

blood control

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blood control

by [starsforevren](#)

Summary

Unfortunately for Red, getting quite literally pulled from a random street while waiting for a bus by a secret organization was the least he expected.

Notes

hiii :33 hello it's me again with an scp au<33 im trying to push out works before i get murdered by college and the capitalist system<3333

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

There's a person in the interview room, looking around and eyes darting all across the mind numbing cell. The person is handcuffed to the table and there's nothing but the metal table and chairs to accompany him with the bright light from above.

"It's so funny." Ro chuckles. "He looks like just some random guy the team kidnapped off the streets."

"We did not. And if we did, blame As--"

Ash slaps his hand over Mapicc's mouth.

"Keep my name out of your mouth. You're talking way too big for a guy who needs my guidance

to actually perform his job.”

Mapicc keeps his mouth shut.

“Anyways, tell Jaron to look over Spepticle in the mean time, and when you guys pass by Branzzy, tell him I’m gonna take my mandatory health leave.”

“Do you have like asthma or something?” Mapicc asks.

Ash looks at him like he wants to pull him by the hair and out the doors of the site but he instead sighs. Ro laughs as he pats Ash on the shoulder.

“Please stop asking me questions, Mapicc.” Ash says to him. “If I hear you asking me anymore questions, I am going to— forget it, you’re not gonna live past thirty anyways.”

“I’m going to live past thirty just to spite you.” Mapicc replies back with.

“All I’m seeing is this,” Ash makes a gesture with his hand, a mouth that keeps talking which makes Mapicc want to beat Ash up right then and there. “so stop talking.”

Mapicc clenches his fists, trying to regain his composure. “Okay, fine.” He clicks his tongue and leaves.

“Anyways, Ro, go get yourself a coffee and tell Jaron to talk with Spép and make sure he hasn’t tried anything pertaining to escaping because he can’t have paper.” Ash tells Ro before he’s on his way.

Ro then leaves, with Ash looking at the new “anomaly” of site-15. This month has been busy, it was almost like there were new disturbances back to back. As Ash gazes at the new anomaly, a wave of exhaustion washes over him. He’s way too fucking tired.

He opens the door and the person looks up from their hands cuffed on the table.

“Hi.”

“I’m Ash, you’re gonna answer my questions as honest as you can.”

The person laughs nervously. “I don’t- what?”

“You’re not being detained for anything horrible, just... 'normal' things.” Ash explains.

“What’s your name?”

“Uh- Red. Yep.” He introduces himself. “And you’re a doctor.”

“Kinda.”

Red shuts his mouth as Ash clicks his pen and flicks through papers in a pristine folder. Ash doesn’t say anything either, just with his hand on the side of his head. He rubs his temples, trying to ease the growing headache from working way too much.

“How long have you been workin-“

“I ask the questions, Red.” Ash cuts him off.

Red looks slightly taken aback by Ash's abrupt interruption, but he quickly nods and lets out a small sigh. He just looks at the papers Ash has, filled with text saying god knows what and—

“Do you know what you can do?” Ash asks him.

Red pauses. “Umm... I don’t know?”

Ash looks at him and then back at the file, muttering something along the lines of a guy’s “got to get fired” under his breath.

“I can kinda control people.” Red says. “But I start bleeding if I do. I can show you a small example.”

“Okay.” Ash replies, although hesitant.

He doesn’t think of it but as he’s looking back down at the file, the pen in his hand drops with a click onto the metal table, rolling for a bit and then stopping.

Ash looks up from the pen and then at Red who has blood dripping down from his nose.

“Can I have a tissue?” Red asks.

“Obviously.” Ash takes out a pack of tissues from his laboratory coat. “I’ll let your hands out for a moment.”

“That would be a stupid idea.” Red says to him with a smile.

“If you do manage to blood bend me or something, you wouldn’t be able to get out. Most staff have access to weapons and we’ve dealt with far worse beings than you, so you better sit down.”

Ash stands up and removes the cuffs off him from the table. To be fair, he’s done more stupid stuff before like giving in to Spepticle sobbing for more comic books and actually putting his trust into Zam. Everyone has done stupid things, it’s just that his probably would lead into disaster.

Red takes out some tissues and soaks up all the blood dripping from his nose.

“Since when did you know that you could do this blood control thing?” Ash asks him.

“When I was like... eleven or twelve.” Red answers. “It was a test, and then I didn’t know what was the answers and in my head, I just- yeah, willed for the smart kid in front of me to let me copy by moving her arm. Which was... immature.”

Ash nods, a mixture of amusement and “I can’t believe this shit” playing across his face.

“And when did you try mastering it?”

“Just recently. Like a year.” He answers. “Well uh, I just had to believe I actually did have that kind of power and not just some coincidences.”

Ash writes as Red talks.

“First thing I did to know I actually had that I tried, uh, making someone trip over nothing.” Red says. “It’s nothing bad until- I got a lil’ upset one time and then yeah, I think it was kind of my fault when a guy got ran over some train tracks in front of many people.”

“So you murdered someone?” Ash repeats.

Red stammers and then swallows. “Yeah.”

It's confusing to Red that Ash doesn't react or says anything else. He just takes a glance at him, and then goes back to acting like he didn't just confess to murder.

Red's heart races as the silence stretches between them, unsure of how to interpret Ash's lack of response. He shouldn't be upset or nervous, or in fear— he's already fucking detained!

"Can you stop that?" Ash says.

"What?"

"You're getting scared, stop that." Ash says again. "It's distracting. You're not gonna get put to death row, so why are you scared."

"I confessed to murder."

"Yeah, and this isn't the FBI, this is a different place. This is a worldwide foundation where anomalies like you are hopefully made sure aren't destroying the world." Ash explains. "You're not gonna get arrested, because why would there be a case stacked against you in the first place?"

Ash's calming words had a slight effect on the apprehensive detainee, but the fear still lingered in his eyes. And confusion. Mostly confusion.

"Secret... foundation?" Red repeats.

"You'll learn."

"Learn what? I'm confused. Are you a police officer or no?"

"I'm a researcher for a secret organization that aims to keep everything abnormal out of sight from the general public, understand?"

Red takes a moment to process the information that Ash just revealed.

"...okay."

"You're designated SCP-8203, got that?"

Red nodded, still trying to absorb the astonishing truth.

"Can I go home?"

"Hell no." Ash says. "Just- you get a bedroom here, it's just really horrible."

Red rolls his eyes. "Already sounds like hell. Do I atleast get-"

"You're easily killable, you get a scheduled meal plan and also more freedom than alot of other things in here. Okay, done."

Red let out a deep sigh, resigning himself to the fact that home was nothing more than a distant memory now. Well, his home was an apartment in probably the loudest places in the world.

Ash stands up and leaves. Two people in tactical gear and rifles steps in, asks Red to stand.

And the foundation is already a numbing mess.

End Notes

wow reddoons no longer has a home!! anyways while ur here can you pls watch lacey's games by ghost tundra on youtube? if webcore horror fancies you then im sure that the three part series will certainly be interesting :DD

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