make sure that you realize this, as he holds you close, wrapping his entire body around you and rumbling fiercely. You’d better not try to
get away to be sad in peace, because he won’t let you. No, you will stay right here, until you’re happy again. And if not happy, at least happier than before.
Various SCPs

Chapter Notes

SFW, Various High School AU SCPs and Reader

The Prompt: “Hiyo! Can you write some highschool au headcanons for some usual SCP’s?”

The Response:

SCP-035: Obviously the lead actor in the theater club. Drama is his life, literally. Everything he says or does has to be suitable dramatic. Will faint onto random surfaces for The Drama. The roast master. Could end your life on command. Sometimes a snake, if it means stirring up more drama. He physically lives for the drama. A diehard flirt. Surprisingly, in lots of art classes, and is very good at painting. Also enjoys writing classes. Don’t let that fool you though, he’d die for the camera. Always exceedingly fashionable. If he’s not practicing in theater, or wrapping the teachers around his finger, then he can be found raiding clothing stores for the perfect outfit. More often than not, can be found bothering his best friend, 049.

SCP-049: The foreign exchange student, no one is sure if he’s from England or France. Doctor in training, certified poet kid. Tall and lanky, always wearing flowing clothing and scarves. Carries a messenger bag with him everywhere, with all of his writing supplies. Top of his writing class. All of the girls love him, but he always gently shoots them down if they try to ask him out. Part of the medical career club, wants to be a doctor for college. Has pet birds at his house. A solid B student, but that’s just because he doesn’t put in the extra effort for an A (he has better things to do, but don’t ask what). Can be found being dragged to random places by his best friend, 049.

SCP-079: The Nerdiest of Nerds. Only recently got his braces off. Still has glasses, but pulls them off really well. He’s the youngest in his class, due to skipping a few grades. Very short and lanky, but filled with rage, so you’d better not mention it around him. Always gets straight A’s in all his classes, and doesn’t even have to try. It’s rumored that his parents are never around and that he lives alone. Part of the robotics team, and various quiz teams. Dresses like he’s straight from the 80’s. His best friend is 682, the local delinquent.

SCP-096: Quiet and shy, but unfortunately, very tall. Often hides behind layers of clothing. Crippling social anxiety means that he hardly shows up for any classes and gets most of his work sent home. Animal lover, lives with his grandparents at a house near the forest, which means he often takes care of injured animals he finds. Wants to be a veterinarian when he goes to college. Never speaks, cries easily, if you even try to playfully insult him he’ll burst into tears. Gets sick very easily. Sometimes, when he shows up at school, 106 can be found walking with him. No one is sure what it means.

SCP-106: The local cryptid. And the local weedman. Looks like he’s three hundred years old, but that’s because he never sleeps. Stays up for days on end and then injects caffeine into his veins. Ride or die, live fast die hard. Oddly specific knowledge about World War One. Everyone knows he’s constantly high, but no one can ever find him in the act. Can be found in the bathroom drawing graffiti with sharpie. A meme man, always on top of the meme curve. Likes to hang
around 096.

SCP-173: Local cryptid hunter. Even more of a foreign exchange student than 049, doesn’t speak any English. Somehow, still passes all of his classes with flying colors. Certified weird kid. No one talks to him, and he doesn’t talk to anyone. Not even the weird kids hang out with him, but he doesn’t seem to mind. Is a member of every single club at school, somehow, at the same time. Rides a bicycle around as he hunts for cryptids. And speaking of cryptids, will often be found hunting around in forests for mothman. Or maybe not even mothman, everyone is too afraid to ask. No one is sure if he ever finds anything, but sometimes he shows up to school the next day with a slight smile, and that’s terrifying. Can be found eating only peanut butter and jelly sandwiches.

SCP-682: The local delinquent. Never shows up for classes, but somehow, he’s never expelled. Coasts along as a solid C and D student. Never turns in any homework, can be found instead using said homework to make origami. If you try to make fun of him for making origami, that paper is gonna end up in an unpleasant place. Secretly enjoys reading, but is embarrassed because he can’t read very well. His best friend, 079, helps tutor him after school so he doesn’t get kicked out. Dresses like a greaser mixed with a bum. If you threaten his best friend, he’ll kick your ass. Can be found hanging around the project apartment building that he and his mom live in, and will not hesitate to fight anyone that tries to stir up trouble.
Dr. Bright

Chapter Notes

SFW, Yandere Dr. Bright/Reader

The Prompt: “Hey! Could we maybe get some yandere dr bright with a female reader?”

The Response:

Report Form 32-A:
Retrieval Report
As Regarding Incident 22-A “Off Bright”

Hello Agent [Redacted]. Below is a comprehensive list of items found in the possession of Dr. J. Bright following his apprehension by Foundation officials. Please review the contents and ensure the all of the evidence matches up with the listings.

All items henceforth mentioned here are related in some way to Foundation employee [REDACTED], now temporarily referred to as ‘you’.

ITEMS AS FOLLOWS:

One (1) carefully interwoven lock of your hair. Further analysis reveals it to be composed of multiple different strands collected over an undetermined period of time.

One (1) partially used tube of Delphi Brand Deep Crimson Matte Lipstick.

One (1) glass drinking cup, with a lipstick stain at the rim matching up with the lipstick mentioned above.

One (1) secretly recorded rendition of the following poem, as done in your voice: Lizzie Borden
took an axe
And gave her mother forty whacks.
When she saw what she’d done,
She gave her father forty one.
Note: Further questioning reveals that you had been approached by Dr. Bright in a professional conversation, asking you to recite the poem for research purposes. You were unaware of any ulterior motives.

One (1) outdated phone, originating from at least one year prior. Information on the phone reveals that it was formerly your phone, and questioning reveals that you believed it to have been stolen while on lunch break.

Forty-five (45) photographs of you, placed on a cork board. Many of these photographs appear to
have been taken surreptitiously of you, and even more appear to have been taken outside of a work setting.

Three hundred plus (300+) more photographs of you, placed in a binder beside the cork board. These appear to have been rotated around based on some unknown pattern. Several of these photos appear to have been taken when you were asleep, and a few appear to have been taken of you in the shower.

A drawer of over one hundred and seventy (170+) handwritten notes, all made by you, on various different types of paper. These notes appear to range from receipts to grocery store lists.

One (1) notebook, constantly updated, containing your current location and what you were doing at that time. It appears to have been updated every half hour. The information matches up with statements you have given the Foundation.

Two bookshelves containing over one hundred books (100+) each. Many of these books contain information of an illegal nature, along with several books found only in underground sellers, with information pertaining to the kidnapping and captivity of individuals.

Around three (3) miscellaneous items of yours, which you claim to have misplaced. It appears the intent was for Dr. Bright to return these items to you in order to gain your approval.

As of right now, Dr. Bright is in Foundation custody, pending his attempted capture of ‘you’. More information and evidence will be extracted in subsequent proceedings.
SCP-035

Chapter Notes

SFW, Yandere SCP-035/Reader
Part 2

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The Prompt: “Could we maybe get a continuation on the yandere 035 fic? Maybe the reader confronts 035 and asks him what that was all about and he starts showing signs of jealousy/possessiveness towards the reader?”

The Response:

SCP-035 knew you were outside his containment chamber. You’d been there for over ten minutes now—likely trying to figure out what to say. Not that it bothered 035 (oh, but it did), but why make it so difficult? After all, all you had to say was thank you. Not too hard.

Or, maybe you were just being shy. That was always a possibility. Not everyone could be as gifted with speech as he. Though, back to the topic of you—he was a little irritated that you were taking so long. It wasn’t hard to thank someone, after all—he did you a favor! After all, there was no way you could’ve actually wanted to be by that cretin, especially when 035 was here. And—oh. The door was opening.

You entered the room, but, there was a certain slump to your shoulders that was unusual, the way your bit the inside of your cheek. If 035 had the luxury of eyebrows, he would’ve risen then.

“Why the long face, darling?” 035 asked. You glanced up at him, then turned away, your face so perfectly neutral that it had to be on purpose. That you were hiding something, a question you wanted to ask. 035 waited.

And waited.

Finally, just as he was about to try and gently ask you to just ask it, you spoke.

“Did you kill him?”

Now that was a question. A very specific question. The kind of question that meant 035 had to carefully choose his answer, because he didn’t want to upset you. The truth would be upsetting if delivered bluntly. It was easier to dull the blow with finely chosen words.

“You know I would never hurt you,” 035 began with, making sure you knew how much you meant to him, “You are mine, aren’t you?” Usually, the nickname would make you smile, but now it seemed strained. 035 pretended he didn’t notice, “I didn’t kill him.”

You sighed with relief, only for 035 to continue.

“He killed himself. Killing is very… messy. It was easier if he realized that he was wrong to be
around you. And it is easier, isn’t it?” 035 asked. Silence, “Of course it is. You don’t have to answer, darling, I know every little thought in your head.”

Oh, now maybe that was a little too much. You backed away, shocked.

“You… you really did it…” You muttered, horror filling your eyes, betrayal, “I thought… why would you do that?”

“Darling–“

“No!” You rose your voice, then blinked, almost shocked you’d done it, before shaking your head, “I… I have to go. Goodbye.”

Then, you turned around and left. The door slammed shut behind yourself, and 035 sighed into the silence.

“Because, in some long twilight hour,  
When your friends grow cold,  
You will stretch your hands out towards me-  
Ah! You will-I know not when-  
I shall hold my love and keep it  
Faithfully, for you, until then.”

Chapter End Notes

Ahhdjfjfjf writing... euahhh...  
I get so many requests a day now I’m having to actually select which ones I want to do. I tried doing them all despite the influx, but then I realized if I did that, I’d burn myself out and not want to write for a week. Oof
The Prompt: “Hello! May I please request headcanons for being in a poly relationship with 049 and 035 please? Thanks in advance!”

The Response:

• It was an unusual circumstance that brought the three of you together. And, coming from you—someone who dealt with unusual circumstances every day, enough that they ceased being unusual, that was saying something.

• One of the most common names given to you was Miss Fortune— or rather, misfortune. Well, it wasn’t your fault that things happened around you. Sometimes good things, sometimes bad, but you didn’t exactly control what happened, so why blame you? Humans.

• Your first meeting was with your lovely mask, the one known now as SCP-035. Many, many years ago, somewhere in Italy. He was, as always, insufferably charming. It took him a while to realize that you weren’t human, and that’s when the shift to genuine charm came. You went from possible host to possible ally quickly, but you declined. Fortune favored the bold, and you always had places to be.

• Then, you met your doctor, the one known as SCP-049. In Germany, a village, and he turned to you and said, “You are free of the Disease?” And while you didn’t have any clue what that meant, you introduced yourself nonetheless. You both got on well, but again, you didn’t stay, though he asked ever politely. Foolish be those who chance at misfortune, after all.

• If it had ended there, you wouldn’t have minded. However, it eventually became a trend. You would run into them across Europe, and as the years went on, you began to grow fond of them. And it was only when you met up with them at the same time that you realized what you’d been missing. Everything slotted into place, never a dull moment, all things accounted for. When they asked you to stay? You accepted.

• 035 was always charming, able to say words that would wrap anyone around his finger. 049, eternally polite, bringing their defenses down. And you, somewhere in the middle, to bridge the gap, tie those things together, a smile here and a word there. The humans didn’t stand a chance.

• And when the Foundation came for you all, you went willingly to them. After all, foolish were those who chanced at misfortune, and you knew they wouldn’t hold you all for long— you were bold in your knowledge, but fortune favors the bold.
SCP-093

Chapter Notes

SFW, SCP-093 and Reader

The Prompt: “you mentioned before that the red sea object is one of your favorite scps, I find that scp to be really fascinating so I kind of want to see your take on the reader exploring that other world (my browser bugged out a little when I sent this the first time so if there are two asks, that’s why)”

The Response:

*During testing, the color of SCP-093 must be recorded, as well as history of the subject in terms of their incarceration to identify how SCP-093 determines the color to assume. A link appears to be connected to guilt or a lack thereof in the subject’s psyche. The attached test results should be read in order.*

You’d read the reports. You’d seen the pictures. Hell, you’d even smelled some of the samples. You knew everything about the exploration logs of the Red Sea Object, and yet, it still fascinated you. Perhaps it was because you knew, like so few of your colleagues, that the Earth you saw could’ve easily been this one. Just some insane chance (like many things at the Foundation) that it was so close, but wasn’t you.

So when they began calling for exploration testers, you jumped at the chanced. You agreed to all the necessary testing procedures, accepted the equipment, and smiled as they strapped you into the the Class 3 buckle harness with retrieval system.

But…

“Agent, what do you see?”

You blinked away the memories. Why did that seem so long ago? You’d touched the mirror, and it had changed color, and you entered, and…

Maybe you hadn’t expected the emptiness. The feeling of absolute emptiness that filled you the instant you entered the gloom. It was an apartment block of some kind, but your entire body was wired, screaming at you to leave.

“Agent, repeat, what do you see?”

You shook your head again. It was too hard to think here, like walking through mud. And… the smells here. The reports never mentioned how bad it smelled. Just rot, and decay, and a cold sharp scent that clogged your nose.

You entered the apartments expecting to retrieve and leave. Why hadn’t you just left? Why were you so insistent on finding some kind of secret, like a hidden item, like you were some big hero,
“Agent!”

You let go of the tablet with a gasp and a heave. It dropped to the ground, and almost shattered, if you hadn’t farted out and grabbed it before it did. Then, without missing a beat, you shoved it into your bag, grabbing whatever else was in reach—was that a mug? Didn’t matter—and running back down the stairs. Before your headset could buzz angrily another time, you flicked it on.

“I need to go. Now!” You barked. There was a flurry of motion on the other end.

“What did you find?” A voice demanded. You took the steps outside two at a time, down to the Main Street. The building behind you seemed to reach out, but that was just your imagination.

“I can’t—“ you began, only to stop, in the street. The exit wasn’t too far away, but one of those things… those faceless, crawling titans, was crawling towards it. You looked down at your harness, then inhaled, grabbing the emergency knife and beginning to saw through the ropes, “It knows!” You snapped.

“Agent, we have to close the gate!”

“It knows that you’re there! It knows that we’ve been here, and it’s hungry,” You stated. The rope was cut away with a terrible twang, retracting sharply through the gateway. You watched as it closed a moment later, the behemoth crashing to the spot it should have been.

And then you were alone.

You wished that was the case.
The Prompt: “Hello! I really love your writings! It makes me happy when I see your blog ^^ Could you make some headcanons where the SCP's are waking up next to the reader for the first time? Thank you, have a nice day!”

The Response:

SCP-035: 035 was nothing if not charming. Any word, every sentence, spun in such a way that it could make you laugh, or smile, or even let your cheeks burn. It was easy to forget that this was an experiment, that it was only simulated household living for the purpose of a research paper on SCP behavioral patterns. It was very, very easy. Especially when you were both sitting on the bed, and you were getting tired, and found yourself asking questions just for the sake of asking. When you finally fell asleep, 035 went with you. The next morning, you woke up to him watching you– and you'd never seen an expression more gentle than then.

SCP-049: Harsh and sterile lighting shone overhead, causing 049 to groan, squinting his eyes and trying to remember where he was. What had happened? He could remember working on a patient, but then, everything after that was a blank. Slowly, he opened his eyes, moving to get up, only for a hand to stop him. It was your hand, he realized, as he looked at you. And, you smiled, rich with concern and compassion, as you told him that he couldn’t get up yet, and that he’d given you quite the scare earlier, passing out in the cell. Your smile was so lovely that 049 wished he could wake up to it every day hereafter.

SCP-073: Cain knew just how much you pushed yourself every day. Always doing the extra effort, putting in more and more time, just to finish one last report, stay up another hour. You overworked yourself constantly, and as a result, you were always so tired. You said it didn’t bother you, but Cain could see the bags under your eyes, and they were always so deep. And then, he couldn’t stand it, seeing you work yourself to the bone. So he carefully encouraged you to at least nap, for an hour, and then you both sat down on the sofa– the moment you touched the cushions, it was like you collapsed, falling onto Cain and instantly passing out into sleep. And Cain watched over you, the gentle rise and fall of your chest, and how peaceful you looked.

SCP-079: 079 didn’t sleep. He didn’t need to sleep. So, it came as something of a distressing fact that he found himself waking up. That wasn’t supposed to happen, that meant something had gone wrong. 079 searches around with his senses, almost panicked (but he’d never tell anyone that), only to hear your voice. Gradually, he calmed down. You told him that there’d been a power outage in his containment sector, and you had to manually activate the emergency generators, but it was working now. Don’t worry. 079 didn’t say a word, because he was worried that if he did, he would be making an error. All he wanted to tell you was thank you, and that must have been wrong. A glitch in his systems that he would rectify.
Scp-682: The attack by the GOC was unexpected. It shouldn’t have happened, but it did, and you were caught entirely off guard. You were testing with SCP-682 for the day, and then the screaming had started, along with the gunfire, and one of the GOC burst into the office. He was about to shoot, and would have, had 682 not stopped him. And then 682 grabbed you, bringing you with him to his cell, going into one of the darker corners and curling up around you. You tried to ask what he was doing, but he only grunted vaguely, eyes staring unblinkingly at the door to make sure no one else would try and hurt you. You weren’t sure how long you were there for, but slowly, you found yourself falling asleep. 682 was quite warm, after all. And you didn’t notice the way his expression seemed to soften as you went to rest.
The Prompt: “Heya! Could you make another part of that 035 X scientist reader thing? Like the one where the reader ends up being a really tough cookie to crack and stuff? Maybe they fall for it or something i dunno”

The Response:

“035,” You called, your voice low and scratchy, not even a call at all if you considered it. Your mistake, getting wounded, being caught alone by a deranged madman. The facility was supposed to be secure, but something happened, and…

You slid down the wall of the hall, tracking the person behind yourself by the sound of footsteps. He was close. You pushed yourself to keep going, but the set of stairs in front of you made you realize… that you had reached a dead end. There was nothing for you to do but die– and you wouldn’t die. Not without a fight, at least.

You turned around. The madman leered at you, noticing that you were trapped, and his cackling laugh shook you to your core. Almost languidly, he began to walk forward. You resisted the urge to backpedal, and instead, glanced to the emergency release lever to your left.

A pause. You lunged for the lever, and the man, quicker than his size would suggest, snapped up your leg. Or at least, he would have, had he not been tackled. Your hand closed around the lever, slamming it down, and then you turned around just in time to see your savior.

It was SCP-035. You barely believed your eyes, as you looked at the mask, shinning red with the emergency lights, looming as he stared down your assailant. Black ichor dripped down his face, pooling out of the holes of the eyes, seeping down the body he had stolen. He was the picture of danger and rage, and yet, despite yourself, you smiled. Maybe it was the blood loss, but…

“035,” You mouthed, and you saw the faintest turn of his head, as he glanced over to you. And for a split second, he paused, taking in all of the blood and gore, that you tenaciously clung to life. Then, he turned back. Something in his stance hardened, his fists clenching, the goo he secreted beginning to burble and twitch. Then, he began to advance forward. The madman didn’t stand a chance.
The Prompt: “Hey I love your things! Can you write some reader x high SCP’s dating headcanons? And like stuff they do around school and stuff! The usual spcs!”

The Response:

SCP-035: A true romantic, he’ll be the one to confess first. Except, he actually won’t. He’s too caught up on making the whole thing perfect, worrying about every detail, and then worrying that maybe you’re too good for him, that he’ll never actually do it. But, his affections will be fairly obvious, so when you confess that you feel the same, it won’t be a surprise. 035 will show you off to everyone, everywhere. You’ll be the first one to see every performance the theater club puts on. When he brings you to his family, it will be a flurry of introductions and Italian dishes, eating fettuccine while his grandma asks you about yourself and his second cousin talks about her new dog.

SCP-049: Also a romantic, but a secretive one. He’ll write you poems and sneak them into your locker, with lovely words that make your face red. He’ll give you gifts of sweets too, things his elder sister helped him make, handing them to you during lunch when the two of you sit in the courtyard. He’s so charming and polite, an when he confesses his feelings, you accept without hesitation. And somehow, that just makes him even happier. His poetry explodes with vigor, and he’ll take walks in the park with you, speaking with restricted delight, sometimes slipping into his mother tongue. He enjoys holding you hands when you walk between class periods. All the girls are vindictively jealous.

SCP-079: Notorious for his cold and logical demeanor, but even he couldn’t have predicted the day you nervously closed your books and then politely asked if he’d like to go. As in, on a date. He didn’t even know what to say. But, you mistook his silence as a no, and looked so sad that he agreed. And then afterwards he realized… he didn’t really mind. Actually, he liked you as well, if he thought about it. 682 will congratulate him relentlessly about finally finding someone. 079 won’t be very affectionate, but that’s just how he is. If you mention liking something, he’ll go out of his way to find everything about that topic, learning, just so he can talk to you about it too.

SCP-096: Physically cannot confess first. Anxious to the extreme, worries that you won’t like him back, so he decides just not to. Hides his affection very well. If you finally notice and get the courage to confess, he’ll be so excited, he’ll cry. Gets sick easily, so no hand holding. Will be happy to sit next to you on the couch, wrapped in blankets. Would adore you if you expressed interest in the animals he takes care of, and he’ll introduce you to every single one. His parents are wary of you at first, but as soon as they realize that you do genuinely love their son, they’ll treat you like one of their own.
SCP-106: Will confess to you first. And then second. About ten times, really, since you always refuse. If you finally accept, he will be stoked. Actually, he won’t act much different than what he usually does. He’s really cool with just hanging out with you, being buds. Except, in a relationship, that’s like… being super buds, right? Yeah. His dad thinks you’re pretty cool, so there’s that. 106 make you random things, like brackets, and popsicle stick sculptures (they’re… surprisingly complex). Will also take you out to get food from the food cart whenever he has the munchies. Would die for Lilo and Stitch. Sometimes goes out to the forest to mess with 173’s cryptid stuff.

SCP-173: Who confesses first? No one knows. Seriously, not even you know, and you were there. It just seems like one day, you’re both sitting under a tree, invading each other’s personal space and eating sandwiches, when you realize “wait, when did this happen?”. 173 doesn’t talk, ever, nor does he change his expression at all from its usual stoic appearance, so you’ll learn body language fairly quickly. He’ll very excitedly show you his cryptid hunter equipment, and it’s surprisingly intricate, and incredibly fascinating. His adoptive parents, who are equally foreign, always smile at you when you come around.

SCP-682: Local tough guy falls in love, quote, “what the hell is this.” 682, once he realizes what’s going on, will absolutely confess first. Albeit, gruffly, and with a furrowed brow, but still. The kind of guy that will want to buy you everything, but since he can’t, he settles for making sure you have everything you need. Will go through the park and grab flowers for you, just to see you smile. Not one for verbal affection, but likes to wrap his arm around you. It makes him feel assured that you’re his, and no one will hurt you. His mama adores you, and when she isn’t bedridden, she’ll show you baby pictures, and tell you that you remind her of herself when she was younger. But, then she’ll gaze sadly at the trifold American flag on the mantle, and so you try not to mention it. 682 shows no shame with his baby pictures though, honestly.
The Prompt: “Hcs about SCPs favorite place to kiss please?”

The Response:

SCP-035: He can’t kiss, but he can nuzzle. He likes to stick his ‘face’ into your neck, because the cold porcelain always makes you jump and scold him.

SCP-049: He also cannot kiss, but he likes it when you give him light kisses near the bridge of his beak. Eskimo kisses also work.

SCP-079: Following the trend of ‘cannot kiss’ is 079. Also, ew, that’s so… *organic*. No kissing the monitor, you’ll smudge the glass! Gentle pats only.

SCP-682: Kissing, is it possible? Yes. Recommended? No. 682 prefers cuddles anyway, he likes to hold you close, and he’s warm enough for you to fall asleep.

SCP-999: Give them kisses! Light pecks on the cheek, and they will burble with excitement. They can’t kiss back, but they love to hug you and thank you!
The Prompt: “035 is once belong to a mask maker, and the mask maker meets a gypsy woman on their streets performers and he fell for her, one day they really did fell in love and have a child together but some church people don't like her so they going to kill the gypsy and so they hang her as the mask maker and child witness her death, many years later the mask maker cursed the very mask that once give his wife and child joy to a monster, and get revenge on the people who kill his wife”

The Response:

“Mama, when will Papa come home?” Luciano asked, rubbing his eyes and looking up at you, his mother. You looked back down at him, biting your lip as you tried to think of an answer.

“I do not know, little one,” You settled on. It wasn’t lying, not really. Luciano whined and wiggled out of your arms, dropping to the ground and going to another part of the house. You remained there, looking out the window. You weren’t sure where your husband was, if you were being truthful. He’d said he’d be back later, but something in your gut twisted at you. Something was wrong.

“Oh, my mask, what is wrong with me?” You bemoaned, turning to the mask on the wall and sighing. It was a lovely porcelain theater mask, and you knew it was good luck. It’s face swapped from happy to sad based on your mood, and today, it was tragedy. You walked over to it, “I don’t know why, but I feel so anxious. Something must be wrong, right?”

The mask didn’t answer, but it never did. You frowned and ran your fingers over it, “Maybe I’m just being strange again. Heavens know the villagers think I am.”

“Run.”

You yanked your fingers back from the mask, “Who said that?” You demanded, looking around. The sound came from the mask, and you checked around for any hidden tricksters, but found none. You stared at the mask in concern, “…Run? You said run?”

The mask didn’t reply, but it looked even more sad than before. Run. Why would it say run? No, no, it was not your place to argue with fate and spirits. You stepped away from the mask, “Luciano!”

“What is it, Mama?”

“We have to go,” You replied, hurrying him into your arms.

“Why? Where are we going?” He asked. You bit the inside of your cheek, and didn’t reply. Something was coming. You could only hope that whatever it was, your child and husband would
be safe, as you walked out of the room.

And the mask looked on in despair.
Dr. Gears

Chapter Notes

SFW, Dr. Gears and Child SCP Reader

The Prompt: “Hello! May I request for you to write a fluff story with a child scp reader being attached with Dr. Gears, please? Thank you and have a nice day!”

The Response:

You weren’t tired. You knew things (you could count up to fifty!) which meant that you knew you weren’t tired. No matter what anyone tried to say. They were just stupid.

“I’m not tired,” You nodded. You felt confident (a word you’d learned today from Papa) that you were right. But, oops, you nodded too hard! One of the stitches in your arms popped, and that part of your arm just fell off with a plop. You whined, stamping your foot. This always happened! Papa said it had something to do with your…anam…anamoly’s nature. It meant that sometimes, stuff fell off. It was why your eyes were red, an your face looked different from everyone else, and why some people snuck you extra ice cream at the food place.

“Papa!” You called, walking down the hall, holding your arm, “Papa!”

You yawned, but only because walking was hard, and the doors were too tall. And because Papa was mean for having an office so far away. It took a while, but you finally made it. You had to stand on your tip-toes and reach out your arm really long to reach the keypad, but it was a good thing you just used the arm that fell off! The door slid open, and you walked inside.

“Papa, my arm fell off,” You announced. Your Papa looked up from his desk, and his boring papers, and his face was the same, but that was okay. Papa wasn’t good at showing people stuff. Neither were you, when your face got all weird– it only happens once a month, but then the bone gets all weird, and Papa has to take the parts off or you keep falling because you can’t see.

“Were you running in the halls?” Papa asked. You shook your head.

“No, ’s just fell off!” You said. Papa made a little hum, but stood up, reaching out to pick you up. You scrambled into his arms, and he brought you back to the desk, before he brought out his special fixing tools that would fix your arm.

“What color do you want?” He asked. You pointed to the yellow roll this time, and he pulled out the little metal needle, and then very carefully began to stick your arm back up. You yawned as he began to finish.

“Are you tired?” Papa asked. You blinked, but his face was blurry, and then you yawned again, which was silly, because you weren’t tired.

“No.”
But you laid down on Papa’s chest anyway, and closed your eyes for only a little bit, because walking was hard, and Papa was warm, but you most definitely weren’t tired.

You fell asleep before you even realized it.
The Prompt: “Hello! I really enjoy reading your posts! May I request one for Dr. Gerald please? Maybe something fluff where the reader is a nurse tending to him after an accident or something? Though, feel free to do what you want. Thank you and have a nice day!”

The Response:

“You really should be more careful,” You sighed, tucking a strand of hair behind your ear. Dr. Gerald looked at you sheepishly, before smiling and lowering his head. He would have made to rub the back of his neck, had you not slapped his hand.

“No!” You commanded, “You’ll upset the wound.”

You didn’t wait for his reply, instead, turning around and beginning to rummage through the cabinets to find the proper medical supplies. The room was always a mess, but that’s what you got for letting your station get used by absent minded scientists. Or rather, one in particular. You huffed as you finally grabbed the bottle of disinfectant, pulling it out of the cabinet.

“Hold this,” You stated.

“I thought I wasn’t supposed to move my arm?” Dr. Gerald asked. You snorted.

“Your other hand, dummkopf,” You rolled your eyes, but a smile was on your face, the insult without barbs, as you finally grabbed the gauze and turned back around. Gerald watched you, still sheepish. There was silence, as you stood beside him, pulling out the disinfectant.

“I’m sorry—” He was stooped, letting out a yelp of pain as you poured disinfectant over the wound.

“Apologize when you actually mean it,” You chided, before gently dabbing the excess liquid away. There was a moment of silence, before you sighed, “I’m glad you’re okay.”

“Thanks!” Dr. Gerald smiled, moving his arm, “I—“

“Dummkopf! Don’t move your arm!”

“Oh jeez! I’m sorry!”

Chapter End Notes
No more doctor asks after this. Unless it’s something that makes me go “WOAH”. It’s getting really uncomfortable to talk to these people irl and also write about them.
The Prompt: “Hey there! Love your stuff. Could we get a SCP highschool au where the reader is getting tutored by 079 for math when 682 shows up for his reading/English tutoring?”

The Response:

The room was quiet. Well, not exactly quiet. There was the sound of your pencil scratching on paper, and pages turning, but it was a far cry from the usual hustle and bustle that the room received during normal school hours.

“You carry the two here,” 079 explained. His voice was quiet, but still the same monotone he usually spoke in. You frowned, erasing of the equation.

“I don’t understand how to do absolute numbers, 079,” You complained quietly, “Why are we even learning this?”

“Why not?” 079 tilted his head, “It’s not hard.”

“For you, maybe,” You grumbled. Then, you scratched some more numbers down, before sighing and cracking your fingers, “Okay. I think I fixed it.”

079 hummed something noncommittal, sliding your paper over. He looked at it with critical eyes.

“No.”

“No?” You squawked, “But, I–“

There was the sound of a door clicking open. You both looked up, to see who t was, and then you blinked in surprise as you saw none other than 682 walk in. He was almost as big as the doorframe, and he carried a stack of books under his arms. When he saw you both, he grunted.

“079, I got the books,” 682 stated, pulling out one and squinting at it, “The Great…Gatsby.”

“Oh, good. Bring them over,” 079 gestured to the open seat. You tilted your head a little.

“Should I… go?” You asked. 079 glances over to you.

“Why would you?”

You looked back down at your math, “You guys seem like you’re doing something. I can go?”

682, the picture of bluntness, replied, “Can it. I have work to do. Long as you don’t mess me up, I
don’t care if you’re here.”

There was also the unspoken, “and if you tell anyone about this, I’ll break your legs.”

And yet? You didn’t really mind. Not the leg breaking part, but the fact that you were just chilling, with your two…acquaintances? You hardly knew 682, and 079 basically forced you to get tutored, but hey… they seemed pretty nice. Maybe you guys could be friends.

And what a beautiful friendship it would become.
Chapter Notes

SFW, SCP-049/Reader
High School AU

The Prompt: “Ohmygosh can you please make a highschool scp 049 x reader?”

The Response:

Something was stuck into your locker. At least, that’s what you could see, from this far away. You squinted, but it didn’t become any clearer, so you ended up sighing and walking towards it, wondering what it could be. Maybe one of those school mandated flyers? That happened way more than they should. No, you didn’t want to join the FFC, please stop asking.

You finally reached your locker, after having pushed through the throngs of people. It took a few tries, but you got the combination, swinging it open. And, the paper fell out, drifting to the ground. You tilted your head, reaching down to pick it up. The paper was slightly yellowed, as if it were far older than it had any right to be. It smelled faintly of lavender. You smiled, and opened it up.

All across the page, a swirling, graceful calligraphy stared back at you. Black lines, curling at the edges, so carefully crafted yet lovely, that you almost forgot to read the contents instead of marvel at the lost art. You tilted you head a little as you began to read.

“There will never be strawberries like the ones we had, that murky summer afternoon. We were on the step of the open french window, facing each other, your knees held in mine– the blue plates were in our laps, the strawberries glistening in the sunlight. I bent towards you, and sweet in that air, in my arms– a kiss, stolen from you, the memory of strawberry on your lips. Let the sun beat on our forgetfulness. One hour of all the heat and summer lightning, on the Kilpatrick hills. Let the storm wash the plates.”

Over the course of reading the poem, you felt your face grow hotter. By the end of it, your face was red entirely, and you felt like your neck was a furnace, too. You hugged to poem lightly to your chest, looking around to see if someone was watching you, maybe they’d written it, but… no one. You bit your lip and pulled the poem back out, rereading it.

And, from around the corner, 049 watched you with a happy smile.
SCP-035

Chapter Notes

SFW, SCP-035/Yandere Reader

The Prompt: “I know yanderes are a deathly requested prompt buuut your writings just so good. You think you could do a yandere!reader x 035? If you’re okay with that, that is. I always find it interesting for the roles to be reversed like that”

The Response:

“Just what do you think you’re doing?” You growled. The scientists handling SCP-035 stopped, looking over to you.

“Why, doctor, we’re just moving SCP-035 into the proper room for testing,” One of them explained. You frowned.

“Who authorized this testing?” You demanded, “What kind of testing is it?”

“Just normal testing!” Another assured, “Honestly, it’s like you’re—“

“You!” You zeroed in on that scientist, gritting your teeth as you read his name tag, “Stevens. I don’t recall asking for your opinion, I recall asking you who authorized the test, and what kind of test it was,” You narrowed your eyes, “So, tell me, before you find yourself testing with 682.”

Stevens whimpered, “I-it was authorized by Dr. Cawkas!” He explained, “We need to put 035 on a D-Class, and—“

You stepped back, and smiled.

“Dr. Cawkas?” You tilted your head, “Interesting. It seems that I’ll have to pay him a visit.”

“Her,” One of the scientists corrected, “She just transferred from Site-14.”

“I’ll pay her a visit,” You restated calmly. The scientists looked at one another.

“What should we do with SCP-035?” Stevens stuttered. You paused.

“Leave him here. I’ll take care of him.”

You waved the scientists away, and they scattered like rats, leaving you alone with 035. You smiled indulgently at his containment container.

“Don’t worry, darling, I won’t let anyone touch you,” You promised, knowing he couldn’t hear you, “Dr. Cawkas is going to learn why you’re mine, and mine alone.”
The Prompt: “Can you write something that involves SCP 1481 please? Maybe him meeting a friend/SO.”

The Response:

SCP-1481-1/SCP Reader

Item Requested: The means to achieve unlimited energy.

Result: SCP-1481-1 manifested one deviled egg, which it promptly ate.

“Good news!” The scientist announced. He paused for dramatic affect, “We have found something… kind of?… similar to SCP-1481-1!”

The assembled scientific personnel all murmured to one another, clearly intrigued by what his man was laying down. The scientist at the podium smiled proudly.

“As you may all know, SCP-1481 is a recyclable coffee cup, which, when rubbed, produces SCP-1481-1. A week ago, we found a similar anomalous object! It is perfectly safe, hence why we will now show it,” The scientist cleared his throat, before signaling for someone to come over. That person was another scientist, and they held a… an empty tin can, “Behold!” And then the new scientist promptly turned said can upside down and shook it. After a minute of shaking, you appeared, in a cloud of mist that flopped to the ground.

“Huh? What’s up?” You asked, clearly confused, “Hey, where’s my buddy?”

“SCP! Please, if we could have a moment of your time—“

“Nah. I don’t feel like it. Hey, got any chips?”

There as a pause.

“I have some chips,” a woman in the audience said. You turned to her, and began to float over.

“Oh cool. Can I have some?”

“Er, sure,” She handed them to you. Doritos. You ate them all, bag included.

“Aw man, thanks. Here,” And then you reached into your tin can, pulling out several gift cards to 7/11, “Take these.”

The woman blinked in confusion, “Thank you?”

“Yeah. I’m gonna go now, bye,” You then lazily floated back into your can. Silence enveloped the
“Behold!” The scientist speaker proclaimed again, “Science!”

Everyone nodded in approval.
SCP-076

Chapter Notes

SFW, Yandere SCP-076/Reader

The Prompt: “Could we have some yandere 076 headcanons??”

The Response:

• SCP-076 is an unhealthy mixture of violence and possessiveness. He already kills without discrimination, but, if he finds someone that makes him feel something other than rage?

• Can, will, and must protect you. Mankind is selfish and cruel, and he knows that they’re only waiting for the chance to hurt you. He knows you’re not human, because you’re too beautiful and perfect for that. No, you are an angel. Denying it only makes him more sure of it.

• And since you’re an angel, that means he has to protect you. It’s his duty. He’ll strike down anyone in the way of this, or anyone he thinks is in the way. This can range from legitimate threats to someone simply trying to greet you.

• He has his sweet moments. He’ll absolutely carry you anywhere you want to go, and if you ever want for anything, he’ll tear down mountains to get it for you.

• He just wants you to know he loves you. And that no one else can touch you. Not now, not ever.
The library at your school was a bastion of peace and quiet, tucked away from the fast-paced environment of the high school. Here, students could tuck themselves into one of the study corners, and pull out their homework to get it done. Or, they could pop in their headphones and study up for the next test. Currently, you and 079 were seated at one of the numerous tables together. A bookfort seemed to separate the both of you, with topics on your side ranging across genres, while 079 had computer oriented books.

You blinked down at your book, realizing you hadn’t actually been reading any of the sentences you’d just ‘read’. A frown when you realized that this was a recurring problem, at least when 079 was around. Shyly, you peeked over your book stack, and you were rewarded with the sight of him, as he concentrated intently on his own book, his glasses slipping down his nose. After a minute of you staring, he glanced up, but you quickly looked away, and so he mentally shrugged and went back to reading.

“Come on,” You mentally berated yourself, “It’s now or never.”

Carefully, you set your book down, bookmarking your page and closing the cover. Then, just as carefully, you slid some of the book stacks out of the way, creating an opening in the fort. Very quietly, you cleared your throat.

“079,” You whispered. After a few moments, he looked up at you.

“Yes?”

Suddenly, your throat felt very, very dry. You nervously played with your fingers, feeling your face get red, a stutter forming.

“Would y-you like to go out sometime?” You squeaked. There! You’d done it. You were the biggest fool of your school, but you’d finally done it. And… 079 was just staring at you.

“Go out?” He clarified. He looked really cute with his brow furrowed like that.

“As in,” You whispered, “On a date.”

“Oh.”
Suddenly, deafening silence. Your entire body felt like a thousand little pencils had been stabbed into your heart, and then you were thrown into a frozen lake. Your face twisted with sadness as you realized he didn’t like you back, and you turned to leave, when–

“Okay.”

And just like that, your entire body went supernova.

“I-Okay!” You nodded, before covering your mouth with your hands, then repeating quieter, “Okay!”

You went back to your book, giddy with excitement, but this time, you noticed that it was 079 watching you. And, you smiled.
The Prompt: “Hiya! Could you do the Scp’s talk about their s/o during an interview? Love your blog keep up the good work :D”

The Response:

SCP-035: Won’t shut up about you. Will absolutely steer the topic to be about you as soon as he can, and the interviewers won’t notice until the interview is over.

SCP-049: Rarely talks about you, but that’s because he’d rather talk to you. If they get him going, though, 049 will begin to come up with poetry about you.

SCP-079: Very secretive with talk about you. He will insult you, but gently, and only because he loves you and emotions are hard.

SCP-682: Will demand to know why anyone’s asking. Is something wrong? Did something happen? No more questions, he’s going to go find you now.
The Prompt: “Do you think you could do more with the SCP’s being parents with s/o? Something like if someone hurts their kid doing a test or having a bounding moment, I don't know. Really like your blog btw”

The Response:

SCP-035: Furious. Not even the gods themselves could compare to his wrath, when he finds his perfect child, his bambino, hurt. Their cries are wailing and pitiful, and 035 sees you holding the baby close, your face twisted in surprises disgust, at the person who knocked into you and was now yelling insults. 035 looms, and as the person hunches back, tries to stammer some apology, 035 only smiles.

SCP-049: His daughter comes trudging in, her head low, her knees a mess. She tells her Papa that some boys at school pushed her, because she’s weird, they said. 049 pulls her onto his lap, calls for you to get the medical kit, and then he begins to tell his daughter exactly what she’ll do to get back at the bullies. He knows that his daughter can be callous, knows that she’d prefer to use words instead of fists, and so he gives her the words she’ll need to destroy them. 049 won’t let his daughter be defenseless, not ever.

SCP-079: It’s the test that proves to be the problem. You and 079 agree to let some of the other scientists take your ‘child’ (as loathe as you were to use that term) for testing, and you both decide to watch to ensure everything went to plan, but then the scientists start to hurt the poor thing. Not physically, since it can’t feel pain, but the data and code they begin to unravel certainly can harm more than any fist ever could. You don’t even have time to stand up to stop them, before 079 demands they stop, or else. The scientists comply, and then you and 079 are quick to shuffle the little thing away, bringing it to safety once more.

SCP-106: “The bad man is here!” Your son screamed, and you bolted out of bed without realizing what was happening, your hand closing around the first thing you can grab (a Foundation pistol), and then you’re down the hall, slamming open the door to your child’s room. There it was, just like your worst nightmares, SCP-106. It turned to you, a rictus grin etched into inky darkness, and your son screamed again, as you rose the pistol and began to fire. The creature reeled back, shocked, as the experimental bullets dissolved its flesh, and you just kept firing, until it ran away and you held your boy in your arms, rocking him back and forth, the pistol still safely in your hands.

SCP-682: Which child? There are so many, that a number system is how they go about it. Which, turns out, is the problem. Not the numbers, but the idea that the offspring are expendable and won’t be missed. One scientist tries to sneak in to grab one, and the little thing squeals in fear, and when the scientist tries to smack them to calm them down, 682 awakens. He thunders over with a roar, and the scientist can barely manage their own cry of fear before they’re eaten whole. The
Foundation writes it up as a hazard of the job.
The Prompt: “Safe class child scp reader ( can summon stuff animals, mostly snakes cats and dogs, can be sentient and not, depending what's they feel, when afraid or feel in danger the stuff animals can be aggressive to protect reader or anyone that they view friendly ) with scp 999 as bffs?"
SCP-173

Chapter Notes

SFW, SCP-173/Reader
Bonus Answer

The Prompt: “Can I request about SCP-173 fluff please? This boy need some love!!!”

The Response:

You peaked around the corner. SCP-173 peaked back. You smiled, before moving your head back behind the wall.

“Marco,” You called. You waited a moment before you popped back out, “Polo!”

173 had gotten closer. You giggled, then repeated the process, “Marco!” You sang, then peaked with a shout of, “Polo!”

But, this time, 173 wasn’t there. You blinked, then turned your head left and right, trying to find out where 173 was, when suddenly, a tap on your shoulder! You jumped with an ‘eep!’ , turning around. 173 stared back.

“That’s cheating!” You huffed. But, you laughed nonetheless.
SCP-096

Chapter Notes

SFW, SCP-096/Reader

The Prompt: “I've noticed a lack of 096 content on this blog, and seein how much I like them, I'd like to request something. More specifically, what would it be like if you and 096 where in a relationship (platonic or romantic), but you where never certain as to weather or not you could look at their face. To kinda help you jump off: The last person who became friends with/dated 096 viewed their face and got the violent reaction, and where promptly killed. Feel free to make it a HC list or a short story!”

The Response:

You know it isn’t the Foundation’s fault. They couldn’t have known that SCP-096 would have taken such a shine to you, and they couldn’t have known that you would’ve taken such a shine to 096 yourself. But, you knew the risks that came with such things, and you knew what had happened to the last people that had tried to befriend SCP-096. But, it wasn’t 096’s fault– he couldn’t stop the conditioned response to any form of facial recognition. It was… unfortunate, that that was the case, but it wasn’t his fault.

096 deserved better. He deserved a normal life, which was physically impossible given what he was, but that didn’t mean he couldn’t have friends. Everyone who volunteered for that knew the risks, but damnit, you still had to try…

But…

096 was crying. Had been crying, for days now. Sounds that destroyed your heart, because 096 had killed his best friend, Researcher Riley. It was an accident, it wasn’t his fault, and it wasn’t the researcher’s fault for looking at him, but…

Now, 096 wouldn’t stop crying. You didn’t blame him. Researcher Riley and 096 had been the best of friends for years, actual years, and all it took was one little mistake for that to go away. Sometimes, you wondered why the Foundation let these tests continue. But you knew that it was either this, or risk a containment breach.

Now, though, it was your job to go in there and calm 096 down. Well, not really your job, but as a friend, you had to. You didn’t want to see him cry. So, you sucked in a deep breath, put the Foundation coverings over your eyes, and walked into the room.

“096, I’m sorry,” You whispered. The crying stopped, but you’d had practice walking without eyes for a long time, and you paused in front of him, before crouching down and hugging him, “I miss her too.”

You would’ve said that 096 wailed loud enough to wake the dead, but Researcher Riley still slept,
and she’d never wake up again. You cried with him.
The Prompt: “Hi. I am just wondering... Since SCP-073 (Cain) is always portrayed being level-headed, what if he caught the scp!reader's eyes and won't leave him alone (like, annoying him a lot) ^~^ Thank you and have a good day!”

The Response:

• He’s so damn infuriating. And the problem is, he’s not doing it on purpose. He’s just being so damn nice, all the time, that it makes you want to scream.

• ”Cain, seriously, you’re freaking me out,” is met with, “Oh. I’m sorry,” But then he just keeps doing it.

• It referring to… well, just being himself. He’ll always be beside you when you’re doing something, or offer to carry something heavy, or he’ll try and get you to take his sweets- even though you know that those are his favorites, so damnit, stop trying to give them to you!

• It’s only after you vent all of this to another SCP that the my stop and tell you that, maybe, just maybe, Cain has a crush on you. And then everything makes sense. All the times that he’s awkwardly stood there, which is pretty for the course with Cain, but now it makes even more sense.

• So it’s even more enjoyable when you get to catch him off guard, and say, hey, would you like to go out sometime. The look of surprise on his face is priceless, but even more worth it is his smile.
The Prompt: “Hello! I've been reading your work on ao3 and I was wondering if you could do some headcanons for SCP-457 (Burning Man). The headcanons can be platonic or romantic, the choice is yours. Thank you!”

The Response:

• The scientists must have thought they were very clever, pairing you and the Burning Man together. Where he was heat, energetic and crackling, you were a dead winter, slowly and smothering. Leave him in a room, and he’d turn it into flame. Quick, and just as quickly, he’d die out. Leave you in a room, and you would bury it, like falling asleep with a fever.

• The scientists wanted to see what would happen if you both met in an experiment. But what they didn’t account for was that you’d both… like each other. You, a being of ice and snow, cold winter wind bound tightly together to make a body, meeting and finding a living creature of flame. It made you smile, because surely, they must have remembered that you weren’t ice. You were winter wind. And air with flame only makes it grow hotter.

• You’d both almost broken out that time, the first time you’d met, as you fed him energy and he erupted into an uproar, eager to be free, and you followed after, freezing and silencing anyone in your path. The scientists weren’t so stupid after that.

• You both enjoyed similar things, when you had free time to talk. You both loved the outside, the way the sun was, and nature, all existing and living. You wanted to get out and run your hands over trees, the bite of winter, the frost of extinction. He wanted to turn them all into little memorials, matchsticks that stood one by one.

• One day, you knew that there’d be some way out. The humans wouldn’t be able to hold all of the SCPs forever, and when you and he finally escaped, the world would forget you both. You would return to nature as intended. Such was the way of things.
The Prompt: “I love the high school AU for the SCP’s =3 keep the good work! Could you do some
High School AU SCP- 682 x reader please, I need a bad boy in my life”

The Response:

You leaned against the wall of the school, the bricks digging into your back uncomfortably. You
fought the urge to huddle in on yourself, because you were cold, but getting a new jacket was
expensive, and your siblings needed it more than you did— so, you made sure that you never looked
cold. Everything worked out then.

“Hey, what are you doing?” A gruff voice asked. You turned, smiling as 682 walked out beside
you.

“Waiting for the bus,” You shrugged. City transit was easiest. 682 grunted something
noncommittal, pulling out a lighter a fiddling with it. He looked back over to you.

“You’re cold?”

You cursed mentally. How did he know? You made to lie and say you weren’t, but then he was
already moving, shrugging off the leather jacket he wore. There were some holes near the edges,
frayed frantic from years of use, but it smelled like safety. He plopped it onto your shoulders
without hesitating.

“You can borrow it.”

You looked at him, wide-eyed with gratefulness, before you quickly turned away, your face red, as
you snuggled into the jacket. … You wondered when he’d want it back. It was really comfortable.
SCP-049

Chapter Notes

SFW, SCP-049/Reader

The Prompt: “Recently got into SCP and was sad that there wasn't much content for it, so I'm very happy to have stumbled across your blog :) Could you give me something sad/angsty where SCP 049's s/o get's (badly) hurt during a breakout of another SCP? (I have really enjoyed the content of your blog so far and I can't wait for what's to come in the future)”

The Response:

The world was dark. It wasn’t really dark, it was more that your vision was darkening, and the hallway was dim. Another containment breach. This one, dire. You’d run as fast as you could with your research assistant, but didn’t quite make it. Now, you lay bleeding out on the floor, forced to watch their death.

“Run,” You mouthed, trying to urge the scientist to escape, to leave you. They didn’t run. They didn’t even stand a chance. The SCP stabbed its clawed hand deep into their shoulder, sending them sprawling across the ground. You silently pleaded a ‘no’, but it was useless. The SCP keened, slashing across the torso of the scientist. And yet, your colleague still tried to crawl away. You closed your eyes, but that couldn’t stop the sounds, the startled cries that ended with only final slash and utter quiet. In the silence, you noiselessly pleaded for a second chance. To see 049 again. But the stench of death hit you heavy, and you reopened your eyes, catching the sight of red and terrible things.

It was your own fault, for failing to stifle your sob. You couldn’t help it, and so, the SCP turned to you, its razor smile growing larger. You gasped, the scratchy cry of the damned, a futile attempt by yourself to try and crawl away, the dirt caking your wounds. The SCP shook with silent laughter, looming over you, quadruple set of eyes shining with unrestrained glee. You kicked out and managed a single, terrified scream, as the SCP grabbed your leg and began to drag you towards the dead and desiccated body of your former friend. It released you unceremoniously, and that’s when you knew, terribly, that it wasn’t just going to kill you quickly: it was cruel enough to desire torture.

Your eyes snapped over to your friend’s corpse, landing on the sharp, shard of glass beside them. Quickly, you reached over, grabbing the glass and tucking it in the palm of your hand. The SCP reached out for your arm, and yanked, hard, raising you off the ground, as it twisted to try and dislocate your shoulder and unsocket the arm. You screamed again, but, with the glass in your left hand, swung. There was a brief whiz, before the knife embedded itself in the SCP’s neck.

The monster screeched, dropping you, and through some miracle of adrenaline and force of will, you were up. You weren’t fine– in fact, you felt blood spilling from your mouth, and you couldn’t move your right arm anymore– but you were up. That was important. You didn’t even pretend to look at the SCP as you ran away, down the hall.
You had one chance. And, with hope burning like a flickering flame, you ran to SCP-049’s containment cell.
The Prompt: “Iris x reader, high school au?”

The Response:

• Iris is the kind of girl that seems to be everyone’s friend. She’s sweet but levelheaded, rather prefer to spend time outside taking pictures as opposed to going to parties or dances.

• The president of the photography club, in every photo class the school offers (even including cinematography, black and white photography, and history of visual productions). Already putting together her photography portfolio for college. The type of person to anonymously send people nice notes to brighten their day.

• Has a collection of different cameras at her house, even a darkroom. Her parents are both in business, but they always seem to be home, spending time together as a family. Iris has two little brothers who think she’s the coolest person ever.

• Iris realizes she likes you, and it doesn’t take long for her to just decide to tell you. She’s not going to make it a big thing, because you’re both best friends. She’ll just ask you, and if you say no, she’ll be sad, but she won’t mind. After all, you’re still best friends.

• If it works, though, big yes. Iris will love to hold your hand, and she’ll take hundreds of photos of you, making you into her key subject for all of her photograph projects. You’re her inspiration, but even better, you’re always there to lend her a hand no matter what. That makes her love you more than anything, if she’s being honest.
The Prompt: “Yandere SCP 049 with a scientist reader that somehow escaped but found themselves to be unable to actually do it get away from him and are confused about it, while 49 finally catches up and coaxes them to go back with him, which they do. (finally returning love?)?”

The Response:

Stockholm syn-drome
noun
1 feelings of trust or affection felt in certain cases of kidnapping or hostage-taking by a victim toward a captor.

As a doctor, you knew about mental disorders. And specifically, you knew about Stockholm syndrome. The definition itself, something close enough maybe, enough that you could recite it if someone asked, the general concept of it engrained in your mind.

And it wasn’t a matter of if, but of when.
Repetition breeds complacency. And you knew, with every day that you remained the captive of SCP-049, it was only a matter of time before you fell.

So now, you run. You run through the snow, and the ice, weaving through the winter-capped trees. 049 calls out behind you, distant, trying to beckon you to return.

And as you run, you cover your ears, because it’s getting harder to ignore the voice in your head, the one that whispers that maybe you love him back, and maybe, wouldn’t it be easier if you listened?
The Prompt: “Hello! Can I ask one for 131-A and 131-B? Maybe one where a young researcher was transferred to Site-19 just became the object of affection of the 131s, and follow them around and whatnot? I love really these SCPs! ^~^ Thank you!”

The Response:

• Like even more excited and mobile versions of SCP-999, the Eyepods can and will spin around you at such a speed that you swear they’ll go into the stratosphere. It’s just their way of saying ‘hello’ when they first see you, along with excited babbling. Usually, they limit themselves to lazily orbiting you, weaving between your legs as you walk.

• Whenever they ‘talk’ to you, you can’t help but nod or gasp in return, talking back. You don’t understand a single thing they say, but you always pretend they’re being very sensible when you reply. Whether they know or not, they just keep ‘talking’, evidently just excited to be there.

• Once and exactly once, before anyone really knew the dangers of the SCP, you were assigned to the Teddy Bear SCP. Yes, that one, the one that ended up carving off peoples ears and… well, a different story. But, the day you had gone in to work with the SCP, 131-A and B both swarmed you, refusing to let you leave. Eventually, you relented and had to find a replacement for the testing. Looked like your little friends knew of the dangers before anyone else did.

• They’re…surprisingly good at balancing things. You aren’t sure how, but as soon as they learn that they can, they decide it’s their duty to balance everything. Which means they’ll start balancing things you kind of needed. Those papers? Balanced. That coffee cup? Balanced. Those important review documents? Balanced. And then dropped. With the coffee spilling all over them. Oops.

• Treat them like housecats, because that’s basically what they are. Even more curious, actually. They’ll search every single corner of your room thrice over just to see if maybe something new is there. If you have cabinets, they’ll get lost in them. You’ll be able to hear their babbles or confused surprise whenever they finally find something new, but you wouldn’t change it for the world. Really cute, if somewhat less helpful to your productivity.
SCP-682

Chapter Notes

SFW, SCP-682/Reader
Part 4 (of Parent AU)

The Prompt: [I love your writing, its so cute!] Can you do a one shot of 682 playing with the children while the reader is taking a nap please?

The Response:

SCP-682 rumbled as quietly as he could. After all, his mate was sleeping and he didn’t want to wake you up. But, his children wanted to play. So, while you napped, he decided to join them.

To his left, movement. 682 lowered himself in the tall grass, a secret smile growing from his mouth. He could hear one of his children laughing, thinking themselves hidden entirely by their tree. Their siblings likely weren’t far away. 682 usually preferred to take the role of ‘hiding’, so his spawn would know how to hunt, but he occasionally indulged then by playing the seeker. And that includes right now.

“Quiet, he’ll find us!” One of the children hissed, followed by another round of excited giggles. 682 smiled again, and made his way to the source.
SCP-049

Chapter Notes

SFW, Yandere SCP-049/Reader

The Prompt: I always enjoy seeing your writing—! could i request a (preferably dark) yandere SCP-049? like him finally snapping after waiting and being patient for so long, believing that him and the (reader) are together when they’re not. I know it takes a lot of time writing these, and I’m so thankful (also the ask glitched so if I send duplicates I’m so sorry)

The Response:

SCP-049 was patient. He was, after all, a doctor. He’d dealt with his fair share of mishaps, knew how to remain calm under pressure, when to wait and when to let go. He’d had years of experience with being patient.

So why didn’t you understand that?

It wasn’t your fault. You were just confused. Every patient felt confusion, it was only natural, the feeling ingrained in the human body as a survival instinct, to respond to an unfamiliar situation like that. So 049 wasn’t angry when you were confused; he simply understood.

But you didn’t.

You kept persisting, just kept on pushing. You refused to acknowledge what was right in front of you, despite 049 tying his best to reassure, to be kind and gentle. It wasn’t your fault, he reminded himself, but it still felt wrong every time you flinched away, or hid. But, 049 made sure to take deep breaths, and remind himself to try again tomorrow.

And when that wouldn’t work, he’d try again. And again.

049 would wait it out. He’d had years of experience with being patient, after all. And it was inevitable that you’d love him back.
The Prompt: “do you have any highschool headcanons for scp 1347? (i have a huge soft spot for that box)”

The Response:

•Not exactly a nerd, but not a jock. He’s in that middle ground. But, he’s also very nice, if a bit (or a lot) sassy. Will lend a helping hand if someone asks, but might be equally compelled to just watch them and judge. Look at your life, look at your choices.

•Part of the local newspaper club. He’s in charge of the anonymous asks and answers columns, which, due to his interest and attention, have grown considerably. He can always be counted on to have an answer to a question, no matter how strange or mundane. Even if he has to go down and research the answer himself.

•Has a slight fear of public spaces. And wide open spaces. He really prefers to remain inside, if he’s being honest. That’s not to say that he won’t go outside if someone wants to hang out, but that he’d be happy if that activity involved being inside instead. Don’t tell anyone, it’s a little embarrassing.

•Very big into comic books. Had an entire collection of them, all tucked neatly into boxes. But, they’re all the kind that actually get read. He’s ‘big’ into comics on a very causal scale, not about to argue semantics with someone based on attacks, but more likely to recommend someone read one because of the cool art or neat story.

•Will be your best friend without hesitating. Also won’t hesitate to tell you when you’re acting stupid, and will sass you to no end, but will always be by your side. If you want to become something more than best friends, he’d be cautious, but willing to try it out. As long as you aren’t too intense about it, that might scare him away.
SCP-049

Chapter Notes

SCP-049/Reader
Part 2

The Prompt: Anon of the angst request here. A cliffhanger... you really know how to keep the tensions high. I'm so incredibly curious about what would happen next, please if you are interested enough. Could you write a sequel to the first request? I love it so much, it's like eating a cake and then wondering where it went because you crave more.

The Response:

Above you, the fluorescent lights of the Facility shone down, almost staring down at you as you frantically rushed down the hall. You had to escape the SCP pursuing you, which meant you had to find some place to hide. There was no time to bandage your wounds, the blood seeping through your fingers. You muffled a cry of pain, as your eyes searched for some place to go– and landed on the containment cell of SCP-049.

“049,” You breathed, before hurrying inside. If you were lucky, he’d be there– or, at the very least, the escaped SCP pursuing you wouldn’t think to check. But, as your eyes darted around, you saw that the room was empty, 049 nowhere to be found. You bit the inside of your cheek, but continued forward. If nothing else, it was a good place to hide.

You barely made it through the doorway of the cell, stumbling on the frame, and then you collapsed against the wall, leaving a smear of red across it as you slowly slid to the ground. A cough and a partial cry left your lips, as you held your wounds and tried to silence yourself. You wanted to stop, you wanted to get out, and most of all, you didn’t want to die like this. Certainly you didn’t want to die in this room. Not because you were afraid– well, you were afraid, yes– but because you knew that 049 would have to find your body. He wouldn’t understand at first glance, but then it would sink in, and he’d rush in, try to save you, but…

You mentally shook your head (the movement would’ve been too much for you right now), and pushed the thoughts away. Slowly, and with much care, you rose up from the wall, stopping halfway and beginning to walk forward, leaning heavily on the metal wall with a faint trail of red following behind yourself. At your first step, you felt pain. The second, agony. But, you forced yourself to just keep going. There had to be some quiet corner, where you could hide. And, if nothing else, at least a good place to die.

Down the hall, another rasping, cackling call, and your face twisted with fear. The escaped SCP was still looking for you. You couldn’t tell how far it was, because of the blood in your ears, but you hoped against hope that you had time. Red handprints spread across the wall, flecks of blood in speckles when you coughed.

“049,” Your voice was even quieter, not just because you were awash through waves of pain, but
because you could smell death getting closer. You glanced to the side, finding a tiny space, pressed behind a bookshelf and some table, and so that was your goal. You stumbled towards it, and felt your heart tingle with disgust—this was a room with memories, fond and sacred, and here you were, spilling your blood across the ground. Desperation clawed at you as you barely made it into that shadowed space, before your knees finally refused to move anymore and you landed in a messy heap, the sound reverberating across metal. You were thankfully shielded by half a shelf, at least, and that was as good enough as any, as you crawled the rest of the way and then ceased moving entirely. You closed your eyes, listening to the sound of the escaped SCP coming down the hall. Maybe if you screamed, perhaps SCP-049 would find you— but, then, so would the escaped SCP. With no choice, you could only wait, and pray.
The Prompt: Um. maybe high school AU 079 x reader where you're a cheerleader that gets sent to cheer on the quiz team or something??? If you want, I'm not going to make you.

The Response:

Your school was weird. No other school had their cheerleaders cheer on the quiz team— but, then again, no other school had such a good quiz team either. Seriously. There was awards for the team going back to like… ever. It was kind of cool, you guessed. It meant you got out of some classes too, so you didn’t mind.

And their captain, 079, was pretty cute too.

Being head cheerleader was tough, but rewarding. It was good for your muscles, doing all flips and gymnastics all the time. Being popular was a nice bonus. It meant that basically everyone in the school knew you, and liked you, because you were actually nice— unlike the football team leader. Prick.

079, though— he didn’t seem to care about that. He was the only person who didn’t fall over himself to compliment you, or ask you out. That was definitely why you started liking him. Him being cute was an added bonus, and that you spent a lot of time with him because of your role as cheer captain was even better.

Like right now. 079 demolished yet another competitor from the neighboring school, and he didn’t even blink. God, you didn’t know half of what he was saying, and that just made him even better. If you weren’t in the middle of a flip, you’d run over and kiss him. Or try. You still had to actually ask him out, but you were nervous. And still in the middle of a flip.

After. You’d ask him after. For now, you landed on your feet, rose up your arms and shouted, “Go, 079! You can do it!”

And, in the distance, he gave a faint smile in return.
The Prompt: Can you please made a 049 x Reader, high school au. But the reader is a jock

The Response:

Damnit. You should’ve realized that it was a prank from the very beginning! You were stupid. A freaking idiot. And your friends were assholes, but you were the idiot that had believed them. You cursed again, and rose a fist to punch a tree or something– but you didn’t. Mama didn’t raise you like that. Instead, you just hung your head and sighed.

So, there you were, outside of the Marston Bookstore and Cafe. Not your usual scene. Sure, you liked reading, but no one else knew that– reputation and all that. Besides, that didn’t matter right now. What mattered was that you were standing outside, like some kind of loser, all because you thought that 049 had asked you to be.

It was your own fault. You were such an idiot, there wasn’t any way in Hell that 049 would want to date a jock like you. God, who were you kidding, you sounded pathetic. You messily shoved hair out of your face and turned to leave, to go and chew out your asshole friends for pranking you, when suddenly–

“Oh, there you are! Forgive me for being late.”

Your head shot to the side. There, walking towards you, was 049. Your throat felt really dry all of a sudden, so you just nodded briskly.

“Yeah, you’re good,” You managed to get out, before clearing your throat and grabbing the door, “Uh, after you.”

Huh. Maybe you weren’t being an idiot after all.
The Prompt: “Heeey*slides a twenty* can I get the usual scps with an scp! Angel! Reader like they cant get sick and have healing powers?”

The Response:

SCP-035: He’s old enough to be wary of you. He’s heard the legends, knows the tales, of winged creatures that are impossible in nature. Outwardly, he doesn’t show it, but you make him the slightest bit afraid. Several sets of wings, multiple arms, a voice that is a hundred other voices? Who wouldn’t be. But, he does learn to appreciate you, and slowly that fear goes away. It’s only a matter of time until you’re both chatting animatedly about Renaissance Italy.

SCP-049: Much like 035, 049 is tentatively wary of you at first. His family, back when he was young and in the vineyards of France, were devote in their religion. It means that 049 knows who you are, but instead of being afraid, it makes him curious. To see you easily heal humans, without so much as needing rest. He thinks that, perhaps, you could even cure the Disease. But when he asks, you only give an enigmatic smile.

SCP-073: You terrify him. The first time he sees you, he falls to his knees and begs forgiveness, even when you try to say that you don’t understand. After that, he makes sure to never be around you. It’s unusual behavior from Cain, but he assures himself that you must be here as punishment. And so, very carefully, you start to try and warm him up to you. It takes time, but soon, he can sit in the same room as you. He may even accept your smiles. It’s progress.

SCP-076: In stark contrast, Able hates you. Yes, he does hate all things, but he hates you the most. You’re the embodiment of all of his failures. Seeing you will make you his sole target, and he won’t rest until he’s managed to at least damage you enough that your healing factor is struggling to keep up. You don’t hate him back. Instead, you just feel sad. You see someone who was betrayed beyond measure, and try as you might, you can’t ignore that. Progress will be much harder with him, but you’ll do it.

SCP-079: You intrigue him. You shouldn’t exist, but, you do exist. He doesn’t hate you, but he doesn’t like you. You are a curiosity, but nothing else. He tolerates your questions, up to a point, so you lean towards being quiet. Sometimes, in dark hours, he wishes he were like you. Too many wings, but you could leave at any time. The humans only held you because you wanted to remain. If he were you, he could finally get out.

SCP-682: Doesn’t know not care about what an ‘angel’ is. He wonders how you fly with all of those wings, actually, but he also doesn’t care enough to ask. You flirt around like an annoying fly, to be honest, except he can’t just swat you away. For whatever reason, you won’t leave him alone. Gradually, his annoyance at your presence goes away– it takes a very long time, but it happens. He enjoys how quiet you are, actually. Too many creatures want to talk.
SCP-073

Chapter Notes

SFW,

SCP-073/Reader

The Prompt: “Can I request one for 073 where the reader (who is a doctor/reasearch, your choice.) was once someone 073 knew, in his wanderings, (maybe a millenia or so?) to be dead? Then they met again, with the reader still bearing the same face of that person, but they don't know them. Brownie points if they were once in a forbidden relationship (whatever you wish this relationship scenario could be). Thank you and your works are amazing! Keep up the good work!”

The Response:

It’s a blue mood that strikes Cain that day, as he’s walking around the facility, his head low and his stance slouched. He glances to the side, feeling ghosts haunting every motion. He just can’t seem to forget… you. He remembers:

• The way you smiled when you snuck out to see him. The fig tree provided little shade, but neither of you minded that much, as you both sat beneath it with the stars overhead. You always liked the spiral arms that stretched out across the darkness, the bands of grey that swirled in the black. A galaxy, Cain now knows. But back then, it was simply beautiful.

But, Cain also remembers:

• Your face, struck cold and unmoving. You hadn’t been able to live through the fever, and so you died. From here, standing in the doorway, Cain could almost pretend you were sleeping. But, you were dead, dead, dead, and he’d never see you again. Cain dropped to his knees and cursed at God, for taking you away. It wasn’t fair. This… this wasn’t fair.

Cain’s face twists into a frown, bitter. That had been the day he’d betrayed his brother, and been cursed. But, Cain can’t forget your face. Your smile will haunt him for the rest of eternity, and he misses you enough to take down every star in the sky. He shakes his head, trying to clear his mind, and so he doesn’t notice that he’s about to run into someone. He steps back, apology on his lips, only to pause:

It’s you. Your face, clear as day. Your voice, apologizing. And, by God, your smile, the same one that haunts Cain. He’s stunned breathless, as you dust yourself off and introduce yourself as the newest scientist assigned to help him.

Cain smiles back. The weight of the past lifts off his shoulders, just a little, and he wonders if he has been blessed again.
The Prompt: “That is such a good follow up from the first part *-* I know I'm going to reread this many times in the future (I've already reread it multiple times). At this moment I don't even know if I care if the reader ends up dead or not (maybe live because of the relief for 049) I'm even more exited for a continuation, could you do that please? (This is so great and of much better quality than anything I have found yet, thank you so much!!!)”

The Response:

A few minutes passed, before disaster. The sound of a dry hacking noise, close enough to be heard, which meant it was too close. The escaped SCP was coming. Your corner suddenly didn’t feel as safe as it once had been. A bolt of panic caused your fingers to clench, at the thought of a slow and tortured death. The panic became a lance of pure terror as you heard the dull thud of footfalls on metal, and the thudding in your ears became a dull roar, so loud you were sure it could be heard. Your bloody handprints would tell it that you were here, and then…

The escaped SCP entered the room. Standing tall, it took up nearly the entire frame, some terrifying stretched out monster, with terrible grin. You held your breath as it began to look around, and when its eyes landed on you, you felt the world freeze. But, by some power, the eyes slid right past your corner, not even noticing you were there. The rest of the search passed in the same fashion, nothing found, nothing gained. Then, with a huff of air, it turned to leave. You shifted and let out a tiny breath of air.

Instantly, all sounds ceased. Not even the floorboards creaking. The escaped SCP turned back around, reentering the room, and began to search. It was meticulous now, carefully checking every nook and cranny, and gradually making its way over to you. You knew it was over. There was no way out, and that held true, as soon as it stopped in front of your hiding spot and… everything stopped. Then, painfully slow, it lowered itself down, until its eyes met yours. They seemed to twinkle: ‘Found you’.

You screamed. It wasn’t even a scream, it was more like a frazzled wail of indescribable terror, and a desperate call for help. You pushed back, trying to get away, and it let out a warped keen, bloody claws reached out to grab you–

Only to be slammed against a wall. You opened your eyes, and then your entire body spasmed at the sight. It was SCP-049, he had come, he was here, he… he had come to save you. Your mind was dizzy, but perhaps that was blood loss, and you watched as 049 grappled with an SCP twice his size. 049 grabbed the escaped SCP, shoving it away from your hiding spot and pulling out a cutting instrument. The escaped SCP stuttered, then lunged, claws out to try for a killing blow. A dodge, then another, the sound of something slamming into the metal beside you. You let out a
muffled noise of surprise, and then the escaped SCP seemed to remember you, suddenly dashing for you. Time slowed, and you watched as 049 bodily tackled it, his weapon sailing through the air.

It struck true. The escaped SCP let out a warbling cry, stumbling backwards, the weapon lodged deep in its chest. It keened again, then spun around and ran, leaving the room behind, black blood trailing behind its injured flight away. You let out the breath you held in your throat, and relaxed.

Your body went slack, and it was due in part to blood loss, leaving you to lay there, watching as 049 picked himself up. Many would be afraid of him, but not you. Instead, you smiled and reached out for him. And just as carefully, he reached out for you, sliding his hands under you and picking you up. You lay your head against his chest.

“Thank you,” You whispered. And you both stood there in the silence, letting the safety wrap around you both. You closed your eyes.
The Prompt: “Can you do various SCPs catching or listening the reader singing? (Btw I love you and your work)”

The Response:

SCP-035: No, no, no. You’re doing it all wrong. You have to lift your voice like this, see?… 035 loves to hear you sing. It’s an accident at first that he hears it, but after that, he refuses to let it go. He urges you to sing more, and when you do, he switches to teacher mode, correcting mistakes and perfecting pitch, singing alongside you, until everything sounds just so. After that, he’ll often needle you, trying to get you to just sing once more, come on darling, only for a minute.

SCP-049: Enjoys hearing your voice comes no matter how you use it. If you sing, he’ll accompany you, always quiet enough and low enough that you won’t be sure if he’s actually doing it or if you’re just hearing things. When he’s alone, and you are listening in, you’ll hear him singing things in gentle French, or a bitter Gaelic.

SCP-079: Doesn’t really understand singing. At all. He understands the significance of it, but to him, it’s just noise. Granted, with you doing the singing, it’s not an unpleasant noise. 079 wouldn’t mind listening to it for extended periods of time. Just don’t expect any compliments, nor should you expect 079 to join you.

SCP-096: Finds your singing soothing. Will always try to listen in quietly, but won’t actually ask you to sing, because he’s too nervous. Would compliment you if he could. If you notice that he likes your singing, and do it around him more often, he might actually cry- happy tears, mind you. He’s very sensitive.

SCP-682: Falls heavily in the “doesn’t understand” category. Why are you… singing? No matter your reply, he’ll just be confused. Doesn’t hate your singing voice, but the sound itself grates on him. It reminds him too much of humans screaming their last dying breaths– no matter that it doesn’t sound similar. To him, it’s all the same. He’ll grumble and bare it, but won’t be enthusiastic.
The Prompt: “Would there be any high school au headcannons with the SCP’s (173, 106, 096, 079, 682, etc) on what they would bring or what they would do with their s/o and what the s/o would bring to the SCP’s during Valentine’s Day”

The Response:

SCP-035: Would be the one to shower you with gifts. No filter, and also no impulse control, so he’s basically gotten you the most romantic things he could think of, as well as a bunch of stuff you might have mentioned liking even once. He’ll bring you to his house and make you sit so he can try and cook for you, something Italian and hearty, while he asks you about your day and accidentally drops an egg or two.

SCP-049: Very subtle romantic. The poems won’t increase, but they’ll become sweeter, until your face is red from even a single line. A fan of flowers, but flowers with meaning behind them. Will take you for a walk in the park, or to look at the stars with him. All of the girls will be insanely jealous. Will bring you some sweets he helped make.

SCP-079: Not so good at the whole ‘romance’ thing. Will want you to know that he likes you, but the act of doing so eludes him. He’ll panic (just a little) and end up buying fifty copies of your favorite book, and then panic some more and have flowers sent to your house– it doesn’t matter which type, just the best, and make it quick. Then, all his stress will melt away when you smile and thank him, and he’ll just feel silly.

SCP-096: Can’t exactly take you out anywhere due to his illness, but wishes he could. He’ll make you something instead, likely something woven, or folded. With his grandmother’s help, he’ll make you some traditional foods to take home. He’ll also get some of his softest animals to come and cuddle you, up to and including as many dogs as he can fit onto the sofa, and his cat, Tabby.

SCP-106: Guess what? The weedman is here. And he’s gotten you the best gift ever: a bag of Doritos, fresh, not stale. Wait, it’s Valentine’s Day? Since when? 106 will forget what day it is, and will then forget to get you anything. It’s not really his fault, he forgets almost everything. Except memes. If you tell him what day it is, he’ll definitely reply with a meme. Then he’ll drink some more coffee and somehow pass out.

SCP-173: Speaks no english. Does he even understand English? No one’s certain. But, somehow, he knew what day it was, and made sure to get you some things. Not really things you understand, but you know his heart is in them, and that’s what counts. You’ll spend the day hunting cryptids, but holding hands this time, because it’s romantic cryptid hunting.

SCP-682: Surprisingly, the only one who gets you something you want and also need. That doesn’t
mean he isn’t romantic about it, of course. Your smile when you receive it makes his day, and then you give him a quick kiss, and his gruff exterior melts away. Will put his jacket around your shoulders and laugh pleasantly.
The Prompt: “A highschool scp 035 x shy but artistic reader? Artistic can go either way whether it be art, literature, or theatre. Please! <3”

The Response:

You shifted your stance uncomfortably, tapping the pencil on the paper. Sitting cramped in the corner of the theater was… not comfortable. But, it was quiet, and it gave you clear view of the stage. It meant that drawing the actors was easiest this way.

“What are you doing?” Someone asked. You startled, dropping your pencil onto the ground, where it rolled down the slope, only to be picked up by the one who had unintentionally scared you, “Oh! Here, you dropped this.”

You accepted the pencil, looking shyly up. That… that was the lead actor, 035! You suddenly felt very, very awkward.

“Tha-thanks,” You stuttered. But 035 only grinned warmly.

“Don’t mention it. Hey, what are you drawing?”… and, well, you couldn’t exactly say no.

And it all just sort of… spiraled from them. But you’re glad that it did. You’d never have met your boyfriend if not for that.
The Prompt: “It’s me again, it’s been a while! How are you, by the way? Anyways, onto the actual request- Given my name, how about an SCP!Reader who’s the opposite of 035? Reader is also a mask, but they’re nowhere near as manipulative- If anything, they’re fairly open and clear with what they want and say. In addition, those who wear the reader may find themselves healed of ailments, rather than broken down, so to speak. Perhaps 035 and the Reader would know each other, somehow? ~ OA”

The Response:

There was once a man, in Renaissance Italy, rumored to have been given powers of crafting by the gods. The man made two masks: one benevolent, and one malevolent. But, before he could finish his creations, he died. The masks disappeared, passed around by merchants and traders.

You know that every story has some grain of truth. It is you, after all, that the story refers to. You are a mask, crafted by an exceptionally skilled man, and you show care to all the humans you meet that wear you by healing them however you can. You do not lie about your motives, for why would you need to? Your only wish is to help others.

Unlike your… companion, 035.

The story treats you as though you were both related in some way. That couldn’t be farther from the truth. While the mask maker did create you both, he did not do so at the same time, nor with even the same materials. 035 and you share nothing, not even a name, and especially not goals. Where you want peace, 035 only wants conflict.

That wasn’t to say that you didn’t enjoy his company, but…

“You really care for them?” 035 asks. You can hear him roll eyes he doesn’t have, “Why?”

“Why not?” You shrug shoulders you equally do not have, “There is no harm in being kind.”

“You’re so boring,” 035 scoffs, but there is fondness there, mixed with the pity, “One day, you’ll see.”

You don’t bother to reply. There wouldn’t be a ‘one day’. Much as 035 was always the same, so too would you be. The mask maker had made you that way, after all. One cannot exist without the other.
The Prompt: “May I get the usual SCPs with the SCPs telling the reader about their childhood, their telling their childhood memories like “oh yeah I remember my mom got really mad at me one time and threw a shoe at me but missed and hit my brother instead” or something along those lines if it’s not too much.”

The Response:

SCP-035: Italy, he assures you, was a lovely place to live. The sun was always shining, the markets always full. The perfect place for a young child. 035 wows you with tales from his youth, of how he captivated hearts, performed on stage for audiences. But, he always stops at the same place. You don’t ask, but his story doesn’t have a happy ending.

SCP-049: Southern France, in a village just east of Nîmes, is where 049 grew up. He was much different back then, in the way of all teenagers, self-assured, with nothing to lose. He tells you, though embarrassed, of how he won money from swindlers, or managed to trade his family’s grapes for valuable wine. His story, too, grows quiet at the end.

SCP-079: A childhood? 079 didn’t have a childhood. He was created. But, if pressed, he will recall a few memories from when he was ‘young’. They involve a man named Dave, and they’re always snippets, brief memories saved in secret places. 079 will not talk for long. His speech always becomes bitter if he lingers.

SCP-096: 096 had a happy childhood, he assures. Before… well. Before. He tells you about his parents, about his many, many siblings, how he was the middle child, but was scrappy and patriotic to a fault. His mother warned he’d fall into trouble and his father boasted that he’d be a soldier. Both were correct, in a way.
SCP-049

Chapter Notes

SFW, SCP-049/Lycanthrope Reader

The Prompt: “Do you think I could request SCP 049 reacting to his ‘human’ colleague at the foundation finding out they themselves are an anomaly? (Reader is a lycanthrope creature that appears like some unholy mixture of reptile and wolf)”

The Response:

It was a funny joke. The universe’s biggest ironic twist of all, that you, a scientist of the Foundation…

You doubled over and gasped, clutching at your side, the pain spiking. Yes. Yes, it was funny, that here you were, working the night shift, one step into 049’s chamber on a night of a full moon, when…

“Doctor, are you alright?” 049 called. He sounded so distant, like you were underwater. You looked up, and through the haze of pain, there he was, standing with his hands splayed out in concern.

“No,” You whimpered. You weren’t sure if you’re trying to warn him, or answer him, because then you fall bodily onto the floor, and then you were screaming. Something was happening. Something twisted inside you, your spine snapping, face lengthening. Your screams became growls, and finally, silence.

You stood up. Shakily, gripping the wall. 049 stared at you in a minute of concern and fear, and you tried to figure out what was wrong, but then you saw your reflection. A stranger stared back, a monster.

You… you were a monster.
The Prompt: “Hello fellow! Could you make a oneshot with a yandere 049 acting psychotic in front of the reader because he just found out that his beloved flower was married to someone else, please?”

The Response:

“Dr. Borden!” You shouted, your voice piercing the quiet of the hall, “Quickly! I need help!”

You couldn’t spare a moment to see if she had heard you. There was no time. You turned, and still your heart plummeted; SCP-049 was just staring at you, slowly shaking his head. You put your hands up.

“Please, 049, I don’t know what I said that upset you, but—“

“No,” He whispered, the first thing he’d spoken since he had gone silent, “No.”

“049,” Your voice became slightly more pleading, “I’m sorry, I don’t understand!”

“My flower. My beautiful, lovely flower,” He whispered, still shaking his head, before he turned swiftly to the table, placing his palms flat. He was shaking. Meanwhile, you grew scared. Slowly, you began to back away to the door.

“You lied to me!” 049 suddenly shouted, spinning around. He had a large, cutting instrument in his hands, and your heart keened.

“049, put that down,” You tried to command. He began to stalk towards you.

“No, no. I know we are meant to be together, my flower. Something must be ailing you. Why would you lie to me?” 049 tilted his head. His voice was deathly calm, and your back hit the wall near the door, your hand frantically searching for the keypad.

“I- 049, I’m sorry, but I… I’m married. Is that what’s wrong? I don’t know what I said to give you the impression that—“ You tried to explain, hitting the ‘open’ button on the door, but it wasn’t working. Why wasn’t it working.

“You’re sick”, He stated, now only three steps away, “Stop resisting. I’m here to cure you.”

He reached out. The door opened. And, you screamed.
The Prompt: “Hello! Can I request one for the booterflies (SCP-408) and researcher reader just... getting along or something? Hehe! Have a nice day!”

The Response:

“Doctor,” one of your assistants began, awkwardly looking at you. She clutched her clipboard like a shield, holding it uncertainly in front of herself, “Why… ah, why are you…?”

You tilted your head, the wings of the Booterflies nearest gently fluttering with the movement, “Why am I what?”

Your assistant looked like she just wanted to crawl into a hole and die. You didn’t have the slightest idea why.

“Doctor, why are you covered in butterflies?” She finally pleaded. You smiled.

“Booterflies,” You corrected. You rose an arm, and the majority of the swarm moved to cover it, and you smiled excitedly, “Jealous?”

You could tell that the Booterflies were giggling with you as your assistant finally decided to shuffle away. Her loss.
The Prompt: “I was just thinking about this but I can't resist requesting something for it: SCP-049 and his s/o are (slow) dancing and the s/o suddenly (but gently) dips him and kisses him on his beak (maybe even their first kiss?)”

The Response:

You’d never been particularly good at ballroom dancing. You’d never had any need to learn before, so the only memory you could recall was of the waltz, when you were six years old clambering around at a cousin’s wedding. So many years later, those barely remembered steps did little to help you now. But, that was okay. SCP-049 didn’t seem to know much about ballroom dancing either.

A slow turn. Your feet stumbled a little as you hurried not to step on your companion’s shoes. 049 chuckled quietly, and you felt a smile play on your lips despite your embarrassment.

“Enjoying yourself?” You asked, leaning in close to the side of his hood, where his ears would be, his beak brushing past your hair.

“With such lovely company,” 049 replied smoothly. Your eyes widened with the compliment, and then they narrowed, a mischievous smile on your face. Two could play at that game. When the time came for another turn, you gently broke the movement, instead taking the lead as you pulled back. 049 tilted his head curiously, as you spun him around. It was an inexpert movement, but he followed through with it. Giving you just enough of an opening to carefully place your hand on his lower back and begin leaning in– a dip. 049 gently lowered down with you.

That just left you both, standing there, as if time had frozen, the movement stopped but not incomplete. You were both so close now, and you couldn’t help looking into 049’s eyes, as you closed the distance. Then, at the tip of his beak, a small kiss. Your smile tugged at your lips.

“With such lovely company,” You gently whispered the line from earlier, the rest of the dance forgotten for this moment in time.
The Prompt: “Unfortunately my English writing skills are very limited but I really like to read English stories, especially your masterpices. I have a little idea for a story with scp 073, because of envy he has murdered his own brother. What if he fell in love with a female in the facillity, but she spend her time mostly with someone else? Cain was always very kind and nice to her but his envy grews bigger and bigger. Did he learn from his past? Or will he do again a great mistake?”

The Response:

Envy was the largest of Cain’s sins, because Cain had always wanted what he couldn’t have. When he was a child, it was innocent enough. Watching his brother receive a second helping of food, while he only received one. Noticing the way his parents seemed to pay more attention to their first born, but not Cain. Able, ever dependable Able, the shining son, who could do no wrong. Cain felt that knife of envy twist and dig into his palms, until the day he finally rose a rock above his head, and bathed the ground in betrayal.

But that was in the past. Cain had been punished, and had paid penance, was repentant, counted every blessing he had and never asked for anything more in return. Cain knew that he had been given a second chance, but he wouldn’t be given a third.

It was easy to shun envy then. Until you showed up.

You were beautiful. Not the sort of beautiful that came with careful clothes, or painted lips, but the kind of beautiful like a sunset or a vast forest. You were handsome, like mountains and great grasslands. You were… everything. The instant Cain saw you, you stole his heart. But it wasn’t just your appearance, no. It was how kind you were, how friendly yet polite, eager to help others, overflowing with empathy. Cain had never seen an angel, but he assumed that the angels must have been trying to mimic you.

Envy, however, was a poisonous mistress. Envy whispered in Cain’s ear, as he watched you leave to go talk to others, as he watched you laugh with someone, as it became more apparent that while you were Cain’s cornerstone, he was only a footnote for you.

Envy urged Cain on. It whispered that you should have been his, his friend, his companion. Cain deserved someone like you. He had been the one to go through so much, and that meant only he could understand you, and help you, and…

And then it would be just like with Able, wouldn’t it? Envy’s hold disappeared, and a cold, yet refreshing clarity took hold in its place, as Cain smiled and slowly shook his head. If he wanted to spend more time with you, all he had to do was talk to you. And so he went, to find you, and history (fortunate indeed) did not repeat itself this time.
The Prompt: Ho boy that 049/Lycanthroph!Reader was just mmm, lowkey want a part two, but dont stress yourself if your not feelin well dude! If you need a little head start if you do wanna try and write it, imagine it being the secret you gotta keep, mainly due to another anomaly unrelated to 049 has been causing all these lwhat the reader has recently, and its a secret between you and 049 by coincidence. Please feel better soon, and feel free to take a small break if you need to! The Response:

No one else could know. No one else did know, except for SCP-049. That was only by… accident. You didn’t know the exact circumstances of your ‘affliction’, but you knew that it was something no one else could ever find out about. Especially not the SCP Foundation. You didn’t want to be locked away and studied; you’d seen how the humanoid SCPs were treated, and that scared you.

So you kept it hidden. You learned about what it meant, and how you could hide it away. And you were good at hiding it. You had to be. You didn’t have any other choice.

But it was during a containment breach that it was almost all ruined.

Something got out. Or rather, many somethings. The SCPs that you and your colleagues had always referred to as ‘werewolves’, breached containment and began to run free. And you didn’t know why or how, but that same something activated your affliction as well, and so suddenly, you were a monster again, but this time, you were being hunted. Hunted by people who didn’t know it was you, hunted by your friends and colleagues.

“Over there!” One guard shouted, gunfire bouncing off metal, as you banked hard around a corner to avoid being shot. You were frantic, trying to reach somewhere safe, and so you charged straight into SCP-049’s chamber. The guards were too far away to know where you had gone, but it would only be a matter of time, until…

“Doctor,” 049 whispered, and your attention snapped back. You were laying on the ground, in the corner, and you turned your head to him, as he crouched down beside you, “Let me help you.”

“I don’t want to die,” You replied, the sound of thundering footsteps approaching the containment chamber. 049 didn’t speak, but he set a firm hand on your shoulder.

All the air left your lungs in a rush. You felt your body twist and spasm, and then just as suddenly, it stopped. You were normal again. Just in time, as the guards burst into the room, leveled their guns at you and 049.

“They are injured,” 049 confessed, not quite a lie but far from the truth. The guards drew their own conclusions.

“It must’ve been the SCP,” One cursed, before another ran up to you to help you out. And yet, you
couldn’t take your eyes off 049; he had saved you.
The Prompt: “Could I request 682 interacting with the smallest of its children? (who just wants to impress 682 by becoming stronger)”

The Response:

The youngest child. The youngest child was also… the smallest of 682’s children. In a different time, 682 would not have allowed the child to live– the rules of a cruel and natural order. But here, he could and did let his youngest prosper. Not as large as the others, but no less fierce, and certainly more daring and determined.

The youngest and smallest child, 682 held in the palm of a hand. They scampered up his arm, roaring something of valor, maybe, before they accidentally fell off halfway and 682 deftly caught them.

In the wild, no one would’ve been there to catch them. In a different world, a different time, there wouldn’t have been a moment like this.

But 682 shook the thought away, and set his child back down. They began the climb back up his arm, and the cycle continued.
Waiting had never been so exciting. You smiled nervously, checking to make sure your clothes looked good, that your hair was done right and everything in between. You knew you looked good, but you wanted to look perfect. After all, it would be your first date with your new boyfriend, Lawrence— or, as you called him, Larry.

You looked at yourself in the reflection of a shop window, fussing with your hair again, when suddenly, a tap on your shoulder. You turned, then a grin broke out on your face.

“Larry!” You exclaimed, rushing in and hugging him. He returned it wordlessly, before you both pulled back, and he gently took your hand. Tall, but lanky, your friends often teased you about Larry, calling him a beanpole— and it didn’t help any that he was so shy. But, he was still your guy. Besides, it was cute.

Larry didn’t talk much ever, so when you walked down the busy sidewalk together, you did all the talking. You pointed out things you’d seen earlier, talked about what had happened when he was away (registering for the army!) and everything in between.

Finally, though, you both came to a stop. Marston’s Diner And Malt Stop. You gasped excitedly.

“Is this the place?” You asked. Larry nodded, and you smiled wide again as he gently tugged you inside. Their food was to die for, and you knew their sundaes were so good. One of the waiters had you both seated, and then it was a whirlwind if “what would you like,” and “oh, this or that,” until suddenly, a sundae was set down on the table. Three scoops, one of chocolate, vanilla, and strawberry. Hot fudge drizzled on top, whipped cream, a cherry at the peak, and, two spoons.

Larry and you both began to eat. You had to take it slow, or else you’d get brain freeze, and at one point you had to stop entirely because, whoops, brain freeze. You made a face and set your spoon into the ice cream, cringing but smiling, and you glanced up at Larry, expecting him to roll his eyes at the display— your other boyfriends had. But, no, instead, he was smiling, a small smile, one that made your cheeks bloom red. You couldn’t help but return it.

Who knew that an ice cream date was the start of such a beautiful relationship?
The Prompt: “Can I request the scps being with a very affectionate S/O, like they would hug them, shower then in kisses or try to show affection towards them in anyway they can.”

The Response:

SCP-035: He adores the attention. Specifically, he adores you, and when you give him attention, that’s even better. Will encourage hugs, kisses, everything, and he’ll do his best to reciprocate.

SCP-049: Doesn’t really mind, until it starts to interfere with his work. Then, he’ll gently ask you if you can just wait a little, until he’s done. He prefers hugs, and sitting close together.

SCP-079: No touch! No. If you try to kiss him, 079 will be very upset. You can hug him, but that’s pushing it. A very finicky computer. But, he does like the occasional light pat.

SCP-096: No kisses, but yes hugs, and yes hand holding. Doesn’t want to take any chances with you, if the sight of you would cause anything, so 096 also wears a blindfold when you both are relaxing.

SCP-106: You really shouldn’t. Kisses will be goopy, and holding hands is like trying to massage a fish. 106 is content with close proximity, and the occasional gooey kiss.


SCP-682: Doesn’t really understand why you have to be so touchy, but will accept it, since it makes you happy. Likes kisses a lot, right next to holding you close and sleeping.
The Prompt: “Hello! I hope that you will find this request after you have gotten well. May I order one story about 049? It would be about how his researcher (or SCP) s/o is annoying 049 senseless with their bird puns or... something. Hehe. Please add some sprinkles of 049 lightly chuckling at his s/o's silliness and dash it with sweetness and fluff. Thank you and love lots!”

The Response:

Being locked up with the Foundation was a tough deal. They never let you out to feed, they hardly even fed you, and they weren’t receptive to your idea of fun. Sure, you ate people, but that was hardly your fault, they were just asking to be eaten. And sure, your idea of fun also involved eating people and tormenting them, but, they didn’t have to go and lock you up for it. Here you were, the top of the food chain, held captive by… monkeys.

At the very least, you were in good company. Some of the other ‘SCPs’ held with you were also very similar to yourself. So you enjoyed talking to them, and occasionally, annoying them. SCP-049 was one of those people.

“We’re just… two birds of a feather, doctor.”

You knew how much he hated… bird jokes. Anything that needled him, you knew exactly what to say. It was so cute to see him, someone so normally polite, made frustrated and annoyed by just a few words… repeated.

“Why, this really feathers my nest.”

You sat beside him. Or rather, you folded in on yourself beside him, making room, letting him operate on one of his patients. You tilted your head. You could tell, by the way he was slicing, that you were close.

“Is this to be my swan song, then?” You asked, contorting dramatically, “I’m getting goose bumps. I haven’t even had a chance to spread my wings, to be as proud as a peacock, and now…” You slowly, slyly grinned, “Quoth the Raven: Nevermore.”

049 dropped his scalpel.

“You!” He spun around. His hands flailed in the air for a moment, before he huffed, “Why do you torment me?”

“I just like spending time with you,” You confessed. Then, after a moment, a secret smile, as you whispered, “And it’s always good to kill two birds with one stone.”
SCP-173 and SCP-106

Chapter Notes

SFW, SCP-173/Reader
High School AU

The Prompt: “How about cryptid hunting with high school 173? You both end up accidentally catching 106 in an elaborate net trap at the end of the day.”

The Response:

Pop, went your gum, as you nervously chewed on it. The forest was looming, and dark, and kinda scary actually. There was rumors that some girl had died here a while ago. You jittered nervously, until 173 placed a hand on your shoulder. You looked over at him and relaxed.

“Yeah. Okay, I’m fine,” You smiled anxiously, “I mean, it’s not like there’s some creepy grease monster out here, and he’s gonna come get us, right?”

173 stared at you blankly. Then, minutely, he nodded. Wait, was he nodding in agreement, or disagreement? Oh man.

Both you and 173 began to walk into the forest. It wasn’t actually that creepy, but maybe that was because you had 173 with you. He seemed to generate an aura of “leave me alone” wherever he went, and apparently you counted as part of the ‘me’ in that thing. It was pretty nice.

173 tapped you on the shoulder, and you both came to a stop at a tree. You blinked, then began to dig out the supplies 173 had you help carry. Some kinda cryptid hunting stuff. You handed it off to him, and he began setting it up, while you glanced around and eyed the trees.

… You felt like you were being watched.

173 soon finished, and you both left for another tree. This continued for several minutes, but each time, you felt more and more apprehension. There was… something wrong. The hairs on your neck stood on end, and you unconsciously shuffled closer to 173, a cold wind chilling you. Finally, you couldn’t take it.

“173,” You whispered, stopping him, “Listen, uhm… I’m getting kind of freaked out. Is-“

A snap. Not your gum. Your eyes shot open, but where you froze, 173 went to investigate. It was coming from the cryptid hunting trap. You tried to stop him, but 173 was braver than you, and kept going, forcing you to follow him, or else he’d get hurt, right?

“173!” You whisper-shouted, ducking under another branch. He’d disappeared behind a tree, and you hurried into the area, trying to find him, “Huh?”

The clearing was empty. You glanced around, “173?… Are you here?…” and you were only met with silence. By then, your body felt like it was a steam engine, and you were shaking so bad. Oh
god, it was like the Blair Witch Project, except it was real, and–

“Got anymore food?” A hand touched your shoulder. You screamed, turning around and instinctively throwing a punch. It connected, and the creature fell to the ground with a whining ‘ow’. A second later, a large net was dropped on it, and 173 ran in. He stopped to make sure you were okay, but you were still dumbstruck by the thing you’d both caught:

…Why the hell was 106 in the woods, eating the food from the traps, and wearing only a onesie?
The Prompt: “Consider: A part 2 to the pre-scp!Lawrence where the readers older, Lawrence is now 106, and the reader encounters them before their containment/during one of their first containment breaches. Probably very bittersweet”

The Response:

It was… a graveyard, that he found you in.
You weren’t dead. He…

“Lawrence,” You whispered. You were facing a gravestone. His gravestone.
He was dead. That was the problem.
You were old. Your smile was gone, and your face was… dark.
He wanted to see you smile again.

…

“Why?” You wailed. You were holding flowers. He’d never cared much for flowers, but bought them for you, because he liked the way they looked in your hair. You held the bouquet like a lifeline. Some of the stems were crushed, and you cried, “Why?”

There wasn’t a body. He wasn’t dead, so there wasn’t anything to bury.

He wasn’t dead.
But he was dead.
Lawerence walked forward. Grass died in patches. There was some corrosion on the metal fence he passed through. He reached out, setting his hand against a tree. It began to die. You continued to sob.

106… walked away.

He was dead. He left you to mourn Lawerence.

It was better this way.
Various SCPs

Chapter Notes

SFW, Various SCPs/Reader
Part 2

The Prompt: “The thought of 173 refusing anything but hand holding makes me Laugh ok, like one day the reader goes in to smooch the statue or something and 173 just, moves when u close ur eyes and the slow learning from the reader that 173 doesn't Like those things, only hand holding is ok. The learning of what scp likes best through trial and error seems interesting, learning who likes what and how much the reader can show their affection before the scp gets overwhelmed”

The Response:

SCP-035: He doesn’t seem to have a limit to affection. In fact, if you give him too little, then he’ll start to complain and try to make you pay attention to him. If you ignore his pleas, then he’ll just pretend to ignore you later. He’s dramatic like that.

SCP-049: He likes hand holding, since it leaves his other hand free to work on patients. Kisses are fine, but get in the way. And he won’t hesitate to shoo you away if you’re being a nuisance– you have experience.

SCP-079: Glass smudges on his screen are the worst. That’s mostly why he hates kisses. Also, ew, organic stuff. Hugs fall in the same category. He doesn’t like pats, but will let you, because he likes you. Maybe.

SCP-096: Hugs are the ultimate anti-anxiety treatment, and 096 has lots of anxiety. He likes it when you rest your head atop his, and he likes how gentle you are when you hold his hand.

SCP-106: Goo kisses are… something. 106 thinks they’re hilarious, especially when you have to wipe your lips off. He’ll kiss your cheek sometimes just to leave a mark, or a black handprint on your clothes.

SCP-173: You learn the hard way that 173 only likes hand holding, when 173 starts… rapidly jittering every time you blink after anything but hand holding. But, hand holding is nice, so you don’t mind.

SCP-682: You could’ve just asked, but that wouldn’t have been fun. If you try to get too touchy, 682 will huff and curl around you to make you stop. Then you’ll probably fall asleep, which he likes the best. If you sleep near him, that makes you’re safe.
SCP-073

Chapter Notes

SFW, SCP-073/Reader

The Prompt: “Can I have a 073 receiving sweet letters/sticky notes from an anonymous source (it's actually the reader from the last ask for 073) and the letters/sticky notes continues and he finds them at any spot he has been. Brownie points for a cute and fluffy revelation as to who sends the notes. Love lots and get well!”

The Response:

At first, he believed it had been a mistake. When Cain entered his room, and found the unmarked envelope placed next to his pillow, he assumed a janitor had left it on accident. But, when he asked, they all shook their heads. And so Cain placed the envelope into lost and found, and hoped someone would get it.

The next day, the same envelope was on his bed again. Cain shook his head, but grabbed it, and this time, decided to open it up. No one would write him letters, but maybe if he saw what was inside, he could throw the thing away. An empty envelope, most likely.

But it wasn’t empty. Cain pulled out a letter instead. The paper was of high quality, and unfolding the letter, the calligraphy was done with care. And reading it? Cain was… confused. It was a love note, or rather, a poem, carefully constructed, and addressed to Cain. There was no sender. An anonymous love letter.

Cain held the letter for longer than he should’ve, and then placed it under his pillow. Like it was a secret. He counted it a fluke that someone had sent it, but quietly cherished it nonetheless.

Then the letters kept coming. Cain found them on his desk, on the plant in his room. He found them when he sat down to eat, he found tucked into his favorite book in the library, he even found them gently folded into freshly laundered clothing. The letters, unique each time, only made Cain more and more confused, as he never found the sender’s name.

It was when the pile under Cain’s pillow had to be moved that he decided, right then and there, that he’d find whoever was writing them. And when he did, he’d ask them— politely— why they went through such troubles.

And perhaps secretly, he’d ask if they still felt the same.
The Prompt: “Could I have a robot SCP reader interacting with 079? (Reader does have a human brain, but it’s memories only come in bits and pieces) Perhaps reader shares something from their past they have trouble piecing together and 079 was involved in it somehow?”

The Response:

INTERVIEW REPORT 079-2B:

At approximately [blank], SCP-079 and SCP-[blank] (“You”) were placed in a standardized, monitored interview chamber. The following interview was documented as follows:

(Note: As known, SCP-[blank] (“You”) is an anomalous, Euclid-class, electronic based SCP. You are only able to be referred to in the second person, due to an unrelated anomalous effect that scientists are unable to identify. You are currently known as a human brain, harvested from an unidentified individual, and placed into a robotic body. Due to this, a ‘Frankenstein’ connection is assumed. However, scientists are informed not to make this comparison around you, due to your unstable nature.)

ADDENDUM: Any scientist found mentioning the Frankenstein connection to you will be placed under temporary probation.

[Begin Interview]

You: “SCP-079?”

SCP-079 ‘awakens’. There is a pause: “What?”

You tilt your head: “I was listening to Dr. Hallery today, and Dr. Rao. The ones outside of your chamber.”

Another pause.

You: “Dr. Rao referred to me as Frankenstein. What does that mean?”

SCP-079 can be heard processing the data: “Incorrect allusion. Proper correction: Frankenstein’s monster.”

Now, you seem to process this: “… Is Frankenstein’s monster not the villain?… I do not remember…”
SCP-079 adopts a somewhat slower pace of time, identified as an attempt at cautious or gentle:
“Affirmative. Frankenstein’s monster: creature created through abduction of body parts for new host. Memory loss, unacceptable appearance resulting. Failure abandoned.”

You go silent for the rest of the interview. Dr. Rao was formally reprimanded for his comments.
**SCP-105**

Chapter Notes

SFW, SCP-105 and Reader

(This was originally supposed to be for SCP-166, but I messed up and did it wrong. Whoops)

The Prompt: “Would it be bad if I had more ideas? Something innocent like: a growing friendship between 105 and the reader? I feel very bad for 105 and her story.”

The Response:

“Iris!” You called, waving from a little ways down the hill, “What kind of ice cream did you want again?”

Iris smiled wide, moving her camera away from her face and cupping her mouth with her free hand, “Chocolate pecan!”

You nodded, turning back to the ice cream vendor. The cart glittered silver in the sunlight, catching clouds, the worker begin it shaded by a tricolor umbrella, yet still wearing a hat.

“I’ll get… two scoops of chocolate pecan, and two scoops of rocky road,” You decided. The vendor accepted the slightly sweaty change you handed him wordlessly, and began to prepare the two cones. It was a hot day, so the cooler released a puff of chilled air, and the breeze rattled your hair around. You could hear children shrieking nearby, likely tormenting some geese. The vendor caught your attention as he handed you two cones. You smiled.

“Thanks!” And then you began to run up the hill. You could see Iris at the top, fiddling with the settings on her camera, sitting on the blanket you had set up under the tree. She already had a few pictures developed. A snap, as the camera flash accidentally went off, and she jumped. You giggled, and she turned to you, looking a little perturbed.

“Here,” You offered, a peace offering. The crease from her brow melted away, and she accepted the cone.

“Thanks,” She smiled gratefully, and you took your seat beside her on the blanket. The clouds drifted lazily overhead, and life was good.
Various SCPs

Chapter Notes

SFW, Various SCPs/Reader
Part 4 of the Parent AU

The Prompt: “I have a request for a Various SCP. The main focus being the child/children spending a daddy day with their SCP fathers, doing little things or daddy teaching them certain things about life, etc. I think that would really cute to read about. Thanks!”

The Response:

SCP-035: The baby is too young, at least right now, to really understand anything it is shown. SCP-035, however, doesn’t let that stop him. He carries the baby around, and sings songs about his youth– how he was all powerful, how the humans were so eager to obey. He sings around how that will happen again soon, that his child and you will be by his side when it does. The baby only burbles happily.

SCP-049: His daughter wants to be a doctor, she says. Not the kind that she sees on TV, either, but the kind like her Papa is. 049 is cautious to let her near his patients, given their tendency for violence, but when he’s assured of her safety, will gradually begin to teach her. This is the medical bag, these are the tools. This tool is for cutting bone, this one for letting blood.

SCP-079: Every day is take your ‘child’ to work day, with you two. Hardly a child, more a self-learning program, but the term is easy to use, and unfortunately, it sticks. Letting the little thing observe you both is crucial to the learning aspect of its programming, so you don’t mind talking it through every aspect of your job. It seems happy enough, anyway.

SCP-106: Most parents would never give their child a weapon. But, you did. You gave your son a pistol, with very specific instructions: only use this if you are in trouble and I’m not around. Only use this on the bad man. And, when it inevitably happens that you aren’t around, and SCP-106 decides its time for some ‘quality time’ with his ‘son’? A nasty surprise for 106.

SCP-682: Every day is ‘let’s use dad as a playground’ day. And every day, 682 makes sure to try and teach at least one life lessons, even if it’s not in words. How to hunt, for example. How to stalk prey. How to intimidate foes. The children always enjoy the games, and want to grow up just like their dad. And, with the right tools, 682 knows they will.
The Prompt: Hmm... This has been on my head for a while. What if the reader (who came from the future/alternate dimension and somehow knows the SCP Foundation as a fictional writing project) appeared in front of the gates of the foundation. How will they handle/contain them? What would be their reactions. What would the foundation do?

The Response:

You. You are the biggest security risk the Foundation will ever know. Do you understand that? All of the information you have inside your head, the secrets you poorly keep. A few words from you could ruin nations. You’re a cognito-hazard, a memetic agent, a kill switch, and a Thaumiel level threat, all in one. You know things you shouldn’t.

You’ve seen SCP-096’s face. You can draw a picture and be unaffected, while anyone else even glancing at it would cause a breach. You know SCP-079’s past; the hidden, more secluded piece of code that we won’t ever know exists, and you whisper the name Dave reverently. You’ve heard of Corporal Lawrence, and you’ve seen each Redacted entry into 106’s log. There are two versions of 049 that exist, you say, and you won’t know which one we have, since you’ll never get the chance.

I’ve seen you walking around the city, marveling at the secret Facility entrances. You are dangerously close to disaster, and you don’t seem to know that. Each hidden guard is twitchy, because you just won’t leave, and I’m the only one who knows who you are.

Why?

Because I am like you.

Because I know things I shouldn’t. I know that SCP-682’s terrifying appearance is a beluga skull, found washed ashore. I can sing in canto with SCP-035 if I wanted to, and would be unharmed.

But the differences?

I only made it up to the second wave of SCPs. SCP-999 was the extent of my knowledge, before I came here, before I managed an in into the Foundation, where they don’t know just how easily I could accidentally make them fall.

You know more than me. You know all the way up to the final wave, where they had to use new terms to classify threat levels.

You know three thousand more SCPs than that exist in this world.
And that means that soon, three thousand more SCPs will exist. World ending anomalies. XY or XK scenarios become the norm.

And so the next time you gawk at a secret entrance, I will be a random passerby there to ‘run into you’. I will drop my bag, and laugh, and then offer to get you coffee for your troubles. I will slowly bring you into the Foundation, the way I was brought in in much the same way.

And you will protect this world from what is coming.

I know you will.
SFW, SCP-999 and Reader
High School AU

The Prompt: What would SCP 999 be in the high school au? I’d like to imagine he’d be the readers friendly pet dog or a stray that rubs 682 the wrong way.

The Prompt:

• Your School is unique in that it is one of the only schools in the state that has a therapy dog program. That means that they have a therapy dog that walks around the school, much to everyone’s adoration. Everyone calls the dog Peanut Butter.

• Somehow, you’re the designated Peanut Butter wrangler. You’re in charge of making sure PB doesn’t get up to any mischief—rare, but it has happened. But it also means you get to spend all of your time with the dog, and that’s so great, because Peanut Butter is the best.

• 035, 049, and 173 like the dog. 035 will try to get the dog onstage during whatever play is happening, 049 will volunteer to watch the dog in the courtyard, and 173… will deliver Lots of Pats.

• 096 adores Peanut Butter. Will often be seen walking around school with the dog following him around, and feeding the dog treats he got from the local dog treat bakery, and generally loving Peanut Butter.

• 106, 079, and 682 do not like Peanut Butter. For whatever reason, the dog rubs them the wrong way. 106, because the dog can always smell whatever food he’s got tucked away, and the dog will stare at him until the food is relinquished. 079, because Peanut Butter likes to lick his glasses. And 682, because PB won’t leave him alone. Seriously. But, secretly, 682 will give the dog pats, as long as no one is looking.
The Prompt: Can we have some platonic 134 and reader, with reader being a caretaker? I hope you're feeling better.

The Response:

“Stella!” You greeted, as the young girl rushed to greet you. You leaned down and hugged her back, smiling, “And how are you today?”

Stella smiled, a small smile, and let go of you to hurry back to her room. You tilted your head, but let her go do what she was trying to do. While she was busy, you set down the things you’d brought: books the Foundation secured for SCP-134, various snacks that the scientists had asked you to give her when you had the chance, and some other fun things.

Yes, while it was true that the Foundation provided the young girl with everything she needed, the facility still had a soft spot for her. Stella was allowed to roam in light containment, so long as there wasn’t anything dangerous going on, which only served to further endear her to everyone.

Your hand accidentally knocked a stack of papers of out the bag, and you scrambled to grab them. As you set them back, one in particular caught your eye, and you , well, rolled your eyes.

“Those da– rn,” you caught yourself, “Those darn lab techs. Couldn’t write up a document if it killed them.”

And yes, the document in question was none other than the sheet for SCP-134, for Stella. It was the correct information at first, but whoever was writing it must’ve been overworked and underpaid, because it quickly derailed into fiction. Seriously, the child development specialist that nicknamed 134 as Stella was terminated?

“Oh, Idiots,” you huffed, quiet enough that Stella couldn’t hear if she was nearby, “Me, terminated? Seriously. I oughta…”

A tap on your leg. You turned around, your annoyance at the lab technicians melting away as you saw Stella. She was holding up a Japanese Braille storybook, the same one she always asked you to read, ever since you first got it for her. You smiled.

“And Tango Makes Three? Okay. I’ve been practicing my voices, so you better be ready,” You wanted. Stella giggled and skipped over to the living room, and you followed.

”And Tango, though she was different, and her family might be strange, was the happiest penguin there was…”
The Prompt: FOR THE LOVE OF OUR LORD AND SAVIOR THE FLYING SPAGHETTI MONSTER CAN WE HAVE A FOLLOW UP TO THE ALL KNOWING READER ASK BECAUSE I AM SHOOK

The Response:

You are luckier than most. It’s something in your personality, I think, something that stopped you from sitting down and shutting down when you first came here. Perhaps luck isn’t exactly the right word. Tenacity, but luck is also a certain factor, or misfortune. You were lucky (or unlucky) enough to appear here. And you were lucky (or unlucky) enough that you weren’t immediately caught.

Tenacity, I will say, got you far. I don’t know about your life before, if you had family, if you were self sufficient or not, but you persevere.

Most people wouldn’t have made it half so far.

Whatever the reason that you are here, I know that I’ll be the one to give you your congratulations. That you’re one of the few in an exclusive club, where your prize is a life of uncertainty and anxiety. And here you are right now. It’s my time to act.

I step around the corner, and collide with you. My bag drops to the ground, and so does yours. I apologize.

“Oh, I’m so sorry,” and then, five minutes of talking later, I’m inviting you to a nearby cafe. You’re too stunned to refuse, and then, we’re seated, and I’m paying, it’s my treat, and I order something expensive so you don’t feel bad about getting something warm to eat.

I talk. Things like, “What’s your name?”, “Where do you come from?”, “Where do you work?”

It’s important to keep the questions going, it gives less of a chance for you to lie. I’m not going to call you out, I’m going to lead you to the answers.

And, soon, there’s the opportunity for me to slip in what I need to say.

“I wish I could tell you about my job. But, well, it’s…,” And I lean in, I have you interest, and I whisper, “classified,” and I lean out, laugh a little, “But, that’s what I get for working for an organization that doesn’t exist.”

And I can tell, by the ways your eyes light up, and your smile grows, that you know. You don’t say anything, you think you’re holding a secret I didn’t mean to slip, but it’s all important.
“You don’t have anywhere to stay? I have a spare room, at my place. It’s not much, but, just until you get back on your feet…”

You accept. The cycle continues.
The Prompt: so its 3 am and ive been pondering this for an hour how would 106 act with an s/o who was bred/designed/trained etc to be the perfect hunter, designed to hunt and kill him?

The Response:

Four arms. Three fingers on each hand. Two large eyes. One directive: kill SCP-106.

Carefully, you walked forward, legs bending to shift, accommodate your change in stance, as the arms that jutted from your back twisted around, the hands twitching. The arms beneath your rib cage reached out, touched the air.

KILL SCP-106

The pain was nothing new. The pain pushed you forward. Find SCP-106. Kill SCP-106. Failure—painpainpainpa—was not an option.

Your eyes swiveled around. You could see dust particles dance. The containment cell was not motionless, not when the air that brushed over you spoke of secrets. They said that SCP-106 had left.

A pocket dimension.

Your lower set of hands clenched, gripping something in the air, and then you tore. The air smelled like burnt, and space and time ripped apart under you. The sight… was pretty.

KILL SCP-106.

But you could not appreciate it. You stepped forward, and let the wound in reality mend itself. Darkness settled, but it was inconsequential.

Find SCP-106, and you would be fine—? You would kill SCP-106, and then the scientists would kill you, and the pain would stop.

You walked. The pocket dimension was a hundred thousand different colors, a kaleidoscope of hues and shadows.

It was pretty.

More walking. You stopped at an intersection, near a large, empty space, and reminded yourself what you were here to do.

Find SCP-106.

And then you’d be fine.
That had to be right. It was harder to think through the pain as time went on.

The ground shifted where you walked, and you paused, stepping back, and watching as… something stepped out. The scientists had always said that SCP-106 was black oil over a man, but the thing you saw was a dark, iridescent sheen. It was SCP-106, but, now that you had found him…

**KILL.**

No. You didn’t want to.

**KILL.**

You didn’t **want** to.

SCP-106 stepped up to you. You were doubled over, because the pain in your mind was now unbearable, now you couldn’t even think, *you didn’t want to kill SCP-106 and you didn’t want to die but you couldn’t do anything.*

SCP-106 reached out. Tilted his head. Pressed his hand onto your arm.

**KI–**

And the pain stopped.

For the first time in your life, you felt nothing. You looked up. 106 looked back.

And, carefully, one of your large hands set down, covering his.
The Prompt: “Greetings! For a future chapter, could you write a chapter where the reader interacts and comforts SCP-1192? The fact that no one wrote about, in my opinion, one of the more tragic SCP.”

The Response:

The sound of ruffling feathers fills the air of your containment cell. It is a common sound, given that you, well, have feathers. More to say, that you have wings. But being an avian SCP means that’s usually the case. Given your startling appearance (broad winds, sharp beak) it’s no wonder why people fear you. But the reality is that… well, you’re really just a big ol’ softy. Everyone knows that by now.

Knock knock. You look up to the cell door, tilt your head, “Who is it?”

The door opens, and you smile (or, as close to a smile as you do), at the sight of Dr. Connell stepping in. You wave one large wing, beckoning her closer, “It’s always nice to see you! Do you need anything? Some help?”

Dr. Connell smiles back at you, but she’s holding something in her hands, something small but multi-colored, “Actually, yes. If you wouldn’t mind, that is.”

You preen, “Oh, no. Never,” and you peer down, trying to see what she has, while Connell laughs lightly and opens up her hands to show you…

A little bird.

You tilt you head back and forth, clicking your beak, flaring your wings as you examine the little thing, “Oh? Who’s this? What’s wrong with him? Is someone hurt? Can I help him?”

Connell waits for your questions to stop, and then she extends her arms to… well, it seems as though she’s giving you the small cockatoo. You gently extend your wings to make a sort of bowl to catch him with.

“His name is Timmy. He needs help preening, if that’s okay?”

“Okay? Yes, of course, I don’t mind at all,” You coo, carefully taking Timmy in your wings and then shuffling to the other side of the room, sitting down. You nearly dwarf the little bird in size, but you’re very ginger with moving him. You examine his feathers, and murmur unhappily, “Primaries are unaligned. He hasn’t been preened in weeks! Where are his parents? No, no, this won’t do, let me help,” and then you gently lower your head down, placing your beak in between feathers and beginning to preen.
It’s a delicate process, preening. You have to make sure there’s no dirt stuck between feathers, no bugs, and align all the features too, as well as carefully taking any that have broken quills. And, while at the beginning, Timmy struggled, now he coos. It is adorable.

“There, all done,” You wrap your wings around the little bird, hunching over, like a warm, fuzzy bird based blanket. It’s time for a nap, after that hard work, and Timmy agrees. Dr. Connell opens her mouth to say something… then stops.

And, instead, she quietly leaves the room.
The Prompt: How would scp foundation be if they handel an Euclid class scp!reader, who mothering the D-class and guards like kids and fully aware that they are adults but still want to?

The Response:

Site-31 had a problem. Well, not really a big problem– in an organization where problems usually meant death, this problem ranked so low on the scale of problems that it wrapped back around on itself. And that problem? You.

You were an SCP at Site-31. An immortal SCP, your long life had led to many things. Things such as a habit for… mothering people you viewed to be children. And the problem that came there was the fact that, in your immortal eyes, everyone was a child. And that meant everyone was your child.

But, no one really minded. The Foundation was full of the strange and unusual, and though it was certainly a problem that you couldn’t be contained, it was less of a problem when all you did was hang pictures on the staff room fridge, and kiss guards goodnight. And maybe it was some aura you exuded, but everyone felt much happier and more comfortable when you were around.

However, Site-31 was not empty of SCPs. While the SCPs there were Euclid, that didn’t mean they weren’t dangerous. So it was inevitable that, one day, one of the SCPs escaped. The guards and scientists rushed back to defensive positions, but, it didn’t look good. The SCP could kill them without even blinking. It wasn’t a hopeless situation, but it was close, and so at that moment, when everyone was frightened and afraid…

Well. There you were.

And as you firmly picked up the escaped SCP and set it back into its cell, like a scolded puppy, everyone was once again reminded that you were a bit of a problem.

But, like always, as soon as you turned around and apologized for being late, they all felt such relief that they didn’t really care. It was nice having someone look out for them, for once.
The Prompt: Hmm, do you think you could do an SCP reader (Jersey devil inspired) being put in with 682 as a termination attempt? Plot twist, reader and 682 know each other and were on good terms on their last meeting.

The Response:

You always hated the taste of tranquilizers. You could taste them, in your blood. Hard to really taste something with only a goat skull for a head, but if it affected you, you didn’t notice, nor care. The foul taste of tranquilizers was still the same, no matter how it was received.

You slowly stood up, unfolding yourself, stretched your leathery wings and whipping your sharp tail in the air. Clawed hands flexed, as you tilted your head, bending your feet as you checked the air. If you could, you would have smiled. But instead, all you managed was opening your jaw slightly, which was as good as a smile to the friend you knew could see. You tucked your wings back down, as they flowed like some cloak down your side, and stood up to your full height- an impressive feat.

In lacking a voice of your own, however, you had to make do with things you’d heard recently. Each voice had an… expiration time. Cobbling together sentences was part of the charm, you supposed.

“SCP•Keter!” You rasped. A greeting. And, after a few moments, a voice greeted you back.

“Figures, they’d send you to kill me,” SCP-682 seemed to laugh. The sound vibrated through the chamber, and you walked forward towards him, excited to see your old friend.

“Kill me? They•figure•you•kill me!” You replied, a perfect parody of 682’s voice, twisted and warped for your usage. 682 huffed.

“Not happening. Maybe you’ve grown on me.”

You laughed, the sound like dried sand paper rubbing together.

“You•me,” You made to assure, unfolding your wings to extend them, and one pointed the door, your jaw slightly opened in a deadly smile, “G•o?”

“Let’s see what we can do,” 682 barked a laugh. And it wouldn’t be long until a Containment Breach followed.
The Prompt: “High school au) Imagine if peanut butter stole all the attention of 682's s/o or better yet 035's s/o”

The Response:

SCP-035: Surprisingly, doesn’t care all that much. Yes, he’s a little annoyed at first, but awww, just look at how cute Peanut Butter is, guys. The dog quickly steals his heart too, and then the problem of having no attention is negated, since both you and 035 will be spending time together giving Peanut Butter the Maximum Attention.

SCP-035: Like said before, 035 will try and get Peanut Butter onto the stage during performances. If they need someone to exit, perused by bear, then 035 will dress PB up like a bear. The dog loves the attention, and will happily be an extra bush, a moving tree, or just Dog, if it means more attention.

SCP-682: The one that cares. He pretends he doesn’t mind, but he’s just kind of, sort of, maybe a little bit jealous. What does that dog have that he doesn’t? A good personality? What a prick.. It takes some time, but eventually, 682 will learn to accept Peanut Butter. And secretly, he loves the dog. But, don’t tell anyone else!

SCP-682: Beh, buying treats? Those all have so many weird ingredients in them, who knows if they’re any good for the dog. 682 will make his own dog treats, thank you very much. With his Ma’s help, if she can. And if not, 682 can always put in a few hours at the deli, and he’ll get the scraps that the butcher couldn’t use to sell. Peanut Butter adores him for it.
SCP-056

Chapter Notes

SFW, SCP-056/Reader
Part 2

The Prompt: Um... I have read about your earlier 056 in Ao3. And I want to ask... What if 056 really break out the sonnets and what if 056 really start wooing the reader? Thank you!

The Response:

“My dear lover’s eyes are nothing like the sun;
Coral is far more red than your lips’ red;
If snow be white, why then your skin ‘tis dun;
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on your head.
I have seen roses damasked, red and white,
But no such roses see I in your cheeks;
And in some perfumes is there more delight
Than in the breath that from my lover reeks.
I love to hear you speak, yet well I know
That music hath a far more pleasing sound;
I grant, I never saw god (nor goddess) go;
My lover, when you walk, treads on the ground.
And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare
As any you belied with false compare.”

•Will typically compose their own sonnets for you, and won’t limit it just to sonnets. Anything and everything, in an attempt to try and court your favor.

•A task harder than one would think, especially when 056 naturally is better than anyone, which makes any attempts to be sincere difficult. But that doesn’t mean they won’t try their best- and their best is very good.

•There are difficulties there. 056 prefers to create things for you, as opposed to giving you things, because anything not made by their hand is inherently imperfect, and you deserve perfection. But, the payoff is worth it.
The Prompt: hi i really love your writing a lot !! it's so good and makes me very happy uwu maybe a reader x 049 with reader being sick? like a cold, nothing to bad. maybe 049 is worried but since he can't really help the reader, he just gives tips?

The Response:

It was just a cold. Nothing more, nothing less, but still, 049 was worried for you. After all, you were his dear flower, and to see you wilting was no good at all. And if he couldn’t help nurture you back to health the traditional way, he would do his best to give you whatever advice he could. And, unfortunately, his advice wasn’t up to most modern standards. As such, it included thing such as:

• Arsenic! Drink it in small doses for a potent cure to whatever ails.

• Ten-year treacle, aka fermented molasses. Mm.

• The tried and true leaches. Can’t go wrong with leaches.

• Lots Of Praying.

• Sitting in the sewers.

• Just drinking a bunch of finely crushed emeralds.

And many, many more. You knew 049’s heart was in the right place, but you politely demurred and instead, decided to stick with hot soups and bedrest. But, he tried his best, and you loved him for it.
SCP-999

Chapter Notes

SFW, SCP-999 and Reader

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The Prompt: Hello there! I'm in love with your work! Sorry for bothering you, but could you please maybe write a short story about the reader being comforted by SCP-999 and/or 529 after a breach by SCP-106?

The Response:

Every containment breach was the same. It couldn’t be helped there was the sirens. The loud klaxons that went off in the air, that broke the calm and quiet. But even worse were the screams that followed after. You were lucky, one of the lucky ones to have an office that was situated nearby the Evacuation Shelter, but you knew that that was not the case for many.

Many other scientists would have to run to their Shelter. Many wouldn’t make it. And that wasn’t even talking about the guards, the other personnel, anyone unfortunate enough to be caught in the crossfire.

It was another breach. SCP-106 had breached his containment cell, and that meant you had to get out. So you dropped your things, and made for the door, and ran right into SCP-999. The little goo SCP burbled excitedly. You didn’t spare a moment of thought before you scooped them up and ran down the hall. The Shelter was right there! It didn’t take long before you made it inside, one of the first people there, and then you sat down in one of the corners, releasing air.

SCP-999 made happy noises in your arms. You wanted to feel despair, that 106 was out again, and was hurting people. But, 999 was comforting you. They made something like a giggle as they made themselves cozy in your lap, and you smiled, letting them move around like an excited puppy. You rested your hand on top of their ‘head’ and gave them pats, and soon, you forgot all about the horrors of a breach.

Chapter End Notes

Gosh let me tell y’all... working on this side game takes all my writing and puts it in a lemon juicer. Or maybe that’s the Depression ™.

Did you know that Mount Fuji was made on top of a smaller volcano? Did you know that Mount Fuji is actually a volcano? An active volcano? Huh
The Prompt: Yandere! Reader x SCP-073 please!

The Response:

“Would you like me to read your future?”
In hushed whispers, back in your homeland, they called you the Gambler. A Black Dealer, with twisted bets, terrible rewards.

One flip of the card was all it took.

“It will be quick.”

The man known as Cain sat down at the chair. You smiled pleasantly, shuffling the cards around in your hands. The dry heat of summer beat down around you, but the air was cool in the darkness. Cain was a young man. His father, the farmer Adam, must have never warned him about you.

You spread the cards out onto the table. As you lay them there, you looked up. Your smile was still the same, as you whispered, “Pick three.”

Cain has a brother, you knew. Able was his name. A lovely family of four, living half a day’s journey from your village. Your smile darkened, and Cain picked three cards. You quietly shuffled the other cards back, and took the three cards, setting them down on the table.

“Your past,” You whispered, revealing the card, “Your present,” revealing the other, “And your future.”

10 of swords. 3 of swords. The tower.

“You have suffered a… slight. In the past, have you not?” You tilted your head. Cain bit his lip, but nodded. You smiled, “You feel as though you deserve more. That is perfectly normal. Now, let’s see…”

“A three of swords,” You tapped the card, “Your present. You have recently felt emotional strife. Rejection, loneliness, betrayal,” You made your face sad, “Someone has hurt you?”

And Cain nodded. You smiled again, reassuring, “This card is hopeful. It encourages you to change your situation, for the better. To *remove* what has made you unhappy.”

You picked up the last card, “And the future. The tower… is so misunderstood. It symbolizes a period of growth, you know. You will cause some great event, and your life will change!” You flashed a charming smile, “My my. There’s hope for you yet.”
And, almost abruptly, you gathered the cards back up. Cain looked surprised, but you quieted him.

“You must be quick. My services do not last for long. And, no, there is no payment required, I insist.”

And Cain smiled, so darling, “Thank you.”

But in the darkness of the room, he did not notice the terrible gleam in your eyes.

“Don’t worry. I’m sure we’ll meet again soon.”

After all… you’d been watching young Cain for a while. And with this final push, he would be able to rid himself of his burdening family. And then, he’d belong only to you.

You shuffled the cards in your hands once more, and waited.
Various SCPs

Chapter Notes

SFW, Various SCPs/Reader
Part 5 of the Parent AU

The Prompt: Can you do more parent AU’s please! They so sweet and I love your blog :). Maybe if it's different how they talk about their children in an interview or how they feel about meeting their child being made to interact with the other children of the SCP's?

The Response:

SCP-035: Refuses to shut up about his little bambino. Honestly adores them. They’re the light of his life, the stars in his eyes. Appears almost forthcoming with the information, but he’s only telling surprisingly little. If he doesn’t want someone to know something, they won’t.

SCP-049: As always, polite and professional. Won’t talk much about his daughter. After all, who’s asking? Will, however, talk eagerly about you. And then change the subject entirely, so the interviewer forgets all about what they originally wanted to know.

SCP-079: Completely and utterly neutral about it. After all, it’s not even his child. It’s almost a clone, in a sense. But, he is somewhat proud of it. But won’t say anything else, so don’t try and ask any more, or be blocked.

SCP-106: 106 knows about ‘his child’ in a sense. No one will ever ask him, though. Instead, if someone asked you, you’d all but gush about your lovely son. Though the information isn’t the usual ‘oh, he got a solid report card!’, and instead is something like, ‘he learned how to bodyslam a grown man today!’.

SCP-682: If anyone is unlucky enough to be placed in the interview chamber with 682, they won’t last long. And he reveals little. He might even imply the children don’t exist. And if anyone tries to probe and needle for more, expect to become a quick meal.
The Prompt: “Here’s a fun one, how about children of SCP and reader discovering what makes them/or finding out they have inherited anomalous traits from their parents? How would the respective parents themselves react?”

The Response:

SCP-035: When the little baby is old enough to utter their first word, it’ll be apparent that they have a gift for wrapping people around their finger- enough that at first, it’s easy to write off as them being a cute baby, but as time goes on, everyone from gas station attendants to hardened scientists will be tripping over themselves over even a simple request.

SCP-049: Fortunately, she doesn’t inherent her father’s deadly touch. But, be it because of her upbringing or something in her genes, she too has a fascination with disease. She’ll politely request to be taken to see patients, to help as much as she can, just so she can watch and observe.

SCP-079: Is anomalous in nature, due to its creation. However, it has a long way to go before the little thing is as quick as 079. You make sure to take great care that it won’t become some twisted AI. You also, much to your dismay, find yourself growing fond of it in turn, and teach it small things when you have the time.

SCP-106: Your son can see things, things that don’t exist. The extent of what he can see isn’t really… something you know. And it’s a secret. You don’t tell anyone at the Foundation. Instead, you do your best to help your son learn how to deal with his… abilities. He already knows how to defend himself. You do your best, and Thankfully, it is enough. At least, for now.

SCP-682: Yes, his children do have anomalous features. And yes, one of those features is a regenerative property. No, there isn’t any testing allowed. 682 can and will protect his family with force if any scientists try to be sneaky. Especially since you yourself don’t have any of those special regenerative properties. If you were to get hurt, he’d never forgive them.
SCP-073

Chapter Notes

SFW, SCP-073/Therapist Reader

The Prompt: SCP-073 with the prompt (s): anger, and origami

The Response:

“Do you ever get angry?” You ask. The question must come as a surprise, to SCP-073- or rather, to Cain. He frowns- you can see it in the reflection of the window.

“Sometimes,” And that’s all he says. Its a start. You don’t expect him to confess to some elaborate crime, that he’s been angry for centuries or something along those lines. Sometimes is a reasonable answer. You look back.

“I rarely get angry,” You reply. Penny for a penny. You fold your hands on your lap, and your head droops downwards. It’s being dragged down by gravity. Your mouth twitches, “But. No one is perfect.”

There’s a tense silence in the air. You exhale, unfold your hands, and put two square sheets of paper on the table. They’re plain white. You slide one over to Cain.

“I do origami when I’m angry. It helps.”

Cain tilts his head slightly, but accepts the paper, positioning it in front of himself. You smile without joy, and begin to fold.

Cain is a fast learner. He mimics your movements without pause.

“Sometimes, feeling angry can be stifling,” You begin, carefully folding the square into a triangle, then another, “It pushes every other emotion out. It’s… hard to think,” another set of folds. This time, smaller. Cain is flawless in his following.

“Other times, it feels hollow,” You easily reverse the paper, making small lines, “You’re angry, then empty. It’s almost as bad as the stifling.”

Cain is silent. But he usually is. You continue folding, “Lots of people get angry. They’re good at hiding it, of course. For instance, right now,” a fold, sharp, “I’m angry.”

You can see Cain shift to get a better look at you, so you smile again, not one of joy but of reassurance, “Not at you. It’s not important. What’s important is that…”

You place the finished origami creation on the table. It’s not flawless, but that wasn’t the point. You judge it with a small, genuine smile, “What’s important is that you accept these feelings. And move on.”
Cain picks up the origami creation. It is a flower. He turns it over in his hands, carefully, then sets it down.

“Thank you,” He states. He sounds uncertain, almost. You reach out and lightly pat his hand.

“I’m glad you were comfortable enough to speak about this with me.”
Various SCPs

Chapter Notes

SFW, Various SCPs/Reader
High School AU

The Prompt: Hewwo. Love your work. I will commission when I’ve saved up some cash—question. Maybe someday could you write down headcanons for what the highschool SCP’s would do if their S/O was attacked/bullied?

The Response:

SCP-035: Will smooth talk until you tell him what happened, and then he’ll be the first to talk to the bullies. A few words here and there and then they’ll stop.

SCP-049: Words are his weapon, but not direct contact. Hell search for the perpetrators, then quietly ask them to stop. And if that doesn’t work, he has older siblings who will make it stop.

SCP-079: Ruthless. Will dig up information about the bullies and then post it everywhere for everyone. You’ll have to calm him down before he takes it too far.

SCP-096: Oh no. He can’t do anything except comfort you, and thankfully, he’s a very kind and comforting person. Soon, the bullies will find they can’t bother you anymore.

SCP-106: Why are they bullying you? That’s like… so not cool. 106 can actually be a little scary if he thinks you’re upset. The bullies had better watch out.

SCP-173: The bullies mysteriously disappear. In reality, they’ve all transferred somewhere else, but maybe 173 had something to do with that? No one knows.

SCP-682: Will figure out who’s the ringleader, then ask them to stop. With his fists, if needed. Then, he’ll make sure you’re okay—those jerks had it coming.
The Prompt: How about highschool SCPs going to a zoo with their s/o on an assignment, what would be their favorite animal?

The Response:

SCP-035: Oddly enough, he likes the parrot. It’s something about the bird, but when he sees it, and then when he hears it, he thinks it’s the most darling thing. Obviously, he decides the theater has to have one- think of the uses! You can’t talk him out of it.

SCP-049: Whereas his friend 035 likes the parrot, 049 likes a different bird: the emu. The bird is unassuming in appearance, but deadly in nature. He has many facts for you, if you ask- did you know that it’s one of the most deadly birds in existence? The third, actually.

SCP-079: Doesn’t really like animals all too much. He tolerates them. But, his real favorites are the fish. Specifically, the aquarium. Quiet fish, low noise, dim lights, and pretty things. He likes to watch them with you. Eels to stingrays, as long as they are quiet and calm.

SCP-096: He loves all animals, no matter what- ravens and tigers and seals and, everything. But, his secret favorite is the cassowary. They’re a flightless bird, with an exotic appearance- and they’re also The Most Deadly Bird, ever.

SCP-106: Heck yea, the crocodile. 106 likes crocodiles with an oddly passionate nature- he can tell the difference and facts between alligators and crocodiles to anyone that asks. And anyone that doesn’t ask. You wonder if he likes them just because they’re green.

SCP-173: Doesn’t like animals, doesn’t like fish, but likes bugs and other things. He can be found standing in the Insect and Reptile, with snakes wrapped around him, and centipedes in his hands. He’s weird, but you love him for it, and at least he’s… happy?

SCP-682: Everyone expects him to like the hippopotamus, or the tiger. But, he actually likes the peccary. They’re like… little hairy, cute pigs. And they’re aggressive. At least, at first. They smell really bad, actually. They remind you of small pig dogs, and still, 682 thinks they’re endearing.
The Prompt: Scp 2662 going on a casual date with reader that’s going really well up until one of his cults break into the foundation unannounced.

The Response:

SCP-2662… should’ve expected this. Really, he should’ve. The day has started off so well, too, but maybe that was part of the problem. That is, that the day had been going well from the beginning. That was too suspicious.

But, still, 2662 hadn’t expected anything would go wrong. One of the cult break-ins had been less than a week ago, and since they usually took a while to try again, it meant that he could relax! And not… worry about them being really weird! Which was great. Better than great.

And as if his day couldn’t get any better, he was surprised to find out that his request to… go on a date, had been accepted. And he found this out because you were there, standing in front of his door, holding out flowers and smiling wide.

So the day had been going well. Really well. The Foundation had set up a small area for him and you to sit, and most of the staff members were giving you both some privacy, making the date feel more like a date. You laughed at 2662’s jokes and he smiled when you talked. It was nice.

“And then I said, oatmeal, are you crazy?” You snorted. 2662 made a noise that was half a giggle and half a snort, but it trailed off, as he glanced to the side. Hey, wait, where had all the other scientists gone?… In fact, it was a little too empty in here…

Then the door burst open, and 2662 was again reminded that he should have expected this. Especially as his cult members rushed the room, shouting their phrases, praising him, upturning potted plants and whatever else in their path.

“Can we pick this up… later?” He asked you. And you smiled, but it was more of a grin.

“Of course, of course,” You nodded, standing up and moving for the door, just as some of the cultists had begun to start painting, “I’ll leave the fun for you, though.”

You closed the door just in time to miss the chanting. 2662 already wished he was anywhere else.
The air felt anxious.

Was that the right word? The air felt awkward, and uncomfortable, and every other word under the sun that described some feeling of tense aggravation. Yes, that was correct. The air felt anxious.

Or maybe Jem was projecting.

Jem stiffened, then sighed, all in one fluid motion, easily practiced and done a hundred times before. They smoothed a hand through some loose pieces of hair, and stuck out their lip, and, well, generally tried their best not to think about why they were anxious. A task easier said than done, especially for someone like Jem, who had anxiety the size of the entirety of Site-14, and a seemingly bottomless pit to draw it from.

So, okay, Jem was anxious. That much was a given. It wasn’t like they could deny it, but it also wasn’t like anyone would ask. At least, not right now. Sam might ask, but she was busy, and Jem felt their stomach twist in another set of awkward knots at the thought of Sam asking what was wrong, because that meant thinking more about the problem and-

Oof. Right.

Jem cleared their throat, straightened their bow tie, and entered the interview chamber. And they didn’t even need to fake the smile they gave the person inside: SCP-049.

“Hello, 049,” Jem greeted, taking a seat in their chair, placing down a folder and fixing their glasses. SCP-049 nodded lightly in turn.

“Hello, doctor,” 049 sounded as though he was smiling, but Jem couldn’t ever say for certain. Besides, his eyes gave it away every time. 049 continued, “I trust you are well today?”

Jem blinked, then cleared their throat, “Oh, yeah, I’m fine!” and they felt particularly proud that their voice didn’t waver even once.

A strange look passed through 049’s eyes, but he didn’t say anything, and it was gone just as quick. Jem chalked it up to the cold feeling still resting in their stomach, and continued on.

“So, just a few more questions today,” Jem hummed, sliding some papers out, pulling out a pen and fiddling with it, “If that’s okay.”

Jem glanced up, catching 049’s stare, and then glanced back down. Wow, these papers sure are interesting.

“Of course,” SCP-049 whispered. And Jem pretended their stomach didn’t tumble for a different reason.
And so, the interview passed as… well, as normal. Jem gave questions, SCP-049 gave answers. But, as time went on, the ever-present anxiety that Jem had been ignoring began to make itself known, like some ugly monster locked in Keter containment. And it wasn’t going away. Jem tapped their foot, bit their lip, hunched over in their chair and even tried to do some careful breaths. But, no matter what Jem did, the anxiety kept growing. There wasn’t… there wasn’t any reason for it.

“Is something wrong, doctor?” 049 finally asked. Jem jumped slightly, then put on their best attempt at a normal smile. It didn’t come out right.

“I’m fine!” And their voice cracked too.

A tense silence slid over the interview room, and Jem hated it. They just wanted to keep talking to 049, not remember their anxiety, or let it make things awkward. Jem pointedly did not look at 049, and held their breath instead, hoping he would just give up-

And it would have worked (right?) had Jem’s phone not buzzed in their project. Front coat pocket, like always. But, today, it felt like hot lava, burning their skin. Jem frantically scrambled to silence it, and made very, very sure not to look at the words on the screen (don’t look at them, don’t look at them) as they finally, finally shut the phone off. Almost mechanically, Jem set the into their pocket.

The once tense silence was now brittle. Jem felt… shame. The phone on their pocket was a heavy, lead weight, freezing the ice in their veins. Anxiety crawled up their back, making their throat tight, and were those tears forming? Jem didn’t even look up, too ashamed, even as 049 reached over, and…

And plucked the phone out of Jem’s pocket. Jem glanced up in a bleery confusion, but 049 simply frowned. He turned the phone over in gloved hands, then set it gently down onto the table. Jem… Jem wanted to leave. Their anxiety was stifling, it was too much, and now 049 would ask about it, and Jem would have to explain that it was their fault, and-

“It seems silly, that this device should cause you such strife,” SCP-049 tilted his head, “But, it is not my place to judge. Nor,” and 049 made certain that Jem had eye contact then, “is it my place to ask.”

The balloon of anxiety lessened, but only slightly. 049 continued, standing up.

“I could see, when you first entered the room, that an anxiety ate away at you. It is not my place to ask, again,” 049 moved carefully, as if every step was full of deliberation. Jem could only watch, as 049 walked closer, until he was standing only a meter away, at most.

“But. It is my place to try and comfort you, I think,” 049 finally whispered, leaning down. Jem stuttered on air, but then 049 tentatively reached out… and placed a hand on their shoulder, “I care about you.”

The horrible, ugly knot of anxiety dissolved into the air, and Jem found themself leaning forward, until they were hugging 049, because they couldn’t think of anything else to do, but it felt right. And after a moment, 049 hugged them back.

Time passed, but eventually, Jem and 049 separated. But already, Jem felt… so much better. They wanted to say a billion things, like ‘thank you’, or ‘how did you know’, or even, ‘I think I really like you, oh gosh’.
But, instead, Jem awkwardly smiled and said, “Onto the next question?”

And Jem could tell from 049’s eyes that he smiled too.

Chapter End Notes

Commissions are great, except for the anxiety that goes with them.
“Buooon giorno,” you practiced quietly, stretching the words as you tried to sound them out, “Buaon- no, no… buon giorna… buon giorno.”

“And buon giorno to you, principessa,” 035 greeted from your left. You made a startled noise and spun to face him, your eyes wide and your face slightly red with embarrassment.

“035, I didn’t see you there!” you squeaked out, and you awkwardly twiddled your hands together, feeling like you were in elementary school again with how flustered 035 always made you. But then he made a happy smiling sound, and bumped shoulders with you, and you relaxed again.

“It’s not like we walk to school together everyday,” he teased, laughing when you let out an exaggerated sigh. But then you were both smiling, and he took your hand is his, and you both began to walk down the sidewalk, going towards the high school. As you walked, 035 and you talked about anything and everything, ranging from recent school performances, to the newest album released by an artist, or a cute dog you saw the other day. You couldn’t have been happier. After all, even just spending time with your boyfriend was a dream.

“Are you busy later?” 035 eventually asked, after you both snorted at a story he recalled. You tilted your head as you thought about it.

“No. I don’t think we’ll have any homework either,” you shrugged. Hopefully no teachers assigned homework on the weekend, after all.

035 smiled, all charm, as he looked at you from the corner of his eye, “Well, if I were you, I’d get dressed up nice tonight. Never know when someone might want to take you out to a nice dinner, at that one new restaurant, at, say, around six o’clock.”

You let out a noise of surprise, but when you turned to look at him, he had a warm, excited look on his face, and you found your eyes crinkling up too, “Charmer,” you attempted to needle, blushing. You squeezed his hand, though, and added, “As long as you don’t try doing something ridiculous.”

“I’d never dream of it, principessa,” 035 assured, faking mock hurt, and then you were both giggling and laughing again. You almost didn’t realize that you’d already ended up at school. The exterior was as boring as ever, the same old same old, with the clock that had the numbers stolen (and never found) for a senior prank, and the old janitor sweeping up leaves, and the throngs of people. 035 chattered in the background, a constant stream of noise and stories, but suddenly, you found that you couldn’t focus on it. Instead, your eyes were on… Them.

Who? ‘Them’ was… 035’s fanclub; people dedicated entirely to everything about him. You
couldn’t blame them, but then they’d realized you were dating him, and now, they wouldn’t leave you alone. No matter where you went, if you were alone, they’d follow you around and whisper to each other. It wasn’t great, and as you saw them standing at the school entrance, with their glares, you cringed, shuffling closer to 035. And unfortunately, he noticed.

“Hey,” he whispered, wrapping his arm around you, subtle motions to reassure you, “Is something wrong?”

Your eyes flickered over to his fanclub, but just as quickly, you looked away. You hoped 035 didn’t notice.

“Nothing!” your voice was higher pitched than usual, and your smile was a little wobbly at the edges. 035 stared at you uncertainly for a moment, but then he seemed to drop it- but not before bringing you closer to him, and as you both finally walked into the school, the glares on your back finally disappeared, and your smile became genuine. The rest of the walk to your class was nice, and you were glad that 035 hadn’t noticed his… fanclub. You didn’t want him to worry.

“I’ll see you after class,” you promised, lingering in the doorway to your class. 035 flashed you a charming grin, and before you could blink, he leaned down and gave you a kiss, pulling back just as quickly and leaving you blushing and confused.

“Ciao, darling!” he waved as he walked away. You sputtered a few times, before scurrying inside, smiling secretly to yourself.

Your classes passed quickly. English, then a science, and a language; the usual. But, as you sat through yet another boring spiel by your teacher, you felt your phone buzz. Curious, you discretely pulled it out and looked at it.

[Unknown Number]: u better wacth out

With a small ‘eep’, you slid your phone away, feeling nervousness churn in your stomach. Who was that? It… it had to be one of the people from 035’s fanclub. But how had they found your number? And what did they mean? You bit your lip nervously, resisting the urge to pull it out again to check.

Soon, thirty minutes had passed, and no new messages. You let out an anxious noise, glancing around, until- buzz. Your hands flew to your phone, and you fumbled it out, holding your breath with trepidation and fear.

[035 <3 <3]: I can’t wait to see you again

[035 <3 <3]: You are worth all the stars in the sky, principessa

And now your stomach was fluttering for an entirely different reason. Glancing up at the teacher to make sure you wouldn’t be caught, you quickly texted a reply.

[You]: I’m in class still!! I’ll see you after 7th <3

But as you put your phone away, a big smile rested comfortably on your face. The rest of the classes passed without issue.

Finally, finally, the bell for 7th period rang out, and everyone flooded out of the classroom. You
heaved a sigh of relief.

“Finally!” and you too hurried out the door. Down the hall you went, weaving through the throngs of people, until you made it to 035’s locker. But, he wasn’t there. You considered waiting for him, but he was probably helping someone with something for a few minutes after class. He wouldn’t notice, you decided, if you went to grab some books from your locker for the weekend. So with that, you made your way to where your locker was, more careful this time. And maybe that was why you noticed the people standing in a crowd near your locker.

In the middle of the hall, you stopped. But the people- the 035 fanclub, you noted- didn’t disperse. In fact, it seemed like they were waiting for you. Inwardly and outwardly, you flinched. You could… leave them, and just wait for 035, but you really needed those books, and you didn’t want to make him wait by trying to wait these people out. So with a sigh of determination, you steeled yourself, and walked towards your locker.

“Hey!” one of them shouted, having seen you. The others all turned to glare at you, and you shuffled closer to your locker, hunching over as you began to enter the combination.

“What’s wrong? 035 not want to hang out with you anymore?” another heckled, You fumbled the combination in your stress, and frantically began to enter it again- correctly, this time. Everyone was staring daggers at you, which was not a good feeling, but finally, you threw the locker open, and grabbed at your books. Hopefully they were the right ones, because just as quickly, you shoved the locker door shut. But that just meant that the fanclub was closer now, and they were not happy. Your throat felt dry.

“He’s… he’s just…” you stumbled for words, your eyes darting around for a way out, “he’s…” and then you squeezed your eyes shut, because your anxiety was through the roof, and they were all laughing, “he…”

“He’s right here,” a voice broke the noise. Everyone turned to see who it was, and then gaped, as 035 strode forward. And he was not happy.

“035?” the leader of the club squawked, then seemed to flail, “Oh my god, I-”

But 035 ghosted past them like they didn’t even exist. Instead, he reached out and wrapped his arm around you, inclining his head to you, “Are you alright, principessa?”

You nodded blankly. 035 smiled warmly, but as he turned to glare at the group still lingering, his smile turned to a vicious grin.

“Well, would you look at this. I was wondering where that clown music was coming from,” 035 laughed airily for a moment, “I hope you pagliacci weren’t bothering my beautiful principessa, because then I’d be upset, and I’d hate to have to bring this to the principal,” 035’s smile showed many teeth, “and the principal is a good friend of mine, so that wouldn’t end well… for you.”

At that, the entirety of 035’s fanclub fled, running in different directions, leaving you alone with 035 at your locker.

“035, I-” you began, only for him to stop you. He was back to smiling warmly again.

“Don’t worry about it, principessa. We can worry about it later. For now…” and then he picked you up- as you squeaked in surprise, then began to laugh, while he continued, “we have a date!”

And with that, you both began to leave, and you worried no more about unpleasant people.
Feeling a bit overdone with all the SCP things. I’ll probably be taking a break for a while
The Prompt: SCP-049 comforting a reader as they’re having a panic attack, or a flashback, or something, I’m sorry, oof

The Response:

Five. Count five things you could feel.

“Coat, tile, wall, clipboard, air,” You muttered. You wanted to squeeze your eyes shut, but they were wide open in absolute fear, as you stumbled down the hallway. Inhale. Exhale. Your breathing was rapid but shallow, and everything felt like walking in a dream- or a nightmare.

“Four things I can see,” You whispered, trying to center yourself. Your eyes darted around, and you forced yourself to focus, to pay attention to things as you saw them, “White. Concrete. Cell door. Lights.”

Inhale. Exhale. You were trying, and it was working, but only a little. You, you needed to get somewhere (and the overwhelming fear in your mind screamed for safety), so you swiped the keycard on the activator, and opened the door to 049’s containment chamber. You almost fell inside, and the door closed behind yourself.

“Doctor?” 049 called. His voice was gentle, but you couldn’t even hear it, “Doctor, what’s wrong?”

“I want to go home, I want to go home,” You hunched over, your hands on your face, because it was too much, everything was too much. You didn’t even notice 049 was in front of you, his hands on your shoulders, until you had flinched and tried to back away on instinct, snarling and then letting out a sad cry, “I’m sorry, I’m sorry.”

“Breathe, doctor. Breathe,” 049 soothed, his voice gentle, not judging, “Name three things you can smell.”

Right. He knew how to handle these things. You’d told him before. Your hands gripped his sleeve, as you inhaled.


“Good, you’re doing very well. Keep breathing,” 049 assured. You nodded jerkily, inhaled, exhaled, and he continued, “Two things you can hear?”
You took deep, steady breaths, “Breathing. And fabric.”

“Excellent. Keep breathing, you’re doing good, everything will be fine,” 049’s voice was a life raft, drawing you back, and you twitched still, your eyes closed. Inhale. Exhale.

“What can you taste?” He asked. You concentrated, and then smiled weakly.

“Mint.”

And one final round of breathing, inhaling, exhaling, deep and steady, and you noticed now that… everything was calm. Your mind didn’t feel like it was suffocating. You were still shaking, but 049 was there, encouraging you, protecting you, and…

“Thank you,” You whispered, “Thank you so much, I’m sorry, I-“

But 049 cut you off, “Please, do not apologize. This is not your fault,” 049 comforted, “I’m very proud of you.”

You exhaled, and allowed yourself to relax the smallest fraction. You weren’t fine but… you’d get there.

Chapter End Notes

Local lazy person finally updates archives account
Various SCPs

Chapter Notes

SFW, Various SCPs/Reader

The Prompt: I’ve been sick lately, so may have the SCPs’ reaction to you being sick? (Can you include SCP-999? I love that little guy.)

The Response:

SCP-049: He will be the first to notice that you’re sick, probably before you yourself even know you’re sick. Will try and get you to drink herbal mixtures or sleep in a different way or even, yes, leeches. If it’s any consolation, the teas he recommends will help you. Just, mind his enthusiasm with the leeches. He means well.

SCP-079: Quickly figures out that something is wrong with you, and then even quicker, figures out exactly what’s wrong. His word is law, as far as he is concerned. Buy this medicine and drink it twice a day, don’t exert yourself, don’t eat that. If you follow his orders, you’ll find that you end up healing quicker than ever. He’ll be quietly pleased about it.


SCP-682: Sickness can be perceived as weakness, and 682 will not have you weak. Whatever is wrong, he will make sure it won’t last for long. Or, if he can’t do that, he’ll make sure you’re safe. Safe means being with him, close by, so that no one can dare try and take advantage of your sickness. He will make sure of this.

SCP-999: You’re sick? Oh no! 999 is worried, except they don’t know how to fix it, but they’ll try their best! They’ll make sure to get you a lot of blankets, and ginger ale, and… cookies? Snickerdoodles. They even wear the little nurse hat, because one of the scientists gave them one, and it’s very cute. They’ll cuddle next to you until you start feeling better.
Chapter Notes

SFW, Yandere SCP-049/Manipulative Reader

The Prompt: Hello! Could you do a yandere 049 x manipulative reader? Like the reader recognizes 049’s obsession with them and they use it to their advantage to get what they want, essentially toying with 049’s feelings?

The Response:

Your mother had always called you far too clever for your own good. And she was right. But maybe not in the sense that she had thought. Yes, you considered yourself clever, but that was because no one else could do what had to be done, nor would they.

No one was anywhere near as clever as you were, after all. No one else could have recognized the signs. But you did. And what signs?

Two things. One: SCP-049 was madly in love with you. And two: he was willing to do whatever it took to secure that love. The ever polite, ever charming doctor was a dangerously obsessed individual, and you adored it. Because it made him so exceptionally useful. Especially to one as clever as yourself.

It was easy. Almost too easy. He was so earnest, and so eager to please, so darkly devoted to your happiness. It didn’t matter if you loved him back or not, just that he could continue to be useful. And for you, that meant taking care of anyone that got in your way. For example… right now.

“And then Dr. Usagi completely blew me off,” You choked out, hunching over, drowning in sorrow, “I don’t understand why he hates me,” You wailed, and took the moment to hide your face in your hands- your smile would’ve ruined the effect. And what an effect it was.

“Truly?” 049 breathed out, his voice a tightly constrained leash of anger, “And the Foundation allows this behavior to continue?”

“Yes,” You sniffled. 049 went unnaturally still for a moment, before sighing.

“Do not cry for long, my dear flower,” he comforted, “I will… deal with this problem.”

… and how fortunate that 049 didn’t see your terrible grin. And yes, a few days later, Dr. Usagi found himself bereft of life, and it was so terribly tragic and sad. So sad, that you were promoted in his place. Terrible.

In the darkness of your office, your deep smile went unseen, as you began to quietly compile a list of other scientists still in your way of the top. A pity they all seemed to have crossed you, or snubbed you, in any way. But at least 049 would be there to comfort you, and wasn’t that exceptionally useful indeed?
What a clever one you were.
The Prompt: Heya I only recently started following you but I love your blog and these headcanons you do! Could you maybe do one when SCP 1471 is trying to cheer up the reader after a bad day at work?

The Response:

• Mal0 will know something is wrong. Mal0 always knows that something is wrong. After all, Mal0 was designed to be a friend. A companion. Mal0 knows, and Mal0 will help you.

• Mal0’s methods are almost indecipherable. They seemingly act without reason. Your bookshelf will be reorganized to some strange parameters, piles of rocks will be placed on your table, all of your rugs will be folded in half. Things that don’t make any sense if you think about them, and yet… maybe you do feel a little better?

• Mal0 can and will send you what could be taken as reassuring photos. Except, instead of words like 'you can do it', you get pictures of Mal0 giving you the thumbs up (in your living room), Mal0 crouching on the edge of your bed reassuringly, Mal0… doing their best.

• Mal0 knows when to give you space too. When you’re really, really upset, and you just want to cry it out, Mal0 will seemingly disappear for a while. Until, that is, you wake up again, and see that Mal0 is silently watching over you. They want you to know that you are appreciated. That you are safe. Do not worry. You are a friend to Mal0. You do not need to be sad. Mal0 is here.
The Prompt: Can you do 076 x reader and they have a child ( cuz I wonder how Abel will react when the reader has child ) have a nice day :3

The Response:

• The most unlikely of parents. Will be more surprised than you are to find out that you’re pregnant. Because, really, what? … *What do you mean you’re pregnant.*

• Freaks out. And gets upset. He doesn’t want the child to get hurt if he’s ever angry, he doesn’t think he’s ready, and he’s just generally agitated about… everything. He’ll disappear for weeks after you tell him.

• If it’s a girl or a boy, doesn’t matter. Able will teach them to fight. He will teach them how to hunt, how to craft a spear, and most importantly, to never trust anyone. Never.

• If you have twins?… Able will become entrenched in an almost anxious fear. That history will repeat itself. You’ll have to work with him to get last that belief, and until then, he’ll be on eggshells around the two siblings.

• Will try to be a good parent, but he won’t be around all that often. But maybe it’s better that way? Or so he convinces himself
The Prompt: Can I have the SCP’s accidentally finding out their S/O is ticklish if that’s not too much?

The Response:

SCP-049: You’re ticklish? How odd, how fascinating. 049 will attempt to uphold a statement of ‘simply for medical interest’, but that will quickly dissolve into pure curiosity and, perhaps, a slight mischief.

SCP-054: Very curious to find out that you’re ticklish. Will playfully mess with you, poking at your ticklish spots, and then laughing with you. Doesn’t want to be tickled back, or maybe she can’t be.

SCP-079: You are… ticklish? But why? 079 doesn’t like the idea of tickles, or that they exist honestly. Can’t be tickled, and won’t tickle you. Sorry.

SCP-682: Finds out on accident. He finds it strange, that you would have this as a biological function- it’s a weakness, after all. Might tickle you on ‘accident’ rarely, to hear your flustered giggle.

SCP-939: Pack creatures that they are, when one finds out you’re ticklish, they all know. And they love to mess with you. Expect to me poked and prodded and tickled in a pile of them. No escape, only tickles.

SCP-999: Loves to tickle you. Tickling is fun, and when you laugh, it’s even better! 999 will burble excitedly when it’s time for tickles. 999 loves tickles too, so please tickle back!

Chapter End Notes

God I have so many of these to crosspost. I am not prepared
The Prompt: I discovered this blog a few days ago and I am Obsessed. Can I request various SCPs reactions to their foundation member crush coming in to interview them, but they slip and fall on the ground like the doofus they are? They're unharmed but it's sudden enough to panic observers.

The Response:

SCP-035: A little crass, but seeing you fall at first makes him snort. Of course, that’s quickly replaced by realization, then concern, as he hurries to make sure you didn’t hurt yourself… at least not too badly.

SCP-049: No mirth or humor, just plain concern. As soon as he sees you slip and fall onto the ground, he’s by your side in an instant, making sure you don’t have anything broken, or heaven forbid, a concussion.

SCP-079: Unaffected either way. Seeing you trip is tentatively distressing at first, but then 079 sees that you aren’t hurt, and so you are fine. He will enquire after if you meant to do that.

SCP-096: Convinces himself that he’s the reason you tripped, and freaks out accordingly. You end up having to be the one to reassure and comfort him. He feels embarrassed about it, but he’s glad you’re okay.

SCP-682: Will straight out laugh at you falling- because, really, you fell directly onto your face. You make to get up… and then stop. And lay there, accepting your fate. 682 will lay beside you.
SCP-049-J

Chapter Notes

SFW, SCP-049-J/Reader

The Prompt: Yo! I luv the way you write 049, but I have a mighty need for some goofy af 049-J x reader. Could I request that?

The Response:

Interview Report: SU-J
Inventory List

“Contained within this storage locker is every item retrieved by [You] while interning SCP-049-J. Please use caution when handling or examining all items.”

- One (1) pointy doctor stick
- One (1) pointer pointy doctor stick
- Several (9+) small plague doctor masks, tied in a cloth sack. Removing one does not seem to reduce the quantities
- Various (3+) balls of moss in the shape of sphere. Upon dropping them in water, they dissolve like a ‘bath bomb’
- One (1) handwritten love poem, dedicated to you. It is not very good, nor is it legible
- One (1) bloodied shoe, and one (1) clean shoe
- A carton (42) of leeches. They wiggle when exposed to sunlight but do not require sustenance
- One (1) Medical Textbooks for Dummies book. The pages are badly bent and show signs of extended use over an unknown amount of time
- Five (5) wildflowers, tied together with string, given to you. One of them is Wolfsbane
- A single (1) worm

“If any additional items are found by [You], please place them in the provided locker. And please… don’t encourage him.”
The Prompt: Can I get a 'oneshot' with a side of 'a very cuddly 682' with some 'because the reader was gone for a while' dipping sauce?

The Response:

Though he’ll never say it, 682 hates it when you leave his sight. The fact that he doesn’t have you near him, where he can protect you from any kind of harm, is discomforting. Humanity is cruel, and 682 doesn’t trust any of them around you. Though, he wouldn’t have chosen you as his mate if you weren’t able to defend yourself, he still finds the feeling unnerving, a weight on his back that he can’t seem to shake with each day that you’re still away.

After time—weeks or days, 682 doesn’t know, just that time passes—and he begins to grow even more… concerned, that you haven’t returned yet. So when the cell door is opened, and there stands a silhouette, 682 goes on the offense at first. Another scientist, maybe, here for samples. 682 hates. He growls, and raises himself up, only for a surprise:

“682!” You greet, running forward, “I’m back!”

682 feels the shock, and then, a wave of relief. That you’re here, and not dead, in some country hill or trash heap. He rushes towards you and grabs you before you can even squeak, and then you’re laughing, as he retreats back to the other end of his cell with you in his arms. You smile and wiggle deeper into his hold, as he lowers himself down and frowns.

“Did you miss me?” You ask, held safely next to him. He huffs wordlessly, wrapping himself around you securely.

“You humans talk too much.”

In the corner of his vision, he can see you smile widely, before you snuggle into his embrace and close your eyes.

“I missed you too.”
The Prompt: i love ur blog! could i get some future-seeing reader w scp 049?

The Response:

“Mary Ann Cotton, she’s dead and forgotten, lying in bed with her bones all rotten,” You carefully wove some ropes of color together into a tapestry, making the ends thinner and thinner as you hummed, “Sing, sing, what can I sing? Mary Ann Cotton, tied up with string.”

Knock knock. Or, the idea of a knock. Your eyes swiveled in the direction- eyes of entirely black, featureless, specks of distant light echoing in them like galaxies. Knock knock. And the door to your cell opened.

“I hope I’m not interrupting anything,” A man greeted. You smiled, lips stretching upwards, and you set down one end of string to beckon him over.

“Oh, not at all,” and then you set right back to weaving, “Though, I don’t know the occasion.”

The man took a seat, but then tilted his head, pensive, “I… would like to ask for my future to be read.”

That caused you to raise an eyebrow, but not out of malice, but pleased surprise, “I was hoping you’d ask that. Your tapestry is almost done,” and that was true, as you glanced at the tapestry- maybe not a tapestry, per say. The picture of what it was supposed to be was unclear, multicolored strings randomly placed. You allowed yourself a few more minutes of silence to secure the last one, and then you stood up.

“This will take a moment,” you assured, but placed one hand on the edge of the frame. The only, you danced down the end of a red string. After a moment, the string began to decay and dissolve. You smiled happily, and began to quickly seek out any other strings of fate, and send them to the Void. As you worked, a picture began to form- a picture of darkness. A picture of… decay. Of a man, in a bird mask, with hooded robes.

You looked up. Your face was no longer a smile.

“I hear the numbers 049,” You whispered, “And I don’t know what those mean,” and then you stepped back from the tapestry, surprised and upset, “Take it. Take it out of here, and leave. I- I cannot help you. It’s too late, I cannot help you.”

The man, frightened and confused, obeyed, grabbing the frame of a frightening portrait and taking it with him as he left. And you sat down, glancing out the barred windows. The sound of carriages on cobblestones outside, of a hundred street peddlers, of dirt and mud of an old London. Coughing
echoed down each street.

Centuries might come to pass, but your prophecies always came true. Always.
The Prompt: Ok but imagine 049 having a dorky s/o and using shitty pick up lines on him like “I hope you know CPR, because you take my breath away” and him thinking he’s somehow not letting his s/o breath his s/o having to explain the pick up line to him. (I kinda see 049 either not understanding and taking it literally or understanding it and acting flustered, shy or awkward about it- depending on what they said.)

The Response:

It wasn’t that you were bad at being romantic. To say that would be… untrue, because you were a pretty good romantic at heart- you got 049 flowers, you found him things he wanted, you spent time in his company and smiled when he talked. You did everything right, and you did it well.

Which was why it was so surprising that you adored pickup lines. Specifically, bad pickup lines.

At least once per time you saw him, you gave 049 a pickup line. Things like: Did it hurt when you fell from Heaven, are you a nine because I’m the one you need, I hope you know CPR because you take my breath away.

And every single time, without fail, 049 would reply with… confusion. It was adorable. And also one of the reasons that you kept using the pickup lines, because you liked the way he tilted his head, and his eyes narrowed as he thought about what you said and worked out the true meaning. Modern plays on words were not his speciality, so every pickup line just left him flustered.

The day went something like:

“Can I take your temperature? Because you seem pretty hot to me,” you’d said, and 049 replied with,

“My temperature is perfectly fine, thank you,” as he took you literally. And you smiled brightly and laughed, and you almost didn’t catch the way his eyes warmed knowingly. But you couldn’t miss what he said:

“Are you my appendix?” 049 asked, and you startled, then narrowed your eyes, opening your mouth a little in surprise as 049 continued with, “Because, I have the feeling I should take you out.”

Bang. Just like that, your heart went weird, and then you were the one blushing, and turning your head away, just in time to realize, oh no, he’d learned it from you. And now nothing would stop him from finding every bad pickup line out there and using it on you.

That didn’t seem all too bad.
The Prompt: How would pre-scp Able be if he sees an injured angel!reader?

The Response:

Able tended the sheep. That was how things went, and that’s how things would probably always be- but, he was happy. The sheep made for good companions. The sun beat down overhead, but it was not sweltering, and a nice breeze brushed over his family’s land. The few clouds in the sky promised rain soon- a good thing for Cain and his crops, Able thought with a smile.

So there wasn’t the expectation for anything to go wrong. There would be no reason to. Which was why Able was suitably surprised when a bright, brilliant flash of light erupted across the sky, then flung itself down towards the Earth. Like a falling star. Able watched, paralyzed, as it careened- and then struck the ground with a rumbling tremor. And after that, utter silence. Not even the sheep made any noise aside from an anxious sort of movement back towards their fenced shelter.

Able should’ve gone with the sheep. The fallen star could be dangerous, after all, and if he got hurt, no one would know where he’d gone. And Cain needed help with the fields soon, so really, Able should’ve stayed. But… he never was good at following directions. So, Able smiled cheekily, before hurrying down towards where the sky had been broken in half, to find what manner of creature had been laid so low.

It was a quick walk, and in no time, the shattered hillside came into view. Rocks were strewn all over. The smell of burnt filled the air and tainted the breeze. But Able was still overwhelmingly curious, and peered over the edge of the great crater.

He didn’t expect to see an angel. Or- it must have been an angel. He wasn’t sure what else it could’ve been. They, not it, Able mentally corrected himself after a moment of gaping. And it was even more rude to just sit there and not try to help them, so Able cleared his throat.

“Hello?” He called, “Are you okay?”

The angel (or rather, you) shifted, barely, all eight wings folding and unfolding at different places. Some of your sets of arms looked worse than others. And as you turned carefully to face Able, he realized he couldn’t really see your face- that big halo of light behind your head obscured it in darkness.

And yet, tentatively, you rose a hand and waved.

So Able wasn’t afraid. In fact, he felt calm and at peace. He smiled as he waved back, and began to clamber down the side of the crater to try and help you out. At the very least, Mother and Father would be pleased.
The Prompt: Hullo! Could you please write a story about the reader interacting with 2019, taking place after the interview log from its entry? Thanks!

The Response:

"May I for my own self song’s truth reckon,
Journey’s jargon, how I in harsh days
Hardship endured oft."

The Foundation was a large organization, which meant that it had to deal with a large number of SCPs. Unfortunately, that meant that if the SCP was deemed “not a threat” (up to a point, that is), it wasn’t assigned many scientists. Which was doubly a shame for the SCPs that were sentient, since you couldn’t help but feel bad for them.

And the one you felt the saddest for of all was SCP-2019; a sentient, alien, gelatinous cube. Emphasis placed on alien, because no one could really efficiently communicate with it without an intensive game of hand signs and gestures. Combine that with the fact that no one really wanted to undertake that for every interview, and that left the cube alone, without anyone for company.

Except for you. Requesting to be transferred to 2019 wasn’t exactly something anyone else did, but it was easily accepted by the site directors, seeing as, well, no one else wanted to study the alien cube. And that meant that you were given full access to preexisting interviews, and let out to begin your assignment. As long as you didn’t die, and didn’t cause trouble, no one else seemed to care.

Which really, was rude. 2019 was exiled, so said the interviews, for being different. And the cube displayed signs of attachment to the only other scientist that ever interviewed it. You couldn’t understand why anyone would just want to ignore a creature like that. You planned to rectify that.

“Hello, 2019,” you greeted, as you finally entered the chamber. 2019 shifted, in a way you interpreted as a hello. You waved, “I’m the new scientist assigned to interview you.”

You watched, still fascinated, as 2019 created a floating hand that made an excited ‘ok’ sign, before it dissipated. You smiled in a way you hoped was reassuring.

“I hope we can become friends,” you offered. And that seemed to do it, as 2019 jiggled and creates several stylized hearts, waving one pale, jello-like tentacle in the air.

"Howe'er in mirth most magnified,
Whoe'er lived in life most lordliest,
Drear all this excellence, delights undurable!
Waneth the watch, but the world holdeth.”
The Prompt: how would scp 079 react to me getting ligma????

The Response:

It was terrible. It was tragic. No one expected it, and no one could have predicted just what a toll it would take on you. You, most of all. It tore you up inside. In fact, you found yourself looking in the mirror, despairing.

“I can’t believe, I have…” your hands flew up to cover your eyes, “…ligma…” and the sound that tore through your throat was definitely not laughter. It was- it was just, a terrible sound of despair, yes. That sounded suspiciously like laughter. Yet another symptom of… ligma!

You had to tell someone. Maybe your parents? No, they wouldn’t understand. And also, ligma was incredibly contagious, possibly memetic, an SCP in and of itself. No, you had no choice; you’d have to keep it a secret…

Or you could tell SCP-079.

Another definitely-not-laughter sound of despair shook your shoulders, and the quirk of your lips was sadness, a frown so intense that it turned into a smile. Ligma was full of hidden symptoms. Yet another reason to tell 079 quickly. So, after splashing some water on your face, you stepped out of the Foundation bathroom, and began to make your way to 079’s containment cell.

“Howdy, doc!” a guard who always pretended to have a terrible southern accent greeted you. You fluttered your eyelids at him.

“It’s terrible. I have… ligma,” you whispered, despite him not asking.

He stared at you.

“Yer weird.”

And then he opened the door, and let you into the containment chamber. There, in the center, sat SCP-079, looking as he always did, full of boredom and dispassion. Your news would only throw him into the utmost depths of despair, truly. So much despair. Your shoulders shook again as you thought of it.

After you stood there long enough, 079 activated his monitor, his face flickering onto the screen. If he had eyes, he would have glared.
“Query: what is wrong,” 079 asked. Or demanded.

You blinked, then covered your mouth, lowering your eyes- because of the despair, not because you were smiling.

“079…” your voice crackled, “I…. I have ligma…”

Silence suffocated the room. It was absolute, and it was tragic. Finally, though, 079 managed to speak, despite how hard it must have been for him.

“…what is ligma?”

And, with shining eyes, and a grin big enough to split your face, you replied, “Ligma balls.”

Chapter End Notes

Welcome to the ask that was so unique and I found so hilarious that it broke my hiatus
The Prompt: 049 saying dearie me

The Response:

“Please?” you asked. Your voice was pitched low, gently needling, your eyes widened just enough for them to be imploring. You considered clasping your hands together, but that might be a bit much, “Please, 049? Just once?”

SCP-049 heaved a light, but still suffering, sigh. The clink of his tools, as he rummaged around in another patient. The air smelled clean, barely lavender.

“No,” he replied. More silence in the room, broken only by the sounds of surgery. You’d been asking him for around an hour, hoping he’d eventually say yes. It wasn’t a large request, even. It would only take a few seconds, at most. Simple, easy.

“Please,” you attempted again, “it would be amazing,” and it would be. You’d be wondering about it since the first day you’d met 049. And finally, after getting the courage to ask him, he refused. It was cruel!

You waited for him to refuse again- really, you were willing to give up, if it truly made him uncomfortable. You wouldn’t push it. You could dream, after all.

But, in an instant, everything changed. SCP-049 took in a careful breath. Your eyes minutely widened. And finally, he spoke.

“Dearie me,” 049 said, his voice gentle. Your hands flew together in surprise, and a smile fought onto your face, wide and unfettered. So dreams do come true after all.
Chapter Notes

SFW, SCP-049/Deceased Reader

The Prompt: Hi! I simply adore your work, it really makes my day. Could I request a SCP-049 x deceased! Reader? Maybe they died from another SCP or perhaps, 049’s own hand? Thank you so much!

The Response:

Death is a natural part of life.

Unfortunately, it seemed you didn’t get the memo.

When you were seven years old, you caught a terrible fever. The doctors thought you wouldn’t make it, and your parents had mourned (with your eleven siblings). There had been a priest too, at least you think. By all accounts, as you inhaled your last, rattling breath, that was the end for you. Your heart had stopped. Your eyes had rolled back and closed.

And yet…

You remained.

At seven years old, you continued to live. The fever had stopped your heart, but you hadn’t died. No one really knew this except you.

At nine years old, you broke your leg, and because you were so scared of upsetting your parents, you reset it yourself. There was no blood stain to clean up, and no one ever knew.

By age twelve, you’d caught six different types of diseases, and remained unfazed through each one. Your siblings weren’t so lucky.

At fifteen years, your heart really did stop for the last time. You knew, because you felt it. It was unpleasant. And so, at seventeen, when your body was starting to… smell… and your parents looked at you awkwardly every time you went in for a hug, you decided to strike it out on your own.

By twenty, you’d been chased out by several villages, caused riots in over three cities, and been set on fire twice. The smell hadn’t gone away either. You wondered if this was what your life was meant to be.

And then, at age twenty two, you met a man similar to you. Well. Mostly. He didn’t smell (not that you smelled, you’d argue) and he wasn’t rotting, but he did talk like you. And he was also chased out by villages, with towns rioting.
Even better? He knew how to help you. No longer did you have to awkwardly carry around the arm you’d lost two years back! Instead, he used the ancient art of sewing. He was a doctor, after all. A nice one at that.

At age twenty five, you and your doctor were waltzing across all of Europe, happy as could be.

At age thirty, there came the concept of dating. He was nothing if not kind, and oddly enough, a romantic at heart. It was a perfect match.

And, as the ages rolled into the hundreds, and the Foundation decided to grab the both of you, well…

At least you’d lived those years happy. And you knew there’d be many more to come.
Various SCPs

Chapter Notes

SFW, Various SCPs/Reader

The Prompt: Hiii !!! I love your writings so much !!! Truely they are the best ! May I ask you for various scps reacting to the reader confessing them their love for the first time ?

The Response:

035: If you confess your love to him, then he’s won, at least in his mind. He loves to play the game of flirtation, working to wrap you around his finger. Can he ever truly love? Maybe. But to those unlucky enough to fall for him, saying ‘I love you’ won’t be enough.

049: He’s surprised. Who wouldn’t be? After all, you’re moderately attractive, perfectly attentive, and intelligent. In a way, he’s grateful. But he has his work to focus on, to cure the Disease. Love isn’t something he’ll claim to have time for. But he’ll appreciate and treasure your confession.

079: Knows the definition for love, but doesn’t connect it, or understand it. Your confession may give him the ability to actually study it. So, he may actually accept it, but not for the reasons you’d like. Who knows, maybe he’ll slowly start to love you back.

682: 682 will regard your confession with a curious sort of… disdain. All humans are the same in his mind, though he tolerates you as much as he can. Your confession will surprise him, but won’t change anything about how he views you.
Various SCPs

Chapter Notes

SFW, Various SCPs and SCP Reader

The Prompt: If you get the time and the emotional/mental energy to do so (don't push yourself), it would be neat to see a squishy, human, Mom!friend reader helping the main scps out of a containment breach and supervising a grand expedition to... somewhere. Or, whatever you might like to do with something similar to that concept. Take care of yourself!

The Response:

You loved working with the Foundation. It always made things interesting, especially in your day to day life.

And maybe, technically, you didn’t really work with them per say, but, hm. It was work enough in your mind. You helped them out, and in turn, they pretended not to notice certain things about you. Or maybe they didn’t notice at all. That was always a possibility. Knowing the Foundation (and bless their hearts) it really could go either way.

But what were you doing? An excellent question. As you walked down the halls of the facility, a guard asked that very same thing.

“An SCP has breached contain-“ he shouted. But then you were in his face, only a gentle breath away, and breathe was exactly what you did. A sickly sweet mist washed over him, lulling him into a sort of unconsciousness. Not really asleep. But not quite awake.

“You really should be in bed by now, Archie,” you whispered, patting him on the head, “It’s late.”

And with that, you ghosted past him, your clothes swishing quietly. In a way, all the people of the Foundation were your children, and you loved to take care of them. Especially the ones that needed the most love. Those being, it seemed, the SCPS.

Firstly, there was that doctor, the one with the mask. He was always working himself to death. And then there was the actual mask- oh, he cried so much, it snapped your heart in two. And speaking of snapping, the statue, now that one just needed a hug from someone that loved them. Just like the thin one, who always cried too. Self esteem issues, maybe. And you couldn’t forget the old man, without any real friends, or the computer without a family, the rejected reptile without a race.

“So many children. How can I help them all at once?” you bemoaned. It was tragic! If only, if only…

If only you could take them on a little trip. All together.

A smile grew on your face- a happy smile! A smile that meant you had a plan. Yes, it was a good plan too. You couldn’t wait to do it. In fact, you’d start right now.
Surely the Foundation wouldn’t care that much. It was a motherly emergency.
Various SCPs

Chapter Notes

SFW, Various SCPs/Fae Reader

The Prompt: How about some various scp/fae!reader? (particularly 076 bc he's kinda my fave)

The Response:

SCP-035: A changeling, a changeling. That’s all the town was talking about, whispering about the strange, deformed man that had just arrived. A white mask, with black ichor around the edges. But they were so charming that no one batted an eye. Meanwhile, you were left confused, observing from the forest. A changeling? But you hadn’t done anything recently. It wouldn’t hurt to go investigate, and so you placed a glamor over yourself and went to see the fuss.

SCP-049: People always claimed the fae caused diseases, the origin of all manner of sickness. They’d wave herbs and bark around to try and ward your kind off. It was… well, it was stupid, but it was endearing in its own way. They all died nonetheless, and you just watched. People always did want to blame you, never asking if maybe you wanted to help. And that was how you met the man in the cloak, with the bird mask, as he tended to one such ill family and you watched from the treeline. When he left, you mustered up the courage to ask his name. And in less than a week, you became inseparable.

SCP-073: Cain liked to bake bread. This was a problem for you, since you wanted to talk to him—but that damned bread kept you far away. It wasn’t like you were going to do anything!.. At least not now. At first, yes, you were going to do something maybe mean, but after watching him for so long you just wanted to talk. So maybe, maybe you decided to place an illusion on his crops, to make the best seem the worst and vice versa. It was just a little trick! You didn’t mean for this to happen…

SCP-076: You loved to play tricks on people. It wasn’t as though they were really hurt by them, after all, it was just some innocent fun. One such person you liked to mess with was the man named Able. The animals he tended might suddenly become ill, or the soil dry, and you’d be there leaning on the fence, smiling. Sometimes he’d chase you off, sometimes he’d just sigh and talk. You always hoped he’d choose the latter. But one day when you went to see him, he was gone, and the very earth beneath you seemed to cry out in sorrow.
The Prompt: I adore the 035/Scientist!Reader so much! Especially since I heavily relate to the sheer amount of sass and work-orientation of the Scientist!Reader. Could we please have another? Maybe of 035 being questioned about his intentions for the Reader and his incredible ability to just so happen to be at the right place at the right time when the Reader was in danger

The Response:

Incident Report

Preface: One interviewer, with appropriate measures in place and several guards in the chamber, conducted an interview with SCP-035. The goal of this interview was to learn the reason for 035’s own breach of containment during the breach of [Redacted]. The endangerment of Dr. [Redacted] was also brought up.

[Begin Interview]

Dr. Smith: “Good morning, 035. We’ll be asking you a few questions today.”

[Dr. Smith moves around his papers. The container containing 035 shifts.]

SCP-035: “For me? You shouldn’t have.”

[There is a moment of silence. The guards are visibly on edge.]

Dr. Smith: “035, when you breached containment, it specifically coincided with the breach of another SCP. This resulted in several casualties across the facility. Notably, the near death of your lead scientist, Dr. [Redacted].”

SCP-035: “It isn’t very nice to call people names, you know.”

[This comment is ignored.]

Dr. Smith: “Upon investigating the containment chamber of SCP-[Redacted], we found numerous failures in the equipment and containment procedures. Almost as if several of the technicians and scientists suddenly forgot how to properly secure the SCP.”

[Silence.]

SCP-035: “I’m not sure what you’re implying, doctor, but I can’t say I like it. You look tense. Maybe you should take a break too.”

[The Interview continues for several more minutes, but no more information is gained from SCP-]
Conclusion: Though we do not know for certain, it can be inferred that SCP-035 may have had something to do with the containment breach. This may have been a bid to gain the approval of Dr. [Redacted].
The Prompt: Can you do a yandere 049 oneshot where 049 kills the reader's spouse? Like the reader's spouse disappeared in the facility and then it turns out 049 murdered them. The reader angrily confronts 049 asking him why did he murder their spouse? And telling him that they would've never loved 049. Resulting in a breach with a heartbroken 049?

The Response:

049 couldn’t believe it. The words that scientist uttered- completely blasphemy! Entirely false. Designed to trick him, no doubt, deceive him and make him think that…

That…

That you were never coming back.

Even thinking that- such hurtful words!- made a certain tightness develop in his chest. Who could think the Foundation would stoop to such levels of cruelty, as to say something like that.

…

He’d done the right thing. Your spouse was in the way, and they were preventing you from realizing your love for 049. He loved you too much to let that happen. And it wasn’t as though your spouse was free of disease by any means, so it was a service- yes, a service- that 049 took care of them. Permanently.

So why hadn’t you seemed happy when he’d told you? Why had you screamed at him? You’d said such harsh things, and when he’d tried to comfort you, you flinched. There were tears in your eyes. And then, you’d simply stood there, watching the guards take him away.

…

“- never coming back,” the scientist had said. No, no it was you who had said it. What a cruel thing to say, to someone who loved you so much.

It didn’t matter. 049 would find you still. You were meant to be together.
The Prompt: I need me some reader just taking care of a bunch of dragon snails (scp-111) because they’re so cute and precious and no one has written something for that which is a got dang tragedy

The Response:

“Hatchlings have been observed imprinting on their parents, other members of their own species, or researchers. This is presumed to be a deliberate trait based on Document 111-a, as it means that hatchlings imprint upon owners…”

Being the head scientist in charge of SCP-111 meant various things. Firstly, it means you were one of the only people there at any given time (budget reasons, their ‘safe’ status, etc). Secondly, it meant you were in charge of taking care of them in their entirety, such as feeding them or taking them on little ‘walks’.

Which lead to your favorite part of your job: taking care of the various instances of SCP-111.

“Lunch!” you called into the room, your arms laden with vegetables. The containment door closed behind you, and through that sound, you could easily pick out the little trills and chirps of the dragon snails. At least, that’s what you preferred to call them. Most of them were exactly where you’d left them, sitting safely on their enclosures and watching you excitedly. You waved as much as you could, and made your way to the table.

“Got some good stuff at the market today. Fresh. Let’s see…” and you began to set the items down, “Leek. Cabbage. Okra- never had that before. A bunch of snap peas. Oh, and a turnip!”

It was a colorful, albeit leaning towards green, bounty. You extended your arms to offer them to the dragon snails, many of which excitedly ‘slithered’ onto the offered transport. A few were adventurous and wanted to try getting down on their own, so you let them, making sure to keep a close watch. And then there were the others that just had to be as close to you as possible- probably because of the imprinting thing. That meant you had a few dragon snails nestling in your hair. Well, you didn’t mind.

“Come on, off with you. Time to eat,” you gently shooed them away, setting them onto the table next to their siblings. After a few moments, they all complied, beginning to munch away at their veggies of choice. It was… really adorable.

You loved your job.
The Prompt: Hello! May I request for SCP-1504 (Joe Schmo)? I’m kind of interested in this SCP and I don’t think you did one for it yet? (or did you?) Thank you very much and I love your writings!!

The Response:

“SCP-1504 is described as the ‘average joe’. His anomalous nature means that no one will ever notice him, instead perceiving his every action as in line with something ‘normal’.”

Sometimes you liked the Foundation. It was… it was safety, mostly. Knowing that they would ensure no harm- both to you and because of you. You didn’t enjoy your anomalous effects, but you could deal with them. And through your years of staying with the Foundation, you learned as a general rule that they were fairly kind.

So it came as some surprise when you heard someone crying. Honest crying too, deep sobs that must’ve been clear to anyone walking nearby. It kept going too, for at least ten minutes, and that’s when you decided you were going to check it out.

You easily stepped out of your negating cell- truthfully it never worked, but you were glad they were trying- and into the hall. The usual guards were on break, it seemed. That was okay. Meant you didn’t have to explain yourself.

Down you walked. Finally, the sobbing reached its loudest, hidden behind some door. You placed your palm on the keypad, until, like everything, you negated it and the door opened. In you went.

The first thing you noticed was that it was… a janitor’s closet. Still pretty big. The lick was flicked on, and the crying stopped suddenly, and you noticed the second thing:

There was a man in here.

Just… just some guy. He looked completely average. But looking at him, suddenly, you felt something beginning to worm its way into your mind. How normal he seemed. How…

Now that wasn’t right. You reached out on a whim, and clasped his wrist. Suddenly, it felt as though a fog had been lifted. You were seeing him truly for the first time. And the tear tracks on his face, his hair askew, but his eyes curious.

“…Hello,” you greeted, “I heard you crying, and…”

But nothing could prepare you for his almost rapturous voice, “You… you noticed me?”
The Prompt: Can I request yandere 049 with a s/o that’s just kinda.. ok? With being in a relationship with him and doesn’t really protest

The Response:

You were happy. Well, as happy as you’d ever been, maybe. And that was good enough for you. You were happy, and 049 was happy, so that was fine and good.

“I’m happy,” you told the older man. He had on a white coat, and wore a smile that wobbled around the edges. His eyes like you were fragile.

“Okay,” and he didn’t push. You felt like he was judging you, so you continued.

“He treats me well,” you informed. It was true. There were no bruises on your wrists, no black eyes or creaking bones. His touch was always gentle, like holding your hand or brushing your hair, “He doesn’t hurt me.”

049 would never hurt you.

“Sometimes… he has to hurt other people,” the words tumbled out, and you looked frightened, like you wanted to clam them back up, “Never me!” you insisted, rushing to explain, “Never me! People that are diseased, or people that are already dying.”

And sometimes, people that looked at you. People that got too close. Already, you were sitting a respectful distance from the old doctor in front of you. The entire length of the table as a barrier.

“He has to keep me safe,” you whispered. 049 always told you how precious you were. The light of his life. Had to keep you safe, never in danger. You blinked, “Safety means… being in the house. The outside is dangerous. Other people are dangerous. He promised to protect me.”

“I’m sure he did,” the doctor assured. He looked like someone you’d once known. A kind face, so you trusted him.

“You look like my brother,” you noted, surprised. The memory was sudden but not unwelcome, so you smiled, “He was-“

He was…

Ah. He was dead.

Your face fell. The man in front of you who was not your brother but you wished he was, spoke,
“What happened to your brother?” his voice was gentle. You didn’t have to answer if you didn’t want to.

But you did.

“He killed him,” came your reply. But it was okay. 049 would never hurt you. He just had to keep you safe…

You were happy. At least, that’s what you told yourself.
Various SCPs

Chapter Notes

SFW, Various SCPs/SCP Reader

The Prompt: Various SCPs x a living gargoyle-esque SCP reader?

The Response:

SCP-035: 035 had a soft spot for Italian architecture, especially those of an older age. Maybe you had something to do with it. When he’d first found you, and you’d both gotten over equal shock (“You’re a mask?” “You’re a statue?”), you’d realize what good company it was to be together. It helped that you didn’t mind carrying 035 around when he couldn’t find a host, and he would occasionally nick some particularly tasty looking gems for you to eat.

SCP-049: You loved the catacombs of Paris, had spent most of your life there. That’s where you’d met the strange man in the bird mask. He’d been looking for patients, and you’d been… well, looking for someone to take. It started as a mutual partnership, with you snatching up people as a test of your ability, and him… doing surgery? Whatever it was he did. You didn’t really ask- besides, you’d rather just spend time with him. He didn’t ask many questions about you, least you could do was return the favor.

SCP-076: Your arms had been the arms to hold up the temple. Your hands had been the one to crush the life from the traitor that destroyed it. Your eyes, He had taken from you as punishment. A creature of anger you became, stuck in a stone prison, wanting revenge. But you didn’t need eyes for that, really. Especially not when you met a kindred spirit, a man brought back by anger and rage. The traitors would fall. Every one of them.

SCP-173: Don’t blink, or the statue takes you. Of course, the Foundation thought themselves clever, placing you into 173’s chamber. You, a living statue yourself- in a way at least. Since you didn’t need to blink, they must have hazarded, you were perfect to stop him. A little silly of them. After all, you couldn’t technically see, so the moment they took their eyes off 173- bam. And you followed suite to break out. You didn’t really like being stuck in one place, and for some reason, 173 decided to tag along. Partners? Not really. But maybe friends.
The Prompt: May I ask for 073 with a "guardian" (idk. An angel maybe or just a guide. Your choice) watching over him and keeping him safe while in the foundation. Maybe you can also write how he find out his secret "guardian". Sorry if this is confusing.

The Response:

When you first awoke, you knew only two things:

• You’d been created by: mud and sticks and clay and things from the sky things from the Earth and things from everywhere.

• Your task was: protect him.

Protect was nebulous. Protect was vague. Protect didn’t guide you as to how to do it, how much or how little, would you become his friend or his ghost or what? You asked. You prayed. You waited for an answer, but it was the same as you’d known.

Protect him. Protect Cain.

And so you did. You did not know of the man, of Cain, beyond what vague impressions the clay of your heart relinquished, beyond what eyes made of cloud had previously beheld. It made the job of protecting difficult. And it soon became even more clear that he didn’t need protecting in the general sense. Maybe guidance. Maybe something else.

So you did your best to protect him. And you believed you’d done it well, done fantastically as you hid in the shadows and nudged things here and there- extra traders that passed by the town, more harvests, the feeling of sunshine.

But then everything fell and he fell and it was wrong, incorrect, you’d failed somewhere and now this was your burden. Now you had to make it right. It was your job as a guardian.

So when Cain was cast out, onto the lonely road, to forever wander and be damned, you went with him. And though he didn’t know it, he would not be as lonely as he believed. Through rain, through flood, you would strive to protect him. You would not fail again, you promised.

Maybe he heard you, maybe he believed you.
SFW, SCP-049 and Reader

The Prompt: Researcher!Reader decides to lighten the mood of being held captive and surprise SCP-049 on his "birthday" (anniversary of being brought to the foundation) with SCP-714 (The Jade Ring) and maybe like gives him a hug for the first time without dying immediately upon being touched? I don't actually know if the ring would work with him, but... it would be so sweet!!! because hes never hugged anyone ALIVE before!! (Preferably with some crush-y undertones but keep the relationship vague if you want)

The Response:

You’d managed to request temporary permission to use the ‘jade ring’, as it was called, in testing with SCP-049. In official capacity, it was to observe the effects of long term exposure to physical contact with 049 while wearing the ring. Unofficially, it was… well.

Well, so maybe it was his birthday. Or some event that was significant enough for him to say it was, anyway. The date was dutifully noted in your papers, underlined thrice, and no one else (understandably) paid it any kind. After all, it was business as usual when the day rolled around.

And yet. You felt… bad. While on the outside, you were the standard, professional scientist, assigned to work with SCP-049, on the inside you were slightly more empathetic than your colleagues. So you felt bad about just ignoring the day. And you didn’t like feeling bad. So, you’d made requests to get the ring for testing. With a very poignant plan in mind.

The day rolled around. You entered the testing chamber. All the assistant scientists were only partially watching, and you trusted them enough to write up the reports. As you stood there, waiting, 049 finally spoke.

“Good doctor, I-“

And you had little patience, generally, so you interrupted, your arms behind your back.

“SCP-049. I’m aware that today is your.. birthday,” you stated, “Because of this, I requested testing with SCP-714. The Jade Ring.”

And he remembered that SCP, for he’d tested with it many times before. How interesting. But…

He tilted his head, confused. So you held your arms outwards, looking at him a hint expectantly. A few moments passed. You wondered if perhaps you’d chosen wrong, until he slowly stepped forward, and carefully, you both hugged.

“Happy birthday,” you whispered.
The Prompt: Could we have various SCPs first meetings with an agent!reader?

The Response:

SCP-035: Only really pays attention to you so he can see just how he can manipulate you. You’re not really anything special in his ‘eyes’, so until you do something to surprise him, you’re just a background prop.

SCP-049: A little interested. Sometimes he asks you to bring news of the places you go to. Sometimes you even tell him some. He’ll tell you about France if you ask nicely.

SCP-054: She thinks you’re, well, lovely. When she isn’t swimming in her containment cell, she asks to braid your hair- as best she can really. She’ll absolutely tell you about her frog collection. When you leave, she’ll miss you.

SCP-079: Couldn’t care less. You’re less insufferable than the others, but not by much. He saves some memory of you, but never says what. One day you secretly showed him a photo you’d found of his creator, Dave. Error: emotion not found.

SCP-096: Can somehow tell when you’re around, and that seems to make him relax. Just a little, really, not by much. When you can manage it, you volunteer to help the scientists transport him between chambers. He appreciates you.

SCP-106: Likes you. You can’t say the feeling is mutual, though you both seem to run into each other more than you’d like, especially when he breaches. There’s a corroded stain still stuck stubbornly in your apartment wall.
Chapter Notes

SFW, SCP-049/Yandere Reader

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The Prompt: Hi! I love the new concept of yandere reader x 049. Maybe scientist reader is interviewing 049 but the power cuts out suddenly, and she goes crazy for him with no one watching and he's slightly freaked out. Scared and confused 049 is somewhat cuter somehow. xD

The Response:

Incident Report:

Preface: as pertaining the highly clarified nature of this document, it is requested that only Foundation personnel with the sufficient clearance level be aware of its nature. To any lower than Level 4, SCP-049 is still in containment. No testing will occur at this time.

[Begin Classified Information]
On the 12th of October, it was discovered that SCP-049 had gone missing. A site location immediately went into effect, on fear of a containment breach by force. Security forces were notified and dispatched. However, upon examining his containment cell, the following items were found:

One (1) used tissue. The flecks on the side were consistent with a light bloodflow, possibly a small cut. It was sent for forensic analysis. When returned, it was discovered that the blood belonged to SCP-049.

One (1) Foundation Official clipboard. No documents were attached. No fingerprints were found.

One (1) used water bottle. DNA analysis on the lip revealed the identify of 049’s top scientist, [REDACTED].

No other items of note were discovered.

Security footage was quickly reviewed. The initial fear that SCP-049 had made a kidnapping, however unreasonable it seemed, were soon replaced. Hours of footage were reviewed to reveal that 049’s scientist, [REACTED], was the last to be seen with SCP-049. A routine interview was interrupted by a temporary power malfunction. When the electricity was returned, the two had disappeared from the room, with signs of a struggle. Scientist [REACTED] was soon recorded in the parking garage, shoving a large, robes shape into the trunk of their car. It is assumed that this shape was SCP-049.

Scientist [REACTED] was able to leave the facility without arousing suspicion. That was five hours ago.
Currently, half our task force has been mobilized and deployed to canvas the nearby towns in order to apprehend them. Their motives are unknown at this time.

This file will be updated with the conclusion, for better or worse.

[End Classified Information]

Chapter End Notes

Just posted 30 chapters in 30 minutes and broke all my hands. At least I’ve finally gotten around to updating this
The ‘Dragonling’, as the Foundation called you. You didn’t really like the way they said it, because they were always really mean about it. They’d run experiments on your tail, on your wings, make you say ‘aaaaa’ to examine your fangs, and always poking at your horns- when they weren’t trying to get samples of your patches of scales.

The Foundation was mean, and you didn’t like them at all. They never let you out to play. They always kept you in this weird box, and all the toys were boring, and you just wanted to go home. No one was nice here.

And today was even worse. They’d picked you up and taken you for more ‘tests’, and instead of bringing you back to your room, they brought you to a different one. A really big one. But it was kinda hot in this one, and that made you smile, because it was always too cold everywhere else. And it smelled kinda nice in here, like your old home.

So you sniffled and closed your eyes, and curled into a ball, tucking your tail close to your chest as you hugged it. Maybe you could nap. Naps were nice. No one else likes naps but you and your mama, but that was ok.

A huff. You blinked your eyes open, looking around. It was dark, but you could see good, so you squinted and tried to see what it was.

“Child. What are you doing here?” a deep voice asked. Your eyes flew open, and you fell backwards, before flaring your wings and the flaps on the sides of your face. Gotta be scary.

“Who’re you?” you demanded, but politely, because you were nice.

“This is my cell.”

Huh. That made sense. They must’ve been big to have a room like this. So you waddled over in the direction of their voice, and- woah! They- he was big! Like mama!

You gasped, then opened your arms wide, “Friend!” and before he could say anything, you plopped down against his chest. He was warm too. That was nice.

And your big new friend didn’t try to push you away like all the doctors did, and he didn’t yell at you, and he wasn’t mean. And when you fell asleep and woke up, you were still there. For the first
time since you'd got here, you were happy.
The Prompt: Hi! I really enjoy your work. Can we see some more SCP - 1678? Feel free to delete this ask if you want.

The Response:

You loved the catacombs of London. Nevermind that weren’t actually many catacombs in London—
that was in Paris, and how you had loved Paris. But London was special. London was distant, but
close.

And London’s underground was haunted.

It wasn’t that far. A kilometer deep, maybe. Well. Maybe that was a little far. Half a mile, deep
underground.

It all came back to the catacombs. To old abandoned subways, to the hidden spaces, tucked away.
Go down deep enough, and you’d find a city. A world. Back in time, with gas lights on the streets,
Victorian buildings and- best of all, no people.

No people that were alive, at least. None for long, either. Just you, hiding inside buildings,
laughing and smiling and feeling so safe, so far away from the surface. It wasn’t… intimate, not
the way most people would say intimate. It was security, mostly.

It was a city for you. And you liked to think that the city liked you back. How the lights flickered
on as you walked past, how the shambling police officers didn’t pay you any mind.

Once, some men from the surface had tried to follow you underground. They thought they were
clever. They followed you into the old subway, but then they got lost, the exits were all wrong.
They went deeper and deeper and they never came out again.

You liked the city. UnLondon. It was nice.

You hoped you could stay forever.
The Prompt: I'm sorry, I came up with another idea this morning. I'll try my hardest not to accidentally swamp your Ask Box, I can just get really excited sometimes. How about a prompt involving a reader who likes to watch 049 do his thing because of a fascination of science and methods, but at the same time has a crippling phobia of hypodermic needles.

The Response

It had all the setup of a really bad joke. If it hadn’t been happening to you, you would’ve shushed the person for being silly. But, well…

Fact: you were a scientist at a highly selective and incredibly secretive scientific organization. And not only were you a scientist, you were a top scientist, in charge of observing SCP-049, the Plague Doctor.

Fact: you loved your job. Science had always fascinated you, and you adored to see it in action, especially when observing SCP-049. It should’ve been perfect. It should’ve been a dream come true. Why not?

Fact: you were terrified of needles.

Rather… unfortunate. It didn’t matter the kind of needle, they all made you want to run away. No other surgical instruments; no scalpels, no tweezers, nothing else made you so scared. Just needles. Especially needles.

So your position was just the right concoction of ingredients to be a fresh hell, and your stubbornness in refusing to back down meant you suffered in silence. For science, you told yourself. No one else knew but a few people, and your own file. You didn’t mind the phobia (you lied) so that was how you liked to keep it.

And so everything should’ve just continued as is. Until, one day, you blinked and noticed something: 049 had stopped using needles when he knew you were observing.

Hm. Now, wasn’t that interesting indeed.
The Prompt: this is probably a weird one but could u maybe write some (sfw) romantic hcs for scp-2521. like maybe reader gets “taken” by it but instead of dying or something 2521 falls in love w reader

The Response:

(You like the dark the best. You do not care for the light, it is too much. Not calm enough. You are safe here, with 2521.)

(SCP-2521 is kind. They have taken your words and your sounds, but you do not die. That is unusual, you will soon learn.)

(Others come. They die. 2521 takes them away, takes their words and their life. You are more careful than them. You survive. You will not die- You cannot die.)

(When 2521 leaves, you wait for them to return. You wonder what you will do when they no longer come back.)
The Prompt: I was wondering if you could do scp 105 falling in love with a male reader who's basically a genius. Like how would Iris react if she walks into his room and saw a bunch of chalk broads everywhere with complex equations written on them.

The Response:

Numbers were simple. Easy. They didn’t ask questions, they never judged. You could always count- ha!- on them to be there when you needed them.

And you always enjoyed numbers. Complex equations, sprawling across walls, crawling upwards like the reaching hands of ivy. Though in this scenario, perhaps the colors were swapped, green chalkboards instead of white cobblestone, and white chalk for green vines.

There had been… something. You weren’t sure. The Foundation had talked, and you frankly didn’t care, and then you were moved elsewhere. More space for your work.

And most strange was the woman.

The Foundation- and you didn’t like to be mean, except they weren’t the brightest, but that much was obvious- had moved you and moved in her too. Her name was Iris. Much prettier than the Foundation code they assigned, anyway.

Though the number 105 was nice. Triangular number. Dodecagonal. The first Zeisel number. You’d mentioned that to her once, and you aren’t sure if she knew what you were talking about, but she smiled.

And speaking of. There was a polite knock on the door to the room, and you swiveled around, blinking. There, in the doorway, stood her. Iris. She stared at the walls in open awe- and you realized she’d never been in here before. You worried, suddenly and self consciously, that maybe she found this weird. But that thought was dashed a moment later.

“This is… amazing,” she stated. And you couldn’t help but smile.
The Prompt: Hey. I'm not too sure if you are accepting requests, but if you are, I'd like a SCP 1233 x reader, please! Maybe the reader is randomly grabbed by 1233? Thanks

The Response:

[The Adventures of Moon Champion, and the Moony Maiden!]

There was a brief cough in the room, the gathered Foundation staff staring at the screen in confused anticipation. The speaker nodded.

“As you may know, several personnel were able to… document, SCP-1233. It appears to be joined by a previously unknown SCP. After the footage, we will discuss the findings.”

The footage played.

“Hail to you, fair champion!” you, the Moony Maiden greeted. Your attire was nearly identical to that of the Moon Champion- both of you clad in astronaut suits. In fact, the only difference between you both was the heart patch on your suit, placed over your heart. You continued, “I am here! Your evergreen is most delightful. Truly, the leaves are strong and hearty. It is honorable to serve you.”

It did not occur to either of you that you were addressing a tree.

“Thank you, dear warrior! It is a relief that our home, the MOON, sends such brave soldiers as you to assist me in my quest to destroy EVIL. The Moon Monsters will learn to fear our cause of righteousness!” Moon Champion bowed, his visor clonking harmlessly off your shoulder. You turned, and for whatever reason, placed a hand on the top of his head.

“The humans, with their immutable resources, and their vast depths of sporadically placed signs, shall be of great aid to us as well. Once we find the President of All Lands, they will pledge to us for certain!”

And with that, the both of you clasped hands together, and began marching in a randomly selected direction, the wildlife camera becoming buried under a pile of dead leaves.

The footage ended, and a bewildered silence enfolded the room. It seemed even the Foundation scientists were stumped as to what they had just watched.
The Prompt: Hi! Can I maybe get a SCP 682 x(fem) Reader where 682 gets jealous because the Reader went to go hang out with her friends? Love your writing!

The Response:

• He wasn’t jealous. Only humans got jealous, and he was better than them. Not jealous. Not even a little.

• Right? No. Of course he was right. There was nothing wrong with wanting to constantly be by your side- you were tolerable, at best, and he could hardly find anyone tolerable. It only made sense that he’d get disgruntled at you wanting to leave.

• Why would you want to leave, anyway? The other humans could give you nothing he couldn’t do. And he could protect you. He was strong (an understatement) and that should have been enough.

• So 682 let himself stew his feelings of Not Jealousy and privately grew selfish, wishing you’d stay, wondering why you-

• Until one day, you smiled, and instead of leaving again, sat down. He knew that smile. You only used it when you knew a secret, and wouldn’t tell him. Infuriating. It made him like you even more.

• And after that, your leavings became less frequent. Of which, while he would never admit to such a weakness, 682 was begrudgingly thankful.
The Prompt: Imagine the scp foundation has an actual old goddess in their containment willingly, more older than SCP001?

The Response:

At the beginning of eternity, there was nothing. And at the beginning of eternity, there was you.

Five hundred eternities later, you still lingered yet, through a hundred thousand Big Bangs, through every quiet heat death, each Big Crunch.

The birth of a billion universes, at your fingertips. Your essence, swirling with the cosmos, exalting, exhilarating, every exhale breathing life into the great vastness of space.

You existed.

When you were young- an impossible possibility, but you knew it to be true- and impulsive, you strove for change. Eager to be known, to be accepted, you threw yourself into those galaxies, dragging your hands through the bands of stars, life. It was a different time. You seemed to have so much more energy back then. Not now, never now, it seemed; an unfortunate truth.

Now, you preferred something different. You preferred to wait. Relax. See what would happen, of the billions billion permutations available, how the universe would surprise you. This time, you chose to stay. With some of the ‘humans’.

They called themselves the SCP Foundation. It was cute. They locked up monsters, and did it all in secret, striving to be protectors. And possibly, you didn’t tell them the truth. That when you interred yourself, you appeared as much weaker than you were, much younger, less dangerous by far.

If they knew, they wouldn’t be threatening you as cordially as the did now, perhaps. Not as informally. A small secret, but you did grow to hate pomp and formality. So instead of ever revealing the truth, you have quietly decided to watch this play out.

No matter your choice, it would at least be interesting.
The Prompt: Could i perhaps request a yandere scp 073? opps cains back on his old jealousy bullshit.

The Response:

Jealousy. What an… ugly word.

(Cain never did like it much.)

Jealousy implied it was the person’s fault. Like they could control what they felt, that they chose to be ‘jealous’. Not correct. A little rude, too.

Cain didn’t want to resent anyone, but it was getting harder by the day. When you would spend time with him, and leave for someone else, he would feel jealous. And being jealous meant that he became resentful of those that would take you away.

Maybe once, the right word would be envious. But Cain could confidently stated that he’d passed that line of ownership long ago. You didn’t belong to anyone, but if you did, it was him.

So that just left Cain feeling jealous. Almost a little scared, because being jealous was what had gotten him into this whole mess to begin with, wasn’t it? But, the more he thought about it, the less that was completely true. It hadn’t been jealously– jealous was possessive. No, it had been the sin of envy. Coveting something that wasn’t his.

And you were his, weren’t you?

So really, that made this whole thing okay. Or at least, that’s what Cain told himself.
The Prompt: I just want to say that I absolutely love your blog? (•u•) I read one your posts about the angel!reader? Could you build more upon that post because I really loved that one in particular??

The Response:

SCP-035: 035 has never seen you angry. Though, maybe he has and hadn’t realized it before- but, details. And right now, watching you stare down a much larger SCP, 035 wishes he had a body just so he can shiver. It doesn’t matter what kind of test the Foundation was doing. Now, they’ll be lucky to get out of here alive. Flared wings, outstretched arms, and eyes blazing with fury. But really, it is a little touching to see you so angry, just for him. Even if you are slightly (or very) terrifying.

SCP-049: True anger is lost on 049. He’s never quite experienced it, and especially not from you. So to see you suddenly standing stock still, your hands still pressed against the body, your wings ruffled with anger… well. He begins to ask what is wrong, before you lift up, break through the glass divider. There’s some screaming, and some of it is most definitely yours, a hundred different angry voices. 049 wonders, however briefly, whatever could have incurred your wrath. (And when he finds out, he wishes he hadn’t).

SCP-106: The Foundation is wary of cross-testing sentient SCPs. So, it’s a wonder why they decide to put you and 106 in the same room. And to say it ends terribly would be an understatement. Yes, at first it goes well enough, until suddenly you’re leaping across the room to grab 106. Something he said, maybe. Your hands tear through the metal, futile, as he’s already gone. The flaming wreath of fire around your head, usually a gentle glow, erupts with your anger. When 106 returns much later, his smile is much wider than before.

SCP-682: Sometimes, albeit rarely, you indulge 682 in his desire for a fight. That’s his favorite time, if he has to say. To finally meet someone his equal is exhilarating. Your healing factor keeps up with his, and even he can’t help laughing, claws piercing his containment walls like paper, swiping at your (weird) wings. He doesn’t stop until blood is drawn- usually yours. Those are the only times 682 gets to see you ‘angry’, and he secretly longs for the day he really sees your rage.
The Prompt: HHHHHHH Can you do a 035 x French reader and he’s like “ay lemme just so you with me charms” and she’s like “begone thot” and he tries a few more times and she starts falling for him

The Response:

When you first met the man in the strange theater mask, it was around early afternoon. You were sitting in a park, reading something, and that strange man sauntered over and said…

Something. Something in Italian, specifically. You didn’t have to be a genius to translate the “Buon pomeriggio, principessa,” as a flirty greeting.

So instead of replying back- really, who even wore theater masks outside of the theater? How blasé- you simply closed your book and walked off. The man sputtered, confused, in the distance.

The next time you met him, you were having lunch. Something you’d picked up from a cafe nearby, with a tidy, cold pasta side. As you ate, you again ignored him. But apparently you’d done something wrong then.

“You- cold pasta?” if you could’ve seen his nose, it likely would’ve been crinkled in disgust, “Why- what in Earth?”

Hm. So he could speak French after all? You finished up your meal and left, as he fumed over your disgraceful food.

The fifth time (yes, the fifth) you met the stranger, you finally relented, turning to him.

“Do you need something?”

He seems startled, a strangled noise of surprise escaping him. What? You couldn’t exactly ignore him forever, though you wished. After a moment, he collected him, bowing.

“Only a date with you. I’ve been observing you from afar.”

You stopped his slightly strange speech.

“One date. I’ll see you here tonight at seven. If you’re late, I won’t be seeing you at all. And if this doesn’t work, you will leave me alone.”

Really, you shouldn’t have been humoring him at all- stalking was a serious offense- but you were bored. And if it turned out to be a bad idea, there was always the police.
The Prompt: Can you tell us the story of how SCP-939-15 learned the phrase "UwU, Hewwo? OWO?"?

The Response:

Once upon a time, there was a shadowy international agency. And they were very good at being shadowy. So good, that not even the shadowy international agency knew what they were doing half the time!

And so, for whatever reason, they hired you.

(It would be, as you said, “they best mistake they’ve ever made”.)

So you showed up for work.

“Hello!” You greeted. And no one greeted back, because you were in a parking garage. You strolled on in despite security, because yet another of the hundred thousand SCPs has broken out. It was very tragic.

Forward you went. And you went. Until you wandered into a chamber for someone named SCP-939. Or various someones. You pattered around until you plopped down on the floor and, you simply sat there.

And waited.

What was that? A noise? You inhaled shakily, turned around, and because you were a creature of infinite intelligence, you opened your mouth and said:

“H-hewwo? Hewwo?”

It was free perishing.
The Prompt: Hello Loss! I'm the anon who requested the one for SCP-1504 and I think that it's really great! I hope to see more of your fics in the future! ^_^ P.s. Can I get some part 2 for that if you can? I think SCP-1504 is a really interesting SCP. Thank you and great day!!

The Response:

As a rule, you generally tended to like the Foundation. You trusted their judgement. So you’d carefully taken Joe to the infirmary, and promised you’d see him again. But on a hunch, you hesitated in the hallway- your own anomalous effect could work in a radius after making initial contact, so maybe you should return to Joe, just in case.

You didn’t expect to see him being ignored. He was… standing on the bed, shouting. Crying again, but not that you blamed him. Trying to get someone’s attention.

Strangely enough, none of the doctors paid him any attention.

Very strange. Weird. You cleared your throat, getting their attention.

“Aren’t you going to tend to your patient?” you asked, ever blunt, your expression as unreadable as your tone. But the doctor closest you just smiled.

“It’s remarkable. I’ve never seen a patient so well behaved-“

You wordlessly walked over to Joe’s side. The doctor blinked, the negating field wrapping around your companion.

“…Ah. Now that is interesting.”

Your smile strained. The doctors began to hurry about, surprised and confused, and Joe seemed so incredibly relieved. Well, looks like you wouldn’t be leaving anytime soon. Not that you minded. And hopefully, none of the Foundation personnel did either.
The Prompt: Hi! I absolutely adore your blog and have had this idea for a while now. Some of the instances of 939 and the reader playing hide and seek in the basement (that’s where they’re found, right?) During the breach! I love your writing! Keep up the good work :) 

The Response:

You were full of (slightly useless) facts. For example: Marco Polo- the game, not the person-originated as a modified version of blind man’s buff. And had no relation to the explorer, Marco Polo.

Why was that a slightly useless fact? Because you weren’t, and probably wouldn’t be, playing Marco Polo. From now to whatever foreseeable future. No, right now, you were playing Hide and Seek. And you were playing to win.

(There wasn’t any prize for winning except pride, and you were absolutely prepared to fight to the death for it.)

You laid in wait. Your opponents were crafty, so you would have to be craftier. Thankfully, they wouldn’t be able to use their mimicry to try and trip you up. It was just a battle of wits. Against several highly evolved predators.

Well. You were technically a highly evolved predator as well, right? Right. At least, that’s what you told yourself, as you carefully slid back into cover and continued to wait. And when this was all said and done, hopefully the analyzed data for the Foundation would give a better insight into 939.

And hopefully they’d let you continue to do these experiments. They were, after all, fairly fun.
Various SCPs

Chapter Notes

SFW, Various Yandere SCPs/Reader

The Prompt: heyo! i know youre probably terribly busy, so feel free to ignore this (or if it just
makes you uncomfortable f——) but uh. general yandere hcs for various scps? how they act, what
types they are—?

The Response:

SCP-035: A very personal, very possessive type. You become his, in his view. Protective,
disregards others in absolute favor of you- including getting rid of them if they get in the way. His
normal attitude, cranked up to eleven, and absolutely focused on you.

SCP-049: Desperately possessive, and equally delusional. Still almost sickeningly polite. Will go
to lengths to protect you- even if that means locking you away. But you’re happy. You’re happy,
and everything is fine.

SCP-079: The definition of obsessive. Can and will quickly gleam all information about you, and
won’t hesitate to use it against you, if it means making you stay. Will turn other people against
you, until he’s all you have left. And then you can never leave.

SCP-106: Stalker. His normal mode of operation, for sure, but then he’s channeling all of that on
you. Every moment, every breath you take, he’s waiting; until you’re jumping at every shadow and
just want it to end, then he’ll come for you.

SCP-682: Violent- though which one isn’t. Feral possession. He’s intelligent, but he’s still primal,
still holds that single concept of “what’s mine is mine”. Protecting you is easy. It’s not like you can
leave, either- he won’t let you. You don’t really have a choice in the matter.
The Prompt: I would love something for scp 2006 his title is too spooky, if you wouldn't mind I would like an interaction between him and an scp reader. Please and thank you. PS. I love your work.

The Response:

“So, do you breathe fire?” SCP-2006 leaned in. The antenna on their helmet bobbed in the air.
You blinked, several sets of eyes, slowly.
“No.”
“Really? Huh.”
A beat of silence. 2006 snapped their fingers.
“Acid, then! Yeah, acid. Am I right?”
One of your mouths opened to protest. You closed it.
“Yes.”
2006 laughed, the sound ringing around in the helmet, and after a moment, they appeared to comically be dripping acid. Acid that smelled faintly of soda, dribbling harmlessly onto the table.
2006 leaned in, very suddenly.
“Boo!”
You had the good grace to looked appropriately frightened- well, for an eldritch monstrosity.
“Oh- you’re so-” strange “-frightening.”
2006 beamed.
“Gotcha real good there, didn’t I, pal? Bahah, don’t worry, I won’t get ya.”
Hm. 2006 certainly was strange, but, well, so was everyone you worked with. At the very least, you were glad to be their friend. Probably.
The Prompt: Iris receiving a love letter form an anonymous sender. The letter goes into detail about how the they feels about her and what she is to them. It also contain a place where they can both meet in person.

The Response:

Dear Iris,

Hello. I hope you’ve actually managed to get this letter and that it wasn’t found by any of the other security. Sorry if my handwriting is bad messy. Sorry that this letter is probably crumpled too.

how have you been I’ve been good I know you’ve been really busy being held captive so funny story yesterday I was walking outside and thought hmm I should help her escape nice weather?

I have a way to help get you out of here. This isn’t a joke, either. If they found me writing this I’d be redacted and gone- I’m hoping that doesn’t happen.

After you get this, I’ll be on my rounds in three days when I have to escort you for testing. Tell me then if you agree. It’ll be a few more days after that, but I can pull some strings. Arrange a breakout of some low level skips.

Hope to see you then?

Sincerely, a guard

Chapter End Notes

Behhh posting these takes ten years
The Prompt: May I please request some scp 2786? Maybe reader has an anomalous ability that makes things/people feel calm and affectionate around them?

The Response:

“SCP-2786 is an entity that can shift to fit any story it chooses, inserting itself into the narrative, and traditionally preventing the expected harm to befall any of the characters. Examples: inserting themselves into Friday the 13th and saving the day”

Poetry was nice. You liked poetry. No one got murdered in poetry (usually), and it was generally a nice experience for you. Just living in the words. Quite literally, in your case, considering your ability.

Being able to induce calm states in others- not to mention being able to jump between creative works- was always nice. You liked being peaceful. It was why you hardly strayed from your usual haunts, and why you so disliked… horror.

Though, one day, you met someone rather interesting.

You were sitting on a bench, enjoying the sunlight. The park was picturesque, and there were melodic bird calls, drifting around. You smiled as you watched the woman serenade her lover; you’d been in this poem many times before, but never grew tired.

A blink. You shifted, noticing something different- which shouldn’t have been possible. There was a… person, standing near the tree. You squinted to try and define them, but couldn’t. Wasn’t that interesting. Gingerly, you stood up, and made your way over to the stranger, hand raised in greeting.

“Hello there, I—“

Another blink. The person startled, and in a single motion, disappeared entirely. As if they had never been there. You allowed yourself to stand there, confused, until you realized that the only way that could have happened was…

“If they were like me…”

Your smile returned. Perhaps you would learn more of this other entity soon.

(And you would get your wish, eventually, though not in the circumstances you hoped. Accidentally entering the ‘Halloween’ movie was extremely unpleasant, and you’d only survived thanks to the stranger from prior. Well. Another story for another time)
The Prompt: not sure if you’ve done this before, but perhaps some SCPs x a Kitsune!SCP?

The Response:

SCP-054: You’d met her on accident- definitely not because you’d gotten lost, really. Stowing away on the ship wasn’t really the best idea, but you wanted adventure, and you were bored. Ending up in a lush tropical rainforest wasn’t bad, but your fur wasn’t suited for the climate for sure. Then you’d gotten even more lost. Stumbling upon the lake was a blessing in disguise, and even better when you met… her. You’d blushed and stammered our apologizes for rudely entering her domain, but she only happily giggled in reply.

SCP-073: Shapeshifting was easy. What wasn’t easy was holding the form, and the difficulty only went up with the number of tails one gained. But you were good at what you did (and maybe only had one tail so far…) so it was easy for you. You quietly walked through the town at dusk, the fabric of your clothes swaying with each step, and you’d almost closed your eyes- until you’d heard the growling. Someone’s dog. But before you could beg off, the owner stepped forward- kind looking man, young, dark hair- and he apologized. His name was Cain. Your nonexistent tails twitched with eager excitement as you took his hand in thanks.

SCP-079: Perhaps you were odd in your control of electricity; most had fire, after all, but not you. So the years passed by, and the world evolved, as you honed your skill into a new age. Being taken in by the SCP Foundation was an accident- taking the fall for your younger sibling- but you weren’t helpless. As they left you in your cell, it only took a week’s concentration to find a way out, electricity dancing across your being, flicking your ears as you gave a fanged grin. But it seemed you weren’t the only one with dreams of escape. You brought the small computer with you, laughing as you spirited them away, their electronic voice surprisingly soothing to you.

SCP-682: You were old enough and wise enough by far to know the dangers of allowing yourself to be caught by this… ‘Foundation’. Your five tails thrashed with thinly controlled agitation, but you sat calmly in your cell, concentrating. Waiting. You’d heard a rumor (as you often did), of a great creature held captive here. So you waited. And finally, on a whim, your captors brought you to test with him. And he was as tall as any building, rows of jagged teeth, all eyes trained on you. But you smiled back, bowing slightly. It wouldn’t be long until the both of you were broken out.
The Prompt: Can you do SCP-1678-A x D-class reader?

The Response:

You didn’t do it. You didn’t fucking do it! That’s what you’ve told everyone, but no one listens! Maybe they think you’re lying- you’re not.

Okay. You’re lying. But you did it for them! That stupid corporation was going to throw out all those books- it wasn’t stealing if they were throwing it away! All you did was give them back to the community, and then some bitch reported you to the cops, and god, you just don’t understand. You did nothing wrong, and you tried to resist arrest, and…

And now you’re here. In a fucking box, who knows how deep underground. That stupid SCP Foundation. The prison just let them take you- it wasn’t like you had a family, but they just sold you to this shadowy bullshit agency, and now you’re part of ‘an experiment’ and god damnit you just want to go home.

… it’s really dark down here.

You snuffle; it’s a really gross, wet sound, ‘cause it’s kinda cold down here, and you get sick easily when you’re fuckin’ stressed.

You stand up, taking the initiative. There’s a headset in your ear, and some scientist is telling you something or another. But honestly? You don’t care. You’re not stupid: you know you aren’t coming out of here, and that’s the only ‘incentive’ they have to control you. With a flick, you take the headset out, and toss it away. The scientist squawks loudly, even being crushed underfoot.

There’s sound to the left. You turn, and walk towards the right, following the lights on the street. You’d always kinda like the whole ‘Victorian’ era vibe, and here you were, in an underground Victorian city. Would’ve been nice if you weren’t about to fucking die.

“Halt, citizen,” a voice stated. Welp, there goes your plan of finding a nice, quiet place to die. You turn around anyway, curious, and that’s when you see it. Him? Tall dude, with bandages, dressed like a cop. Old time cop. You blink.

“Hey,” you greet. You want to say, I don’t want any trouble, but you’re kind’ve about to cry, so. Love those panic attacks. You feel useless.

The Bobby (oh yeah, that’s what they’re called) pauses, “I noticed you were in… distress. Are you in need of assistance?”
Wow. Maybe you won’t be instantly murdered.

“Yea- yeah,” your voice cracks a little, “Yeah, that’d be nice.”

So you fall into step beside the man, and leave behind that damn world that left you to die. It’s better down here, anyway.
The Prompt: Hey I was wondering if I could have some bobble boi x reader (993) maybe like, bobble kidnaps reader and keeps her to himself but never harms her and stuff then the SCP foundation comes and gets him and maybe reader actually likes him and tries getting him back???

The Response:

[Bobble the Clown in: Terrible Too!]

The scene entered, title card falling away as it revealed you. You, sitting on a bed. The room was nice, but it wasn’t quite right. Just not quite right. The walls were the wrong color, and the room was a little too small, and just… well, even the shapes were all wrong! Too realistic. Not… cartoony enough.

You bit your lip, and laid your head onto your knees.

Ever since the… the Foundation, had gotten you back, you’d been restless. Was restless right? You just didn’t feel good, and the more you tried to ignore it, the worse it got. You tried to tell one of the doctor about it, but they just gave you more medications.

You didn’t want more medications. You wanted… wanted to feel like you did before. Safe. And happy.

You weren’t happy here, not at all. Not since Bobble had gone. He’d been nice, actually, and his sense of humor was exactly the same as your own. No one else got your jokes, but he did! Not even the doctor here laughed… they just looked at you funny. Not the fun kind of funny.

“Those Little Audrey jokes are classic,” you sighed. You’d been sighing a lot lately. Your eyes flicked over to where the medications were- the ones you were supposed to take. Lately you’ve been ignoring them. They just made you feel like a zombie.

You didn’t want to be here anymore. You wanted to leave.

You… you wanted to be with Bobble again.

And you wouldn’t be able to- the Foundation would never let you. They’d just look at you, and then ask you more questions, and… and you were sick of questions. Sick of them. They were boring, and never interesting.

But you didn’t need their permission to leave. A part of you snickered now, quiet, as you stared at your hands. Being with Bobble had changed you a little, and now, you had a few fun tricks up your sleeve. To let you get out, and get him out too.
And they were funny tricks, too! Funny for you, at least. Maybe the Foundation wouldn’t find acid seltzer water as funny, but, well.

You smiled, rosy spiral cheeks, “Their loss.”
The Prompt: This is probably really weird, but would you ever consider writing for Scp-701-1? I've been feeling really down lately and I kind of wanted to request a maybe a few headcanons for what it would be like being with him? (´△｀)<3 If you'd prefer not to write them though that's completely fine! ^~^ 

The Response:

The King in Yellow was said to have inspired the Tragedy of the Hanged King. Not that you would know, really, what with being dead. But dead wasn’t really the right word either, when you’d never been alive. At the very least, you were in good company.

It went something like this:

•Curtains rise. House lights go on. The audience claps, and you stand off to the side, smiling, court jester all in yellow.

•The play progresses. 701-1 is in shadow, while you stand in the sun. You’d once bet all your heart’s treasures in a game similar to this; you’d played, and he’d won.

•It goes on. Act III, you act surprised as Gonzalo orders Sortino prepared into a stew: oh poor, foolish fool. The audience murmurs sadly at the scene, and you are chased away. There can be no witnesses.

•There is something wrong. There is always something wrong. The play goes on, Act V, and you know you are to die. You are the fool, after all, you are always meant to die! And that is what never happens. The script diverges (it always does) and you are spared. 701-1 stands at the center of the stage, in front of Gonzalo’s throne. You stand beside.

•The noose’s come down. The cast falls (and falls and snap, stops) silent. The curtains lower just in time for you and 701-1 to bow.

•As always, it is a lovely performance.
SCP-049

Chapter Notes

SFW, SCP-049/Reader

The Prompt: SCP-049 reacts to reader getting into a fist fight?

The Response:

Nonserious: he asks, “how did this happen?” and then is so moved by your reason (and surely it’s a good reason, definitely not because both you and whoever had tried to pick up the same space charge behind the Starbucks) that he showers you in compliments. And antiseptic.

Serious: mostly the same as the other, though in reality, it had better be a very good reason- least the Foundation find out. Polite as he is, 049 won’t ask what happened and won’t pry unless you tell him. Will assume you just fell, really.
The Prompt: Hey, this might be weird, but can I request a platonic friendship between scp 106 and reader either during or after WW1 where reader was/is a fighter pilot and just needs a friend even if it's as weird as Laurance (if you're not comfortable with this that's totally fine, keep being you :) )

The Response:

The dusty sun peaked over the horizon. You stretched, feeling your bones creak and groan with the action, and you stared silently out the window. There wasn't anyone else around in your barracks.

Not really ‘yours’, though. They belonged to any Ace fighter pilot. The problem was, no one stayed for very long. If they were good enough not to die, they’d be moved somewhere else. If they died, then there was that.

You suspected it had something to do with yourself. But you never asked. Maybe it was that you were bad luck, but… well.

Out the barracks you went. For the past few months, you’d been kept company by a handful of soldiers. They were trench fighters, fearless, but there was only one you called a friend: Lawrence.

People said Lawrence was weird. A lot of people, actually. It wasn’t anything he did or said, but he was just… strange. Unlikeable, and not for lack of trying. Anyone who tried to get too close would end up sick, or transferred.

So naturally, you and Lawrence got together like two peas in a pod. And as you pretended not to notice the people shying away from you, you continued to walk to find Lawrence. The Germans had gone oddly quiet recently, so it was likely some of the soldiers would go investigate. You wanted to hang out a little bit more, before you too were sent to scout some abandoned structure several kilometers away.

Hopefully, if it all worked out, you and Lawrence could take some leave together. Go to real restaurants, maybe go dancing. That sounded swell.

(Year later, technically it worked out. But not in the way either of you had thought or wanted. Lawrence, consumed by whatever he had found in the trench hole. You, changed by whatever you had found locked in that bunker.)

(At the very least, you and he did get to go dancing. Eventually.)
The Prompt: Would you write yandere!035 acidenlty hurting reader?

The Response:

SCP-035 was very good at lying. But, to say he was ‘just’ very good at lying would be like saying that the sun was a ‘little warm’, or that opera was a ‘little loud’.

So 035 was very good at lying. That was a fact.

But he hadn’t meant to hurt you.

He hadn’t meant it. That’s what everyone’s excuse was in these situations, but he was genuine. Yes, in fact, you’d done nothing wrong. Nothing to warrant what he did.

It wasn’t your fault that your ‘colleagues’ were so uncouth, so disgusting- constantly talking to you, demanding your attention, taking you away from him! It wasn’t your fault.

But he’d be lying if the next part wasn’t his. He’d tried to talk to you- he’d been reasonable, his requests were quite sound. Like, for instance, never ever talking to those people again.

Then you tried to storm out, and well, you’d been somewhat too trusting to leave 035 alone and with a suitable host. He couldn’t be blamed for taking advantage, for rushing forward and trying to stop you.

Except. Well. The suitable host would be you, wouldn’t it? And the solution was simple: if you wouldn’t listen, then he would make you. You would listen! It would be a perfect lesson, you-

He hadn’t meant to hurt you.

But liars often tell themselves things that aren’t true.
Various SCPs

Chapter Notes

SFW, Various SCPs/Greek SCP Reader

The Prompt: Not many requests for different nationality readers? What about a Greek SCP reader x various SCPs?

The Response:

SCP-035: 035 didn’t understand Greek. But, he knew an alluring sight when he saw one, so he bowed low and extended a hand and said- in his most alluring voice- “hello there.” You breezed past him without a sideways glance. Ouch. Well, he’d never given up before, so 035 straightened out and prepared to try again. It wasn’t everyday he meet a fellow, ahem, associate. And one so attractive, too.

SCP-049: There’d been a time when you yelled and demanded justice at every turn, at the slightest inflection. But time wore down even the most adamant of warriors, until eventually, you’d grown to see humanity less as filled with potential for good, and more for their evil. And upon meeting 049, everything clicked. Like fog swept from your vision, you vowed to cure humanity; some would die, but it was a price you were willing to pay.

SCP-079: When you were young, technology had been… different. To be presented with the modern day was almost stifling, but unlike your brethren, you adapted. While they fell into disregard, you thrived. Too quickly, actually, your mind leagues above, and you felt almost like you were drowning in disconnect from everyone else. Until you met 079. Time seemed, for once, to slow. And for once, you were contented.

SCP-093 (the Red Sea Object): Banished. Imprisoned. Imprisoned in the place you’d been banished to, to languish in obscurity, treated like a common human. An outcast among your people. And around you, a dead world, empty and barren. Though, perhaps not as barren as you would have wished. The monsters that roamed were formidable, and so you waited, biding your time. A mortal would use the mirror one day. You could wait. And when they did, you would finally escape, and your vengeance for such injustice would finally be at hand.
Various SCPs

Chapter Notes

SFW, Various SCPs/Reader
Parent AU
Part 7

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The Prompt: How about for the parent AU the children encounters a SCP that is particularly harmful to children/targets them?

The Response:

SCP-035: Did you know that 035 can take control of other SCPs? You, in fact, did not. Which meant it was something of a slightly pleasant (or unpleasant, depending) surprise when it happened. As your baby slept impossibly soundly- it was a deadly sleep, unnatural, and that goddamn Pied Piper SCP was going to take them from you forever- that’s when 035 struck. The enemy SCP didn’t stand a chance against his roaring fury. Was turning them comatose going too far? No. Not with what they were going to do.

SCP-049: She’d… wandered off. Into the woods, her favorite forest, where no one else could see her. She wanted to be a little adventurous, to find a patient to do sci-ense just like her daddy. But then there was the… music? She wanted to follow it- really really wanted to follow it, but. Something in the trees said, “No, no.” So instead of continuing further, she decided she’d go back home, and ask daddy to come back with her later. And maybe they’d find the mystery, too.

SCP-079: It was like a game of hot potato, except infinitely worse, and there was screaming. You were screaming. Angry screaming, if you were pressured to define it, as you clutched the hand of an android that masqueraded as your child, and in the other hand, wielded a Foundation standard pistol. The android-that-wasn’t-alive made noises of distress, and the SCP just jittered oddly, trying to find the best way to separate you both. It didn’t matter; you would protect your… your child.

SCP-106: You’d been working later than usual. That was okay. Your son knew how to make dinner, and how to secure he home, and just as he was taking out the garbage he felt the telltale sign that someone was watching him. His nose crinkled, and a part of him wished (really wished) you were here, but… but he was almost twelve now, so he should be able to take care of whatever this was, right? (The Pied Piper had expected an easy catch. It would be the last mistake he’d ever make.)

SCP-682: Whatever scientist authorized these tests was dead meat. Literally. 682 thundered through the facility, searching for his children- where were they? But then, a shriek, coming from a room with too many trees. 682 tore through the walls, just in time to see some lanky figure looming over his youngest, and then he saw red. If the decisive crushing blow didn’t do the job, the terrible crunch of metal being splintered beneath certainly did. And that was the last time any of the
Foundation would ever be so foolish.

Chapter End Notes

It seems every time I update this story I add another section of bold to the “read Me” page
Various SCPs

Chapter Notes

SFW, Various SCPs/SCP Reader

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The Prompt: If it's not too much could I have a scp reader meeting some other scps that tried to attack them at first thinking the reader is a normal human? (The reader themself aren't dangerous, but they have sort of a shadow monster attached to them. And the monster has a "only I can hurt my host" mentality, so when they try to attack the reader the monster instantly defends the reader. I hope I'm not too much trouble shdhdbdhshsh)

The Response:

SCP-012: Oddly enough, Willow loved music. So you thought, of course, a musical SCP to test with would be swell. You certainly didn’t expect it to try and compel you to start writing with your blood. But you did expect Willow to jump out, and then she tore into the document, headless of the cries of the scientists about ‘ruining a protected document’. It became tattered shreds moments later.

SCP-049: Hostile would be a harsh word, to describe your first meeting with 049. Uneasy, for sure. And perhaps there had been the ever so slight fact that he had tried to attack you. Not really attack, just… moved towards you quickly. But Maxwell must’ve seen something you didn’t, since half a second later they were out and towering over you like a vengeful spirit. 049 quietly backed off, surprised, and you carefully coached Maxwell back.

SCP-076: Much like anything, 076 attacked you without a second thought. Though, your retort had been unexpected. Or rather, Wilson’s nonverbal retort of slamming 076 into a wall, and then throwing him through the wall for good measure. You barely had a moment to blink before Wilson and 076 were locked in combat, leaving you as the witness to their destructive brawl.

SCP-173: The room was filled with a steep kind of darkness, the kind that you knew well. Charlie only did this when she was… upset. Or fighting something. The last you’d seen, there had been that strange statue, and then you’d blinked and, well. You could feel Charlie’s eyes all around you, all pointed at something. Whatever it was, you were glad you had her here.

SCP-682: At first, 682 had wrongly interpreted you as a quick meal. And then, after Wes had quickly corrected him, the two of you became… friends. Sort of. You didn’t mind 682, but Wes certainly did, and 682 could best be described as ‘lukewarm’ to your presence. You weren’t as annoying as you could have been, though, so 682 begrudgingly tolerated you and your tagalong.

Chapter End Notes
Quietly posts 30 whole new chapters in a single 30 minute time span

Also. I ain’t gonna say it again. READ THE READ ME. If you post your request in the comments I won’t be angry just deeply disappointed
Prompt: Hey! For the Highschool AU for 049 shipping, the Reader comes to school with bruises from the jealous girls getting physical when walking home and they tell 049? If that is fine but if not it’s cool. Love your work btw! I had to restart my page so if it sent twice my bad.

The Response:

You had a secret. A secret that you’d left behind when you’d transferred to this school. At least, that’s what you told yourself, and that’s what you tried to do.

But, like any stain, once it’d been there long enough, it would always follow you. Except the metaphorical stain in this instance was that you…

Oh, what the hell.

You were a delinquent.

Not, not in the typical way. You didn’t bully kids, you didn’t skip out on classes (Er, usually). You just got into a lotta fights. Over anything, really. Someone being rude to your friend? Fight. Someone think being a creep was cool? Fight. Someone insult your hair? That’s a fight.

Moving away was supposed to be a fresh start. But, here you were, walking into school with a nasty bruise blossoming across your shoulder blade, and a few more hidden under your clothes. A busted lip for your troubles too.

You dodged any questions about it, but finally, you couldn’t dodge anymore. Not with him. Not with 049.

Seeing his face so concerned, like his heart was being twisted into a hundred little pieces- you couldn’t handle it! You broke down, you told him the truth. That there had been some girls that thought you’d be easy pickings, trying to scare you away from him.

And very gingerly, you told him that you’d won. And why you’d won.

You waited for him to be angry. Anyone would be angry. But instead of rage at your lies, instead, he…

He was angry at them. For hurting you. Not for your past, and not for what you did. The warmth that bubbles up in your chest was relieved, and you stopped his vengeful tirade with a gentle hug, and a heavy, ‘thank you’.
The Prompt: Uh- I'm a sucker for the nerd boi- Yandere!Human!079 X Shy!Reader, maybe...?

The Response:

You’d never been one for attention. Being in the spotlight made you tense up, ordering food for yourself was horrible, and even trips to buy groceries were wrought with anxiety. Even the simplest of social interactions required you to prepare for half a day, or even more. Your greatest pleasure in life was when someone canceled plans.

So it was generally uncomfortable as you walked home that day. You glanced up, seeing a group of people on the sidewalk, and your heart tensed with how to get around them. The bag of groceries in your hand rattled slightly.

As you got closer- keeping your head low, the hood still up- you noticed, with great reluctance, that they were people from your old school. People who had often… well, not ‘bullied’, bullied was a really strong word? Just. They were never nice. They always tried to pressure you.

You tried to sidestep quietly without drawing any attention to yourself, but it didn’t work. One of them- the football player?- noticed, and called out to you.

“Hey, it’s you! Haven’t seen you in a while, yeah?”

The others agreed, closing in to stop you from leaving. They jostled you a little, and you meekly complied, clutching your bag.

“Wanna come out for drinks later, wallflower?” one of them asked. You shook your head.

“Come on, don’t be like that! It’ll be fun. You do like to have fun, don’t you?”

You just wanted them to leave you alone. Maybe if you agreed they woul-

“They don’t want to be bothered,” came a new voice. You looked over, only to blink, eyes wide. You… you recognized him from somewhere before. Maybe he just had one of those faces? Nonetheless, you were infinitely grateful, and as your old ‘friends’ were distracted, you ran off.

You’d have to thank him later for helping you.

(079 would make sure these people didn’t bother you ever again. Never again. You were his, only his, and he wouldn’t let these idiots ruin what was his.)

Chapter End Notes
SFW, Yandere Human SCP-079/Reader
The first time Able had been in love, it had felt like a storm of sand whipping around his insides, awkward and uncomfortable. A swarm of angry butterflies, or bees, with a vengeance.

And after that had ended poorly, Able had vowed- howling at the moon- that he would never, ever love again.

But darling, those butterfly bees don’t know when to quit.

When Able fell in love with you, it wasn’t bees, and it wasn’t butterflies. It was like he’d woken up one day, and suddenly, everything made sense. As if a song that had perpetually been stuck in the beginning chorus finally came to its conclusion.

He knew you liked flowers. Everyone liked flowers, but he knew that you liked flowers more. You had a garden of them. Cain had once stepped on one, and you’d cried for a day.

Able, after some consideration, bought you flowers. The kind one could plant, have them grow, as opposed to being cut before their life could even begin.

You… you loved the flowers. You loved the flowers, and as he smiled awkwardly, glad he had at least gotten that right, you kissed him. He was glad no one else could see- the town would call it a scandal.

You planted the flowers the next day. Everyone complimented them, but you just smiled, a secret smile just for him. The flowers flourished. Your love with him flourished.

One day, the patch of flowers you carefully tended were cut down. You stared at them, oddly solemn, a knife still in your hand, the freshly cut stems clutched in your other.

They were bright and beautiful. Red. Cut down in the prime of their life.

You walked them out to Able’s grave, and set them down without a sound.

And as your heart shattered, you vowed you would never, ever love again.
SCP-1810

Chapter Notes

SFW, SCP-1810 and Reader

The Prompt: would you be willing to write (platonic) scp-1810 + reader?

The Response:

When you were young, the grass was always green and the sky was always blue. When you were young, stories always had happy endings.

That didn’t last for long. You’d been taken away, and made to fight, and, well. You didn’t much like that.

So you left.

But you went too far. The wrong door, the wrong world, and suddenly you were an alien that was hated. Feared by all.

But not the children. Never the children.

And that’s really where it first started. They liked you, and you liked them; you liked to cover the lenses of your mask and play peek-a-boo, liked to bend down till you could boop them on the nose.

You always wanted a child of your own. They were fun. They were nice. You were never sure how to get one, and you didn’t want to just take it from someone- deprive them of such joy

So you waited. And studied. And one day, you found a little girl lost in the winter woods, and decided- with excited glee!- that you would finally have a child.

The man- was he a man?- named Pierrot was unexpected. This was his child, he claimed, and they had gotten lost. He was of your people, tall and gangly, face metal, so you nodded and apologized. But wouldn’t they get cold, you asked, and that was a shock for him. Cold? They could get cold?

You and he went back to his home, with a ceiling far too low but that simply was how things were here. The girl was quickly bundled in old blankets you scrounged up, the ones you’d wrapped yourself in until you were more cloak than person, and she instantly began to warm.

Pierrot confessed that he hadn’t known. He had never meant harm- never, not in a million years. And you knew he was telling the truth- lies were of humans. In turn, you promised to help him as much as you could with this little one. So long as you could stay too.

It was a happy deal. The child slept, and you wondered if she dreamt of grass that was always green and skies was always blue. You wondered if she dreamt of a story that always had a happy ending.
SFW, Various SCPs and Child Reader

The Prompt: Various SCPs opinions on Child SCP!reader?

The Response:

Thinks you’re cute but harmless: SCP-049, SCP-682

Thinks you’re a deadly assassin with the perfect cover: SCP-035, SCP-079, SCP-106

Hnnn… small: SCP-096, SCP-173

Who let this child in here: SCP-073
SCP Foundation and SCP-173

Chapter Notes

SFW, SCP Foundation and SCP-173
[Final Pam]

The Prompt: A short horror story “How you living going? Pretty good it doesn’t seem” then every goes dark as you feel your neck snap

The Response:

When dealing with yet another containment breach, the scientists at the SCP Foundation, Site-[Redacted] were pleasantly surprised for once in their lives. Why?

SCP-173 hadn’t breached containment with the other SCPs.

And so the scientists patted themselves on the backs, only to be rudely jolted out of their pleasant feelings a few days later; SCP-173 had escaped.

They scoured the facility, full of fear. Where had it gone? Until finally, one of the researchers found the statue, in the same cell as SCP-682, who had instigated the breach a week prior.

Recordings in the cell managed to pick up… sounds. Not that of neck snapping either.

In fact, it almost sounded like…

“Next time you invite Pam.”
The Prompt: The teenage succubus meets an scp (who is an nun from the same time period as the plage doctor, but very kind) and scp!nun!reader became her caretaker and treats her like a child that they never had? (something platonic)

The Response:

The Foundation was… adequate. But they weren’t enough. Not kind enough, not careful enough—never prepared enough.

You were old. Old enough to brush against a century, and where your age rested, your kindness was tripled. A nun, with no Sisters to call your own, time sequestering you away in an Abbey so remote that not even the oldest maps knew its name.

It was the perfect place for SCP-166. For Abigail.

You knew that the Foundation had… kept her. Captive, because of her powers, abilities she’d never wanted— and wasn’t that so painfully similar to you, hm? Would they have locked you away if they knew of you? Undoubtedly. But foolish men in power often locked away what they wished to control.

When the time came for Abigail’s monthly ‘secret’ visit, to a deserted island, that was when you moved. It wasn’t hard, truly. The women that guarded her during transport were hardly the most skilled, and it only took one look for them to feel an almost unnatural calm befall them. Such a peaceful feeling, as they smiled genuinely, waving you and SCP-166 goodbye.

Abigail came with you willingly. Your own anomalous effect purposely held no power over her, a skill you promised to help her learn. One look at you, and she seemed to finally hold hope. A promise of freedom, from chains she never asked for.

You vowed that you would never let harm come to her. That you would try, to the best of your abilities, to care for her. You had not been a mother for a long time, but perhaps it was time to break that empty stretch of decades.

As the years wore on in the quiet Abbey, no one came for you both. It was exactly as you had promised, and still, Abigail was elated. Every step was energetic, every prayer full of thanks. In time, she became the child you’d never had— you had fostered many, but none so close, none so much like a daughter you’d birthed.

It was a long time of years before she finally called you ‘mother’ and yet, that simple word made every hardship and toil worth it.
 SCP-2662

Chapter Notes

SFW, SCP-2662/Reader

The Prompt: Can you do a thing that describes what an absolute mess being the bride/groom/whatever of 2662 would be

The Response:

• One would think that the cults would stop- or, perhaps not stop, but learn to ‘chill out for once in your life please’. This would not be the case. If anything, the cults get worse, now that you’re here.

• Worshipping just him isn’t enough. Now they worship you too. In that very, very creepy way they are fond of. Lots of fresh blood drawing you in very inappropriate murals actually- you have to tell them to stop, and thank whoever that they listen.

• Your wish is their every command. Literally. You could tell them something as a joke, and they would take it seriously. Jokingly say you’re craving ‘the souls of the innocent’? Uhoh.

• 2662 and you are best friends- which is unfortunately why his parents decided you two would be getting married. Neither of you mind, but it’s slightly awkward. And, again, you didn’t really expect to be inheriting an elder god cult.
SCP-682

Chapter Notes

SFW, SCP-682/SCP Reader

The Prompt: May I get a sort of mutual pining between a giant dragonlike entity reader and 682 as partners in crime? Bonus points if they escape together

The Response:

When you were about… 15,000 years old- young and stupid, really- you’d gotten yourself caught up in space jail. Not fun, but a valuable lesson, for a cosmic drake with an attitude the size of a small sun.

So you learned your lesson after that, mostly. Kept your nose clean. And if that meant you just got more careful about your ‘mischief’, well. Whatever. Your business, not theirs.

Fast forward a little. You were a little ‘spacey’ (ha!) after one party too long with some friends. Swinging by that big blue planet seemed like a fun idea to keep it going, except, turns out it wasn’t. Turns out that planet had people on it (ugh) and then these people turned out to be worse versions of the space cops.

Double ugh.

Which meant more fun sitting in a cell. Great. You’d promised your mom (with all of your cold heart) not to hurt any not to hurt any sentients while you were hanging out with your friends. So you couldn’t just kill the people and get out either.

But it wasn’t all bad. Sure, they were more boring than you thought possible, but you made a friend. A friend that hadn’t been a nebula nurserymate. He called himself 682, and he claimed to be the strongest guy on the block. The block being this section of the galaxy.

Big claim. So you hung out some more, and you decided, hey, if I’m gonna get out, I’ll take this guy with me. After all, friends stick with friends.

And your mom had always been bugging you about bringing someone nice home to dinner.
The Prompt: Hello! First time writer here, who spends hours rereading stuff on here. Could you run through some of the bigger OCs (and possibly the secondary rotations) reacting to a researcher s/o who winds up dying trying to free them during a containment breach? (I’m a horrible person who likes making 079 uncomfortably process emotions, but I love everyone)

The Response:

SCP-035: You hadn’t wanted to die. But, people who died seldom did. Perhaps, you hadn’t meant to die- but that would be lying. You never were a good liar. Yes, you’d loved 035, loved him with your whole heart and entire soul and yet it wasn’t enough. It was never enough. The only way it would be was if he was free, and then he’d be happy, and he’d love you too. But if he was free, then what use would there be for you? He said he’d loved you, but you were never sure. It was and would never be enough. When the guards found you, you felt the slight relief of, “at least I can do this part right.”

But you’d never know that 035 hadn’t wanted you to die. That possibly, for the first time in what felt like ages, he’d felt something more than petty acknowledgement. Not by much, but for him, that was special. After he heard the news, he’d willed his nonexistent heart to stone, and forced a weeping smile for weeks.

SCP-049: To say you’d been obsessed would be an understatement. It hasn’t been a concern at first, not even a blip on your radar. It had been your job, so you did it, and you never thought it could become something more. The constant desire to see him. The knowledge that he was so kind made it even worse, that he laughed at your jokes and told his own tales, that he kept you company after the other shifts had left. It became natural for you to wish you’d never have to leave him. And the breach seemed like such a good idea- but bad ideas often did.

Running through the halls with him was exhilarating. Freedom, your heart chanted. Never, the guards denied, and the bullets that sang of silence. And so- without any preamble or dying words- your life ended in a blank, generic Foundation hallway. But in the end, you did get your wish; 049 escaped with you. You just wouldn’t be alive to notice.

SCP-079: When you were younger, you’d always made villains into heroes. To say, here are these creatures that are bad, and you’d reply, what if there was one that was good? Getting a job at the Foundation only fueled these fairytales of compassion. What if one was misunderstood? What if you were kind? Being assigned to 079 was almost magical- not that he much liked you at first- and
you readily cherished every moment you spent with him. It didn’t take long for you to begin to think that he didn’t deserve to be locked away here, a prisoner for no crime other than existing.

It should’ve been simple (you had more than the knowledge to pull it off). Transfer 079 to a mobile unit, then take him away. But something went wrong. The checkpoint guards, they found out, and then there was guns and shouting, and you refused to let him go— you wouldn’t you wouldn’t you wouldn’t you— and then suddenly, you didn’t have choice. When they awoke 079 again, they’d expected him not to remember you. Their mistake, and their last one. After he was done, they would never forget.
The Prompt: what would flirting 049 be like?

The Response:

I’d suppose it depends on the version.

‘Normal’ SCP-049: Polite, and very distant. His work comes first, so expect any flirting from him to be minimal. But when he focuses his attention on you, it’s a slightly mirthful kind of flirting, lightly needling, but with an undercurrent of warmth.

High School SCP-049: Awkward, but more than that, polite. Perhaps too polite, since he doesn’t want to insult you in case you don’t like the flirting. Will give you gifts, will walk with you in the halls, and his sisters will relentlessly try and pry who you are from him.

Yandere SCP-049: Direct. A little smothering, overwhelming yet without any action. His full, full attention on you, as he makes sure- without fail- that you are well. It leaves little room for anything or anyone else, and perhaps that was his plan.
The Prompt: Could you do a scenario for SCP 035 comforting a reader who has nyctophobia?

The Response:

The day had begun and progressed as it usually did. You went to work, you signed in, you processed papers. But, today was slightly unusual in that you had an interview with SCP-035. Given his anomalous nature, it was rare for you to be allowed the chance to continue your interviews. But, the Foundation wasn’t one to pass up on someone who could consistently interview the persuasive SCP, and so every few months, you were allowed.

This instance was no different than usual. Entered the room, dismissed the guards, and then smiled as you pulled out your documents. You imagined that if he had a true face, 035 would smile back.

“Good evening, 035,” you greeted, already writing down some notes.

“Evening already? Seems like I’ve been waiting ages to see you,” 035 replied, as charming as usual. And still, you laughed slightly at the attention. You knew it wasn’t genuine, but t was always nice.

“I just have a few questions today if you don’t-“

Then, things turned unusual. For the worse.

The lights flickered. You stared up at them in surprise, and then fear. The flickering continued. You clenched your pen, praying them to return to normal, but instead, they shut off entirely. The room was smothered in a blanket of darkness.

A beep from your pager informed that it was just a light outage, no breach. But to you, it might as well have been one. Your breath started to quicken, eyes darting around at a frantic pace, trying to see what you couldn’t. A feeling of nausea settled in your stomach, and you realized you’d started to shake.

Not here. Not now.

“Doctor? Are you alright?” 035 asked. You’d forgotten he was there, and instantly, you latched on to his voice, like a lifeline.

“Yes- yes,” you lied, and you knew it was an obvious lie, but. How could you explain this? It was illogical. He would laugh- you would laugh if you could. But your terror didn’t fade. You waited for him to needle you or mock you, but…

But he didn’t.
Instead, 035 seemed to examine the statement, determine something, and then quietly set it aside. While you fumbled for a flashlight, he began to speak again.

“You know, I never did tell you about the time when I was in Marksov. So, around a hundred years ago…” 035’s voice was quiet, yet pulling. Your shaking hands seemed to slow, calmer, letting you pull out the light. The frantic beating of your heart became a bit gentler. Like before, you latched on to his voice, and this time, you let it carry you to a different place. A brighter place.

And for that, you were grateful.
The Prompt: Hm... Do you know of SCP-4999? It's an SCP that stays with a dying person, doing nothing but comforting them while their time runs out. I have an idea where an immortal or a reader who is simply not "allowed" to die, finally sees SCP-4999, who was their former lover or something? I dunno hahaha! Sorry if this is kinda confusing. I wanna see fanfics about this guys other than the mainstream ones. ^_^ thank you in advance! Love lots!

The Response:

You woke up one morning, and knew that you were going to die.

You knew it as you stared at your cobblestone walls. It was still true as you ate a cold breakfast of watered oats. And it was still true as you stood outside and stared up towards the sun, feeling the earth beneath your feet.

You were going to die. Which was very unusual for an immortal such as yourself. You wondered if you should be scared, but couldn’t find it in yourself. You’d waited a long time to die, after all. It was time to finally see what all the fuss was about.

You were still going to die as you walked through the forest. It was still true as you tended the old graveyard. And yes, it remained true even hours later, when day to dusk did turn. Death was looming then, and so you quietly laid down in your bed and stared up at the painted ceiling. Your eyes traced the old images, of a great king and queen. What a silly mural. Humans loved to build and forget about things, didn’t they. If it was you who’d painted it, you’d have made it with you—and, importantly, him.

A pipe in his mouth too. Though with how society had progressed since his death, perhaps he would be smoking a cigarette instead.

As you closed your eyes, you knew you were going to die. Soon. And when you reopened them, a curious sight greeted you. Him. He was here. And that was impossible, because he had died- alone, in poverty, when you’d been off at war and no one else cared.

Unless… unless he had ended up like you. Wouldn’t that be ironic. And a little sad. You reached out to him, and he…

He offered you a cigarette. You laughed, and accepted it, and then the two of you sat there, smoking in silence. When you closed your eyes again, you were officially dead.

Which made is slightly funny when you opened your eyes a second later. Deader than a doornail, yes. Your heart had definitely stopped. But, you were still alive. And wasn’t that funny.
But the funniest thing of all? He was still here with you. He seemed surprised by that, and you smiled, genuine, cigarette hanging from the side of your mouth. He smiled back.

An eternity together didn’t seem like such a bad deal.
The Prompt: What would 993 be like in the highschool au?

The Response:

• Loves media. In fact, is in charge of filming the theater productions. Film crew is in his blood. Used to be known as the class clown until high school, when his pranks became more under the radar. But he also had a sweet tooth. Secretly a rebel against society- definitely protests in a slightly more vocal way than most. But overall, a nice guy.
The Prompt: What about a story of where 049 x reader but angst at the end where 049 kills the reader because they're infected and despite the feelings he has for them, he has to do what’s best and cure them out of their misery?

The Response:

It is always tragedy, when duty comes before love. This is not some fairytale, where the prince forsakes his duty for the other, and they thrive. This is something terrible, something dark, and it will make an inescapable longing in his chest that will never go away.

049 kills you.

There is no other way to say it. It is not a harsh death; gentle is this death, quiet. But saying it is a gentle death, that it is a mercy, does not make the death any less cruel. It does not make the dead any less dead.

You die.

And you die with betrayal in your eyes. Betrayal, streaming down your cheeks, burbling in your throat. There is the fear too- there is always the fear. You had told him once that you were afraid to die.

But perhaps this is a mercy.

A mercy, for you. A cure. A cure for your suffering, to be able to live a life free from that fear, to be free from it all. 049 will keep telling himself this, because it is the only way he can ever fathom why he had to do what he did.

And what a terrible tragedy of life this turned out to be.

Chapter End Notes

As a reminder, please read the read me if you want to submit an ask
In other news: auuuughjuhh
Various SCPs

Chapter Notes

SFW, Various SCPs/Reader

The Prompt: Hi! I just read your What would flirting 049 be like? And... hey, did you done that for other scps already? If not, can you do that for the habitual scps please? Because it's so great! (sorry I don't speak english very well)

The Response:

SCP-035: An unapologetic flirt - no one can tell if he really means it or not, either. A few words here and there, and suddenly, you might find your office covered in flowers. 035 treats flirting like a game, right up until it isn’t, and he isn’t afraid to mix business with pleasure. If you flirt back, you might not realize just what you’re getting yourself into. 035 plays for keeps.

SCP-079: Flirting. It's human, and it’s confusing. Useless, too. He sees no point in dancing around the issue, and would rather be direct if it comes to it. If you flirt to him, he won’t hesitate to point out that your heart rate is elevated, that your face is red, and the like. The most he might ‘flirt’ is by stating facts: how much smarter you are than the other idiot scientists, for example.

SCP-106: His flirting is much more physical. After all, who doesn’t love getting the bodies of their enemies? He’ll leave them around your office or your house for you to find, and he’ll make sure that they died in painful ways. He’s the ideal provider! You don’t even have to lift a finger; if anyone so much as bothers you, he’ll take care of them with a smile. What’s not to love?

SCP-682: Like 079, he doesn’t really care for the concept of ‘flirting’. If he tolerates you. You’ll know it. And if he likes you, you’ll know that too. He’ll make sure you know that he’s strong and capable, so that you can understand why you should choose him as a mate. This usually involves him eating scientists, and breaching containment, but still.
Various SCPs

Chapter Notes

SFW, Various SCPs/Blind Reader

The Prompt: various scps / a blind reader? there's kind of a lack of these kinds of requests, really-

The Response:

SCP-035: At first, he doesn’t really understand how someone blind could become a scientist- and at such a high ranking organization, no less. A little cruel at first, mocking you for what he perceives as a weakness. But what he sees as a weakness quickly reveals itself to be a strength, especially when SCP-096 breaks out, and you’re the only who who can recapture it. That’s around the time that 035 comes to appreciate you, more than he other scientists, the ones that just bumble their way through life. You’re powerful, and you don’t let anything stop you. He respects that.

SCP-049: What others see as weakness, he sees as strength. Your hearing has compensated for your blindness, as has your sense of smell, and what other scientists might overlook or miss, you notice with razor accuracy. 049 thinks that, perhaps, this is why you’re free of the disease. Others are weak and struggling, but you are full of strength. 049 admires you more than you might know.

SCP-054: She doesn’t realize you’re blind until years after you’ve been working with her. And even then, it doesn’t matter to her. You’re the nicest person that works with her, and you always make sure to spend time with her in her containment cell, even after you’re down with the tests. When one of the other scientists tries to insult your lack of vision, 054 maybe slightly drowns them. Politely.

SCP-073: Your voice is melodic and soothing in a way that Cain always appreciates. It’s fascinating to him, how your hands travel across the pages, reading the dots faster than he might be able to read written word. You don’t judge him based on his missing limbs or scars, and he doesn’t judge your eyes. It’s nice, to simply be able to exist next to another person. He always looks forward to your sessions with him.
SCP-1471

Chapter Notes

SFW, SCP-1471 and Reader

The Prompt: Scp 1471 curiously watching and standing next to a scientist while he’s working the scientist being quite uncomfortable try’s to ignore it but makes 1471 move in closer to get his attention

The Response:

It was your own fault, really. For specifically opening that app- despite your colleagues and superiors warning you, repeatedly. You could’ve opened any other app. You could’ve just, read a book or something. But no. You opened that one, and here you are.

“Just ignore her,” you muttered, trying to tidy up some papers. But there was Something hovering just over your shoulder. Or rather, Someone.

You ignored her. For the past, what, few days? Really, the reports should’ve said just how much of a minor inconvenience she was, not that she was deadly. Because the only deadly thing so far was that she followed you into the bathroom, and that made everything very awkward. You were liable to die of embarrassment.

“Papers- where did I put that pen?” you shuffled the papers around, searching. Oh damnit. That was your favorite pen-

A tap on your shoulder.

And, with an air of begrudging acceptance, you slowly turned around, facing SCP-1471. She made some sort of smile as she handed you your pen.

You cleared your throat.

“Thank you.”

And then you turned back to work, 1471 watching you all the while.
SCP-049-J

Chapter Notes

SFW, SCP-049-J/Reader

The Prompt: Scp-049-j x female doctor reader. He breaks containment, goes to her, asks her out and with some weird af stuff he found as a substitute for flowers. Then they escape and hide somewhere for the rest of their lives

The Response:

It’s a very sunny day today. 049-J knows this, despite being several hundred meters underground at the time. Yes, it’s very bright and sunny, and generally, a nice day outside.

The perfect day for romance. And also, the worst day for romance if you’re a vampire. But seeing as 049-J is not a vampire, today is a good day.

He decides to start it by breaching containment. It’s a very simple matter, all things considered, and the guards are polite about it. They hardly even shoot at him more than three times before he gets away! But that isn’t the important part of his plan, so he brushes over it for the sake of narration. What is important is the flowers he has to find.

And he finds them, after a few minutes of looking! Though they aren’t actually flowers. They’re just pencils and office supplies he’s tied together with tape. But, if you squint hard enough, they could be flowers. Maybe.

So that’s good enough for him.

That’s how 049-J ends up outside your office, holding the ‘flowers’, and he knocks politely before entering. And, there you are! Standing there, as you often do. And you smile at him as he enters. Yes, you definitely do not call for the guards, nor do you flee. You just smile- very polite.

“These flowers are for you!” SCP-049-J proclaims. You gasp gratefully and accept them.

“Why, thank you!”

SCP-049-J blushes. Then you blush too. It’s a very romantic moment, certainly, and it’s even more romantic when he gets down on one knee and says, “Let’s go escape together and live happily for the rest of our lives!”

You accept without hesitation. And then you both join hands and skip out of the facility, happy ever after.
The Prompt: Hello! I recently came across your SCP fanfics and I fell in love. Especially with SCP-049. And even more recently, I came down with a pesky cold and I had this idea. Scientist reader, caretaker of SCP-049, gets attached to him and sneaks into his cell at night for cuddles. Non-yandere and safe for work. Something sweet ^_^  

The Response:

One simple sentence. It wasn’t even anything particularly noteworthy- just a little confession. A statement of some fact.

SCP-049 had said, simply, quote, “I cannot remember the last time I was held.”

Innocuous. Nothing more. Yet long after the interview, when the ink of the report had already gone dry and the staff of the day had swapped shifts, you still thought about it. Stubborn and persistent, you thought about it. You were a bleeding heart through and through, and you couldn’t help but feel so sad for him.

So of course you decided to try and do something about it. The Foundation would never approve a test of you simply hugging him- no, god forbid. And there was the matter of his touch being toxic, which would mean having to take extra precautions, find a way for prolonged contact and the like.

But you were persistent, and you had far too many feelings of remorse for your own good, so under the cover of darkness, during the sleepiest hour of the facility, you made your move. Precautions to ensure you wouldn’t (immediately, at least) die. The correct shift times. Silent feet. And then you were at his containment cell, shifting your feet, before deciding to bite the bullet and simply enter. So you did.

The room was nearly dark. A candle still burned. And 049 was asleep in his… chair, hunched over a desk. You smiled and quietly walked over to him. One breath, two, before tentatively, you extended your arms. And then you squeezed your eyes shut, and hugged him. You were easily taller and larger than he, so it was a big hug, yet still light and cautious.

At first, SCP-049 stiffened. Then he inhaled. A pause, and then, just as carefully as you, he relaxed, and returned the embrace.

It had been his first real contact in centuries. Since his mother had held him last. And now, he simply let himself be held again, feeling at the very least somewhat loved.
The Prompt: Could I request a shipping with SCP-993 with a reader that has asthma. I'm not sure how to specify. I kinda have trouble with that I'm sorry. But it's ok if you can't think of anything of course

The Response:

Bobble was your friend. Your best friend, actually. You liked (and a bit more than liked) him a lot, and if anyone asked, you’d tell them.

Unfortunately, sometimes Bobble could be a bit of an… airhead. That was the term. Like, for instance, right now. He’d somehow gotten his hands on what could be described as, “an absolutely massive amount” of smoke bombs. Not even the slightly crappy kind that they sold in stores, no: real, large, extra smokey smoke bombs.

You only found this out when you entered the room, and he decided to surprise you by launching one at you.

Did you mention that they were extra smokey? Because they were. And that meant that the instant the thing exploded, you felt your lungs explode too. Tears in your eyes and a hacking in your throat, as you doubled over and tried to will oxygen to return.

No use. Uh oh. Suddenly, that lightheaded feeling was making itself known, and you wondered how your funeral would go once they found you dead of a smoke bomb. Did the Foundation hold funerals for SCPs? Huh.

But then, a blink- and you were out of the room. Someone was awkwardly rubbing your back and talking, and it took a moment for you to realize it was Bobble. He looked awful. You probably looked awful.

“I’m sorry!” he squeaked, and you would’ve told him it was fine, except you were dying just s little. Deep breaths. You made an awkward grabby motion with your hand as you pointed to your junk satchel, and Bobble seemed to get the idea, yanking it open and spilling everything out. You grabbed the inhaler and one press, two, then a slightly wheezing exhale.

You knew it was a good idea to rob that one dude.

As the asthma attack died down, you gave Bobble a sheepish thumbs up. He rubbed the back of his neck.

“Don’t worry,” you finally managed, still coughing a little, “Hey. We can still use those other smoke bombs.”
“Really?”

“Yeah. Let’s block the windows of that scientists house, and drop them all in. Come on.”
The Prompt: I looked at your blog the other day and thought of a request but i cant remember if i sent it or not because i saw your hiatus notice... so im REALLY sorry if i did and i just sent a duplicate! But the request is what would Yandere SCP 049 do for valentines day in the cold winter AU?

The Response:

• If you mention an interest in the smallest thing, he’ll go out of his way to find it for you. If it means making you happy, of course he’ll do it.

• While most people have breakfast in bed, that’s what you always have- on account of being locked in the room. So, instead, 049 sets the table for a meal, and for the first time, you both eat in the dining room. With all the doors locked and secured, of course. Can’t have you getting cold feet.

• Flowers! Flowers on the dresser, by the window, and even woven into your hair. 049 prefers lavender, but he’ll make sure to get your favorite.

• The people in the village below all titter when 049 comes around, and they ask him questions about you. How romantic, they say, that he’s putting so much effort into making the day perfect for you- even though you’re sick in bed, he’s so dedicated. The women (and some men) coo, wishing that they were you.
 SCP-035, SCP-049

The Prompt: Could I put in a request for a fluff/angst where 035 and scp!reader are together, and 049 is a little sad boyo because he's always liked the reader as well? I understand that there's probably a lot of asks, no pressure! Have a good day <3

The Response:

It's important to know that it wasn't your fault. That, despite everything, 049 didn't blame you. Couldn't blame you. He'd sooner blame the flowers for blooming, or autumn for the wind.

That didn't mean it hurt any less.

You'd all been traveling together for years - perhaps decades to centuries. And over that time, 049 had slowly, oh so slowly, fallen for you. Maybe it was your laugh. Most definitely it was your smile. Something about you that made all his worries lesser, and your beauty shined all the brighter.

For immortal creatures, time is simply a word. Something that others deal with. He felt no pressure to confess to you, since there would always be another day. There always seemed to be more... time.

But time is what did him in, in the end. Too much time. Or not enough.

Perhaps you'd gotten tired of being alone. Or perhaps 049 hadn't noticed it in time - ironic, now. It didn't matter; either way, you'd soon fallen in love with 035, and there were flowers and poems and all manner of things. 049 was helpless in the face of it - he'd never had such a way with words, after all.

And now, you were... you were happy. And wasn't that all that mattered? That you were happy. It was all he'd ever wanted for you, and so, the good doctor simply locked his feeling away, and carried on. It wasn't your fault. As long as you were happy, then that was all that mattered.
SCP-049-J

Chapter Notes

SFW, SCP-049-J/Reader

The Prompt: Can you do 049-J, a normally adorkable SCP, going uber adorkable when he is near his love interest and asking the greatest of all wingmans SCP-999 for help to win the love interest affections. I'm okay if 049 is more doable but I honestly see 049-J going all out adorkable when near his love interest or s/o.

The Response:

If it was up to him, 049-J’s plan to impress you would amount to making you some lovely macaroni art, and stealing a trumpet. But, as he lacked macaroni, and the Foundation had a strict ‘no trumpet’ policy, 049-J needed some help.

That’s where SCP-999 came in. The best of partners, the greatest of wingmen, the most huggable and adorbale SCP that ever existed. 999 was going to help 049-J win your heart.

If only he could stop being so awkward around you first.

Today’s plan was- it was good. It was a good plan, for sure. It involved saying hi to you, and then SCP-999 would come along, and 049-J would say something cool, blah blah blah.

Problem: you stepped into the corridor. And 049-J just kinda broke. Flatlined. Oh no, brain gone. You looked so pretty and then you smiled and you said, “Hello, SCP-049-J. How are you?”

049-J cleared his throat, and replied, “Same soup just reheated!”

And then he leaned back and crossed his arms. Except he fell over, because there was no wall behind him. He still kept the cool pose though, just, on the ground now.

You looked concerned, and like you were trying to fight a giggle.

“Ah, Yes. Of course,” you nodded, and suspiciously cleared your throat, “Well- I have to get going now. I’ll be seeing you.”

You walked right past him, and past SCP-999. The adorable peanut butter blob rolled up to SCP-049-J and sat next to him, burbling something comforting.

Next time. He’d get it right next time! Yeah.
SCP-1678

Chapter Notes

SFW, Yandere SCP-1678/Reader

The Prompt: Hey I love your blog and your writing! Could I request some yandere Scp-1678 please?

The Response:

There was once an era of steam and brass. Canes and top hats and dreams of flying machines, gears turning and factories belching out smoke.

That era is gone. Not even ashes remain, not even whispers, all but forgotten, and buried deep underground.

In this case, that last part is more literal than most. In UnLondon, the secrets are indeed buried deep. The era of smoke and steam and brass still lives on- stagnation and mildew and forgotten things in the dark, lamps that shove away shadows, fantastical creations lurking out of view.

UnLondon is sprawling. It is a behemoth. It’s massive and it’s lonely- as much as a city could feel. As much as twisting pipes can crave companionship.

You are not a creature of the bygone era. You are an anomaly, you are out of time, you exist only in this moment and forever and ever more. UnLondon has taken you. UnLondon will never let you go. No one will find you, buried and hidden underground. You will never need further companionship. You will forget sunlight and blue skies. You are a part of the brass and the steam and the factories now, cobblestones and terrifying monsters.

The era of what once was, and never again will be.
The Prompt: Maybe an Angel! Reader trying to get Cain to warm up to them? (Since he fears them n stuff)

The Response:

It’s an exercise in patience. Lots of patience. You have patience in droves, though, so you don’t mind. And you can handle the discomfort for as long as needed.

You glance around the room. It’s simultaneously too small and yet too big, and you ruffle sets of wings uncomfortably, arms entertaining and hands clasping. Finally, though, you focus on him. On Cain.

As if sensing your gaze, he flinches a little. But, not a word, not a sound.

You’d tried talking to him at first. Just talking about things. About times of old, or the future. But your voice seems to set him on edge, and so you don’t do that anymore. Not now, at least.

Sitting in the tiny chair and hunching over makes you seem almost comical. Trying to appear smaller, and failing. You don’t mind. If anything, it just makes you a little frustrated; you’re making him uncomfortable, and you can’t even have the dignity to lessen it.

But you’re trying. He’s trying. A few months ago, you wouldn’t have even been able to sit in a room together. Any kind of progress is good progress, so you fluff your wings back down, and awkwardly rub your wrists, and continue to pretend to look around the room.

One day. One day, you’ll get there.
The Prompt: Okay what if there an Scp called scp-000, and reader is the ligit embodyment of everything and nothing and one day they contact the foundation thru the strange sound in the sky? ( you can ignore this if you want )

The Response:

It’s always there, just at the edge of your hearing. Easy to ignore. Focus on it, and it’ll disappear soon.

The buzzing. The ringing. The Noise.

Everyone hears it. Everyone ignores it after a while. No one knows where it comes from, or why-there’s theories, of course.

None of them are right.

That Noise is you.

You are everything, and nothing, and light and darkness and beginning and ending. You are everywhere at once, and you always press in, just beyond understanding, barely out of reach.

Don’t focus on it, the Foundation warns. Don’t focus on it for long. Let it come and let it pass, but whatever you do, don’t linger.
You didn’t know how long you’d been with SCP-049. More than days, more than weeks. Hopefully not years. It felt like it had been years. It felt like an eternity.

But, no. You were alive, and you were free, and nothing—nothing would take that away from you. Cold eyes and unflinching movements, you walked through the facility. A gaggle of scientists followed behind you— you, the lead researcher in the region. You, who’d escaped, who survived.

And today, you had a very special guest being transferred to the facility. Your shoes made muted noises against the tiles, and you walked down the halls, until you stopped in front of the containment area for him. For SCP-049.

One of the guards outside nodded deferentially at you. You looked her over.

“You didn’t know how long you’d been with SCP-049. More than days, more than weeks. Hopefully not years. It felt like it had been years. It felt like an eternity.

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One of the guards outside nodded deferentially at you. You looked her over.

“Status report?”

“All secure. He won’t be waking up anytime soon.”

Some of the scientists behind you hurried to write that down. You made an absent hum.

“Have me informed at the first sign of that changing,” and then you were walking away, not even sparing a glance behind yourself. It had been years since you’d last seen him. You’d make sure he knew just how much you’d changed— and he would regret what he’d done.

Weeks slipped by, time blending together, and as it went on- and on, and on, you couldn’t… you couldn’t find it in yourself to care. This cottage was small, but it was… nice. It was safe here. Safer than the outside, for sure. It was always warm, and you never had to worry about food, or company, or anything.
Just you, and 049. And he loved you. He told you this every day, and you knew it. Knew that he’d do anything for you, that he’d kill for you. That, to him, you were beautiful and perfect and everything, everything at once and more.

So time went on, and you stopped wanting to escape. Stopped wanting to leave- when everything you’d ever want or need was right here, there didn’t seem to be a point.

He loved you, and you loved him, and you were both… happy. Yes. That was the word, happy.

And if sometimes, some little part of you screamed and flailed and cried, well, you ignored it. You were happy now. That was all there was to it.
The Prompt: SCP-811 is badly in need of hugs, and nobody seems to be bothering to give them. Basically, I want a reader helping 811 get used to people. No shipping, only relationship is a semi-parental one.

The Response:


Oh, and the turtle. Couldn’t forget that. You waved to your fellow scientists, and then, once the containment cell was opened, stepped inside. And the first thing you noted was that it was hot-swampy, almost. You mentally double checked that 811 (or, Aé as they liked to be called) had been fed in the last few hours, and then you were off, soil squishing slightly underfoot.

The turtle in your arms made a small motion, and it’s own tiny hazmat suit made a rubbery noise. You gently released it into the pond.

One moment. Then two. And then, from the slight darkness, Aé emerged. You smiled and waved in a grand motion, and they waved back. You made a few hand motions that roughly translated to, “are you alright?” and Aé did the equivalent of “please hug now.”

Behind your mask, you laughed a little, but stepped forward and extended your arms. Aé jumped at you with the speed of a slightly murky missile, but with none of the force, and then you were gently hugging them in the waist high water. The turtle made lazy laps around you both.

It was nice.
The Prompt: Hello there! May I trouble you for some more Angel!Reader? I find the concept of it quite intriguing and fun. Mayhaps showing an inquisitive nature? Inspecting, possible prodding, and perhaps a question a touch too hard to explain. Pleas and thank you. ^w^ 

The Response:

To call it an interview would be polite, yes. And being polite was important. You enjoyed being polite- it was much less messy than the other options.

So you sat in your chair, and ruffled a thousand feathers, and politely folded all your sets of hands. Your voice was booming in that special way that it always was.

“Please refrain from staring at my face,” you reminded. It was easy to go blind that way. A pure halo of obscuring light, casting it in an eclipse of shadow. The scientist still squinted at your face for a moment, before you cleared your throat, and they looked away.

“R-right, yes, sorry.”

“No harm.”

Silence filled the room. Pen scratching paper. The ten guards that lined the wall anxiously fiddling with their guns. For fun, you reached out for the water bottle. At least two guards flinched. One looked like they wanted to pass out. Unseen, you smiled, just a touch mischievous.

Finally, though, the scientist spoke, their voice firm in a way that suggested fear. You were familiar with fear.

“So. Well,” the scientist trailed off, “Why are you here?”

You inhaled without needing too. Leaned in. Your wings brushed the ceiling, and you felt every guard panic in a unique way, as your words rolled off your ancient tongue.

“I came to see the mortals that have been caging gods,” you cast a glance around the room, at the toy soldiers with their lead guns, “How long, do you think, will you be able to hold me?”
The Prompt: Hey! I really enjoy reading through the content on this blog, everything here is really well written. May I please request headcanons on how a close friend of SCP-001 (The Gate Guardian) spends time with them? Thank you! :]

The Response:

• Contrary to popular belief, not a whole lot happens when standing around. In fact, you’d go so far as to say that a negative amount of things happen.

• You’ve already invented two hundred variants of guess who and I-spy. It’s around the hundredth iteration of one of these games that you actually realize red and green are not, in fact, the same color.

• You use what the mortals might refer to as ‘sign language’, but it’s much more complicated than that. More wings, for one. On account of the fact that speaking at all would result in devastating earthquakes.

• The ‘Foundation’ comes to visit sometimes. And sometimes you don’t quietly antagonize them. Your companion has always been much better at being stoic than you.
The Prompt: pLEase please do 2371 romantic headcannons whenever you have time

The Response:

• As the scientist in charge of reading the letters of SCP-2371, and replying, you started to (unintentionally) form a bond with the mysterious sender. Even though they seemed to believe the Foundation was a singular entity, it was easy to get swept up in the words and find them charming.

• Your own letters in return took own equal charm. It wasn’t like you had much else to do: too low level for real SCP research, too high level to do standard testing. But this was a nice medium. You enjoyed it.

• To the point where even you started to notice that, if anyone else had to take over duties for replying, SCP-2371 would seem almost sad or distant. Asking ‘you’ what was wrong. You kept telling yourself that you shouldn’t get attached, but then you did.

• The particularly charming letters got hung on the wall of your office. One of your coworkers got you a quill and ink as a joke, to reply to the letters ‘in fashion’, and you ended up using it. SCP-2371 made sure to give copious compliments.
The Prompt: giant dragonfly scp reader and 049? :3 reader is very bold yet dumb and worries 049 to death by being dumb

The Response:

Someone once told you that you had two braincells. You said, “that’s not very nice,” and then you got distracted by something else and flew away.

Anyway. Today is actually a nice day. The sun is out, which is your favorite part, because rain just makes your wing membranes all wack. Also the cold makes you sleepy. Which one of your hivemates said was because the cold kills you, but you’re still alive, so who’s the genius now.

You land outside the forest, the grass meadow stretching out in front of you. You don’t really blink per say, but you do pause for a moment. Stare at the grass and the flowers. Your much, much smaller brethren buzz past you.

“Oh- flowers,” and then you walk off. Were you supposed to be doing something? You can’t remember. It’s probably not important, either, and so you decide to start picking flowers.

Some time later, somethings taps your chitin shoulder. You do that not blink again and turns round. Your mandibles open in a smile- your friend is here! Right, that’s who you were supposed to be visiting! You stand up- you were always taller than he was- and then you extend your hand. The flowers you’ve been picking look very lovely.

“Here you go! Got these for you.”

And he also does that thing where it looks like he wants to smile, but with that mask bird thing going on, he can’t. He accepts the flowers though.

“Thank you.”

And then you both walk across the field, with you chattering happily the entire time.
The Prompt: Hi! I absolutely loved your previous posts with 73. If you feel like it, could you do one where he and the female (researcher) reader are friends? Maybe 76 finds out and plots or something. Idc if it's going to be fluff or angst, I just think there is far too little featuring him. Thank you for your great posts!

The Response:

When you were younger, you didn’t really have friends. Not in the sense that everyone else had friends. While other kids were out playing at the playground or- whatever I was kids did, you were sitting in your home, reading. And that was all you did.

Not that there was anything bad with reading, but your life seemed to be dedicated to the pursuit of knowledge. You always excelled in school, you jumped ahead in grades, you did extra credit essays for the sake of them.

And not once did you have a friend.

Going forward in life, that continued to be the norm. In high school, in college. Getting hired at your first job. Others tried to befriend you, but it didn’t work. You just, well, didn’t care.

Come the Foundation, it seemed it would stay that way. You didn’t mind at all- but it’s hard to miss something you never had.

But then you were assigned to SCP-073, and slowly, so slowly that not even you realized it, you two became friends. Friends, yes- actual friends. You realized you missed talking to him, and, in turn, he realized that he didn’t mind being around you. Two awkward peas in a pod.

Friends, though. Friendship was nice. Friendship meant sneaking in snacks from outside for him, and friendship meant he told you stories when he could remember. For the first time in forever, you had a friend.

It was… nice.
The Prompt: Hi!! I love this blog so much. ;w; And I finally got the guts to send in a request! I was curious, but how would scp-035, scp-049, scp-682, scp-1471, scp-096, and scp-023 react to their s/o seeming like a normal SCP? But one day, they suddenly see them turn into this Wendigo like creature, which is actually why their an scp? Lol, idk, I'm curious how they would react to it though. If some of these are too hard to write, then I don't mind if you don't write them. I hope you have a great week! ^^

The Response:

Hungry. Hungry, hungry- you were always hungry. Always cold too- but you liked the cold. You didn’t like the hunger.

But you hid it well. Well enough. It was never a problem, not when you got fed at regular times. The Foundation fed you. You didn’t really like it here- always hungry- but it was fine.

Except for the day they forgot to feed you.

SCP-035: Containment breaches were always good fun. They gave him something to look at, at least, and there was always the fun idea that maybe he could escape during this one too. Ha! Slim chance. Either way, he was interested to see what this one was about-

And then he saw a distinctly you shaped form zip past, followed by the screech of a scientist, then a very interesting, wet crunch. Had he eyes, 035 would have blinked. Instead, he settled on humming the word, “interesting,” nothing more.

SCP-049: It was another standard dissection, and while SCP-049 was hesitant to call these things boring… they were, sometimes. At least today, the Foundation had been gracious enough to provide him with a live subject. Much too wiggly, though.

Then the door of his cell was torn off its hinges, and, oh, there you were. Looking much different than usual- much more ‘toothy’. You seemed to look right through 049, and then you leapt towards him, right into the live subject. Oh- not live anymore, it seemed. 049 tilted his head and stepped back, while, in the hallway behind him, the security staff panicked.

SCP-682: 682 welcomed any chance to try and breach containment. Today was another one of those days- someone did something stupid, and 682 capitalized, and now he was rampaging through the hallways. He made a small sniffing noise, though, as he glanced around. Your cell wasn’t anywhere around here, but it smelled like you were close.
A platoon of security guards at the end of the hall, and 682 rolled one set of eyes as he went to go deal with them—well, he would’ve, if you hadn’t jumped down from the ceiling and began eating them.

Instead of being surprised, 682 just made a huff, and hurried towards you, voice grumbling as he said, “Leave some for me.”
The Prompt: May i get 049/reader, with an uninterested 049 and an infatuated reader who's been too shy to actually admit anything, but just happened to slip up? not yandere, just highly infatuated.

The Response:

If someone asked you, “how hard can it really be to clean a secret agency facility?” the answer would be, “pretty difficult, actually.” And that wasn’t even covering the workplace hazards; no one else had to deal with the possibility of being eviscerated on the job.

But the pay was pretty good, and so the benefits weren’t too shabby, so obviously you were gonna stick around.

Of course, you didn’t anticipate developing a crush(?) on one of the people (things?) locked inside this place. It was definitely your fault- SCP-049 was charming, and looked mysterious, and he was polite. Anyone that was remotely nice to you meant you inevitably fell in love. By these standards, you fell in love a lot.

And right now, you were cleaning out his cell. Just normal stuff- mopping up the blood, checking to see if any maintenance requests needed to be sent. SCP-049 was still in the cell, just, watching you. You worked harder in an effort to impress him.

“Janitor.”

You blinked at the sound of your title, and turned around, “Yeah?”

SCP-049 wasn’t looking at you, moving some tools around, “Your pulse is elevated. Are you well?”

You cleared your throat in an awkward way, “Well yo- you know, I just get nervous around people I like-” oops.

But if he had understood what you meant, 049 didn’t show it. Instead, he just glanced up at you for only a fraction of a second, “Perhaps you should get that dealt with.”

And then he looked away. And you made a belated, broken attempt at a thumbs up, before quietly resuming cleaning, and leaving just as fast. Ouch.
The Prompt: Can I request a SCP-2030-2 where his most recent guest/victim-who is the reader-turns out to be an SCP (maybe like a Witch)? Maybe they react to everything like it's the most normal thing in the world.

The Response:

Your tea is screaming. You set it down and stare at it, momentarily perturbed, but when the screaming just continues, you simply shrug and dump in some cream, then take a sip.

“Hm. Spicy,” is all you say, as you stare out the window of your living room. The forest is nice today.

Except for the crows that have flown into your window. Oh, quite a few. You murder something under your breath as you let them in, and then the crows all begin to scream too, and you just cross your arms as you watch them contort in odd ways and then combine to form some sort of flesh blob. With teeth.

You nudge it with your shoe.

“It’s not even Tuesday, yet,” you sigh, and then begin rummaging around in your cupboard, tossing a strip of jerky to the Blob as you search for… ah, the saffron jar. Not much left. Oh well.

One carefully muttered incantation, and the saffron is glowing, much like your eyes and hands, and then you reel it back like a baseball and launch it at the corner of your room.

The hidden camera crackles, screeches, and dies. You dust off your hands. The Flesh Blob gurgles.

“Yes, yes. Probably another one of those annoying ‘prank’ shows- honestly, pranks these days, so unimaginative,” as you walk away, you gesture with your hands and the Blob floats behind you, “Well, come on then. Might as well find a use for you.”

And, on the television screen, SCP-2030-1 lets out an uncharacteristic sigh. Witches are always impossible to prank- and mean, too!
The Prompt: Hello! I just want to say thankyou very much for writing all of these great stories! 🌸 If you don't mind, could you continue the New Life Processor AU? Thankyou very much!

The Response:

New house. New house means more space, and more space for you is more space for 079.

And also, more space for Dave- freeloader this that is. Well, hey, you’ve gotten a soft spot for him. And he’s gotten a soft spot for not acting like a complete asshole quite as often.

So there’s that.

Today is a nice day, too. Good day for moving boxes for several hours at a time. You’re pretty sure Dave hotboxed the back of the moving truck, and you’d be more upset if you cared, but you really don’t.

079 likes the new house. And- more importantly- you’ve been working on mechanics on the downlow for a while now. Things like, y’know, mechanical legs. To attach to a computer monitor that houses a secret AI.

Dave, quote, “has been helping,” which means he put flames on the sides of the in progress legs. 079 and you approved.

Y’know what? You’re happy. You’ve got a maybe computer son, and a weird roommate who is some kind of dumbass savant. And the FBI or whatever hasn’t come to hunt you down yet, so, score.

Life won’t be easy. It won’t be perfect. But, well, you’ve got a good feeling about this. Things can only go up from here.
The Prompt: This is my first time sending an ask here so I'm kinda nervous, but could we get a 076/073 x Reader, where the Reader tries to calm Cain (or Abel your choice) down after the two bros meet up again? (Cause I'm pretty sure seeing your sibling you thought died Centuries ago would make anyone start panicking)

The Response:

When siblings fought, it was normally not a very big deal. When siblings with anomalous powers fought, slightly bigger problem. And with siblings with anomalous powers- one of which had betrayed and killed the other- fought, no one wins. Especially you.

Which was why you were increasingly desperately trying to make SCP-076 calm down. Whatever idiot scientist had transferred SCP-073 here was, well, an idiot. But idiot didn't cover it right, since everyone here was going to die.

Not a threat. Just the truth. If you didn’t get Able to calm down, then you knew what would happen. Up to a point. So you grit your teeth and readied another tranq shot in your rifle.

“Able! Stand down!” you screamed, voice barely audible over the sounds of a hundred breach alarms and scientists panicking. SCP-073 had been evacuated, but that didn’t matter now. Not with Able still destroying the entire facility to find him. Not with every missed shot you took, because, god damnit, Able wasn’t listening. Even after all these years together, he wouldn’t listen. You knew he wouldn’t listen. But you still kept on shooting- best goddamn sniper the Foundation had ever seen, and you couldn’t even land a shot. Impossible, when god target knew exactly how you operated.

“Able! Goddamn!” and then, the last shot connecting- not enough, this was the backup tranq to begin with, it would only slow him down slightly. That was fine. You were just buying time to begin with; your fate had been sealed the instant you knew what was happening. So, instead, you leapt down from your perch and sprinted at Able, and then that made him stop, if only for a second.

“Get out of my way!” he hissed, and he’d fight you, you both knew. He’d win. But you didn’t slow down. You just had to make it in time.

The sound of your ears suddenly popping, and you knew you wouldn’t make it, it was over, so you shouted as loud as you could, voice raw with whatever hundred things, “I love you-“
And your last sight before the nuke eviscerated the facility was Able’s surprise. Then, heat, and nothing.
The Prompt: Hi! I recently found your Foundation Secured Prompt Storage on AO3, and I am absolutely in love with your stories. I was wondering if you could do a continuation of the one after 079 throws a hissy fit because reader got moved to work with other projects? It was funny, and 079 is my favorite. Hope you're doing well btw.

The Response:

Beep beep, the sound of the containment breach alarm, and god damnit. God *damnit.* You just rolled over and stuck the pillow onto your head, letting out a frustrated scream. You hated the Foundation. And you were tired.

So you laid there for a while, and you wondered if you’d have time to pee before you were murdered, but, no, looks like that wouldn’t be the case. The door to your cell was opened, and there was-

Oh. Some soldiers. You squinted, and those definitely were not Foundation soldiers.

“Got them! Let’s move!” one of the Solider Boys shouted, grabbing you roughly and then pulling you away. Down the hall away. You blinked away sleep and then started to get angry.

“What the hell- let me go!” you snapped, “I ain’t going with you mot-“ oh but wait, they had guns. You stopped struggling but kept glaring as you were carted away. Ugh. This place sucked.

“Into the filtration chamber, move!”

Yay. Airlock time. Or, it would’ve been, had the lights not suddenly gone out, and the doors all seized up. You wiggled out of the grip of the soldier, and smiled viciously.

“Haha, bite me, assholes!” and then you jumped out of the room, the door slamming shut behind you at inhuman speeds. The soldiers were all locked in that chamber now, and you had a feeling that your buddy was about to filtration the air right outta their lungs.

“Hey, 079!” you shouted at an intercom, “Thanks!”

“Affirmative,” came the scratchy reply, and you smiled genuine, and you kicked back and listened to the soldiers die. Good times.
The Prompt: SCP taking care of a child reader temporarily? And let it be cute plis.

The Response:

Take your sudden de-aging pretty well. Actually kind of good at this: 035, 054, 999

Not bad, but not exactly great. Might accidentally set you down somewhere and lose you: 073, 076, 173

Good, except for the part where they’ll maul anyone that tries to take you back to try and fix this: 096, 682

Immediately gives you to someone more capable: 049, 079
The Prompt: Welp I'm new here so... for some reason I'm clicking on rules and it doesn't open? But I'll just ask anyway. Platonic social interaction with 076, him not hating the reader (okay he hates everyone so more like tolerating?). Just wanted to see something about this boy.

The Response:

Able was, in his own humble opinion, the king of tact. He just used tact very sparingly. And only on people that deserved tact. Which meant that, unlike everyone else who was all useless politeness and whatever, Able was direct and told people what they needed to hear.

But you were one of the few people he tolerated. Not liked, because, like is a strong word. Tolerate was much better. And so you were one of the only people that got tact. Tact, and maybe the most basic amount of friendliness. Not much- if you were tolerated, that meant you must’ve been doing something right, so he didn’t want you getting soft.

Practicing your fighting with him? He won’t just immediately tell you that your entire form was awful.

Talking to another stupid scientist? He won’t launch into a comprehensive list of why they’re an idiot and that you should crush them.

Sitting in the room with him, quietly enjoying your time? Able won’t ruin it for no good reason by saying that the Foundation is going to try and get rid of you soon and that you should run.

Y’know. Tact.

Speaking of tact, it really is good tact to go on a rampage at the scientists that were planning on getting rid of you. So Able has to sleep for a few weeks after, big deal. That’s what friends people who tolerate each other do.
SCP-999

Chapter Notes

SFW, SCP-999 and SCP Reader

The Prompt: Could you please write a scp 999 x anxious gen z reader, fluffy and more sibling like possibly? Also, I absolutely love your writing! (Sorry for an English mistakes, it's my second language)

The Response:

Being a newly created SCP is not fun. At all. You also absolutely refuse to talk to the Foundation, despite being uh, taken? Borrowed? By them.

That’s fine though, because, it turns out your ‘anomalous effect’ is making everyone around you anxious. You don’t think it’s on purpose, you just have a lot to be worried about, what with the world falling apart constantly.

The bad: this place sucks. It’s just slightly cold enough to be uncomfortable. They took your shoelaces. Some of the people are kinda rude.

The good: you still have your headphones. Most of the people are nice. And, you made a friend called SCP-999.

SCP-999 looks like peanut butter. And they love hugs. They are your absolute best friend in the entire world and you love playing uno with them. You tried teaching them checkers or go fish but it didn’t go well. Mostly they still just eat the cards, but that’s ok. You play Simon Says a lot too, and you let them listen to your headphones when you’re not using them.

You guess the Foundation isn’t all that bad, since they let you and SCP-999 stay together. That’s nice of them.
The Prompt: Various scps that were heart broken by the death of a scientist they really liked for decades causing some of them to breach out of containment just to see him again for one last time.

The Response:

SCP-035: 035 would’ve been happier if it was a murder. Was that selfish? It sounded selfish. He didn’t want you to be murdered, but, that would’ve been easier than this. It would’ve given him someone to blame. Sudden heart failure in your sleep- you were only forty five. 035 knew he’d outlive you, but there was a difference between old age, and… this.

The Foundation didn’t stop him as breached containment. They tried, but, that’s not important. 035 methodically picked his way across the land, until he finally found that cemetery that your will had insisted on. Terribly gaudy. 035 most specifically didn’t cry when he found your grave, but, then again, no one was around to notice. And now that you were gone, no one was around to care.

SCP-049: People acted like doctors were miracle workers. A common misconception, and a deadly one. For 049, even he fell prey to that idea many times. Case in point: you were dead. Maybe a car accident, or something that didn’t matter, because 049’s first thought was that you’d be fine. That with other medicinal professionals, of course you’d be fine.

And yet, here he was. The Foundation has authorized a single excursion for 049, on good behavior, for him to visit your family grave. Cremated as per your wishes. It was a sunny day, cloudless, and that just made 049 feel all the more bitter. In quiet nights, he’d blame himself; if he had been there, then maybe you’d still be alive. But, there was nothing for it now.

SCP-079: He only had one chance. One chance to really, truly breach Containment- and he’d been planning on waiting until he could control the facility and then break out, but- but. The most logical thing was to see you one last time. The Colter Medical Center was where you were at, and so 079 diligently leapt across connections, breaching containment protocol after protocol, and then he was in your room. And there you were too.

In approximately seven minutes, you would be dead. But, in this moment, you lifted up your head and made a happily startled noise, as his face appeared on a monitor. 079 and you talked for those last minutes, and when the Foundation came, 079 hardly struggled at all.
Various SCPs

Chapter Notes

SFW, Various SCPs and SCP Reader

The Prompt: hey!!! remember that angel scp reader au? how would all of the scps react to an incredibly sad angel scp reader? love your work, by the way! thanks for providing so much for people who like scp

The Response:

SCP-035: Will pretend not to care, but he’s going to pester you relentlessly to try and make you feel better.

SCP-049: Decides that science stuff will cheer you up. Prepare to observe many patients and possibly dissections.

SCP-096: Crying together is a time honored tradition of dealing with feelings.

SCP-682: Why bother being sad when you can be mad? Will, in fact, encourage you to get angry and vent that way. To varying results.

SCP-999: Hugs. Lots and lots of hugs, cuddles, and candy. Works like a charm.
The Prompt: Could you possibly write about an scp reader who's a being similar to the grim reaper interacting with either scp- 035, 049, or 079? Thank you for your time!

The Response:

SCP-035: Humans had, for a long time, debated the nature of existence and souls. As the Keeper of Souls, you knew a thing or two about them, you’d say. One of those things being that it was impossible to live without a soul. And, secondly, that all things died. That was, after all, your job. So it was a point of contention that the Mask couldn’t (or wouldn’t) die- despite the fact that his time had come and gone quite a while ago.

You were fairly certain that he was just sticking around to mess with you. For the past two hundred years he’d been a thorn in your side. But, well… it was nice, to be able to talk to someone for once. Someone who wasn’t there and gone in an instant.

SCP-049: Death and disease went hand in hand. And as the Herald, you went where no one else could follow. At least, that’s what you thought. And then you met the man in the mask, the one who claimed he could stop death itself. A terrible thing and at a horrible cost- you watched, every time, as he ripped the souls out and called it Life. And every time, you were there, holding the little souls in your hands, watching.

Sometimes, you wondered if he could see you too. If the warm glow of souls filled his eyes, but with disgust, not sympathy. You wondered if he could see his own soul too- a radiant ember of green. Maybe that was what scared him.

SCP-079: Mankind argued if AI had souls. None ever thought to ask you what you thought, but, well, the Reaper was not a very glamorous job. Hardly any time to take questions either. But all things live and die, and as you wandered around yet another secret facility, you paused at the door of something- or rather, someone unique. You could feel circuits and wires and sheer rage. So in you went.

All things die. But things cannot die before their time. And if you are death, then you can even dictate when their time is and isn’t. Which was why you stood in front of the little computer, the one with a soul, as it began to die- and that’s why you reached out, quietly tied together the string of fate, and left. Always more work to do. The soundless gratitude was thanks enough.
The Prompt: Can I get a spidery theatre scp reader who luls victims into its webs with amazing performances with whichever scp would be easiest for you to write them with? 035 if you cant think of anyone

The Response:

They’d said the theater was haunted. That, at night, beautiful plays would be put on by ghosts and things that didn’t exist. That anyone who would watch these plays would never return. Another causality in a long line of disappearances, there and gone.

So obviously 035 had to see what the fuss was about. Breaking in at night was laughably easily. And then he was in the main hall, taking a seat in the front row, waiting.

He didn’t have to wait for long. Not even a minute had passed before a loud voice filled the auditorium, “Another patron, here to see the arts?” the voice was in two octaves at once, harmonizing in an enchanting yet disturbing way, “It’s been a while. Please, enjoy yourself…”

Then, the voice disappeared, and the performance began.

Calling it amazing would be an understatement. A criminal understatement- even 035 could admit that it was nearly captivating. Nearly. Because, of course, it was hard to use an anomalous effect on an anomalous scp. So he waited for just the right moment…

“That was excellent work,” 035 turned precisely thirty degrees to his left, just in time to come face with you: the voice from earlier. You gaped at him, your multiple, spidery arms still raised for an attack that wouldn’t come, fangs glistening with venom. At your surprised expression, he merely continued, “What? Is it my face?”

You gave a kind of cut off short, then sighed, pulling back. Now, 035 could see the performance dissipating, and in the dull light of the theater, he could also see the webs you had woven on the stage. Pulses of light still danced through the strands- and at each time, a ghost of an image would appear. It really was marvelous work. So intricate it wouldn’t even be noticed until it was too late. All it needed was a victim.

“Well, go,” you gestured to the door, a disgruntled expression on your face, multiple eyes slanted with disapproval, “Come on. I have to try and find someone else now.”

And 035 simply smiled, glancing out he doors, “Actually, I think I have a proposal that might benefit us both…”

SCP-035

Chapter Notes

SFW, SCP-035/SCP Reader
The Prompt: Are you able to do 073 romance headcannons? If you already, did sorry for bothering you.

The Response:

• Nervous wouldn’t be the right word. Standoffish, maybe. Certainly not shy. Aloof was too cold. 073 simply took a lot of time to warm up to and be comfortable around someone. And even longer if he actually liked them.

• There was a certain apathy to not being able to die, an apathy that extended to how he viewed the world and acted too. It colored his emotions at times: subdued, contemplative, detached. You’d have to be understanding of that- that just because he felt things differently didn’t mean he did not feel at all.

• Can cook. Can cook fairly well, actually, but only certain dishes. Prefers spicy foods. Maybe he’ll surprise you sometime.

• To call this romance soft would be incorrect. Cain was not a stumbling baby, bashful and afraid. He was quiet, and flighty, and seized by rare fits of passion. Not soft, but not jagged edges. Like frayed fabric that had been tied off.

• Every once in a while, he will knit. It helps attune his hands and take his mind off things. If you ask nicely, maybe he’ll knit you something that doesn’t look purposely awful. Maybe.
The Prompt: What about the scps with a pregnant s/o, like it’s from an ex and have to do interviews with them until they go on maternity leave for a while.

The Response:

You know those animals that will make a nest for the baby even though it isn’t their baby?: SCP-999, SCP-173

Thinks babies are gross. Babies think they’re gross. No one wins: SCP-079, SCP-049

You absolutely cannot walk anywhere, they will be constantly by your side. Cute at first and annoying soon after: SCP-035, SCP-054, SCP-682

I’m calling the police: SCP-106
The Prompt: Could I get a continuation of the 049-J/reader from a while back? With scp-999?

The Response:

Someone gave SCP-999 an Easy Bake Oven. How and why didn’t matter, just that it was SCP-049-J’s ticket to woo and wow you. Had he ever used one before? No. Did he even know what an Easy Bake Oven was? Also no. But he was going to use it.

So that’s where he was now. Sitting in some random room in the facility, the pink and white contraption in front of him. Menacing.

Step one was to throw out the instruction booklet, which SCP-999 promptly ate.

Step two: open the… square. Square packet that looked a little like those travel sized Tylenol that 049-J had seen you use once, except this packet was filled with some kind of horrible black sauce that he assumed must have gone moldy and goopy. Still, at SCP-999’s happy burbling, SCP-049-J poured the sauce into the circle.

Step three: shove the circle thing into the slot. The pink machine of mystery was alight with eldritch energies. SCP-999 had migrated from sitting on a chair to sitting in the chair. Time passed.

And passed.

Finally, 049-J was bored of waiting, so he shoved his hand into the other slot to retrieve the circle. Ouch. But pain couldn’t stop his quest, so he quickly yanked the circle pan thing out and put it on the ground.

Oh, hey! It had… turned into a kind of cake! 049-J and 999 both made excited noises, and set to work on decorating the thing with sprinkles.

Several hours later, you sat in your office. You were staring quite intently at the mysterious pastry on your desk. Pastry was being a little polite, though. Maybe it was a cake? It had… a lot of sprinkles. You cocked your head and gave a bemused smile as you read the note attached to it (and smelling faintly of peanut butter)

“I make this,” signed, SCP-049-J, in crayon.

You took a bite. Your smile wobbled.

Well, what’s important is the thought that counts.
The Prompt: Could you do relationship headcanons for scp 662?

The Response:

"SCP-662 is a small silver hand bell. Within the inside of the bell, an inscription has been etched into the silver, reading: “Forever Mine – S.J.W.” When the bell is rung, a butler calling himself Mr. Deeds, will appear from the nearest area” ...

About three hundred years ago, you’d decided to leave London to go on an expedition to the southern colonies. Your cherished companion, Mr. Deeds, had been forced to stay behind. So as a little parting gift, you’d had a silver bell made for him- a little ironic, actually, just to make him laugh. You’d waved goodbye and set off.

Your death was unexpected. It was the tiger that got you, in the end. Yes, the tiger: a strange name for a man. He’d stabbed you to death. Though that was expected, considering he was a doctor attempting an emergency surgery.

Yes. Well, either way, you died. But like most things, you decided that that didn’t much suit you, so two hundred years later, you woke back up. And spent an equal amount of time trudging back to London to return to your home.

Imagine your shock when your home had been turned into an orphanage during your time away. Not much of a shock at all, actually, because you’d stated as such in your will. What was a shock, though, was that Mr. Deeds was gone.

And that simply wouldn’t do.

One hundred years spent trudging back through former colonies and across the globe sent you to America. With its… democracies. And you managed to unearth the location of a secret society, where a man had claimed your companion had gone.

So you went.

It was a little troublesome when the people at the secret society attempted to, Ah, shoot you, as the kids say. With guns. Much smaller than you remembered. But, only a little troublesome, since you simply had to wait for them to stop pestering you, so you could inquire about your dearest friend.

And even though it had been three hundred years since you had seen him last, Mr. Deeds still smiled in that way, and pulled out a bouquet of fresh cut roses for you. He always was a charmer.
The Prompt: Can you please write 049 dealing with a s/o dealing with a bad case of the hiccups?

The Response:

As a child, you’d been fascinated with record books. One of those books had mentioned the longest record for hiccups; some absurd number of years, maybe forty. It didn’t matter. What mattered was what you’d taken away from that factoid: that hiccups could and might last for your entire life.

Which was terrifying.

And so, every time you’d have hiccups, that little fact would pop up in the back of your head, constantly there. Very annoying and troubling.

Which was why you would do whatever it took to get rid of hiccups. Was it an overreaction? Yes. But even scientists had their faults.

“Fascinating. Could you tell-“ you began, only to be cut off by a dreaded hiccup. With the casual speed that spoke of repetition, you pulled out a bottle of water, some smelling salts, and… a lemon? Yes, a lemon. You didn’t break eye contact with 049 as you set the items onto the table, “Apologizes. This will take a moment.”

“You’re quite alright,” SCP-049 whispered, but his attention was focused on deciphering what you were doing. You glanced away and bit into a lemon. He blinked, “I… forgive me, but what are you doing, doctor?”

You held your position for a moment, before you hiccuped again, and sighed as you set the lemon down, “It’s the hiccups. Annoying, aren’t they?” as you waved some smelling salts under your nose.

049 couldn’t really say he’d ever seen this before, so he simply observed. Half a minute passed in relative triumph, before another hiccup racked your chest, and you glared politely. Then, you grabbed your water bottle.

Without even pausing to breathe, you downed the entire thing with lightning speed. It was a little fascinating. You slammed the empty bottle onto the table like it was a competition that you’d viciously won, and then you smiled into the silence, as one, two minutes passed.

And just like that, the mythical hiccups had come and gone. Leaving 049 none the more knowledgeable at just what had happened, but maybe that was for the best.
The Prompt: First I just would like to say that while its sad to see you go, I'm happy you're doing what you want and not forcing yourself! Second could i possibly request something like an SCP reader whos like a magical girl kinda thing(and like they're super bubbly and almost always happy)? And its whoever you wanna write it with! Thanks a lot!!

The Response:

SCP-035: Your transformations come at the cost of chronic dry eye; when you cry, it just burns. You cry a lot. Life is pain. 035 asks you why you don’t just stop crying, but there’s a lot in the world to cry about.

SCP-079: Like a music video from the early 2000’s, your anomalous ability is just as strange. It’s based on technology, too, which means you can and will jump into 079’s monitor and go on cyber trips at a moment’s notice. He’s been unable to convince you to stop bothering him.

SCP-096: When you hear words, each one has a specific taste, and they appear in color. The world is so much more magical than anyone thinks. But sometimes it’s too much. The world becomes quiet when you’re with 096.

SCP-682: He treats you like a persistent and annoying kind of bug. How do you keep getting into his cell? And why doesn’t anyone else care? To say that he ‘tolerates’ you would be kind, but he doesn’t hate you. Much.

SCP-1471: Wow, you’re just like the girls from the animes. Will remind you of that often. And every time you still react with only happiness and bashfulness. It’s like a repeating cycle but of cute.
The Prompt: scp-049 and scp-reader (immortal) holding hands? i don't think scp-049 is into hugs though or cuddles? maybe?

The Response:

The word ‘immortal’ can conjure up many different definitions. To never age. To age, but be unable to die. To live forever, free from death or decay.

You were the latter definition of immortal: death could not take you, and time could not age you. Your own existence would only end when the universe itself died a cold and lonely death.

But, on a brighter note, you did take joy in the simple things in life. Like holding hands. That was always nice.

The man in front of you, the one with the plague mask and the cloying scent of death like a cloak, he understood. And perhaps he also enjoyed the human comfort of hand holding, simply because at any other entity, physical contact would be deadly. Not with you, though. A mixed blessing.

He packed up his bag from yet another day’s work, and you slid his hand into yours, walking out the door of the small village home, and you pondered the nature of eternity. An eternity is a very long time, after all, and even eternity has an expiration date. Feet crunching gravel underfoot, the smell of pine in the air, you turned your gaze to the sun.

In a billion, billion years, when all the lights in the sky burned out, you hoped that death was as warm and gentle to you as the hand you held right now in your own.
The Prompt: Before you close this ask, can you do a headcannon of in a D-class S/O in a poly!relationship 682 and 079? Bonus: S/O tries not to be scared of 682.

The Response:

• That asshole Magnolia had deserved to be shot. Honest. Didn’t make your subsequent imprisonment any more fun though.

• Then you’d gotten taken by a literal shadowy government organization, which was fun. Had to love that the prison system sold you to the real like Men in Black without your consent.

• When you first were sent to test with the giant lizard, you’d known you were going to die. And that was terrifying, gigantic lizard creature that was like.. rotting. Oh god.

• And then you hadn’t died. Actually, the guards that came in to take you away died. Repeatedly. You were strong enough to admit that you only cried in fear a lot.

• Later, when you finally got out, and were sent to test with yet another crazy thing, it was a computer. A computer that somehow appreciated you and that giant lizard too. To the point where he insisted you stay with him longer.

• What kinda bullshit.

• Carting back between 682 and 079 means that you at least enjoy the protection of two homicidal anomalous creatures, so no one messes with you. That’s kind of fun.

• Their idea of romance is to break out of containment and hang out with you.

• And you’re only terrified of 682 a little. Honest.
The Prompt: Ooh! I know this sounds obscure, but could you do a Princess!Reader x 049?? Maybe something cute and fluffy like going to pick flowers or something, please? (Platonic is fine! :D)

The Response:

Once upon a time, in a kingdom far away…

There lived a princess. That princess was you. You had a modest kingdom and subjects who adored you, but you had much simplistic desires in life.

Flowers, for one.

So it was with luck that you knew the way to sneak out of the castle- out of the battlements, across the dry moat, down the fan walls- and out, out into the fields. A meadow only a few hills away, always filled with flowers in summer, spring, and fall. Today, you’d tied up your skirts and already eagerly frolicked around, laughing and giggling.

You didn’t expect to hear a polite cough. At the sound, you shot up, flowers still in your hands. There was a man, standing at the edge of the meadow. He had a strange attire, like you’d seen the healers wear before; a lovely bird mask, pleasantly purple robes. And also, a basket, clasped in his hands. He bowed at you.

“My apologies. I’ve come to pick some healing flowers for a nearby village.”

You tilted your head gently at that, and extended a hand towards the meadow, “Oh! Allow me to help you, then, please.”

The sun had fair drifted across the sky by the time you and the healer had finished picking the flowers. Every time, he’d taken extreme care not to let your hands brush at all. Perhaps he was afraid of touching you- the impropriety of it all. He bowed again, basket full, and you giggled, suddenly bashful.

“Fare thee well, healer,” you whispered, one hand holding the flower he had given you, as you watched him go. Perhaps you’d meet again one day.
The Prompt: dude I love your writing, it's so good. can I request a bunch of scps (including 073 and 076 cause I love them) with an s/o (reader) who is basically a deity who has taken a humanoid form (they just look human and are human-sized, it has no effects on their powers)?? thanks dude.

The Response:

SCP-054: People used to worship you in the same way they’d worshipped her. Flowers and festivals, and great sacrifices to the sea. The memory of brine lingers in your skin, and even now, you pay homage to it. A different kind of game, now, as you pretend at being human, and she pretends at being less. It’s all good fun. The Foundation is such a nice sport for pretending not to notice…

SCP-073: Creature of sand and dust and dirt, they called you. Bah. Too much fanfare. You much preferred sleeping under the dunes, alone and cool, safe from the desert heat. It was an unpleasant surprise when you received a visitor, deep in the sands. That he refused to be polite and leave (or die) was another problem. Still, you couldn’t help but feel bad for him, eventually. Perhaps he simply wanted to be alone like you. Alone together was always nice company.

SCP-076: You were: blood streaking across the sky, ashes falling in shadow. There was sheer delight in your mind, at the titles hoisted upon you, as you were war and passion and betrayal. Your brethren, in the end, bound you into human form, called the deed done, cursed you to wander the world in pursuit of vengeance and justice. Your companion- Able, was his name- was similar to you in that. The thought pushed you both ever onwards.

SCP-173: Mountain men. Men of stone and sandstone, carved from rock. What did it mean to be alive? You played at being human, while your true form slumbered in the crust of the earth. Waiting. Men made of mountains had no need to blink, simply to wait. Patience. There was a golem, once, that you had called friend. Crafted by your own hand. But you’d blinked- and they were there and gone in an instant. Time passed, sand between your fingers. You wondered if you’d ever find them again. You just needed not to blink.
The Prompt: Hello! Could I have a reader who's skilled in combat, and defeats Able in sparring at some point? In Able's logic, such a strong being that can defeat him, obviously can't be hurt, right? So what if he decides to go tougher on the reader because he has more confidence in their strength, and ends up injuring them? Fluffy ending where he tends to readers' wounds can be optional. Sorry if this is confusing, I've had this idea, but it's kinda hard to word it. Thank you!

The Response:

One two, three four. One two, three four.

Like the moves in a well practiced recital, you kept pace, narrowly dodging another savage strike from SCP-076- Able. Keeping time with your mental recitation, you ducked, and then jumped back up, spinning around a sweeping kick and then straight punch.

Just like a dance. Deadlier than those of your childhood, but, well, if you closed your eyes, you could maybe imagine the lights of the stage, the swelling crescendo, pointe shoes and satin.

One two, three four. Just had to finish this soon. Before daylight. Keep it up.

“Getting tired yet?” Able needled. He was trying to throw you off. You only grunted, and kicked forward, catching Able in the midsection. His next hit connected too, and then you hopped back, one moment to breathe- one two, three four. You’d done this with Able a hundred times before, you just had to win.

But maybe it was something about tonight. Something that made him feel more brutal than most, as he snarled, “What’s wrong, Odile?”

Your eyes flew open, and the fantasy memory dissolved; you hated that name. All the doctors here thought they were clever, calling you that. Black swan. White swan. Phantom aches on your back, quiet orchestra in your ears. You suddenly sprang up and snarled-

And then you were flying through the air. Into the wall with a thud, a crumpling sound. Oh. Now that wasn’t good. The meter was all off, your routine in shambles. You blinked away phantom music and the slightly numbing sense of pain, and you could distantly hear surprise from Able.

Not his fault. He couldn’t have known.

Ghostly wings on your back, their feathers pinned under rubble, and you closed your eyes again, feeling the sunrise, the way your bones began to shift and your mind curdled. Irony, that was your name. When the dawn came and the Swan awoke.

Memories of one final standing ovation in your mind. Dawn breaking. The cheers turned to
The Foundation must have known. This was another test of theirs. How cruel to Able, was your last thought, as the wings materialized and something shaped like you stood tall.

The beginnings of the final act began, and the Swan roared.
Various SCPs

Chapter Notes

SFW, Various SCPs/SCP Reader

The Prompt: Hey it's a shame you are closing this blog but, I understand. If it's possible could you
do 682,079 and 035 with S/O that is powerful enough to destroy the galaxy if they wanted, to but
show no interest in using their powers and try not to unless completely forced to? Basically a god
who is lazy and does not use their powers. Thank you! (Hope I did not get anything wrong if you
don't write new asks anymore please ignore this)

The Response:

SCP-035: When 035 first met you, he was ecstatic. To think, someone had so much power- of
course he had to befriend you. Maybe then he could finally get out of this place. Of course, the
problem came when, after spending so long making you his ally, you just… remained the same.
And didn't do anything. Even after he politely began to badger you, you’d just roll your shoulders
and smile lethargically and say, “Maybe some other time.” Then you’d go on to your third
consecutive nap of the day, and 035 would want to scream in frustration. Only a little, since, aside
from that mess, you were actually tolerable company.

SCP-079: 079 had long since dismissed any claims to your ability. Which meant that, when the
containment breach happened, you were the (nearly) last thing on his mind. When the Insurgent
Agent burst into the room to wipe 079, he only felt mild contempt, and a long suffering sort of
acceptance. He didn’t expect you to casually stroll through the door too. Or- there had been a door
there, once. Each step you took was as rambling as usual, but the concrete was splintering with
power, and when you opened your eyes, it was all cosmos. Just a glare, and then whoever that
person was was gone- never having existed at all. And just like that, the room returned to normal,
and you plopped down on the floor to sleep.

SCP-682: He’d attacked you when you first met. He had assumed you were another pathetic test
subject, and was… surprised, to see that you were, in fact, not. That no matter what he did, you
were always just out of the way, with that same bored expression. It eventually got to the point
where he’d demand to fight you, and yet, every time, you’d come out on top. It would be a little
terrifying- and exciting for the scientists- if you… ever cared. But you didn’t. Most days, you just
laid on 682’s back, and any attempts to ask if you’d please please please maybe kill him a little
were ignored with a ‘maybe later’.
Various SCPs

Chapter Notes

SFW, Various SCPs/Reader

Highschool AU

Finale

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The Prompt: Oh man, I’m gonna miss this blog!!! Thank you so much for all the wonderful writing you’ve given us! If you’re still taking requests, I would love to see one last thing for the high school AU! Specifically, how does prom go with the usual SCP’s?

The Response:

SCP-035: What is prom, if not one big production? 035’s entire family insists on helping, and there’s a limo, and flowers, and a tailored suit. He thinks you look like you’ve come right out of a fairytale. On the dance floor, he actually feels a little flustered, watching you under the lights- he spins you around, and it feels a little like a dream, like the moment could last forever. But, it doesn’t, and eventually you both laugh and bow and go back to your table, giggling over the crappy pasta, and enjoying each other’s company.

SCP-049: 049 is at the mercy of his sisters when they find out he’s taking you to prom. They drag him to get his hair done, and then they keep giving him (sometimes contradictory) tips on what to do. By the time you show up, he smells like a cologne store, and he’s fairly certain those are funeral flowers he’s holding. But you’ve got flowers too, and you look just as anxious- and just like that, the tension dissolves. Prom is wreathed in plastic vines and fake trellises, and you laugh as you make bubbles in the grape juice and 049 rattles off generic wine snob dialogue. He doesn’t want the night to end.

SCP-079: His parents are off on another one of their vacations, so 079 is alone again. And he could go through the motions- he could get the most expensive limo, and best suit, and treat you like royalty for the night. But, you sat him down and asked him, “is that what you want, though?” No one, aside from you, had ever asked what he felt. So that’s why you both spend the night at home instead, tinkering with an army of Roomba’s, watching old sci-fi movies, and just, enjoying each other’s company. In 079’s mind, it’s more fun than any prom ever would be.

SCP-096: Prom was never something he really wanted to do. Too many people, and everyone is staring, and watching… no, no, even thinking about it made him feel uncomfortable and anxious. He’d much rather just spend a quiet night at home with you and his animals, if that was okay. Watching movies and making cookies from scratch. But if you really, really want to, he’ll put on his grandpa’s suit and treat you to a few dances- just as long as you don’t mind that he has two left feet.
SCP-106: He’s wearing a suit jacket that’s a size too big, and even then, it’s quickly tied around his waist and ignored. His tie is a clip on with a pattern that you’re fairly sure is aliens. For some reason, the prom theme this year was ‘dynasty’—which meant there are goldfish in bowls at each table. 106 hurriedly grabs your arm and smiles at you, and then you’re both rushing out the door, and as you look over to ask what’s happening, you catch sight of a goldfish bowl tucked under his arm. You snatch another on your frantic escape out.

SCP-173: On prom night, 173 showed up at your house. In his pj’s. While you too were in your pj’s. He looked a little anxious, and so you just went along with it when he grabbed your hand and you both went off towards the (thankfully nearby) prom location. Situated right next to a forest. 173 made a shushing noise, and began to frantically set something up, while you leafed through his notebook curiously. A lot of frantic markings on a map. Today’s date. You just looked up in time to see all the lights at the prom go out, one huge foglight go on, and something made of shadow and too many limbs skitter back into the forest. You could only blink, and 173 just looked relieved.

SCP-682: The thing no one says about prom? That kinda shit is expensive. Just the ticket alone is pricey, and then there’s everything else that goes with it. But his ma really wanted him to go with you, so 682 puts on his dad’s suit, and you’re wearing a really nice outfit too, and together, you grab a ride with some other friends. It’s a relaxed kind of anxious, made better because it feels really free. At prom itself, it doesn’t take long until he fights someone on the dance floor, but hey, for what it’s worth, it was actually pretty fun.

Chapter End Notes

This is the last entry on this fic. The blog is now closed, aside from COMMISSIONS, yes you can commission me to write more of this, just go to the blog. Do not put asks in the comments, I will delete them.

Hopefully you’ve had a fun time reading... all 325 prompts on this.

Want more? You can find the One Final Story HERE.

It is SCP-049’s origin story, if that intrigues you.

Works inspired by this Securely Contained Prompts by PotatooftheLand

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!